

A week later

1 EXT. HEBDEN BRIDGE. DAY 4. 16.43

1

We follow CATHERINE's Ford as she drives over the bridge and into Hangingroyd Street as she returns home from work. She pulls up outside her house (not right outside); CATHERINE steps out of the driver's side, and ILINKA BLAZEVIC (35, emaciated, unhealthy, poorly dressed) steps out of the passenger side. ILINKA is very unsure of herself; CATHERINE has to more or less physically persuade her in the right direction.

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CATHERINE
(smiling, gesturing)
Here, we're just along here.

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We follow CATHERINE and ILINKA into the house.

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CUT TO:

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2 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 4. 16.45

2

CLARE's with DANIEL. DANIEL's just in from work, still in his smart clothes. This is angry but hush hush because we can assume RYAN's in front of the telly in the next room...

CLARE
You *told him*?

DANIEL
He *asked*.

CLARE
What d'you mean *he asked*?

DANIEL
I - just -
(big sigh)
We were playing a game.

CLARE: what's that got to do with anything?

CLARE
Okay.

DANIEL
And I said I might have a beer.
While Auntie Clare's out. And he
said, "What d'you mean?" So -

He daren't complete the sentence.

CLARE
So you told him?
(DANIEL daren't say 'yes')
(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)

When - in fact - you coulda just
said, "Nothing. I didn't mean
anything, I'm just chuntering".

DANIEL

He kept on at me, he kept asking.
And *then*. *He* was the one who said
"Is she an alcoholink?"
(beat)
ic.

CLARE

And did you tell him the rest? "And she used to shoot crap up her veins" as well?

DANIEL

No. No. Course I didn't!

CLARE

You know he's going to go repeating that. At school.

DANIEL

Why would he?

CLARE

Because he does, it's the kind of thing he does.

DANIEL

Okay well I'm sorry, it just...
("slipped out", he was
going to say, but the
truth is -)
he asked.

Just as CLARE's about to come back at him with another sharp comment, we hear a key in the lock and the front door's pushed open from outside. It's CATHERINE, in from work, herding in ILINKA BLAZEVIC (35, emaciated, unhealthy, poorly dressed).

CATHERINE

Go through, straight through,
through there, into the kitchen.
That way.

ILINKA is very unsure of herself; CATHERINE has to more or less physically persuade her into the kitchen. CATHERINE doesn't instantly appreciate the tense situation she's walked into between CLARE and DANIEL because she's so focussed on making ILINKA feel safe and comfortable. CATHERINE has a kindly, fixed grin on her face.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Ah! They're all here. This is
Ilinka. Ilinka, this is *Daniel*. Say
hello.

DANIEL

Hello.

CATHERINE

And this is *Clare*.

CLARE

Hello.

ILINKA nods, tries to smile, says a very unconfident, mumbled "hello" back. DANIEL and CLARE are wondering what the hell's going on (both look bad tempered as well as confused).

CATHERINE

(pulls a chair out, and indicates to ILINKA)

Sit down! Sit!

(explains to DANIEL and CLARE)

She doesn't speak any English. So -
(we have to use our hands to explain things, she gesticulates)

Tea! Is there any tea?

CLARE

I've just boiled t'kettle.

CATHERINE

Great!

(at ILINKA, miming)

Tea?

ILINKA

(she nods, mumbles)

Jako ste ljubazni.

You're very kind.

CATHERINE

(nods, smiles, no idea what she just said)

Yeah. Okay. So.

(she starts making a pot of tea and prodding a number into the phone at the same time)

Ilinka. Came into our nick this morning - try and smile -

(irritated CLARE and irritated DANIEL both try and smile)

And she'd escaped. From a house. Up Peveril Lane. Where she was being kept prisoner along with twenty-five other women who've been trafficked from Croatia.

CLARE

You're kidding.

CATHERINE

She's been shunted from one house to another for over four years. Eight of 'em in every room at this last place.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

She's been working a ten hour shift
six days a week - for ten pounds a
week - at Bowen's biscuit factory
up Rastrick.

CLARE

That's -

CATHERINE

Slavery, yeah. Anyway, I got an
interpreter on the phone - that
took three weeks - then I got the
O.S.U. and spoke to the trafficking
unit in Sheffield and we busted 'em
out. The women. Only trouble now is
housing 'em. We managed to get ten
of 'em in at a women's refuge in
Huddersfield, six've gone off to a
hostel in Leeds and five of 'em are
at The Mission waiting for the
council to sort out the flights
back home, and Ilinka... is going
to stay with -

(the person she's dialled
answers the phone: *hello?*
She peers through the
conservatory across to
the house opposite)

Winnie! It's Catherine, we're back.
Do you want to come across?

(WINNIE: *is she there?*)

Yes, she's here.

(mouthing kindly to
ILINKA, pointing at the
phone)

Winnie.

(WINNIE: *get t'kettle on,
kid*)

I have indeed got the kettle on,
Winnie. Tata.

CATHERINE hangs up.

CLARE

I allus thought Winnie were Polish.

CATHERINE

Yugoslavian. As was.

(a moment, then, realising
from the body language
between CLARE and DANIEL)

What's up?

CLARE

(reluctant to say it in
front of ILINKA, *but -*)

He. Has told

(whisper)

(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)
our Ryan. That I. Am an
(mouthing it)
Alcoholic.

CATHERINE looks at DANIEL: really?

DANIEL
It wasn't -
(tongue-tied)
just - so cut and dried as that. As
I have *tried* to *explain*.

CLARE
Nine years old, and he's telling
him stuff he never needed to know.

DANIEL
He. Asked. He. Used the word -
(mouths it)
alcoholic.

CATHERINE
(worried: why did RYAN
even think to ask that?)
Did he?

DANIEL
(flustered again)
I didn't I didn't I didn't know how
to respond.

CATHERINE
When was this?

DANIEL
Last week, it was when you were at
the hospice, it was when Helen
died.

Around about now we see 85-year-old WINNIE (who's bad on her
legs) heading across the back yard from the house opposite.

CATHERINE
Right, well tell him you
misunderstood, you got the wrong
end of the stick, and she's not.

CLARE looks at DANIEL: there you go. Do that.

DANIEL
But that's - it's lying. He'll
think I'm someone who makes stuff
up.

CLARE
No, he'll think you're someone who
gets the wrong end of the stick.

DANIEL's beleaguered: he's not much happier with that.

DANIEL

He's not daft. He's the *opposite* of daft actually, he's very bright, he's very perceptive, and he'll be able to tell straight away that I'm talking shite -

(smiling at ILINKA)

- sorry - and that'll just reinforce the fact that she is -

(correcting himself quickly)

was. An -

(mouths it gently)

alcoholic.

Poor wretched ILINKA watches cluelessly as they debate. The two back doors are wide open (as usual on sunny afternoons) and WINNIE calls as she struggles up the step into the conservatory -

WINNIE

It's only me!

We get the idea from the way CATHERINE talks to WINNIE that WINNIE's a bit deaf.

CATHERINE

Come on in, Winnie!

WINNIE has a rather severe look, but is essentially salt of the earth. She has a distant Croatian/Yugoslavian accent, tempered by sixty years of West Yorkshire.

WINNIE

Where is she?

(she sees ILINKA)

Oh, jadnice! Sto ti se dogodilo?

Oh you poor thing! What happened?

ILINKA

(she cries)

Moram razgovarati sa svojom obitelji! Treba mi telefon.

I need to talk to my family, I need a telephone.

WINNIE comforts ILINKA. WINNIE's upset and appalled at the state of ILINKA.

WINNIE

Da, mozete doci kod mene kuci I koristiti moj telefon.

You can come over to my house and use my telephone.

ILINKA

Ova policajka je bila jako ljubazna
prema meni.

This police woman has been very kind to me.

We might want to glimpse the total lack of comprehension from CATHERINE, CLARE and DANIEL during this emotional exchange.

CATHERINE

And it is just for two or three
nights. 'Til the trafficking unit
sorts something out, she knows
that.

WINNIE

She's saying you're very kind. Mi
cemo se brinuti o tebi, draga moja.
(we'll look after you,
love)

I'm saying yes, you're wonderful -
so long as we all stay on the right
side of you, 'cos if we don't
you're a pain in the arse.

(then to ILINKA, she winks
and smiles at her)

Kao sto kazu ovdje u Engleskoj -
njezin lavez je gori od njezinog
ugriza.

As they say here in England, her bark's worse than her bite.

CATHERINE

Yeah. Good. Thanks for that,
Winnie.

Titles

CUT TO:

3

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 5. 07.45

3

Everyone's busy getting ready for work and school: AMANDA's rushing the packed lunches, JACK can't find his school planner or his calculator, BEN's slowly and methodically piling too much Nutella onto his toast and AMBER's pouring too much milk onto her Cheerios. Radio 2 (equivalent) is on slightly too loud. JOHN comes down the stairs and in, pulling his jacket on. He's cross, hassled. Disproportionately so. He's just come in to share some thoughts with them all before he goes to work -

JOHN

Light left on in the bathroom.
Again. His bedroom light on, her
bedroom light on.

AMBER

I'm going back up there!

JOHN

You're not up there now. *Who's left this?*

He's found an abandoned bowl half full of soggy Frosted Shreddies on the surface above the dishwasher.

BEN

He did.

Meaning JACK.

JACK

So what? I've lost my calculator.

JOHN

So don't pour so much cereal if you know you're not going to eat it! It's all to pay for, it doesn't grow on trees!

AMBER

He needs to calm down.

JOHN

I don't need to calm down, I need to *not* be surrounded by people who take the p[iss] mickey. *All* the time.

(he checks his watch,
grabs his keys, he should
have been out of here
five minutes ago)

I'll see you later.

AMANDA

Yup.

He kisses AMANDA. She lets him. It's perfunctory, he needn't have bothered. He's off, the door shuts in his wake.

JACK

What's up with him?

We linger on AMANDA. We sense irritation, indifference, a woman who's made the decision to bide her time.

AMANDA

God knows.

JACK

Eh?

AMANDA dismisses what she just said, and instead suggests (a bit hush hush, not something she wants AMBER to hear) -

AMANDA

It's this killer, it's this bloke
who's murdering prostitutes.
They're tough jobs to work on, I
suppose. I don't know.

JACK seems to buy that, but still mumbles -

JACK

No need to take it out on us.

But of course AMANDA does suspect there's more to it.

CUT TO:

3A EXT. VICKY'S FLAT. DAY 5. 07.49

3A

Establisher.

CUT TO:

4 INT. VICKY'S FLAT, HALLWAY. DAY 5. 07.50

4

In contrast to JOHN's house, things in VICKY's flat are very calm. VICKY puts the last touches of make-up on. Checks herself out. Squirts herself with some expensive perfume she's treated herself to. She looks deep into her own eyes. She's not evil, she's telling herself; she's just getting even with someone who's lead her up the garden path. She's doing the right thing. She has the radio on. One item finishes, and then it goes into -

NEWSREADER

In Calderdale in West Yorkshire,
police chiefs have called for
increased vigilance in the
community following the linking of
the murder of three women in the
area over the last five months] -

VICKY flips the radio off: she doesn't want to hear about that. We get the idea as she continues to look at herself that she's nervous about what she's doing; it's illegal, it's blackmail, she's playing with fire and it could go wrong.

She dismisses it, pulls her coat on, gets her handbag, and heads off to work.

CUT TO:

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4A INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRWELL. DAY 5.
08.01

4A

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The troops are all heading out of the office and down the stairs, all kitted up for the day.

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MIKE's heading up the stairs. CATHERINE's the last one out, all kitted up (well, the same kit she's in when she arrests skunk boy).

MIKE
(worried, he grab her arm
to stop her going)
You're not going on t'house-to-
house, are you?

CATHERINE pauses and lowers her voice. She doesn't want the team to know why she isn't going on the house-to-house; she just wants them to assume she has better things to do.

CATHERINE
No. That would be unethical. What
with me being prime suspect.
Etcetera.

MIKE
Just checking.

CATHERINE
They're going on the house-to-
house. So unless you can find me
more staff, I'm going to arrest a
fifteen year old at Salter Hebble
High for dealing skunk behind the
science block.

MIKE
(heads off to his office)
Okay, good.

CATHERINE's annoyed; she should be deploying one of the troops to do this, it isn't something a sergeant should be doing. She heads down the stairs, and passes JODIE and ANDY, who are just on their way upstairs to the Norland Road H-MiT offices.

JODIE
Morning.

CATHERINE
(frosty)
Morning.

As CATHERINE heads past them down the stairs she hears JODIE mumble to ANDY -

JODIE
That's Catherine Cawood.

- which obviously irritates the hell out of CATHERINE and makes her feel like prime suspect all over again, and all the horrible feelings that brings. She deals with it.

CUT TO:

5

EXT. SALTER HEBBLE HIGH SCHOOL. DAY 5. 08.15

5

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CATHERINE's marching a handcuffed YEAR 11 LAD (age 15) out of the school building and towards her patrol car.

She has his collar firmly gripped with one hand, and in the other she carries two transparent evidence bags, one containing something like twenty-five little ziploc bags full of cannabis, and the other containing a load of money. Drovers of kids are just arriving for school and are of course fascinated to see a police sergeant nicking a student. CATHERINE talks at the LAD loud and clear - largely for the benefit and instruction of any other kids who are listening.

CATHERINE

So lad! This is what happens when you get caught dealing skunk behind the science block! I'll tell you what though, pal. You wouldn't touch this stuff if you saw what they put on it. I mean literally you wouldn't touch it, never mind inhale it. D'you know how it's grown? You don't know and you don't care, I know. I'm going to tell you anyway because - you never know - it might serve as a wake-up call. They'll find a terrace house, rip everything out - including the bathroom, all the fixtures and fittings - and fill the whole place with cannabis plants. Then they employ a load of illegal immigrants - well I say 'employ', I use the term loosely - to chuck a load of seriously unpleasant *illegal* chemicals on them to make them grow far too fast, and not *only* that, once they've ripped the bathroom out there's nowhere to go and do the necessary, so guess what - they shit on the plants! No, they really do. That's what you're dealing with here, that's what you've been handling. Human faeces.

(she pulls the patrol car
door open and steers him
in)

Get in, you idiot.

Just then CATHERINE hears MIKE's voice through her ear piece -

MIKE

Catherine?

She checks her radio and sees MIKE's call signal (as she shuts the LAD in the patrol car).

CATHERINE

Boss.

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

6 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, REPORT ROOM/CORRIDOR. 6
DAY 5. 08.16

MIKE

You busy?

CATHERINE

(yes)

No.

MIKE

Okay. So. I've just heard. And I
thought you'd like to know...

(delicately)

The Home Office've given Tommy Lee
Royce permission to attend his
mother's funeral. Tomorrow. At the
crematorium. In Elland. I've just
heard, just now. So. I thought you
deserved to know. In advance.
Before you saw it on the news or in
the papers.

CATHERINE takes it in. It affects her. Deeply. It hits her
straight in the gut, like anything to do with that bastard
does. She's gone quiet. GORKEM and SLEDGE are there too.

CATHERINE

Right.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. ST. MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL. DAY 5. 09.30 7

Establishing shot across the play ground, the roof tops and
the hills beyond.

CUT TO:

8 INT. ST. MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL. DAY 5. 09.31 8

Assembly. The children and staff sing a song. We glimpse
MRS.BERESFORD, then RYAN and FRANCESCO, then a few teachers.
As the song ends - to our surprise - we come to FRANCES
DRUMMOND, singing and smiling at the children.

MRS.BERESFORD

Sit down everyone. Now, this
morning I'm delighted to tell you
that we have a new member of staff
joining us. Miss Wealand...

(MORE)

MRS.BERESFORD (CONT'D)
(we see FRANCES smiling
happily at the children)
...has come all the way from
Linlithgow in Scotland to take over
from Mrs.Etherington as our new
teaching assistant! And I'm sure
you'd all like to join me in giving
her a really big warm welcome. So
shall we do that? Yes? Everyone?
After three. One - two - three -
(the kids all join in,
like it's something they
always do at their school
to a new person or a
guest)
*Welcome to our school, Miss
Wealand.*

We end on FRANCES smiling at RYAN. She's got eye contact.
RYAN (half distracted by FRANCESCO) smiles back perkily.

CUT TO:

9

EXT. BATEMAN STREET, KING CROSS. DAY 5. 10.00

9

A couple of patrol cars and a couple of CID cars and a mobile police unit are parked up Lynn's street. We see officers - detectives coupled up with uniforms - doing house-to-house. LYNN's house is boarded up now SOCO and POLSA have finished dissecting it and there's a uniformed officer stood outside the house. We discover ANN GALLAGHER glancing up the road at the boarded up house where she was held captive eighteen months ago. It's the first time she's been back here since then. She's been paired up with JOHN WADSWORTH again. JOHN's just knocked on a door for the second time. At length -

ANN
I don't think there's anyone in.
(JOHN goes and taps loud
on the window with his
car keys: metal on glass.
It won't be the first
time ANN's seen him do
it)
Is that an approved technique?

JOHN
For getting people out of bed,
yeah.

JOHN didn't mean to be funny (he's too preoccupied), but ANN finds it funny and lets out a little laugh. (ANN of course is preoccupied too, it's her mother's funeral tomorrow, but at least she hasn't got any secrets preying on her mind).

ANN
Do you enjoy this job?

JOHN

It's not all house-to-house.

ANN

Only you never look happy.

JOHN doesn't know whether to bother answering that or not. But deep down and despite his problems, he's grown used to ANN in the few days they've been thrown together.

JOHN

If you had to lay your hands on a thousand pounds. Just like that. What would you do?

ANN

Ask me dad.

JOHN

What, and he'd just shell out?

ANN

He's a millionaire, so... probably not.

JOHN

Your dad is a millionaire?

ANN

He's like so rich it's boring.

JOHN

Wow.

(ANN: yup)

So how does he feel about you being a PCSO?

ANN

Oh. Y'know. "Hundreds of millions of pounds spent on her education and she wants to be a bloody police man". Only not so polite.

(JOHN manages a smile)

Why d'you need a thousand pounds?

JOHN's smile vanishes. Like it was never there.

JOHN

It's complicated.

(JOHN decides they're not in. He flicks his head indicating that they should stroll on to the next house)

You're not exactly a barrel o' laughs yourself you know kid.

ANN

Yeah well it's my mother's funeral tomorrow.

JOHN manages a little laugh. He thinks she's winding him up. Then to his horror he realises she means it.

JOHN

Is it? Oh God, I'm sorry, I had no idea.

ANN

I haven't been advertising it.

JOHN

(kind, concerned)
You shouldn't be at work, Ann.

ANN

I'd go mad at home.

JOHN doesn't quite know what to say.

JOHN

Was it sudden?

ANN

(shakes her head)
Cancer.

JOHN

Well...
(awkward, but his concern is sincere)
I'm sorry. I am sorry.

ANN appreciates his concern. She knocks on the next door. No-one answers. Silence. Eventually -

ANN

You could always buy a lottery ticket.

CUT TO:

9A EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 5. 12.29

9A

Establisher.

CUT TO:

10 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRS. DAY 5. 12.30

10

ANN's heading up the stairs along with SHAF, SLEDGE and GORKEM TEKELI. They're carrying take-away lunch bags from a local cafe and having a bit of a hush hush conversation -

SHAF
You're joking.
(SLEDGE: nope)
Sarg?

SLEDGE: yup.

ANN
How d'you know?

SLEDGE
Gorkem read it on t'box just before
it got classified.

GORKEM
She's been questioned 'cos she left
threatening messages on Lynn
Dewhurst's answer machine days
before she died.

SLEDGE
That'll be why she's not been out
on the house-to-house. She can't be
doing anything connected to
t'murder inquiry.

SHAF
That's mad.

ANN
It's stupid.

SLEDGE (CONT'D)
Yeah, but *is* it? Lynn Dewhurst.

SHAF
So... what? She strangled her and
stuck a broken bottle up her ff...
andangle?

SLEDGE
I'm not saying she did it. I'm just
saying they questioned her like...
over a week ago, and she *still*
isn't being given any duties on the
job.

GORKEM
That's how come she were the only
one off on that raid yesterday wi'
t'trafficking unit.

ANN
What raid?

They head into the report room, we go with them -

CUT TO:

11 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, REPORT ROOM. DAY 5. 11
12.31

SLEDGE
Yesterday! She tasered a bloke.

CATHERINE's loitering/chatting with some of her PCs (sitting at their terminals) and JOYCE as SHAF, ANN, SLEDGE and GORKEM head in.

SHAF
(happy)
Seriously?

SLEDGE
You people need to get your ears
glued to t'ground better.

SHAF gives CATHERINE a bag with a bacon butty in.

SHAF
You tasered a bloke, Sarg?

CATHERINE
(excited)
Food!
(less excited)
I did, yeah. How much do I owe you?

SHAF
Two pound twenny five. What did it
feel like?

CATHERINE
(she considers)
Good. Given that one minute there's
this eighteen stone bloke coming at
you with a baseball bat, and the
next he's flat on the floor
quivering like a fat hairy tattooed
jelly.

We cut swiftly back to yesterday:

CUT TO:

12 INT. HOUSE, PEVERIL LANE. DAY 4. 14.00 12

A big mid-Victorian terrace house (a house similar in size and grottness to the one we used for Milton Avenue last year). Both the front door and the back door are forcibly opened simultaneously, seven OFFICERS pile in at the front of the house, seven at the rear.

OFFICERS with each team shout: *Policija! Policija!*

The six OFFICERS plus a SERGEANT who came in through the front door race up the stairs to secure the upstairs rooms. The six OFFICERS plus CATHERINE who came through the rear door head into the downstairs rooms. We go into a couple of the rooms with them, and find emaciated, terrified Croatian women, sitting on dirty mattresses on the floor, with poor bedding. The place is squalid. Other OFFICERS repeat as calmly as they can amongst the chaos: *Molimo biti mirni* (please keep calm). CATHERINE's line is -

CATHERINE

Mi smo ovdje da vam pomognemo.

We're here to help you. She repeats it, trying to assure them. CATHERINE heads out of the room (to go and repeat the line in the next room) as a UNIFORM who speaks Croatian comes into the room to speak to the women in more detail. Just as CATHERINE leaves the room (and she's on her own because everyone else is occupied) a huge eighteen-stone BLOKE comes at her from nowhere (the cellar) with a baseball bat.

BLOKE

Jebena kurvo!

You fucking bitch!

CATHERINE pulls out her taser.

CATHERINE

Get back! *Get back!* Drop the bat!
Drop the bat! I'm warning you! I am
warning you! You have been warned!

But the BLOKE keeps coming. She shouts the next bit out to tell the other OFFICERS to stay out of the way -

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

TASER TASER!

She fires at him. It's the first time she's done it outside training, and instead of getting him in the leg (as they're supposed to) she accidentally gets him in the balls. Which of course she finds ever so slightly whimsical.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Ooh shit.

He flies backwards, drops the bat, smacks his head against the wall, and slides down onto the floor quivering like a jelly.

CUT TO:

13

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, REPORT ROOM. DAY 5.
12.32

13

CATHERINE's found the HP bottle so she can whack a load of sauce on her bacon buttty as she continues with her merry anecdote -

CATHERINE

Obviously I was trying to shoot him
in the leg, not in the family
jewels. But. You know. If you're
gonna wave a base ball bat around
in front of a woman who's just
completed her taser training,
you're asking for a bit of
excitement.

Just then, just as CATHERINE's hitting the HP sauce bottle,
P.C. GORKEM TEKELI takes it upon himself to call from across
the room (with his hand over his mouth, bubbling with mirth,
knowing he's sailing close to the wind but unable to resist) -

GORKEM

Ey careful Ann! Sarg's got a bottle
in her hand, keep yer legs
together!

Someone sniggers (very briefly), but most people go dead
quiet and look embarrassed, JOYCE, murmurs (darkly) "Oooh..."
like that was a very very fine line in the old judgement
department (for ANN as well as for CATHERINE). For CATHERINE
this is the first time she knows they all know she's been
questioned. She has to quickly make the decision to bite the
bullet and keep smiling.

CATHERINE

Mr. Tekeli! Perhaps you'd like to
take yourself outside and check the
oil and water in all the patrol
vehicles. Oh sorry, were you in the
middle of your dinner? Bad luck.
Perhaps you'd like to *clean your*
mouth out while you're down there.

(the others start jeering
at GORKEM)

Ann. Can you step into my office,
love? I need a word with you.

(GORKEM isn't shifting: he
assumes CATHERINE's
joking. ANN heads into
CATHERINE's office, and
CATHERINE addresses
GORKEM again)

Chop chop.

GORKEM realises she does mean it. He sets off mumbling
something about, "It were only a joke".

CATHERINE only heads into her office when she's seen TEKELI out. We go into CATHERINE's office with her...

CUT TO:

14 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CATHERINE'S OFFICE. 14
DAY 5. 12.33

...and ANN follows CATHERINE into the Sergeants' Office.

ANN

Nobody in their right mind thinks
you did that.

CATHERINE doesn't want to dignify that with a response. She shuts the door behind her and wafts the idea away with a gesture and a rude noise, and embraces the difficult thing she has to address next -

CATHERINE

The Home Office are letting Tommy
Lee Royce out for his mother's
funeral. Which...

(and CATHERINE knows this
is the hard part for ANN.

The sick irony)

is tomorrow. Your F.L.O.'ll be in
touch to tell you all this, but I
heard, so. I thought you ought to
know.

(ANN takes it in)

He'll be closely guarded, there'll
be an armed escort, he'll be
handcuffed at all times, they'll
have done a full risk assessment
already and an operational order'll
be in place. He'll be in, out, then
straight back to the same nasty
little cell in Gravesend Prison
that he'll be occupying for the
next five hundred years.

ANN

Where? Where's his mother's
funeral?

And this is tough for ANN too. It's the same crematorium.

CATHERINE

Elland.

ANN hates that.

ANN

Before m[y mum]?

CATHERINE

No. After. Later in the afternoon.

ANN's being stoical. She takes her time.

ANN

Right.

CATHERINE

You won't see him.

But perhaps ANN wants to. We linger on her.

CUT TO:

15

INT/EXT./JOHN'S CAR/NEWSAGENTS. DAY 5. 15.45

15

JOHN comes out of a newsagent's shop clutching a lottery scratch card and gets into his car. He's shaking. He finds a coin and scratches the panels off the card. He hasn't won. He knew it was a long shot. But... it could've happened and his problems would be over.

He looks at the photos of himself again, trying to persuade himself they're not that bad. But they are. Every time. It never gets better.

A moment, then he remembers the other thing ANN said. He opens his contact list on his phone to access a number. He dials. Pause pause. Ring ring. Eventually -

JOHN

(- and he feels shit
about what he's doing,
but -)

Mum? Hi. It's me.

(awkward pause. "Who?")

John!

(he speaks slowly and
clearly, like she's deaf)

I thought I might pop in and change
that light bulb. For you. In your
kitchen.

CUT TO:

16

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 5. 16.30

16

CLARE's preparing supper. RYAN's sitting at the table eating biscuits and sipping tea.

RYAN

I said "I don't need any help".

CLARE

(her heart melts for him)
You do need help love, you need all
the help you can get with your
reading.

We hear the front door as CATHERINE arrives home from work.

RYAN

I don't, not if I'm gonna play for
Man City. I told her, I said, I
spelled it out for her.

CATHERINE heads in.

CLARE

(amused)
Did you. Indeed. Hiya.

CATHERINE

Hiya.

RYAN

She talks funny an' all.

CLARE

Funny in what way?

RYAN

She's Scottish.

CATHERINE

Who is?

CLARE

This new T.A.

RYAN

Miss Weeland.

CLARE

Yes, well it sounds to me like
she's trying to help you, so you
just try and be nice to her.

(RYAN mimes hanging
himself before he'll be
nice to her. CLARE turns
to CATHERINE)

Winnie wants you. Before you start
pouring yourself any tea.

CUT TO:

CATHERINE heads across from her house and goes and taps on
WINNIE'S door.

WINNIE's house is always open, and CATHERINE's one of the people who's allowed to go straight in (as long as she's polite and wipes her feet).

CATHERINE
Only me, Winnie!

CUT TO:

18 INT. WINNIE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 5. 16.36

18

CATHERINE comes in and WINNIE and ILINKA are there in the kitchen, surrounded by newspapers and WINNIE's old photo albums: she's been sharing her life with ILINKA. ILINKA looks like a different human being to the one we met yesterday, relaxed, well fed, well clothed.

WINNIE
Here she is! Now then, Catherine -

ILINKA jumps up spontaneously and hugs CATHERINE. She's still timid, overwhelmed and vulnerable in her manner, but the difference is heart-breaking: she's smiling now.

ILINKA
Thank you. Thank you. Catherine.

CATHERINE
Aww. How's she been?

WINNIE
She's been absolutely fine.

CATHERINE
Good.
(nodding and smiling at
ILINKA)
Good!
(she urges ILINKA to sit
down)
Did you want me?

WINNIE
Look at this.

That's when CATHERINE sees what's on the pages from the Halifax Evening Courier they've got spread out. There's a police photo of the clothes that the unidentified Brighthouse victim of the serial killer was wearing when she was found. (Of course this is all in the news again now because the connections between the three murders have been made, and it's news that they are now looking for a serial killer).

ILINKA
(prodding the photo)
To je Aurelijina odjeca. Moja
prijateljica Aurelija.

These are Aurelia's clothes. My friend Aurelia.

WINNIE

She had this friend, Aurelia.

ILINKA

Aurelija Petrovic.

WINNIE

They were shunted from one house to another every few months by these people, these men, but they always managed to keep together, her and Aurelia, and they became close. Aurelia apparently was pretty, and as well as working at the biscuit factory she [had to] - they [made her] -

WINNIE doesn't like saying it.

CATHERINE

Prostitution?

WINNIE

(she nods, it sickens her)
Then one day. She thinks about twelve or thirteen weeks since. She never came back, and she's not seen her since, and these - she seems very certain - are her clothes. The girl they've never identified. She says they didn't have many clothes, any of 'em.

CATHERINE

Aurelia - ?

WINNIE

Petrovic.

ILINKA

Petrovic.

CATHERINE takes it in, this is potentially a huge development for the investigation.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Okay. Wow. Okay. You should've rung me at work with this, Winnie.

WINNIE

Well I don't like bothering you when you're at work, and I did tell Clare.

CATHERINE

Okay, tell her: we're going to have to go back down to the station and talk about this to the team working on the murders.

WINNIE

Catherine zeli otici u Sowerby
Bridge s tobom njom i razgovarati o
ovome sa ljudima koji istrazuju
ubojstvo.

ILINKA

Policijom?

Police officers?

WINNIE

Da.

ILINKA

(panicky)

Ne, ne ne ne.

WINNIE

She doesn't want to talk to the
police.

CATHERINE

Why?

WINNIE

Zasto ne zelis razgovarati s
policijom?

Why won't you talk to the police?

ILINKA

Knezenvici ce me ubiti.

WINNIE

She says the Knezevics'll kill her.
She's mentioned these Knezevics
more than once.

CATHERINE takes that in. It's big. Not that she wants to draw
attention to that.

CATHERINE

How? How did she mention them?

WINNIE

Just... well. As a threat.

CATHERINE

Did she see any of the Knezevics?

WINNIE

I don't know.

CATHERINE

Ask her.

WINNIE

Jeste li ikad vidjeli neku od
Knezevica?

ILINKA

Ne ne, ali jedan od njih je dolazio
u kucu ponekad spavati s
Aureliajom.

WINNIE's reluctant to repeat that.

CATHERINE

What?

WINNIE

She says. One of them used to come
to the house. To... do the
business. With Aurelia. But she
never saw him. Who are they?

CATHERINE's very intrigued but cautious; this is potentially
big stuff. Then confidentially to WINNIE (even though she
knows ILINKA speaks no English, it's an instinctive thing -)

CATHERINE

They're the Halifax mafia.
(she sniggers
humourlessly)
Course it'd be the Knezevics.
Trafficking women, that'd be...
yeah. Right up their alley. We
arrested one of their mob
yesterday. The one I tasered, did
she tell you?

WINNIE

Yeah.

CATHERINE

He's way down the food chain, but
they won't get anything out of him,
it'll be all 'no comment'. Tell
her: this is *murder*. Knezenvics or
no Knezenvics. In fact - good -
anything we can get on the
Knezevics. We have to report it, we
have to do it for Aurelia, and we
have to do it *now*.

WINNIE

Moramo to uciniti za Aureliju.

We have to do it for Aurelia.

ILINKA looks from WINNIE to CATHERINE; she really doesn't
want to do this, she has terror in her eyes.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. VICKY'S FLAT, RIPPONDEN. DAY 5. 18.00

19

An establishing shot of the yard at the back of VICKY's flat. JOHN's car is parked in the street opposite.

CUT TO:

20 INT. VICKY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM. DAY 5. 18.01

20

JOHN's just given VICKY one thousand pounds in cash. They're sitting next to one another on the settee in VICKY's flat.

VICKY

Your mother?

JOHN

I nearly turned up without it.

VICKY

Oh, that would've been a mistake.

She's smiling, she's keeping it light.

JOHN

I can't do this more than once, Vicky. I don't have this kind of money. My mother keeps that in her freezer for emergencies.

VICKY

You're on a good wage. Amanda is.

JOHN

There's never anything left at the end of the month.

VICKY

Well I can't help that.

JOHN

Please. Take this. And then, let's call it a day. Please give me the phone, whatever you took those pictures on, anything else you've downloaded it onto, you keep that -
(the money)
and then... let's just call it a day. Where is it?

VICKY

What?

JOHN

The phone.

VICKY

Oh, it's somewhere. You can have
this back, John.
(the money)
And the phone. Take it.

JOHN

Where is it?

VICKY

(but it's only the money
she's offering back)
Go on. I don't really want it. All
you have to do. Is what you've been
saying you'd do for the last
eighteen months. Leave her.
(JOHN has no response)
You hate her, you hate the kids,
you -

JOHN

It's not ab[out] - ! I do not hate
the children.

VICKY

They drive you up the wall.

JOHN

Yes, but -
(then he suddenly
remembers the biggest
point of all)
You *drugged* me! You drugged me and
you took those ridiculous pictures
of me! You ff... mad bitch! How the
hell could you *start to imagine* I'd
want to come and live with you now?

VICKY

I did that [because] -

JOHN

You're unhinged, you're - ! *God!* I
don't know what you are!

VICKY

I *did* that. Because I love you.

JOHN

You love me?

VICKY

I know it was a bit mad, but I am
desperate. *Desperate.* To make you
see how much *I care* about you.

JOHN

So you did *that*?

VICKY

(she puts her hand on his)

Yes.

JOHN

(delicately)

I think. You're not well. Mentally.
Vicky. I think... you've got to
see. This isn't... how someone can
behave. It's not what I want any
more. We have to be grown up. And
you know, I'm not even worth it.
I'm old, I'm boring, I'm tired.
God, I'm tired.

VICKY

You see this is what she *does to*
you! This is how she makes you *see*
yourself! You are *none* of those
things! You're wonderful. You're
funny, you're kind, you're good,
you work hard, you deserve a nice
life!

JOHN

Well then why are you *doing this to*
me?

VICKY

Because I love you, and you deserve
better. People sometimes don't have
enough respect for themselves and
their own *right* to be *happy*. And
it's wrong, it's unhealthy.

JOHN's bewildered.

JOHN

Please let me go. Please. Give me
the phone - you keep that money -
and please let me go.

VICKY

In the end you'll thank me.

CUT TO:

21

EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. EVENING 5. 19.00

21

Establisher.

CUT TO:

22 OMITTED 22

23 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CATHERINE'S OFFICE. 23
EVENING 5. 19.41

WINNIE's sitting with CATHERINE. Twiddling their thumbs.

WINNIE

I don't know why they won't let me
sit in and translate for them.

It's not the first time she's said it.

CATHERINE

It's protocol, Winnie.

WINNIE

They'll have me written off as
senile.

That makes CATHERINE smile: WINNIE's the least senile 80+
year old she knows.

CATHERINE

(she checks the time)

Do you want me to take you home?

WINNIE

No. No, I'll wait for her. Poor
lass. How do they get into a pickle
like this?

CATHERINE

Do you really want to know?

WINNIE

Now you think I'm senile.

CATHERINE

They promise them a better life.
And a job. Then when they get here
they take their passport and their
papers, syphon off their wages,
tell 'em they're sending it all
home to the family, along with any
letters they write - which of
course they aren't - and they don't
know any better. Penny only drops
months later when they've never had
any letters back from their
families. And then when the penny
does drop there's very little they
can do about it. The only people
they've had any contact with are
the ones that's trafficked 'em in
the first place, and each other.

WINNIE

It's evil.

CATHERINE

Yup.

WINNIE

Well if you know damned well it's
these Knezevics doing it, why don't
you arrest 'em?

CATHERINE

Oh, Winnie. They're clever. They're
clever -

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(she doesn't swear in
front of WINNIE as a
rule, so when she does
it's clear it's meant)

bastards. It's one thing knowing
somebody's done something, it's a
different kettle of fish having the
evidence to arrest 'em for it.

WINNIE

How did she escape?

CATHERINE

She was on a fag break. At Bowen's
biscuit factory. They don't run -
normally - because they've got no
idea where they are, and they can't
speak any English, and they're
terrified. So effectively they're
trapped.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

All they know is where they live
and where they work. They're taken
there and back in a minibus. Every
day. That's their life, it's all
they know. She got over the wall
and she just ran and ran and ran.
She had no idea where she was going
and if they'd caught her they'd
have beaten her black and blue.

WINNIE

How did she know to come here?

CATHERINE

She didn't. She just kept saying
police - *polizija* - as best she
could and people kept pointing her
in the right direction. Apparently.
First I knew was when Joyce called
me down to t'front desk.

We jump back to -

CUT TO:

24

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK. DAY 4.
10.40

24

CATHERINE and JOYCE look alarmed and bewildered as
breathless, bedraggled, utterly desperate and pathetic ILINKA
pleads far too fast at them -

ILINKA

*Morati mi pomoci! Ako me uhvate
ubiti ce me! Molim vas pomozite mi.
Nemojte dopustiti da me uhvate.
Moram nazvati svoju obitelj! Molim
vas pomozite mi!*

*You have to help me! If they get hold of me now they'll kill
me! Please help me! Don't let them get me! Please let me call
my family! Please help me!*

CATHERINE

(discreetly to JOYCE
during the above)
I'll ring language line.

CUT TO:

25

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CATHERINE'S OFFICE.
EVENING 5. 19.42

25

As before.

CATHERINE

I'd no idea what she was saying.
But I could see how desperate she
was.

WINNIE

And we think we live in a civilised
country.

CATHERINE

Oh, I think we do, Winnie. On the
whole. That's why they want to come
here in the first place.
Ironically.

Just then DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDANT ANDY SHEPHERD taps on the
door and steps in. CATHERINE stands up. She's off duty, but
it's kind of instinctive.

ANDY

Sergeant Cawood.

CATHERINE

Sir.

ANDY

Is this Mrs. Babic?

Pron. *Babich*.

WINNIE

Winnie.

ANDY

(he offers his hand)
Detective Superintendent Shepherd.
We're very grateful to you, Winnie.
This's opened up whole new lines of
inquiry for us. I wanted to say
thank you.

WINNIE

Oh, that's -

ANDY

(he isn't really
interested in WINNIE's
response, it's not why he
came in. He addresses
CATHERINE)
Can I have a word?

He means in the next room, not in front of WINNIE.

CATHERINE

Sure.

She steps outside the room with him.

CUT TO:

26 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, REPORT ROOM.
EVENING. 5. 19.43

26

ANDY walks far enough away from CATHERINE's office for WINNIE not to be able to glean any of this (the report room's almost empty). But he still keeps it hush hush.

ANDY

Ilinka's concerned that she might have been followed. Here. To the nick.

CATHERINE

How? Sir.

ANDY

I dunno. But. You let her go outside. For a comfort break. Yesterday afternoon.

CATHERINE

Yeah.

ANDY

She thinks she saw a car -

CUT TO:

27 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, YARD. DAY 4. 13.00

27

ILINKA's in the back yard having a cigarette. An elderly, battered VW Golf is loitering along Norland Road with a craggy looking middle aged bloke driving it. DAVE comes out of the back door to join ILINKA in having a cigarette. As soon as the bloke in the VW sees a uniform, he puts his foot down and heads off. ILINKA notices this, whereas DAVE doesn't.

CUT TO:

28 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, REPORT ROOM.
EVENING 5. 19.44

28

ANDY

- which disappeared as soon as whoever it was driving it saw a uniform.

CATHERINE had no idea.

CATHERINE

Really?

ANDY

So the concern is. That - if she's right - whoever it was may have followed you when you drove her back to your house later in the day.

This is all a bit of a shock.

CATHERINE

Shit.

ANDY

Yup.

CATHERINE

But... I'd have noticed, I'd have seen. If somebody'd followed me.

ANDY

How sure can you be? It isn't like you were looking for it, is it?

CATHERINE

(she can't be sure. How could she be sure?)

I -

ANDY

(interrupts)

So what you've gone and done. Inadvertently, and - I'm sure - with the best intentions -

CATHERINE

There was nowhere else to take her, there was nowhere else had any space.

ANDY

What you've done. Is put that little old lady in there in a potentially very vulnerable and dangerous position.

(CATHERINE can't deny that. She feels stupid)

If it's who we think it is, these people don't muck about. If they think Ilinka's told us stuff that could compromise them - which she has - they'll kill her. They'll put a petrol bomb through the door, they'll do something.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

I've contacted the security people,
they're going to put a C.P. alarm
in Winnie's house.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

They're going there right now,
they'll be there when you get back.
I'm not going as far as an Osman
warning - I don't want to freak her
out - but perhaps you could explain
to Winnie what they're doing
without causing her any more alarm
than we need to.

CATHERINE fights the urge to apologise; she knows it'll only
be interpreted as a sign of weakness.

CATHERINE

Yup.

ANDY

Oh, and do yourself a favour.
Sergeant. Hurry up with your alibi
on *either* of the first two murders,
and then we can eliminate you. No-
one is doing this to embarrass you
Catherine. It's ticking boxes, we
all know it's ridiculous, we all
know you've got the QPM, we all
know you're a credit to the police
service, we all know you're not a
killer. Please. Just. Do it. Okay?

CATHERINE

Sir.

He heads off. CATHERINE feels bad. She knows the only reason
he's not kicked her arse is because she got beaten up so
badly eighteen months ago, and because they do all still have
a huge respect for her even when she's made a daft mistake
like this. She mumbles/mouths "shit" to herself.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. NEVISON'S HOUSE. NIGHT 5. 20.30

29

The house is lit up warmly from within. A number of cars are
parked outside.

CUT TO:

30 INT. NEVISON'S HOUSE, NEVISON AND HELEN'S BEDROOM.
NIGHT 5. 20.31

30

NEV's alone. With something of HELEN's, or perhaps a
photograph of her when she was younger. There's a gentle tap-
tap at the door and ANN appears. We hear the distant sound of
conversation from downstairs.

ANN

Y'all right? Dad?

NEVISON

Yep.

ANN

Y'coming downstairs?

NEVISON

(no)

In a minute.

ANN

People keep asking after you.

NEVISON

Mm.

She sits.

ANN

I wish we didn't have a full house.

NEVISON

No. Well. They'll be gone after tomorrow. And then. It'll be just you and me.

(a moment, they manage something of a smile at each other)

I'm sorry we don't allus see eye to eye. I do love you, you know. I am proud of you.

He's verging on tearful. So is she. Not that either of them give in to it.

ANN

I'm proud of you.

NEV's touched. ANN's never really said anything to him like that before.

NEVISON

Are you?

(she nods. A moment, then something that's preying on NEV's mind -)

I sacked this fella last week. It's been bothering me.

ANN

What did he do?

NEVISON

He made a mistake. And then he didn't handle it so well and I had to pick up the pieces. So. I gave him his marching orders.

ANN

So?

NEVISON

So. Your mother'd have persuaded me to give him another chance. Even though he's had his share already. You see she never gave up on anyone. Your mum. She never stopped seeing the good in folk.

A moment. ANN has something on her mind too -

ANN

It's Tommy Lee Royce's mother's funeral. Tomorrow. They're letting him out. It's at Elland.

NEVISON

(he nods: he wasn't going to tell her)

I know. Alec rang. Family Liaison Officer.

ANN

I had to do house-to-house on Bateman Street this morning. Up King Cross.

That hits NEV.

NEVISON

They should never have made you go up that street.

ANN

I'm not scared of that street, and I'm not scared of him. I'm not scared of anything.

CUT TO:

31

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 5. 21.30

31

NEIL's with CLARE, sitting on the settee. They've been chatting a while. They're holding hands. CLARE's been tearful.

NEIL

Were you very close?

CLARE

We worked together. At the Mission. In Halifax. Christian Mission. On Commercial Street.

NEIL

Oh, I know, yeah.

CLARE

So unfair. She should have lived to be ninety, Helen. She should've been happy and healthy, and for another thirty years. I hate funerals.

(embarrassed at being
tearful)

Sorry.

NEIL

Don't apologise.

They're close. They look at one another. An unspoken agreement starts to emerge that they're going to kiss. They kiss. It's nice. It's maybe not the first time, but it's still all a novelty for both of them. Eventually -

CLARE

The thing is. She helped me. Helen. She erm...

(she's struggling with
making the decision to
tell him the truth about
herself. She's nervous.
It could go wrong, it
could change how he feels
about her)

There's things you should know. Before we - you know. Get any more serious. If that's what we're doing.

NEIL

What things?

CLARE

Is that what we're doing?

NEIL

If -

["that's what you want"]

Yeah.

CLARE

Okay. So. Okay, so ten years ago. I didn't work at the Mission. I was one of the people who ended up there. I was a drop-in. I did dr[ugs] -

(she can't say it)

I did drugs. Bad ones. St[upid] - stupid ones. And I was - I *am* - an alcoholic. Recovering. Ten years. More or less.

(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)

And she - Helen - she turned my life round. Our Catherine'd more or less given up on me. You know what cops are like - well, you might not know, but - zero tolerance. Bless 'em. And she had her own stuff to deal with anyway, with her daughter. Becky. She was always a handful. But Helen... she had time for everyone. Anyone and everyone. Didn't matter what they'd done, didn't matter where they'd come from. And she never gave up. She never gave up on anyone, and she *certainly* never gave up on me.

(she's become upset again saying it)

Sorry. I am sorry, I'm just... what with the funeral, and... I didn't want you to find out further down the line and feel that I'd... I dunno, had you on or something.

NEIL's taken it all in. It's big. Obviously.

NEIL

Wow.

CLARE

Are you shocked?

(he's still formulating a response)

Saddened?

But in fact he doesn't look sad at all. Because it's given him the courage to risk the response he might get -

NEIL

I'm not exactly squeaky clean myself.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. WINNIE'S HOUSE, BACKYARD. NIGHT 5. 22.10

32

Two men leave WINNIE's house (having installed the C.P. alarm), one calls 'tata, night night, you look after yourselves' as he shuts the door, and they head for their van.

CUT TO:

33 INT. WINNIE'S HOUSE, HALLWAY. NIGHT 5. 22.11

33

CATHERINE's just seen the two blokes out. ILINKA stands with WINNIE.

CATHERINE

So you know where I am. And I'll
sleep in our conservatory tonight,
then I'm handy.

WINNIE

Don't be so damned silly, you'll
freeze.

CATHERINE

Tell her to get some sleep.

WINNIE

Catherine kaze san.

CATHERINE

And not to worry.

WINNIE

I ne brinite.

CATHERINE

About anything.

WINNIE

I'll tell her.

CATHERINE

I'm sorry about this.

WINNIE

You go and get some sleep yourself,
lady.

CATHERINE

Night night.

WINNIE

Night night.

CATHERINE and WINNIE kiss one another on the cheek.

CATHERINE

Lock this door.

WINNIE

Oh I thought I might leave it wide
open. And put a sign out.
'Traffickers this way' and an
arrow.

CATHERINE

Yeah, okay. Night night, Ilinka!
(ILINKA repeats
'Nightnight')
Night night.

CUT TO:

34 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 5. 22.12 34

The room's empty. Some of NEIL's belongings are here: his coat, his shoes. We hear CATHERINE come in through the conservatory. She comes into the living room and sees NEIL's things, and then the distant mumble of a bloke's voice from upstairs, and a bit of giggling. So that's an interesting development, but she's too tired to think too much about it.

CUT TO:

35 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, CONSERVATORY. NIGHT 5. 22.20 35

CATHERINE comes in dressed for bed, but also wearing a jumper, thick socks, and possibly a thinsulate woolly hat. She's carrying a sleeping bag, and a pillow, both of which she chucks down on the settee. She's also got an old cricket bat. Just in case.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. GRAVESEND PRISON. DAY 6. 07.00 36

Establishing shot. Pink sun rise over the prison. Lovely.

CUT TO:

37 INT. GRAVESEND PRISON, TOMMY'S CELL. DAY 6. 07.05 37

TOMMY's PERSONAL OFFICER and the CUSTODIAL OFFICER and a WARDEN have just entered his cell.

CUSTODIAL OFFICER

Good morning.

TOMMY

(wary)

Morning boss.

CUSTODIAL OFFICER

I've come to let you know that you've been given permission by the Home Office to attend your mother's funeral.

TOMMY

When?

CUSTODIAL OFFICER

Today.

(TOMMY had no idea)

You'll be leaving in the next half hour. You'll be driven there under armed escort. You'll be hand cuffed at all times. Okay?

(MORE)

CUSTODIAL OFFICER (CONT'D)
(TOMMY's still taking it
in)

You came straight here from court
after your conviction so I'm
assuming you've got a suit of some
sort?

TOMMY's still reeling from the news that he's going to be
allowed out. Today.

TOMMY
Yeah. Yeah. But they took it off me
[when] -

PERSONAL OFFICER
I've sorted that out.

CUSTODIAL OFFICER
I'll leave it with you.

The CUSTODIAL OFFICER leaves TOMMY with his PERSONAL OFFICER.

PERSONAL OFFICER
Y'all right, son?

TOMMY nods. We look into his eyes. This has taken him by
surprise. He's agitated.

CUT TO:

38

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, CONSERVATORY. DAY 6. 07.10

38

CATHERINE's awake (still wrapped up in her sleeping bag) when
CLARE comes in with a mug of tea. CATHERINE looks like she
hasn't slept much.

CLARE
Tea?

CATHERINE
(she's so cold she can't
move. The tea's very
welcome)
Ooh...

CLARE
I got the note.
(a post-it note with
scrawl on it: *I am
sleeping in the
conservatory. C x*)
Why?

CATHERINE
Oh, I didn't want to disturb you
and -

She points up: Neil.

CLARE

No, I didn't mean why did you leave
a note, I meant, why are you
sleeping in the conservatory?

CATHERINE

Oh. Winnie. We put an alarm in her
house last night. In case anybody
unsavoury followed Ilinka. So I
just thought I'd keep an eye out.

CLARE

(she takes in the cricket
bat)
You never knock off, do you?

CATHERINE

I shouldn't have brought her here.
Well, I should, she needed to be
somewhere, and I don't think they
did follow us. But. I was stupid
not to think about it.

CATHERINE sits up to drink the tea.

CLARE

He's gone. Neil. He starts his
shift at t'shop at half past six. I
had a really good chat with him
last night.

She's smiling, she's happy, she wants CATHERINE to be happy
for her.

CATHERINE

(wry)
Oh is that what it was?

CLARE sits on the bed/settee.

CLARE

I told him... that I've got a bit
of history. Turns out he does too.

CATHERINE hesitates before deciding to say it -

CATHERINE

I know.

CLARE

You know?

CATHERINE

A coupla drunk and incapables,
yeah. I PNC'd him.

CLARE

I thought you weren't supposed to do that.

CATHERINE

We're not.

CLARE

Not for personal -

CATHERINE

It's a sackable offence. Don't tell him.

CLARE

So why didn't you tell me? That you knew.

CATHERINE

I didn't know whether you'd want to hear it or not.

CLARE

So when was this? When he -

CATHERINE

Five or six years ago.

CLARE

You see that's when his marriage broke down! It sounded awful. He had a good [job] - I mean a *really* good job. At the building society. Then he got involved with this woman. An affair, a fling, and -

(CATHERINE tuts/sniggers:
obviously not impressed)

Oh yeah, and you're whiter than white, aren't you?

(CATHERINE's not going to
bother responding to
that)

Why did you PNC him?

CATHERINE

Dunno. Instinct. Way he flinched when I took my coat off and he saw my uniform.

CLARE

Anyway it all got very unpleasant, she started making threats, like -

CATHERINE

Did she boil his bunny?

CLARE

- I dunno, but it all became *known*. She told his wife, his *kids* - and he had a breakdown. A proper the real deal nervous breakdown. He couldn't speak. He lost his family, his house, his job, his self respect. Everything. So he ended up drinking and that must be when that happened, when he hit rock bottom.

CATHERINE

Does he drink now?

CLARE

No.

CATHERINE

How d'you know?

CLARE

He told me. He's a good person, Catherine, he always was.

CLARE wants CATHERINE's approval, and for her to be happy for her. But CATHERINE's luke warm. What CLARE's said begs too many questions, and anyway, CATHERINE's preoccupied; she's got TOMMY LEE ROYCE's visit to West Yorkshire this afternoon preying on her mind.

CUT TO:

39

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT BRIEFING ROOM.
DAY 6. 09.45

39

We're looking at JOHN WADSWORTH, as usual not concentrating on what's being said. JODIE begins the briefing. Everyone else is taking brisk notes. The room is now standing room only because the inquiry has expanded so hugely. ANDY SHEPHERD's firing on all six cylinders: he's focused and he cares.

JODIE

At the time of her death Aurelia Petrovic was living at 58, Hibernia Street in Boothtown. She was - according to Ilinka - thirty-four years old. Ilinka told us that she came from a village called Ivanec in Northern Croatia, and that she has a mother and a sister there. So let's make contact with Europol. Their ground officer should be able to help us trace her family.

ANDY

I want as much information on the
family as possible.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

When did they last have any contact with Aurelia? I want *detail*. The Hibernia Street address has been secured as a potential crime scene and CSI are on route so let's see what that throws up. Let's liaise with the ops room for the Peveril Lane raid because they should be collating full profiles on all the women found there and this could be crucial to our investigation. If Aurelia was trafficked I want to know when, who by, and what she's been doing since she entered the UK. Who lived at 58, Hibernia Street? Who visited? Who owns it? I want a full picture of the movements at and around that address. I want CCTV, I want you liaising with local beat bobbies. I want house to house. Let's get everything we can on the Knezevics. Contact NCA. See if they have any operations going on connected to the Knezevics. It looks like it's going to get *more* complicated but this is where your skills are vital.

We glimpse MIKE TAYLOR taking everything in, as usual.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. ST. MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL. DAY 6. 10.30

40

Establishing shot: a class playing rounders in the yard under supervision.

CUT TO:

41 INT. ST. MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL, CLASSROOM. DAY 6. 10.30

41

RYAN is with MISS WEALAND in a quiet corner doing one-to-one reading. RYAN's reading is slow and tortuous. FRANCES is perfectly good and calm and kind to RYAN. If we didn't know other stuff about her we'd think what a lovely T.A.

FRANCES is dressed very smartly and in black.

RYAN

I. Am. Not. Going. To. Ask. You. Again. George. Said. Granny. My granny doesn't look like that, like a little ole woman. And she'd know how to deal wi' this George lad better an' all.

He prods at a picture in the book of generic granny with grey hair and glasses.

FRANCES

What does your granny look like?

RYAN

She's a policeman. Woman.

FRANCES

Is she?

RYAN

She chases scrotes and druggies and nutters.

FRANCES

What about your other granny?

RYAN

I haven't got another one.

FRANCES

Your dad's mum.

RYAN

We don't talk about me dad. And anyway...

(he's teasing, he's smiling, he's started to like MISS WEALAND)

How do you know that my granny *isn't* me dad's mum? I didn't tell you that.

FRANCES

Oh, I must've just made a lucky guess there, Ryan.

She tries to turn his attention back to the book.

RYAN

Why you all dressed up?

FRANCES

You're very good at diversion tactics, aren't you?

RYAN

(his face lights up: he doesn't know what that means but it sounds good)

Am I?

FRANCES

I'm dressed up because I'm going to a funeral this afternoon.

RYAN

So is my Granny! And my Auntie
Clare.

FRANCES

(worried)

Is she? Are they?

RYAN

I wanted to go as well so I
wouldn't have to come to school but
they wouldn't let me. Did you know
Helen as well then?

FRANCES

Helen?

(relief)

No. No, I'm going to someone else's
funeral.

RYAN

Whose?

The irony isn't lost on FRANCES, even though it's entirely
wasted on RYAN -

FRANCES

You didn't know her.

CUT TO:

42

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR/STAIRS.
DAY 6. 11.10

42

Permanently pre-occupied JOHN WADSWORTH is just coming out of
the mens' loos. He heads along a corridor, and ANDY SHEPHERD
and MIKE TAYLOR brush past him going the other way. ANDY (who
is dressed all in black) is just sharing an anecdote with
MIKE, it's entirely coincidental, ANDY's clearly talking
about someone else -

ANDY

(he's smiling, amused)

I said to him, "Stop being a push-
over, you pillock. You've got to
take decisive action! You can't let
yourself get *bullied* like this,
you're a copper for God's sake, and
you're a bloody good one an' all".

Unwittingly, ANDY's words have an impact on JOHN. ANDY and
MIKE disappear down the corridor, still chatting, but for
JOHN this is a decisive moment. He can't let himself be
bullied like this. Instead of going back to where he should,
he takes a detour down the stairs.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, BACKYARD. DAY 6. 11.11 43

JOHN comes out with his two phones in his hands, stuffs his normal phone back in his pocket and presses VICKY's number on the phone he keeps for ringing VICKY. He's excited. For the first time he can see a possible way forward. Pause pause. Ring ring. Eventually -

VICKY

(ov)

Hello.

JOHN

Hi. It's me. I've erm... you're right. You're right! I should leave her. I shoulda left her years ago. I'm gonna go round this afternoon, this evening - after work - and get my stuff and that's it, I'll tell her.

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

44 INT. OSWALDS DEPARTMENT STORE, HALIFAX. DAY 6. 11.12 44

VICKY takes this in.

JOHN

(ov)

Then I'll be round at yours. Is that all right?

Clearly this wasn't quite what she expected, even though it is what she wants. Is he playing her?

VICKY

Well... yeah. Yeah. Yeah, course.

JOHN

Right then.

VICKY

Well...

(testing him)

you must feel relieved. Now you've made that decision.

JOHN

Yeah. Yeah! Yeah I do.

He feigns joy as best he can. And obviously she's not daft: she's yet to make a decision about whether she's buying it or if she believes he's up to something.

VICKY

Okay. Well I'll see you... what time? Half sevenish?

JOHN

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

VICKY

I'll cook.

JOHN

Right.

VICKY

(what's he up to?)

Great.

CUT TO:

45 OMITTED

45 *

46 INT. NEVISON'S HOUSE, HALLWAY/KITCHEN. DAY 6. 16.01

46

We go with SEAN as he makes his way through the house. All the rooms are packed with people dressed in black. He recognises ANN (chatting to someone), although she doesn't recognise him. Eventually he sees NEV across the way. He's chatting to CATHERINE and CLARE and others (not that SEAN has any reason to know who CATHERINE and CLARE are; last time he clocked CATHERINE it was fleeting and she was in police mode). He spots a table full of glasses of wine already poured, grabs one, and nervously knocks half of it back straight off. Then he has the courage to approach NEV. We cut to be with unwitting NEV as SEAN approaches.

NEVISON

No, she'd have been pleased, she never liked owt mawkish. I wanted it to be a celebration, she wouldn't have wanted people going home sticking their head in the oven. Course we're planning a proper memorial service in the cathedral in Halifax, although we've not got a date yet. It's something [she'd] -

SEAN taps NEV on his shoulder.

SEAN

Mr. Gallagher.

(NEV turns. We - and NEV -
realise how nervous SEAN
is. He talks too fast)

Sorry. Nev. To interrupt. I just
wanted to say how sorry. I am. I
had a lot to be grateful to Mrs.
Gallagher for. And...

(he seems genuinely
emotional talking about
HELEN)

I tried to catch your eye at the
crem but obviously you had a lot on
your mind, and I realise you
probably might not want me here,
but I just wanted to say sorry.
Again. About that other business.

NEVISON

Sean. Lad. What am I gonna do with
you. Eh?

We cut to CATHERINE and CLARE as NEV continues to talk to
SEAN. CATHERINE's intrigued by SEAN. There's something about
him that speaks to her copper's instincts.

CATHERINE

Who's that?

CLARE

That. Is Sean...

(can't remember his
surname)

somebody. Works for Nev.

(lowers her voice)

He's been inside. He used to hang
about at the Mission just after he
got out. Helen got him on the
straight and narrow and he's been
working for Nev ever since.
Balmforth! Sean Balmforth.

(CATHERINE goes a bit
thoughtful)

What?

CATHERINE spends a second or so weighing up whether to share
what she knows or not, then -

CATHERINE

I was down Stoneyroyd Lane a coupla
days ago.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Warning the girls to be extra vigilant wi' this bastard out there doing what he's doing and this van came creeping along, and then when whoever it was saw me they sped off. So I PNC'd the vehicle, and... that was the name that came up as the owner. Sean Balmforth.

CLARE pulls a face like she wouldn't put it past him. NEV and SEAN are shaking hands, we get the idea that NEV's given him his job back.

CLARE

You see that were the thing with Helen. Just occasionally there'd be someone come along, and you'd think, "I wouldn't touch that bastard with a barge pole". But she never thought like that. About anyone. Ever. No-one was beyond the pale.

We might be reminded of that conversation CATHERINE had with ANNETTE and LEONIE about "was there ever anyone that gave you the creeps?" We see CATHERINE mull CLARE's comment over. Then suddenly -

CATHERINE

Listen, I've got to go.

CLARE

Eh?

CATHERINE

I've stuff to do. You stay here, this is your crowd. I'll pick you up later. Is that okay? If I take the car?

CLARE

(wrong footed)

I don't actually know that many [people] -

CATHERINE

Yes you do.

(nodding at someone from
The Mission)

Liz is here.

This so isn't what CLARE expected.

CLARE

Okay. But. If I get bored I'll need picking up sooner.

CATHERINE

I am coming back.

CLARE

I thought we were stopping.

CATHERINE

(she nods, she's not
listening)

I'm going to slip out.

She means so she's not saying big emotional goodbyes to NEV or ANN (also she doesn't want ANN to know where she's going). She goes, and CLARE's left a bit high and dry and a bit pissed off; she assumed CATHERINE would be here for the duration (and whilst there will be people here from the Mission side of HELEN's world, CLARE will feel out of her depth and shabby beside the confident affluent majority).

CUT TO:

47

EXT. PARK WOOD CREMATORIUM, ELLAND. DAY 6. 16.20

47

CATHERINE pulls up in her car in the car park. She looks in her rear view mirror at a couple of black saloon cars that are parked right by the crematorium entrance. There is a single marked police car parked discreetly and a plain CID car. There are a handful of people hanging about in mourning clothes. Two of them are plain clothes officers. We recognise FRANCES DRUMMOND, but of course she's just another face to CATHERINE (also FRANCES may have taken the precaution of wearing a hat that partially obscures her face). There are three or four wobbly smack-heads who hung about with LYNN.

Another vehicle pulls up in the car park, not far from CATHERINE, and ANDY SHEPHERD steps out. (He's here as the S.I.O. working on LYNN's murder (which is why we saw him dressed in black earlier). CATHERINE has to make sure he doesn't clock her.

The hearse arrives with LYNN DEWHURST's coffin in it. From one of the saloon cars an uniformed PRISON GUARD emerges, followed closely by TOMMY, to whom he is handcuffed. TOMMY's wearing a suit, which he looks uncomfortable in. A second uniform PRISON GUARD steps out of the other side. (A third uniformed PRISON GUARD is driving the vehicle).

CATHERINE reacts when she sees Tommy. Anger, primarily, and a whole host of other things. Her heart beats faster. TOMMY sees FRANCES. They glance surreptitiously at one another, not wanting to draw attention to themselves. They both know they won't be allowed any contact with one another. TOMMY's allowed to stand and watch as LYNN's coffin is taken out of the hearse and pushed on a trolley into the crematorium.

When everyone from the funeral party has gone inside the building the hearse, the two saloon cars and the patrol car drive off round to the other side of the chapel, all of which CATHERINE has watched through her rear view mirror). Then she gets out of her car and heads up to the building.

CUT TO:

48

INT. PARK WOOD CREMATORIUM, ELLAND. DAY 6. 16.21

48

CATHERINE lets herself quietly into the building, keen not to be seen, but there's no-one around, they've all gone into the chapel. She peers through the glass doors into the chapel. The small party is all congregated at the front with their backs to CATHERINE. CATHERINE stares at the back of TOMMY's head. She has to decide whether she's going to go in or not.

A hymn starts up, and even though the small congregation doesn't make a huge amount of noise, CATHERINE decides to take the risk of slipping into the chapel, hoping no-one will turn around and look at her. She keeps her head down as she slips in. As soon as she does she sees two plain clothed police officers who are standing at the back, but who weren't visible from the door. She's quick to show in her body language that she is no threat to anyone.

Only FRANCES hears something and turns around to look as CATHERINE slips unobtrusively into a pew near the back. FRANCES knows what CATHERINE looks like because she'll have seen pictures of her at the time of TOMMY's trial. FRANCES is alarmed, because she doesn't want to be seen and later recognised in the playground by CATHERINE. She turns back round to the front and keeps her head down, but we can see that she feels agitated.

We cut to look at TOMMY close up, with CATHERINE in the back ground. TOMMY tries to sing the hymn, but he finds himself emotional, even tearful. LYNN's toothless drinking buddies from Hebden are emotional too but do their best to warble along to the hymn. CATHERINE finds herself compelled to look at TOMMY, like she felt compelled to come here. It's pointless, it's irrational. She hates seeing how well he looks. He's obviously looking after himself in prison, he's obviously coping mentally, and it irritates her profoundly. The VICAR's next words affect TOMMY, forced as he is to reflect upon himself and his own life -

VICAR

Grant us, Lord, the wisdom and the
grace to use aright the time that
is left to us here on earth. Lead
us to repent of our sins, the evil
we have done, and the good we have
not yet done.

CUT TO:

48A INT. NEVISON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY 6. 16.45 48A

CLARE's on a settee, on her own, no-one to talk to.

CUT TO:

48B INT. PARK WOOD CREMATORIUM, ELLAND. DAY 6. 48B
16.50

The VICAR as he approaches the closing sentiments of the ceremony.

VICAR

We entrust our sister, Lynn, to
God's merciful keeping. And we now
commit her body to be cremated in
sure and certain hope of the
resurrection to eternal life
through our Lord Jesus Christ, who
died, who was buried, and rose
again for us.

(we discover TOMMY looking
suitably moved and
emotional as the curtain
is drawn)

Unto him that is able to keep us
from falling, and to present us
faultless before the presence of
his glory with exceeding joy, to
the only wise God our Saviour, be
glory and majesty, dominion and
power, both now and ever. Amen.

TOMMY's given a moment to sit before he's lead outside, but
it's CATHERINE we're chiefly interested in, observing all
this. The PRISON GUARD who TOMMY's cuffed to discreetly asks
TOMMY if he's ready to leave. He is. He stands up, and it's
then as he happens to glance down the chapel (in an attempt
to glance at FRANCES, who is sitting right behind him)(it
might even be FRANCES who indicates to him to look behind her
at CATHERINE) that he sees CATHERINE. It's at that moment
that CATHERINE realises that this is what she wanted. She
wanted him to see her watching him handcuffed, humiliated,
heavily guarded, seriously convicted. And so she can't resist
a look of intense satisfaction creeping across her face in
that split second. TOMMY interprets her look correctly and it
appalls him.

TOMMY

What's that *fucking bitch* doing
here? Who's let that *bitch in*?

(everyone turns and sees
CATHERINE, including ANDY
SHEPHERD. TOMMY starts
really kicking off, he's
lost it)

She killed my mother! You killed my
mother, you filthy bitch! I know
what you did to her! You *filthy
bitch! You're gonna get it in the
neck one day, you're gonna get
what's coming to you, you filthy
fucking whore!*

TOMMY's dragged and pushed outside via the side door by the
two GUARDS he's handcuffed to, and a number of other
officials/officers join them in getting him out of the chapel
quickly. FRANCES slinks out after TOMMY as unobtrusively as
she can, along with the other three mourners. ANDY looks at
CATHERINE. We get the idea she's in big trouble.

The look ANDY's giving her is designed to make people shrivel up. But we also get the idea - as CATHERINE gives him a similar look back - that she probably doesn't care. We hear Tommy still shouting and kicking as he's dragged outside.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. HEPTONSTALL GRAVEYARD. DAY 6. 17.15

49

Maybe an hour later. CATHERINE's at BECKY's grave. Wallowing in all the stuff she wallows in whenever she goes up there. She feels vindicated, she's glad she went to the crematorium, it was worth it. She got exactly what she wanted from it, even though she didn't know what she wanted when she went there. Her mobile bleats. She checks who's ringing. Mike Taylor. She knows she's going to have to face the music and she's feeling robust enough to do so. She accepts the call.

CATHERINE

Hello.

MIKE

Where are you?

CATHERINE

Nowhere. It's my day off. Why, where are you?

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

50 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, REPORT ROOM/STAIRS/
FRONT DESK. DAY 6. 17.16

50

MIKE's angry, and really *really* trying hard not to let it show. He knows this must have been tough for CATHERINE, but she has over stepped the mark. We see JOYCE at the front desk and a MEMBER OF CLERICAL UNIFORM STAFF (WOMAN).

MIKE

I do *do* my best for you. You know. Catherine. What the *hell* did you go there for?

CATHERINE

Just... I dunno. To make sure.

MIKE

To make sure...? What?

CATHERINE thinks about that. She can't explain to MIKE on a phone call, so it's easier to say -

CATHERINE

Dunno.

He gives her a moment to enlarge on that, but he just gets silence.

MIKE

Right! Well I've just had my arse kicked by the Super for not *explaining* to you beforehand that if you were so much as *thinking* of turning up there today it would be considered *grossly inappropriate*.

CATHERINE puts her finger over the mic on the phone and mumbles -

CATHERINE

Yeah piss off whatever.

MIKE

Also. Are you listening? Also. You've still not alibied yourself, and turning up *there* - at the victim's *funeral* - has not helped your case one jot, one *iota*, one...
(he can't think of another thing)
Tiny little bit.

CATHERINE hadn't thought of that. Suddenly not so robust any more. But then she remembers -

CATHERINE

I haven't got a case.

MIKE

This is really serious, Catherine. You *have got a case to answer!* You found the body, you made threatening phone calls, you had a motive, and *now* you've turned up at the victim's funeral!

CATHERINE

What motive?

MIKE

Revenge. Against Tommy Lee Royce.
(oh yeah, oops)
You've demonstrated very very poor judgement going there today.
(silence)
Catherine?

CATHERINE

Yeah I'm still here.

MIKE

Right well stop pissing about and get yourself eliminated.

CATHERINE keeps calm as she replies. She does still regard it as a massive indignity that she has to eliminate herself. Even though she should know better.

CATHERINE

I can't. I've checked everything, my calendar, my pocket book, my smart phone, the rosta, everything. And there's nothing. I wasn't doing anything with anybody who can give me an alibi on any of those days. I mean I probably *was* but I have no record of it. All right?

(silence)

Boss?

(silence)

Mike?

MIKE's just bewildered at the other end. *Why* won't she play the game? CATHERINE's starting to realise she may have made a bad move by going to the crematorium, but she still doesn't really care. If she had the choice to do it again she probably would.

CUT TO:

50A INT. CAR. DAY 6. 17.20

50A

TOMMY's being driven back to H.M.P. Gravesend. He's still very very angry, his eyes are red from tears of anger, and his forehead's gashed from the scuffle he created.

CUT TO:

51 OMITTED

51

52 INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM. DAY 6. 18.46

52

JOHN's putting clothes into an over night bag.

CUT TO:

53 INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 6. 18.47

53

AMANDA's busy unloading carrier bags from the supermarket, and we can hear the tv in another room, so we know the children are around. JOHN heads downstairs and into the kitchen. With the over night bag.

JOHN

(happy)

Oh, you're back! I've been called away on obs. We're following a suspect.

AMANDA

Oh okay. How're you feeling?

JOHN

I'm fine. It might be two days.
Hopefully not. If it's gonna be any
longer than that I'll let you know.

AMANDA

You need to catch this bastard.

JOHN

We will.
(he kisses her. Again it's
sexless, perfunctory)
Seeya.

AMANDA

Bye.

He goes. We linger on AMANDA again. We sense that she hasn't
bought a word of that. But again, it clearly suits her not to
say anything about it. AMBER wanders in to refill her glass
with juice.

AMBER

Where's he going?

AMANDA

Work.
(she goes back to
unpacking her shopping)
Always work.

CUT TO:

54A EXT. VICKY'S FLAT. EVENING 6. 20.29

54A

Establisher. We can see JOHN'S car parked in the street opposite.

CUT TO:

55 INT. VICKY'S FLAT. EVENING 6. 20.30

55

VICKY's just opened the door to JOHN. With his over night bag and a bunch of flowers. She smiles. She looks nice. He smiles.

CUT TO:

56 INT. VICKY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM. EVENING 6. 20.31

56

In the sitting/dining area VICKY hands JOHN a glass of wine. She's set the table. Through in the kitchen there's some music on, and the kitchen's full of stuff where VICKY's been busy cooking.

JOHN

How's this going to work? I mean. I have to be frank. I don't feel much like being intimate. With the threat of those pictures. Of me. Out there somewhere in the ether.

VICKY takes that on board, but then chooses not to run with it.

VICKY

What did she say? Amanda. When you told her.

JOHN considers.

JOHN

She said she knew. She said she'd known for a while. Well, suspected.

VICKY

Did she want to know who I was?

JOHN

Yeah.

VICKY

Did you tell her?

JOHN

No.

VICKY

I know you're worried about the children. But we can make it work. You can bring them here.

JOHN

There's not room.

VICKY

Yeah. Obviously. We'd have to get somewhere bigger.

JOHN

At some point. You will have to give me the phone, and anywhere you've backed 'em up. I mean... we have to have that trust back. Don't we? *I* have to.

VICKY

So she didn't go mad? She didn't make a big scene in front of the kids?

JOHN

No.

VICKY

I wonder why?

A moment. Is she testing him?

JOHN

Maybe it hadn't sunk in. I don't know. Maybe she didn't want to make a scene. In front of them.

VICKY

She didn't follow you. Did she?

JOHN

I doubt it.

VICKY takes that in (accepts it) and heads back into the kitchen.

VICKY

I'm making a moussaka.

JOHN waits 'til she's out of view, and then starts looking under cushions, feeling under the settee, he turns a picture round to see if anything's cellotaped to the back. VICKY heads back in, and misses seeing him doing something suspicious by a nanosecond. She's got a mobile phone in her hand. She holds it up with a smile and then tosses it to him.

VICKY (CONT'D)

There you go.

JOHN can't believe it. His relief is short-lived of course. It doesn't mean she hasn't backed up the photos elsewhere.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. NEVISON'S HOUSE. NIGHT 6. 21.30

57

CATHERINE's arrived back at NEV's. A lot of the cars have gone, but there are still a few here. CATHERINE reaches the front door (which isn't shut) and tentatively heads inside.

CUT TO:

58 INT. NEVISON'S HOUSE, HALLWAY/KITCHEN. NIGHT 6. 21.31

58

CATHERINE comes into the housebody. There's no-one around at all, but she can hear voices. She goes further into the house, and finds a gathering of people in the kitchen, amongst them NEV.

NEVISON

Catherine!

CATHERINE

Hi.

NEV's had a few drinks.

NEVISON

You snuck off.

CATHERINE

I had things to do. Is our Clare about?

NEVISON

I think they're in t'garden. Her and Ann, I think they were having a cigarette. She thinks I don't know she smokes. Ann. Not Clare.

CUT TO:

59

EXT. NEVISON'S HOUSE, GARDEN. NIGHT 6. 21.32

59

CATHERINE can hear voices and a bit of laughter as she heads through the dark into the posh garden. She finds CLARE and ANN. They're both smoking, and they're both drunk. Daft drunk, the pair of them, and swigging cans of beer. (The tone of their laughter needs to reflect that they're still aware of the sadness of the occasion, but the edge has been taken off it by the alcohol).

CATHERINE

Clare?

CLARE

Oh shit, she's here.

ANN

Evenin' all.

CLARE

Finally.

CATHERINE

What's going on?

ANN

Nothing.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(at CLARE)

What y'doing?

CLARE

Okay. Calm down. I just - I just... needed something to blur the edges.

ANN

Anyway, where did you disappear off to?

CATHERINE

How much has she had to drink?

ANN

I don't know, I haven't been counting.

CLARE

Don't start.

CATHERINE

Don't start?

ANN

She's allowed a drink, it's a funeral.

The only reason CATHERINE doesn't rip into ANN is precisely because it is her mother's funeral. She turns to CLARE.

CATHERINE

D'you want to get in the car?

ANN

Ey come on Catherine, she's not fifteen.

CLARE

Yeah, come on Catherine.
(CATHERINE tries to get
CLARE's drink off her)
No no no no no no.

CATHERINE

Put it down.

CLARE

I don't need it.

CATHERINE

Good put it down then.

CLARE

Why don't you chill? Out.

CATHERINE

You know... today of all days to fall off the wagon. Helen would've been really proud of you.

"Fall off the wagon" of course makes ANN realise what's going on. She's appalled.

CLARE

Don't start throwing that out at me. That's below the belt, that is.

CATHERINE

All right, well what *would* she have said? Come on, put it down.

CLARE

I've been very upset today.

CATHERINE

I know you've been upset, but you can make the decision. You can make the *right* decision, *right* now, not to let this go any further. When did she start?

CLARE

Can we not talk to me like I'm about six? Please. Or not even present.

CATHERINE

Clare's an alcoholic.

ANN

I didn't know that.

CLARE

Yeah that's right, go on, embarrass me.

CATHERINE

When did she start?

ANN

She's not had tons.

Although ANN doesn't really know; she doesn't know when CLARE started.

CLARE

Who's 'she'? The cat's mother?

CATHERINE

I don't want to embarrass you, Clare, I just want you to *not* let this go any further than it has done already. I want you to put that down and I want you to get into the car.

(impasse)

Please.

(impasse)

Do you want me to treat you like I'm your sister and I love you. Or do you want me to treat you like I'm a police officer? Which I will do if I have to.

CLARE

I've not done anything illegal.

CATHERINE

Yes. But if you carry on, you and me both know that you probably will.

CLARE weighs things up, then makes a little exhibition of handing the can of beer to CATHERINE. Like she can take it or leave it. CATHERINE takes it.

CLARE

Well I need a wee anyway. Before we go.

CATHERINE

Right.

CLARE sets off towards the house. She trips up and talks to herself/whatever she's tripped on -

CLARE

Oops. Shhh. Sorry.

She goes. ANN's appalled. It's kind of sobered her up.

ANN

I'm sorry. Catherine. I had no idea.

CATHERINE doesn't want to make ANN feel worse, not today.

CATHERINE

She'll go through your fridge, she'll be in your cupboards finding things to take home with her.

ANN

Oh f[uck].

ANN hands CATHERINE her can of beer and heads for the house. CATHERINE knows damned well she shouldn't have left CLARE. She puts both cans of beer down and follows.

CUT TO:

60

INT. VICKY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 6. 21.50

60

JOHN and VICKY have eaten. The room's nicely lit with candles, there's some relaxing music on, and under any other circumstances it could appear romantic. JOHN's preoccupied with the stupid little mobile phone, even though he's presumably now deleted everything off it. He's had a bit to drink now, just like CLARE.

JOHN

Thing is though, how do I *know* you didn't back it up somewhere else?

VICKY

Because I'm telling you.

(she's smiling)

And anyway. It doesn't matter. Now. Does it? You're here. You made the decision to come here. And that's all that matters. Even if I had backed it up - which I haven't - as long as you're here... it wouldn't matter.

JOHN

What if I walked out? Would you suddenly remember that you had backed it up somewhere?

VICKY

Are you going to?

JOHN

No.

VICKY

Well then.

JOHN

Have you?

VICKY

Have I what?

JOHN

Backed it up somewhere.

VICKY

No.

JOHN

You have, I'm not stupid.

VICKY

I only used that phone to take the photos and email them to you. So... well, yeah. Technically. I could've emailed them to my own email address as well - and any number of other people - and backed them up. But. I didn't.

(she smiles)

You are going to have to trust me, John.

JOHN

Trust you? You know - you do realise - you could've *killed* me. With that - ! Bloody drug. Where did you get it?

VICKY
(shrugs, smiles)
The internet.

He shakes his head in disgust: drugs bought off the internet.
As a police officer he knows better than anyone how that's asking for trouble.

JOHN
Cooked up in someone's backyard?!
Full of *shit*. I could be dead.
(then he realises -)
So what? I wish you had killed me.

VICKY
Look, we can [either] -

JOHN
Have you any - any - idea of the
misery I've been through in the
last ten days?

VICKY
Look. We can either keep going over
this or we can move on.

JOHN
I might need to destroy your
computer.

VICKY
You're not destroying my computer.
It cost money.

JOHN
Did you send them to anyone else?

VICKY
No.

JOHN
Did you?

VICKY
No.
(she waits to see if he's
willing to accept that,
but it's not clear that
he is doing)
Pudding?
(she waits for a reply.
His thoughts are so
massively on other things
he doesn't respond)
You've got the phone. That's it.
It's over. We can move on.

She starts collecting the plates, and heads into the kitchen. JOHN's looking at her computer which is at the other side of the room. Suddenly he gets up, gets hold of the tower, pulls all it's leads out, like he's taking it. VICKY comes back in from the kitchen and tries to stop him.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Stop it! *Stop it!* Don't you dare
touch my things! You *pig!*

She clonks him with something. It's a shock. He slaps her back. Which is equally shocking.

JOHN

Bitch.

He slaps her again, really starts laying into her. They fight. It's a bit crap (like real fights are) but he gets her on the floor in a head lock or something ridiculous.

VICKY

I'll scream. You're hurting me,
John. I'll scream. I will scream.
John. I'll scream!

JOHN's eyes land on the electric cable from the computer. He grabs it and wraps it round her neck and tightens it.

VICKY (CONT'D)

No. No. No no no!

She starts kicking out, but it's futile as he pulls tighter and tighter. He can barely speak, it requires so much effort to do this, but he's off his head -

JOHN

Y'shouldn't've done it,
y'shouldn't've done it,
y'shouldn't've done it.

He keeps repeating it, over and over, in a mad whisper, right in her ear.

CUT TO:

61 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S CAR/STREET. NIGHT 6. 22.00

61

Driving home. CLARE can feel the anger and frustration radiating off CATHERINE. And despite that, CLARE suddenly finds herself saying -

CLARE

I need a drink.

CATHERINE

No you don't.

CLARE

Yeah well I *do*. So.

CATHERINE

Okay, where you gonna get it from?

CLARE

Have you got any cash?

CATHERINE

Seriously?

(that's so mad it's funny)

Even if I had you'd have to fight me for it, and you know as well as I do that you wouldn't win.

CLARE

You're so fff...

CLARE's sneering.

CATHERINE

What? What am I?

(no response)

Get a grip, Clare.

CLARE

If you hadn't *left* me there I probably wouldn't have even started!

CATHERINE

I had things to do, and I needed the car!

CLARE

What *things*? You took day off work! I was bored shitless, that's why I started!

CATHERINE

You're not laying that on me.

CLARE

One day.

(she becomes tearful)

One day! And I'm not allowed to be upset.

She's getting tetchy and fidgety and desperate for another drink.

CATHERINE

You're allowed to be upset. You are allowed to be upset. Do you really want to remember Helen's funeral as the day you fell off the wagon?

Course she doesn't. But these demons are strong, and they've still got CLARE gripped.

CUT TO:

62 INT. VICKY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 6. 22.49 62

VICKY's dead.

We find JOHN just looking at her. He's transfixed, terrified, silently off his head: what's he just done?

CUT TO:

63 EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 6. 22.50 63

CATHERINE's car's parked outside the house.

CUT TO:

64 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT 6. 22.59 64

CATHERINE's with DANIEL. They're talking hush hush. CLARE's upstairs, but you never know.

DANIEL

So what happened?

CATHERINE

They didn't know.

(she makes a 'drinking'
gesture with her hand)

DANIEL

(pointing aloft)

What's she doing now?

CATHERINE

I've no idea, but at least she's
in. Unless she's shinning down the
drainpipe.

Just then CLARE comes in. From upstairs. She's got her coat on. Zipped up, like she's going somewhere. She looks belligerent, embarrassed, and she's clearly still the worse for wear.

CLARE

I'm going outside. For a fag. If
that's all right. With the Gestapo.

She means CATHERINE, obviously. CATHERINE watches her go. Doesn't speak.

DANIEL
(quietly, to his mum)
Where's she gonna go? It's eleven
o'clock, she'll not get served
anywhere.

CATHERINE
What's she doing?

CATHERINE doesn't want to look (doesn't want to be seen
spying). DANIEL surreptitiously has a look.

DANIEL
Lighting up.

CATHERINE
She'll go down t'Jockey's. They
stay open while all hours.

DANIEL
She's just smoking.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, BACKYARD. NIGHT 6. 23.00 65

CLARE's smoking. We're aware of CATHERINE and DANIEL through
in the kitchen, trying not to be too obtrusive. CLARE's
digging in her pockets. She finds a couple of screwed up
fivers, and some coins. She can make her own choice. She can
finish the cigarette and go back in. Or she can go and get a
drink down the Jockey's. She's agitated. Suddenly she makes
the decision and slinks off down the back yard. Fast.

CUT TO:

66 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT 6. 23.08 66

DANIEL
Mum.

CATHERINE grabs her coat and dives out of the back door.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, BACK STREET. NIGHT 6. 23.09 67

CATHERINE has to race to catch up with CLARE. And it's eleven
o'clock at night on a week day, she can't start shouting.

CATHERINE
Clare! Clare!

CLARE

Fucking *hell*. Can you not leave me alone?

CATHERINE

Where y'going?

CLARE

I'm not going anywhere.

CATHERINE

I'm coming with you.

CLARE

Fine.

CATHERINE

I know where you're going.

CLARE

Whatever.

CATHERINE

Don't do this.

CLARE

I need some space, I need you to stop pestering me, Catherine.

CATHERINE

What about Neil?

CLARE

(nasty, dismissive)
What *about* him?

CATHERINE

You see this is what -
(she taps the side of her head)
- it does to you, it makes you selfish and small-minded and unpleasant, and that isn't you.

CLARE

You don't like him.

CATHERINE

I never said that.

CLARE

You PNC'd him!

CATHERINE

Shh...!

CLARE

People don't need to say things,
you can still tell what they're
thinking.

CATHERINE

Look -

CLARE

Just one day - just for *one day* -
will you *not go on at me!*

CATHERINE

No, Clare, this *is* the day I need
to go on at you! Please. Please
don't do this. I'm saying it
because I love you. I'm begging
you. I'll beg. Look. I'll do
anything.

CATHERINE's walking backwards in front of CLARE now, trying
to gently persuade CLARE to stop moving forwards. But CLARE's
persistent.

CLARE

I'll be fine. Tomorrow. I'll start
again.

CATHERINE

No, tomorrow you'll need another
drink. If you drink now, you'll
need more later, if you stop it
now, we can hit this on the head.

CLARE

Will you *shift*? I'm sick of you!
With all your holier-than-thou
police bollocks shit!

CATHERINE

If you go to the Jockey's one
thing'll lead to another. You know
what I'm talking about, there's
nothing you can't buy down there.

CLARE

You're not in charge of me
Catherine! Just *get out of my life!*
(but CATHERINE's still
dogging CLARE's
footsteps)
Go away. *GO AWAY!*

CATHERINE lets CLARE walk off. She calls after her -

CATHERINE

Right well that's it then. The door'll be locked when you stagger back. And you can bang as loud as you like, you'll not get back in.

CLARE

Whatever.

CATHERINE

I'll leave all your belongings and your bits and pieces on the street outside the front door.

CLARE

Okay.

CATHERINE

Oh, and remember. There's a fella out there murdering and mutilating vulnerable women wandering about at night. On their own.

CLARE's still walking. CATHERINE watches her go. But she can't. She lingers a moment longer, and then goes after CLARE.

CUT TO:

68 OMITTED

68 *

69 OMITTED

69 *

HAPPY VALLEY SERIES TWO.

EPISODE TWO.

GREEN SCRIPT.

77.

70

OMITTED

70 *