

WHAT REMAINS

1/4

Tony Basgallop

1 **EXT. COULTHARD STREET - FLASHBACK NIGHT 12** 1

Thirty year old MELISSA YOUNG trudges slowly down the pavement, a plastic supermarket bag hanging off each arm. She's a good four stone over-weight, the majority of it spilling over her belt. Her gait suggests a lethargy and a lack of sparkle in her life.

She reaches the steps of a five-storey townhouse, converted into flats. The entry system has names beside each buzzer: SELLERS, MOSS, MARKHAM/SCOTT, WEBB, YOUNG.

MELISSA fumbles for a set of keys with a PLASTIC FIGURE dangling from the chain. She suspends one shopping bag in her teeth, gets the key in the lock, and battles her way through the entrance door.

CUT TO:

2 **INT. ENTRANCE HALL - FLASHBACK NIGHT 12** 2

MELISSA tumbles through the entrance door, into a communal entrance hall and stairwell. She flicks a light switch and the stairwell lights up, on a timer. She begins the long, hard slog up the stairs. Faint sounds of music, television, and conversation from the surrounding flats as she passes the doorways.

CUT TO:

3 **INT. 1ST FLOOR LANDING - FLASHBACK NIGHT 12** 3

A view through the fish eye security hole as MELISSA passes on the landing outside, retreating up the next flight of stairs.

CUT TO:

4 **INT. 3RD FLOOR LANDING - FLASHBACK NIGHT 12** 4

MELISSA climbs the very last stair, rounds the staircase with the PLASTIC KEY CHAIN gripped in her teeth. Although she's used to the climb, it still takes it out of her.

On the landing before her, the loft hatch is open and the retractable ladder is in her path. She has to squeeze her way past in order to reach her front door.

Eventually she gets the key into the lock and enters. We remain outside the front door, on the landing. After a short beat the stairwell light goes out, casting us into an eerie darkness.

CUT TO:

5 INT. 3RD FLOOR FLAT - MELISSA'S - FLASHBACK NIGHT 12 5

MELISSA rests her shopping on the kitchen counter. From her shopping bags she pulls out a whole fresh pineapple, a loaf of bread, and a family sized bar of chocolate. She quickly wrestles her way into the chocolate and devours a few chunks.

A creaking sound can be heard, like a foot on a floorboard. MELISSA looks up, to her kitchen ceiling, the source of the noise. Someone's in the loft above her.

MELISSA crosses back to her own front door, looks out of the security hole.

CUT TO:

6 INT. 3RD FLOOR LANDING - FLASHBACK NIGHT 12 6

MELISSA steps out of her front door, clutching her key ring. She flicks on the stairwell light and approaches the loft ladder. She looks up into the dark hatch.

MELISSA
(calling)
Hello...?

No reply.

Her front door swings shut behind her, ratcheting the tension up just a notch.

MELISSA takes a few steps up the ladder.

CUT TO:

7 INT. THE LOFT - FLASHBACK NIGHT 12 7

MELISSA's head emerges from the loft hatch. She peers into the darkness.

MELISSA
(calling)
Hello...?

Still no reply. She flicks the light switch but the bulb doesn't come on. There's the sound of a footstep and another creaking floorboard, which is intriguing enough for MELISSA to climb fully into the loft and venture deeper into the darkness, to investigate.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Is somebody in here...?

20

INT. GND FLOOR FLAT - KIERON'S - DAY 14

20

KIERON MOSS (early 40s) is gathering keys and cycling helmet to leave for work. His seventeen year old son, ADAM, is on the sofa with a bowl of cereal.

KIERON
You'll be here next week?

ADAM
Don't know. Probably.

KIERON
What do you mean "probably"? Why probably?

A knock at the front door.

ADAM
Assume I will be, and if I don't turn up, take it that I ain't coming.
(the door)
Are you going to get that?

KIERON
Have a good week.

KIERON kisses the top of his son's head as he makes to leave.

As KIERON heads out of the front door, ADAM gathers up his mobile, writes a text: "CLEAR".

He sends it, drinks his cereal straight from the bowl.

CUT TO:

21

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - KIERON'S - DAY 14

21

KIERON and VIDYA are together in the entrance hall as KIERON wheels his bike towards the main door to leave for work.

KIERON
Top floor's been empty for years.
Not sure who currently owns it.
Kieron, by the way.

They shake hands.

VIDYA
Vidya. And the banging and cursing noises are Michael.

KIERON
Welcome to number 8.

VIDYA

Thank you. Is there a keyholder for that flat? Someone who could let us in?

KIERON

Did you try number three? Elaine and Peggy?

VIDYA

No answer. We've got water pouring through the ceiling...

KIERON

We'll knock on Joe's door, he might have access.

They head to a door leading to the basement flat.

KIERON (CONT'D)

(the bump)

Your first?

VIDYA

Yes. Very excited. And nervous.

KIERON knocks on the door.

KIERON

Be good to have a baby round the place. Don't envy your chances of getting a buggy up and down these stairs, though.

No answer at the door.

KIERON (CONT'D)

School teacher. Usually gone by this time.

CUT TO:

22

INT. BASEMENT FLOOR FLAT - JOE'S / ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 14 22

A radio is playing but the volume has just been turned down. An UNSEEN FIGURE approaches the front door and peers out of the security hole. Outside in the entrance hall we see KIERON and VIDYA stood waiting for the door to be answered.

KIERON

I'm sorry, I really need to...

VIDYA

That's fine, go. Thanks for your help.

LEN

Golf? You can see me playing golf?

ALICE

Actually, yeah - I can. Diamond cut jumper, those silly little socks. You'd look quite natty.

LEN

Too many rules. And they make you tuck your shirt into your trousers. It's like being at school. No. Not golf.

CUT TO:

31 **INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 14**

31

LEN and ALICE enter, start trudging up the stairs.

ALICE

Pottery? And before you laugh, if done correctly it can be quite sexy.

LEN

I don't think pottery qualifies as a hobby, does it? Isn't it a craft? And anyway, I'm useless with my hands.

ALICE

Glass blowing?

He considers it.

LEN

I know you're taking the piss but that would at least be interesting.

CUT TO:

32 **INT. 3RD FLOOR LANDING - DAY 14**

32

ALICE rounds the final staircase, sees the ladder leading up to the loft. LEN is a good flight and a half behind her, puffing and panting, showing his age.

LEN

(calling)

Tell me you've run out of stairs.

ALICE

Yes and no.

CUT TO:

Brightly lit in here, as FORENSICS and UNIFORM are gathered around the mummified corpse, taking photographs.

As LEN and ALICE emerge through the hatch, HELEN, 30, not Police, approaches to introduce herself.

HELEN
Hi, I'm Helen. I'm the Crime Scene Manager.

LEN
DI Len Harper and DS Alice Yapp.

HELEN writes down their names on her checklist.

HELEN
One 'p' or two?

LEN
One.

ALICE
Two for me, thanks.

They follow HELEN past the water tank, towards the bright lights.

HELEN
Neighbours stumbled upon some mummified remains. Female, according to the clothes. Hard to put a date on it. Anywhere between two and five years is the current guesstimate.

LEN and ALICE crouch beside the mummified remains of MELISSA. There's just a hollow, leathery layer of skin covering the skeleton. No eyes. In the area around the skeleton, the floorboards are stained dark brown from the exploding body matter.

LEN
Flat on the back. Didn't die in pain.

ALICE
Heart?

LEN
Heart attacks have a tendency to fall forward.

ALICE
Pills? Lay back to sleep, never wake up.

LEN

Maybe.

LEN sees the PLASTIC FIGURE key ring on the floor, beside the body.

LEN (CONT'D)

OK if I take these?

HELEN

We've filmed, help yourself.

LEN gathers up the keys.

LEN

Back in a tick.

CUT TO:

34 INT. 3RD FLOOR LANDING - DAY 14

34

LEN descends the ladder, keys in hand. He approaches MELISSA'S front door, which is ajar due to it being kicked open. LEN slots the key into the lock, turns it. The latch moves in and out - a perfect fit.

CUT TO:

35 INT. 3RD FLOOR FLAT - MELISSA'S - DAY 14

35

LEN wanders into the kitchen area. He sees a pile of junk mail on the counter and gathers it up. It's addressed to "Melissa Young".

VIDYA

(off)

Is it her?

LEN turns to see VIDYA stood in the doorway, a mop and bucket in her hands.

LEN

Sorry. Hello.

LEN quickly fishes for his ID, then flashes it for her benefit.

LEN (CONT'D)

Detective Inspector Len Harper. And you are...?

VIDYA

Vidya Kahn. Downstairs.

LEN

You found the body?

PEGGY stands and watches for a moment, one of the CROWD. Her face registers fear. When she sees a UNIFORMED PC walk out of the flats she starts to back away. She turns on her heel and walks away from the flats, back the way she came, her pace quickening.

CUT TO:

39 INT. 1ST FLOOR FLAT-ELAINE&PEGGY'S/1ST FLOOR LANDING - DAY 139

Framed photos throughout the flat, all showing PEGGY and ELAINE in a variety of "happy couple" scenarios. Not a single photo of them as individuals.

Sounds of knocking on the front door and ELAINE walks out of the bathroom, wrapped in a robe, drying herself from the shower.

She opens the front door to reveal LEN on the landing. He smiles and presents his ID for inspection.

LEN

Detective Inspector Len Harper.
Hope I didn't get you out of the
bath, Miss...?

ELAINE

Markham. Elaine. And it was a
shower.

ELAINE sees a PAIR OF UNIFORMED OFFICERS passing on the stairs.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Has something happened?

LEN

Can I ask how long you've lived
here?

ELAINE

(thinks)
Four years... I guess.

LEN

Has anyone occupied flat number
five in that time?

ELAINE

There was a girl... Melissa?

LEN checks the piece of junk mail in his hands.

LEN

Melissa Young?

ELAINE

Is she in some sort of trouble?
Because she left years ago...

LEN

Do you remember roughly when you
last saw her? I know it's early but
if you could fire up the old grey
matter...

ELAINE

Maybe a couple Christmases back.
Kieron downstairs, he had a drinks
party. I remember her being there.
After that...

LEN

She disappeared?

ELAINE

Kinda.

CUT TO:

40

INT. THE LOFT - DAY 14

40

LEN squeezes past the water tank, holding the piece of junk
mail in his hands. He approaches ALICE, HELEN and the
FORENSIC, who is picking a clump of hair and a sample of wood
from one of the rafters nearest where the corpse was.

LEN

Melissa Young. Last seen December
2010.

ALICE

Cracked her head on the rafter, by
the looks of it.

LEN

Is that enough to kill someone?

HELEN

My uncle died from a stubbed toe.
Infection, clot, heart attack,
death. Not instant, though.

LEN

So she... what? She comes up to the
loft for some reason. She hits her
head, unconscious, perhaps dead...
The hatch would be open - no one
finds her?

ALICE

Obscured from view. Someone calls out, she doesn't answer... They close it up.

LEN

What about the smell?

HELEN

December time? Be cold up here. No insulation on the roof, quite airy. Maybe you'd get a whiff of it on the top floor, but nothing below.

ALICE snatches the junk mail out of LEN's hand, makes a call on her mobile.

ALICE

Let's make sure we're talking about the right person first.

LEN ventures deeper into the loft, investigating the dark recesses.

ALICE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hi, it's me. Can you check a missper for me...

As LEN moves towards the far corner of the loft, he sees a single cardboard box buried deep in the eaves. He crouches to investigate.

ALICE (CONT'D)

(o/s, into phone)

Melissa Young. Last known address: Flat 5, number 8 Coulthard Street. Call me back on this number, would you? Thanks.

LEN opens the flaps of the box, reaches inside...

ALICE (CONT'D)

What've you got?

LEN pulls out a handful of brochures and examines them in the light. Shapely women modelling bikinis and swimming costumes.

LEN

Mild titillation.

He dismisses them, returns the brochures to the box.

CUT TO:

LEN

Property prices. Plus those spots
on your chin are a bit of a
giveaway.

A 17 year old girl, PERI, enters through the main door and
approaches ADAM.

PERI

Who's this?

ADAM

No one, I'm dealing with it.

ADAM steps aside and PERI enters the flat.

LEN

Where's mum and / or dad?

ADAM

Work.

LEN

Can I trust you to pass this on?

LEN hands over a business card.

LEN (CONT'D)

Be grateful if they could call me.

ADAM

What's it about?

LEN

One of your neighbours discovered
human remains in the loft. A body.

ADAM

Serious? What, like a murder?

LEN considers it, logically.

LEN

I'm not sure yet.

LEN steps away, approaches the door to the basement flat and
knocks. He waits... but there's no answer. He tucks another
of his cards in the jamb of the door, beside the lock.

CUT TO:

44 **EXT. COULTHARD STREET - DAY 14**

44

LEN steps out of the flats and crosses to ALICE, who is leaning against the car, winding up her call.

ALICE

She wasn't reported missing.

LEN

After two years? How's that possible?

ALICE

Maybe no one noticed she was gone.

LEN leans against the car and stares at the building. He scans up, past all of the windows, to the top floor.

CUT TO:

*

45 **INT/EXT. BASEMENT FLOOR FLAT - JOE'S/COULTHARD STREET - DAY 14**

The UNSEEN FIGURE is at the front window, staring out of a crack in the curtains. She watches LEN and ALICE climb into their car and drive away.

CUT TO:

46 **INT. GND FLOOR FLAT - KIERON'S - DAY 14**

46

ADAM crawls under the covers of the double bed, beside PERI. She's rummaging through the bedside drawer, pulling out a roll of condoms.

PERI

Alright if we use these? Or will he notice?

She notices that ADAM is distant, thoughtful.

PERI (CONT'D)

Who was the old bloke?

ADAM

No one. Just some neighbourhood thing.

They settle in the middle of the bed to make love.

CUT TO:

47 **INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - NEWS ROOM/KIERON'S OFFICE - DAY 14** 47

KIERON strides through an open plan newsroom and into his cubicled office, where he settles at his desk and logs back into the system.

PATRICIA (mid 30s) rises from a nearby work station and follows him into his office.

PATRICIA

Interesting one. The afternoon update on the police press line includes a "seriously decomposed" body in a residential block.

KIERON

"Seriously decomposed"? Is that a medical term?

PATRICIA

I think they meant to say "severely". Sounds gruesome, either way.

KIERON

OK, I'll play. Put someone on it.

PATRICIA slips a note with an address on his desk.

PATRICIA

You can do it yourself when you get home.

He studies the address, surprised to find that it's his own.

CUT TO:

48 **INT/EXT. JOE'S CAR / COULTHARD STREET - DAY 14** 48

A disabled badge on a car windscreen. JOE SELLERS (mid 50s) pulls up outside the flats, to find a car already parked in his specially marked disabled spot. He's seething. A man who is obviously troubled by the everyday frustrations.

CUT TO:

49 **EXT. COULTHARD STREET - DAY 14** 49

JOE hobbles down the street with a wooden cane. He glares at the car parked in his disabled bay, then turns into the flats.

CUT TO:

50

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - JOE'S - DAY 14

50

JOE enters from the street, crosses to the basement door. As he gets his key to the lock, he notices Len's card tucked into the door jamb. He collects the card, looks worried by it.

Sounds of feet descending the stairs and JOE sees ELAINE walking down.

JOE

The police were here?

ELAINE

They stumbled on your dirty little secret, Joe.

Now he's internally panicking.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

The body you stashed in the loft?

JOE

What are you talking about?

CUT TO:

51

INT. POLICE STATION - ALICE'S OFFICE - DAY 14

51

LEN is working at the terminal as ALICE joins him for an update.

LEN

Melissa Anne Young, 27/6/80. Owned the flat outright, inherited it from her mother who passed four years ago. No employment since 2005. Last activity on her bank account was February 2011, cash withdrawal of £30. Utility bills all covered by direct debit. No brothers or sisters but yes to an Aunt, deceased, and a solitary living cousin in Aberdeen.

ALICE

Very much living alone, then.

LEN

Someone must have noticed she wasn't around any longer.

ALICE

Ten, twenty years ago - perhaps. But today...

LEN

No. Sorry, I don't buy that. You can have all the internets and headphones and home shopping you like, people still interact with one another. That's not a generational thing, that's human nature.

ALICE

Do we have *anything* that suggests this is an actual crime scene?

He considers it.

LEN

Not without a cause of death.

ALICE

We have mummified remains. Sorry to disappoint you, but unless the pathologist comes up with a bullet hole...

LEN

Why would that disappoint me?

ALICE

Because you're looking for an excuse to extend your leaving date.
(teasing)
"Oh no, please don't leave Len, not until you've solved this case for us..."

LEN

Who is that even supposed to be?

CUT TO:

52 **INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 14**

52

KIERON enters through the main door. He flicks the hallway switch and the light comes on, on timer. He stands at the bottom of the stairs and looks up.

CUT TO:

53 **INT. 3RD FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT 14**

53

KIERON climbs to the top landing, where he sees Police tape across Melissa's front door. It states: "POLICE LINE - DO NOT CROSS". He looks up to the loft hatch above which is covered with the same tape.

The stairwell light goes out, casting him into darkness.

JOE
(o/s, cursing)
Damn thing!

KIERON flicks the stairwell light back on, looks over the banister to see JOE hobbling up on his cane.

JOE (CONT'D)
(calling up)
Thank you.

KIERON waits for JOE to make it to the top landing.

KIERON
Evening, Joe.

JOE
Is it true? They found a body?

KIERON
Apparently so.

JOE
Awful business. What was her name again?

KIERON
Melissa.

JOE
Of course. Melissa. I often wondered what happened to her.

KIERON
Have you met the new lot yet?

JOE
No. I'd call round, but dinner's on. Are they nice?

KIERON
I've only seen her. Pregnant.

JOE
Interesting. With any luck that might be enough to drive the lesbians away.

JOE starts back down the stairs as KIERON throws a final look to the police tape.

CUT TO:

54

INT. 1ST FLOOR FLAT - ELAINE & PEGGY'S - NIGHT 14

54

ELAINE is in the kitchen, cooking dinner. She dials her phone and waits for a connection.

ELAINE

(into phone)

Peg, it's me. Where the hell are you? It's dark. Call me back, will you? Let me know what time you'll be home.

She hangs up the call, stirs the food.

CUT TO:

55

INT. 2ND FLOOR FLAT - VIDYA & MICHAEL'S - NIGHT 14

55

VIDYA is unpacking a box of possessions, putting clothes onto hangers. MICHAEL carries a sopping wet duvet cover from the kitchen, opens the window and wrings it out.

VIDYA

Why didn't you spin it?

MICHAEL

Washing machine's spraying water. Everything's shit, nothing works properly.

He drapes the duvet cover out of the window to dry it, and as he turns back he notices VIDYA cradling her stomach and taking some breaths.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Have a lie down, I'll finish that.

VIDYA

I can't.

She motions to the bedroom, where an unassembled bed and mattress are propped against the wall.

MICHAEL

OK. That was my very next job.

He heads through to build the bed, as VIDYA returns to hanging up the clothes.

CUT TO:

56

EXT. REAR GARDEN - NIGHT 14

56

JOE is in the small rear garden, that belongs exclusively to his flat. He's filling a bird feeder that hangs from a branch. As he turns back to the patio door of his flat, he throws a look up and sees a duvet cover billowing out of the third floor window.

CUT TO:

57

INT. GND FLOOR FLAT - KIERON'S - NIGHT 14

57

QUICK CUTS as KIERON opens the cupboard under the bathroom sink. He pulls out a variety of female cosmetics and arranges them on the sink unit. Next we know he's stripping the bedding, making everything's nice and clean and tidy.

When there's a knock at the door, he crosses to answer it. A WOMAN wearing a skeleton mask is stood on the landing. It doesn't spook him.

KIERON

Hilarious.

She removes the mask. It's PATRICIA, from the office.

PATRICIA

Bad taste?

KIERON

A little.

He steps aside and she enters the flat.

TIME JUMP and KIERON and PATRICIA are sat up in bed, post coital. He's checking emails on a tablet but she wants a conversation.

PATRICIA

So who was she?

KIERON

No one, really. I moved in a few months before she left. Although apparently she didn't leave. It's not really a story.

PATRICIA

A neighbour decomposes in your loft for two years, and that's not even worth half a page?

KIERON

It's tragic. It's sad. But I wouldn't say it's of public interest.

She eyes him suspiciously.

PATRICIA

Tell me this isn't what I think it is.

KIERON

That depends what you think it is.

PATRICIA

Are you worried about property prices, by any chance?

He can't entirely deny it.

KIERON

That's not the reason I don't want to run it. But yeah, if we did then it goes on line and as soon as someone searches the address... Let's just say it wouldn't help.

PATRICIA

Are you planning on selling up?

KIERON

No. But if we ever looked for a house together - a decent one - your place and this place combined, we'd need as much as we could get.

She finds a smile. Sounds like he's making future plans.

PATRICIA

(teasing)

You do realise that this is bordering on commitment?

KIERON

Well I'd hate for you to die old and alone.

CUT TO:

58

INT. 2ND FLOOR FLAT - VIDYA & MICHAEL'S FLAT - NIGHT 14

58

Just a mattress on the floor. He never quite succeeded at building the bed.

MICHAEL's fast asleep but VIDYA can't settle. Still feeling a lot of movement in her bump.

She rises out of bed and crosses to the kitchen, where she fills the kettle and sits at the table. As she looks to the ceiling overhead she sees a large, ominous water ring forming into the damp patch.

A noise from the front door startles her. She crosses to it and sees that a folded sheet of paper has been put under the door. She gathers it up and unfolds it. A copy of the leaseholder's agreement, with one paragraph highlighted. Some random text about not drying washing out of windows.

CUT TO:

LEN (CONT'D)
What about room two?
(listens)
Three?
(listens)
Just put him where you can, please.

CUT TO:

63

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 15

63

LEN is sat opposite JOE in a nondescript interview room. He's constantly taking hand written notes in his note book.

LEN
It's good of you to come in, Mr Sellers. I would've been happy to come out and visit you at a convenient time.

JOE
I'm on my way to work, it's not a problem.

LEN
What's your profession?

JOE
Teacher. Maths.

LEN
I was always more on the English side, myself. Different side of the brain, apparently. Some can do both, not many.

JOE
(checks watch)
If we can wrap this up in twenty minutes, I could still make assembly.

LEN
How long have you lived at number 8?

JOE
Fifteen years.

LEN
So you first met Melissa when she moved in. And that was... 2008?

JOE
Thereabouts. I knew her mother before then.

LEN checks his notes.

LEN

Of course... she inherited the flat.

JOE

Mary was a nice woman. I didn't have much time for the daughter.

LEN

How about your wife? Sorry - are you married?

JOE

No. I live alone.

LEN

Did Melissa have many visitors at the flat?

JOE

I'm in the basement, she was at the very top. If she had company then I wouldn't have heard them.

LEN

You must have seen her coming and going with people. Friends.

JOE

Not that I can remember.

LEN

In three years? All that time, no one even presses her buzzer?

JOE

Perhaps no one liked her.

LEN

That's quite a harsh statement, Mr Sellers.

JOE

Why? Because we're not supposed to speak ill of the dead? I didn't like the girl and I don't see why I should pretend that I did just because she's gone. I think everybody would agree that the block was greatly improved by her absence.

LEN sits back in his seat, surprised by this statement.

CUT TO:

64 **EXT. COULTHARD STREET - DAY 15**

64

A sports car pulls up outside the flats and parks. The driver, NARESH KHAN (50), climbs out of the car and looks up to the flats.

CUT TO:

65 **INT. 2ND FLOOR FLAT - VIDYA & MICHAEL'S - DAY 15**

65

NARESH is drinking tea as he roams around the flat, inspecting it. VIDYA is resting on the sofa.

NARESH

It's smaller than it looked on the photos.

VIDYA

It's perfect. Thank you. And the cot arrived this morning, so let mum know, will you?

NARESH

Can I see it?

VIDYA

We haven't assembled it yet.

NARESH

I see the game console's plugged in, though.

VIDYA

Dad...!

NARESH

What about work? They were happy for you to stop early?

VIDYA

Doctor's orders, they couldn't really complain.

NARESH

If you're sick then you should be at home, where we can take care of you.

VIDYA

I'm not sick, it's just a precaution. Michael's looking after me.

NARESH

Really? So where is he? Oh yes, the glittering career...

VIDYA

If anything happens, I'll call him
and he can get here in ten minutes.

NARESH

(light)

Are you sure I can't bundle you
into the back of the car and kidnap
you for a few months?

She's touched by his concern.

VIDYA

We'll come up and stay with you in
April, as planned.

He rests down his tea and hugs her.

NARESH

I'm allowed to worry. When you have
your baby, you'll understand.

CUT TO:

66-67 **SCENES 66-67 OMITTED**

66-67

68 **INT. MORGUE - DAY 15**

68

The mummified remains of MELISSA lay on the table as a
Pathologist, BILL HALCOMBE, runs through his findings with
LEN and HELEN. An ASSISTANT takes pictures in the background.

HALCOMBE

The problem we have here is that
there's literally nothing to work
with. After a month of swelling the
gasses build up and the body just
bursts open. Everything on the
inside ends up on the floor.

HELEN

Gross.

HALCOMBE

Entry wounds will typically be
found in the stomach area, but as
you can see that's where she
popped.

LEN

So she could've been stabbed?

HALCOMBE

Possible. No bullet so she wasn't
shot.

LEN

Strangled?

HALCOMBE

Again - possible. We don't have any eyeballs to determine suffocation.

HELEN

We know she hit her head.

HALCOMBE

I had a good look but there's nothing on the skull. It might have cut her but it didn't crack her. Her medical records don't point towards any problems with her heart, but that's not to say she didn't have anything underlying. She was also on a repeat prescription for alprazolam. Four milligrams.

HELEN

Depression?

HALCOMBE

Anxiety. You can't really OD on it but mixed with a lot of alcohol it could get you in trouble.

LEN

Can we find out what was in her system?

HALCOMBE

No soft tissue, no toxicology report. Unless you can find something at the scene to steer me, I'm not going to be able to tell the Coroner very much.

CUT TO:

69

SCENE OMITTED

69

70

INT. SPORTS SHOP - DAY 15

70

One of those places that specializes in trainers. MICHAEL sees NARESH approach his counter with a box of shoes to purchase.

NARESH

Hello, Michael.

MICHAEL

If this is just an excuse to come in and talk to me, there are cheaper shoes. You could even just settle for laces, I wouldn't be offended.

NARESH

They didn't teach you much about up-selling, did they?

MICHAEL rings up the sale and NARESH hands over his card.

NARESH (CONT'D)

Do you get a break?

MICHAEL

Yeah but I rarely take it. Don't like to let the sales team down.

The sarcasm is just a tool to wind the older man up. And it works.

CUT TO:

71

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY 15

71

MICHAEL and NARESH are sat on a bench with take-out coffees.

MICHAEL

Did she tell you about the body in the loft? The neighbour?

NARESH

She did.

MICHAEL

I don't get freaked by that stuff but Vid does. As you probably know.

NARESH

I want you to take better care of her.

MICHAEL

I make her tea and toast every morning.

NARESH

I don't like her being alone in the flat all day, not in her condition. She refuses to come back home so the next best option is that you remain at her side.

MICHAEL flashes his store name badge.

MICHAEL

Obviously I can't do that.

NARESH

What are they paying you - six, seven pounds an hour? I'll match your wages until the baby is born, and then you're free to come back and measure strangers' feet to your heart's desire.

MICHAEL

You'd actually do that, wouldn't you? You'd pay me to take care of the woman I love.

NARESH

You don't have to sell me anything, Michael. The offer is already on the table. One month's paid leave. On top of the free flat, I think that's quite a good package.

MICHAEL is insulted by the proposal, but retains the smile.

MICHAEL

If she needed round the clock care, I'd be there for her. But I don't think she does. And neither does she. We're both of the opinion that you're over-protective. So maybe the solution we're looking for here is for you to chill out.

MICHAEL rises from the bench and drops his coffee container into a bin.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Thanks for the caramel frap.

He turns away and walks back to the sports shop.

CUT TO:

72 **EXT. COULTHARD STREET - DAY 15**

72

JOE reverses his car into the disabled parking bay, returning home from work. He climbs out, gathers his cane and satchel from the passenger seat, and hobbles to the entrance door.

CUT TO:

73 **INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 15**

73

Just as JOE is closing the entrance door behind him, MICHAEL hurries up the steps to catch it.

MICHAEL

Hold the door!

MICHAEL makes it through the door, just before it closes.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Cheers.

JOE moves towards his front door, key at the ready. Just as MICHAEL takes the first step up, he turns back to JOE. He's sure he recognises him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Mr Sellers?

JOE

That's right.

MICHAEL

Michael Jenson. Saint John's
Secondary - you taught me. 2003.

JOE

Yes... yes. Michael, hello.

MICHAEL extends his palm for a handshake.

MICHAEL

How the hell are you, sir?

JOE

I'm very well, thank you.

JOE hesitantly shakes hands, but it doesn't feel right to him. Surely they can't be equals.

JOE (CONT'D)

And you? Are you delivering
something?

MICHAEL

I live here. We just moved in.
Second floor.

JOE

Oh. Welcome.

MICHAEL

You've got the garden flat? That's
so cool. We wanted a garden flat
but they're rare as rocking horse
shit. Don't suppose you're thinking
of selling up?

JOE

No. No, definitely not.

MICHAEL

Guess I'll just have to play my
music so loud it drives you out.

JOE fixes the former pupil with a teacherly stare.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

There's that face. Oh, how I
remember that face. I'm just
screwing with you, sir. Mr Sellers.
Joe. Which one is it?

JOE

Whatever you're most comfortable
with, Michael.

MICHAEL

See you around, Joe. Knock if you
need anything, yeah?

MICHAEL bounds up the stairs, amused by the encounter.

CUT TO:

74

INT. BASEMENT FLOOR FLAT - JOE'S - DAY 15

74

JOE steps in from the front door, rests down his bag and
crosses to the kitchen area. He sees a plate of hot dinner on
a tray, gathers it up and carries it through to the living
room. He throws a look to the bedroom door, which is ajar.
Someone's in there, watching television, but we still don't
get to meet them.

JOE

(calling)
I'm home...

CUT TO:

75

INT/EXT. 1ST FLOOR FLAT - ELAINE&PEGGY'S/COULTHARD STREET - NIGHT 15

75

ELAINE is stood at the front window, beside the orchestral
harp. A glass of wine in her hand, looking out over the
street, waiting. She sees KIERON and PATRICIA walk to the
flats together and enter.

The landline rings and ELAINE hurries to answer it.

ELAINE

(into phone)
Peggy?
(listens; disappointed)
No... no, she isn't here.

CUT TO:

76

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR/DCI BURROWS' OFFICE - DAY 16 76

LEN is stood with ALICE and HALF A DOZEN COLLEAGUES, all SCD1, as DCI BURROWS holds the morning's debriefing.

DCI BURROWS

Nightclub shooting. We've got the same three names coming up time and time again. I don't want to pull them in until we're done with the witness interviews, that means cracking on with them all day. If we need extra resources we can ask for them. Let's keep the pace up. Any other business?

LEN's hand goes up.

LEN

Melissa Young?

BURROWS looks to ALICE - "who?"

ALICE

The body in the loft.

DCI BURROWS

I thought we were handing that back to uniform.

LEN

Still feels a bit unanswered to me.

ALICE

Most likely scenario right now is a suicide.

LEN

If you're going up to the loft to kill yourself then you take a length of rope. Don't you?

ALICE

She was on anti-depressants.

LEN

Then she should've been feeling better.

DCI BURROWS

What does the pathologist think?

LEN

He can't point us either way. I just think it's worth having another look in the flat.

(MORE)

LEN (CONT'D)

Maybe she died in there and was moved up to the loft. If we can prove that, we have a murder.

ALICE

Did you see the picture of her? Len, this woman was not carried up a ladder.

Laughter in the group.

LEN

I just think there's a little more work to do on this before we shut it down. I haven't spoken to all of the neighbours yet.

DCI BURROWS

Len, it's your last day. No one's going to give you anything else to do. So you can either go out and buy a tray of cup cakes, or you can scratch your head over this one until five o'clock. Your choice.

CUT TO:

77

EXT. COULTHARD STREET - DAY 16

77

LEN is stood at the buzzers, staring at the name plates. He slips his glasses on to get a better look, and as he does so the door opens up and KIERON steps out with PATRICIA.

LEN

Moss? Ground floor?

KIERON

That's right.

LEN produces his ID.

LEN

Detective Inspector Len Harper. I gave my card to your son, I think. It's about Melissa Young.

KIERON

(to Patricia)

Why don't you take your car, I'll see you there.

PATRICIA

You're sure?

KIERON

Yeah, yeah, you go on.

PATRICIA heads away as KIERON opens the door for LEN to enter.

KIERON (CONT'D)
Come on in, Detective.

CUT TO:

78

INT. GND FLOOR FLAT - KIERON'S - DAY 16

78

LEN and KIERON are sat on the sofas, mugs of tea in hand. LEN is admiring the architecture.

LEN
It's a nice block. Partitioned, obviously, but they don't feel like flats once you're inside.

KIERON
It suits me just fine. Bike ride to work.

LEN
How long have you been here?

KIERON
August 2010. I separated from my wife and needed somewhere with two bedrooms. I have a son, he was fourteen at the time.

LEN
So you knew Melissa? She was still very much around when you moved in...

KIERON
I met her a few times. She was quite shy.

LEN
Did you ever see her with anyone? Friends? A boyfriend?

KIERON
Not that I remember. I'm afraid I'm not the most sociable person either. I work, I come home, I go back to work...

LEN
You live to work or you work to live. Isn't that the saying?

KIERON
Something like that.

LEN

Do you ever go into the loft, Mr Moss?

KIERON

The loft? I rarely venture beyond the ground floor.

(changes subject)

You're SCD1. Homicide and serious crime?

LEN

That's correct.

KIERON

I used to be a crime correspondent. Dealt with your guys all the time. Cynical bunch. Usually a lot younger than you. No disrespect.

LEN

None taken.

KIERON

So you must be treating this as a murder? Because that's all your department does.

LEN

Whenever there's a body, we get called out.

KIERON

But if there's no evidence, no suspicious circumstances... don't you then pass it on?

LEN doesn't like being told his job.

LEN

Only when I'm satisfied.

CUT TO:

79

INT. 3RD FLOOR LANDING - DAY 16

79

LEN approaches Melissa's door, takes a set of keys from his pocket and slips it into the lock.

VIDYA

(calling, o/s)

Hello...?

LEN looks over the bannister, sees VIDYA on the floor below, looking up.

VIDYA (CONT'D)

Oh, it's you, Detective. There was a locksmith here earlier, they fixed the door.

LEN waves the new keys.

LEN

I have the new keys. Could I leave one with you? Always good to have a keyholder on site.

VIDYA

Of course.

LEN

Come on up.

CUT TO:

80

INT. 3RD FLOOR FLAT - MELISSA'S - DAY 16

80

The door opens and LEN enters, with VIDYA following. He stands in the middle of the living room and casts a gaze.

VIDYA

What are you looking for?

LEN

Not sure, if I'm honest.

LEN crosses to the bedroom and VIDYA follows him, observing. He opens a bedside drawer and sources four vials of pills. He rattles them: all full.

LEN (CONT'D)

She wasn't taking her meds.

VIDYA

Is that bad?

LEN

Perhaps she felt she didn't need them?

LEN returns the pills to the drawer and crosses to the living room, searching with his eyes. VIDYA follows, fascinated by his methods.

LEN (CONT'D)

You know what's missing? A computer. Young woman, living alone, no computer. Does that sound right?

VIDYA

I don't know. Maybe not.

LEN

She has one of those boxes, though.
The things that give you Wifi?

VIDYA

A router?

LEN

No mobile phone, either. Makes it
hard to find anyone who even knew
her.

VIDYA

I wish I could help you, but we
only moved in this week...

Her words spark an idea.

LEN

That's right - of course you did.
Who did you buy from? The previous
owner...

CUT TO:

81

INT. 2ND FLOOR FLAT - VIDYA & MICHAEL'S - DAY 16

81

LEN is leaning against the kitchen units, drinking another
cup of tea, staring at the water mark on the ceiling above
him.

VIDYA enters from the living room, carrying a scrap of paper.

VIDYA

That's his email and Skype address.
He lives in Canada now. My dad
dealt with it all but I think he
spoke to him a couple of times.

LEN checks the scrap of paper.

LEN

"Richard Webb". Thank you, that's
very helpful.

Beat. He sips his tea. Not in a hurry.

LEN (CONT'D)

(the bump)
How much longer?

VIDYA

Eight weeks. If it's on time. How
many do you have?

86 INT/EXT. BASEMENT FLOOR FLAT - JOE'S/ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 16 86

The FEMALE EYE is at the security hole, looking out at LEN as he descends to the entrance hall.

VIDYA
(off)
Help! Help!

CUT TO:

87 INT. THE LOFT / 3RD FLOOR LANDING - DAY 16 87

VIDYA is stood by the closed hatch, still calling.

VIDYA
(calling)
Help! Help!

The hatch begins to open and the ladder descends. As VIDYA looks down she sees LEN on the landing, holding the pole.

LEN
Thank you. That was most helpful.

She begins to climb down the ladder and LEN takes her hand to assist.

LEN (CONT'D)
Just a couple more... there you go.

VIDYA
You think she was trapped up there?

LEN
If she was, no one answered her call.

VIDYA
Who would ignore a cry for help?

He smiles to reassure her.

LEN
Nobody. Not in this part of town.

CUT TO:

88 SCENE OMITTED 88

89 INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR/DCI BURROWS' OFFICE - DAY 16 89

LEN enters the office, hangs up his coat. As he looks around he sees that the entire office is empty - every member of staff is away working on the nightclub case.

He crosses to DCI BURROWS' office, takes his identification badge from his pocket, and rests it on the desk. He takes a moment, staring at the badge.

ALICE enters.

ALICE
There you are. Give me your car keys. Come on, quickly.

LEN tosses her his car keys, which she slips into her bag.

ALICE (CONT'D)
You're coming with me.

LEN
Just so that I know. This is the bit where you drive me to some God awful boozier where everyone's waiting to pour drinks down me and say insulting things in a good humoured way. Yes?

ALICE
Yes.

LEN
And I definitely have to go through with it?

ALICE
It's not for you, it's for the rest of us. We like you, Len. Enough to give you a rudimentary send off. So just for tonight, please, smile and pretend that you're genuinely moved by the gesture. For our benefit.

CUT TO:

89A **SCENE OMITTED** 89A

89B **SCENE OMITTED** 89B

90 **INT. PUB - DAY 16** 90

LEN enters with ALICE following. As soon as he gets inside he finds a CROWD OF COLLEAGUES at the bar, waiting for him. A cheer goes up when they see LEN, and he plasters on the smile they were hoping for.

DCI BURROWS leads the celebrations.

DCI BURROWS
Come on, sunshine...

LEN is pulled into the epicentre of the CROWD, handed a pint of beer and a large whiskey.

DCI BURROWS (CONT'D)

Let's get the old man a seat before
he puts a hip out.

LEN is ushered into a seat and ALICE hands over a wrapped leaving gift.

LEN

Thank you. I wasn't expecting
anything.

DCI BURROWS

Just open it you old tosser.

LEN pulls away the wrapping paper, revealing a bow and a set of arrows.

LEN

Wow. It's a... a bow and arrow.

ALICE

We booked you a set of lessons so
you can't duck out of it.

LEN

I guess I'm going to be an archer.

DCI BURROWS holds his glass up for a toast.

DCI BURROWS

Len Harper, everybody.

EVERYBODY puts their glasses forward and chinks LEN's pint glass.

DCI BURROWS (CONT'D)

The oldest bastard I ever worked
with.

Despite the teasing there's a genuine smile on LEN's face. He's touched that they all came out for him.

TIME JUMP.

The CROWD are at a series of tables now, in closely connected groups, with a drunk looking LEN in the centre. There are three untouched spirits before him, but he doesn't look match fit enough to tackle them.

ALICE

Best and worst?

LEN

Best... predictably simple but the first time I helped an old woman to her feet.

FROM THE CROWD

Boring!

LEN

Not entirely boring. My second week on the job, I was a humble PC, coming down an escalator as she was going up on the opposite track. She looked me dead in the eye and - I don't know if it was the shock, or some long repressed guilt - but she fell backwards. Tumbled like one of those... one of those...

FROM THE CROWD

Slinkies!

LEN

Yes! A slinky! I'm watching her tumble and I'm thinking to myself: "Len, you're a policeman. You should do something. You have to do something!" So I leapt from my escalator to hers, hurdled it. I got my arms under her shoulders and I got her back to her feet before the steps ran out. She hugged and kissed me, then sent me away with a handful of boiled sweets. Made me feel really good about what I was doing.

DCI BURROWS

Worst?

LEN considers it.

LEN

Worst day on the job... Arthur Chale. You're all too young to remember Arthur Chale. Six foot eight and twenty stone plus. Lived by himself in one of the flats over the Londis before they tore it down. Nice bloke, a milkman. He made a point of looking in on the old folk during his rounds. Everyone loved him. Except on a Friday night. Six pints in any pub that hadn't barred him and it was a very different Arthur Chale. Liked to fight, didn't need much of a reason.

(MORE)

LEN (CONT'D)

So whenever you had a week of nights you knew it would involve a wee grapple with Arthur. One weekend before Christmas we get the expected call and roll up outside the boozier. There's a young guy on the ground, dead. Took a punch to the head and never got up. Twenty people can ID Arthur, so we go to his flat. I walk in first, the door's wide open and I can smell petrol. He's sitting up in his armchair, drenched in the stuff, wearing his milkman's coat. He knows exactly what he's done. He tells me he's sorry, lights his fag. Whoosh.

LEN sips his drink - no punchline.

ALICE

Why was he wearing his milkman's coat?

LEN

He'd been out and did his round before we got there. Didn't want to let anyone down.

CUT TO:

91

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT 16

91

LEN and ALICE are waiting for buses home, horribly drunk, the bow and arrow over his shoulder. Something's playing on his mind, exaggerated by the drink.

LEN

They didn't give a shit, did they?

ALICE

You're lucky they didn't get you a stripper. I had to talk them out of it.

LEN

Not me. The girl. Melissa. Why didn't they like her? What did she do to them?

ALICE

Forget about it.

LEN

You have to go back. You have to question them all again.

ALICE
(to shut him up)
Sure.

LEN
Promise me. Promise you won't hand
this back.

A bus arrives at the stop.

ALICE
This is you.

LEN
Something happened up there.
Someone did that to her.

She helps him onto the bus.

ALICE
Take care of yourself, Len.
(to the driver)
Make sure he gets off before the
Shell.

ALICE watches LEN fall into a seat, struggling with the bow
and arrow. She waves him off as the bus pulls away.

CUT TO:

92 **SCENE OMITTED** 92

93 **INT. LEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 17** 93

LEN stands at the kitchen sink, washing sick off his jacket.
As he drapes it over the door to dry, he empties the pockets.
He pulls out the piece of paper that Vidya gave him, with the
email address for "Richard Webb", the previous occupant of
the third floor flat.

LEN carries the piece of paper to the fridge, attaches it
with a magnet. As he turns, he notices something. An arrow is
embedded in a cupboard door.

CUT TO:

94 **INT. 2ND FLOOR FLAT - VIDYA & MICHAEL'S/REAR GARDEN - DAY 17** 94

VIDYA is crossing through the living room when she notices
the window wide open. She looks out over the rear garden and
sees a bed sheet in the garden below.

100

INT. 2ND FLOOR FLAT - VIDYA & MICHAEL'S - DAY 17

100

MICHAEL enters with the bedsheet in his arms and VIDYA takes it from him.

VIDYA

I told you not to hang it out there.

But there's something else clearly on his mind.

VIDYA (CONT'D)

Are you going to work, or not?

MICHAEL

Yeah... in a minute.

VIDYA

What's the matter with you? You look like you've seen a ghost.

He finds half a smile, a touch devious.

MICHAEL

I think I might've.

MICHAEL heads alone into the bedroom, sources a sports bag of his belongings from the bottom of a cupboard. He rummages through the bag until he quickly finds what he was searching for - an elongated, rolled up school photograph depicting the four upper years of his secondary school. As he scans the classes he finds first HIMSELF as a 15 year old. Then he scans to JOE SELLERS, sat at the front with the TEACHERS. And then he scans again to a GIRL his own age. It's YOUNG LIZ, the woman he saw in Joe's flat. A wry smile tells him that his suspicions were correct. She's a former class mate.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Liz Fletcher...

CUT TO:

101

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - NIGHT 17

101

LEN is sat beside a hospital bed, visiting his terminally ill brother, JERRY. His condition is secondary emphysema so poor JERRY has an oxygen mask over his mouth, meaning that it's a one way conversation.

LEN's probably been talking for an hour already, lost on some train of thought or other. He could be saying anything and it wouldn't matter.

LEN

Luckily they spared me the stripper.

(MORE)

LEN (CONT'D)

Probably thought I was so old it would've killed me. Remember the one at your leaving do? She was uncomfortable. Didn't fancy the idea of stripping off in a bar full of coppers. Who would?

Beat. He's not sure what to say next. It's all one way traffic.

LEN (CONT'D)

Archery. Apparently I have to learn archery. I mean *who* does archery? Last time I checked we weren't living in medieval times.

JERRY reaches out and takes LEN's hand, squeezes the fingers. There's a smile beneath the mask. They're good brothers.

CUT TO:

102

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 17

102

As LEN emerges from Jerry's ward, he sees his nephew ALEX (mid 20s) sat in the waiting area, texting into his smart phone.

LEN

Alex...

ALEX

Uncle Lenny. Hey. How's Dad?

LEN

Pretty good. All considered. Are you going in?

ALEX

Yeah, just waiting for mum. She thinks he likes to see us together.

LEN

I'm sure she's right.

LEN starts to turn away as ALEX checks something on his phone... then something occurs to him.

LEN (CONT'D)

Help me out with something here. Why would someone *not* have a personal profile on the web?

ALEX

Loads of reasons. Data privacy. Anonymity. Dodgy past. Lack of mates.

LEN
Wouldn't that be a way to *make*
friends?

ALEX
Nobody makes friends on line. It's
just a place to show them off.

LEN
So if you don't know anyone...?

ALEX
You avoid it like the plague.

LEN
Interesting.

ALEX
Is this a work thing?

LEN
No. Just looking to reach out.

ALEX
I'll be your friend.

LEN
Careful, I might take you up on
that.

LEN smiles and heads away.

CUT TO:

103 **SCENE OMITTED** 103

104 **INT/EXT. BASEMENT FLAT - JOE'S/COULTHARD ST - NIGHT 17** 104

The WOMAN (Liz) is sat in the armchair, watching television. She hears the front door open and quickly rises out of the chair, switches off the television, and hurries to the kitchen.

JOE enters, crosses to the living room window and looks out at the car parked in his disabled space.

LIZ returns from the kitchen, carrying his dinner on a tray.

LIZ
We're all out of black pepper. I
put it on the list.

But JOE is still glaring at the car in his space.

JOE

It's the new lot. Looks like I'll
have to teach him a lesson.

CUT TO:

105 **INT. 2ND FLOOR FLAT - VIDYA & MICHAEL'S - NIGHT 17** 105

MICHAEL is fast asleep as VIDYA rises out of bed and crosses to the kitchen. She fills the kettle from the tap and sources a mug. In the stillness of the night she can hear a gentle female sobbing, coming from the flat below.

CUT TO:

106 **INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING / 1ST FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT 17** 106

VIDYA steps out of her front door in a dressing gown. She flicks on the stairwell light, heads down the stairs, following the sound of the female sobbing. She stops at Elaine and Peggy's front door. She puts her ear to the wood, listens to the sound of sobbing. She goes to knock but stops herself. It's a dilemma, but she chooses to ignore it and heads back up the stairs.

CUT TO:

107 **SCENE OMITTED** 107

108 **EXT. COULTHARD STREET - NIGHT 17** 108

JOE hobbles out of the main door, carrying a carving fork in his fist. He approaches Michael's car, parked in the disabled bay, and plunges the carving fork into one of the tyres.

CUT TO:

109 **INT. LEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 18** 109

LEN comes down the stairs in his dressing gown, flicks on the kettle. As he goes to the fridge to get the milk, he sees the piece of paper with the email and Skype address for Richard Webb. He gathers it up.

CUT TO:

110 **EXT. COULTHARD STREET - DAY 18** 110

MICHAEL is changing the wheel on his car, parked in the disabled bay, as JOE walks out of the flats with his cane and satchel.

JOE
Car trouble?

MICHAEL
Just a flat.

JOE
Rotten luck, eh.

MICHAEL watches JOE hobble away down the street. He then turns and looks back to the windows of the basement flat. The curtains are closed but he knows someone is in there.

CUT TO:

111

EXT. POLICE STATION - CAR PARK - DAY 18

111

ALICE exits the rear door of the station, powering up her phone as she walks towards her car. LEN emerges from behind a parked car and half scares the life out of her.

LEN
Alice...

ALICE
Jesus Len! What are you doing creeping up on me?

LEN
That wasn't creeping.

ALICE
You came out of nowhere. In a creeping fashion.

LEN
Sorry.

ALICE
What do you want?

He fumbles in his pocket, finds the scrap of paper.

LEN
Melissa Young. There's something I forgot to-

ALICE
We've handed it over to uniform.

LEN
Already?

ALICE
There's nothing to act on. My money's still on suicide but I doubt we'll prove that.

LEN

Uniform are just going to ignore it.

ALICE

If they've got any sense - yeah. No one's going to kick up a fuss about this woman.

LEN

Right. Well if you think that's...

He slips the piece of paper back into his pocket.

ALICE

You shouldn't really be here, Len. You know that... right?

LEN

Sorry.

He slopes away, back to his car.

CUT TO:

112-114 **SCENES 112-114 OMITTED**

112-114

115 **INT. LEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/RICHARD WEBB'S HOUSE - DAY 1B15**

In on a framed holiday snap of LEN and his WIFE, in times gone by. We hear the sound of a dialing telephone and as we leave the photograph we find LEN at his laptop, glasses on, staring at the screen.

An image pops up on the screen of RICHARD WEBB (late 30s, slightly geeky looking), sat at a computer.

RICHARD

Hello?

LEN

Mr Webb? My name's Len Harper. Apologies for contacting you out of the blue like this.

RICHARD

What are you selling?

LEN

Nothing, I assure you. You formerly lived at flat 4, number 8 Coulthard Street. Is that correct?

RICHARD

Are you a cop or a lawyer?

LEN

(amused)

Is it that obvious?

RICHARD

"Formerly lived at"? People don't really talk like that.

LEN

Thirty two years service with the force. But no accusations, I promise. It's regarding a former - sorry, an ex neighbour of yours, Melissa Young.

RICHARD

Mel? What about her?

LEN

I'm afraid she passed.

RICHARD

Christ.

(it genuinely rocks him)

Sorry - one second.

We see RICHARD rise from his chair, cross to his study door and close it, before returning to the screen.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

When? I mean what happened?

LEN

Well that's proving a bit tricky to determine at the moment. I spoke to some of the other residents in the block but they couldn't offer much help.

RICHARD

I bet.

LEN

Why do you say that?

RICHARD

Not what you'd call a friendly bunch. Didn't bother me because I wasn't looking for friendship. But Mel... Far as I was concerned, they were the reason she moved out.

LEN

I'm not so sure she ever did move out, Mr. Webb. Her remains were discovered in the loft. She'd been there for quite a while.

RICHARD

What was she doing up there?

LEN

That's where I was hoping you could help me. Did anyone ever have reason to go up there?

RICHARD

No. Every now and then someone would try and store bits and pieces up there, but Joe always put a stop to that.

LEN

Joe?

RICHARD

Sellers. Basement flat. Son of a bitch. Open your window too wide and he'd stick a note through your door. He had a bust-up with Kieron over the loft.

LEN quickly checks some details on a pad.

LEN

Kieron Moss? Ground floor?

RICHARD

He moved in with a ton of stuff. Two vans. Split with his wife, had no room for half of it, so he chucked it up in the eaves. He and Joe almost came to blows over it. They got to the brink of court action and everything.

LEN scribbles something on his pad. Next to "Kieron Moss" he writes "Loft?".

LEN

Did Melissa have any friends in the area that you knew of? A relationship? Regular visitors?

RICHARD

She wasn't what you'd call outgoing. If you talked to her on the stairs, she was lovely. She'd invite you in, do anything for you. But she wouldn't exactly... what's the word? She wouldn't *initiate* anything. Do you know what I mean by that?

LEN

I think I'm beginning to understand.

CUT TO:

116 **EXT. COULTHARD STREET - DAY 18**

116

VIDYA is at the entrance door, dismantling the front panel of the security buzzer. She removes the tag that reads "WEBB", reverses it, and writes "JENSON / KHAN". As she slots the tag back into place, she turns and sees LEN approaching the flats.

VIDYA

Detective Harper...

He doesn't correct her.

LEN

Miss Khan. I'm sorry to bother you but I appear to have come out without the key for Melissa's flat.

VIDYA

That's OK, you can use mine.

CUT TO:

117 **INT. 3RD FLOOR FLAT - MELISSA'S - DAY 18**

117

The door opens and LEN steps inside, alone. He roams. He knows he shouldn't be here but it doesn't appear to bother him. He stands in the living room, stares at the picture of MELISSA as a bridesmaid.

FLASH TO:

118 **EXT. COULTHARD STREET - FLASHBACK DAY 1**

118

MELISSA walks down the street, dragging a large, heavy suitcase behind her. She checks an address on a piece of paper and comes to a halt outside the flats.

As MELISSA approaches the entrance door, it opens up and RICHARD WEBB steps out. He holds the door open for her, sees the suitcase.

RICHARD

Moving in?

She's shy and awkward.

MELISSA

Kind of. For a bit.

RICHARD

You're not Mary's daughter, by any chance?

MELISSA

Yes. Melissa.

RICHARD

Hi, I'm Richard. Flat 4, right below her. I know she'll be pleased to see you.

(the case)

Do you need a hand with that?

MELISSA

I can manage. Thank you.

RICHARD

Really good to meet you, Melissa. Let me know if you need anything.

RICHARD heads away down the path as MELISSA wrestles her case inside. She has a smile on her face. It's a good start.

CUT TO:

119 INT. 3RD FLOOR LANDING - FLASHBACK DAY 1

119

MELISSA huffs and puffs up the final stairs, arrives at the top landing with her suitcase in tow. As she approaches flat 5 she sees that the door is propped open. She walks inside.

CUT TO:

120 INT. 3RD FLOOR FLAT - MELISSA'S - FLASHBACK DAY 1

120

The flat looks exactly as we know it. The same furniture. Even the same picture of MELISSA as a bridesmaid on the mantelpiece.

MELISSA enters with her case.

MELISSA

(calling)

Mum...?

She walks towards the bedroom door, pushes it open.

From MELISSA'S POV we see a WOMAN in the bed. This is MARY, in her mid sixties, terminally ill, bed ridden, a bedside table loaded with medication beside her. Sat on the mattress beside MARY, tending to her, is the BACK OF A MAN. He hears someone behind him and turns to the door. Eyes lock with MELISSA.

The dizziness takes him over. He falls onto his knees. The eyes go and he blacks out.

END OF PART ONE