

Episode One - "Eden"

written by

Harry Williams

&

Jack Williams

Incorporating PINK Amendments 11/02/2014
Incorporating BLUE Amendments 12/03/2014

10- 2 - 2014

1 **EXT. GRAND PLACE - DUSK 1**

1

The central square in the small French town of Chalons Du Bois. It's late November, and it's already getting dark. Torrential rain beats down on the empty streets and mismatched buildings. The whole place has the air of a ghost town.

2 **INT. LE CENTRAL - DUSK 1**

2

A brasserie right on the Grand Place that was probably quite smart when it was refurbished in the 80's - but it's changed little since then. A fire blazes in one corner, and a few of the booths and tables are occupied by people taking shelter from the deafening rain.

At one table, we pick out a tired, dishevelled looking man with a thick beard. In his late forties, dressed in grubby trousers and an un-ironed grey shirt, he has an intense look about him. He is quietly drinking coffee and reading from an English newspaper. This is TONY HUGHES.

At a nearby table, just by the large window facing onto the Grand Place, a MUM and DAD sit with their two kids - a GIRL (6) and a BOY (13). The girl is revving up for a bout of screaming, the parents desperately trying to appease her in hushed tones. An uneaten ice cream sits on the table.

GIRL

I wanted chocolate. You said...

MUM

Sweetie you asked for strawberry,
you've only had one spoonful.

GIRL

But... you said...

The girl stutters then starts to cry. The parents put their arms around her, desperate to pacify her. Tony looks over at the family and notices their little boy sat patiently beside them, reading. While the parents are busy consoling their girl, Tony smiles and leans over to him.

TONY

(quietly)

What are you reading?

The boy doesn't answer, just holds up the cover of the book. 'To Kill a Mockingbird' by Harper Lee.

TONY (CONT'D)

That's some heavy reading.

(beat)

How old are you?

(CONTINUED)

BOY

Thirteen.

The mum notices him talking to her boy, staring intensely at him. Suddenly protective, she puts her arm around the boy and flashes a polite but fixed smile at Tony. A why-the-hell-are-you-talking-to-my-thirteen-year-old-boy smile.

TONY

Sorry. I... I have a son his age.

MUM

No, no. It's fine.

The woman looks out the window. Between the crying kid and the creepy guy in the corner she's had enough.

MUM (CONT'D)

Well look at that. The rain seems

to be easing off. Come on Jim.

We're going to have to brave it at
some point...

A cursory smile at Tony, and she gets their things and bundles them out of the brasserie, with their girl still wailing her head off. As they go, the boy turns and waves at Tony, who waves back. The mum shoots him a look but it doesn't seem to bother Tony at all. He doesn't even notice her. His eyes remain fixed on the boy.

3 **EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DUSK 1**

3

TONY walks down the street. The rain has eased off but it's still drizzling. He wraps his coat tighter. He stops outside a liquor store - 'La Prairie' - but it's shut. Looking through the window he bangs on it hard. No reply. He checks his watch, looks annoyed, then moves on down the road. As Tony goes, an old man leans out of the window above La Prairie, woken by the knocking, and sees Tony walking off. He shakes his head grumpily and goes back inside.

3A **EXT. GRAND PLACE- DUSK 1**

3A

TONY walks through the Grand Place in the rain.

3B **EXT. CHALONS DU BOIS OLD BRIDGE- DUSK 1**

3B

TONY wanders over the bridge in the rain

4 **EXT. HOTEL L'EDEN - DUSK 1**

4

TONY approaches a hotel. A neon sign spells out the words 'Hotel L'Eden'. A stock picture of a palm tree on a beach sits beside it. Tony goes in.

5 **INT. HOTEL L'EDEN. RECEPTION - DUSK 1**

5

A standard hotel reception, nothing impressive or particularly unimpressive, just average. And very quiet. Behind the desk, an old plump French woman with white hair and glasses doing a crossword. She smiles at Tony who manages a thin smile back. In a thick French accent -

SYLVIE
Is it still raining?

TONY
Less.

As Tony heads towards the stairs -

SYLVIE
How did you go today? Any luck?

Tony shakes his head.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)
Happy Birthday Tony.

TONY
Merci Sylvie.

He disappears upstairs. Sylvie goes back to her crossword.

5A **INT. HOTEL L'EDEN. CORRIDOR- DUSK 1**

5A

TONY walks to his room.

6 **INT. HOTEL L'EDEN. ROOM 7 - NIGHT 1**

6

TONY takes off his jacket and sits on the end of his bed. He pulls out his phone. A deep breath, and he pushes a number.

EMILY (V.O.)
Hi. I can't come to the phone but leave a message after the...

We hear the voicemail beep. After a beat -

TONY
It's me. I hope you're... well I heard the news, so... I suppose you are.
(beat)
I, uh, I came back Emily. Same room and everything. TV still doesn't work.

He attempts a laugh, looking at the unplugged television in the corner. It's unconvincing.

(CONTINUED)

TONY (CONT'D)
Anyway. I'm here. I thought you
should know why - I've found
something.

Tony hangs up and turns out the light.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD

EPISODE CARD: "EDEN"

FADE IN:

6A EXT. PARIS BOULEVARD - DAY A-1

6A

A typical, broad Haussmann-designed boulevard in Paris. The streets are lined with brasseries and bars, the tables packed close together. French flags are everywhere - hanging from buildings, bumper-stickers on cars, hats and T-shirts being hawked at stands on street-corners...

7 EXT. RESTAURANT. TERRACE. PARIS - DAY A-1

7

CAPTION: PARIS - JULY 2006

The terrace of a smart Parisian brasserie. 15 or so people sit round a long table having lunch. It's a party atmosphere with a lot of wine and general merriment. At the head sits a man in his early 50's - JULIEN. Next to him, his attractive wife of the same age, an English woman - CELIA. Among the guests we pick out fellow detectives FRANCOIS and LANEAU.

LANEU

(French)
He didn't want to retire, he
didn't want the lunch...
Julien is a hard man to
please.

LANEU

Il ne voulait pas prendre sa
retraite, ne voulait pas de
repas... C'est pas évident de
faire plaisir à Julien.

FRANCOIS

(French)
Celia must know how to please
him though. How do you think
she finally persuaded him to
retire?

FRANCOIS

Celia, en tout cas sait
comment lui faire plaisir. A
ton avis, comment elle a fait
pour le persuader de prendre
sa retraite ?

Jeers from the assembled group. Celia shakes her head at the
childish behaviour.

CELIA
(French)
You do know I speak French,
right?
(English; to Julien)
I did marry a Frenchman after
all. I think you put it in
the pre-nup didn't you?

CELIA
Tu sais bien que je parle
français.

The chatter around the table continues as Julien turns to Celia and smiles.

JULIEN
It wasn't you who persuaded me to
retire, mon amour. I just couldn't
think of any other way to avoid
Francois' singing every morning...

Nearby a couple of people laugh.

CELIA
(quietly)
Well, it was a little bit me.

Laughter from everyone.

CELIA (CONT'D)
(French, unsubtitled)
What can I say? I'm very
persuasive.

Huge cheers from everyone round the table. Celia leans into Julien again, this time quietly so no one hears while the chat continues around them -

CELIA (CONT'D)
And this time you're actually going
through with it, right?

Julien nods and smiles.

JULIEN
One more month and it is just you
and me.

Laneu raises his glass, getting the attention of the table.

LANEU
(French)
Farewell to a truly great
detective. To Julien!

LANEU
C'est un flic hors-pair qui
nous quitte ajourd'hui. A
Julien!

They all drink. For a brief moment, Julien looks ever so slightly sad.

7A **INT. FERRY - DAY A-1 (2006)**

7A

CAPTION: CALAIS

In the dark, we see the giant metal jaws of the doors to the Ferry parking bay fall open to the sound of a deafening mechanical whirr. The light falls on TONY, EMILY and OLIVER as the door opens.

7B **EXT. FERRYPORT. CALAIS - DAY A-1 (2006)**

7B

We see the cars roll out into the daylight.

7C **EXT. AUTOROUTE - DAY A-1 (2006)**

7C

A busy French autoroute. We pick out a blue family car with a UK license plate.

8 **INT. TONY'S CAR/AUTOROUTE - DAY A-1 (2006)**

8

TONY is driving. He looks younger, clean shaven, and he's carrying slightly more weight. With him in the car is his wife EMILY and their 5-year old son OLIVER in the back, who is scribbling on some paper. On his lap is a cuddly fox toy.

TONY

... it's actually bigger than
England. A lot bigger. And they
have hundreds of different types of
cheese...

Pause.

TONY (CONT'D)

(to Emily)
He's not listening is he?

Emily turns to Oliver and shakes her head.

EMILY

What are you drawing love?

OLIVER

It's Daddy!

He holds up his picture - a stick man with huge ears. Tony glances at it in the rearview mirror.

TONY

Not again!

Oliver laughs, as does Emily.

(CONTINUED)

TONY (CONT'D)

Why do you always draw me with such
big ears? I don't have big ears, do
I?

OLIVER

It's you. It's Daddybigears!

TONY

(to Emily)

Are my ears really that big?

EMILY

(deadpan)

Huge.

A phone starts ringing. Tony glances at it. From his expression, Emily can tell who it is.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Already?

TONY

I'll be quick.

He pulls over onto the hard shoulder and gets out of the car. Emily sighs.

OLIVER

Are we there?

EMILY

Not quite sweetheart.

9 **EXT. HARD SHOULDER - DAY A-1 (2006)** 9

Glimpses of TONY through the passing cars as he paces up and down on the hard shoulder. We can't hear what he's saying through the noise of the traffic but he's worked up and is gesturing violently.

10 **INT. TONY'S CAR/HARD SHOULDER - LATER A-1 (2006)** 10

TONY gets back in the car. Emily looks at him, mock-annoyed.

TONY

I know, I know.

Emily holds out her hand - Tony hands her the phone and Emily switches it off.

EMILY

No work this side of the Channel.
Deal?

TONY
Deal.

He turns the key in the car. The engine sputters and coughs. He tries it again. The same noise. He sits back, resigned.

11 **EXT. CHALONS DU BOIS BRIDGE- DAY A-1(2006)**

11

A metal rattling noise as a truck tows their car over a bridge. We see a sign on the side of the road - 'Bienvenue a Chalons Du Bois'.

12 **EXT. GARAGE. CHALONS DU BOIS - DAY A-1 (2006)**

12

TONY, EMILY and OLIVER stand outside a garage as their car is towed inside. Tony flicks through a French dictionary.

EMILY
How long... to fix the car?

The mechanic shrugs and holds up one finger.

MECHANIC
Un...

TONY
One hour?

MECHANIC
Un jour. Peut être deux.

Tony rifles through the dictionary.

EMILY
One day. Maybe two.

OLIVER
What's wrong?

Tony is determined not to let this get them down.

TONY
Bit of a change of plan, we'll be at a different hotel for a night or two. But we're still on holiday, okay?

13 **EXT. HOTEL L'EDEN - DAY A-1 (2006)**

13

A very different hotel to the one we saw in the present day. It's summer, sunny, and there are people milling around the streets. At this particular place in time, the neon sign with the image of the stock palm tree on the beach actually makes the place look inviting.

14

INT. HOTEL L'EDEN. RECEPTION - DAY A-1 (2006)

14

A younger looking SYLVIE sits at reception with a short, affable bald man approximately her age. ALAIN. He's watching football highlights on television, riveted. TONY enters with EMILY and OLIVER, who is wearing a yellow scarf and clutching a cuddly Fox toy.

TONY

Bonjour. I, uh, do you have any rooms?

SYLVIE

We only have one room monsieur...

TONY

Great, we'll take it...

SYLVIE

... but the television does not work, I'm afraid.

TONY

That's fine.

SYLVIE

I would prefer it if you said you must have one. Then I could give you this one.

She gestures to the TV Alain's watching, rolling her eyes.

ALAIN

(French)
What are you saying?

ALAIN

Qu'est ce que tu dis ?

SYLVIE

Now he can hear me.

Tony sees what Alain's watching.

TONY

(to Alain)

What do you think your chances are against Brazil?

Without looking away from the TV -

ALAIN

Yes, good, I think.

SYLVIE

(French)
You're going to be late for your meeting.

SYLVIE

Tu vas être en retard pour ton rendez-vous.

Alain smiles good-naturedly.

(CONTINUED)

ALAIN
(French)
I know, I know.

ALAIN
Je sais, je sais

Sylvie hands the key to Tony.

SYLVIE
There is a fold out bed for the
little one.

OLIVER
Thank you.

SYLVIE
You're most welcome.
(to Tony)
And how long will you be staying?

TONY
Just the one night.

EMILY
We were on our way down to the
coast but our car gave out.

SYLVIE
I am sorry to hear it. But please.
Enjoy your stay.

She glances over at Alain who is standing - but still
watching the TV.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)
Alain!

Sheepishly, he turns the TV off.

TONY, EMILY and OLIVER walk down the hallway to their room.
Tony pulls out the key and puts it in the door. Turns it.

SNAP TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

CAPTION: CHALONS DU BOIS, PRESENT DAY

On Tony's tired-looking eyes as they open, years later. He looks out the window to a grey and lifeless day. His alarm goes off, but he's already awake. He lets it ring for a while, then turns it off and hauls himself out of bed.

17

EXT. GRAND PLACE - DAY 2 (PRESENT DAY)

17

A wide shot. The Grand Place is less deserted than before, but still dull. A gang of pigeons congregate in the main square and flutter out of the way as TONY walks through.

Close up on him we see him approach a couple. He pulls out a photograph and shows it to them.

TONY

(faltering French)

Vous avez vu ce jeune garçon?

The couple shake their heads confused.

TONY (CONT'D)

Have you seen him? You haven't?

But they're walking off already.

18

EXT. GARE DU CHALONS- DAY 2 (PRESENT DAY)

18

MUSIC OVER as -

TONY approaches another MAN, on his way to work. The same thing - he pulls out the photo and we see him ask if he's seen the boy in the picture.

19

EXT. FLOWER STALL/LA COURRONNE - LATER 2 (PRESENT DAY)

19

TONY approaches a young man in a flower shop. He's trying to pick some flowers but Tony keeps holding up the photo, even though the young man has already said he doesn't recognise the boy. Eventually the owner has to approach Tony and asks him to leave.

20

INT. L'ESPERENCE - LATER 2 (PRESENT DAY)

20

TONY sits at the bar and downs a drink.

QUICK CUT - shots of him drinking.

He approaches an OLD GUY at the bar and holds up the photo. The guy's seen him coming and knows what he wants. He does his best to avoid eye contact but ends up having to tell him to go away.

Tony orders another drink, which he downs. Next to him, a MAN puts their drink on the photo he has on the bar. Annoyed, he pulls the photo away from under the drink, spilling it over the guy. The man starts having a go at him in French.

(CONTINUED)

MAN
(French)
What do you think you're
doing?

MAN
Qu'est-ce que vous me foutez,
là?

TONY
(coldly)
You should be more careful.

Tony starts walking away, the man puts a hand on his arm, trying to get his attention. But Tony is already wound up and frustrated and drunk and spins round and shoves the man hard. Unbalancing him. Tony steps towards him, unhinged, like he's going to take it further. The Barman has to step in and shout at Tony -

BARMAN
(French)
Get out!

BARMAN
Sortez d'ici!

Tony doesn't look like he gives a shit and just walks out of there.

TONY approaches a young couple, holding up the photo of the boy. They indulge him for a while but they can tell he's half cut and quickly makes their excuses and they walk away.

MUSIC ENDS.

TONY walks past a supermarket. In the reflection of the window he sees a large block of flats. He looks at it for a moment, an odd expression on his face - it's the place we'll later come to know as Bourg's apartment block. Then he spots a family not far away. He's about to approach them, but instead, someone taps him on the shoulder.

VOICE
Monsieur Hughes?

Tony turns, surprised, to see a woman in her thirties, dressed in a smart suit. This is LAURENCE.

TONY
Laurence. How are you?

LAURENCE
I am well.
(concerned)
Are you?

TONY

Good, good. It's been a while. Last time I saw you was...

LAURENCE

Tony, we have had some calls about you.

TONY

Look...

LAURENCE

Complaints. You are bothering people. You understand - we have to address these things. And you being here, it's not...

TONY

Right. You're doing your job.

LAURENCE

Yes. So...

Pause.

TONY

So what?

LAURENCE

Will you stop this?

TONY

I'm not causing any trouble...

He pauses. Off Laurence's look -

TONY (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay. I'll stop.

LAURENCE

Thank you.

Tony turns to go, then stops when she speaks -

LAURENCE (CONT'D)

Show me this picture.

Tony shows her. And finally we see the photo -

It's the Grand Place. Taken during Bastille Day celebrations. The place is busy. Gaudy decorations, groups of tourists, a gaggle of young Japanese girls and boys posing doing victory signs. But Tony's not pointing at them. He's pointing at a young Asian boy, to the right edge of the picture, wearing a yellow scarf. Laurence looks at it for a while, then hands it back.

(CONTINUED)

LAURENCE (CONT'D)

No. I'm sorry. You should go home
Tony.

TONY

I will.

Laurence smiles sympathetically and walks away. When she's gone Tony pulls out the photo and walks back towards the family, a look of determination on his face. Laurence watches, a sad look in her eyes.

A rural and picturesque landscape. In the middle sits a cottage. The lights are on inside. Outside we see a figure under a shelter. They are wearing a beekeepers outfit.

We go closer in and through the smock we see that it's JULIEN. It will take a little time to notice, but in the present day Julien walks with a pronounced limp.

Right now, he is stood in front of a large wooden cabinet with several drawers. He pulls out one of the drawers and inspects something inside. Shaking his head -

JULIEN

Merde.

CELIA is cooking on the stove. She doesn't look that much older apart from her hair, which has faded in colour. Classical music plays while the news plays on the TV on mute. The door opens and JULIEN enters from outside looking worried. He's removed the beekeeping head-gear now.

CELIA

How are they?

JULIEN

The colony is well under weight. I was off on the flow. They need syrup and water.

He goes to the cupboards and pulls out some jars and beakers with liquids/sugar in.

CELIA

You shouldn't have built the hive, my love. You're not a carpenter.

JULIEN

The hive is fine. It's a Warre design. They'll survive the winter.

CELIA

I don't want to see what happens if
they don't...

The phone rings. Still measuring up the liquids, Julien
answers.

JULIEN

Alo?

We hear another voice at the end of the phone speaking.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

Mm hm.

He nods as the person talks at the other end of the line.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

(French)

Thank you for telling me
Laurence.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

Merci de m'avoir mis au
courant, Laurence.

He hangs up. At the mention of Laurence's name Celia looks
up. Off her look -

JULIEN (CONT'D)

Tony Hughes has gone back to
Chalons Du Bois.

CELIA

Why?

JULIEN

He thinks he's found something.
Laurence says he's being a
nuisance. A drunk. Nobody wants him
there.

CELIA

I can't imagine why.

A pause. Julien's clearly distracted - he's left the liquids
alone and is staring into the middle distance. Celia watches
him.

CELIA (CONT'D)

You're not thinking about seeing
him, are you?

Julien starts to carefully measure and then pour the liquids
together. His glasses on the tip of his nose.

JULIEN

My honey bees will only survive the
winter if they think there is still
a nectar flow. To live through this
cold they must believe the world
outside the hive is warm.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JULIEN (CONT'D)

That there is food, that nothing
has changed.

He puts a lid on the beaker.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

Tony is in Chalons Du Bois because
there, he can believe that his son
is not gone, and that somewhere he
is now 13 years old, playing
football and starting to think
about girls... That's the only way
Tony knows how to survive.

CELIA

You think that this is good for
him?

JULIEN

Of course not, my love. They are
not the same thing.

He heads back towards the door, the beaker in his hand.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

As you say - these are just bees.

He kisses her on the forehead and goes out into the cold.

24A

EXT. EALING TUBE STATION - DAY 3(PRESENT DAY)

24A

A busy morning at Ealing tube station. We pick out a man -
good looking, charming, a little awkward - MARK. Wearing a
suit, he's carrying some cake boxes.

CAPTION: EALING, LONDON

25

EXT. TONY AND EMILY'S HOUSE - DAY 3(PRESENT DAY)

25

Establisher of a semi detached suburban house.

26

INT. TONY AND EMILY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 3(PRESENT DAY) 26

A blonde WOMAN sits on a chair wearing a blindfold. Mark is
in front of her. On the side we see the open cake boxes. The
rest of the room is stacked with taped-up removal boxes,
which explains why the house looks so empty.

EMILY

Okay. I'm ready.

Mark puts a slice of brown cake with white icing on it into
her mouth. She eats it. A pause, then -

(CONTINUED)

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's that one! That's the one, a
hundred percent...

She pulls off the blindfold and we see it's EMILY - but her hair is now dyed blonde.

EMILY (CONT'D)

No!

MARK

Yep, this is the expensive one...

Mark holds up another slice of cake with a bite taken out of it.

EMILY

Well alright then. Now we'll just have to blindfold all our guests.

Mark smiles and kisses her.

MARK

I, uh, I looked at the list this morning.

EMILY

Oh right.

MARK

I mean, it's none of my business, and I understand that maybe you, I don't know...

She moves away from him.

EMILY

What?

MARK

It's just... you didn't invite Tony.

EMILY

Do you want him there?

MARK

I didn't mean that. I mean I wouldn't mind if that's something that you...

EMILY

No. I don't think so. It's not the best idea.

Mark goes to hug her but she's already turned around and is busying herself tidying away the plates with cake on.

MARK

I just want to make sure you're happy on your wedding day.

EMILY

It's our wedding day, and you don't have to handle me with kid gloves
Mark, I'm a big girl.
(beat)
I'll be an even bigger girl if I eat any more of this.

She squeezes out a laugh and taps the plate against the bin, emptying the rest of it away. She starts to wash the dishes.

MARK

I'll go crack on in the living room.

Before he goes, he turns.

MARK (CONT'D)

I found your phone by the way. Fell in one of the boxes.

He hands her an iPhone. Emily smiles.

EMILY

My hero.

MARK

We aim to please.

He goes next door. Emily switches her phone on. Frowns as she sees a voicemail - from Tony. She looks at it for a moment. Then looks at the door, the one Mark just left through.

After a moment, she puts the phone to her ear and starts to listen to the message. We stay on Emily, as we hear Tony's voice, tinny, on the other end of the line -

TONY (V.O.)

It's me. I hope you're... well I heard the news, so... I suppose you are.

(beat)

I, uh, I came back Emily. Same room and everything. TV still doesn't work.

(beat)

Anyway. I'm here. I thought you should know why - I've found something.

Emily hangs up. She takes a deep breath, closes her eyes and deletes the message. Then she turns round and carries on with the washing up, visibly shaken.

27 **EXT. PUBLISHERS OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 3 (PRESENT DAY)** 27

A big corporate office building.

28 **INT. PUBLISHERS OFFICE - DAY 3 (PRESENT DAY)** 28

CU on a large printed picture of Oliver Hughes. Text above his face - "OLIVER". Underneath - "by MALICK SURI". Several other large colour photographs all around, pinned to a board.

We pull out to reveal we're in a big, plush office. A very serious-looking Indian man, MALICK, sits on a sofa looking at the picture critically. A middle-aged woman in a suit, CHRISTINE, sits on the edge of his desk.

MALICK

It's... very crude.

CHRISTINE

It'll sell.

MALICK

But the book is about more than just Oliver Hughes. It's about obsession itself...

CHRISTINE

Malick, you've missed deadline after deadline...

MALICK

So? Cases like this don't go away - the possibility they could still be out there ignites something in the public's consciousness.

CHRISTINE

Look, when you came to me, you said you had something different to offer. Not just the exploitation of some poor family's tragedy. That's why I've been patient. But I can't wait forever.

MALICK

You won't have to. Vincent Bourg has just been released from prison.

He nods at the photographs on the board and we pick out a photograph of Vincent Bourg.

MALICK (CONT'D)

He may have refused to meet me while he was inside, but now he will have no choice.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTINE

You honestly think Vincent Bourg
was involved?

MALICK

I just need to get him on the
record. Once I do, I assure you -
it will be worth the wait.

28A

EXT. OPEN AIR SWIMMING POOL - DAY 3 (PRESENT DAY)

28A

A pool on the edges of Chalons Du Bois, with a café right beside it. Right now, the cafe is closed and the pool has been drained. It has a grim, desolate appearance. A place designed to be full of fun and life now stripped of its soul in the dark winter. Through a padlocked gate we can see TONY. Staring in at the empty pool and its peeling, chipped walls, his expression unreadable.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

29

EXT. GRAND PLACE - DAY A-1 (2006)

29

CAPTION: CHALONS DU BOIS, JULY 2006

The Grand Place is a far cry from the ghost town we saw in the opening. It's now drenched in sunlight and filled with people. French flags are everywhere. As are football fans with the French flag painted on their faces. A celebratory mood in the air.

30

EXT. LE CENTRAL. TERRASSE - DAY A-1 (2006)

30

The same dated brasserie we saw in the opening. Again, a completely different atmosphere. A television has been put up by the tills with a sports newsreader talking about France in the World Cup, visible from the tables outside. At one of these tables we see TONY, EMILY and OLIVER having coffee and ice cream.

TONY

If you could do anything in the
world right now, what would it be?

OLIVER

Ice cream!

Tony and Emily laugh.

TONY

You're eating ice cream.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

More ice cream!

EMILY

Remind me not to be here for the
sugar comedown.

TONY

We should see the place don't you
think? See what an afternoon in
Chalons Du Bois has to offer...

He pulls out a small hotel-guide brochure. A huge jeer from a few of the people in the cafe as highlight clips from a Brazil match plays on the television.

TONY, EMILY and OLIVER walk up to the castle that stands at the fringes of the town.

At the top of the castle, TONY and EMILY walk around with OLIVER in tow. The view isn't it up to much - but it's something. Tony and Emily are determined to enjoy themselves despite the place they find themselves in.

EMILY looks at clothes. TONY sits on a bench in the corner entertaining OLIVER. Emily puts a ladies hat on Oliver, which makes him laugh.

TONY is on his phone outside the place they were at earlier. It's busier now, and the atmosphere's changed.

TONY

Okay. Merci.

He heads back inside.

TONY heads to the back, past busy tables of people eating in time to watch the big match. He sits down with EMILY and OLIVER, who are ensconced in a pirate sticker book.

TONY

All done. Car's fixed.

EMILY

Thank God. What was it?

TONY

He explained it mostly in French.
Although even in English I probably
wouldn't have understood.

Emily smiles.

TONY (CONT'D)

(to Oliver)
Swimming tomorrow Olly.

OLIVER

Swimming!

TONY

Just wait till you see the pool at
this place...

OLIVER

(excited)
Swimming NOW!

He hands Tony back the little tourist brochure. It's open on a page advertising an open-air swimming pool.

EMILY

It's late, love, it's way past your
bedtime...

OLIVER

But it's holiday.

EMILY

We'd have to go back to the hotel
to get your trunks. There's plenty
of holiday left, can't we just...

OLIVER

Pleeeease.

He looks at Tony, his eyes big and pleading as Tony looks at the brochure thoughtfully.

TONY

Well how can I say no to that?
Swimming it is sir.

OLIVER

Yay!

EMILY

(to Tony)
I've got a bit of a headache.
(to both)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMILY (CONT'D)

Absolutely no longer than half an
hour, you two. Okay?

OLIVER

You come Mummy!

EMILY

Mummy's tired, love...

OLIVER

MUMMY YOU COME, YOU COME MUMMY!

EMILY

Ssh, stop it!

She glances round the brasserie, shoots the other patrons an apologetic look. Oliver glares at her, upset at the rebuke. He sweeps the sticker book off the table in anger.

OLIVER

I hate you.

Emily looks at Tony.

EMILY

Good luck.

Although it's night now, it's still light and warm out. TONY and OLIVER are playing in a large open-air pool. The same place we saw Tony staring at in the present-day, but it's almost unrecognisable. Full of people - most of whom are watching the football showing on the large TV in the cafe. As a result, the pool itself is practically empty.

TONY

Okay, look out...

He ducks under the water and puts a hand over his head to make it look like a fin. From under the water we hear Tony sing the theme to 'Jaws'. Oliver squeals with delight and swims away. When Tony catches up he throws him in the air. They laugh. Tony catches sight of the clock and looks back at Olly.

TONY (CONT'D)

Right you. We should think about heading back. Let's get changed and grab one for the road, eh?

OLLY

One for the road!

CUT TO:

36A

EXT. OPEN AIR SWIMMING POOL. BAR- DUSK A-1 (2006)

36A

Later. Tony and Oliver queuing for the bar. They've got clothes on now, but haven't really bothered drying off, so their hair is wet and their clothes covered with wet patches. Oliver has a small bag around his neck. A huge crowd is gathered and Tony has to shout over the cheers so Oliver can hear him. They're nearing the front of the queue.

TONY

Not much longer, Olly...

On-screen, there's been a foul and the referee points for a free-kick. Huge shouts and uproar from the crowd watching - and the racket becomes deafening as Zidane lines up the shot. Just for a moment, Tony's caught up in the excitement as the ref blows his whistle, Zidane runs up and crosses to Henry... who volleys into the goal. The crowd go wild, and in the uproar, Tony realises - he's not holding Oliver's hand any more.

The adrenaline instantly kicks in, but although he's alarmed, he fights to keep calm.

TONY (CONT'D)

Oliver?

He pushes through the scrum of bodies, celebrating as the goal is replayed in slow-mo on-screen.

TONY (CONT'D)

OLIVER! Where are you, OLIVER?

The crowd are jumping up and down, hugging one another. Someone spills their drink on Tony in their joy, but he barely notices.

TONY (CONT'D)

OLIVER!

Everyone around him is embracing each other, and he can't get past. He clammers onto a chair. Looks around, desperate, scanning, hoping to get a glimpse of his son.

TONY (CONT'D)

OLLY!

The sound FADES until it's utterly quiet. Like the TV is on mute. Again, Tony SCREAMS for Oliver - but as his world collapses around him, no-one even notices.

37

INT. OPEN AIR SWIMMING POOL. CHANGING ROOMS - NIGHT A-1 (2006)

37

SILENT: TONY runs through the changing rooms, slamming every door open to see if Oliver's in there.

38 **INT. SWIMMING POOL. RECEPTION - NIGHT A-1 (2006)**

38

SILENT: TONY talks to the receptionists, panicked and terrified. They try to calm him down but he isn't listening.

39 **EXT. OPEN AIR SWIMMING POOL. CAR PARK - NIGHT A-1 (2006)** 39

SILENT: TONY runs through the car park in his swimming trunks. Ignoring the looks people are giving him, barely seeing them. He keeps calling Oliver's name, an almost manic look about him.

But he can't see him anywhere.

40 **INT. HOTEL L'EDEN. ROOM 7 - NIGHT A-1(2006)**

40

In the hotel room, EMILY is lying down in the dark. The sound FADES BACK IN as her mobile starts to buzz. Emily picks up.

EMILY

Hey, are you on your way back?

We don't hear Tony at the other end - but we do see Emily's face. The surprise as she struggles to understand.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Tony, slow down... what... what are you saying?

As she listens, the colour drains from Emily's face.

41 **EXT. COMMISSARIAT - NIGHT A-1(2006)**

41

The red and cream exterior of the Police Nationale building. A tall iron fence runs along the front, a locked gate in the middle. At night, it has an almost forbidding appearance.

42 **INT. COMMISSARIAT. MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT A-1(2006)**

42

Inside, though, the atmosphere is anything but. There's a big screen in the main office, and a crowd of officers and support staff have gathered to watch the match.

On-screen, Ronaldinho has fallen to the ground in the box, to the jeering dismay of those watching. Amidst the shouting we pick out a man in his late thirties standing at the back, MONSIEUR ZIANE - louder than the others.

ZIANE

(French)
Get up, you faker!

ZIANE

Arrête ton cinéma !

(CONTINUED)

A nearby phone starts ringing. Ziane picks it up. He's finding it hard to hear over the noise.

ZIANE (CONT'D)	ZIANE (CONT'D)
(French)	Quoi? Quoi
What? <u>What?</u>	(to the other policemen)
(to the other policemen)	Les gars, baisser le son
Guys, turn it down...	

One of the policemen turns it down. Ziane nods. And sighs.

ZIANE (CONT'D)	ZIANE (CONT'D)
(French)	Très bien, on est en chemin.
Fine. On our way.	

He hangs up. With a longing look at the match on TV, Ziane nods at the other policemen to join and starts to head out the door.

The door opens and TONY enters. Flicks on the light. Moments later, EMILY follows. They both look exhausted and numb. Emily sinks onto the bed. Tony sits on a chair near the window.

TONY
What's the time?

Emily glances at the clock.

EMILY
Three.

TONY
We should get some sleep.

Emily nods. Neither show any inclination to do so.

FLASH TO -

Uniformed POLICEMEN with torches emerge through a children's play area, through some trees and out onto a road. They're led by barking dogs.

The pool area is now swarming with police. A dog team are getting a dog to sniff Oliver's discarded towel. The big screen is off, and ZIANE is marshalling the investigation. As a member of the crowd, bored, starts to slip away, Ziane shouts at a uniformed cop -

ZIANE (French) Hey. Get them back. (raising his voice) No-one leaves. Not until we have spoken to everybody.	ZIANE Hé. Rattrapez-le. (raising his voice) Personne ne se tire. Pas avant qu'on ait parlé à tout le monde
---	---

In the middle of the chaos, EMILY sits crying hysterically, TONY with his arm around her. Both on a bench outside the pool. All they can hear is people speaking in French around them - dozens of conversations in a different language overlapping and blending into a sea of noise. They feel more alienated and isolated than ever.

A POLICEMAN approaches them.

POLICEMAN (French) We'd like you to come back to the station with us.	POLICEMAN Vous devez nous suivre au commissariat.
--	---

Tony and Emily look at one another - confused, uncomprehending.

TONY I don't... we don't understand...	POLICEMAN (French, insistent) You must come to the station with us.
---	--

POLICEMAN Nous aimerais que vous veniez au commissariat.	POLICEMAN Nous aimerais que vous veniez au commissariat.
--	--

EMILY We don't know what you mean, what are you saying?	EMILY We don't know what you mean, what are you saying?
---	---

A more experienced uniformed officer, LAURENCE, has spotted this, sees the distress it's causing Tony and Emily, and comes over.

LAURENCE He is asking if you would come to the station.	LAURENCE He is asking if you would come to the station.
---	---

EMILY (relieved) You speak English.	EMILY (relieved) You speak English.
---	---

TONY Can you tell us what's happening?	TONY Can you tell us what's happening?
---	---

EMILY No-one's speaking to us...	EMILY No-one's speaking to us...
-------------------------------------	-------------------------------------

TONY That detective... (nodding at Ziane) (MORE)	TONY That detective... (nodding at Ziane) (MORE)
---	---

TONY (CONT'D)

He asked us a couple of questions
then just walked off and left us.
What's going on, what's he doing to
get our boy back?

LAURENCE

I will drive you to the station
myself. And on the way I can tell
you everything I know.

Tony and Emily smile at Laurence gratefully, and get to
their feet, dazed, unable to believe what's happening.

SNAP BACK TO -

The deathly-quiet hotel room. Back with TONY and EMILY. A
long silence.

EMILY

I keep thinking... The last thing
he said to me...

TONY

You know he didn't mean it.

EMILY

All because I couldn't take half an
hour to come swimming. And now he
could be out there, anywhere...

She lapses back into silence.

FLASH TO -

TONY and EMILY are sat in the busy office, clutching one
another's hand. They watch as ZIANE chats earnestly with a
patrician man in his sixties - GEORGES. After a moment,
Georges walks towards them.

GEORGES

Mr and Mrs Hughes, I am Georges
Deloix. I am the juge d'instruction
assigned to this case. I assure
you, my men are doing everything in
their power to find your boy.

TONY

Can you tell us what...

GEORGES

(not listening)
You are in excellent hands.

(CONTINUED)

And he walks away, leaving Emily and Tony more confused and frustrated than ever. LAURENCE approaches with two cups of coffee in styrofoam cups. She hands them one each.

LAURENCE

I thought you might like a drink.
The machine here is...

She pulls a face. Emily and Tony take the coffee gratefully.

EMILY

Thank you.

TONY

Who was he?

LAURENCE

The juge d'instruction. The investigating judge. Not a judge like you have in England. He is in charge of the situation for now.

ZIANE strides up to them.

ZIANE

Photo. I need a photo of your son.

TONY

Why? What's going on?

LAURENCE

(French; to Ziane)
You're issuing an alert?

LAURENCE

Tu lances une alerte ?

Ziane nods. Laurence turns to Emily and Tony.

LAURENCE (CONT'D)

They are issuing an alert
enlevement. This is the abduction alert.

Emily lets out a guttural sob.

EMILY

No. It can't...

TONY

You've looked everywhere? He could've just run off, got lost...

ZIANE

We must move quickly. I need a photograph.

EMILY

Oliver...

She's crying hard now.

(CONTINUED)

LAURENCE

This alert will show his photograph on screens everywhere. Television stations, radio stations, highways, the SNCF...

ZIANE

(sharply)
Merci, Agent Relaud.

Laurence nods, slightly embarrassed at the rebuke, and turns to leave. Spotting this -

EMILY

We'd like her to stay.

ZIANE

Mrs Hughes, Agent Relaud is not a detective...

TONY

She stays.

ZIANE

As you wish.

Tony is trying his hardest to keep it together as he hands Ziane his mobile phone.

TONY

Here, I've got this one. It was taken today.

He's about to hand the phone to Ziane when Emily leans over.

EMILY

He's not smiling. He's always happy. Oliver's always smiling...

Emily hands her own mobile phone to Ziane.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Here. Use this one.

BACK TO -

Back with TONY and EMILY in the quiet hotel room.

TONY

This alert system, that's good, his picture will be out there quickly...

EMILY

Tony, please. Stop talking.

TONY

People will see him. People will
know he's missing and...

He trails off. Finally, Tony says what he's really been
wanting to say - but hasn't been able to.

TONY (CONT'D)

It was a few seconds. That's all it
was. The crowd was... I mean, he
was thirsty, and there was a crowd
watching the game and... he was
gone.

EMILY

I know.

TONY

There's nothing I could have done.
I was holding his hand and... There
were so many people, I didn't...

EMILY

I don't blame you, Tony.

Tony nods - but he doesn't entirely believe her.

TONY

I'm going out.

EMILY

Where?

TONY

Maybe he's tried to find his way
back to places we went today,
somewhere familiar...

EMILY

That doesn't make any sense, we
need to stay here, what if he tries
to come back...

TONY

I can't just sit here.

TONY walks down the street, a desperate look in his eye. He
passes a group of very drunk France fans, the national flag
painted on their faces, chanting a victory song.

Still several groups of drunk fans, wrapped in France flags,
drinking, celebrating. TONY circles the Grand Place.

(CONTINUED)

TONY
OLIVER! OLIVER!

A group of fans scream triumphantly, right into Tony's face. He ignores them, keep walking forward.

TONY (CONT'D)
OLIVER!

He walks faster and faster, hoping somehow Oliver will be just around the corner. But he's nowhere to be seen.

TONY walks quickly down the streets.

TONY
OLLY!

He rounds a corner, down a long pedestrian street with large shop windows on either side. He looks around him - and suddenly his burst of energy and optimism is gone and the futility of what he's doing hits him.

TONY (CONT'D)
Olly.

His voice cracks as he leans against a shop window and sinks to the ground. Feeling desperate and useless.

ZIANE and LAURENCE are waiting outside the modern-looking station. Laurence is fiddling with her uniform, glancing at her reflection in the window of a nearby tabac. Ziane gives her a sideways look.

LAURENCE
(French; defensive)
I want to make a good
impression. The man's a
legend.

LAURENCE
Je veux faire bonne
impression. C'est une
légende, ce type.

Ziane just sneers and Laurence falls silent, embarrassed.

A train pulls up to the station. The door opens - and JULIEN emerges carrying a case. As he walks towards the exit, we see a TV screen up on the platform. It's showing a picture of a smiling Oliver, next to the words "ALERTE ENLEVEMENT".

53

EXT. GARE DE CHALONS. TICKET OFFICE - DAY A-2(2006)

53

JULIEN emerges into the light. ZIANE and LAURENCE approach.

ZIANE

(French)
Monsieur Baptiste, Khalid
Ziane. This is Agent Laurence
Relaud, the family seem to
want her involved.

ZIANE

Monsieur Baptiste, Khalid
Ziane.
Voici Laurence Relaud, la
famille semble tenir à sa
présence

LAURENCE

(French; eager to
please)
An honour. I'm looking
forward to working together.

LAURENCE

Très honorée de vous
rencontrer. Je me réjouis à
l'idée de travailler avec
vous.

JULIEN

(French)
Likewise. Although you should
both know that I am due to
retire at the end of the
month.

JULIEN

Pareillement. Mais sachez que
je prends ma retraite à la
fin du mois.

LAURENCE

(French)
We'll just have to find the
boy before then.

LAURENCE

Faut qu'on retrouve le gamin
avant.

JULIEN

(French)
Either we will find him in
the next few days; or we will
not find him at all.

JULIEN

On le retrouvera dans les
prochains jours, ou pas du
tout.

(to Ziane)

Take me to the parents.

(to Ziane)
Amenez-moi chez les parents.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

54

EXT. LE PAON D'OR - DUSK 3 (PRESENT DAY)

54

CAPTION: PRESENT DAY

A crusty old corner building, the paint peeling from the outside. A sign reads "Salle de Billard". TONY moves through the pouring rain and into the warmth inside.

55

INT. LE PAON D'OR - NIGHT 3(PRESENT DAY)

55

The inside of the bar is every bit as run-down and old as the exterior suggests. There are several billiard tables across the front, and a small bar off to the side. A few hardened regulars play a game while they drink.

(CONTINUED)

A thick haze of cigarette smoke hangs over the whole place - so much that TONY coughs as he enters.

He casts his eyes around the bar until he lights on a figure sitting at the far end, nursing a beer. JULIEN. Tony approaches and sits beside the old detective.

TONY

I didn't think people were allowed to smoke inside any more.

JULIEN

It's that kind of place.

(a wry smile)

This way I can still tell Celia, "No, I haven't smoked" - but here...

He breathes deeply. Tony smiles.

TONY

Thanks for calling.

JULIEN

I heard you were back.

TONY

How's the leg?

JULIEN

I'm not sure if it stopped hurting

or I just got used to the pain.

Either way, I don't notice any more.

Tony nods.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

I hear you've been asking questions.

(beat)

You should know, you being here again... People are talking.

TONY

So what? After the things that have been written about me...

JULIEN

I mean only, you must know how... uncomfortable this makes people.

TONY

Right.

(bitterly)

My son being taken was such an inconvenience for them.

JULIEN

Do not misunderstand me. It is only that once, you could mention the town of Chalons Du Bois and most people would say, "Yes, I've been there. It was an ordinary place". But now, you cannot hear the name Chalons Du Bois without thinking of Oliver Hughes. Without thinking of tragedy. For those that live here...

He shrugs.

TONY

Life goes on.

JULIEN

For us all. One way or another.

Something about the way he says this makes Tony frown.

TONY

Retirement that bad, is it?

JULIEN

I did not say that.

TONY

You miss it?

JULIEN

I used to miss it. Now I have other interests.

It's not entirely convincing. A silence - during which Tony puts the photograph on the table. The one with the young Asian boy standing in the Grand Place.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

Who is he?

TONY

I have no idea. Sylvie - the manager at the Hotel Eden - we stayed in touch. As much as being friends with someone on Facebook is staying in touch. A few weeks ago, she posted this picture. A friend of hers on Bastille Day in Chalons. The moment I saw it...

Tony taps the photo.

TONY (CONT'D)

Look at what he's wearing.

(CONTINUED)

Julien looks closer at the yellow scarf the boy has around his neck. Tony watches Julien very carefully. Waiting for a reaction. But Julien's face betrays nothing.

JULIEN

A scarf.

TONY

Oliver's scarf.

JULIEN

A coincidence, perhaps.

TONY

You don't understand - this isn't the kind of scarf Oliver was wearing that night. It's the exact one. Emily had it made for him, with his initials - look...

He points at the photograph. Julien looks closer, a thoughtful expression on his face.

TONY (CONT'D)

O.N.H. You're telling me a yellow scarf shows up with my son's initials on, in the same town he was taken from, and that's a coincidence?

Julien looks at him levelly, taking it all in.

TONY (CONT'D)

It's his, Julien. That means it was left somewhere. That means someone found it, and somehow it ended up with this boy. If we can trace it back...

JULIEN

'We' cannot do anything. I am retired, you have no authority here. If there is any news...

TONY

... the police will pass it on. Yeah, well, I told Laurence, she couldn't have been less interested. Maybe Ziane would give a shit, if he wasn't rotting in jail.

JULIEN

I came here as a courtesy, Tony. As a friend. You need to stop this. You need to go home. This...

(indicating the photograph)

This is not good for you.

TONY

You're lucky. All those years as a detective, and you've just switched it off. Washed your hands of it. Well good for you.

He stands.

TONY (CONT'D)

And don't say you're here as a friend. We were never friends.

Tony goes. Julien watches him leave, a sad, resigned expression on his face.

A removals truck outside a suburban middle-class home. REMOVAL MEN are carrying a mattress out of it. EMILY stands watching them for a moment, looking far away, like she's thinking of something. She shakes her head, willing the thoughts away, and turns and walks back into the house.

Inside, the usual moving-day chaos of boxes stacked on top of each other. EMILY enters to find a 13-year-old boy, JAMES, carrying a box.

EMILY

I shouldn't have bothered with the movers, James, you've been putting them to shame all day. And I've been thinking - since I'm paying the removal men - it's only fair I pay you something as well.

JAMES

Really? Brilliant!

MARK has entered from the next room carrying a cardboard box of his own. Overhearing this -

MARK

(smiling)

Are you spoiling him again?

EMILY

(sharply)

I don't spoil him.

This hangs in the air as James goes. Though it's all said politely enough there's enough edge here to suggest this is a sore point for Emily and Mark. After a silence -

MARK

Sweetheart, you... you left this in
the attic.

A silence.

MARK (CONT'D)

I didn't know if you'd forgotten
it, or...

Emily opens it and pulls out a children's toy - instantly realising the box is full of Oliver's old stuff. She digs through, pulling out fox toys etc.

MARK (CONT'D)

Shall I put it with the others?

She's not listening to him. She's in a world of her own. As she looks through the box -

EMILY

They're just... things. They're not
him. Are they?

She looks at Mark. He doesn't know what to say.

EMILY (CONT'D)

We should get the guys to drop it
off at the children's ward at Queen
Charlotte's.

Mark looks at her - wondering if she's sure - but Emily has already turned and walked off.

EMILY locks herself in the bathroom. Dials a number.

MALICK is sitting in his home office. His phone rings and he picks up.

MALICK

Mrs. Hughes?
(beat)
Emily?

We hear the line go dead.

59A **INT. TONY AND EMILY'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - DAY 4 (PRESENT DAY)** 59A

EMILY lets out a deep breath, trying to keep it together.

59Aa **EXT. JULIEN'S HOUSE - DAY 4 (PRESENT DAY)**

59Aa

An establisher of Julien's house.

59B **INT. JULIEN'S COTTAGE. DINING ROOM- NIGHT 4 (PRESENT DAY)** 59B

JULIEN is at home on his computer. He's on Facebook, on Sylvie's home page. He's cycling through her photo gallery - until he reaches the picture Tony showed him. He looks at it thoughtfully, when he's interrupted from his reverie by -

CELIA (O.C.)

You're up late.

Julien looks away from the picture over at CELIA in the doorway. His desk faces the door so Celia can't see what's on his screen. He gives her a reassuring smile.

JULIEN

You should never have introduced me
to shopping online.

Celia just looks at him narrowly.

CELIA

Tony really did find something.
Didn't he?

JULIEN

I'm so transparent?

CELIA

To me? Always.

JULIEN

He thinks he has. I didn't promise
to help him. I told him to go home.
Try to forget Chalons Du Bois.

CELIA

He won't.

JULIEN

No.

CELIA

Any more than you.

Julien looks at her - thinks about denying it - but Celia knows him better than anyone. He says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CELIA (CONT'D)
(French)
Don't stay up too late.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Ne reste pas debout trop
longtemps.

And she goes, leaving Julien to his work.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

A couple in their late sixties - ROBERT and PENNY - are in the back of a French taxi. The DRIVER up front is playing a French radio station very loud.

ROBERT
Excuse me...

The driver doesn't hear.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Excusez-moi... The radio...?

The driver turns it down by a pathetic amount.

CAPTION: CHALONS DU BOIS, 2006

The car slows behind a long line of traffic. After a moment, it becomes clear why. The car is passing the swimming pool where Oliver went missing, and there are police all around the area, picking up evidence, stopping cars etc... He honks his horn.

TAXI DRIVER
Bâtards...

The alerte enlevement comes on loudly on the radio. Annoyed at the irritating noise - he turns the volume down.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
(to Robert and Penny)
This is a boy, gone missing... They
look for him. He is off playing I
think.
(annoyed)
And some of us have jobs still,
hein?

He sounds the horn again. Robert grits his teeth, angry, but Penny squeezes his hand - keep calm.

A small group of press have gathered, some with cameras, some with digital recorders, a few TV crews.

(CONTINUED)

There's a relaxed air here - some are leaning against a nearby wall, some are drinking coffee, some smoking. We recognise MALICK stood amongst them.

Then, movement - they scrabble to train their cameras on the hotel as a taxi pulls up and ROBERT and PENNY get out. They hurry into the hotel, hating the attention.

62 INT. HOTEL L'EDEN. RECEPTION - DAY A-2 (2006)

62

Inside, EMILY and TONY are waiting, looking exhausted.

EMILY

Mum...

She crumples into tears as she hugs her mum - and Robert joins in too. Tony stands on the fringes, awkward. When the family break their hug -

TONY

Thanks for coming.

ROBERT

Tony, I'm... I don't know what to say.

The two men hug.

PENNY

There were police everywhere...

TONY

They've sent in this detective from Paris, Monsieur Baptiste...

SYLVIE and ALAIN walk through from next door. Spotting them -

EMILY

Sylvie, Alain, these are my parents, Robert and Penny...

SYLVIE

My thoughts are with you.

EMILY

Sylvie's been very kind and said we can stay as long as we like.

SYLVIE

And of course, no charge...

TONY

We can't ask you to do that...

SYLVIE

We have a daughter. Thirty three
and married and drives one of those
big cars, more like tanks... still,
I worry about her.

(beat)

You'll stay for free. I insist.

She glances at Alain - the kind of look that doesn't invite any argument.

ALAIN

Oui. Yes, of course.

EMILY

Thank you, both of you.

SYLVIE

Please, your room is not quite
ready...

TONY

You can wait in ours.

TONY, SYLVIE, EMILY and ROBERT are squeezed into the small room. Robert glances out the window, out at the press pack.

ROBERT

Press don't waste any time, do
they?

PENNY

It's all over the papers back home.

TONY

Good. It's good that his photo is
seen by as many people as possible.

Emily nods. There's a silence. The whole situation - his missing grandson and seeing his daughter this distraught - is getting Robert agitated.

ROBERT

Do they have any leads? Any idea of
what might have happened?

TONY

No-one's telling us anything.

Emily leans her head on Penny, utterly distraught. Sensing Emily doesn't want to go over it all again Robert turns to Tony -

ROBERT

Is there somewhere I can smoke?

Tony nods and leads him outside.

Garden is an overstatement - this is a small, functional courtyard, a few scrappy pot-plants scattered about and an old, rusty bike in the corner. ROBERT stands with TONY and lights up a cigar.

ROBERT

So?

TONY

They asked a lot of questions. Then the man from Paris, Detective Baptiste, he asked them all again. And some new ones.

ROBERT

And he's police judiciaire?

TONY

I think so.

ROBERT

(nodding)

I've got a colleague at chambers, does a lot of international work, he's heard of Baptiste - we're in good hands.

Tony nods. Robert's trying to be reassuring, to sound confident, but it's not working.

TONY

He said Ollie could have run off and got lost... but it wasn't likely.

ROBERT

What is likely?

A look between the two men. They know full well about the possibilities here.

TONY

He thinks he could still be alive. He thinks we'd have found him already if...

He's going to say if he was dead, but he can't bring himself to say it.

ROBERT

Cases like this... I see it all the time, at court - it's very often someone you know. Someone with a grudge. You don't think... after what we did?

A moment - then Tony gets his meaning.

TONY

No. Of course not. That was a long time ago.

ROBERT

Not that long.

Tony shakes his head, refusing to believe it.

TONY

We should get back inside.

The place is a whirlwind of activity. In the centre of it all, calm and thoughtful, is JULIEN. Talking to another detective. Nearby, ZIANE is working away.

JULIEN

(French)
These roadblocks here and here can be disbanded. We will focus resources on the border - keep the boy in France, then close the net.

JULIEN

Ces barrages routiers ici et là, on peut les lever. On va concentrer nos ressources à la frontière, pour que le gamin reste en France, puis on resserrera le filet.

The detective goes and Julien returns to looking at some files in front of him. We see Ziane get a text message. When he reads the text he looks shocked. After a moment, Julien looks over at LAURENCE.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

(French)
Agent Relaud.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

Agent Relaud.

Laurence, delighted to be called over, heads over to Julien. Who is looking very grave.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

(French)
Bring him in.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

Trouve-moi cet homme.

And he turns the file that he's reading around and taps it - to reveal a picture of VINCENT BOURG.

66

INT. CAFE DE SOLEIL - DAY A-2 (2006)

66

A local cafe for locals, and though they've striven for jaunty with both the name and the decor, the results are disappointing. It's the closest you might get in France to a greasy spoon. ZIANE enters and looks around. MALICK, at a table near the window, stands slightly and nods. Ziane sees him and goes over to the table.

ZIANE

You are Malick Suri?

MALICK

Monsieur Ziane.

Ziane puts his mobile phone on the table, accusingly. Pointing at a text.

ZIANE

"Chamartaines". What does this mean?

MALICK

You know what it means. Or you wouldn't be here.

A beat. Ziane looks at Malick levelly - then sits down.

ZIANE

You're a journalist?

MALICK

I am.

ZIANE

What do you know about Chamartaines?

MALICK

Enough.

Ziane shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

MALICK (CONT'D)

I want information on the Oliver Hughes case.

ZIANE

Why do you ask me? They have brought in some 'expert' from Paris to tell me what to do. Meanwhile they give me some agent as a partner.

(sneering)

No experience as a detective but the family like her, so...

He shrugs lugubriously.

(CONTINUED)

MALICK

You are still part of the investigation. Tell me what you know and no-one will ever hear about Chamartaines.

Ziane nods. Hating the situation but knowing he has no choice.

ZIANE

At least you could buy me a drink first. That is the polite thing to do before you try to screw someone, non?

Malick smiles thinly, but Ziane isn't finding this in the least bit funny.

EMILY and TONY are in the back of a police car. LAURENCE is driving. Emily is looking out the window when suddenly -

EMILY

Stop! STOP!

Laurence, confused, hits the brakes on the car. Emily throws open the door like a madwoman and jumps out.

TONY

Em, wait...

He follows her out.

EMILY is running down the street.

EMILY

OLIVER!

We see her POV - the back of a little boy, and from behind it's true - he looks exactly like Oliver. A man beside him, walking with him. Tony looks shocked.

TONY

Oh my God...

EMILY

Oliver...

Emily has reached the boy - and as she puts his hand on his shoulder, he turns -

- and we see, of course, it isn't Oliver. Same age, same build, same hair colour... but not Oliver. He looks terrified.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I... I'm sorry, I
thought that was my son...

She addresses this to the MAN holding the boy's hand - and we see for the first time that this is MARK.

MARK
It's okay.

TONY
I'm sorry...

EMILY
He looks so like him.

Emily is utterly transfixed by the boy we now realise is young JAMES.

MARK
You must be Mr and Mrs Hughes. I'm Mark Walsh, this is my son James. We were close by on holiday, when your son was taken, so I volunteered to step in...

Off their confused expressions -

MARK (CONT'D)
I'm the English police liaison in your case. The Home Office want to make sure we look after our own, keep you informed about what's happening.

TONY
Good. That's good, isn't it love?

But Emily is barely listening. She's transfixed by young James. Slightly embarrassed by this -

TONY (CONT'D)
We should get going.

MARK
The press conference, yeah, I'll see you there. And look, once I get up to speed, we'll sit down and you'll know what I know.

TONY
Thank you. Appreciated.

MARK

Nice to meet you.

Emily snaps out of her reverie.

EMILY

Yes. Nice to meet you too.

But she can't take her eyes off James. Tony too is looking at the boy - disappointment in his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

CAPTION: PRESENT DAY

The rain is sheeting down but it's like TONY doesn't notice as he shows his photograph to a couple who are walking past, trying to hurry out of the rain and barely give the photo a second glance. JULIEN emerges from a charity shop nearby. Tony spots him, surprised, and walks over.

TONY

I thought you went home.

JULIEN

I did. I thought you were supposed to do the same. Yet here we are.
Bumping into each other like locals.

TONY

Chalons isn't such a big place.
Like you once said - sit in the Grand Place long enough and the whole world walks by.

Tony looks at the photo of the young Asian boy in Julien's hand. The same as the one he's holding.

TONY (CONT'D)

I knew you believed me. What have you found?

Julien looks at Tony and realises he's not going to give this up. Reluctantly -

JULIEN

I found out who the boy in the photo is.

TONY

(stunned)

You found him? How?

(CONTINUED)

JULIEN

The photograph was taken on Bastille Day. Some old colleagues in the department helped to search every available image of the celebrations here in Chalons Du Bois - social networking sites, publications, whatever we could find online. We found this.

He shows Tony another photo of the Grand Place, the Bastille Day celebrations taking place. Julien points to the far corner - by the road, there's a car. In it, the young boy with the yellow scarf and his family.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

From the license plate - a rental - we found the family. A German family.

TONY

And what did they say, I mean... did they see him, or... what did they say?

JULIEN

They were here on holiday. They say they bought the scarf from a second-hand shop.

TONY

Do you believe them?

JULIEN

I have no reason to assume they're lying. In the meantime, it can't hurt to explore the story.

Tony looks at the charity shop Julien just emerged from. Putting it together.

TONY

You've been going to charity shops in the area...

JULIEN

(nods)

I have visited four already. Nothing.

TONY

But if we do find the shop... If we find that, then maybe we can find who handed the scarf in and then...

JULIEN

Slowly. One step at a time. There are three other second-hand shops in this area. And if indeed one of them received this scarf, it was all in likelihood many years ago. Please - one step at a time.

Tony nods - but it's clear his mind is racing, suddenly alive with hope.

70

SCENE MERGED WITH SC. 69

70

70A

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE- DAY 5 (PRESENT DAY)

70A

Establisher of MARK and EMILY's house.

71

INT. MARK'S HOUSE. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY 5 (PRESENT DAY) 71

EMILY is lying in bed asleep. The door to the bedroom opens slowly, and MARK enters with JAMES. The two of them are carrying a large breakfast tray. Giggling like naughty schoolchildren as they try to keep quiet, they put the tray down over Emily's legs. Once it's in place, Mark coughs. Emily stirs, but still doesn't wake. Mark coughs louder.

MARK

Madam, breakfast is served...

EMILY

Huh?

She's half-asleep as she rolls onto her back - and almost knocks the tray over. Only hasty intervention from Mark and James prevents disaster. Which only serves to make them both laugh harder.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Look at this!

MARK

For your first day in our new home.
Well, your new home, my old one...

JAMES

Dad was just going to go round to McDonald's.

MARK

What's wrong with that?

James and Emily share a look and roll their eyes at Mark.

EMILY

That's very sweet of you.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES
I made the pancakes too.

MARK
(stagey whisper)
Don't touch the pancakes.

James elbows him playfully in the ribs.

EMILY
Aren't you two having anything?

MARK
We're just going to watch you.

JAMES
And steal some pancakes.

Emily looks at them - and the breakfast - for a moment. And suddenly, she feels overwhelmed. She forces a smile, trying to bluster through it.

EMILY
It's lovely of you. Both of you. If you don't mind, I'm going to the bathroom quickly.

She moves the tray off. She's doing such a good job at feigning normality, neither Mark nor James notice anything wrong. As Emily gets out of bed -

MARK
Be quick. We can't promise not to eat it all.

Emily smiles as she goes into the en-suite bathroom.

72 **INT. MARK'S HOUSE. BATHROOM- DAY 5 (PRESENT DAY)**

72

EMILY turns on the tap. Then sinks onto the toilet - and finally allows herself to cry. The sheer normality of the breakfast in bed, the new home... the pretence that she can just move on. It's all too much. The sobs keep coming and coming until she's curled up on the loo, foetal, crying her heart out.

73 **INT. OUT OF TOWN CHARITY SHOP - DAY 5 (PRESENT DAY)**

73

CAPTION: CHALONS DU BOIS

JULIEN is looking through a large log book. TONY beside him, looking over his shoulder. An old woman, AUDREY, stands behind a counter.

JULIEN
(French)
Do you speak English?

JULIEN
Vous parlez anglais ?

AUDREY
Bien sur. We are so close to
Brussels up here it is almost a
requirement.
(dry)
Though I draw the line at learning
Flemish.

Julien smiles and leafs through the book some more.

JULIEN
Your records are very thorough,
Madame.

AUDREY
I started this shop after I lost my
husband. For years, I would sift
through his things in the wardrobe
to get to mine. Trip over his shoes
on the bedroom floor, and never
dreamed of moving them. Until...
well... you cannot live that way
forever.

Tony is fidgety. Impatient.

TONY
Is it in there?

Julien holds up a finger - patience.

AUDREY
I began to sell his things. His
clothes, his weathered old pack of
cards... the cigars he collected
but never smoked... And it made me
happy to meet the people who bought
these things. Knowing some part of
Benoit would continue, that they
took some part of him away... Soon
I was selling other things people
no longer wanted, I rented this
shop...

She shrugs.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
But I never forgot. That knowledge,
that your life's possessions can
have a life of their own, and one
beyond you... So I take people's
names. And when someone makes a
purchase, I send a postcard. "
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Your pink teddy bear has gone to a
little girl, so-and-so, for 5
Euros..."

She looks at Julien. Who has now moved on to the next log book.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

You probably think me silly.

JULIEN

I was a police officer for forty
years. I know better than to make
such judgements.

(beat)

Do you mind if I...?

Picking up the book he gestures at a table in the room with more space to lay the books out - the counter's not quite big enough. She nods. He carries the books over. They're out of earshot. Julien shakes his head, amazed.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

Unbelievable. Names, addresses,
dates...

Julien keeps reading, tracking his finger down a page. And then his finger stops about three quarters of the way down.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

La.

He prods a part of the page with his finger. Almost violently. For the first time, we see a flicker of excitement through Julien's usually sedate exterior.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

L'écharpe jaune.

TONY

That's... that's the scarf?

JULIEN

(reading)

"A yellow scarf - initials O.N.H."
And the address of the woman who
brought it in... four years ago.
Four years, it's been here, while
we...

He shakes his head in amazement. The woman calls over to them.

AUDREY

Have I helped?

JULIEN

Yes. Thank you, you've been a great help.

He and Tony look at one another, unable to believe their luck. Tony looks at her sincerely -

TONY

Thank you.

73A

INT/EXT. JULIEN'S CAR/SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY 5 (PRESENT DAY)

73A

JULIEN drives. TONY beside him. Neither man talk. There's a real sense of occasion, of excitement and anticipation, as the car navigates the side-streets of Chalons Du Bois.

73B

INT. TUBE - DAY 5 (PRESENT DAY)

73B

EMILY is in a crowded train carriage, but she's so lost in thought she barely notices the people around her.

73C

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY 5 (PRESENT DAY)

73C

We're low down, looking up at a modern semi-detached house, and though the place couldn't look more innocuous, the angle gives it that slight air of menace. Wheels fill the frame as Julien's car rolls into view. The sound of a door slamming as the men get out.

74

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY 5 (PRESENT DAY)

74

JULIEN knocks at the door. TONY beside him, impatient. The door opens and a middle-aged woman, VIVIENNE, answers.

VIVIENNE

(French)

Yes?

JULIEN

JULIEN

(French)

My name is Julien Baptiste, this is Tony Hughes. I'm a retired detective following an old case. May we come in?

Mon nom est Julien Baptiste, voici Tony Hughes. Je suis policier à la retraite poursuivant une vieille enquête. Pouvons nous entrer ?

Vivienne steps aside and Julien and Tony enter.

75

EXT. PARK - DAY 5 (PRESENT DAY)

75

CAPTION: EALING

(CONTINUED)

A small residential park, the kind where well-heeled locals go to walk their dogs and tire their children out on the climbing frames at one end. MALICK sits on a bench, looking out of place in his suit amongst the dog-walkers and weary parents with toddlers. A dog runs up and starts sniffing Malick's leg. He kicks it away.

Finally, EMILY enters the park and Malick stands.

MALICK

Mrs Hughes. I'm very pleased you finally consented to meet me...

EMILY

I'm not here to give an interview.

MALICK

Then why did you call?

EMILY

Tony's gone back.

MALICK

(surprised)

To Chalons Du Bois?

EMILY

He thinks he's found something.

MALICK

And you're telling me this because...

EMILY

You're a dog with a bone. And I know you're going to follow him out there. And when you do... I want to know what he's found.

(correcting herself)

What he thinks he's found.

Malick looks at her, impassive.

MALICK

I'm not your errand boy, Mrs Hughes. I have business with Vincent Bourg...

EMILY

If you don't want to find out what Tony's doing there, don't go.

A beat. Emily knows full well Malick will take the bait.

MALICK

Why don't you just ask him?

EMILY

I'm asking you.

A pause. Then -

MALICK

I'll call when I know more.

He walks off briskly.

VIVIENNE sits opposite JULIEN. TONY is standing, too fidgety and wound up to relax. Vivienne is looking at the Facebook photo of the Asian boy wearing the yellow scarf.

JULIEN

(French)
Four years ago you brought
this scarf to a charity
shop...

JULIEN

Il y'a quatre ans vous avez
déposé cette écharpe dans une
boutique de seconde main.

Vivienne has been looking at Tony. Trying to place him. And now, finally, she turns to Julien -

VIVIENNE

(French)
I recognise him.

VIVIENNE

Je le reconnaiss.

TONY

What's she saying?

JULIEN

She remembers you.

Tony looks back at Vivienne. He's grown used to this look - the pity, the embarrassment at being so close to this kind of tragedy. He points at the picture.

TONY

The scarf. Do you recognise it?

Vivienne shakes her head.

VIVIENNE

(French)
I am sorry.

VIVIENNE

Désolée.

Tony looks deflated - all his excitement gone.

JULIEN

(French)
Thank you for your time...

JULIEN

Merci pour votre accueil...

VIVIENNE

(French)

But four years ago, when we had the house redecorated, I emptied the cellar. I took a lot of boxes to the second-hand shop.

Julien leans forward. Suddenly realising he's onto something very important. We're on Tony here, watching, bewildered, shut out from the conversation by his lack of understanding.

JULIEN

(French)

So the scarf...

VIVIENNE

(French)

Anything we didn't need, we gathered up... I suppose the scarf could have been thrown in as well.

TONY
What's going on?

JULIEN

(French)

I have to ask - where were you eight years ago when Oliver went missing? You and your husband?

VIVIENNE

(French)

We were away on holiday. Florida. You can check.

Tony is getting desperately frustrated now.

TONY

Julien, what is it? Tell me.

JULIEN

Four years ago she had her house decorated, emptied the cellar and... several things were taken to the second-hand shop. Oliver's scarf must have got mixed up in there.

TONY

How?

JULIEN

She and her family were away, the house was empty... I think...

(MORE)

VIVIENNE

Mais il y a quatre ans, quand on a rénové la maison, j'ai vidé la cave. J'ai amené des caisses au magasin de seconde main.

JULIEN

Donc l'écharpe...

VIVIENNE

On a rassemblé tout ce dont on n'avait pas besoin. L'écharpe a pu se retrouver dans le lot, j'imagine.

JULIEN

Une question. Où étiez-vous il y a huit ans, quand Oliver a disparu ? Vous et votre mari ?

VIVIENNE

On était en vacances. En Floride. Vous pouvez vérifier.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

I think perhaps your son was taken
here.

Tony looks almost white with shock.

TONY

He was here.

Julien turns back to Vivienne to ask more questions, but
Tony can't listen any more. He staggers next door.TONY walks into the hallway, looking around this normal,
average house with fresh eyes, the horror of his son's
abduction suddenly written in every family picture, and
every lick of paint.Tony squeezes his eyes shut trying to block it all out as
JULIEN appears in the doorway.

JULIEN

Tony, are you alright?

TONY

Yeah, I just need... Just splash
some water on my face or
something...He opens a door, expecting to find a bathroom - and instead
sees there's a long flight of stairs leading down to a
basement.

Something makes him step inside.

JULIEN

Tony, you can't...

But he's not listening. He's a man possessed.

It's a typical basement - dark, messy, a losing battle being
fought against mould and decay. TONY has a manic look in his
eye as JULIEN descends the stairs behind him.

JULIEN

(gently)

Tony. We cannot be here. This is
somebody's house, we...

TONY

(snapping; obsessive)

If they took him here, they'd need
be away from the street. Away from
windows.

(CONTINUED)

JULIEN

We cannot know what happened...

TONY

He was here. Someone took my boy
into this house. There must be...
there has to be something...

He's on the edge right now, and Julien doesn't want to push
him.

JULIEN

I will make some calls. Do this
through the proper channels...

TONY

We can't just go, there has to
be... I mean, he was here.

JULIEN

What we've found will help the
case. It will help a great deal.
But there's nothing more to be
learned today. Patience, you must
remember. You of all people should
know this.

Julien looks at him firmly. Tony is upset, but he nods.
Julien puts a hand on his shoulder and the two men turn,
ready to go back upstairs, and just as Tony puts his foot on
the first step -

- he sees something. And his blood runs cold.

TONY

No.

Tony walks towards the back wall and sinks to his knees.
Staring at something on the wall as the tears runs silently
down his cheeks.

TONY (CONT'D)

No.

And he whispers the word over and over again, like a mantra,
as if somehow it will make everything go away. Julien comes
over and follows Tony's line of sight -

POV - on the wall, scratched crudely into the wood, faded
with time but unmistakeable, is a Daddy big ears - the big-
eared stick figure we saw Oliver draw in the opening moments
of the show.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE ONE