

1 EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE, STREET. NIGHT 9. 04.00 1

CATHERINE - dressed in civvies, and driving her own car - heads along darkened streets. She's not speeding exactly, but she's driving as efficiently as the law allows, and despite being in civvies she's got her 'on duty' face on.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. ANNETTE'S HOUSE, STREET. NIGHT 9. 04.01. 2

Poor local authority housing. CATHERINE edges along the road, peering at front doors looking for a number. She pulls up where she can, locks her car, heads for number 21. The lights are on inside. She knocks gently at the door.

CUT TO:

3 INT. ANNETTE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 9. 04.02 3

LEONIE (who we met in ep 1) sits on the settee, looking shaken and damaged. Her mascara's smudged, her neck's bruised, her eyes are blood shot, and she has a bad bruise emerging on her left cheek bone and around the eye.

The interior of ANNETTE'S house is a bit like Lynn Dewhurst's in series 1.

We hear voices through in the hallway where ANNETTE'S just let CATHERINE in -

ANNETTE

(oov)

It's very good of you to turn out in t'middle o' t'night. I was nervous about ringing your number, only -

CATHERINE

(oov, interrupts)

No, you're fine, I gave it you for a reason.

ANNETTE

(oov)

- them other two didn't seem to take it seriously. At all.

(CATHERINE follows ANNETTE into the room. ANNETTE assures LEONIE -)

She's here, love.

(then back to CATHERINE -)

And they were both women.

CATHERINE

They're Specials. Part-timers. If
it's who I think it is.

ANNETTE

My first thought when she rang me
was well what if it's *him*?
(her face contorts with
anger as she says 'him')
So why weren't they thinking t' same
thing?

ANNETTE's clearly had a bit to drink this evening, but the
shock of what's happened to LEONIE has sobered her up a bit.

CATHERINE

God knows.
(she sits close to LEONIE,
fights the urge to
physically reach out to
her)
Hello Leonie.

ANNETTE

He'd have strangled her. If she
hadn't managed to raise the alarm,

CATHERINE

- and then I need you to come down to the station with me, and to make a statement. Leonie, look at me. Annette can come with us if [you'd] - ? Would you like that?

(LEONIE nods)

One of the officers, one of the other officers, I can't do it, 'cos I'm not on duty - but it'll be a woman, it won't be a man - she'll need to go through the early evidence kit with you -

ANNETTE

That's like your swabs and everything.

CATHERINE was trying to avoid using that scary word, but -

CATHERINE

- and then we'll take you over to Bradford. There's a proper unit there where they can look after you, and someone'll see to you - a doctor - and we'll make sure you're safe and you're comfortable. Okay?

ANNETTE

I've sat her on a plastic bag. And then. I'm thinking evidence.

CATHERINE acknowledges that was the right thing to do.

CATHERINE

Can you talk me through what's happened?

(she anticipates ANNETTE wading in)

I need to hear it from Leonie.

LEONIE struggles to speak without crying, her voice is thin, we realise just how young she is.

LEONIE

Just. I was down on Stoneyroyd Lane. And -

(CATHERINE jots down notes)

There were three of us. And he come along in his van. And I said - I told him - it's five pound with, and without, it's double. So he knew. And he said he were fine with that, so I got in and we went down to t'cricket club. Car park. He stank, he'd been drinking, [but] -

ANNETTE

They all do.

LEONIE

And then anyway when he gets going, he decides he wants to do it without.

ANNETTE

They do that.

LEONIE

And I said well I need t' money up front if that's what's happening and he goes "I'll pay y' after", but they only ever say that -

ANNETTE chimes in -

LEONIE & ANNETTE

- when they haven't enough.

LEONIE

So I said well it's not happening then. But he were - you know - and he just. And I couldn't stop him. So I was struggling and then he had his hand on my throat. Pressing down on me and he's inside me - without a condom - and I can't breathe, and he's a big fella and I could feel meself going red in t' face. And he goes 'If y' don't stop wriggling I'll shove a brocken bottle up yer ffff...'

CATHERINE

Did he. Indeed.

LEONIE

Then God knows how, I managed to press my stiletto into t' steering wheel and it were more by luck than management but it made the horn go, and that *shocked the bastard*.

(we see a flash of anger with those last few words. Then the anger makes her tearful)

Shocked me. Then it [all]... he smacked me in t' face and he's spitting and calling me all the usual, and he's going "Get out get out get out!" like nasty, and -

ANNETTE

- and that's when Kelsey turned up. She offered to go to th'ospital with her, but these two -

CATHERINE

And he's just driven off? Then. Or what?

LEONIE

Yeah yeah yeah, when Kelsey started bangin' on t' window.

ANNETTE

- then these two uniforms, Specials, whatever, they're goin', "No, we'll take you, we're not taking her, we're not a taxi service".

CATHERINE

Did you tell 'em what he'd said to you?

LEONIE

They didn't ask.

ANNETTE

They didn't take a statement, they didn't write owt down. Basically they're goin' -
(daft voice)
"Oh has he not paid yer, love? Boo hoo".

We see CATHERINE privately decide that she's going to address that big time later.

CATHERINE

So did either of [you] - you or Kelsey - recognise him? Is he someone you've been with before?

CATHERINE

What sort of vehicle did you say it was it?

ANNETTE & LEONIE

A white van.

So that's big.

CATHERINE

I'm going to take a photo of your arm. On my phone. And then I'm going to take you down to the station in my car, it's just outside and fifteen yards down the street. Can you manage that?

LEONIE nods. But she's not shifting. She wants to say something.

LEONIE

It won't [be] - ?

CATHERINE

It won't - ? What love?

LEONIE

Taking swabs. It won't be them two.

ANNETTE

It won't be them two that just dumped her on t' doorstep at the 'ospital, and said,
(daft voice)
"If you're still *insisting* in the morning you've been raped, come back and report it again then".

CATHERINE

No. No, Leonie. It won't be them two.

(She hates incorrect grammar, but right now being compassionate and empathetic matters more)
I'll be dealing wi' them two.

TITLES

CUT TO:

4 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. NIGHT 9. 05.30 4
Establisher. Two UNIFORMS (men) and the NIGHT D.C. head out of the nick and climb into a patrol vehicle. The engine turns over.

CUT TO:

5 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRS/LOCKER ROOM. 5
NIGHT 9. 05.31

We hear the car speed off outside as CATHERINE (still in civvies, still off duty, but still with her on-duty head on) heads down the stairs and into the locker room...

CUT TO:

6 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, LOCKER ROOM. NIGHT 9. 6
05.32

...where two SPECIAL CONSTABLES (both women: STEPH, 40, and BRYONY, 29) have just arrived back with pizzas from Domino's and are taking their high-viz jackets off and setting up a game of pool.

CATHERINE

Oh! You're back. You've been out for a pizza and now you're playing

BRYONY

Really?

CATHERINE

So - yeah really - so what I want to know from you is - what I *really* want to know from you is - when you were called out to assist her, why you did the *absolute minimum* required, and why her friend's ringing me - at home - at four o'clock in the morning to come out and do your job for you.

Silence.

BRYONY

W[e] -

CATHERINE

CATHERINE

You didn't even take a statem[ent] -
(BRYONY's last comment
just sank in)

I'm just ignoring that. No I'm not.
(she shouts, right in her
face)

You've got a torch, haven't you?
(silence)

I've had a go at the night sergeant
for sending a couple of hobby-
bobbies out on a job that needed
somebody with the proper skill set
and a bit more wool on their backs.
And I know it's been a busy night.
But - for God's sake - there's
someone out there targeting
prostitutes. Did you not *think*?

(STEPH's looking a bit
contrite and embarrassed.

BRYONY's looking pissed
off and affronted)

You know - you lot - you come in
and you give us four hours a week.
If we're lucky, if you can be
bothered. The least you could do
when you get here is engage.

STEPH

Sorry. Catherine.

CATHERINE's pleased STEPH's said that. But she's also noted
the fact that BRYONY hasn't.

CATHERINE

Right. I'm going home for forty
minutes to say Happy Birthday to my
grandson, get changed, then
straight back here in time for the
eight o'clock shift. I'm not
reporting you to professional
standards although God knows why, I
should be doing. But please. Just.
Learn something from it. You'll
need to make statements. Both of
you.

She heads off. Leaving STEPH looking contrite and BRYONY
looking irritated (maybe they had a disagreement at the time
about whether they were doing the right thing or not). We
head off with CATHERINE along the corridor and outside into
the night...

CUT TO:

7

INT/EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. NIGHT 9. 05.33

7

...as she taps a phone number (written on the back of her hand) into her mobile. Ring ring. A voice at the other end goes "Hello. Andy Shepherd".

CATHERINE

Mr. Shepherd? It's Sergeant Cawood down at Sowerby Bridge. I'm sorry I'm waking you up, but something's turned up you might be interested in.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S CAR. NIGHT 9. 05.35

She takes her coat off, chucks it over the back of a chair, heads back through to the hallway (with the intention of heading upstairs for a shower) when CLARE (pyjamas, dressing gown, slippers) comes out of the sitting room.

CLARE

Where've y' been?

CATHERINE

Oh. I got a phone call. This lass got raped.

CLARE

What lass?

CATHERINE

Nineteen year old. Down in Sowerby Bridge.

CLARE

Well what were t'night crew doing?

CATHERINE

(weary)

Oh, it's long, it's complicated.

(realising)

What you doing up?

CLARE

Oh. I couldn't sleep. Then I heard you set off. I thought you'd gone up to Heptonstall. To be with

CATHERINE

I know you do.

(a moment, then CATHERINE starts crying. Not in a blubby way though, in that embarrassed way that you don't want people to notice. She deals with it)

We'll get through it. We'll get through today, and then we'll get through the next few weeks. And then.

CLARE

Big smiles.

CATHERINE

Yeah. Big smiles.

CUT TO:

11 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 10. 07.30

11

An hour later. CATHERINE (in half uniform, and with half-dried hair; she's turned herself round very quickly), CLARE and DANIEL singing the last loud, joyous line of "Happy Birthday too yooo!" to smiley embarrassed RYAN, who's balancing on his brand new skateboard (clutching onto the sink) in his pyjamas. The breakfast table is piled with presents and a clutch of cards.

RYAN

(embarrassed, happy)

Shuddoop! Neighbours' I'll complain!

CLARE

So what.

DANIEL

Good.

CATHERINE

Are you going to open the others?
Or are you just going to spend the rest of your life balancing on that?

RYAN

Can I go to school on it?

CLARE

Up hill? Does that work?

RYAN

It's not all up hill.

DANIEL

No. If you're going in the opposite direction, it's down hill.

CLARE

Stop trying to blind everybody with science.

DANIEL

Open your cards then. They might be stashed with moolah.

CLARE

Who's this one from again?

She's referring to the big present that CATHERINE found outside. It's DANIEL she's asking.

CATHERINE

I've no idea, I told you, it was on t' doorstep, half past six this morning.

RYAN

(he shakes it to see if he can guess what it is)
It's big. I can tell you that much.

CATHERINE

Let's get ripping, I've got to go to work in five minutes.

CLARE

This is from me.

It's a football, wrapped up.

RYAN

I know what that is.

CLARE

Sort you asked for. Took me best part of a week to wrap that up, and I got through about sixteen rolls of cellotape.

RYAN

Who's this one from again, Gran?

The big one.

CATHERINE

I've just said, I don't know, it was on the doorstep.

He rips the paper off. He struggles with the cellotaped bits, so they all dive in and help him with it, and it comes off fast. It's a Scalextric. All rather splendid.

DANIEL

Wow.

CLARE

Blimey.

DANIEL

Oh my God. Look at that. I think that might be from me.

CATHERINE & CLARE

Is it?

DANIEL

Yeah. Yeah. I got up early specially to go and put it outside.

CLARE

He's lying.

DANIEL

Actually I think it might be for me, I think they've put the wrong name on by accident, I think they've got our birthdays mixed up.

RYAN

That's - just - that's - wow. Who's it from?

CATHERINE

I'm gonna start speaking Urdu soon because people might understand me better then.

(Loud and clear)

We don't know.

RYAN

Calm down, dear.

CLARE

(she looks through the wrapping)

Was there not a card with it?

CATHERINE

No. Not unless next door's cat's had it.

DANIEL

You know that's like about... a hundred and fifty quid's worth of kit?

CLARE

Nevison. Nevison Gallagher.

CUT TO:

Morning briefing with the murder team.

JOHN looks increasingly like someone who doesn't get much sleep, someone who's increasingly haunted by guilt, fear, anger, a sense of his own absurdity in being here.

VICKY FLEMING's name is now ringed on the messy white board with loads of sparks and notes coming off it like a mind map.

ANDY

I'll run everything past the CPS, and depending on what else we dig up between now and then... yeah. We've got reasonable grounds. I've got Polsa going through his house on a Section 18, we'll have his phone from the Opal Unit once they've got what they want from it. Let's start tracking his movements over the last five months. Working backwards. I want to know everything there is to know about this fella. I want a list of all his contacts, his family, his friends, I want a picture of his daily routine, his lifestyle. Any employment. Any access to other vehicles besides this one we've seized. Bank details, where he's drawn money out and when. John. Steve. Jodie. Can we talk through an interview strategy in my office in a minute or two. John! Have you got a second?

ANDY heads to his office, the briefing splits up. Nervous, shattered JOHN follows ANDY. ANDY starts the conversation before they reach his office (he's constantly pushed for time). It's a bit hush hush, but essentially ANDY doesn't suspect anything, it's like having to eliminate CATHERINE. It's just a bit delicate.

ANDY

Telecoms found your name and number on Vicky Fleming's mobile phone.

Should we have another subliminal flash of JOHN in VICKY's flat, after he's done the ghastly deed; his hand covered in

JOHN

D'you know. I had a funny feeling.
I wasn't certain. But.

(he knew this would
happen, he's practised
his response)

Two years, eighteen months since? I
was working on a fraud
investigation - up at t' building
society - and she was [just] - she
was the point of contact. So -
yeah. Yeah. Yeah, I'd have given
her my number. Blimey. Mind you,
who haven't I given my number to?
Over the years.

(ANDY takes it in)

I don't think I spoke to her more
than once or twice.

ANDY

You shoul da said.

JOHN

I wasn't convinced it was her. I
couldn't have told you her name if
you'd been asking me to remember.
Perhaps if she'd been working at
the building society now it'd have
rung a bell, but -

(he's thoughtful, like
it's been a shock. He is
convincing, and ANDY's
probably a tough person
to convince)

Good heavens.

ANDY

So that's the only contact you've
ever had with her?

JOHN

Yeah.

(thoughtful, sad)

Yeah.

ANDY takes that in. He buys it.

ANDY

Okay. Can you just make a statement
to that effect and then it's
covered.

JOHN

Sure. So -

(entre nous)

d'you think this is the fella?

ANDY

You know as much as I do at the minute.

(he hesitates)

John. Is everything all right at home? I've kept meaning to ask.

JOHN goes subdued, self-conscious.

JOHN

Yeah.

(a moment)

Well. You know. The slings and arrows.

ANDY gets that. An erratic domestic life often goes with the job.

ANDY

Well you know this door's always open, don't you?

JOHN

Yeah.

ANDY

I mean except when it's shut.

JOHN

Sure.

JODIE and STEVE head towards ANDY's office with their note pads/smart books. JOHN politely steps aside to let JODIE and STEVE in first.

JODIE

(wry)

How was your date? With your little job pissed PCSO?

JOHN

What date?

(genuinely, he hasn't a clue, and it worries him because he knows his memory's become erratic since he's had all this bother with VICKY)

What date?

CUT TO:

13

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRS. DAY 10. 08.05

13

Everyone heads back upstairs after the 8am briefing. ANN GALLAGHER looks pale and clammy like she's just going down with flu or she's struggling manfully with a bad hang over.

CATHERINE' s at the back, because she was last out of the room.

CATHERINE

Ann!

SHAF

Oop.

(a mumble)

Somebody' s in bother.

ANN turns with trepidation to see what CATHERINE wants.

CATHERINE

Y' all right, love? You' re pale.
You' re quiet.

CATHERINE slows up. All the others head off back up to the main office, leaving CATHERINE and ANN alone on the stairs. CATHERINE gets close like she did with MARCUS GASCOIGNE to see if he stank of booze or not.

ANN

I' m fine.

CATHERINE

Yeah?

ANN

I' m just - I' m wondering if I' m
starting with ' flu.

CATHERINE

Right. Well don' t overdo it. If you
start feeling like crap you need to
be at home. Yeah?

ANN

Yeah. Yeah yeah.

CATHERINE knows ANN' s got a hangover. She' s experienced, she can smell it, and if you really believe you' ve got flu you stay at home. But... people are allowed to make a mistake once: if she continues to make a habit of it now she knows it' s been noticed, that' s when it' ll become a problem. Whilst they' re having a cosy moment on the stairs, CATHERINE takes the opportunity to say -

CATHERINE

Your dad knows Sean Balmforth,
doesn' t he?

ANN

Who?

CATHERINE

This fella we picked up last night.
He works for your dad.

ANN

Does he? I dunno. I don't know half the people who work for me dad.

CATHERINE

You don't know anything about what he's like? Then?

Nope.

ANN

Ask me dad.

CATHERINE

Oh they'll interview him. That lot. I just thought you might know him, I was just being nosey.

Just then MIKE appears through the door at the top of the stairs. He looks thrilled to bits.

MIKE

Ah! My two favourite women in uniform!

(CATHERINE looks behind her to see if there's someone else standing on the stairs)

No. You. I'm talking to you. Singing your praises upstairs this morning, Mr. Shepherd. "Good old fashioned police work". Picking up this fella last night. And you.

(ANN)

Identifying Vicky Fleming last week. Yup!

(as he heads past them and down the stairs)

You both made me look really good in there today. Well done!

CATHERINE

It's the only reason I do anything is to make you look good. Sir.

MIKE

(as he heads off)

And not a hint of sarcasm.

(suddenly, coming back)

Oh! As well. I had a phone call from H-MIT. Last night. Goran Dragovic. Death of. They are now pursuing it as murder. Not suicide.

CATHERINE

Really?

MI KE

CATHERINE

Yup.

(remembering)

Oh - !

(as they head up the stairs together and back to the main office)

You and your dad - or just your dad - didn't send our Ryan a ridiculously expensive birthday present this morning, did he?

ANN thinks that through.

ANN

Not that I know of.

CUT TO:

14

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY 10. 08.50

14

DANIEL's in his suit and tie ready for work, RYAN's in his uniform, coat on, ready to go to school. They've set the Scalextric up and they're racing. CLARE comes in.

CLARE

You do realise it's ten to nine.

DANIEL

It's not it's [only] -

(checks his watch and mumbles)

Ooh sh[it].

CLARE

Are you dropping him off?

DANIEL

Yeah yeah. Come on, turn it off. Ryan. Off. Ryan. I'm turning it off. Ryan.

RYAN

Why do I have to go to school on my birthday?

CLARE

You're going to be late. On your birthday.

DANIEL

(he flips the main switch off, so the car just stops)

Come on. You can play with it as much as you want at tea time.

CLARE
Have a nice day.

RYAN
(pani c)
Where's me dinner gone?

CLARE
Here.
(lunch bag, book bag. She
kisses him)
Bye.

RYAN
Bye.

DANI EL
Bye bye.

We follow them out into the hallway.

CLARE
Be good! No nonsense! No silly
work.
(DANI EL looks at her,
affronted)
Hi m, not y[ou] - !
(she realises he's winding
her up)
Twi t.

He goes with a smile. CLARE enjoys that moment of silence and stillness when the front door's shut and the kids are on their merry way to school/work. Then she decides it's her turn to have a go with the Scal extric.

She comes back into the sitting room and flips the main switch. Then she squeezes the trigger far too hard and the car speeds round the track and goes flying off at the bend, crashing into the box the set came in. As CLARE goes to retrieve it she finds a little card wedged down the side of the box, between the polystyrene nest all the bits come in, and the box itself. She pulls it out, but it's nothing, a manufacturer's guarantee. But that gives CLARE the idea to explore the box more fully. She flips over the lid, and there it is, cellotaped inside the lid, a card with 'RYAN' written on it, underlined and in red. She pulls it off. Her first instinct is to rip it open and see who it's from. But then she knows you don't really open other people's mail. Even ten year old boys' mail. And she simply isn't suspicious, she believes it's from NEV and ANN. She puts it on the mantelpiece for when RYAN comes home at tea time; it'll be nice for *him* to rip it open. We linger on the envelope as CLARE goes and picks up the car and puts it back on the track so she can have another go. But it's the envelope with 'RYAN' on that we're looking at.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. MINI-MART, OVENDEN. DAY 10. 10.30 15

Establisher. The local housing estate with tower blocks where LYNN DEWHURST's body was found. A local mini-mart with a single car parked outside, an elderly, battered, red, hatch-back Peugeot.

CUT TO:

16 INT. MINI-MART, OVENDEN. DAY 10. 10.31 16

DARYL GARRS is just buying his tobacco and his filters and his Rizla papers (and a few other bits and pieces for his mum) at the counter when he spots the three LADS from Ep 1 who've gathered around his car outside, touching the vehicle and making comments. Then they head towards the shop. DARYL takes his change from the SHOP KEEPER, piles his purchases into a plastic bag, and heads for the door. He can feel himself shaking with anger and trepidation.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. MINI-MART, OVENDEN. DAY 10. 10.32 17

DARYL emerges from the shop and heads for his car, keeping his head down. The three LADS' attitude is aggressive (disguised as jovial) as they dog his footsteps. They're obviously on something because they've got verbal diarrhoea -

LAD 1

Oh here he is look.

LAD 2

Y'all right, Flash?

LAD 1

What were you doing grassing us up to t' police?

LAD 2

Yeah we were only having a bit o' fun wi' yer, the's no reason to go grassing us up to t' five-oh. We're your friends.

LAD 3 trips DARYL up from behind -

LAD 3

Only friends you'll ever have.

LAD 1

Oops!

LAD 3

Nice trip, love?

DARYL' s dropped some of hi s stuff.

LAD 2
Pick your stuff up.

LAD 3
He dunt say much, does he?
(DARYL picks hi s stuff up)
You don' t say much, Flash, do yer?

LAD 1
Yeah like how about, "Sorry lads,
sorry for grassing y' up to t' Feds,
sorry I' m such a sad twat*, such a
sad little mummy' s-boy twat".

LAD 1 gives DARYL a shove as he says it*.

LAD 2
Ey yeah Flash, is it true you shag
your own mother?

LAD 3
(del ighted)
Does he?

LAD 2
He dunt want to, but she makes him
because she' s an ooer.

ooer = whore

LAD 1
I heard he shags sheep.

LAD 2
Maybe he can' t tell t' di fference up
there i' t' dark.

LAD 3
Can you not? Can he not?

LAD 1
Can you not, Flash?

DARYL' s opened the boot of hi s car to put hi s shopping in,
then - much to everyone' s surprise - he pulls out a ball -head
hammer and lashes out at the gobbi est LAD (LAD 2):
fortunately he misses hi s head (whi ch he aimed for), but
catches him on the collar bone (whi ch hurts, possi bly
shatters) and the LAD lets out a yelp of pain.

LAD 1
Whoah!

LAD 2
Jesus - !

Then DARYL lashes out at the other two with the hammer; he's entirely uninhibited (because he's so angry) and it's frightening. It's weird. It's weird because DARYL says nothing, we simply sense his overwhelming anger, frustration, humiliation spilling out in waves. The LADS jump out of the way, they're not going to challenge him, it's clear he's lost it.

LAD 1
You nutty bastard!

LAD 3
You fuckin idiot!

DARYL keeps going after whichever one of them he's focussed on (LADS 1 & 3; LAD 2 is incapacitated with pain). If another one of them tries to come up on him from behind, he turns on them. He's incensed. He's gone mad.

CUT TO:

18 INT. MINI-MART, OVENDEN. DAY 10. 10.33 18

The SHOP KEEPER has been observing this all along. As soon as he sees DARYL lashing out with the hammer he grabs his phone and taps in 999. We hear a tinny "Emergency, which service?"

CUT TO:

19 EXT. WAINSTALLS. DAY 10. 11.00 19

A police van driving over the hills from The Calder Valley up to Ovenden.

CUT TO:

20 OMITTED 20

21

OMI TTED

21

22 EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. DAY 10. 11.15

22

SHAF and ANN knock at the door and wait. The police van's parked up beside DARYL's battered red Peugeot. ALISON GARRS answers the door.

SHAF
Afternoon.

ALISON
(sad, subdued)
He's in here.

SHAF and ANN step inside.

CUT TO:

23 INT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM, LIVING ROOM. DAY 10. 11.16

23

DARYL's curled up in front of the telly as SHAF and ANN head through. He won't look at them. He's terrified. He might even become a bit tearful as SHAF continues to address him -

SHAF
How y' doing there, Daryl?

ALISON
I don't know what's happened
exactly, [but] -

SHAF
I think Daryl knows why we're here.
Don't you Daryl? Hm?

Daryl isn't responding. He's like a child, caught out. Big time. Again (as in ep 1) we get the notion that his mental age mightn't be up there with his physical age.

But it's subtle. Something not entirely obvious. Perhaps it's to do with how over-protective his mother is as much as anything.

ALISON

- I know he gets provoked. They might have been charged, that lot, but they're all out on bail - every one of 'em - and he still has to go down there to buy his tobacco and his filters.

SHAF

Let's turn this telly off, Daryl. Come on, this is serious.

ALISON

If he has done something, it can't be worse than what they've done to him.

SHAF takes the decision to address DARYL, and not be swayed by his mother's constant comments.

SHAF

So you know what's happened this morning, Daryl? Yeah? We've had a report that you've been involved in an altercation, and you've been to your car and you've pulled out a lump hammer.

ALISON

(she's appalled: whatever DARYL has told her, he didn't mention that)
Has he?

SHAF

And you've attacked people. And - y'know - that's an arrestable offence, isn't it? Having an offensive weapon in a public place, [so] -

ALISON

He'd never d[o something like] -

She dries up, she realises they wouldn't be here if he hadn't done something serious.

ANN

It's all on CCTV.

SHAF

So Daryl -

(he gets his cuffs out)

I'm arresting you. D'you understand? You do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence. Could you stand up please?

DARYL

They start it. Every time.

SHAF

Yeah I know. But what's happened has happened now, and you can put your side of it across when you're interviewed, so come on, stand up, let's get it over with for you.

DARYL stands up. He's very compliant.

ALI SON

Where you taking him?

SHAF

Halifax.

SHAF cuffs DARYL at the front.

ALI SON

Shall I follow you on? In my car.

SHAF

I wouldn't. You'll only be sat outside for hours waiting.

ALI SON

He needs someone with him.

ANN

You won't be allowed in with him.

ALI SON

Why?

ANN

Because he's under arrest.

Obviously this is a nightmare for ALI SON, having her son arrested right in front of her.

ALI SON

Well... how long will he be?

ANN

How long is a piece of string.

SHAF notices ANN's illness is making her be blunt, off-hand. But of course he says nothing.

ALISON

Well what am I supposed to do?

ANN

Nothing. You don't have to do anything.

SHAF

I'll ask someone to ring you to come and pick him up when we've done with him. Where's your car keys, Daryl?

CUT TO:

24

EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. DAY 10. 11.17

24

SHAF steers DARYL towards the van. ANN (already with SOCO gloves on) has the keys. She goes and opens the boot up, but doesn't look inside because DARYL says -

DARYL

It's on t' floor in t' passenger seat.

RADIO

(oov)

There's a coupla cells flooded out at the bridewell, nine-two-four-two, obviously somebody didn't like the room service. We've re-opened Norland Road as a temporary base if you could take him there.

SHAF

Will do, no problem.

SHAF and ANN get into the van.

CUT TO:

25

INT. CUSTODY DESK, HALIFAX NICK. DAY 10. 11.30

25

We discover JOHN and JODIE observing as SEAN - who's been interviewed for the rape and assault of LEONIE - is being

JODIE
Hello Sean. I'm Detective Inspector
Shackleton -
(she shows him her I.D.)
H-MIT, and I'm arresting you on
suspicion of the murder of Ana
Vasalescu, Aurelija Petrovic, Lynn
Dewhurst and Victoria Fleming.

SEAN
You what?

JODIE
You do not have to say anything -

SEAN
What you talking about?

JODIE (CONT'D)
but it may harm your defence
if you do not mention when
questioned something which
you later rely on in court.

SEAN
No no no no! You can't fit me up
for everything!

JODIE
Anything you do say may be given in
evidence.

Obviously SEAN's SOLICITOR is surprised by this development too. SEAN becomes upset: he may have made a mistake with LEONIE, but this is wrong. Our focus through this is JOHN, who knows damned well this lad didn't kill Vicky Fleming.

SEAN
You c[an't] - that's n[ot] - you
can't do that!
(at his SOLICITOR)
Do something! Say something!

SOLICITOR

SEAN can't believe this is happening to him. The CUSTODY SERGEANT gets SEAN by the elbow and escorts him off back down the corridor to the cells.

SEAN

No, it's not oh-shitting-kay. I don't even know who them people are! Who are they? Who are they?
WHO ARE THEY?

We're still looking at JOHN.

CUT TO:

26 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CATHERINE'S OFFICE. 26
DAY 10. 11.45

CATHERINE's busy at her desk when JOYCE taps (once, she's in brisk mode) at the door and sticks her head in.

JOYCE

This Daryl had's kicking off downstairs, he won't have his DNA done and his fingerprints. They thought you might like to have a crack at persuading him before they force him.

CUT TO:

27 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR/LITTLE ROOM. 27
DAY 10. 11.46.

CATHERINE heads along the corridor, towards a burly CUSTODY SERGEANT from Halifax (not the one in the previous scene) and the little room that's temporarily being used to take DNA and fingerprints. She exchanges a knowing look (a nod, a smile) with him, then goes into the room, where SHAF's with DARYL, who is in tears.

CATHERINE

Now then Daryl. Why aren't you cooperating?

She doesn't pause as she enters the room, she takes the DNA kit, and starts pulling the sterile gloves on, making it clear to DARYL that the DNA will be taken one way or another, whether he likes it or not.

DARYL

You said you were gonna deal with 'em, you said you were gonna nip it in the bud. I shouldn't even be here.

CATHERINE

They were arrested and charged and they'll be up in court in the next few weeks, and I'll go up there and speak to 'em again but - you know, with the best will in the world - there's only so much we can do, and frankly this sort of silly business doesn't help, it just perpetuates the bad feeling.

DARYL

They're animals.

CATHERINE

Yup.

DARYL

They shouldn't be allowed to walk, they shouldn't be allowed to exist, they shouldn't be allowed to breathe.

She's not disagreeing with him.

CATHERINE

And now you've shattered one of their collar bones with a lump hammer. Are you gonna let me do this?

(DARYL sucks his lips in to indicate that he isn't going to let her do it)

It doesn't hurt.

But DARYL remains intransigent. Like that'll stop CATHERINE.

We might want to cut to outside in the corridor again with the temporary CUSTODY SERGEANT as we hear the sound of CATHERINE and SHAF forcibly taking the swab and DARYL struggling.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, STREET. DAY 10. 15.50 28

CATHERINE pulls up in the Ford. RYAN dives out and heads for the house with one thing on his mind: Scal extric. CATHERINE follows at a more leisurely pace.

CUT TO:

29 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/HALLWAY. DAY 10. 15.51 29

RYAN comes in, shouts -

RYAN
We're back!

- through to Auntie CLARE, who's busy in the kitchen. There are two newly-iced birthday cakes on the table.

CLARE
(calling to RYAN)
There's a card! On the mantelpiece!
Ryan! I found it in that box!

CATHERINE comes through to the kitchen.

CATHERINE
Who's it from?

CLARE
I didn't open it, it wasn't
addressed to me. D'you want some
tea?

CATHERINE
(heading back to the
sitting room)
Yeah, thanks.

The pot's already brewed, CLARE just has to pour it.

CUT TO:

30 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY 10. 15.52 30

RYAN's already racing the car, he hasn't taken his coat off, he's just chucked his bags somewhere. (CATHERINE's intrigued by who the card's from, not suspicious).

RYAN
Gran - you race that one, I'll race
this one.

CATHERINE
Are you going to open this card and
see who it's from? 'Cos whoever it
is, I think you need to send them a
note to say a very big thank you,
don't you?

RYAN
Yeah, you open it.

CATHERINE
It's not addressed to me.

RYAN
I'm giving you permission. Come on,
hurry up, I'm gonna beat you.

CATHERINE rips the card open, just as CLARE's coming in with a mug of tea for CATHERINE.

CLARE

There's a year's supply of birthday cake in the kitchen if anybody's interested.

CATHERINE reads. We don't need to see what's written in the card, we just need to see her reaction. She goes from A - Z (hysterical) in a flash. It's like her head just exploded -

CATHERINE

Right! That's - ! Get that dismantled, now, right now, get it back in that box. It's going in the bin! Straight in the bin!

CATHERINE drops the card on the floor like a hot potato and starts pulling the Scalextric track to bits.

RYAN

What you doing? What y' doing?

CLARE

What's up? Catherine?

CATHERINE

We can't keep it, I'm sorry.

CLARE deposits the tea somewhere quick and grabs the card. Now we see what it says, in the same red felt tip capitals:

CATHERINE

It's either him OR some nasty
bastard playing stupid dumb little
games.

RYAN

What is? What is?

CLARE

(frightened)

It's from your dad.

RYAN jumps up and grabs the card to have a look. He struggles with his reading of course, but it's not a complicated message.

CATHERINE

(to CLARE)

Get a bin bag.

RYAN

NO!

CATHERINE

I'm sorry.

RYAN

You can't throw away my things!
It's *mine*!

They're fighting over the bits that CATHERINE's dismantled. It's all a bit fumbled and daft.

CATHERINE

He's not allowed to have any
contact with you! This is *illegal*.
It's bad, it's wrong, it's evil.
He's trying to mess about with us!

She prods her head, meaning he's trying to mess about with our heads.

RYAN

It's a Scal extric!

CATHERINE

Exactly!

RYAN

She's mental.

CATHERINE

Yeah. Yeah! I am mental when it
comes to that bastard.

CLARE

Look. He can't have put it there
himself. Can he?

CATHERINE

No. No. No -

CLARE

We'd know about it if he'd escaped.

CATHERINE

Yeah, but someone, some twisted
little -

(she can't think of a word
bad enough)

Git. Has done it for him.

RYAN

You're not binning it!

CATHERINE

I'll buy you another one!

RYAN

I want this one!

CATHERINE

No. No no no. No way. I'll buy you
another one, I'll buy you one

JOHN and JODIE are sitting opposite SEAN and his SOLICITOR.

JODIE

So as you'll understand from the disclosures we've made to your solicitor, Sean, we're investigating the deaths of four

32 EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, STREET. DUSK 10. 19.00 32
Dusk.

CUT TO:

33 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, RYAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 10. 20.50 33
DANIEL'S reading *Skulduggery Pleasant* to RYAN, who seems to

CLARE

(kindly)

We're going round in circles.

(CATHERINE knows they are.

A moment passes in

silence)

Could you not take it to a charity shop rather than put it in t'bin?

CATHERINE

Oh, I'm taking it to work. The card, the wrapping, the box. See if I can't persuade Mike to send it all off for ninhydrin testing, see if we can't get some finger prints.

CLARE

It's a sick trick, whoever's done it.

CATHERINE

Never goes away, does it? He'll never go away.

A moment, then DANIEL comes in.

CLARE

Everything all right?

DANIEL

He's fine.

(to CATHERINE)

He wants you to go and kiss him.

CATHERINE's eager to be with RYAN; she heads out of the room and upstairs. DANIEL sits with CLARE.

CLARE

It's such a fine line for her. Spelling it out to him why he can't have anything to do with him. And not freaking him out with the idea that he has the same DNA.

DANIEL takes it in: he's continuing to really get what his mother's been dealing with all these years. CLARE gives it a moment, then -

CLARE

I'll go see if Neil wants some more tea.

We linger on DANIEL a moment as CLARE heads through to the sitting room...

CUT TO:

NEIL

She di dn' t.

She di d.

CLARE

Have they charged hi m?

NEIL

No, not yet, I think they' re still
questi oni ng hi m.

A moment.

CLARE

You' re stoppi ng toni ght, aren' t
you?

CUT TO:

36 INT. CATHERINE' S HOUSE, CLARE' S BEDROOM. NIGHT 10. 22.55 36

CLARE and NEIL in bed. NEIL doesn' t seem hi s usual responsive
sel f, despi te CLARE' s efforts to arouse hi s i nterest.
Eventual ly, the thi ng that' s preyi ng on hi s mi nd, a subject
he barel y dare broach -

She'd go on about wanting me to leave Sue and the kids. And [I]... I couldn't. Which - I should never have started it in the first place, I know that - but I wasn't ready to leave my family for her. But she kept pushing and pushing and eventually. I said no; if it came to the crunch I'd be stopping with Sue and the kids. And...

(the really embarrassing bit)

So she blackmailed me.

CLARE

Black[m] - ?

NEIL

For a few weeks. And then I said I wouldn't pay up any more, I couldn't.

(CLARE's amazed)

She wanted a hundred quid a week. Every week. Or she'd tell Sue. And I managed a couple of weeks and then... I thought "I'm not gonna live like this", and sh[e] -

NEIL
 (he has to shut his eyes
 to say it)
 Sexually. And then -

CLARE
 How?

NEIL
 - she sent them to everyone in my
 phone book, she'd downloaded my
 phone book. Everyone. Everyone. I
 lost my family, I lost my job. A
 lot of friends. And I became an
 alcoholic. And I would've liked to
 have killed her. And now someone
 has.

He looks at CLARE. She's amazed.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 11. 08.00 37
 Sowerby Bridge. 8am. Rush hour.

CUT TO:

38 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT BRIEFING ROOM. 38
 DAY 11. 08.01

ANDY with a small team of core people from his team,
 including JOHN and JODIE.

ANDY
 So - at the minute - he's provided
 no alibis. No useful alibis. We're
 building up a picture of a loner,
 with a fairly chaotic sort of
 lifestyle. He was working recently -
 as a driver - but he was sacked for
 drinking and aggressive behaviour.
 The good news this morning. From
 forensics. Is that we've got
 strands of hair matching that of
 Ana Vasalescu found in his van.
 (so that's exciting for
 everyone to hear)
 He's denied knowing Ana, so let's
 see what he's got to say about
 that. Telecoms: Lynn Dewhurst's
 mobile number was found in his
 contacts on his phone. And again,
 he's denied knowing her, so let's
 see if he can enlighten us there.
 (MORE)

Then ANPR puts him - well it puts his van - within a mile of where the bodies were found on the second and the fourth murders. Aurelia and Vicky.

(so obviously that's of private interest to JOHN)
We've also got a witness from a house-to-house reporting seeing a white van in the area about the time Ana was murdered, and there was an appeal in the media for the driver to come forward, but no-one did. A white van was also reported in the vicinity prior to Vicky Fleming's flat being torched. So! Let's get back up to Halifax and see if he's got anything he'd like to share with us today.

CUT TO:

39 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MIKE'S OFFICE. DAY 11. 39
08.50

CATHERINE's dumped the Scal extric, the wrapping and the card on MIKE's desk.

CATHERINE
Am I over reacting?

MIKE can see she's not her usual robust self, and that this has shaken her. He's reminded of what she was like eighteen months ago when he visited her at home after the attack.

MIKE
He tried to kill you, Catherine. You're not over reacting. We'll send it all off for finger prints, and I'll ring the prison liaison officer to talk to someone at Gravesend. Let's find out who visits him, who he writes to, who he has phone calls with. If he is behind it, he'll be dealt with. And if it is a crank, it's a shame they've got nothing better to do. Try not to let it get you down.

CATHERINE

CATHERINE

Bad enough.

MIKE

I know.

CATHERINE

Without -

MIKE

I know.

(he genuinely gets it)

I do know.

CUT TO:

40

INT. ST MARK'S JUNIOR SCHOOL, READING AREA. DAY 11.
09.35

40

RYAN' s choos ing a new reading book from the shelves in the reading area. We discover MISS WEALAND behind him, gazing at him fondly. There' s no-one else around, everyone else is in lessons.

FRANCES

Did you have a nice birthday?
Yesterday.

RYAN

Yep. It were okay.

FRANCES

What did you get?

RYAN

Skateboard. Elbow pads, knee pads, helmet. New football. Twenny quid off me Uncle Daniel, thirty quid off me Grandad and me Auntie Ros, that' s fifty quid. Winnie across made me a cake as well as me Auntie Clare, so that' s two cakes. And I got a Scal extric. But. Me Granny put it in t' bin.

FRANCES

Why?

RYAN knows he' s not supposed to talk about this. But he' s starting to like the fact that he can talk to MISS WEALAND about it.

RYAN

' Cos it were from me dad.

FRANCES

Oh no.

(she sits down and
encourages him to)

And how do you feel? About that.

RYAN

I dunno. I really wanted to play
with it. But I could see how upset
she was.

FRANCES

Gosh, that must've cost a lot of
money.

RYAN

Yeah me Uncle Daniel said it would
be done.

FRANCES

Perhaps. I don't know. It's his way
of trying to tell you all how sorry
he is. About what happened.

RYAN

D'you think he is?

FRANCES

Well why else would he send it? I
don't think they get very much
money. In prison. It must have
meant a lot to him to do that. You
know...

(more confidential. She
really is risking
exposing herself now)

- after that last conversation we
had. I googled your dad. And I
can't believe he was responsible
for half the things he was sent to
prison for.

RYAN

Why?

FRANCES

Because he has such a kind face.

RYAN's never thought about it like that before. And her
argument is compelling because she clearly believes in it so
much herself. And of course TOMMY does have a nice face, and
it's one of the things RYAN remembers vividly about him, his
smile.

CUT TO:

41 INT/EXT. CAR/HALIFAX NICK. DAY 11. 09.40

41

We're inside the car as JOHN, ANDY and JODIE pull into the car park at Halifax nick. JODIE and ANDY talk with jovial enthusiasm about the case (JODIE's passing ANDY a sweet from the tube she's got) but - as usual - it's preoccupied, self-obsessed JOHN we're looking at. (JOHN might be the one driving).

JODIE

I'm suggesting it's odd - John?

(offering him a sweet, he declines)

- for somebody with such a disorganised lifestyle, who lives in chaos and squalor and spends half his life pissed out of his tiny f[ucking] skull, not to leave any DNA at any of the sites. Are we really believing this lad is that forensically aware? And that capable?

ANDY

You don't know these days! Lonely little twisted mind like that's probably absorbed every episode of CSI they've ever shot.

They've pulled up in the car, they get out and head towards the nick, but no lull in the lively, sweet chewing debate. It's JOHN we continue to look at.

JODIE

That aside though boss. What I still can't square. Is Vicky Fleming. Vicky wasn't a prostitute. There were significant differences, and we've made this leap, we've made this assumption -

ANDY

I'm ruling nothing out.

JODIE

He. Must have been in that flat. He must have burnt the flat out - I don't care what the fire service said - that is just too much of a coincidence -

(ANDY lets out a bit of a laugh on "I don't care what the fire service said")

- to be an oil lamp she's left on. He was burning evidence.

(MORE)

JODIE (CONT'D)

That is so different from - that's someone who knows her. It's personal, the others weren't personal.

ANDY

We don't know that. This lad's got Lynn Dewhurst's number in his contacts on his phone.

JODIE

Well okay, but the others were distinct attacks on prostitutes. Vicky wasn't.

ANDY

Or. Vicky Fleming's walking down a street late at night, and a man doesn't know a prada skirt from a primark skirt. Only difference I know is when t' credit card statement lands through the letterbox and she's been 'browsing' in Harvey Nicks. Again.

JODIE

Yeah, funny. But then they have the briefest conversation and he knows she is not a prostitute.

ANDY

You're right. I've said. I'm ruling nothing out.

And of course it's JOHN we've been looking at through the conversation. The conversation may continue, but we don't hear any more as they disappear inside the building.

CUT TO:

42 INT. VIEWING ROOM, HALIFAX NICK. DAY 11. 11.30 42

ANDY watches the interview on monitors in an adjacent room (with a DC operating the monitors).

CUT TO:

43 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, HALIFAX NICK. DAY 11. 11.31 43

SEAN's across the table from JODIE and JOHN again. His SOLICITOR next to him again.

JODIE

I know you're exercising your right to no comment, Sean. But. As we move forward. I'd you like you to bear in mind that your solicitor's

JODIE gives him time to think if that really is what he wants to say. She counts to ten in her head.

JODIE

And yesterday. You told us that you don't know Lynn Dewhurst. Do you remember?

(she leaves a pause and studies his face)

Could you explain to me why then, Sean, you've got Lynn Dewhurst's mobile phone number in your contacts on your mobile phone?

Again, SEAN knows the answer, but does as his SOLICITOR's advised -

SEAN

No comment.

CUT TO:

44

INT. CAFE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 11. 12.30

44

Busy cafe. NEV's waiting. CATHERINE (in uniform) arrives, in the manner of someone who barely has time to sit down before they'll have to leave again.

NEV

When I said 'lunch' I had something a bit more salubrious in mind.

CATHERINE

I've only got fifteen minutes.

NEV

How are you?

CATHERINE

How are you?

She squeezes his hand; it's brisk but affectionate. She's not seen him since the funeral.

NEV

I'm all right, I'll cut to the chase.

CATHERINE

(to a passing, hassled WAITRESS)

Tea! Thanks, love. And a fish finger butty.

(to NEV)

Are you eating?

CATHERINE

Not that I know of.

NEV

Has somebody upset her?

CATHERINE

Have you asked her?

NEV

Oh, she doesn't tell me stuff. It's sort of conversation she might have had with Helen. But not me.

CATHERINE

Does she go out drinking with other people? Or - ?

NEV

No, it's all been on her own at home.

CATHERINE

Okay.

(implying 'I leave it with me')

Happen she just needs a good night out.

NEV

Well. Yeah. We could all do with one o' them.

He offers a smile. And CATHERINE finds herself wondering if this is an oblique, tentative way of coming on to her.

CATHERINE

I'll talk to her.

NEV

Are you all right?

It's a polite inquiry, not an indication that he thinks there's anything up with her.

CATHERINE

Oh -

(she tosses a coin in her head whether to confide or not; it's always so easy to just go "Yeah! I'm fine!")

It was Ryan's birthday. Yesterday. Becky died. Six weeks after he was born. So. Y'know. It's just something we have to get through. At our house.

A sympathetic smile between them.

CUT TO:

45

INT. NISA, HEBDEN BRIDGE. DAY 11. 12.40

45

CLARE'S with NEIL, who's stacking shelves. The shop appears otherwise entirely empty (and this is the sort of conversation you really wouldn't have if the place wasn't quiet -)

CLARE

I was thinking. You know, what you told me last night.

NEIL glances around to check no-one's within ear shot.

NEIL

Yeah.

CLARE

I've said I won't say anything to our Catherine, and I shan't, I've promised. But. Don't you think you *should* tell the police? I'm just thinking... that whoever -

(checks no-one's ear-wiggling)

killed her. She might have been blackmailing *him*.

NEIL

But... isn't this bloke a serial killer?

CLARE

Yeah. But. On the news they're saying she didn't fit same profile as the others. It might be a different -

(Lowers her voice, checks around again)

killer to the others and they need to know that.

NEIL

Well the police obviously don't think that, they've linked 'em. And they've got this fella in custody now anyway, so -

CLARE

Yeah but what if - what if - oh I don't know.

NEIL

If I went down there and offered information, first of all they'd think I was a crank. And they'd be laughing at me. And then I'd have to go through it all. Again and again and again and you don't know what that does to me, Clare.

We can see it distresses him, hugely, just the prospect of it.

CLARE

Sorry.

NEIL

No. It's fine. It's just - and if I thought for a minute it could be useful to 'em, I would. But I don't. I think she was the victim of a random weirdo whose mistaken her for a prostitute.

CLARE

Okay.

NEIL

Sorry.

He's apologising because he's shown the closest he gets to bad temper.

CLARE

No, its - I'm sorry.
(a moment. He puts her shopping through the till)
I'm doing spaghetti bolognese if you're coming for your tea.

He smiles: he'd like that.

CUT TO:

46

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRS/CORRIDOR.
DAY 11. 12.55

46

CATHERINE's just returning from her brief lunch date with NEV, through the double doors and up the main stairs, when she bumps into STEPH, dressed in civvies, heading down from the main office. We get the idea STEPH's been looking for CATHERINE. She looks burdened.

STEPH

Have you got a minute?

CATHERINE

Hello Steph.

STEPH

I think - I think - I've decided I should resign. I've spoken to the Specials Liaison officer, and -

CATHERINE

I don't think you should resign.

Don't resign. I'll be really pissed off if you resign.

CUT TO:

47 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 11. 18.30 47

Tea time. CATHERINE, CLARE, DANIEL, RYAN and NEIL sit eating supper together. In silence, all in their own little preoccupied heads. Then, apropos of nothing -

RYAN

Last week. In assembly. Mrs. Beresford was on about forgiveness.

No-one responds, they're too busy eating. Eventually -

CATHERINE & CLARE

Was she.

RYAN

She said we have to find it in our hearts to forgive people things.

CLARE

Good.

RYAN

Especially if they say they're sorry.

CLARE

That's right.

RYAN

However angry or upset we might feel.

CLARE

Well. Yeah. There y' go. Eh?

RYAN

So. I was thinking. Maybe... it was his way of trying to say sorry. For

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Every day. Someone who cares about you, who loves you, who helps you, who shows you how to... tie your laces and pump up your tyres, someone who takes you places, someone who knows who you are.

(this might be upsetting for DANIEL, but of course CATHERINE's not thinking about him)

It's not someone who lies to you about living on a narrow boat and pours petrol over you and kicks the living daylights out of your grandmother.

RYAN

But perhaps he woulda *liked* to have done them things with me. If he hadn't been in prison.

CLARE steps in because she can see CATHERINE's finding this tough, and she doesn't want CATHERINE to lose it and say something devastating to RYAN.

CLARE

Yes but Ryan. Perhaps if he was the kind of man who cared about other people enough. He'd never have been in prison in the first place.

RYAN senses from the tense atmosphere in the room that he's not going to persuade any single one of them round to his way of thinking. So he gives it a moment, and then carries on eating. He's becoming someone who knows how to bide his time. Inevitably CATHERINE's disturbed by this latest development.

CUT TO:

48

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE. DAY 11. 18.50

48

JOHN arrives home from work. He's intrigued to see a collection of suitcases and carrier bags parked on the drive way just outside the front door. Just then his phone beeps with a text. He checks it out. AMANDA: *I've had the locks changed. Take your things. Your mother's expecting you.* JOHN looks up in time just to see her disappearing from an upstairs window. She was obviously waiting for him to come back. He's angry; he's not having this. He tries his key in the lock anyway, just because you would. But it clearly has been changed.

JOHN

Amanda!

(he bangs on the door)

Right.

And heads round the back of the house...

CUT TO:

49 EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE, BACK GARDEN. DAY 11. 18.51 49

JOHN can see into the house better round the back. 8-year AMBER and 13-year-old BEN are home from school, busy in the kitchen. JOHN knocks on the window.

JOHN
Kids! Kids! Open this door. Ben!
Ben! Ben!

AMANDA appears in the kitchen from upstairs. We see her saying something to AMBER and BEN along the lines of wanting to herd them into another room where JOHN can't see them. But the kids don't want to be herded away.

JOHN
(when he sees AMANDA)
Open this door! Open this door!

Cutting as and when necessary with -

CUT TO:

50 INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 11. 18.52 50

JOHN's banging on the door.

AMBER
I don't think it's fair to shut him out, he lives here too.

AMANDA
Go in there.

BEN
Where will he go?

AMANDA
He'll be fine, he'll go to his mother's, go in there. Both of you.

AMBER
(she's getting upset.
JOHN's still banging and shouting)
I don't want him not to be here.
Even if he is a pig.

Outside, JOHN finds a brick. He's going to smash the window in the door, and let himself in.

He smashes the brick against the window, but of course he's a police officer and his sense of home security is very stringent. The brick bounces back because he's paid for the toughest kind of glass.

JOHN
F[ucking]...! Bollocks.

AMANDA
(shouting at John through
the window)
You're upsetting these children!

JOHN

52

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, RYAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 11. 21.05 52

RYAN'S sitting in bed. With a piece of paper resting on a graphic novel and a pencil. We see what he's written: "Dear

CATHERINE

Hi .

RYAN

Hi .

CATHERINE

Y' all right?

(he nods, she sits with
him)

I'm sorry I get so wound up. About
stuff. But. It's only 'cos I love
you and I care about you, you know
that, don't you?

RYAN

Yup.

He manages a smile. She kisses him.

CATHERINE

Come on now.

(she takes the book off
him and puts it on the
floor by his bed)

It's late. You get your head down.

RYAN

Love you.

CATHERINE

Love you.

RYAN

Ni ght ni ght.

CATHERINE

(she switches the light
out)

Ni ght ni ght. .

CUT TO:

53 EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. DAY 12. 09.30

53

New day. ALISON been busy with the sheep and as she heads
across the yard she sees the red Peugeot with the front
driver's side and wing all dented and very badly scratched.
It makes her heart sink: like they can afford to get that
fixed. She sets off to find DARYL.

CUT TO:

54 INT/EXT. BARN. DAY 12. 09.31

54

DARYL's busy when ALISON finds him.

ALI SON

What's happened to t' front of your car?

DARYL

Just - I scraped a wall.

ALI SON

I hope you weren't drinking. And driving.

(no response)

Were you?

(no response)

You will get caught. You know. Daryl. And who's going to pay for that getting fixed?

DARYL

It's reight, it still goes.

ALI SON

It won't pass it's MOT, love, not like that. And what if you'd hit someone?

He offers no suggestions. Dismayed, she turns and heads off. We linger on DARYL, who's simply getting on with his next task.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. GRAVESEND PRISON. DAY 12. 10.00

55

Establisher.

CUT TO:

56 INT. GRAVESEND PRISON, VISITORS ROOM. DAY 12. 10.01

56

FRANCES has just arrived. She's sitting with TOMMY. They're gazing into one another's eyes.

TOMMY

What've you got for me?

FRANCES

I think you'll be pleased. I didn't - and I told you I wouldn't - do anything illegal.

TOMMY's smile stiffens.

TOMMY

You're not gonna tell me you didn't do owt.

FRANCES

I did do something.

(TOMMY sits back. He's
irritated. She might as
well not be here if she
didn't do anything)

Did you know. It was his birthday.
The day before yesterday?

(TOMMY didn't know that,
and we see that it does
interest him)

I only found out two days before.
He was ten.

(she smiles)

Ten years old.

TOMMY

Okay.

FRANCES

So. I sent him a present. I left it
on the door step with a card
inside. From you. It was expensive,
something I knew he'd like. Racing
cars. And he did. Of course she
wanted to put it in the bin. When

TOMMY
(interrupts)
Yeah well the best way to achieve
that -

They continue to interrupt one another -

FRANCES
I told him I didn't believe you did
half of what you were sent down for
-

TOMMY
- as far as I'm concerned, the best
way to achieve that -

FRANCES
And he *listened*. He thought about
it, and it sank in.

TOMMY
- is to remove her. From the
picture. Reinforce that.

FRANCES
But what you were suggesting is
illegal and I made it clear -

TOMMY
Fuck *illegal*.
(obviously TOMMY can't
raise his voice there, he
can't draw attention to
their conversation, but
he's obviously cross)
When did doing things legally ever
get anybody like me anywhere?
(he's started to get
upset. Self-pity.
Frustration. Tears
welling up)
Frances. You're going to have to do
what I've asked you to do. Or. What
I'm thinking is. You and me,
this... it isn't going to work. I'm

FRANCES

I -

TOMMY

(interrupts)

Nothing. Is illegal. It's just a word people use to control other people with. She's stolen my son and she's murdered my mother. That's *illegal* but nobody's raised an eyebrow. Believe me, it's not this lad they've arrested that's killed these women. Look at him. Picture of him. On t' telly. He's not got it in him. Frances. If you're not on my side, who is?

Is he getting through to her?

FRANCES

What would you like me to do?

TOMMY

I'd like you to use your imagination.

FRANCES

I have been doing.