



# Happy Valley Episode 1

By Sally Wainwright

©  **2015**

Media CityUK,  
White, Level 2,  
Salford, Manchester M50 2NT.  
Tel: 0161 886 2340

1            INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, CONSERVATORY. DAY 1. 17.30            1

Sunshine. Evening.

CATHERINE's not long in from work, she's still in half-uniform. She's with CLARE. They're both sipping tea and smoking cigarettes with their sun glasses on. CLARE's sitting on the doorstep and CATHERINE's on one of the plastic chairs.

                 CLARE  
Sheep rustling?  
          (CATHERINE: yup)  
Sheep rustling?  
          (CATHERINE: still yup)  
As in...  
          (a bit embarrassed, but  
          she goes for it anyway)  
yee-hah! ?

                 CATHERINE  
No. No, there were no cowboys  
involved.

                 CLARE  
No. Good point. That'd have been  
cattle rustling.

                 CATHERINE  
This was sheep rustling North  
Halifax style, so there's just the  
one sheep. And three lads off their  
heads on acid.

CUT TO:

2            EXT. LOCAL HOUSING ESTATE. DAY 1. 12.30            2

Three lads off their heads on acid.

One's got his hand over his mouth, the other over his eyes, the other over his ears/head. Their cunning plan (to steal one sheep) has just gone wrong, just this second. A pack of four feral mongrels (ranging from something a bit like a German Shepherd to something a bit like a Yorkshire Terrier) chases the panic stricken sheep up the road.

                 LAD 1  
F[uck]!

                 LAD 2  
Shit!

Because they're off their heads, they're no doubt finding it funny as well as annoying.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. GARDEN. DAY 1. 13.10

3

Forty minutes later.

CATHERINE's in a small back garden with a LITTLE OLD LADY whose house is half way between the housing estate and the lush green hills above (where, presumably, the sheep was nicked from in the first place). On the ground, between CATHERINE and the LITTLE OLD LADY, lies the sheep, which has been mauled by the dogs. It's breath is laboured and painful.

LITTLE OLD LADY

I managed to shoo 'em off. The dogs. I said "Shoo!" see, then I got our Andrew round. And he said to call you.

(CATHERINE takes it in.

She's worried. She knows chances are she's going to have to put this sheep out of its misery)

Would you like some tea?

CATHERINE

Yes. Tea. Perfect. Thank you.

The LITTLE OLD LADY goes inside. CATHERINE looks around for something with which to put the sheep out of its misery. Her eyes light on a sharp-edged coping stone. She struggles to pull the stone from the top of the dry stone wall, then she feels its weight in both hands.

CUT TO:

4 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, CONSERVATORY. DAY 1. 17.32

4

CATHERINE and CLARE, as before.

CLARE

You didn't.

CATHERINE

They'd mauled it. The dogs had. I had to. There was no way it was going to survive and it was obviously in distress.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. GARDEN. DAY 1. 13.11

5

CATHERINE - struggling with the coping stone - is on her radio one last desperate time to SHAF.

CATHERINE  
Can you really not find me a vet?  
In the whole of f[ucking]  
Calderdale?

CUT TO:

6 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE. DAY 1. 6  
13.12

SHAF  
I've rung seven. Your best bet is  
Mr. Baxter up Bolton Brow. He says  
he can get there by half four, but  
he's got wall-to-wall surgery most  
of this aft.

We cut back to a glimpse of CATHERINE again, thinking "Jesus  
fucking Christ".

CUT TO:

7 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, CONSERVATORY. DAY 1. 17.34 7

CLARE  
So...? You did it.

CATHERINE  
Well that was the plan.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. GARDEN. DAY 1. 13.13 8

CATHERINE's got the coping stone raised above her head, just  
about to dash the sheep's brains out with one terrible blow,  
when the LITTLE OLD LADY comes out of her house again.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
Do you take milk and sugar?

CATHERINE swiftly tries (in vain) to hide the stone behind  
her back like she's been caught red-handed doing something  
distasteful.

CATHERINE  
No. Yes. Milk. Thank you. And yeah,  
go on, sugar. Two sugars. One  
sugar. Thank you.

The LITTLE OLD LADY realises what CATHERINE was doing.  
There's an unspoken understanding that it does need doing -  
however distasteful - and the LITTLE OLD LADY's just glad  
it's not her having to do it (not that she could).

She turns and heads back inside and shuts the door so she doesn't have to hear anything unpleasant. CATHERINE's irritated, she's going to have to screw up her courage all over again to do this deeply unpleasant thing. She raises the rock over her head again, she's nearly in tears.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
(she mumbles it, like a  
prayer that will protect  
her from the consequences  
of doing this evil thing)  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I am sorry.

We don't need to see what happens next (as she smashes the coping stone down on its head) as we cut back to -

CUT TO:

9      INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, CONSERVATORY. DAY 1. 17.36      9

CATHERINE  
It made this noise, it was like...  
(horrible, nauseating)  
God knows. So then I had to do it  
again. Cos it was still alive. And  
then...  
(she's upset, reliving it,  
annoyed with herself for  
being so soft)  
It seemed to be all right after  
that.

CLARE  
All right as in...  
(she can't help smiling)  
dead?

CATHERINE  
I'm so thrilled that you're finding  
this funny.

Except they both know that it kind of is funny. Not the fact that she had to stone a sheep to death, but the fact that CATHERINE gets herself into these scrapes.

CLARE  
I don't know how you do it.

CATHERINE  
Farmer wasn't laughing.

CLARE  
Well they never do, do they.  
According to you.

CUT TO:

9A            EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. DAY 1. 14.00            9A  
Establisher.

CUT TO:

10            INT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM, LIVING ROOM. DAY 1. 14.01            10  
It's like we've stepped back in time to a cross between the 1870s and the 1970s. The squalor, the poverty, the dirt. Nothing new or even clean. CATHERINE's with 43-year-old ALISON GARRS and her son, 26-year-old DARYL GARRS.

                 ALISON  
It's not first time. Lads come up off the estate off their heads on God-knows-what and then they'll take one.

                 CATHERINE  
Really?  
                 (ALISON: yup)  
And... what d'you think it is they do with 'em when they've got 'em?

                 ALISON  
Sell 'em. *Eat* 'em. God knows how.

                 DARYL  
They're gimmers, they're not 'ogs.

CATHERINE looks to ALISON for an explanation.

                 ALISON  
They're for breeding, not eating. Meat'll be as tough as an old boot.

                 DARYL  
*They* won't know that though will they? They're stupid.

We get the idea that shy DARYL doesn't often offer suggestions.

CUT TO:

11            INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, CONSERVATORY. DAY 1. 17.38            11

                 CATHERINE  
It was what happened next that was really comical.  
                 (although she doesn't exactly look amused)  
Well, I say comical.  
                 (MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
I'd been back at the nick maybe an  
hour, hour and a half, and then  
there's another call.

CUT TO:

12 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. CATHERINE'S OFFICE, 12  
DAY 1. 15.30

CATHERINE's busy at her desk when JOYCE is heard approaching -

JOYCE  
*Catherine!*

CATHERINE  
*Joyce!*

JOYCE pops her head in.

JOYCE  
I think we may have entered the  
Twilight Zone.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. LOCAL HOUSING ESTATE. DAY 1. 16.00 13

CATHERINE and SHAF are looking around an open grassy knoll (perhaps near the children's play ground) and there are three dead mongrels visible from where they're standing (like CATHERINE and SHAF are in the middle of a vast irregular triangle, each point of which is made up of a single dead dog). A council truck is just pulling up (the sort that removes dead vermin from the side of the road). A good few on-lookers: this is a creepy sight. SHAF looks kinda freaked, like he has indeed just entered the twilight zone...

SHAF  
This is like some...  
(a fazed-out mumble)  
crazy weird shit, man.

He's been reading too much Stephen King as well. And whilst this does seem weird, CATHERINE is of the experienced opinion that there'll be a perfectly banal explanation. She's on her radio.

CATHERINE  
There's no external injuries.  
(then to SHAF - )  
Happen they've been poisoned.

SHAF: even freakier.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(vo)

So okay so I didn't mean comical.  
Exactly. I meant more -

CUT TO:

14 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, CONSERVATORY. DAY 1. 17.40 14

As before, CATHERINE and CLARE.

CATHERINE

ironic. Way it turned out. Nicky Baxter - the vet from Bolton Brow - he's managed to get over there sooner than he'd anticipated. So. He's given the sheep a fatal injection. I thought I'd finished the poor little sod off, but - God knows - I mustn't have. So. The sheep's got pentobarbital seeping silently through its veins...

(it's around this point  
that she happens to take  
her sun glasses off,  
revealing a bruised cheek  
and two stitches)

and guess what. The dogs - whether they're the same ones who'd mauled it in the first place, or a whole new pack - they decide to have another go at it. And there's enough chemicals inside the sheep by this point in the pantomime to knock out half of Huddersfield, never mind a handful of feral mongrels over in Ovenden.

CLARE's shaking her head: mad, sad, hilarious, tragic.

CLARE

Oh my God.

CATHERINE

Anyway, I've had a tip off by then about a couple of these lads who'd nicked the sheep in the first place, so -

CUT TO:

15 EXT. FLATS. DAY 1. 16.30 15

LADS 1 and 2 are cuffed, and being led towards a police van by CATHERINE and SHAF. GORKEM is also there.



The lads are snarling, aggressive, emotional (even though what they're actually saying is comical). CATHERINE's got a brand new gash on her cheek, and judging by her temper, it's LAD 2 who's done it.

LAD 2  
Have yer no humanity?!

CATHERINE  
Are you talking to me?

LAD 1  
We just wanted a bit o' Sunday dinner!

CATHERINE  
It's Wednesday.

LAD 2  
For his mam! She's starting her chemo on Monday! *Bitch.*

CATHERINE  
Listen, shit-for-brains.  
(she gets him up against the van just before she loads him in, as a third OFFICER gets the doors open)  
It was me that had to put that sheep out of its misery 'cos o' you, so don't talk to me about *no* *humanity.*

She man handles him into the back of the van.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
(v.o.)  
I coulda let 'em off with a stern word and a Community Resolution - thus helping Mr.Cameron and Mrs.May massage their crime figures - but they'd scored very poorly in the attitude test, and *that...*

It's at this point that CATHERINE smells something ugly.

CUT TO:

16 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, CONSERVATORY. DAY 1. 17.42 16  
CATHERINE and CLARE as before.

CATHERINE

...was when I smell this s[mell] -  
I was going to say 'smell', but the  
word doesn't begin to do it  
justice.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. FLATS. DAY 1. 16.31

17

They've locked the van doors (the lads bang and shout abuse aimed at CATHERINE from inside the van, SHAF and GORKEM are there), and now CATHERINE's heading for the bin shed, following her experience, her nose, her instincts.

CATHERINE

(v.o.)

It coulda been anything, fish,  
poultry, you name it, but whatever  
it was, it was well off.

CUT TO:

18 INT. HOUSING ESTATE, BIN SHED. DAY 1. 16.32

18

CATHERINE pulls the door open. The smell hits her. She pulls a pair of latex CSI gloves on and comes in. Garbage everywhere: over flowing bins, split black bags. She comes further in and looks around. Then she sees something that compels her to stare. We don't see it (or maybe we just see a human hand poking out from the rubbish or something) but we know from her reaction that it's something horrific.

### **Titles**

CUT TO:

19 EXT. BARKISLAND. DAY 1. 18.35

19

Early evening.

An estate of smart new family homes. We're particularly interested in one house which has a couple of smart, newish cars outside (a mid-range BMW and VW Zafira), and a collection of kids' bikes. This is JOHN WADSWORTH's house.

CUT TO:

20 INT. JOHN'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 1. 18.36

20

The WADSWORTH family are all in from school and work: a noisy, busy household. Mum (AMANDA, 46) is cooking, Dad (JOHN, 48) has set the table and now he's sitting at the far end of the kitchen playing Scrabble on his Ipad.

JACK (15) and BEN (13) are having a heated debate, and AMBER (8) is struggling to get the screw-top off a juice carton. (The debate shouldn't sound as angry as it might read, it's just the hurly-burly of teenagers and tired parents)...

AMANDA  
Don't start playing on that Play  
Station again, Ben! Your tea's  
nearly ready!

BEN  
It's my *turn*! It's not *again*.

JACK  
(helping himself to  
something from the  
fridge, taking the piss)  
Aw! Is he crying?

BEN  
Piss off.

AMANDA  
John, can you tell him not to turn  
it back on again? And *don't swear*.

AMBER  
This won't open!

JOHN  
You've heard what your mother's  
said.

AMANDA  
(at JACK as she takes the  
carton off AMBER to open  
it)  
You're not raiding the fridge, you,  
five minutes before your tea.

Just then JOHN's phone beeps with a text. He gets his phone out of his pocket, but realises it's not that phone. It's his *other* phone. A phone his wife doesn't know he has. He quickly gets it out of his jacket pocket (which he'd left draped somewhere) and grabs it as unobtrusively as he can.

BEN  
If he'd come off when he was  
supposed to I'd've *had* my turn by  
now and I wouldn't *have* to swear!

The family debate continues around JOHN as he reads the text from someone called VF:

*I am outside your house. Come and meet me OR I WILL KNOCK ON  
YOUR DOOR.*

We see the instant shock and panic register on JOHN's face.  
(No-one else does, they're all too preoccupied with their own stuff).

AMANDA

And it's not just "what your mother says"! Your dad says it as well!

BEN

This is just shit, living here.

AMANDA

*What have I just said* about swearing?

AMBER

Dock his pocket money!

BEN

You're just annoying, you. You don't even exist.

JOHN checks that nobody's been that interested in him checking his phone (no-one is) and as unobtrusively as he can, he leaves the room.

AMANDA

I don't know why you can't take it in turns! We used to have a proper system, and when people stuck to it, it worked.

BEN

We still have!

JACK

It *never* worked, Mum.

BEN

I don't even want any tea.

AMBER

Mum, when I'm sixteen can I get a tattoo?

AMANDA

No.

AMBER

Well a monkey then.

BEN

Do I have to have any tea? If I'm not hungry.

Etc etc, but it was JOHN's quiet, unobtrusive departure we were interested in.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE/STREET. DAY 1. 18.40

21

Panicking, irritated JOHN comes out of his house (anxious to look casual) and looks up and down the road. Parked discreetly just round a corner he sees a vehicle that's instantly familiar to him. As he approaches, the passenger side window goes down, and across on the driver's side, he sees VICKY FLEMING (53, dressed smartly after a day in the shop). Irritated, JOHN heads over.

VICKY comes across as needy rather than manipulative, and this is perhaps what unnerves JOHN most; how flaky and unpredictable she could be.

JOHN

What're you *doing here*?

VICKY

I've phoned you sixteen times in the last five days. I've left messages, I've left texts, I've -

JOHN

You can't *come here*.

VICKY

I thought you'd *died*, I thought you'd been in an accident.

(JOHN doesn't respond to that, he just wants her to go)

You know, I don't like doing this, John, I don't like coming here threatening to knock on your door, but if you don't return calls or answer messages, what do you expect? People will read things into things, you know. People *aren't stupid*.

JOHN

Look. Work's mad. We're understaffed. I'm doing fifteen people's jobs. I don't even know what week it is. *You can't be here*.

\*

VICKY

\*

(she glances in the  
direction of the house:  
the biggest threat to her  
happiness is the fact  
that he might never leave  
his wife and kids)

I've not seen you for three weeks!  
Not properly. And then nothing!  
Jack shit for *five days*.

JOHN

You're over reacting, you're  
reading too much into stuff.

VICKY

Yes well *people will*.

JOHN

Who *are* these *people*?

VICKY

*Me*.

JOHN makes a concerted effort to calm himself down.

JOHN

I should've rung, I should've  
texted, I'm sorry.

VICKY

As long as you're okay. As long as  
there's nothing up.

JOHN

I'm fine. Nothing's up. I'm just  
snowed under, that's all. I'll ring  
you in the morning. All right?  
First thing in the - well it'll  
probably be the afternoon.

VICKY lingers. She knows something is up. In her heart. But  
she can't bring herself to broach the matter any more  
directly than she already has. Eventually she turns the car  
engine over.

VICKY

I'm missing you, that's all. I love  
you.

Words that might've once delighted him now fill JOHN with  
dread. But we can only see it in his eyes, he can't exhibit  
it to her.

JOHN

I'll ring you.

She accepts that at face value (she so wants to believe it) and pulls away in her car. JOHN watches her go, then glances around to make sure no-one saw any of that. He looks haunted.

CUT TO:

22 INT. HOSPICE, HELEN'S ROOM. DAY 1. 19.31

22

CLARE, NEVISON and ANN sit with HELEN who is deeply unconscious, pumped full of morphine, clearly in the last stage of her illness. Flowers, cards, chocolates, fruit everywhere. CLARE, NEV and ANN aren't clustered awkwardly around HELEN's bed as per a normal hospital visit: they've been obliged to make themselves at home here over the two weeks that HELEN's been in. We discover them lounging around in silence, the conversation lapsed. ANN's languidly studying the menu from a huge box of chocolates. Eventually, venturing to break the silence -

CLARE

Our Catherine had an exciting day  
at work.

ANN

Did she?

CLARE

Yeah, she -  
(mouths it so HELEN  
doesn't pick up on  
anything)  
*Found a dead body.*

ANN and NEV are intrigued. The fact that this might have been an insensitive thing to say doesn't appear to occur to them.

NEV

Well is that unusual? For a copper.  
Isn't it sort o' thing they do  
every day?

CLARE

No, not really. To actually *find*  
one. I don't think she's ever  
actually *found* one before.  
(then she mumbles self-  
consciously as she  
remembers - )  
Well... except when our Becky died.  
And even then it was Richard  
actually found her.

An ORDERLY appears at the door with an incredibly luxuriant and well-stocked drinks trolley.

ORDERLY

(discreet, cheerful)

Can I get anyone a drink? A gin and tonic, or a glass of wine? I've got a very nice rioja.

They all shake their heads and politely murmur "No thanks/No/No thanks love". The ORDERLY smiles and moves along to the next room. Then back to the gossip -

ANN

Who was it?

CLARE

(shrugs, shakes her head,  
no idea)

I think it was so badly decomposed they couldn't even tell what sex it was. Have you thought any more about tomorrow?

ANN opens her mouth to speak.

NEV

(at ANN)

I think you're making a mistake.

ANN

Yeah, we know what you think.

NEV

You're starting a new job, you want your mind on it.

ANN

(to CLARE)

This is the fella that didn't want me to join up. I've been training for seven weeks, I just wanna -

(to NEV)

*get on* with it.

CLARE

They'd let you have compassionate leave surely. If you wanted to delay your start date.

ANN

*I don't want to.*

Obviously these voices aren't raised, even if they're passionate. NEV gives CLARE a look: *you can't tell her anything.*

CUT TO:



23 INT. HOSPICE, VISITORS' KITCHEN. DAY 1. 19.40 23

Ten minutes later. NEV and CLARE wait for the kettle to boil, they're making three mugs of tea.

NEV

Body shuts down. T'doctor popped in this aft. He said one by one, the organs, they just... they give up. He said it could be tomorrow, it could be another week but you see I just think she should be here. Not for my sake, for her sake. I just think it's summat she might regret. After. If she wasn't here. When t'time comes.

NEV has tears in his eyes. CLARE gets it.

CUT TO:

24 INT. HOSPICE, HELEN'S ROOM. DAY 1. 19.41 24

ANN, alone with her mother, also has tears in her eyes. She gazes at her mother with so much love. But we also see in her eyes a steely determination that she is going to start her new job tomorrow, come hell or high water.

CUT TO:

25 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRS. DAY 2. 07.59 25

ANN (dressed very smartly in her brand new PCSO uniform) heads briskly down the stairs half a step behind CATHERINE.

CATHERINE

Forget everything they taught you at training school because none of it works in the real world. Don't call me Catherine in front of the others, it's just Sarg. Not Ma'am. Inspector Taylor is 'Sir' until you get your feet under the table, then you can have a crack at calling him boss. If you find yourself on the wrong side of him, he likes sherbert lemons. Sledge fancies himself with the ladies, but if he comes on a bit strong try and let him down gently. Get well in with Joyce, she knows everybody and everything, and she'll never see you fast.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

If you don't understand something ask me, ask her, ask anyone, but if you get an answer you don't like don't go asking twenty other people. Trust your instincts. In my book there's two instincts - flight or fight - and I know which one you've got from the way you refused to leave that cellar without me eighteen months since, so have *faith* in yourself. Have you got your smart book?

(ANN's got it ready in her hand)

Or not-so-smart book. As we fondly refer to them.

(we follow them briskly into the briefing room as CATHERINE shouts...)

*Good morning!* You lucky people.

Immediately continuous -

26 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, BRIEFING ROOM. DAY 2. 26  
08.00

Everyone's gathered: SHAF, JOYCE, SLEDGE, plus four other OFFICERS and one other PCSO. They were all chatting and laughing and playing with their phones, but they all go silent as if by magic the second CATHERINE enters the room.

CATHERINE

We've got a new PCSO assigned to us today! This is Ann Gallagher. Some of you already know her. I want you to go out of your way to make her feel welcome.

(there's a friendly chorus of "hi/hiya/hello Ann")

Shaf!

(then to ANN, pointing her in SHAF's direction)

Sit down.

(then to SHAF again)

I'm pairing Ann up with you today.

SLEDGE

What about me?

JOYCE

Bless him, he never stops trying.

CATHERINE

I've got plans for you.

JOYCE

I'm not really here! I've just come to say hello.

(she means to ANN, she offers her hand)

Joyce, we've met before, at her house.

(she nods CATHERINE's way)

If you need anything I'm at the front desk.

ANN

Hi.

SLEDGE

What plans?

CATHERINE

Pin your jodrells back and you'll find out.

JOYCE

I'm loving you and leaving you.

CATHERINE

(waving JOYCE off)

First up! You'll have n[oticed] -

(just then GORKEM heads in late, embarrassed, brisk)

Oh there's always one! Good afternoon, Mr. Tekeli.

GORKEM

Sorry Sarg. Baby's teething.

SLEDGE

Aww!

CATHERINE

*First up!* You'll have noticed there's nowhere to park this morning 'cos we've got H-MIT in the building, and that's due to this body that was f[ound] - that I found yesterday, so your deployment - possibly today, possibly tomorrow, possibly all this week - is likely to be disrupted 'cos chances are we'll be asked to join O.S.U. for the house-to-house.

(groans, tuts, murmurs of stuff like "Oh God")

I'm loving your enthusiasm!

CUT TO:

27 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, TEMPORARY H-MIT  
BRIEFING ROOM. DAY 2. 08.15

27

The H-MIT briefing. The room's busting at the seams with between thirty and forty officers, including a couple of SOCO's, and standing by the door, INSPECTOR MIKE TAYLOR. The S.I.O. (49-year-old Det. Supt. ANDY SHEPHERD) is in mid flow. Sitting next to him is 32-year-old D.I. JODIE SHACKLETON.

ANDY

There are some very obvious similarities between this murder and the murders of Ana Vasalescu in Elland *five* months ago, and the unidentified white adult female in Brighouse *three* months ago. 'Til I've had the full report from the pathologist I'm not making any assumptions, *but* I'm in a meeting with the A.C.C. later today to discuss whether we should now be making a formal link. So! Today. CCTV is a priority. Local authority cameras *and* any private security cameras in the immediate area. I want house-to-house, concentrating first of all on any flats, any houses *overlooking* the garage where the body was discovered.

As ANDY talks, we look around the room at the gathered detectives, SOCOs etc, and eventually we discover JOHN WADSWORTH. He's a Detective Sergeant. He looks rather more abstracted than the others, and isn't taking notes. Suddenly -

ANDY (CONT'D)

*John!* Are you using divine inspiration over there, or are y'going to start taking notes?

JOHN's embarrassed. He wasn't listening. Just then D.I. JODIE SHACKLETON's phone beeps with a text. She reads it quickly.

JODIE

We've got an ident from the D.N.A.  
The victim... is a *Lynn Dewhurst*.  
(that instantly attracts  
MIKE's attention)  
Forty-five years old. Address 10  
Bateman Street, King Cross.  
Convictions for soliciting, shop  
lifting, benefit fraud.

ANDY

Mike! Can we get your team out to that address right now and get it secured? Then I'll get a search team in there.

MIKE

Lynn Dewhurst. You know who that  
is, don't you?

CUT TO:

28      INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE. DAY 2.      28  
08.20

MIKE heads briskly into the main office towards CATHERINE's office when he bumps into one of his PCs who's just heading out of the room.

MIKE

Dave lad, someone from Response is coming down, you're off to 10 Bateman Street, King Cross, it's to be secured, it's the address we've got for this dead woman that was found yesterday.

(MIKE doesn't pause as he  
heads straight through to  
CATHERINE's office -)

Is she in?

DAVE

(grabbing his hi-vis  
jacket)

No she's still downstairs doing  
t'briefing.

MIKE TAYLOR

Why aren't you in t'briefing?

DAVE

I got stuck on a phone call.

CUT TO:

29      INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRS. DAY 2. 08.21      29

Everyone's heading back upstairs after the briefing as MIKE heads down through them, against the tide, calling "Morning! Morning", to his officers. SHAF's busy explaining stuff to ANN. MIKE finds CATHERINE at the bottom of the stairs, last one out of the briefing room. SLEDGE and GORKEM are there too.

MIKE

(confidentially)

That body you found yesterday. It's  
Tommy Lee Royce's mother.

CATHERINE can't believe her ears. It seems to hit her harder than it should.

CATHERINE

No way.

MIKE

Somebody from H-MIT'll want to go through your first account with you in a bit more detail at some point today, so you should make it clear to them then that you knew her.

CATHERINE

Yeah. Yeah.

(MIKE heads off. We linger on CATHERINE. Something's troubling her)

How long's she been dead, do they know?

MIKE

Last sighted five or six weeks since. Time of death at the moment they can't be any more specific than between three and five weeks ago. They're getting a search team round to her house now, see what that throws up.

CATHERINE nods, takes it in. MIKE heads back off up the stairs, but we linger on CATHERINE. She's worried. Very worried. Disturbed even.

CUT TO:

30      EXT. NISA. DAY 2. 09.05

30

Sunlight. Hebden Bridge.

46-year-old NEIL ACKROYD stacks empty plastic grocery crates by the delivery door to the little supermarket. Further along the street at the shop entrance, we discover CLARE just leaving. Trying to sound reasonable (despite being irritated), CLARE calls back into the shop at a bloke (the MANAGER) behind the counter -

CLARE

You know, a phone call? It's just manners is all I'm saying.

(the MANAGER mutters something charmless at her)

Yeah, and you.

She heads down the street just as NEIL ACKROYD heads back towards the shop entrance. They glance at one another in passing (CLARE still looking pretty irritated) when there's a flicker of recognition between them.

NEIL

Clare?

(CLARE feels like she  
knows this bloke, but  
she's not sure how)

Neil. Ackroyd. We were at Sowerby  
Bridge toge[ther] -

She looks none the wiser for a second, then the penny drops,  
and fond memories come flooding back to her.

CLARE

Neil! How're you?

NEIL

How're you?

He's smiling. In fact his whole face has lit up. He has a  
calm, cheerful manner (but perhaps we can detect something a  
bit sad/damaged/care worn about him too).

CLARE

I'm not so bad. Well except I asked  
after a job in here two weeks since  
and he's never got back to me and  
it turns out he's taken someone  
else on now, so -

NEIL

Oh, he's -

(confidentially)  
hopeless, he doesn't know which  
way's up, he couldn't organise the  
proverbial piss-up. I'd look  
elsewhere.

CLARE

Well, I's have to. God, d'you  
know...

(gazing at him)  
I'da walked passed you and not  
known you. How y'keeping?

NEIL

(a bit self conscious)  
Oh, y'know.

CLARE

Do y'live round here?

NEIL

Yeah! I've a little flat on Rawson  
Lane. I've not been there long, a  
few months.

CLARE

'Cos didn't you live up Queensbury?

NEIL  
I got divorced.

CLARE  
Oh I'm sorry.

NEIL  
(he looks sorry too)  
Yeah. Still. How about you? Are you married?

CLARE  
No! No. I've had a few entanglements, but no, I'm living with me sister. Catherine, d'you remember our Catherine?

NEIL  
I remember your Catherine.

CLARE  
Two years above us.

NEIL  
I was always terrified of her.

CLARE  
(confidentially)  
Yeah, I know what y'mean!

They giggle. They look at one another. We sense they once fancied each other, or even had a fling, three hundred years ago in the fourth form.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
I thought you worked for t'building society.

NEIL  
I did! For years. And then...  
(he's embarrassed, not sure whether to say it or not)  
I had a bit of a difficult patch.  
All - all to do with the divorce.  
One way and another.

CLARE  
Blimey.

NEIL  
Yeah. Yeah. Still.

That's a bit of a conversation stopper.

CLARE  
Well I'm sorry to hear that.



NEIL  
It's smashing to bump into you,  
I've often thought about you.

CLARE  
Have you?

NEIL  
Yeah! Yeah. Occasionally wondered  
what you were up to.

CLARE's realising how much she used to like NEIL. There's something very calm and genuine about him, despite the sadness. They clearly bring out something very sweet in each other.

CLARE  
We're on Hangingroyd Street. Me and Catherine. Number 29. If ever you're at a loose end and y'fancied a cup o' tea.

NEIL  
I'm working while four. I could pop my head in then.

CLARE  
Today?

He realises that may have seemed too eager.

NEIL  
Oh. Obviously not if you're busy.

CLARE  
No! No, that'd be lovely.

They're still smiling, so delighted to have bumped into one another.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. GRAVESEND PRISON. DAY 2. 11.00 31

Establishing shot.

It's scary, it's chilling. This is a serious prison.

CUT TO:

32 OMITTED 32

33           INT. GRAVESEND PRISON. TOMMY'S CELL. DAY 2.           11.02.           33

...we discover TOMMY sitting on his bed gazing dispassionately, vacantly at the tv. Jeremy Kyle. Tommy hears someone unlocking his door. Which he wasn't expecting. The CHAPLAIN appears, and with him the CUSTODIAL OFFICER and his PERSONAL OFFICER.

CHAPLAIN

Hello. Tommy.

(TOMMY makes to stand up)

Don't stand up.

(the CHAPLAIN closes the door behind him. So it's just him and TOMMY in the room. But we - and he - knows the other two OFFICERS are out there)

What you watching?

TOMMY

Just... crap.

CHAPLAIN

Is it all right if I...? Sit down.

TOMMY

What's up?

The CHAPLAIN sits. There's raucous laughter/noise from the telly.

CHAPLAIN

Could I turn the sound down?

TOMMY simply flips the tv off.

TOMMY

You're looking troubled.

CHAPLAIN

Okay. So. Yesterday afternoon. The body of a woman was found in a refuse area next to some flats in North Halifax. She'd been strangled. And she'd been sexually assaulted.

TOMMY

What's it got to do with me?

CHAPLAIN

A DNA swab taken at the post mortem has indicated that the dead woman... is your mum.

(we look into TOMMY's eyes.

(MORE)

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

He's shocked, but he  
gives almost nothing  
away)

So some detectives are g[oing] -

TOMMY

You're lying.

CHAPLAIN

I'm sorry. I wish I was.

(TOMMY takes it on)

Some detectives. Are going to come  
and talk to you. Later in the day.  
And in the meant[ime] -

TOMMY

Why?

CHAPLAIN

To ask you some questions. About  
her. I assume. Her lifestyle,  
people she spent her time with,  
anybody she owed money to, anybody  
she didn't get on with, anything  
that might indicate who would do  
something like that to her.  
Anything you can tell them that  
might help. In the meantime. If you  
need to talk to someone. That's  
what I'm here for, and you know  
where I am.

(silence)

Are you all right?

TOMMY doesn't trust himself to speak in case he betrays any  
emotion.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. FLATS, LOCAL HOUSING ESTATE. DAY 2. 11.05

34

A mobile police unit's been set up. A couple of marked police  
cars and a shiny black H-MIT Vauxhall are parked up. The bin  
shed remains secured as a crime scene with a UNIFORM guarding  
it. We see SHAF and the DC he's been paired up with.

CUT TO:

35 INT. FLATS, LOCAL HOUSING ESTATE. DAY 2. 11.06

35

ANN and JOHN WADSWORTH have been paired up on the house-to-  
house. They're leaving one flat together and heading for  
another.

JOHN

How long've you been doing the job  
then?

ANN

It's my first day. You've asked me  
that three times now.

JOHN's shocked by his own absent-mindedness, and by ANN's bluntness. Before he has time to come back with a smart response his mobile bleats. He fumbles to pull it from his pocket then checks the screen. His heart sinks. We can assume it's VJ - VICKY - again. He glances apologetically at ANN, like "Give me a second".

JOHN

Hi. Hello.

Cutting as and when with -

CUT TO:

36      EXT. OSWALDS DEPARTMENT STORE, HALIFAX. DAY 2. 11.07      36

VICKY's out the back of the store, making the phone call on her break.

VICKY

John?

JOHN

Can I ring you back? I'm right in  
the middle of something. I will  
ring you back, can you just give me  
a couple o' minutes?

VICKY

Yeah well -  
(she doesn't want to sound  
too desperate or pushy,  
but - )  
Make sure you do.

JOHN

I will. I will, I will. Two  
minutes. Bye. Bye. Bye bye.

During this brief exchange we clock ANN watching him; she can tell by the tone of his voice that it's a very personal call. JOHN hangs up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(to ANN, checks his watch)  
D'you fancy a cup o' tea?

CUT TO:

37 EXT. LOCAL HOUSING ESTATE. DAY 2. 11.10

37

SHAF and ANN loiter beside the mobile police unit, clutching styrofoam cups of tea. The DETECTIVE that SHAF's been paired with discusses something with the DETECTIVE SERGEANT at the doorway of the mobile unit. JOHN WADSWORTH (also clutching a cup of tea) has wandered off over yonder to make his phone call.

ANN

I think he's having an affair.

SHAF

Probably.

ANN

His mind's not on t'job.

SHAF

(a shrug: what do you expect?)

CID. They're all tossers.

ANN

How come we don't like doing house to house? Us woodentops. Why did they all groan when she announced it?

SHAF

Because. When do they ever come and help us out with our work load? Eh? They don't. They think we're just here to support them and we're not. They just sit on their fat arses behind desks all day bending paper clips.

(ANN's amused: she likes SHAF, and SHAF's delighted that he's making ANN smile)

S'true! Same rank as us, same pay as us, we do all the work, they get all the glory. Just remember - who caught the Ripper? - two uniforms. And you're not a woodentop. By the way. *I'm a woodentop, you're a plastic police officer.*

ANN

Oh okay.

We cut to JOHN, who's just dialed VICKY's number. It rings.

VICKY

(v.o.)

Hello.

JOHN  
Hi. Sorry. It's wall-to-wall.  
Honestly. I've not had two minutes  
to myself.

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

38 INT. OSWALDS DEPARTMENT STORE, HALIFAX. DAY 2. 11.11 38

VICKY  
Okay.

VICKY's inside the store now, back at work, and self-conscious, taking a personal call. She keeps an eye out to avoid any colleagues or customers.

JOHN  
So. Look.  
(this is so awkward. He  
doesn't know how to say  
the thing that needs to  
be said)  
And this isn't why I haven't rung.  
I just think... this isn't really  
what either of us thought it was  
going to be. When it started.  
(silence)  
Is it.

VICKY's upset. She knew this was coming. Not that she can exhibit her upset here.

VICKY  
It could've been.

JOHN  
Yeah. But. It isn't.

VICKY  
I knew something was up.

Silence. Then bravely JOHN ventures -

JOHN  
I don't want to do this any more.  
(silence)  
Vicky?

VICKY  
I kinda got that. Over the last few  
days, I think the penny's been  
dropping.

JOHN  
I'm sorry.

VICKY

Yup. Well.

(a moment)

So am I.

JOHN

Are you okay?

VICKY

(no)

Mm.

JOHN

Okay, well -

VICKY

(interrupts)

I've still got some of your things.

JOHN

What things?

VICKY

Things. Bits that you've left. I've got your warrant card. That one you lost. I found it a few days ago.

Under the bed. D'you want it back?

It spooks him that she has something like that in her possession.

JOHN

Yeah. Yeah, if... yeah.

VICKY

Right well d'you want to come round and fetch them?

JOHN

To your flat?

That worries him.

VICKY

Actually. Perhaps it'd be better if we met on neutral ground. In a pub. Somewhere.

That sounds a lot better for JOHN, and he jumps at it.

JOHN

Yeah. Yeah yeah.

VICKY

This evening. I'll be at the Wills O'Nats up Slaithwaite at eight o'clock.

JOHN

I don't know if I can do this evening, it depends what time the boss lets us g[o] -

VICKY

If you're not there I shan't wait.

She hangs up. Despite JOHN's relief that the most difficult thing's been said, he's disturbed by the fact that she's got the I.D. pass, and the subtle, inevitable threat that she could make life difficult for him if she chose to.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. NGA. CAR PARK. DAY 2. 11.13

39

NEV pulls up in his Bentley. He looks bad-tempered, and like he hasn't really got time to be here. He heads into the reception area and can see SEAN in the board room.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. NGA, RECEPTION AREA. DAY 2. 11.14

40

We follow NEV as he runs up the two flights of stairs and disappears into the board room on the left.

CUT TO:

40A INT. NGA, BOARDROOM. DAY 2. 11.15

40A

We discover SEAN BALMFORTH (28-years old, overalls). He looks belligerent.

NEV

What am I going to do with you, Sean lad? Eh?

(he examines his feelings one more time)

I've thought about this long and hard, and the upshot is, I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to let you go.

(SEAN says nothing. He doesn't trust his own articulacy. Or lack of it)

I've given you the benefit of the doubt time and again, and then this! I've just spent the last hour apologising.



SEAN

It were them that started off being  
rude and swearing, not m[e] -

NEV

You damaged their wall, you churned  
up their garden with a *seven ton*  
*truck*, d'you think they're going to  
come out and say thank you? You  
know, just a bit of *humility* when  
you've done something like that. Is  
all that's required. They're  
ordinary people, they're nice  
people, they just wanted someone to  
say *sorry*.

(silence)

Are you even listening?

(no response. Has SEAN got  
problems? If he has,  
NEV's next thought is  
that he's got problems  
himself right now without  
this)

Pop into accounts and get your P45  
off Janice. Go on.

SEAN lingers. He wishes he could say something to NEVISON to  
make him change his mind, but he senses it'll be a waste of  
time. He sets off, and at the last minute, thinks to turn  
around and say -

SEAN

How's Mrs. Gallagher?

SEAN is essentially a charmless man, but we sense the  
question is genuine. Perhaps we sense that HELEN's kindness  
has touched SEAN's life at some point in the past, and it's  
something he's always remembered.

NEV

Oh, she's...

He shakes his head. SEAN lingers another moment and then  
goes. Then NEV feels shit: should he have given him another  
chance? He dismisses the thought and heads back off outside,  
back to HELEN's bedside.

CUT TO:

41 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY 2. 41  
14.55

CATHERINE's with D.I.SHACKLETON, and a D.C. (because  
CATHERINE's a sergeant she has to be interviewed by someone  
of a higher rank than herself).

We should get the clear sense that modern detectives aren't clever dicks here to catch the person they're questioning out (even when they might appear to be saying something challenging), they're simply here to uncover the truth as objectively and as professionally as they can. They've all got mugs of tea, it's a casual enough interview. The D.C. takes notes as CATHERINE talks.

JODIE

Did you recognise her?

CATHERINE

At the scene? No no, the face was gone, it could've been a lad for all I knew. Soon as I realised what I was looking at I got out of there and secured it.

JODIE

But you did know Lynn Dewhurst?

CATHERINE

(she nods, it sickens her)  
Yeah I knew Lynn. She was Tommy Lee Royce's mother.

JODIE knows without being told that CATHERINE is the sergeant who was hospitalised by TOMMY LEE ROYCE before he was arrested and sent down for three Cat A murders.

JODIE

What contact had you had with her?  
Recently?

CATHERINE knew this was coming. It was the prospect of being asked this very question that spooked her when MIKE TAYLOR told her whose body it was she'd discovered.

CATHERINE

Okay. Well I had had reason -  
recently - to warn her to keep away  
from my grandson.

(she waits to be prompted,  
then realises that JODIE  
is simply waiting for her  
to do a bit of free  
recall)

My daughter, Becky - she's dead,  
she died, she took her own life -  
but. Tommy Lee Royce... was the  
f[ather] -

(she goes silent and  
pauses until she can  
trust herself to pick it  
up again without becoming  
emotional)

he wasn't the father, he raped her,  
he raped my daughter.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

He wasn't convicted for it, but that's what happened, so. Lynn found this out about eighteen months ago - that Royce was Ryan's biological... [whatever]. Then four, five, six weeks ago down in Hebden, Ryan came home saying he'd met this woman, this drunk woman, outside the shop telling him that she was his grandmother. She didn't do anything, but. The point was. There's a court order against Royce making any contact with Ryan whatsoever, either directly or indirectly. So I knocked on at her address - with the intention of warning her off - but she wasn't in, so - or she wasn't opening the door - so I left a couple of messages. On her answer machine. Messages which may have sounded threatening, and which I assume you've got hold of. Which is - I assume - why we're here.

JODIE doesn't confirm or deny (but they will have got hold of them).

JODIE

What did you say in these messages?

CATHERINE

Warned her to keep away from him. I said if she didn't stay away from him, she'd regret it. I *said* if she came anywhere near Ryan again, there'd be consequences. Which there would be - as I say - there's a court order.

JODIE

Did you see Lynn again subsequently after you'd left those messages?

CATHERINE

(very definite, clear,  
objective)

No.

JODIE

Which phone did you ring her on?

CATHERINE

My land line at home.  
(an afterthought - )  
It's blocked.

JODIE

When exactly did you leave the messages?

CATHERINE

When it happened. Four, five, six weeks ago.

JODIE

Can you be any more specific?

CATHERINE

It was a Wednesday when she spoke to him. Because he was late in. He has football after school on a Wednesday, so I knocked on her door the next day, Thurs[day] -

(suddenly it strikes her)

I'd been to Bradford.

(she gets her smart book from her pocket)

I'd been to a Child Sexual Exploitation seminar in Bradford and I was on my way back and I was passing, so I knocked.

(she finds appropriate the page)

There you go. Thursday the fourteenth of July.

(she shows them: she's got the CSE seminar listed in the smart book)

Then I rang her not long after I got in. Half past five-ish? And then again happen an hour later.

JODIE

Can you remember why you left two messages?

CATHERINE

(a shrug, she can't remember, she can only guess at her own motives)

To get the message across. You could never be certain t'lift'd gone to t'top floor wi' Lynn, her brain was so addled with crap. And I dunno, I suppose I hoped she might pick up the phone a second time.

JODIE accepts that.

JODIE

And you had no subsequent contact with her?

CATHERINE

You've asked me that already Ma'am.  
(she kicks herself, she  
knows there's nothing to  
be gained getting snippy  
with a detective)  
No, there was no subsequent  
contact.

JODIE

Okay, look Catherine. You used to  
work in H-MIT, you know the  
procedure. You left threatening  
messages on her answer machine, and  
you found the body. We have to  
eliminate you, that's all. At the  
minute we're looking at a two week  
period when the pathologist  
believes Lynn's death occurred. He  
won't commit himself to being any  
more specific, given the condition  
her body was in. What I'd like to  
ask you to do is go away and look  
at your smart phone, your diary,  
your pocket book, your work rota,  
look at your calendar at home, come  
back to us with as accurate an  
account - a chronological account -  
of what you were doing Saturday  
23rd July to Saturday 6th August.  
You're not a suspect.

CATHERINE tries to resist saying the next thing, but it slips  
out anyway -

CATHERINE

Everyone was a suspect when I was  
in H-MIT.

She would like to walk out at this point ideally, but she  
can't, she has to wait to be told she can go.

CUT TO:

42

EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 2. 15.20

42

CATHERINE's going home. She's heading out the back door along  
with ANN. Another couple of officers from her team are  
heading out too (separately), knocking off for the day. They  
call "Seeya/seeya Sarg" etc to one another. CATHERINE and ANN  
head for their cars, CATHERINE for her elderly Ford, ANN for  
whatever smart little motor NEVISON bought for her to replace  
the yellow mini.

ANN

One flat we went in, there was dog  
food on the floor. On the carpet.  
(MORE)

ANN (CONT'D)

No bowl. They must fork the dog food straight out of the can onto the floor.

CATHERINE

Yeah, and they're the responsible ones, they're the ones who actually feed their pets.

(despite the mood she's in, CATHERINE still finds time for ANN)

Ninety-nine point nine percent of your time that's the sort of people you'll be dealing with. People who live in houses where you've to wipe your feet when you leave. You better get used to it.

ANN

(remembering)

Oh God, d'you know what this detective I got paired up with said? The one that had his mind on higher things.

(CATHERINE: no, go on)

Apparently. Lynn Dewhurst. He hadn't just strangled her, whoever did it. He'd raped her. With a bottle. A broken bottle. Like...

(she doesn't like saying it, it embarrasses her)

*mutilated her. Internally.*

CATHERINE takes this in. And H-MIT are taking the time and trouble to eliminate *her*? She knows it's procedure, she knows it's routine, but inevitably it disturbs and sickens her that she could be even slightly in the frame. So her voice might be a bit flat and distant as she replies -

CATHERINE

Why do you assume it's a man?

(she lets that sink in, then a separate point - )

It's not as uncommon as you might imagine, doesn't leave any DNA, a bottle. And you know rape isn't about sex, it's about power. And it usually is a man, to be fair. In case I've just put the wrong idea in your head. There's some sick little bastards out there. But you know that.

ANN takes it in, aware that she's got a lot to learn despite her crash course with TOMMY last year. She remains determined to learn it.

ANN

I'll see you tomorrow.

CATHERINE nods. ANN heads off. We linger on CATHERINE, on her disturbed, unsettled, unhappy, *angry* thoughts, as she unlocks her car.

CUT TO:

43      EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, BACK STREET. DAY 2. 16.00      43

RYAN's kicking a ball around outside.

CUT TO:

44      INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 2. 16.00      44

CLARE and NEIL sip mugs of tea at the kitchen table. NEIL's showing CLARE a photo of his children that he carries in his wallet.

NEIL

Owen's in the sixth form over at Huddersfield New College, he's doing reasonably well, he certainly seems engaged with it all, and Samantha's in the middle of her GCSEs. I think she's more interested in the lads, between you and me. But - you know. We live in hope.

CLARE

How often do you see 'em?

NEIL

Every other weekend. Technically.

CLARE

I suppose they get to that age and they want to suit themselves, don't they. I know I did.

NEIL

(he smiles)

Were you a rebel?

CLARE

God yeah! Well. Sort of. I tried to be. It was tricky. Me and Catherine... I don't know if you ever knew this, but...

(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)

us Dad'd died when we were tiny,  
and then us Mum died when I was  
thirteen, Catherine was fifteen, so  
we ended up living with me dad's  
sister and her husband. Their  
hearts were in the right place,  
but... and it can't have been easy  
for 'em, I think we were both a  
handful in our own distinctive,  
delightful ways, but no, we both  
moved out as soon as we could. It's  
always been Catherine I've turned  
to if ever I've needed anything,  
she's always looked out for me. I  
mean we have our ups and downs,  
but... she's a rock.

NEIL's just smiling when the front door is thrown open, hits  
the wall and judders, and CATHERINE is heard shouting at  
someone outside -

CATHERINE

(OOV)

I don't care! If I've to tell you  
*one more time* about taking that  
bike to bits on the pavement, I'll  
do things with those spark plugs  
that'll bring tears to your eyes.  
Is there anything I've said that  
you're struggling with?

(no)

Good.

CLARE

Oh ey up.

CATHERINE shoves the front door very firmly shut behind her  
and heads in pulling her coat off.

CATHERINE

(a mumble)

F[ucking] motorbike, f[ucking]  
idiot.

CLARE

Catherine! D'you remember Neil?  
Ackroyd? We were at school  
together?

If NEIL was scared of CATHERINE before, he's even more  
nervous when she takes her coat off and reveals that she's a  
police officer. Because CATHERINE's had such a spectacularly  
shit day, she's nowhere near as charming and friendly as she  
might normally be.



CATHERINE

Hiya. He's got that bike in bits  
again all over t'pavement, next-  
door-but-one.

NEIL doesn't have the courage to offer his hand, and  
CATHERINE's hands are already busy checking if there's any  
tea in the pot, so that doesn't happen.

CLARE

We bumped into each other in  
Hebden. We've not seen each other  
since the fifth form.

CATHERINE

Oh very good.

(suddenly she notices RYAN  
in the back yard busy  
giving someone else's  
house hell with his  
football)

Is he - ? I've told him about  
kicking his ball against Winnie's  
wall.

(she's heading out th e  
back door now)

Ryan? Ryan! What have I said about  
not kicking your ball against  
Winnie's wall?

CLARE's a bit embarrassed because CATHERINE basically didn't  
really acknowledge NEIL. We stay with CLARE and NEIL as  
CATHERINE deals with RYAN outside.

NEIL

(checking his watch)  
I think I'll get off.

A tacit, apologetic agreement from CLARE that it might be  
best -

CLARE

Well it's been lovely to see you.

NEIL

And if you could remember to put my  
name on the list for an allotment,  
I'd love that.

CLARE

Oh I will! Definitely, yes.

NEIL

And I'll get tickets. For Cinema  
Paradiso, this Sunday, round the  
corner.

CLARE

Oh yeah! That'd be great!

NEIL

I've jotted your number down, I'll drop you a text. To confirm.

CLARE

Thank you.

NEIL

Right, well I'll -

CATHERINE heads back in from bollocking RYAN.

CLARE

Neil's just off.

CATHERINE

Bye.

NEIL

Bye. Bye. Bye bye.

CLARE goes and sees Neil out of the front door. CATHERINE finishes pouring herself some tea. Everything she does reeks of bad temper: the way she curls her nose up at how luke warm the tea is as she tastes it, the way she chucks herself down on the seat by the window and then looks like she doesn't quite know what to do with herself. CLARE comes back, not best pleased with the way CATHERINE more or less ignored NEIL.

CLARE

(annoyed)

What's up?

(CATHERINE surprises herself (and instantly disarms CLARE) by bursting out crying)

Catherine?

CATHERINE

Oh, I'm all right.

(she reins it in as soon as it started)

Just...

CLARE

What?

CATHERINE

What do you have to do? I've got the Queen's police medal for bravery, I've been inside Buckingham Palace and shook the woman's hand, and now they're accusing me of strangling and bottling Lynn Dewhurst.

CLARE

(appalled)

Who are? *Bottling*?

She doesn't know what it means. CATHERINE doesn't feel inclined to explain.

CATHERINE

This... D.I. Jodie Shackleton. She's about fifteen. She's David Shackleton's daughter.

CLARE

Who?

CATHERINE

Chief Con. So guess how she shinned her way up the greasy pole.

CLARE

Hang on, what's that got to do with Lynn Dewhurst?

CATHERINE

It were her, that body I found. And they're not *accusing* me. They're trying to -

(silly voice, air bunnies)

"eliminate" me. But you can see her thinking things with her little brain.

CLARE

Why? Why you?

CATHERINE

I found her body. I left threatening messages on her answer machine. I had a motive.

CLARE

Yeah but... you didn't. Did you?

(pause)

Did you?

CATHERINE

Are you seriously asking me that, Clare?

CLARE

Sorry. No. I was...  
(what was she doing?)  
No.

CATHERINE

(trying to be reasonable)  
Oh, she's just doing her job.

CLARE

Yeah, but bloody hell.

CATHERINE

It's routine, it's procedure.

CLARE

Bitch.

CATHERINE

It's just not much fun being on the  
wrong end of it.

Silence.

CLARE

Lynn Dewhurst.

CATHERINE

I know.

More silence. And then the thing CLARE's gagging to say -

CLARE

I once snogged him.

CATHERINE

Sorry?

CLARE

Neil. After a disco at school. Down  
at t'bus stop in Sowerby Bridge. I  
always liked him.

Silence. Eventually -

CATHERINE

Shall we get a take-away tonight?

CUT TO:

44A EXT. WILLS O'NATS PUB. EVENING 2. 20.02

44A

We follow JOHN's car as he speeds along the road and pulls up  
in the pub car park.

CUT TO:

45 INT. WILLS O'NATS PUB. EVENING 2. 20.04

45

A rather seedy threadbare moorland pub. The sort that feels stuck in a time warp and should have closed down. VICKY waits for JOHN. She's sipping a gin and tonic, and she's bought a pint of bitter for him. The pub is quiet. JOHN appears at the door, and - to be fair to him - he does look like he's rushed to get here. *(She could've got a taxi here, then she can drive his car back to her place).*

JOHN

I thought I was going to be late.

VICKY

*(she looks at her watch)*

No.

He sits down.

JOHN

Is that - ?

For me? He's pointing at the pint.

VICKY

Only if you want it.

He does; he's had a long day. He pulls the glass towards him.

JOHN

I'm sorry things've... I don't want you to think... you know, when it started I did *mean* all those things, I just... I mean you must feel the same. It wasn't... it just hasn't -

VICKY

Lived up to its early promise.

JOHN

Become what I thought it would.  
*(he thinks about what she just said)*  
Yeah. Yeah if you like.

VICKY

Well. That's not how I feel, John.  
For the record. I'm...  
*(she's not far off tears)*  
well, I'm disappointed. I thought you couldn't wait to get away from her, I thought you were sick of her. And all I've got to comfort myself with now is the idea that two years with me, and all it's done is make you realise she's just not that bad.

JOHN

It's not just [her] - it's complicated. With the kids. You know, three kids, it doesn't get any easier, it just gets more and more...

(he dries up, but the implication is that it becomes more and more of a headache)

We've had some good times.

\*

VICKY

How do you know I'm not going to make life difficult for you?

\*

JOHN

Are you?

VICKY

Why shouldn't I?

JOHN has no response to that. A moment.

JOHN

Did you bring them things?

VICKY gets a couple of items out of her handbag: the warrant card, a sock. JOHN stuffs them unobtrusively in his pocket.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We can still be friends.

VICKY

Sure.

JOHN

Can't we?

VICKY

Sure.

JOHN believes she's sincere. He takes a big long swallow of beer. VICKY watches him drink.

CUT TO:

46      INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. EVENING 2. 20.15      46

CLARE and RYAN are flopped on the settee together watching a cookery show on tv. At length -

RYAN  
(nodding in the direction  
of a bloke on the telly)  
He's stupid.

CLARE  
Yeah.

RYAN  
She's annoying.

CLARE  
D'you think?

RYAN  
I could do that better than either  
of them two.

CLARE  
Good for you.

RYAN  
What's Granny doing?

CLARE  
She's just busy in t'kitchen.

CUT TO:

47      INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. EVENING 2. 20.16      47

CATHERINE's washed out the take-away containers, ready for recycling, and now she's sitting at the table going through the domestic calender, her diary and her pocket book, making notes about what she was and wasn't doing in that two-week period five weeks ago. She's finding it frustrating; inevitably there are gaps, days off when there's nothing written anywhere to prompt her memory. We linger with her and her oppressive thoughts for a moment, when suddenly she's aware of someone heading in the through the conservatory door, and then the back door. Much to CATHERINE's surprise, it's DANIEL. He's got an overnight bag. DANIEL's embarrassed, angry, wretched (though these things only emerge as he keeps talking).

CATHERINE

Hello love.

DANIEL

Can I stay here for a bit?

CATHERINE

Wh[y]? Course you can. What's happened?

DANIEL

She's chucked me out.

CATHERINE

Lucy? Why?

(he doesn't want to talk about it, but can't admit that he doesn't want to talk about. He just sits down without taking his coat off looking as wretched as CATHERINE feels)

When did this happen?

DANIEL

Last week. I've been at me dad's. Only Ros got sick of me. Which was *entirely mutual*. Then I've been in a bed and breakfast, but that's just made me feel even more shit. So.

So he's here. CATHERINE weighs things up. She's aware there's a lot DANIEL's not telling her.

CATHERINE

You'll have to sleep on the settee.

DANIEL

That's fine.

CATHERINE

Is it...? How permanent...?

DANIEL

She reckons she wants a divorce. She won't talk to me. I keep knocking on t'door. Her dad's changed the locks! That's *my* house. Then he's been on t'phone making threats.

CATHERINE

Well... *why*? What's happened?



DANIEL

Nothing's happened! She's just got stupid ideas in her head, that's all.

CATHERINE

About what?

DANIEL

Me. Ever since Daisy was born, she's been off her ffff...flaming trolley. But now she's just gone... complete fruit loop.

CLARE comes in followed by RYAN. They've heard raised voices.

CLARE

What's up?

CATHERINE's entirely aware that she's just been given a heavily edited version of whatever it is that's happened. But she knows the truth will out eventually if she doesn't push it.

CATHERINE

Daniel's going to be sleeping on the settee for a couple of nights.

DANIEL manages a bit of a brief, apologetic, embarrassed, sad smile at CLARE. He glances at RYAN.

DANIEL

Hiya.

RYAN

Hiya.

CUT TO:

48      INT. WILLS O'NATS PUB. EVENING 2. 20.40

48

JOHN's finished his pint, and he's starting to feel very very peculiar.

VICKY

D'you want another one?

JOHN

No.

(loosens his tie)

No, I ought to be getting off home.

But he doesn't feel like he has the energy even to stand up. He could barely co-ordinate his hand just then to loosen his tie.

VICKY  
Are you all right, John?

JOHN  
I've...  
(he's pale, sweaty)  
Happen I'm starting with 'flu.

He glances at the bar, and we see the world from his point of view, slightly skewed. That odd thing of the world going on normally around you and no-one noticing how odd you look/feel.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. WILLS O'NATS PUB. EVENING 2. 20.55

49

JOHN can barely walk. VICKY steers him towards his car. His speech is laboured, like his mouth isn't in sync with the words coming out of it.

JOHN  
God maybe it's 'cos I've not eaten  
anything all day, and then the  
beer.

VICKY  
Let's get you into your car.

We glimpse the world from JOHN's POV as he staggers almost helplessly towards his car; it's like wading through treacle, the car is blurred and never seems to get any nearer. Sound is distorted, distant, weird.

JOHN  
What's wrong with me?

VICKY  
Let's get you in the car.

JOHN  
Am I having a stroke?

VICKY  
No no no - I think - let's just get  
you into the car.

JOHN  
I don't think - f[uck] - I don't  
think I can drive.

VICKY  
I can drive.

JOHN  
What's happening to me?

VICKY  
Where's your keys?

JOHN blacks out. Seconds pass in darkness.

CUT TO:

50 INT. TRAVEL INN, BEDROOM. NIGHT 2. 22.11

50

Suddenly JOHN wakes up. In a bed. The side light is on. He doesn't recognise the bedroom at all. It looks like a hotel room. He's completely naked. He panics; he's got no idea why he's here or how he got here. He looks for his clothes, but can't see them anywhere. There's a pink feather on the white bed linen. He goes into the bathroom: no clues, it's empty. He heads for the door, he reaches for the door handle, and only then realises he feels just as bad, just as disorientated, weird, as helpless and as listless as he did before. He collapses and blacks out again. Seconds pass in darkness...

CUT TO:

51 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STATION ROAD. DAY 3. 07.55

51

JOHN suddenly wakes up and finds himself sitting in his car outside the police station. In the passenger seat. Dressed. It's day, it's light. His phone is beeping. It's on the driver's seat right next to him. He grabs it and flips it open; it's an alarm going off. He feels totally panicked, disorientated, weird all over again. How did he get here? How long's he been here? What the hell's happened to him? Then as he presses the home button, he sees a list of missed calls, all from home. And texts from AMANDA, ranging from "What time do you think you'll be home?" to "WHERE ARE YOU??" JOHN becomes aware of his colleagues arriving in their cars and heading for the nick for the morning briefing. He gathers his thoughts as best he can, and presses his home number. Ring ring. Then his wife's voice -

AMANDA  
(OOV)  
John?

JOHN  
Amanda.

AMANDA  
Where are you?

JOHN  
Sorry. I'm sorry, I'm sorry I've  
not -

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

52 INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 3. 07.56

52

AMANDA WADSWORTH is dressed for work, she's a midwife. The kids are going about getting ready for the day with breakfast, packing school bags, etc.

AMANDA

Where are you? John?

JOHN

Work. I'm at work. I've been at work all night.

AMANDA

I rang Clifford and he said you'd knocked off at eight.

JOHN

No. We did. But then... the boss kept me back after Clifford'd gone and... I think I must have fallen asleep at my desk. Sorry, I'm sorry, I know you'll have been worried sick.

AMANDA's not sure whether to buy this or not. But in the moment she chooses to take it at face value; it's the most expedient thing to do. She might take a few moments of silence to reach that decision.

AMANDA

Right. Well. As long as you're okay. And I have been worried sick, yes. I didn't tell the kids.

JOHN

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Amanda. I'm fine.

Except we know he's far from fine. And instinctively she does too.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 3. 07.59

53

JOHN's just heading into the nick as CATHERINE (kitted up) is heading out (she's heading towards the railway station). CATHERINE doesn't know JOHN, she's just being polite and cheerful -

CATHERINE

Morning!

JOHN

Morning.

CUT TO:

54

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, TEMPORARY H-MIT  
BRIEFING ROOM. DAY 3. 08.17

54

JOHN's sitting at a table in a briefing room once again surrounded by between thirty and forty people. He's pale, unshaven, *really* shaken (although of course desperate not to draw attention to himself, and so he's willing himself to look like he's concentrating hard on what the boss is saying).

ANDY

Following the meeting I had yesterday with the Assistant Chief Con and the S.I.O.s on the other two investigations, it's been concluded that there *is* sufficient evidence - *more* than sufficient evidence - to link this operation with Operation Sycamore and Operation Livingston. The upshot therefore is that we are now looking at a serial offender.

People in the room react and start chatting to one another: this is an unusual and exciting development (even though they knew it was coming). We see MIKE TAYLOR take this info in with particular interest. He exchanges a brief glance with the JODIE who questioned CATHERINE yesterday: "so it can't be her then", is what's on MIKE's face.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What that means in practical terms is that we're merging this investigation with the other two teams looking at the other two murders, and the investigation as a whole is now upgraded to Cat A, which means we'll have more resources and quicker decisions.

(calling above the din)

You need to be listening, not talking!

CUT TO:

55 EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION. DAY 3. 08.20

55

CATHERINE's with a little old man who's sitting on a bench in a pink ladies' dressing gown, men's striped pyjamas (crumpled) and well-worn slippers. He's clutching a plastic carrier bag containing his worldly goods. LIAM is also there (clutching a can of special brew) who - despite the early hour - is shaky wobbly drunk. CATHERINE's crouched down in front of the little old man (who clearly has dementia), trying to get him to engage with her.

CATHERINE  
What's your name?

OLD MAN  
My name?

CATHERINE  
Yes, your name. What's your name?

LIAM  
Yer *name*!

OLD MAN  
Is it Geoffrey?

CATHERINE  
Is it?

LIAM  
Dun't know his own name, you're as mad as me grandad!

CATHERINE  
So Geoffrey, where do you live?

OLD MAN  
I live down Jepson Lane.

CATHERINE  
Do you?

LIAM  
He lives up Fairy Cake Lane.

OLD MAN  
Yes. Number twenty-eight.

CATHERINE  
Okay.

OLD MAN  
With my mother and dad.

LIAM  
(happy, not in the least  
bit nasty)  
(MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)  
You lying git! With yer mum and  
dad? You lying ole bugger!

CATHERINE  
(to GEOFFREY)  
Can you just excuse me a second,  
love?

CATHERINE goes and gets right in LIAM's face, and says very  
quietly -

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Would you like to move along?

Or I'll rip your cock off and shove it up your arse, is the  
subtext, despite the lack of volume.

LIAM  
I were just trying to help.

CATHERINE  
Sure. Mind how you go.

LIAM wobbles away shouting "Come on you Spu-urs!" to two  
elderly ladies standing on the other platform. CATHERINE  
takes her hi-viz jacket off and puts it round GEOFFREY's  
shoulders. Just then her radio kicks in with a message -

RADIO  
Bravo November four-five? Yes we do  
have an elderly male fitting that  
description. Geoffrey Barrett,  
eighty-eight years of age, reported  
missing from his home address,  
number 13 Park Royd Lane, Kebroyd.  
I've spoken to his daughter, she's  
coming to meet you at your  
location.

CATHERINE  
I'm going to sit him inside the  
cafe and get him a hot drink, can  
you let her know that's where we'll  
be?

CUT TO:

56 INT. SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION, CAFE. DAY 3. 08.45 56

GEOFFREY (still wearing CATHERINE's hi-vis jacket) sits at a  
table. He's got his reading glasses on now (from his plastic  
bag) and he's studying his bus pass. CATHERINE's at the  
counter getting him a cup of tea, when her mobile bleats.  
It's CLARE.

CATHERINE  
What d'you know?

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

57 EXT. STREET. DAY 3. 08.46

57

CLARE's heading up the road to the bus stop, away from the cul-de-sac where LUCY and DANIEL live.

CLARE

Well. She let me in - Lucy did - and she was very polite and she was very happy to chat, and - to my mind - very far from "off her rocker". She was also keen to put the record straight.

CATHERINE

Okay.

CLARE

So according to her - brace yourself - Daniel's been having a fling. With some lass he was at school with.

CATHERINE's sickened, baffled.

CATHERINE

What lass? Not -

CLARE

Laura Robertshaw.  
(silence. The penny  
dropped at CATHERINE's  
end the nano second  
before CLARE said it)  
Catherine?

CATHERINE's further sickened. The boring, distressing inevitability. Eventually -

CATHERINE

Yeah, I'm still here.

CLARE

Who is she?

CATHERINE

You know that saying about how 'poison comes in little bottles'?

CLARE

Really?



CATHERINE: yup.

CUT TO:

58      EXT. KING'S CROSS STATION. DAY 3. 09.30      58

Establishing shot.

CUT TO:

59      INT. TRAIN, KING'S CROSS STATION. DAY 3. 09.30      59

FRANCES DRUMMOND (40) looks nervous and eager as her train arrives at its destination. She's a neat little woman. Perhaps she wears glasses and looks rather studious. The train announcer talks in a Scottish accent, reminding people that "We are now arriving at London King's Cross. This service terminates here, and passengers are reminded to take their luggage with them" etc.

CUT TO:

60      EXT. TRAIN, KING'S CROSS STATION. DAY 3. 09.31      60

FRANCES gets off the train with a substantial amount of luggage. It's nearly bigger than she is, but she struggles with it with great determination.

CUT TO:

61      EXT. LEFT LUGGAGE, KINGS CROSS STATION. DAY 3. 09.35      61

FRANCES has checked all her luggage into left luggage. She gets a receipt.

CUT TO:

61A      INT. FEMALE TOILETS, KINGS CROSS STATION. DAY 3. 09.36      61A

FRANCES fixes her hair in the mirror after her long journey.

CUT TO:

62      INT. GRAVESEND PRISON, VISITORS' SECURITY. DAY 3. 11.00      62

FRANCES looks very out of place in this oppressive, austere prison. We see her being checked through rigorous security procedures.

CUT TO:

63 INT. GRAVESEND PRISON, VISITING ROOM. DAY 3. 11.15 63

FRANCES is with TOMMY. TOMMY has tears streaming down his face. FRANCES comes across as intelligent, educated. She's utterly captivated by TOMMY.

FRANCES  
I can't believe they told you  
something like in such a matter-of-  
fact way.

TOMMY  
How else are they gonna do it? In  
here.

FRANCES  
It's appalling.

TOMMY  
I know she was what she was and  
everyfin, but it's still yer mother  
int it?

FRANCES  
Of course it is.

TOMMY  
I've got this idea. In me head. And  
it's bugging me.

FRANCES  
What?

He's reluctant to say it. He knows it'll sound far-fetched.

TOMMY  
That *fucking bitch*.  
(FRANCES: who?)  
Cawood.

FRANCES  
What about her?

It's clear from her tone and her whole reaction that FRANCES has no affection for CATHERINE.

TOMMY  
They came in to talk to me.  
Yesterday afternoon. These police.  
She's been dead five, six, seven  
weeks me mum, they're not sure.  
Cawood rang me mum up making  
threats. She told me, me mother  
did. I spoke to her on t'phone, she  
were crying.  
(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

She'd seen Ryan outside t'shop down Hebden, and she'd spoke to him, she said, "I'm your granny", that's all she said, "I'm your granny", then Cawood's ringing her up making threats.

FRANCES

I remember, you told me.

TOMMY

Yeah. Well. There y'go. Then she turns up dead. Strangled. Mashed up *inside wi' broken glass*. You see she's clever this bitch, she'd do something like that so everyone'd go, "Well a woman'd never do something like that to another woman". You see, I know how a bitch like that thinks. I said to 'em, "Are you even *questioning* her?"

FRANCES

What did they say?

TOMMY

F[uck]ing -  
(daft voice)  
'all lines of inquiry are being pursued' bollocks. They'll hide it. If it is her. They'll cover it up. She's untouchable.  
(he's still tearful)  
She's ruined my life. And she's [fucking] untouchable.

TOMMY's tears bring tears to FRANCES's eyes, because she can't bear to see him to miserable.

FRANCES

I love you.

TOMMY

I know you do.

They hold hands (if they're allowed to) and gaze deep into one another's eyes.

CUT TO:

63A      EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 3. 11.24

63A

Establisher. It's a grim afternoon.

CUT TO:

64 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MIKE'S OFFICE. DAY 3. 64  
11.25

CATHERINE (wearing her big outdoor kit, like she's just got in) is knocking on MIKE's open door.

CATHERINE  
You wanted to see me?

MIKE  
(nods)  
It's a serial killer. It's official.

CATHERINE  
So I take it I'm off the hook.

Inevitably a spot of light sarcasm crept in there.

MIKE  
Ah.

CATHERINE  
You're joking.

MIKE  
The thing is.

CATHERINE  
Tell me you're joking.

MIKE  
They've got much more specific times of death on the other two operations, so if you can alibi yourself for those times, you're laughing.

CATHERINE  
I'm really seriously not even thinking about laughing, Mike.

MIKE  
It's routine, it's procedure, I know it's not much f[un] -

CATHERINE  
It's wank, it's toss.

MIKE  
D'you want the dates and times?

CATHERINE  
No.

She heads off, back to her own office.

MIKE  
Shall I email them to you?

CATHERINE  
(oov)  
No.

CUT TO:

65      INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR. DAY 3. 11.26    65

CATHERINE heads for the main office. We see DAVE and GORKEM.  
ANN can be seen in the main room.

MIKE  
(oov)  
Walking away isn't going to make it  
go away! Catherine? Where y'going?

CATHERINE  
I'm going to strangle a few more  
prostitutes and stick some more  
broken bottles where the sun  
doesn't shine.

She's really wound up. MIKE appears at his door.

MIKE  
You do know that's not funny. Even  
in fun that's not funny.

CATHERINE  
No. Really? I thought it was  
hilarious.

MIKE  
Play the game, Catherine! Just tick  
the boxes! It's all they n[eed]!

CATHERINE's turned round and is back in MIKE's face -

CATHERINE  
Has anyone thought to go out and  
talk to the girls on Stoneyroyd  
Lane? Eh? Warn 'em to watch out for  
each other and not to go with  
anybody they don't know, ectetera  
ectetera.

MIKE  
Yeah. No. Not yet, but we will do  
that obviously. I'm going to email  
you those dates.

CATHERINE sets off again towards the main office as MIKE  
disappears back into his office.

CATHERINE  
Yeah good luck with that sir.

CATHERINE heads into the main office...

CUT TO:

66      INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE.      66  
DAY 3. 11.27

...where ANN GALLAGHER's clutching a telephone. SLEDGE and SHAF are in there.

ANN  
Catheri[ne?] Sarg. It's Joyce.

CATHERINE takes the phone off ANN.

CATHERINE  
Joyce.

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

67      INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, RECEPTION. DAY 3. 11.28    67

JOYCE  
There's a lady down here, Alison  
Garrs?  
(we see ALISON and DARYL  
GARRS, who we met at the  
farm in scene 10)  
She says she's the one whose sheep  
you put out of it's misery day  
before yesterday.

On CATHERINE: what fresh hell is this? She hands the phone  
back to ANN and sets off again.

ANN  
(in CATHERINE's wake, to  
JOYCE - )  
She's coming.

CUT TO:

68      INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, RECEPTION. DAY 3. 11.29    68

Seconds later. CATHERINE (not in the best of moods by now)  
heads into reception. She's conscious of trying not to  
inflict her mood on them: her problems aren't their problems.

CATHERINE  
Morning.

DARYL loiters behind his mother, he's got a contusion to his forehead. ALISON isn't a pushy, unpleasant woman, she doesn't like making a fuss. She's possibly never set foot in a police station before; she's here because she's genuinely aggrieved.

ALISON GARRS

Look what they've done to Daryl.  
This is them lads that you let off  
with a caution. He went into t'shop  
down Ovenden and they started  
pushing him around and making sheep  
noises at him.

DARYL is embarrassed. And ALISON is nearly in tears saying the last bit. CATHERINE gets the idea - even more than she did the first time she met him - that DARYL is crippled by a chronic lack of confidence. She opens the desk flap to let them through, and she addresses JOYCE -

CATHERINE

Ask Dave to come down and take a  
statement. I want a crime on for a  
Section 39.

(then to ALISON and DARYL)

Would you like to come through?

(DARYL's reluctant,  
nervous that there'll be  
even more repercussions.

CATHERINE's kind to him)

Come on, lad. We don't bite. I'm  
gonna nip this in the bud. Go on  
through.

CUT TO:

69      EXT. VALLEY (FROM BURNLEY ROAD). DAY 3. 15.00

69

A GV of the Valley. A grim day.

We jump from late morning to mid/late afternoon...

CUT TO:

70      EXT. STONEYROYD LANE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 3. 15.30

70

A girl and a woman loiter together (the girl no older than 17, the woman 32 going on 56) by the railway viaduct. They're both junkies; the older one's pale, wasted, her clothes crumpled and unwashed, the younger one similar, but with make-up on. A blue Ford pulls up. The girl and the woman look to see if they recognise who's driving. It's CATHERINE taking a little detour on her way home from work. CATHERINE gets out of the car and saunters over to them. She's got a supermarket carrier bag.

CATHERINE  
Hello ladies.

They both chorus "Hiya". They both know her. They're a bit in awe of her, but they both know she's all right with you if you're all right with her.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
How's things, Annette? How're you getting on at Lifeline?

She's talking to the older one, who seems a bit addled, but polite enough.

ANNETTE  
Oh... I don't like going.

LEONIE  
She dunt like going.

ANNETTE  
It's full o' smackheads.

CATHERINE  
Yeah, is it?

ANNETTE  
They'll have yer sat waiting for hours for nowt and I said to him, "Look lovey, time's money".

LEONIE  
And it is. Y'know. To be fair.

CATHERINE  
Are you hungry?

CATHERINE holds open the supermarket bag, which has sandwich packs in it (a good few, she didn't know how many women would be here).

LEONIE  
(cheerful)  
Oh, I'm allus hungry me!

ANNETTE  
(fond)  
She's like a dustbin.

LEONIE (CONT'D)  
I'm like a dustbin.

CATHERINE  
You looking after yourself Leonie?

ANNETTE  
Yep. Yup. She is. I keep an eye on her.

LEONIE  
(reading the label)  
Why do they allus put sweetcorn in wi' tuna? Who invented that?



CATHERINE

Just take it all between you, go on.

CATHERINE can't be arsed with them picking and choosing which sandwiches they do and don't want, it isn't like she's going to keep any of them after they've picked through them.

ANNETTE

You sure, lovey?

LEONIE

D'you like my new eyeliner, Mrs. Cawood?

CATHERINE

Oh yeah.

ANNETTE

(fond)

Int she pretty?

CATHERINE

Where did you nick that from then Leonie?

ANNETTE gives a little appreciative laugh: funny a police officer can ask you that and no-one cares.

LEONIE

Boots. Boots's.

CATHERINE

Okay. Listen. You need to know. We've got a bit of a weirdo doing the rounds. He's killed three girls. Women. One in Elland, one in Brighouse, then another one two days ago up Ovenden. There's going to be an announcement later this aft. He's targeting vulnerable people like yourselves. All right? And he's not just killing 'em, he's doing stuff to 'em - I can't really tell you what, I'll leave it to your imagination - but it's not much fun, so you need to be aware, all right? You need to have eyes in your backside.

(LEONIE's busy checking out her sandwich innards)

Leonie, are you listening?

It's at this point that we cut to the inside of a little van -

CUT TO:

71 INT/EXT. VAN/STONEYROYD LANE. DAY 3. 15.31 71

We're inside a van as it comes around the corner and we see CATHERINE chatting to ANNETTE and LEONIE from our POV inside the van. Then we see that it's SEAN BALMFORTH driving the van. He's got loud music on, and he's swigging vodka from a half bottle. Instantly he knows CATHERINE isn't one of the girls; her big black boots and black trousers beneath her civvies coat (and her general robust, healthy, upright appearance) give her away instantly. SEAN puts his foot down and speeds\* [see below] past them...

CUT TO:

72 EXT. STONEYROYD LANE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 3. 15.32 72

CATHERINE

...new cars, new punters, anyone who makes your flesh crawl, anyone you've felt you were lucky to come away from alive, anyone that makes you feel uncomfortable or odd, promise me you'll come and talk to me.

(SEAN's van speeds\* past:  
we now see the van is a  
small, elderly van that'd  
struggle to pass it's  
MOT)

Who's that?

ANNETTE and LEONIE watch the van then chorus together in a genuine "Dunno". CATHERINE tries to make a mental note of the number plate (FL02 GDK) before it disappears.

\*SEAN might be too nousy to *speed* past. It's more something CATHERINE notices about someone who was lingering... and then wasn't.

CUT TO:

72A EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE. EVENING 2. 20.30 72A

It's a rainy, gloomy evening in Sowerby Bridge.

CUT TO:

73 INT. HOSPICE, CORRIDOR. EVENING 3. 20.29 73

It's raining.

CATHERINE and CLARE head along the corridor to HELEN's room. They talk in hushed voices -

CLARE

It's been going on for months, she reckons. She thinks it was going on even before Daisy was born.

CATHERINE

I'm not saying owt to him. If he wants to talk to me, he'll talk to me. I'm not starting interfering in people's marriages.

CLARE

Course, whether it's true or not... although why would she make it up? I don't think she would, but she coulda got wrong end o' t'stick.

CATHERINE

We'll have to tidy out the spare bedroom. If he is stopping. He's not camping out in t'sitting room, not for any length of time, it's not fair on Ryan. It's not fair on us.

CLARE

I could move out.

CATHERINE

You're not moving out.

CLARE

It's more his home than mine. Though. Isn't it? Technically.

CATHERINE still feels shit about what she said to CLARE eighteen months ago about getting her own place.

CATHERINE

Don't say that.

They've reached HELEN's room. The bed is empty. It's been made up neatly. The cards and flowers are gone. They look at one another, their hearts sinking. CLARE's particularly, CLARE's the one who's close to HELEN. Expected as it is, these things are always a shock. The emptiness of the bed. An ORDERLY is passing.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Where's Mrs. Gallagher?

CUT TO:

74

INT. HOSPICE, VISITOR'S SITTING ROOM. EVENING 3. 20.32

74

It's still raining outside. NEVISON and ANN sit silently, close (but separate) to one another.

They're both in calm, quiet, reflective, tearful mode.  
CATHERINE goes and hugs ANN. ANN hugs CATHERINE tight and silently cries her eyes out. NEV sees that CLARE has tears in her eyes. He stands up and (slightly self-consciously) hugs her. He knows how much HELEN meant to CLARE.

NEV  
(he whispers, reassuring  
himself as much as CLARE)  
It were very peaceful. Very  
peaceful.

ANN's really blubbing now because she can let go with CATHERINE in a way she just couldn't with her dad. CATHERINE's tearful too because it's so heart breaking, and because she cares deeply about ANN.

CATHERINE  
Shhh...

CUT TO:

75

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT 3. 20.40

75

It's dark outside, and still raining. DANIEL and RYAN are sitting cosily at the table in the kitchen together playing King of Tokyo (a board game). DANIEL's watching RYAN as RYAN shakes and throws the dice; we sense that DANIEL's somehow made peace with RYAN over the last eighteen months, and now actually finds it a good and surprising thing that's happened. RYAN moves his piece on the board, and then -

RYAN  
Can I get a biscuit Uncle Daniel?

DANIEL's surprised he's being asked. But then of course he realises that RYAN's young enough to think that you just do ask the adult, whoever the adult is.

DANIEL  
Yeah. I guess so. D'you know where  
they are?

Course he does.

RYAN  
Do you want one?

DANIEL  
Nar. Thanks. Actually... I might  
have a beer.  
(he gets one from a four-  
pack from the fridge)  
While Auntie Clare's out.

He winks at RYAN as he says it.

RYAN

Why? Can you not drink beer when  
Auntie Clare's in?

DANIEL

Well... you can. But we don't. Do  
we. 'Cos...

RYAN

Why?

DANIEL's kicking himself: he shouldn't have got into this  
conversation.

DANIEL

She doesn't like it.

RYAN

Why?

DANIEL

Erm...

(he's struggling)

Well, because sh[e] - it's -  
because she's - erm -

RYAN

Is she an alcoholink?

DANIEL's surprised. He considers his answer carefully. But  
given that RYAN seems to know more than DANIEL was about to  
give him credit for -

DANIEL

Well yes. Yes, she is. Was. Is.

RYAN takes that in. Nods. Thinks about it.

RYAN

What is an alcoholink?

DANIEL: oh shit.

DANIEL

It's - it's - actually it's alcohol-  
ic. It's someone who...

(how to put it?)

doesn't... *like* alcohol.

RYAN

I don't like it.

DANIEL

No okay, it's - actually, what it  
*is* is, it's someone who likes  
alcohol...

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
(whispers/mouths it, like  
it's something we don't  
mention)  
*A bit too much.*

DANIEL pulls a face, and makes a wobbly hand drinking gesture to accompany the line. On confused RYAN, the cogs whirring in his brain.

CUT TO:

76                    EXT. HEBDEN BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT 3. 20.45                    76

A train has just pulled into Hebden Bridge station. Still raining. Amongst others, FRANCES DRUMMOND steps off with her voluminous luggage. She looks around for signs for the town centre, but struggles to see anything through her glasses in the rain. She perseveres, identifies what she needs to know, and heads off.

CUT TO:

77                    INT. WHITE LION HOTEL. NIGHT 3. 20.57                    77

FRANCES comes in to the pub. She's soaked. Her glasses steam up. She goes to the bar, weighed down with her luggage, and struggles to attract the attention of a member of staff.

FRANCES  
Hello. I've got a reservation.  
(smiling, professional,  
polite)  
Drummond, Frances Drummond.

CUT TO:

77A                   EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE. NIGHT 3. 20.59.                    77A

It's dark and it's raining.

CUT TO:

78                    INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 3. 21.00                    78

Still raining outside. We hear the noise of three kids doing other things in other parts of the house (Play station, guitar practice, tv) but we're in the sitting room with JOHN and AMANDA.

AMANDA  
(concerned)  
Passed out?

JOHN

Yeah. I was at my desk, and...  
banging headache, no meal break -  
as usual - and I think I must've  
just passed out.

AMANDA

Well then you're working too hard.  
(JOHN dismisses that)  
You've got to tell him!

JOHN

That's gonna go down well, isn't  
it? We're just kicking off this  
major investigation.

AMANDA

Why did he keep you behind?

JOHN

Because I'm the only one that knows  
this particular... aspect of  
telecoms -  
(just then JOHN's mobile  
beeps with a text. He  
ignores it)  
- which is what one of the big  
leads was. Yesterday.

AMANDA

Maybe you should go see the doctor.

JOHN

If it happens again I will.

AMANDA

You do look pale, I thought so when  
you came in.  
(a moment)  
I'm going to make some coffee,  
d'you want some?

JOHN

Yeah, go on.

AMANDA's just heading off when the land line rings. She  
answers it.

AMANDA

Hello?  
("hello, could I speak to  
John please?")  
Sure, he's just here, who's  
calling?  
("yes, it's Vicky from  
forensics". AMANDA offers  
the phone to JOHN)  
It's Vicky from forensics.

That immediately rings alarm bells for JOHN. Not just the VICKY bit, but the fact that no-one announces themselves as "from forensics". JOHN takes the phone, AMANDA heads off into the kitchen, entirely unsuspecting.

JOHN

Hello?

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

79

EXT. CO-OP CAR PARK, RIPPONDEN. NIGHT 3. 21.01

79

VICKY's sitting in her car outside the Co-op. Still raining.

VICKY

I've just sent you a text, have you seen it?

JOHN

No.

VICKY

Please have a look.

JOHN goes and gets his phone. He's got a text not from VF (as he might expect), but from a number that's blocked. He opens it. It's a photograph of a naked man on a bed looking ridiculous. He realises it's HIM. Himself. Naked. Set up in some ridiculous tableau, with homo erotic magazines on the bed, and him clutching a vibrator in one limp hand, he's also wearing a pink feather boa and pink heels. Then he sees another photo, and another.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Have you seen it?

JOHN

(appalled, speechless)

What['s] - ? How've you - ? What's going on? Vicky?

VICKY

I spent the last two years thinking I had things to look forward to, a future, a life *not on my own*. And now I find I've got nothing. I downloaded all your contacts off your phone last night. Just after I took those photos.

(MORE)



VICKY (CONT'D)

Your wife, your mum, your dad, your kids, your sister, your brother, your aunties, your cousins, everyone you work with, your bosses, your colleagues, everyone at the rugby club, everyone at the Rotary, the bloke you bought your car off, your doctor, your dentist, your little Amber's piano teacher, people you've met at conferences who you've probably forgotten, the list is endless.

JOHN's gone red in the face.

JOHN

Well well what what what d'you want?

VICKY

Money. Only money.

JOHN

How much?

VICKY

A thousand pounds. A month. Going forward.

JOHN

I can't I can't I can't do that.

VICKY

Cash. Obviously.

JOHN

I can't - Vicky - I -

VICKY

Oh, I think you can. I think you might be foolish not to. First payment's due... shall we say a week today? Where would you like to meet?

(silence)

Perhaps you'd like to think about that.

(more silence)

I do realise I'm playing with fire, with you being a policeman and everything. But perhaps you can take that as a measure of how upset, how *messed around*, how *PISSED OFF*, I feel.

(MORE)

VICKY (CONT'D)

I also realise how easy it'd be for you to tell someone at work, but please understand that if you do, it will literally take me a *matter of seconds* to send these images to *every single person* in your address book. John.

JOHN's embarrassment isn't going away; it's getting worse.

CUT TO:

80 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT 3. 21.15. 80

DANIEL and RYAN still playing King of Tokyo, enjoying each other's company. It's still raining outside.

DANIEL

(as RYAN scores major points)

No!!

RYAN

(delighted)

Yes!!

DANIEL

(enjoying RYAN's fun)

No way!

RYAN

(deep voice)

Eat shit and *die*.

DANIEL

Oy oy. What would your granny say?

RYAN

That's what she says, I've heard her.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, BACK YARD. NIGHT 3. 21.30 81

We discover FRANCES DRUMMOND in the back yard watching DANIEL and RYAN at the kitchen table. The rain blurs the lenses on her glasses, but she continues to watch RYAN intently, analytically, fondly, just like she imagines TOMMY would.

**END OF EPISODE ONE**