

1 INT. NEWSAGENTS. DAY 1. 10.00

1

The NEWSAGENT gives a CUSTOMER change as a police car comes to a halt right outside (flashing lights, no siren). SGT. CATHERINE CAWOOD (48, unassailably pleasant) strides into the shop. She's all tooled up; truncheon and cuffs hanging off her belt, radio, bullet-proof vest. We see the three stripes. She looks like she's made of gadgets. Robocop. But there's something calm and reassuring and feminine about her manner, despite her striking no-nonsense appearance. She's probably smiling politely as she asks -

CATHERINE
Have you got a fire extinguisher?

NEWSAGENT
(panic)
A f - ?

CATHERINE
For putting out fires.
(no response: shop keeper
still stunned)
I've got one in the car, but I may
need something bigger.

A robust, breathless 70-YEAR-OLD WOMAN has followed CATHERINE into the shop.

70-YEAR-OLD WOMAN
There's a fella round t'corner
reckoning to set fire to himself!

CATHERINE
(charming)
Yes, thank you, we're on top of
that.
(she pulls some cheap sun-
glasses off a stand)
How much can I give you for these?

CUT TO:

2 EXT. HOUSING ESTATE. DAY 1. 10.01

2

LIAM HUGHES (23) has doused himself in petrol and he's standing on a bench opposite some flats. He's drunk so much his coordination's gone and he's distressed. His face is grubby and streaked with tears. He's got a can of beer in one hand, a cigarette lighter in the other. His empty petrol can's on the ground in front of the bench.

CATHERINE heads inexorably towards LIAM with her fire extinguisher. She's wearing her new cheap sunglasses. P.C. KIRSTEN McASKILL (23, but looks 12) is right behind her.

KIRSTEN

Nice glasses.

CATHERINE

He can send himself to paradise -
that's his choice - but he's not
taking my eyebrows with him.

We see a small indifferent crowd made up of two size 20 women in size 14 clothes, both in their late forties, two teenage girls with push chairs, a couple of grubby lads in their early twenties (also with cans of beer), and one or two people standing on their balconies in the flats.

YOUTH 1

Ey! Set fire to yerself nutty
boy! It's freezing ovver
here!

YOUTH 2

Ey! Guy Fawkes!
(he shakes a box of
matches)
D'you want a matcher!?

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Did we call an ambulance?

KIRSTEN

On its way.

40+ WOMAN 1

They want to shut their
mouths, them two.

40+ WOMAN 2

They want to shut up.

CATHERINE

Do we know his name?

KIRSTEN

Liam Hughes. Twenty-three.
Unemployed. Smack head.

GIRL WITH PUSHCHAIR 1

Yeah, you wanna shuddup, Goggins!
It isn't funny!

YOUTH 1

It is from ovver here, it's
hilarious.

CATHERINE

What's he upset about?

KIRSTEN

His ex.

CATHERINE

His ex.

Isn't it always.

KIRSTEN

She finished with him three days ago and now she's sleeping with his best bud.

GIRL WITH PUSHCHAIR 1

And it's match! Not *matcher*. Dozy twat.

CATHERINE

We've got a high ranking highly trained specialist expert police negotiator on his way over from Wakefield.

KIRSTEN

(checking her watch)

E.T.A.?

CATHERINE

(checking her watch)

Basically it's you and me, kid.

YOUTH 2

Who you calling a dozy twat? Who's she calling a dozy twat?

GIRL WITH PUSHCHAIR 1

You, yer dozy twat!

YOUTH 1

The one and only...! *Human barby-cue!*

CATHERINE

(flicks her head across at the beer crew, keeps her eyes on LIAM)

Go and close down the comedy department.

KIRSTEN heads off to quell the YOUTHS (who are the same age as herself) as CATHERINE carries on towards LIAM. CATHERINE turns her radio off. KIRSTEN may look 12 years old, but at 23 she in fact has five years' experience under her belt, and she knows how to saunter in a threatening and intimidating way that shuts people up before she's even arrived. But like CATHERINE, once she starts talking she has a manner that's at odds with her appearance.

KIRSTEN

Nice tattoos. My boyfriend has a tattoo. On his sternocleidomastoid.

YOUTH 1

Is that rude?

YOUTH 2

(pleased)
The dirty get.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
(she puts her finger to
her neck and considers
how rude your neck is)
No.

YOUTH 2
What's it say?

KIRSTEN
It's like...
(she considers, isn't
entirely certain)
a butterfly?

YOUTH 2
And he's a man?

KIRSTEN
Maybe it's a wasp.

YOUTH 1
Y'veen going out with him long?

KIRSTEN considers how long she can keep this lie going. Over yonder, CATHERINE's within ten feet of LIAM.

LIAM
You come any closer an' I'm setting
mesen off!

CATHERINE's calm.

CATHERINE
What's happened, Liam?

LIAM
I don't know what you've brought
that for.

CATHERINE
Well. If you accidentally fireball
yourself -

LIAM
The'll be nowt accidental
about it.

CATHERINE
- you're gonna get foamed,
and believe you me, it's not
a good look.

LIAM
Y'needn't bovver.

CATHERINE
But it is better than the
alternative. How's it all come to
this then, lad?

LIAM
I've been humiliated.

CATHERINE
Humiliated.

LIAM
I don't wanna talk about it.

CATHERINE
Okay -

LIAM
Actions speak louder than words.

CATHERINE
Okay. Can I just say this though, Liam. The lighter's making me nervous. You've had a lot to drink and you've got the shakes and you might press it without intending to, and I'd like you to put it down.

LIAM
Leave me alone you stupid bitch.

CATHERINE
(water off a duck's back)
You're upset, and I understand that. The point I'm making. Is that with all these fumes - and frankly I don't know how you're staying conscious - you could go up any second whether you intend to or not, and once you go up, you won't just go up a bit, you'll go up a lot, and the other big thing to say is, it hurts. Three seconds in and you'll be screaming at me to put you out, seven seconds in and you'll be begging me to shoot you.

Over by the YOUTHS, KIRSTEN's radio kicks in.

RADIO
Control to Bravo November nine-five-one-two.

KIRSTEN
Nine-five-one-two.

RADIO
I've got a negotiator on his way to you, but he's stuck in traffic on the A-fifty-eight between Bradford and Halifax.

As they knew he would be.

KIRSTEN

(light)

Okay.

RADIO

He says the big thing. Is to keep the subject engaged in conversation.

KIRSTEN

I think we've got that covered.

Back to CATHERINE and LIAM.

CATHERINE

I'm Catherine, by the way. I'm forty-seven, I'm divorced, I live with my sister - who's a recovering heroin addict - I have two grown-up children. One dead and one who doesn't speak to me. And a grandson! So.

LIAM's intrigued, but reluctant to ask -

LIAM

Why - ? Why doesn't he speak to you?

CATHERINE

Oh, it's complicated. Let's talk about you.

CUT TO:

3

INT. NEVISON GALLAGHER ASSOCIATES, NEVISON'S OFFICE. 3
DAY 1. 11.30

We see the NGA logo, and in case we're in any doubt, we also see what it stands for: NEVISON GALLAGHER ASSOCIATES: INDUSTRIAL REFRIGERATION. 42-year-old KEVIN WEATHERILL's sitting waiting to see his boss. KEVIN's the firm accountant. He's nervous.

JUSTINE

Nevison'll see you now, Kevin.

KEVIN

Oh, terrific. Thank you.

KEVIN goes into NEVISON's office.

CUT TO:

4

INT. NGA, NEVISON'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 11.31

4

NEVISON's busy at his desk as KEVIN appears.

NEVISON

Kevin.

KEVIN

Nevison.

NEVISON

What's up?

NEVISON's in his late sixties, but he has the energy and aura of a man half his age. Beneath the bluff exterior you never doubt there lurks a shrewd businessman.

KEVIN

Oh nothing. Nothing's up. As such.

I - can I...?

("close the door?" he indicates. NEV doesn't respond one way or the other. KEVIN ventures to close the door)

Can I...?

("Sit down?" he indicates.

Unsmiling NEVISON indicates "Go ahead")

The thing is. Okay. Melissa.

NEVISON

Melissa.

KEVIN

My eldest.

NEVISON

I know who Melissa is, Kevin.

KEVIN

She's very bright, she's very clever. We tried to get her in at Salter Hebble High, but it's outside the catchment area. The thing is. We - Jenny - it was Jenny's idea. She - Melissa - sat the entrance exam for St. Bartholomew's.

(NEVISON's impressed)

They've offered her a place. But not a scholarship. There's a lot of competition. We'd like to be able to send her there. But the thing is. I'd need a pay rise.

(NEVISON doesn't respond)

If we can't send her there she'll have to go to Wellesley Hill.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Which - you know - it's - it does its best, but. This is a great opportunity. For her. At St. Bartholomew's.

NEVISON weighs things up.

NEVISON

I don't pay you peanuts, Kevin.

KEVIN

No, Nevison, I know that.

NEVISON

How much is it?

KEVIN

Ten thousand pounds a year.

NEVISON

Ten thousand. And what about Catriona?

KEVIN

Catriona's eight.

NEVISON

Yes but she's not daft, is she? You can't send one and not the other.

KEVIN

We'll cross that bridge when we get there.

NEVISON

Twenty grand a year for... five years, most likely seven. That's just shy of one hundred and fifty thousand.

KEVIN

One forty, yes.

NEVISON

Wellesley Hill's not a bad school, Kevin.

KEVIN

Yes, no, I'm not saying it is -

NEVISON

A clever kid'll do well wherever they go. Look at me!

KEVIN

That's - yes - you're a great example to everyone. Of course, Nevison. That's -

NEVISON

The thing is. I've got a hundred and fifteen permanent staff working here Kevin.

KEVIN

I know how many people work here, Nevison. I do their wages.

NEVISON

If they all asked for a rise so they could send their kids to St. Bartholomew's I'd struggle to make a profit. Wouldn't I?

KEVIN

I didn't necessarily mean the whole amount -

NEVISON

I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Kevin.

(he smiles)

I'm going to think about it.

There's something unsettling about NEVISON even when he smiles. KEVIN doesn't feel optimistic. He's seen NEVISON neatly sidestep things this way before.

CUT TO:

5

EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 1. 14.30

5

CATHERINE leaves work for the day, heading towards her charmless nondescript 10-year-old car. 48-year-old RICHARD (tie, big North Face jacket) is just heading across the road towards her.

RICHARD

Catherine!

CATHERINE turns and sees him but keeps walking; she's got somewhere to go.

CATHERINE

Oh hello.

RICHARD

I thought I might catch you! D'you know anything about this man that set fire to himself this morning?

CATHERINE

Yes! He didn't.

RICHARD

No, I meant - the one that was threatening to.

CATHERINE

An incident occurred and it was dealt with swiftly and efficiently by community police officers.

RICHARD

That's not engaging copy.

CATHERINE

It really wasn't that exciting.

RICHARD

You doing anything this evening?

CATHERINE's reached her car.

CATHERINE

Telly.

RICHARD

D'you d'you - you wouldn't - like to go out for something to eat.

(she hesitates, she knows she should say "No")

I'm losing my job. We all are. The Gazette's closing down.

RICHARD isn't quite sure why he splurged that, except that it's occupying the No.1 slot in his thoughts today.

CATHERINE

You're kidding.

RICHARD

Hundred and twenty-eight years in print and now it's - well it's not closing down - it's all going online.

CATHERINE

God, Richard. I'm really sorry.

RICHARD

They're announcing it officially tomorrow. I've got four weeks left.

She lingers sympathetically for a moment, then -

CATHERINE

Listen, I've gotta go, I've got to pick Ryan up.

RICHARD

You - I assume you know. But. I just heard this morning, I was covering something at court and - Tommy Lee Royce's been released.

(CATHERINE stares at him)
Did you know?

CATHERINE's quiet, stunned. She looks like she's been slapped across the face.

CATHERINE

No.

(a moment)
I mean I knew it'd be around now,
but -

RICHARD

Apparently. Yeah. He's -
(he hesitates, then
mumbles the word: he
knows it'll decimate her
each time it's said)

out.

(CATHERINE's gone all
spaced out. Sunk mentally
into her own private
place)

Are you all right?
(no response)

Did you - want to do anything? This
evening?

CATHERINE

(miles away, a tiny voice)
Can do.

CUT TO:

6

EXT. SCHOOL, HEBDEN BRIDGE. DAY 1. 15.15

6

CATHERINE's propped against a wall, waiting outside the school, amongst the mothers. They're all younger than her, several of them with push chairs and toddlers. CATHERINE's staring into space. Angry, vulnerable (thinking about Tommy Lee Royce being released). The class 3 door opens, and the 8-year-olds spill out. 8-year-old RYAN CAWOOD appears in a demob happy huddle with a load of others. RYAN sees CATHERINE and his face lights up: there's no-one on the planet he'd rather see. CATHERINE can't resist a smile back, however bad she feels. He lifts her heart. RYAN races over to her like he's going to hug her, but then thrusts whatever he's carrying (lunch box, school bag, a painting) into her hands (like it's a gift, and she'll be only too pleased) then races off towards her car.

CATHERINE

(amused, annoyed)

Oy!

Just then -

MRS.MUKHERJEE

Catherine!

(CATHERINE turns and sees
RYAN's teacher,
MRS.MUKHERJEE)Hello! Sorry, you haven't got five
minutes, have you?

CUT TO:

7

INT. SCHOOL, RYAN'S CLASSROOM. DAY 1. 15.20

7

CATHERINE and MRS.MUKHERJEE are sitting on little chairs.
RYAN's with them. Silence, initially. Then -

MRS.MUKHERJEE

You're such a nice little boy,
Ryan. Most of the time. But then
you let this unpleasant temper get
the better of you. And I understand
you get frustrated, but we have to
find better ways of dealing with
it.

CATHERINE's finding this difficult.

CATHERINE

Did he...? Hurt anyone?

MRS.MUKHERJEE

Well no, he hurt himself.

(we see a tiny blemish on
RYAN's forehead)No-one else was hurt, but the point
is Ryan. They could've been. When
you start throwing chairs across
the room and using unacceptable
language -

(she turns to CATHERINE)

- and you see we do have a
responsibility to protect the other
children.CATHERINE hates this but has to take it on the chin. RYAN
seems subdued but indifferent.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, BACK DOOR. HEBDEN BRIDGE. DAY 1. 8
15.45

CLARE (45, streaks in her hair, excessive jewellery, exotic clothes, a bit of an aging rock chick, with a bit of the wasted look of an ex-addict) sits on the back door step of CATHERINE's three-bedroom terrace house. She's smoking a fag, and she's wrapped up warm with a steaming hot mug of tea in her hands. She's soaking up some rare rays of winter sunshine. The back door's open behind her, and - deep in the narrow house - we're aware of CATHERINE and RYAN returning home through the front door -

RYAN
I'm watching telly.

CATHERINE
Can you get changed first, please?

RYAN
Ohh! Why?

CATHERINE
Because I said so.

We hear him scramble up the stairs.

RYAN
Can I have some juice then?

CATHERINE
Need you ask.

RYAN
No, I mean are you getting it me?

CATHERINE
Get changed.

CATHERINE drops RYAN's stuff on the kitchen table then heads outside to see what CLARE's up to.

CLARE
Lad down Sowerby Bridge set fire to himself this morning.

CATHERINE
No he didn't.

CLARE
Apparently. Woman in t'shop said.

CATHERINE
D'you want these?

Sunglasses.

CLARE

Oh. Ta.

She puts them on and continues to bask.

CATHERINE

You been busy?

CLARE

I've been up the allotment all afternoon, I've only just got back. There's some tea in the pot.

CATHERINE

I saw Richard. He asked me out. For a meal. Tonight. Is that all right? Can you see to Ryan?

CLARE

Sure. That's a bit mad. Isn't it? A date with your ex-husband. Won't the new younger model have something to say?

CATHERINE opens her mouth to say something, but realises she can't be arsed. She just shrugs. Who cares if the new younger model has something to say? Instead (reluctantly) she says -

CATHERINE

He's been in bother again. He chucked a chair across the classroom and told Mrs. MUKHERJEE to eff off.

CLARE groans: "Not again". But then she wonders -

CLARE

Do you sometimes think they over-react?

CATHERINE

Tommy Lee Royce is out of prison.

CLARE hesitates before answering sensitively -

CLARE

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, I heard.

So that's a bit of a surprise for CATHERINE.

CATHERINE

Why didn't you tell me?

CLARE

(genuine)

I didn't want to upset you.

CUT TO:

9

INT. KEVIN WEATHERILL'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. EVENING 1.
17.30

9

KEVIN's angry, subdued. He's sitting at the supper table with his wife, JENNY (40) who's in a wheelchair. The meal's finished. MELISSA (11) and CATRIONA (8) are watching TV in the living room. They are laughing, happy. JENNY worries about KEVIN when he's in this mood, because she can't reach him.

JENNY

You did your best.

KEVIN

Well it wasn't good enough.

JENNY

It doesn't matter.

KEVIN

It matters.

JENNY

At least he thought about it.

KEVIN

And then said no.

JENNY

It was always going to be unlikely.

KEVIN

I'm not just anyone.

(suddenly)

Jesus **Christ!**

His temper, when it comes out, is frightening.
Disproportionate to what's gone before. Shocking.

JENNY

No. No. He knows that.

KEVIN

Does he? Does he? How does he know
that? What does he do that shows he
knows that? You tell me one tiny
thing he ever does that shows me he
knows that.

JENNY can't think of anything specific in the heat of the moment. She also knows that anything she says right now is likely to make him cross.

CUT TO:

10

INT. NEVISON GALLAGHER'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT 1.
18.20

10

NEVISON eats supper with his wife HELEN (60) and his daughter ANN (24). ANN prods her food gingerly. She doesn't want to be at this table with these people. She doesn't really want to be in this house with these people. (In contrast to KEVIN's perfectly nice, three-bed, detached bungalow, NEV's house is probably worth just shy of 1.5 million).

HELEN

It isn't like Kevin's just anyone.
Is it.

NEVISON

Course he isn't. And I did think about it. It's more than I'd have done for anyone else. Anyone else, I'd have said on your bike. Fact I've mentioned it to you shows it's not a decision I've made lightly. Doesn't it? Eh?

He looks momentarily to ANN for support, which was a mistake, and he realises that as soon as he's done it.

ANN

You're not looking at me. You don't think I'm going to agree with anything you say. Do you?

NEVISON

How much did we spend on her education?

HELEN

Let's not go down that route again.

NEVISON

Eh? And what good did that do? I might as well've pissed it all up against a wall.

ANN drops her fork noisily on her plate and walks out. All done with an air of massive indifference.

NEVISON (CONT'D)

Yeah, go on. And slam the door.
(she does)
Clang.

Despite his apparent indifference, ANN's dramatic exit has put NEVISON momentarily off his food.

HELEN

(calm, quiet, sad)
That was unnecessary.

NEVISON

I'm a nice fella, Helen. I'm a good boss. I can't do for one what I can't do for everybody. Even if it is Kevin.

(HELEN appears to be experiencing some discomfort. Not that she parades it. NEV notices)

Have you...?

(nods towards her abdomen)

Had an okay day? Love?

HELEN nods, murmurs "Mmm", but she's holding her side, clearly in some discomfort. NEVISON suddenly looks his age. He can't stand what's happening to her.

CUT TO:

11

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT. NIGHT 1. 20.45

11

CATHERINE and RICHARD share a table. CATHERINE remains preoccupied, but it hasn't affected her appetite. Perhaps when she's wound up or upset she eats more. Or faster. I would.

RICHARD

I don't know what it is she doesn't get. You don't move house when you've just lost your job. Do you? You'd get it.

CATHERINE

Yeah well. You know. You married her.

RICHARD

She goes, "Oh, something'll crop up", so I'm like, "Well what? I'm nearly fifty, I'm not trained to do anything else".

CATHERINE

No. Well.

RICHARD

Speaking of which. What was the story this morning? With that fella.

CATHERINE

Richard -

(it's so banal she doesn't want to think about it)

It was a domestic.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

He was off his head on booze, he was off his head on skunk. His girlfriend'd dumped him, that's - it's the usual everyday story of country folk.

RICHARD

(interrupts)

Where did they take him?

CATHERINE

Where did who take him?

RICHARD

The paramedics. I assume there were paramedics -

CATHERINE

I don't know, I didn't ask. Out of sight, out of mind.

RICHARD

How did you talk him down?

CATHERINE

I didn't. I tried to. But then he got his cigarettes out. He hadn't made the connection. That trying to light one of his petrol-soaked cigarettes would involve clicking his lighter. So I just foamed him.

RICHARD

What's his name?

CATHERINE

I'm not - ! [telling you]. Look. You wanna know what you should do next? How about this. Instead of trying to dish the dirt on one poor misguided misinformed numpty, you write a big article. Something you can sell to one of the nationals. About why so much of it goes on round here.

RICHARD

So much - ?

CATHERINE

Drugs! Wasted lives! This valley is awash with every kind of crap you can get your hands on! There's your story. And you wanna know where they took him?

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

They probably took him to the psychiatric unit when in fact all he needed was a brief - controlled - demonstration of how petrol behaves when you put it anywhere near a naked flame. Because he had no *idea* how bad it would be.

(RICHARD's thinking. Maybe that is the way forward.

CATHERINE goes quiet again before she asks...) Where's Tommy Lee Royce living?

RICHARD

I've no idea.

CATHERINE

Is he living round here?

RICHARD

Catherine. You know as much as me. More, probably. Hasn't he got a release address?

CATHERINE

Yeah. His mother's. I went back to the nick and rang probation. She lives in a terrace house on Rishworth, but he won't be there.

CUT TO:

12 INT. KEVIN WEATHERILL'S HOUSE, KEVIN AND JENNY'S BEDROOM. 12 NIGHT 1. 22.00

KEVIN's helping JENNY into bed, as he does every night. KEVIN's calmer than he was earlier. He's descended into sadness.

KEVIN

We have no luck.

JENNY

We have a nice house. We have two fantastic children.

KEVIN gives a humourless snigger. Two fantastic children who are going to go to a sub-standard school because he doesn't earn enough money to send them elsewhere.

KEVIN

Nevison says people make their own luck.

JENNY

Well maybe that's easy for Nevison to say.

KEVIN

It's a stupid thing to say. It isn't like anyone sets out to be unlucky. Is it? We all take opportunities. If we can. If we see them.

JENNY

I think we do very well. All things considered.

KEVIN

All things considered? What does that mean?

JENNY

Nothing. I just meant -

KEVIN

Given how little and dull and ordinary we are.

(JENNY fears where this is going, and she didn't mean that anyway. She was probably thinking about her illness. We feel the tension rising within him again)

Half that company should be mine. Jenny. And instead. Every day I have to go in there. Smiling. Then bend over and take it up the [back side] -

(JENNY can't hide her distaste)

I'm sorry. It's what it feels like. Day after day, week after week, month after month. Year after year.

CUT TO:

13

INT/EXT. RICHARD'S CAR/STREET. NIGHT 1. 22.25

13

RICHARD's car pulls up. He's dropping CATHERINE off. Cut to inside the car.

CATHERINE

Thanks.

RICHARD

Pleasure.

They turn to say goodbye to each other, but end up lingering and studying each other's faces. They linger long enough, then eventually they kiss. It's so easy and so familiar. And so inevitable and right. It becomes increasingly passionate.

CATHERINE

What time's she expecting you back?
From Rotherham.

A lie, obviously.

RICHARD

Midnight?

They kiss again. And then they start fondling. It's clear they're both becoming aroused.

CATHERINE

You'll have to come inside. I'm too old to start shagging in cars.

CUT TO:

14

EXT. UPPER LIGHHAZELS FARM, SOYLAND. DAY 2. 12.30

14

Saturday afternoon. KEVIN WEATHERILL's car pulls into the lane that leads to Upper Lighthazels Farm, right on the top of Soyland Moor. It's a trailer park for posh static caravans; weekend retreats. The main farmhouse is a beautiful building, beautifully restored. The barn and various outhouses are covered in scaffolding, in the process of being renovated. As they pass near the building itself, KEVIN lets his window down to say hi to ASHLEY COWGILL (37) who owns and manages the place. There's something charming and personable but narcissistic about ASHLEY COWGILL. His 2013-reg gleaming white Range Rover is parked up by the farm, along with his wife's Range Rover Evoque. ASHLEY has a strange trait: even at his most charming and pleasant, he never smiles. He has the manner of someone who fears they're just about to be found out.

KEVIN

Ashley!

ASHLEY

Kevin.

(he peers into the car)

Jenny.

(looks into the back at
MELISSA and CATRIONA)

Ladies.

KEVIN

I've got a cheque for you.

ASHLEY

No rush.

KEVIN

I'll pop down later.

ASHLEY

Any time. You know me, I'm not going anywhere. I've sorted you out your access, Jenny! Wheelchair access. To the games room. If you fancy playing table tennis.

JENNY

(touched, delighted)
Oh, Ashley.

ASHLEY

You can play table tennis, can't you? You're not -

He nods at her legs.

JENNY

I can, I love a game of table tennis.

ASHLEY

Good, well it's all ready for you then.

(he addresses the girls)
Our Sam and our Ben are about if you're short of somebody to play with.

MELISSA

Yay! Can we get out, dad?

KEVIN

Sure.

The girls dive out of the back of the car and run towards the farm where two boys - a similar age to themselves - are playing in the yard. KEVIN raises his hand by way of saying a pleasant "see you", to ASHLEY -

ASHLEY

Enjoy your weekend!

- and drives off towards their holiday trailer. ASHLEY heads off towards the farmhouse after the kids. We stay in the car with KEVIN and JENNY. KEVIN's pleasant expression slips into sourness.

KEVIN

Take him. Ashley. Prime example.

JENNY

Of what?

KEVIN

What I'm talking about! You see that car he's driving? Brand new. Fifty-odd thousand.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

All that from holiday caravan
rentals. I'm in the wrong game.
Altogether. I'm in the wrong... God
knows. Everything.

CUT TO:

15

EXT. HEPTONSTALL GRAVEYARD. DAY 2. 12.35

15

We find CATHERINE lost in her thoughts by her daughter's grave. It reads: 'REBECCA CAWOOD "Becky" 1988 - 2006 beloved daughter of Catherine and Richard', then underneath 'In God Is My Hope'. CATHERINE stares at that: it does give her a modicum of faith and courage. RYAN's across the way with CLARE, who's just as fond and attentive to him as CATHERINE (usually) is, picking their way through the sea of other graves, stopping to read things that interest them. CATHERINE watches RYAN. It looks like intense things are going on inside her head. She looks like she's either going to kill someone or burst out crying. RYAN calls from across the way (he's found Sylvia Plath's grave) -

RYAN

The's still all pens left on this
grave, Granny!

CATHERINE nods, tries to say "yep" but can't speak.

CUT TO:

16

EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM. DAY 2. 13.05

16

Half an hour later. ASHLEY's sitting on a wall rolling a cigarette.

The four kids (MELISSA, CATRIONA, SAM and BEN) are off playing down the field below the farm house. They've got a dog bouncing around with them. It's the kind of glorious, happy day they'll remember all their lives.

ASHLEY's watching the two lads in their twenties unload bags of sand from the back of a builder's truck, and pile them up neatly against a wall near the old barn that's covered in scaffolding. ASHLEY lights his rollie, then gets up and starts helping the two lads unload the bags of sand off the back of the truck. There are a lot of bags, maybe sixty. Suddenly an excited voice from down the field -

SAM

Dad! Dad! Dad!

(ASHLEY looks down the
field. SAM's pointing
into the sky)

The's a red kite.

CATRIONA

There!

All four of them are squealing "There! *There!*" wanting ASHLEY to see it. ASHLEY squints up into the sky at the bird, then shouts down to the kids -

ASHLEY

Beautiful! Lovely.

(addressing the two
builders as he still
looks up at the Kite)

Look at that lads, eh?

One of the lads, 22-year-old LEWIS suddenly goes -

LEWIS

Ashley.

ASHLEY turns around. KEVIN's turned up with his cheque.

KEVIN

Four-hundred and seventy-five. Was
that the right amount?

ASHLEY

Spot on, Kevin.

Just then the other lad, who is slightly older (perhaps 29) and taller and bigger than LEWIS, lets one of the sandbags slip from his hands.

TALL LAD

Shit.

The bag of sand splits open on the ground, and a couple of blocks of cannabis resin, wrapped in polythene, are clearly exposed amongst the sand.

KEVIN

That's -

It's dead obvious what it is. No-one knows what to do for a second. ASHLEY realises pretty swiftly he's the one who has to take control. Calmly, he prods one of the blocks with the toe of his boot. He looks at it like he can't imagine what it is.

ASHLEY

What d'you suppose that is, lads?

LEWIS

Search me, boss. No idea. Never
seen owt like it.

LEWIS is a shit actor. The other, older lad, is wise enough to keep his gob shut. KEVIN lets out an involuntary nervous snigger. He knows they know damned well what it is.

He knows what it is, so why wouldn't they? And they know he knows. Silence. Apart from the noise of ASHLEY's boys and KEVIN's girls playing happily and noisily together down the field.

KEVIN

Maybe you should ring the pol[ice] -

He realises he shouldn't have said that.

ASHLEY

Yeah. Yeah we should. You're right.

I'll -

(he makes as though to
head towards the house)

Can I have a word with you? Kevin?
Regarding your next season's
rental? On t'caravan. Only there's
a few bits and bobs I need to go
through wi' yer, that's all.

KEVIN doesn't want to. He's frightened.

KEVIN

Could...? We do that later? I said
I'd help Jenny unload the shopping,
she's -

ASHLEY

Won't take long.

KEVIN

Ashley. Listen. This is - I'm - you
don't need to ring the p[olice] -
It's fine. I'm not - I won't -

ASHLEY

Would you like a beer?

KEVIN

A b - ? No, no, I'm -

ASHLEY

Come and have a beer.

KEVIN

I -

ASHLEY

What's the matter? I'm just
offering you a beer.

KEVIN

I don't need a beer.

LEWIS

Go and have a beer. Kevin.

Silence.

KEVIN

Listen. You don't need to worry.
About me. I haven't seen anything.

ASHLEY

How d'you mean?

KEVIN

This. I haven't seen anything.

Silence.

ASHLEY

Well I have. I can see it. It's
cannabis.

KEVIN

I mean -

ASHLEY

I mean I don't know why there's
bags of camel shit in my bags of
sand, but... why? Are you accusing
me of something?

KEVIN

No!

ASHLEY

'Cos I'm just going inside to ring
the police, me. Are you *accusing* me
of something?

KEVIN

No.

ASHLEY

What you *accusing* me of, Kevin? Are
you thinking that I knew about
this?

KEVIN

No.

ASHLEY

(to LEWIS)

Did you know anything about this?

LEWIS

No, boss. No.

ASHLEY

Did you?

OTHER LAD

No.

KEVIN
Fine, that's fine.

ASHLEY
Is it? What's fine Kevin? Can you explain to me how this is fine?

KEVIN
I don't want any trouble, Ashley, I just want to go back to Jenny and the caravan -

ASHLEY
I'm not happy making threats, Kevin. I like Jenny, I'm fond of the girls, but if you're accusing me of something, that's a very serious business.

KEVIN
Ashley. Ashley. This is -
(he's floundering. When suddenly he has an idea.
And suddenly he talks with a confidence and ease that surprises
ASHLEY)

You can trust me. Believe me. I think people have to make money the best way they know how, and yes. Actually. I would like a beer.

ASHLEY's slightly taken aback. He weighs things up. He indicates towards the farm, "After you". KEVIN sets off. ASHLEY follows. ASHLEY turns around and mouths angrily at LEWIS - "Pick it up!" We linger with LEWIS and the OTHER LAD just long enough to see LEWIS whisper to the OTHER LAD -

LEWIS
Knob.

LEWIS pulls gloves on then crouches down to stuff the cannabis back into the sand bag. The OTHER LAD looks down at the top of LEWIS's head. And if looks could kill.

CUT TO:

17

INT. UPPER LIGHHAZELS FARM, KITCHEN. DAY 2. 13.06

17

ASHLEY's fascinated to know where this is leading. He closes the door behind him. So it's just him and KEVIN. KEVIN's nervous. But determined.

KEVIN
How would you like to make half a million pounds?

ASHLEY

Sorry?

KEVIN

I -

(he struggles, he's
shaking with nerves, but
he's also determined)

It's not something I could do on my
own. I've thought it through, I've
thought through most of the
details. But I'd need help.

ASHLEY weighs things up. Never smiles.

ASHLEY

Do you want a beer?

KEVIN

Not really.

A moment.

ASHLEY

Well I'm listening.

KEVIN

Nevison Gallagher. Has a daughter. Ann. Nevison could afford to lose half a million pounds. Easily. Any more and he might go to the police. It'd take a good few days - probably a week - to let him get that kind of money together. In cash. Without arousing any suspicion at the bank. And I don't know where we'd - you'd - keep her, there are aspects I haven't thought through. Yet. But the basic...

ASHLEY

You're talking about -
(amused, the closest he
gets to smiling)
kidnapping her?

KEVIN refuses to be ridiculed.

KEVIN

She's just finished college, she
doesn't have a job. No-one except
them would miss her. Just for a few
days. That's all it'd take.

ASHLEY

I thought you liked old Nev.

KEVIN

No. No, Ashley.

(his face hardens)

I don't like old Nev. Did you know. Him and my dad. Were best friends. At school. They grew up in the same street. They cooked the idea up together, they kicked it all off together. Then my dad went off to college. To train to be an accountant. And when he came back. Nevison offered him a job.

(he sneers)

They were partners! And somehow Nevison side stepped that. Like he does side-step things. He'd got the lawyers in. And my dad - being my dad - he just accepted it.

ASHLEY weighs things up. Maybe it isn't so daft.

ASHLEY

Can I think about it?

KEVIN

Oh, that's what Nevison said. When I asked him for a rise. So I can get Melissa into a better school. He thought about it and then he said no.

ASHLEY glances out of the window down the field where the kids are playing.

CUT TO:

18

EXT. UPPER LIGHHAZELS FARM. DAY 2. 13.10

18

KEVIN leaves the house. LEWIS and the OTHER LAD see him go. They watch him. They're puzzled, concerned. Has ASHLEY dealt with it? LEWIS gives KEVIN a hard stare as he heads off, but KEVIN - somehow - manages to give the hard stare right back as he walks away. LEWIS down tools (well, sand bags) and heads across to the farmhouse.

CUT TO:

19

INT/EXT. UPPER LIGHHAZELS FARM, FRONT DOOR. DAY 2.
13.11

19

LEWIS appears at the door, initially full of bluster, but as soon as he opens his mouth to ASHLEY he's polite, because he's scared of him.

LEWIS

What did y'say?

ASHLEY's thoughtful. KEVIN's given him pause for thought.

ASHLEY

He's sorted, he's fine, he's
chicken shit, nobody needs to worry
about him.

LEWIS

(confidentially)
I'm not happy wi' this new fella.

He means the OTHER LAD in the yard.

ASHLEY

He's fine.

LEWIS

He's too quiet.

ASHLEY

He comes recommended.

LEWIS

He keeps looking at me funny.

ASHLEY

Give him a break. He's been inside
for eight years, he's only just got
out.

(LEWIS isn't happy. ASHLEY
nods at the kettle)

Get kettle on. The's summat I wanna
talk through wi' yer. Both of yer.

(he goes to the door and
calls across the yard)

Tommy!

Immediately continuous -

CUT TO:

20

EXT. UPPER LIGHHAZELS FARM. DAY 2. 13.12

20

The OTHER LAD looks up, and - as we look into his intense
light blue psychopath's eyes - we realise that this is TOMMY
LEE ROYCE. It's a huge moment.

ASHLEY

D'you wanna a cup o' tea?

TOMMY downloads the bag he's dealing with and heads for the
house.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. HEPTONSTALL. DAY 2. 13.30

21

CATHERINE and CLARE wander along the lane away from the graveyard. RYAN's exploring ahead of them, out of ear-shot.

CLARE

Was that Richard? I heard. Last night.

CATHERINE takes a moment to think of an appropriate answer.

CATHERINE

We didn't do anything we haven't done a thousand times before.

CLARE

Ey - I'm not judging anybody.

CATHERINE

I felt sorry for him. Losing his job. And she just goes on at him apparently, and -

CLARE

What?

CATHERINE doesn't want to lay it all at his door, that isn't the real reason she slept with him.

CATHERINE

I get lonely. I didn't want Tommy Lee Royce buzzing round in my head all night, I wanted something else.

CLARE

Did it work?

CATHERINE

No.

She looks tired. Haunted. Fucked off.

CLARE

He might not even be living round here any more, he might've -

CATHERINE

Clare. He's the sort that thinks Manchester is abroad. It wouldn't occur to him to go anywhere else, he wouldn't know how to be anywhere else. He's like a rat, he'll never be more than three feet away.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, HEBDEN BRIDGE. EVENING 2. 16.45 22

The day's fading. CATHERINE, CLARE and RYAN arrive home after their afternoon out. RYAN's headed straight for the house. He finds a wholesome bunch of flowers propped up by the front door.

RYAN
Granny, the's some flowers.

CUT TO:

23 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/HALLWAY. EVENING 2. 23
16.46

CATHERINE opens the little envelope (marked 'Catherine') that came with the flowers. She reads the card inside.

CLARE
Who they from?

CATHERINE
(amused, self-conscious)
Richard.

CLARE
You're playing wi' fire, y'know
that, don't you?

Just then, from upstairs/over the bannister -

RYAN
(ooov)
Y'gonna read me a story, Gran?

CATHERINE looks weary, and murmurs -

CATHERINE
Five minutes. To myself.
(then loud)
Have you got changed?

RYAN
I will have by t'time y'get up
here!

CATHERINE
(calling up)
And what about running a bath?

CLARE
I'll bring y'up a cup of tea.

CATHERINE indicates that that would be very welcome, then sets off upstairs. CLARE's thoughtful when CATHERINE's gone: she's worried about her.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. SOYLAND MOOR. DAY 3. 15.00

24

Next day, mid-afternoon. The glorious winter skies across the moors.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. UPPER LIGHHAZELS FARM. DAY 3. 15.01

25

KEVIN's packing the car up, ready to head off home again. 10-year-old MELISSA - happy, red-cheeked, the wind in her hair, like she's been happily playing on the moors since the crack of dawn, appears from over near the farm. The other three kids are happily playing further off with the dog.

MELISSA

Dad! Ashley says. Have you got time to pop over to the house for two minutes before we head off home.

MELISSA races off as soon as she's delivered her message to rejoin the gang. Nervous of what he's started, but excited by the possibilities, KEVIN heads off towards the farm building.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. UPPER LIGHHAZELS FARM, YARD. DAY 3. 15.02

26

KEVIN heads towards the door, just as ASHLEY emerges. ASHLEY indicates "This way" and at length murmurs -

ASHLEY

Okay. I need one or two more details off you, but in principle, yeah. It's a departure, but me and Lewis and Tommy are confident it's something we can handle.

KEVIN isn't quite sure how to respond. He feels he ought to be delighted, but in fact he's terrified.

KEVIN

Well that's -

He nods, wants to say "Great", but he's more stunned than anything.

ASHLEY

Obviously I've got overheads, so here's what I can offer you.

(a pause. He knows this'll go down badly)

Ten percent.

KEVIN

Ten - ? But. No. Look. This -

ASHLEY

We're talking fifty grand, Kevin. It's enough to put the kiddy through school, more or less, that's what y'wanted, isn't it?

KEVIN

I want half.

ASHLEY

I can't justify half, Kevin. I'm the fella taking the risks here. You're not. Let's be honest, essentially, when the fun kicks in, you'll be doing sod all.

KEVIN

I gave you information!

ASHLEY

You did, but the reality is me and the lads could turn the whole job round without you. Now. Couldn't we? Eh? So in fact you're lucky I'm offering you anything at all.

KEVIN's appalled.

KEVIN

You - you can't do that. I - I - I could -

ASHLEY

What? What could you do? Tell the police about my sand? What sand?

(KEVIN realises that the endless bags of sand have gone. He's amazed. How the hell did ASHLEY do that?)

I don't wanna fall out with you, Kevin. I want you to put Melissa through this nice school. It's what she deserves, it's what you deserve. Come on, I'm not even expecting you to get your hands dirty.

(MORE)

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

You'll be fifty grand better off,
and you won't even know the thing's
happened.

KEVIN

A hundred. A hundred grand. I want
Catriona to be able to go too when
the time comes.

ASHLEY takes his time. Is he going to get cross? Is he going to slap KEVIN one for pushing his luck? No. Not ASHLEY. He's too clever.

ASHLEY

Right. Fine. Hundred.

KEVIN's unsettled. That was too readily agreed to, and this is mad. And he's also realising how slippery ASHLEY is.

KEVIN

When - when - when're you...?

ASHLEY

The less you know, Kev.

(a moment)

Tomorrow, probably. Or Tuesday.

(KEVIN's worried,
disturbed. He'd have
liked more time to get
used to the idea)

You're a dark horse, you. Aren't
you? Eh?

(for a second, there's
something almost
resembling respect that
fleets across his face)

So. What's their address? Where do
they live?

CUT TO:

27

EXT. NO.64, REGAL HOUSE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 4. 09.00

27

Monday morning. Scuzzy flats that stink of piss (we can tell this just by looking at them). CATHERINE - once more kitted out with all the gadgetry - is with another one of her PCs. 25-year-old SHAFIQ SHAH, who (like KIRSTEN) looks like he's in his teens, but in fact has seven years' experience under his belt. He always looks happy, like he's just having the greatest day ever. They head along an external corridor towards a flat where the glass is bust in the door and some rudimentary attempt to board the place up has been made.

A group of three skulking hoodies with their underpants hanging out of their jailing arses move along uninvited when they see CATHERINE coming. It's an effortless effect she has.

SHAFIQ
(as they skulk off, SHAFIQ
winks at them)
Y'all right, lads!

CATHERINE gets her baton out and raps on the door with it. A distant voice from within goes: "Fuck off". SHAFIQ reckons to cock his ear.

SHAFIQ (CONT'D)
I think that was - "Come in". Sarg.
In Swahili.

CATHERINE
If I'd said that it'd be racist.

SHAFIQ
(smiling, amused)
Nah...

CATHERINE tries the door. It's secured by a very loose-fitting Yale lock, and the door itself looks like it's made of damp balsa wood. CATHERINE puts her shoulder to it, and gives it a good hard sharp nudge. It looks effortless and practised, and the doors fall open first time.

CUT TO:

28

INT. NO.64, REGAL HOUSE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. CONTINUOUS.
DAY 4. 09.01.

28

CATHERINE and SHAFIQ come into the flat. It's a shit-hole. It looks like a rubbish tip, full of black bags, most of them spilling their contents. Stuff everywhere - probably all at floor level. Garbage everywhere. CATHERINE puts her baton away and heads through to the next room. We go with her. On the floor, under a grubby duvet, on a grubby mattress, a BOY and a GIRL (both white) in their early twenties, both spaced out and off their heads on something, so they both appear to be not quite with us. Empty vodka bottles everywhere. The only decent things in the room are a telly and a games console.

BOY
Oy. Oy. Where's yer warrant?

CATHERINE
I haven't got one, I don't need
one.

SHAFIQ

Somebody rang three nines and said
they'd heard screaming coming from
this flat.

GIRL

Oh - it were me.

BOY

It were her.

GIRL

He smacked me on the head.

She does indeed appear to have a tiny contusion on her
forehead.

BOY

It were an accident.

GIRL

With the thing.

(she means the games
console)

BOY

It were an accident.

GIRL

It wor an accident.

CATHERINE's just pulled some latex gloves on.

CATHERINE

What's your name? You. Lad. I'm
talking to you.

BOY

Jason Tindall. You can call me
Tinner if y'want.

CATHERINE

Right, well can you pull that
syringe out of your foot. For me.
Please.

We see what CATHERINE's seen: he's got a syringe sticking out
between the toes on one of his grubby feet where he's been
injecting himself. TINNER groans.

CUT TO:

CATHERINE

Would you like to hear some jokes?

SHAFIQ

If you're confident I can handle
'em.

CATHERINE

Liam Hughes. Is threatening to
press charges against me for
assault.

SHAFIQ

Assault by foam. Yep - that's -
yeah. That's good, that's funny.

CATHERINE

And. Steady on, brace yourself. The
Newsagent I borrowed the fire
extinguisher off. Has invoiced me.
Personally. For seventy-five quid.
To replace his fire extinguisher.
The one he didn't even know he had.

SHAFIQ

Nice! Nice one. I like them,
they're both good.

CUT TO:

30

INT. NGA, KEVIN'S OFFICE. DAY 4. 14.45

30

KEVIN's in his office. He's in a permanent state of anxiety,
given what he's set in motion. JUSTINE appears at the door.

JUSTINE

Kevin. Hiya. Nevison wants to see
you.

KEVIN's horrified. Does NEVISON know something? He hides his
terror as best he can.

KEVIN

Now? What for?

JUSTINE

(smile)

Dunno.

KEVIN gathers his mental resources and heads off.

CUT TO:

31 INT. NGA, NEVISON'S OFFICE. DAY 4. 14.46

31

NEVISON's busy at his computer when KEVIN taps at his open door.

NEVISON

Kevin. Come in, sit down, shut door.

He does.

KEVIN

Is something wrong?

NEVISON

No.

(beat)

Well. We'll come onto that. The good news is. I can't review your salary, not just at the minute, but what I will do. And I really don't want this bandying about because I genuinely can't do it for everyone... I'll pay their school fees. Both of 'em.

KEVIN's stunned.

KEVIN

But... you said [no] -

NEVISON

I know what I said. You've got Helen to thank. And Ann. One way and another. They both had a go at me.

KEVIN

Ann. Did she?

NEVISON

Mm. So.

KEVIN

I - well - I don't know what... to say.

KEVIN tries to smile but in fact he's appalled.

NEVISON

There was something else.

(a pause)

I've been thinking about - not retiring, I'd go mad - but just taking a bit of time off. The thing is, you see.

(it's the first time he's said it out loud)

(MORE)

NEVISON (CONT'D)

Helen's been diagnosed with liver cancer.

KEVIN

H - ?

NEVISON finds this hard to talk about. He thinks the world of his wife. KEVIN's stunned all over again.

NEVISON

Four months since. Prognosis isn't...

(dries up)
anyway. There's things she wants to do. Places we've visited over the years that she wants to go back

[to] -

(NEV has a tear in his voice. He gets on top of it)

So.

(he smiles)

Point is. I'd like you to deputize. For me. I know you think I take you for granted sometimes, Kevin. But. Well. Deputy Managing Director. Temporary. Happen, happen not. Is that something...? You feel you could...? Handle. In return for putting 'em through this school?

KEVIN

I'm - I'm sorry. About Helen.

NEVISON

Yeah. Yeah, it's shit. There's no other spin you can put on it.

CUT TO:

32

INT. NGA, KEVIN'S OFFICE/CORRIDOR. DAY 4. 14.55

32

KEVIN heads back to his office. What's he gone and done? How's he going to get out of the dumb greedy nasty kidnap plan he's set in motion?

CUT TO:

33

EXT. SCHOOL, HEBDEN BRIDGE. DAY 4. 15.15

33

CATHERINE's waiting for RYAN again. The other kids have been released, but no RYAN. Then MRS. MUKHERJEE emerges and heads over. Once more apologetic.

MRS. MUKHERJEE

Sorry. Catherine. You haven't got
ten minutes again, have you?

CUT TO:

34

INT. SCHOOL, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HEADTEACHER'S OFFICE.

34

DAY 4. 15.17

RYAN sits alone making shapes with his fingers.

CUT TO:

35

INT. SCHOOL, HEADTEACHER'S OFFICE. DAY 4. 15.20

35

This time CATHERINE's with MRS. BERESFORD, the head teacher. She's very good, very professional, sympathetic but no nonsense, the same age as CATHERINE. Once again, CATHERINE finds this difficult.

MRS. BERESFORD

We have someone - an educational psychologist - who pops in once every three weeks, and I'd like to ask her to spend some time with Ryan.

CATHERINE

He gets frustrated because he struggles with his reading, I - (as politely as she can) - don't think it's rocket science.

MRS. BERESFORD remains polite and plausible and delicate too.

MRS. BERESFORD

We can't keep letting him repeat these sort of behaviour patterns and not explore what the root cause might be.

CATHERINE goes quiet, and thoughtful.

CATHERINE

No, of course, I appreciate [that] -

MRS. BERESFORD

(interrupts - probably because she's more nervous than rude)

You see...

(delicately)

We have had comments from other parents.

(that touches a nerve for CATHERINE.)

(MORE)

MRS.BERESFORD (CONT'D)

She can only do her job
properly if people in the
community respect her,
and so obviously this is
bad)

It's simply a matter of finding
strategies. For him. To be aware of
when he's getting angry, and how
better he might deal with it. In
the moment. And then setting
targets for him.

A moment, then we realise that CATHERINE's crying. Not in a big way, it's like her eyes are just leaking a bit. She tries not to let it show. She feels embarrassed, humiliated. But also at a loss. MRS.BERESFORD's tone changes. She does genuinely care.

MRS.BERESFORD (CONT'D)

It's not easy, I know that. Would
you like some tea?

CATHERINE

I - no - can I tell you something?

MRS.BERESFORD

Course.

CATHERINE finds this tough. It's possibly the first time she's talked about it to someone who didn't already know.

CATHERINE

Becky. My daughter. Died. Just
after Ryan was born.

MRS.BERESFORD

Yes, I think - I knew that.

CATHERINE

He was six weeks old. She never
really wanted him. But. Erm. She
couldn't do anything about it. In
time. Because. I didn't know she
was pregnant. And she refused to
believe that she was. I think - I
think that's what was going on. In
there -

(she taps her head)

Tell me if I'm boring you.

MRS.BERESFORD

You're not boring me.

MRS.BERESFORD may know some of this as hearsay, but she's never had it from an official source before.

CATHERINE

She was erm. She was -
(she can't say it)
She was raped. She was -
(gives herself another
moment)
And she couldn't tell me because
she was frightened. Of how I'd
react, of me making her report it.
Which - God knows - I wouldn't've
done, not if it was something she
couldn't -
(dries up: "face up to",
she was going to say)
My husband found her. She -
(she zones out for a
moment)
She hanged herself. In her bedroom.
I felt sorry for him, I've seen
dead bodies, he hadn't. I had to
look after Ryan. I didn't have to.
But I didn't think there was an
alternative, and. You know. He
didn't ask to [be]... none of it
was his fault. Was it? A complete
innocent. In the world. And nobody
wants you. I didn't. Particularly.
But. Richard - my husband - he
couldn't stand it. He couldn't
stand being in the same house.
Ninety-nine percent of couples
split up after they lose a child.
Did you know that? I don't know why
I'm telling you this, except...
(she's lost the thread in
the emotion of it all, so
she winds it up with -)
I do my best. For him. With him. I
always have done.

MRS. BERESFORD

(quiet)
I don't think anybody's ever
questioned that, Catherine.

CATHERINE

Oh hang on, I do know why I'm
telling you -

MRS. BERESFORD

The father.
(CATHERINE affirms: that's
the one)
Was he ever...?

CATHERINE

Caught. No. And I could never prove
anything anyway. Not now.
(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I know who it was. He's been in prison. For eight years. For supplying drugs, not for what he did to Becky. No, he's got away with that. And this wasn't a his-word-against-hers-she-might've-given-her-consent-but-who-knows-cos-they-were-both-a-bit-drunk job. It was a brutal. Brutal. Attack. But she knew who he was. She wrote his name down. Before she -

(she looks up at MRS.B)

I'm terrified. If Ryan's like him. In any way shape or form. Which he's bound to be. Isn't he?

MRS.BERESFORD

Not - [necessarily], I -

CATHERINE

But no, you're right, ignoring it won't make it go away. Will it?

CUT TO:

36

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, HALLWAY/FRONT DOOR. EVENING 4.

36

16.45

CATHERINE's just arrived home with RYAN, who dumps his stuff then shoots off up the stairs, calling happily -

RYAN

Getting changed then playing on video games!

CLARE shouts through from the kitchen where she's got some music on -

CLARE

It's pizzas for tea!

RYAN

(happy)
Yay!

CATHERINE

(preoccupied but hungry)
Fantastic.

CATHERINE comes into the sitting room, prodding a number into her mobile. It rings. A man's voice (RICHARD) on the other end goes "Hello?" CATHERINE checks to see that CLARE's still busy through in the kitchen, then talks quietly -

CATHERINE

Hello.

CUT TO:

37

INT. RICHARD AND ROS'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN.
EVENING 4. 16.46

37

ROS (RICHARD's wife) is busy preparing supper through in the kitchen. RICHARD (on the phone to CATHERINE) glances to make sure he's not being overheard -

RICHARD

You don't fancy going to Rotherham.
Again. Tonight. Do you?

CUT TO:

38

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, CATHERINE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 4.
22.10

38

CATHERINE and RICHARD in bed. They've shagged. RICHARD's studying her face. She's off in her own little world, staring at the ceiling.

RICHARD

Are you all right?

At length -

CATHERINE

I'm just. Weighing up the pros and cons. Of what it would mean. To take the law into your own hands.

RICHARD considers that.

RICHARD

The down side. Obviously. Would be if you got caught.

CATHERINE

Mm. Possibly. I dunno. I'd say the down side would be if you didn't feel much different. Or better. After you'd done the thing. Which - why would you? It isn't like it would bring her back. Is it?

He thought they were talking abstracts, not specifics. Specifics is worrying and less playful.

RICHARD

Don't let yourself get obsessed with it. Catherine. He's low-life, he's scum, he'll get what's coming to him one day, he just will.

CATHERINE

The upside. On the other hand. Would be the exquisite satisfaction you'd get.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

From grinding his severed scrotum.
Into the mud. With the underside of
your shittiest shoe. And then
burying his worthless carcass in a
shallow grave up on the moors where
it can rot. Undisturbed and
unloved. Until the end of time.

(a pause)

I'm sure that'd make me feel
better.

(she reflects)

Just a bit.

(RICHARD's gone quiet)

Are you all right?

He nods, can't speak. It was his daughter whose life this man wrecked too.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Doesn't it frighten you?

(she actually looks more
excited by the prospect
than frightened)

If ever you came face to face with
him. Not knowing what the hell you
might do to him.

RICHARD takes his time to respond.

RICHARD

You're not going to actively seek
him out. Are you?

CATHERINE doesn't know. She doesn't know what she's going to do. It's one of those decisions you can never finally make until something forces your hand, because it's so big and complex.

CUT TO:

39

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, KEVIN AND JENNY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 4.

39

23.30

JENNY's asleep. KEVIN's wide awake and terrified, unable to settle in his mind on a decisive course of action. He's tortured by his thoughts, can't stop his mind racing.

CUT TO:

40

INT/EXT. KEVIN'S CAR/STREET. DAY 5. 08.14

40

KEVIN drives to work. He's verging on frantic, he's practising what he's going to say to ASHLEY.

KEVIN

Ashley! Ashley. Ashley, It's Kevin.
Listen, I think - I think I may
have [made a mistake] - I - I -
shit. Ashley. Hi. It's Kevin. I
think I may have made a mistake
with this Nevison business. I think
I think I think we we we need to
call the whole thing off. I think -
Ashley! Hello, it's Kevin. I may
have miscalculated how much Nevison
is worth. Ashley, I've
miscalculated how much Nevison is
worth.

He likes that line. It gives him courage. He pulls up
ASHLEY's number on his bluetooth. It rings. KEVIN's beside
himself with nerves.

ASHLEY

(oov)
Hello?

KEVIN gets tense as soon as he hears ASHLEY's calm voice.

KEVIN

Ashley? It's it's it's Kevin.
(silence at the other end)
Ashley? It's Kevin.

ASHLEY

Hello.

KEVIN

Yeah. Look. Okay. I've been
thinking -

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

41

EXT. UPPER LIGHHAZELS FARM. CONTINUOUS. DAY 5. 08.15 41

ASHLEY COWGILL's sitting on a wall by the farm sipping a mug
of tea. Behind him up the scaffolding, there are men at work,
this is a real building site.

KEVIN

- I don't think this business - I
don't think we should do it, I
think I've bitten off more than I
can chew, I think I may have
miscalculated -

ASHLEY

Don't ring me, Kevin. Not on my mobile, not on the landline. I'll see you on Sat'day.

KEVIN

No, Ashley, listen -

ASHLEY

If this goes tits up. The police can trace calls, any calls, all calls, and they'll wanna know what business *you and me* had on the phone at quarter past eight on this particular morning. So you just keep your nerve and you *don't ring me*.

He hangs up.

KEVIN

Ashley? *Ashley!?*

(realises ASHLEY's gone,
and that he's just
compromised himself
spectacularly)

Shit! Shit! Shit!

He hits the car's computer screen - several times, in utter mad frustration - and then has to do an emergency stop, because he's just about to plough into a zebra crossing, where a couple of tough looking Year 11 boys are crossing the road. Annoyed by KEVIN's bad driving, and seeing he's no-one they need to be frightened of, they mouth "Tosser!" "Wanker!" at him, and make gestures. KEVIN mouths "Sorry! Sorry, sorry", at them.

CUT TO:

42

INT/EXT. KEVIN'S CAR/NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 5. 42
09.00

KEVIN's sitting in his car outside the police station, willing himself to make the decision to go in there. He's terrified. He's in a mess. This is awful, his world's disintegrating actively, second by second, right in front of him. He checks his watch: he should be at work in fifteen minutes. It's now or never; if he doesn't take action now the decision will be out of his hands. Without warning - even to himself - he pushes the car door open and heads determinedly for the police station.

CUT TO:

43

INT/EXT. ANN'S CAR/ROAD. DAY 5. 09.01

43

24-year-old ANN GALLAGHER drives along in her little brand new Mini. She's singing along loud and with over-the-top gusto to some music. She pulls up at some traffic lights. It's in a quiet, rural area, no traffic, very few houses.

A van pulls right up behind her at the lights. Of course it means nothing to her, even though she clocks it fleetingly in her rear view mirror. But we see that it's LEWIS WHIPPEY and TOMMY driving the van.

CUT TO:

44

INT/EXT. VAN/STREET. CONTINUOUS. DAY 5. 09.02

44

LEWIS is the one driving, and TOMMY is getting irritated by him. TOMMY remains cool, even when he's annoyed.

TOMMY

That would've been an opportunity.

LEWIS

That was not an opportunity.

TOMMY

You don't know what you're doing.

LEWIS

I know what I'm doing.

TOMMY

Let me drive.

LEWIS

You're not driving, I'm driving.

We see TOMMY's face: he stays calm, but we just know he's going to get LEWIS one day. The lights change and ANN takes off again. LEWIS follows at a discreet un-pushy distance.

CUT TO:

45

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CATHERINE'S OFFICE.
DAY 5. 09.03

45

CATHERINE's in her office, busy at her computer with her reading glasses on (looking very unlike Robocop). JOYCE (late fifties, the civilian who works at the front desk) taps on CATHERINE's door.

JOYCE

There's a fella in reception
insisting he wants to talk to 'a
proper police officer'.

(MORE)

JOYCE (CONT'D)

He won't give me his name, and he
won't say what it's about, but he
seems a bit upset.

CATHERINE immediately down tools and heads through.

CATHERINE

Is he drunk?

JOYCE

No. I don't think so.

CATHERINE

Is he off his face on anything?

JOYCE

No, he seems perfectly normal
really, apart from being upset.

CUT TO:

46

INT/EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK. DAY 5. 46
09.04

CATHERINE comes to the desk. On the other side of the glass
screen she sees KEVIN.

CATHERINE

Good morning.

KEVIN

Yes. Erm.

He doesn't know where to start now he's got a proper police
officer. A proper police officer with reading glasses on.
JOYCE lingers behind CATHERINE, which unsettles KEVIN. This
is something he imagined talking about very privately.

CATHERINE

Can I help you?

KEVIN

Okay. I - er. Where to start. I -
okay. Are you...? Erm...

He seems to be looking at her shoulder, for some indication
of rank.

CATHERINE

I'm a sergeant. Is that...? [an
issue?]

(KEVIN continues to
hesitate)

It's the best you're going to get
unless you want to drive over to
Todmorden.

KEVIN

No, that's - okay, so. How it started. I asked my boss for a rise - a pay rise - the other day, and - you see the thing is. My daughter, she's been offered - okay, that's...

He realises that's too much peripheral information, and struggles to pick up again.

CATHERINE

Are you here to report a crime?
Mr...?

KEVIN

Not not not - it's not something that -

(sensing KEVIN would open up more if she disappeared, JOYCE wanders discreetly off through to the back)

I know this man. You see. Who - well I've always thought he probably was a bit dodgy. If I'm being honest, and -

He zones out. Nods, can't complete the sentence.

CATHERINE

What's happened?

KEVIN

Nothing. Nothing's happened.
Nothing's happened yet.

CATHERINE

Can I take your name?

KEVIN

I -

He crumples. He knows he's not going to give her his name. He can't. Pulls himself together again quickly as best he can.

CATHERINE

Are you taking any medication?

(KEVIN shakes his head)

Would you like some tea? Would you like to go through that door, I'll come round and unlock it, and then you can come through and sit down and we can have a proper chat, would you like to do that?

(KEVIN looks terrified)

Do you want to make a statement?

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Do you want to write it down? Would that help?

KEVIN

There isn't [time] - no.

CATHERINE

Okay. I'll tell you what -

She was going to let him through to the back, but the door is blocked by a recent delivery of heavy boxes.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

- if you go out of that door, turn left, walk five yards down the street to the next door, I'll let you in and you can come through to my office, and you can start at the beginning, all right?

She hesitates, hoping he'll say "Okay". But he doesn't. He's still not really committed in his own mind to coming clean. CATHERINE sets off to let him in anyway. We go with her along a little corridor. It takes her no more than four or five seconds, but then when she pulls the door open and steps outside -

CUT TO:

47

EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 5. 09.05

47

- KEVIN's not there. She sees a car speed off. KEVIN's four-year-old BMW. CATHERINE squints to get the number plate. She just stands there, intrigued. What was that about, then? Just then CATHERINE's radio kicks in.

RADIO

Bravo November four-five. Urgent response required to flat twelve, Waterfield House. An anonymous caller saying there's a lad dangling off a balcony.

CATHERINE

(nods knowingly)

Acid House.

(heading inside to get her stuff)

Responding.

And so KEVIN is forgotten.

CRASH CUT TO:

48

INT/EXT. ANN'S CAR/VAN/ROAD. DAY 5. 09.06

48

Crash. LEWIS and TOMMY's van smacks into the back of ANN's little Mini. She's stopped at another little junction, this time even more remote. It's just a little nudge, really, but enough to make her get out of her vehicle. ANN is short-tempered. Shocked by the impact, she mumbles viciously as she looks in her rear view mirror -

ANN
Stupid tosser.

She's like a little whirlwind of venom. She gets out of her car. LEWIS and TOMMY get out of the van. TOMMY goes and slides open the side door of the van. LEWIS goes and talks to ANN with over-the-top politeness.

LEWIS
God, I'm really sorry.

ANN
Idiotic thing to do!

LEWIS
I'm really really sorry.

ANN
You were driving far too close.

LEWIS
Yeah, but -

ANN
You're probably not even insured properly, are you?

LEWIS
Yeah, no, I am.

ANN
Good!

ANN goes to assess the damage at the back of her vehicle. As she peruses it (standing on the road side of the two vehicles) TOMMY appears opposite her on the kerb side (having opened the back door to the van). TOMMY pulls a face at LEWIS and mouths, "GO ON THEN - DO IT". But in the heat of the moment, LEWIS doesn't quite know how to go about the thing. Annoyed, TOMMY sets off round to join them. ANN hasn't clocked any of this.

ANN (CONT'D)

So I assume we're accepting that
you're the one that's at fault?

LEWIS

Er... well. Yes. On the other hand.
You were driving kind of a bit all
ovver t'place weren't you. Speed-
wise.

ANN

Oh so it's my fault that you're not
looking at what's in front of [you]

-

TOMMY comes around the back of the van. He pulls on his balaclava and walks straight up to ANN, who senses him and turns around, and he punches her hard, right in the face. Enough to knock a big bloke out. She groans as her legs go from under her and LEWIS - who's as shocked as anyone by TOMMY's decisive action - catches her.

TOMMY

Get the bitch round here!

LEWIS

Shit, man!

TOMMY

Now.

They both struggle round the other side of the van with her. She's not heavy, she's tiny, but she's limp. And she is conscious.

ANN

What're you doing? What're you
doing? What're going *DOING*?

She starts screaming, and lashing out. She manages to wop LEWIS hard in the eye.

LEWIS

Ohh - !

TOMMY puts his hand over her mouth.

TOMMY

Shut yer mouth!
(she bites his hand)
Shit!

He smacks her across her face. He struggles to get a strip of duct tape over her gob, then they tie her up with duct tape, then they put a plastic bag over her head (with a hastily made air hole ripped into it). She's kicking at them, but they sit on her.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Stop wriggling! Stop -
(he punches her in the
stomach)
Wriggling!

Whilst she's incapacitated from the impact of the punch in the stomach, they zip her in a grubby sleeping bag - head first. We glimpse LEWIS; even he finds himself shocked by how decisively vicious TOMMY is. Finally he slides the door shut with ANN inside. LEWIS and TOMMY take a second to recover from what they've done; they're both a bit breathless, and both have sustained a few cuts and bruises. LEWIS's eye is particularly sore. Then TOMMY heads round to the Mini. He finds ANN's handbag, tips out the contents on the passenger seat, and gets her iPhone, which is in a distinctive pink case. The keys are still in the ignition. He shows LEWIS the phone, then tosses it to him. LEWIS catches it.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Shall I...?

He indicates the Mini.

LEWIS
Yeah. Yeah.

TOMMY
I'll see you there.

A car drives past at speed, but the show's over, so there's nothing to be alarmed by. TOMMY gets into the Mini and drives off. LEWIS lingers another moment, still a bit stunned by the extremity of TOMMY's violence, gives a bit of a humourless snigger in his wake (respect?), then gets into the van and turns the engine over. He glances into the back of the van. The sleeping bag is pretty motionless.

LEWIS
You do what we tell you, and we
won't hurt you any more than we
have to! And it'll all be over soon
enough. All right?
(he waits for an answer.
Even though he knows he's
not gonna get one)
All right.

LEWIS isn't soft. He's just isn't a psychopath like TOMMY LEE ROYCE. He flips his indicator to show he's pulling out again (even though there are no other vehicles on the road) and sets off.

CUT TO:

49

EXT. UPPER LIGHHAZELS FARM. DAY 5. 09.15

49

ASHLEY's allowing himself to become slightly anxious, given that this latest stunt is a bit of a departure for him. He'll be pleased when he knows the deed's been done, and no-one been seen doing it. Checks his watch, lights another fag, as he continues to watch the builders. His mobile bleats. This time it's a number he doesn't recognise, which is promising. It could be the lads.

ASHLEY

Hello.

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

50

INT. PHONE BOX. DAY 5. 09.16

50

KEVIN's in a phone box, his car parked right next to it.

KEVIN

Ashley. It's me. Don't hang up on me, I'm calling from a call box.

KEVIN's developed a modicum of defiance, given that the decision's past: he's in whether he likes it or not.

ASHLEY

Right, whaddaya want? And I'm not kidding, this is the last time you ring me.

KEVIN

Just to say. Just to say. Those boys of yours, they won't hurt her, will they? You know she's not a bad kid, and - they will treat her with respect. Won't they?

ASHLEY's like... what planet does this man live on?? To the phone he manages a measured -

ASHLEY

If Nevison plays ball, Kevin. They will treat her with every courtesy. Okay?

KEVIN nods, accepts it.

KEVIN

I should be at work.

ASHLEY

Yeah, good, right, well. I'll see
you Sat'day. Business as usual.

CUT TO:

51

EXT. MILTON AVENUE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 5. 09.30

51

TOMMY pulls the Mini into a little driveway in front of a garage, beside a small semi-detached house in poor repair. It's the kind of area that's a maze of streets and houses, predominantly run down.

He goes and opens the garage, drives the car in, gets out and covers it.

As he's shutting and locking the garage, LEWIS pulls up in the van, and starts reversing into the tiny drive. TOMMY watches LEWIS in, then goes and shuts the crappy gates.

Once the van's stationary, TOMMY slides the side door open as LEWIS unlocks the house. TOMMY tugs at the sleeping bag and slides it out of the van, murmuring -

TOMMY

*Don't give me any shit you little
bastard or I'll chop your tits off.*

He carries the sleeping bag into the house. LEWIS slides the van door shut and follows TOMMY into the house.

CUT TO:

52

INT. MILTON AVENUE, CELLAR. DAY 5. 09.31

52

TOMMY carries ANN in the sleeping bag down into the cellar. It's cold, damp, white washed. There's a thin, grilled window at street level, letting in limited light. We see what preparations they've made. Six 6-packs of lager. A six-pack of water, a couple of 9-packs of chocolate bars and some giant-sized packets of Doritos. There's also a bucket and some toilet paper. And a couple of chairs. There's also a huge load of other junk down there as well.

TOMMY sits ANN in an upright chair, still clad in her grubby upside down sleeping bag. Inside the bag, ANN's wimpering.

LEWIS

Let's get that bag off her.

TOMMY

Nar. Leave her.

LEWIS

She won't b'able to breathe.

TOMMY
Course she will.

LEWIS isn't inclined to argue with TOMMY, even though he's genuinely concerned about ANN's ability to breathe.

LEWIS
I've gotta get this phone ovver to
Ashley at farm.

TOMMY looks at him. Does he realise what he's just said? Has he any fucking idea? TOMMY casually indicates "Up the stairs", and gives LEWIS a small nudge in the right direction. LEWIS still doesn't realise he's done anything wrong, and does as he's bid.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
What?

CUT TO:

53

EXT. MILTON AVENUE, GARDEN. DAY 5. 09.32

53

LEWIS and TOMMY comes out of the house. TOMMY shuts the door behind him and talks hush-hush.

TOMMY
D'you know what you've just said?

A moment on LEWIS's blank little face, then the penny drops.

LEWIS
Shit!
(then, quick as a flash)
She couldn't hear me, she had t'bag
on, she were whimpering, she won't
have heard owt.

TOMMY
I. Am not going back inside because
of a shit-for-brains little twat
like you. So you just think. Every
time. Every time. Before you open
your mouth down there. In future.
Or I'll rip your cock off and shove
it up your arse.

LEWIS daren't say anything back even though he's incensed enough to want to. He's now officially frightened of TOMMY. He just mumbles pathetically -

LEWIS
She didn't hear anyfin.

TOMMY
Mind how y'go.

LEWIS hesitates, then heads for the van.

LEWIS
You...? Open the gates for me?

TOMMY hesitates then goes and opens the gates for him. He sees him out. LEWIS drives out, gives TOMMY the thumbs up, then drives off. TOMMY calmly looks up and down the road to make sure no-one's seen anything untoward, but apart from the inevitable crowd of parked cars, and possibly a cat, the street's entirely deserted. He gets out his fags and calmly lights up. He sucks on the fag as he lights up. We enjoy it with him. So this will be his neighbourhood for the next week or so. He sees a Chinese Takeaway at the end of the street. He saunters down and reads the menu in the window.

CUT TO:

54

INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S PATROL CAR/STREET. DAY 5. 09.33

54

CATHERINE's on her bluetooth, driving back from the 999 incident she was called out to earlier.

CATHERINE
Yeah, so - he owes his dealer fifty-odd quid, right. Can't pay up. There's three lads knocking on his door, who's plan it is to put him in hospital. He's inside shitting himself -

Cut as and when necessary with:

CUT TO:

55

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, KIRSTEN'S DESK. DAY 5. 55
09.34

KIRSTEN's examining her finger nails, half way through filling in an incident form on the computer, and listening to CATHERINE down the other end of the phone.

CATHERINE
(ooV)
- thinking there's no way out. Then. He remembers this thing he does with his mates when he's high as a kite on amphetamines, right - he plays Spiderman down the side of the building. They drop from one balcony to the next -

KIRSTEN smiles, shakes her head and nods in the appropriate places, concentrates on the form she's filling in.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

- all the way down. For fun! *So!* He sets off, only he's stone cold... whatever, right, so - he sets off over the edge, manages one balcony. Then he freezes. Realises if you're not off your face on chemicals, this is a pretty bloody silly thing to be doing.

KIRSTEN

Bless.

SHAFIQ comes and puts a mug of tea down on the desk for KIRSTEN. She gives him a very manly (she isn't really very manly at all) thumbs up. SHAFIQ pouts a kiss at her.

CATHERINE

Meanwhile the Chipping Norton set kick the door in, right, they quickly work out what he's gone and done. They see him, they start lobbing his worldly goods - the telly, the Wii, the play station, his X-box, his gameboy - over the balcony. Hoping to knock him off his perch. Course by the time I arrive -

We're back with CATHERINE in her patrol car. It's at this point -

N.B. CATHERINE's a trained police driver, so she's one of those people who drives like they've got eyes in their backside. Mirrors, dashboard, mirrors, out front, her head never stops working/moving. She's trained to LOOK.

- it's at this point, driving down Rawson Lane, past Milton Avenue on the left, that CATHERINE sees TOMMY, just finishing perusing the menu in the window at the Chinese take-away, and flicking his fag onto the pavement. CATHERINE doesn't realise what she's seen for a moment.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

- they're well gone, and there's just him dangling there - with his trousers round his ankles because obviously he's wearing those sort of jeans that come up to just below your arse -

She goes silent as the penny drops: that was TOMMY. She lets her car sail on for another few seconds. In shock, she indicates and pulls in up another side street, parallel to Milton Avenue.

KIRSTEN

Sarg?

CATHERINE prods her bluetooth off as she mumbles simultaneously -

CATHERINE
I'll catch y'later.

We stay with CATHERINE. This is huge. She gets out of her car, locks it, and - like with KEVIN at the nick earlier - she hesitates a moment too long before she decides to pursue it.

She heads the couple of yards to the end of the street then turns right up Rawson Lane. There's no-one outside the Chinese.

She walks up to the Chinese on the corner of Rawson Lane/Milton Avenue. She sees the fag end - still smouldering.

She looks right along Milton Avenue. There's no-one.

She heads along Milton Avenue. There's nothing.

She sees the cars and the cat, but nothing else.

She looks into people's gardens. Nothing. Over walls. Into back yards. She's thorough.

She looks into the drive/garden of no.6. Nothing.

But she knows. She knows what she saw. She lingers. Just in case. But nothing happens. No-one emerges from any houses.

CUT TO:

56

INT. NGA, NEVISON'S OFFICE. DAY 5. 10.10

56

NEVISON's busy at his computer terminal when his mobile rings. He looks at the screen: *Ann's mobile*.

NEVISON
(dry)
Hello, my little chickadee.

Cutting as and when necessary with:

CUT TO:

57

INT/EXT. ASHLEY'S CAR/STREET. DAY 5. 10.11

57

ASHLEY's driving in his car making a phone call. ASHLEY's using the pink iPhone we recognise as ANN's.

ASHLEY
Is that Nev?

NEVISON
(curious)
It might be.

ASHLEY
Nevison Gallagher.

NEVISON
Yes.

ASHLEY
How you doing, Nevison Gallagher?

NEVISON
Who am I speaking to?

ASHLEY
Oh, you can call me...
(he muses, he's enjoying
this)
God.

NEVISON
So what you doing with my
daughter's telephone? Then. God.

ASHLEY
Well I've just borrowed it off her,
y'see. Me and my friends.

NEVISON
What's going on?

ASHLEY
Right, listen very carefully,
Nevison. 'Cos I'm not repeating
meself. We appear to have got your
lovely little daughter. In a very
vulnerable position. And we're not
going to involve any police, okay?
You do just like you're told,
Nevison, like a good little lad,
and nothing nasty will happen to
her, all right? You ring me
straight back. Now. On this phone.

He hangs up.

NEVISON - in shock - looks at his phone. Did that just happen? He hesitates before ringing back. He considers *not* ringing back. In case it's a hoax. But what if it isn't? He prods in ANN's number. It rings. Someone picks up at the other end.

NEVISON
Hello.
(silence)
Hello!?

ASHLEY

Hello God.

NEVISON

Hello God.

ASHLEY

Well you managed to do that without any problems, didn't you, Nevison.

NEVISON

Who are you?

ASHLEY

I'm the one that ensures nothing unpleasant happens to your little Annie.

NEVISON

Where is she?

ASHLEY

I want you to get your car keys, and I want you to walk outside to your car. Slowly. Don't rush. Don't speak to anyone. I'm gonna ring you again. In twenty minutes. You'll know Dewsbury Moor Services. East bound on the M62. Phone booths. Two of 'em. Just outside the front door. The one on the left. You've got twenty minutes. I want you on your own. I see any police, anything that makes me suspicious - even for a second - and you'll regret it. For the rest of your life. Do you understand me?

NEVISON

What do you want?

ASHLEY

Only money.

ASHLEY hangs up. NEVISON stares at the phone. He picks up his keys and heads outside to his Bentley. KEVIN - from his office - sees NEVISON. NEVISON's gone ashen. KEVIN watches as NEVISON heads outside, dives into his Bentley Continental GT and speeds off.

CUT TO:

NEVISON's Bentley pulls up in the car park. He races over to the phone, which is already ringing. He grabs it, he's breathless and frantic by the time he reaches it.

NEVISON
Hello? Hello!

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

59 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY 5. 10.32

59

ASHLEY is in a remote part of the countryside, on the phone.

ASHLEY
So here's the situation, Nev. The people who've got your Annie. Are after one million pounds. In cash. They're giving us two days, you and me. To get that money together. What d'you think?

NEVISON
I can't get hold of a million pounds. Not in cash, not in two days.

ASHLEY
I don't think they're gonna believe that. You're Nevison Gallagher. You live in a big house and you drive a Bentley.

NEVISON
Yes. I know, but -

ASHLEY
Don't tell me it's all on tick.
Don't tell me you've got cash flow issues.

NEVISON
It's not about cash flow -

ASHLEY
I'll leave you to sort out the details. And remember, Nev. Any hint, any suspicion you've spoke to anyone you shouldn't have, and... how can I put this? They're not nice. These people. They will start cutting bits off her. And they might even film it as well and text it to yer. Or to yer wife, even. Y'know. So... They're evil, I'm telling you, believe me, y'don't want them to feel you're not concentrating.

NEVISON

You do not hurt that girl!

ASHLEY

I won't meself personally, but.
I'll do what I can for yer, Nev.
I'll be in touch.

ASHLEY hangs up. NEVISON's beside himself with panic, anger, bewilderment, powerlessness. Ashley removes the sim card from Ann's iPhone and crushes it underfoot. He then reaches for a stone from a wall and smashes the iPhone to bits.

CUT TO:

60

INT. MILTON AVENUE, CELLAR. DAY 5. 10.35

60

TOMMY unzips the sleeping bag and takes it off. The transparent plastic bag covering ANN's face is all steamed up, and moves in and out as she frantically struggles for air. TOMMY rips the plastic bag off. ANN's hair's all damp and stuck to her face with sweat and steam. Her face is bright red. She's still got the tape across her mouth. TOMMY looks at her closely.

TOMMY

Are you a virgin?

She tries to scream.

CUT TO:

60A

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CATHERINE'S DESK.

60A

DAY 5. 10.36

CATHERINE's P.N.C.ing KEVIN's registration number. The details pop up on screen. The car's registered to Kevin Stephen Weatherill. Address: 'Fairview, Upper Kebroyd Drive, Kebroyd, Triangle, Sowerby Bridge, West Yorkshire. HX6 3HW'. That intrigues her more than we might expect (for reasons that aren't clear yet).

CUT TO:

61

INT. NGA, KEVIN'S OFFICE. DAY 5. 10.37

61

KEVIN's busy at his computer. The phone on his desk rings.

KEVIN

Hello?

NEVISON

Kevin. It's me. Nevison.

Cut as and when with:

CUT TO:

62

INT/EXT. NEVISON'S BENTLEY/STREET. DAY 5. 10.38

62

NEVISON's driving back to Rippenden.

NEVISON

You not gonna believe this. Some
arse-hole toe-rag shit-for-brains -
!

(MORE)

NEVISON (CONT'D)
(he can't find words bad
enough)
bastard's got our Annie, and he
wants a million quid.

KEVIN
A m[illion] - ?

So KEVIN's been shafted and screwed and ignored yet again.

NEVISON
It's for real, it's serious.

KEVIN
I - well - okay.

NEVISON
Can we raise that? Can we raise
that much? In two days?

KEVIN
Two [days] - ?

NEVISON
In *cash*. Without the bank thinking
we're laundering money?

KEVIN
I - I can - we can - I can look
into the accounts -

NEVISON
We've got to get it, because we've
got to raise it! Because this nasty
bastard means business! And what am
I gonna tell Helen?
(he becomes upset)
What the hell am I going to tell
Helen, Kevin?

We end on KEVIN: what the hell's he gone and done?

END OF EPISODE ONE