

BLOOD RELATIONS

1 EXT. EAST HARLEM - 1859 1

A busy street bustles with life. A man drives an open wagon, a silent 'Whoa' as he hauls the reins back towards his shoulders. The black horse stops outside a funeral parlour. In the back of the wagon, a grey blanket covers what looks like a dead body.

SARAH GREENWOOD (V.O.)
Charles Albertson, baker. Death
certificate... Died Stoker Street,
New York City. 1859.

2 EXT. GRAVEYARD GRIDDLINGTON, UK - 1859 2

A weeping young WIDOW, 20's, stands in the rain beside a bare muddy grave. The name 'CHARLES ALBERTSON' is crudely painted on a plain wooden cross. Two small KIDS with bright ginger curls hang about her skirts.

3 EXT. EAST HARLEM - DAY, 1860 3

Suddenly Scruffy BOY, 10, pelts out of a bakers clutching a loaf. Sprints down the busy street, past the wagon. Knocks people flying.

FAT SHOP KEEPER
Stop! You little thief.
Albert - chase him. Catch the li'l
hobbledehoy!

Wearing baker's kit, ALBERT, 30, appears. Bright ginger curls top his red, floury face. Puts down a tray of hot loaves. Rolls his eyes as he jogs half-heartedly along the street.

SARAH GREENWOOD (V.O.)
Right... so, the New York City
census of 1860... Albert
Charleston. Baker. Of 97 Stoker
street, East Harlem.

Across the street SARAH, 46, peers after him. Perfectly groomed, she's glamorous in elegant 1860's clothes.

SARAH GREENWOOD
Charles Albertson...
Albert Charleston.

Sarah pulls the blanket back. Nothing but bags of seed.

SARAH GREENWOOD (CONT'D)
So you're still alive and kicking.

Sarah takes an iPad from her bag, reads from the screen.

SARAH GREENWOOD (CONT'D)
Oh dear... Wife Rose Charleston...
But no American marriage
certificate?

Albert runs with difficulty down the street. Through crowds.

SARAH GREENWOOD (CONT'D)
(off iPad screen)
Three sons. Adam. Marvin. Joseph.
Quick work, Albert. Two back in
England, three here.
(grins) Catholic..?

Crowds are oblivious to her as she crosses to the bakers.
From the open window above, children's laughter from inside.

SARAH GREENWOOD (CONT'D)
Aaah!

Freeze-frame on Albert. Film reverses and Albert runs
backwards towards the baker's shop. Stop.

Sarah looks up. On a wall, a small sign above Albert's head:
'Stoker Street'.

Play. Albert runs outside from the bakery again.

SARAH GREENWOOD (CONT'D)
You lived above the shop! You and
your 'new' family.

From above the bakery, the sound of a baby crying.

SARAH GREENWOOD (CONT'D)
So when did you dump poor Martha
and the two kids for this 'Rose'?

4 EXT. SAILING SHIP - DAY, 1857 4

Choppy seas play with the Isaac Webb packet ship.

5 INT. SAILING SHIP, PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS 5

Sarah's fingers run along fine, timber panelling. She glides
unnoticed past PASSENGERS who jostle to keep their balance.

SARAH GREENWOOD (V.O.)
 Charles Albertson. Born 1830 parish
 of Gridlington. Boarded the Isaac
 Webb, Liverpool, 21st June 1857,
 bound for New York. Passenger list
 shows one single passage. Steerage.

She frowns, walks on briskly. Follows a sign for STEERAGE.

6 INT. SAILING SHIP, STEERAGE - CONTINUOUS 6

Sarah's neatly laced boots skip down the steps. She eyes the young WOMEN bustling about the cramped area. All life is here. Sarah studies her tablet

SARAH GREENWOOD
 You met Rose here, on the Isaac
 Webb. Talk about a fast worker...
 Did you marry at sea? Is that why I
 couldn't...

The crowd parts as she walks unnoticed towards a quieter space. A scruffy YOUNG PRIEST stands in front of a MAN and WOMAN. We cannot see the couple's faces.

SARAH GREENWOOD (V.O.)
 Ships's Captain's log... " - 7th
 July 1857 - marriage of Albert
 Charleston". I was right!
 "to... Rosina Visini".
 Oh Rose, you were Italian.

FATHER GIUSEPPE
 Dio li fa e poi li accoppia.

Tablet held like a prayer book, Sarah stands behind the Priest. Looks at the smiling faces of Albert and Rosina.

SARAH GREENWOOD (V.O.)
 Wait until I tell Martha's great,
 great, great granddaughter about
 her forebears.

7 INT. LIVING/KITCHEN/DINER, SUBURBAN HOUSE - PRESENT DAY 7

A table piled high with papers. Sarah's laptop screen shows a complex family tree. She wears a drab top, limp hair. No make up or adornments. Glances out of the open window.

8 EXT. QUIET SUBURBAN STREET

8

A cat follows TOMMY PEARCE, 50's, out of the house opposite. In jeans and garish make-up, he carries a sequined gown.

SARAH GREENWOOD
(calls from window)
You're late?

TOMMY PEARCE
(off the cat)
Tripped over Princess Phoebe and
trod on my hem - shredded it! What
I wouldn't give for a seamstress.

A car pulls up outside Sarah's house. CHRISTINA GREENWOOD, 50, is on her mobile as she steps out.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
Yes, yes, no problem - I can do
both nights. (listens) And tips?

Christina's a peacock to Sarah's plain style.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD (CONT'D)
Lovely thanks. (hangs up) Ooh (to
Tommy) Is it tonight? Good luck
lovely!

TOMMY PEARCE
It's that Grayson Perry lookalike,
Davina, who needs the luck sweetie!
When push comes to shove, no one
beats Tommy Pearce!

He blows a theatrical kiss. Gets into a taxi. A motorbike follows. The rider's helmet has red flames down the sides.

9 INT. LIVING/KITCHEN/DINER, SUBURBAN HOUSE

9

Sarah tap taps on the keyboard. The door opens. As Christina enters she's tapping into her phone calendar.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
Rupaul he ain't.

Christina collides with a walking frame. Clatter.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD (CONT'D)
Sorry. Just need to add...
(mumbles) Queen's Head, Saturday...

SARAH GREENWOOD
Working all weekend again?

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
Someone's gotta pay his uni fees.

SARAH GREENWOOD
Ummm... Student loan?

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
I've been broke all my life - I'm
buggered if my Arron is going to
start his working life with a five
figure debt round his neck.
(sniffs) Something smells good.

SARAH GREENWOOD
(typing) The oven's warming up.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
Too busy sleuthing to cook your
sister dinner huh?

SARAH GREENWOOD
Yep. But I have made quite a
discovery about the O'Connor's.
(off blank response) That
commission?

The woosh of an email sent. She sits back.

SARAH GREENWOOD (CONT'D)
I discovered Sylvia O'Connor's
great-great-great grandfather -
Charles Albertson - didn't die when
he arrived in America in 1857.
Instead he became Albert Charleston
- and rather successful...

Sarah turns the screen of her laptop to face Christina.

ON SCREEN THE HOME PAGE FOR CHARLESTON AND BARTONS, WHOLESALE
FOOD PROCESSING. SHARE PRICE \$254.23 IN THE CORNER.

SARAH GREENWOOD (CONT'D)
She's a direct descendants. Could
be in for a chunk of change when
the heir apparent pops his clogs.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
Can't you find us a rich old uncle?

Sarah rolls her eyes, turns the screen back to face her.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD (CONT'D)
 Shall I stick a pizza in or
 something - I'm starved?

SARAH GREENWOOD
 I'll sort it.

Sarah pushes back from the desk. She's in an electric
 wheelchair. Christina follows her through to the -

10

INT. KITCHEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

10

A series of challenges for Sarah as she undertakes simple
 tasks: Manoeuvres her chair to get items from fridge, the
 oven. Levers herself out of the chair for wine glasses.
 Christina props up the doorway. Knows better than to help.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
 Your technique's improved since
 racing down that ramp at Debenhams.

SARAH GREENWOOD
 I was *not* out of control.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
 Now you're a girl racer.

Sarah takes a bottle of wine, opens it and pours two glasses.
 Clutching a glass she drops back into her wheelchair, winks.

SARAH GREENWOOD
 Least I get to drink and drive.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
 Have you thought any more about me
 moving in? I don't mind if -

SARAH GREENWOOD
 I am managing fine. Thank you.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
 Upstairs could virtually be a self-
 contained flat and I'd be here if -

SARAH GREENWOOD
 And when Arron comes home from uni?
 You'll share the bedroom with your
 teenage son? Not to mention your
 dating app waifs and strays. Thanks
 - but no thanks.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
 But you need the money.

SARAH GREENWOOD
You mean you need to save money.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
She's not coming. You know that,
don't you?

SARAH GREENWOOD
That's got nothing to do with it.
I've lived alone for more than
twenty years. I like it that way.

A potato Sarah chops falls to the floor, rolls under a table.
Out of reach. Christina starts to walk towards it.

SARAH GREENWOOD (CONT'D)
LEAVE IT!

Sarah picks up a walking stick. Manoeuvres to fish the potato
out. It rolls out and lands at Christina's feet.

SARAH GREENWOOD (CONT'D)
Well go on then.

11 INT. LIVING/KITCHEN/DINER, SUBURBAN HOUSE - MINUTES LATER 11

Sarah has jiggled from wheelchair to a dining chair.

SARAH GREENWOOD
I sent a sample of my DNA to
mypastandpresent.com six weeks ago.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
You know what I think about all
that kind of thing.

SARAH GREENWOOD
Says she who works for the biggest
forensic lab in the country.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
In customer services.

SARAH GREENWOOD
Your biggest customer's the police.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
There was a time you felt the same
way - CCTV, DNA databases. I mean,
what happened to privacy? Anyone
who's seen 'Who do you think you
are' is *volunteering* their DNA now.

SARAH GREENWOOD
 "Like turkeys voting for
 Christmas".

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
 Exactly. Remember that Trafalgar
 Square protest and -

SARAH GREENWOOD
 Chrissy, I have to find Sally.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
 It skipped mum's generation - it
 might skip Sally too.

SARAH GREENWOOD
 I need to find her. There are
 drugs, physio that can delay the -

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
 Maybe your test was wrong - maybe
 it's not hereditary?

SARAH GREENWOOD
 I've got the faulty gene. End of.
 I'm doing what I should have done
 thirty odd years back. Doing right
 by my daughter.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
 Having her adopted at the time
 seemed to be the right thing.

Christina squeezes Sarah's hand. Sarah raises her glass.

SARAH GREENWOOD
 To my weak muscles.

CHRISTINA GREENWOOD
 To your strong will.

12	EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT	12
	An unmarked police car blue-lights it past bars chucking out.	
13	INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS	13
	At the wheel DS PAUL TAYLOR, 38, hurls the car round a corner. Police radio blurts details, obscured by the siren.	

14 EXT. HOSPITAL ACCIDENT & EMERGENCY 14

A PARAMEDIC adjusts a drip as a gurney is rushed into A & E.
A Uniformed POLICEMAN follows.

15 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER 15

D S Paul Taylor hurries towards the Uniformed Policeman.

D S PAUL TAYLOR
What's his condition?

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN
He's a fucking mess. Sir.

D S PAUL TAYLOR
That a technical term?

He reads from his notebook.

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN
Severe head injuries, fractures to
two ribs..

Taylor peers past him. A mop swishes across the floor of a
now empty blood-splattered cubicle.

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Victim ID-d as Thomas Pearce. Found
about a mile from where he lives.
He was wearing eye make up, sir.

D S PAUL TAYLOR
And on that basis you surmise this
is another homophobic assault?

Uniform Policeman holds up an iPhone with a smashed screen.

INSERT CLOSE UP OF SCREEN - USUAL RECOGNISABLE APPS PLUS A
NEON ORANGE ONE CALLED 'HOOKUP'.

D S PAUL TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Weapon?

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN
Nothing at the scene. Looks like a
pair of size nines set about him.
Funny mark on the back of his legs
apparently - like he's been whacked
there with something.

A DOCTOR approaches. Taylor shows his warrant card.

D S PAUL TAYLOR
Is Mr Pearce able to -

DOCTOR
He's in theatre - the bleed on his
brain is severe. And one of the
fractures requires complex
reconstruction.

D S PAUL TAYLOR
Chest?

DOCTOR
Face.

D S PAUL TAYLOR
When can we expect -

NURSE (O.S.)
DOCTOR!

And he's gone.