

## Simmons (Male, any age)

**Skipper** Forensic have sent this over for you.

**Simmons** *(taking the bag)* Right.

**Skipper** Jim said he didn't think it was your colour.

**Simmons** Tell him he's got crap taste. *(He holds up the negligée)*

**Skipper** Have they run the comparison checks on the DNA?

**Simmons** Yes. They don't match. It's the victim's blood and hair around the neck but a different DNA round the hem and on her body. He was here, Skipper.

**Skipper** Starting to come together then.

**Simmons** Well, there's a CD-Fit that could be human and plenty of fingerprints on a coffee mug and the table. If only there was something about him on record.

**Skipper** They're running a search on the car but it's a bit of a shot in the dark.

**Simmons** And that's a blank.

**Skipper** Pity the cleaner couldn't read something on those papers.

**Simmons** He might have been selling her timeshare for all we know. I almost know less about this woman now than I did at the start. What have we got? Freelance beauty consultant with a list of clients as long as your arm.

**Skipper** She must sell a lot of make-up to pay for a sports car and that flat.

**Simmons** Exactly. But who to? No-one's admitting. And where's the rest of her life? Where are her friends?

**Skipper** She has a sister.

**Simmons** Only interested in how much she can make from selling semi naked holiday snaps of her to the tabloids. Apparently there's no father, and a mother who kicked her out when she was fifteen. No-one she worked with had any real contact with her socially.

**Skipper** At least none they'll tell us about.

**Simmons** Right. How's that trace on her phone-line coming?

**Skipper** I'll chase them up.

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