

1 INT. THERAPIST'S ROOM. DAY 8. 09.30

1

CATHERINE's dressed in civvies, the sort of civvies that suggest she'd rather be out on the moors than sitting here with a psychotherapist, whose expression is calm. Neither of them say anything for long enough, and then -

THERAPIST

I saw on the sheet that I asked you to fill [in] -

CATHERINE

The happy sheet.

He knows all officers think it's a load of crap. He smiles -

THERAPIST

Yes, the happy sheet. I saw that on the question 'Have you ever contemplated killing yourself or others?' You've written 'Yes'.

(silence: he hopes she'll pick the ball up and run with it. Fat chance)

Do you want to talk about that?

CATHERINE weighs things up.

CATHERINE

No.

THERAPIST

Have you ever contemplated killing yourself?

(yes she has, but in no way seriously. And anyway, she's not telling him)

Have you ever tried to kill yourself?

CATHERINE

(quickly)

No.

She all but adds "Don't be stupid".

THERAPIST

Have you ever thought about how you'd do it. If you did.

CATHERINE

I've seen all of 'em and none of 'em are pretty. They're all...

Silence.

THERAPIST

All what?

CATHERINE

Sordid. Ridiculous. And anyway. I don't want to be on a slab. I've seen what they do to people.

THERAPIST

(consulting the notes)

Did you have counselling after your daughter took her own life?

CATHERINE

No. I had a break down.

She says it like it's a viable alternative.

THERAPIST

What happened?

CATHERINE

Nothing. I just... screamed at people a lot and smashed a few things in the sink and drank too much and pissed everyone off within a ten mile radius for about a year, eighteen months, and then... you know. You've still got to pay the mortgage at the end of it all, haven't you?

THERAPIST

Your marriage broke down.

CATHERINE

Yeah. Well. Most marriages don't survive something like that. Do they. Losing a child.

THERAPIST

An experience like that changes people. Permanently.

She looks at him steadily. Like... duh. Is he properly qualified?

CATHERINE

I'da said so.

THERAPIST

How did it change you?

The answer that pops up surprises her a little. It's like a reflex.

CATHERINE

I'm sad.

(she thinks about that now
she's said it. And she
continues like she's
talking to herself, cos
she sure as hell ain't
talking to *him*)

I never used to be sad. I mean I
could be sad. But it wasn't like it
was a permanent state [of] - it
didn't define who I am.

THERAPIST

You don't appear sad. Sorry I'm not
contradicting the fact that you are
sad. You know how you feel. But
your colleagues. Your friends at
work. I get the idea they think of
you as the life and soul of the
party.

CATHERINE

Good.

THERAPIST

Do you cover things up?

CATHERINE

No. They all know about Becky, they
all know what happened.

THERAPIST

No, I meant do you - are you
conscious of feeling sad but still
trying to put on a brave face, a
happy face, at work?

CATHERINE

No. I love work.

THERAPIST

Do you think you're angry? As well
as sad.

She considers that.

CATHERINE

Sometimes.

THERAPIST

You have an edge. People are a bit
scared of you, aren't they?

CATHERINE

Who's said that?

THERAPIST

It's an observation.

(he waits for CATHERINE to
respond. She doesn't)

How do you feel about that? People
being scared of you.

The question makes her feel uneasy. Is he calling her a
bully?

CATHERINE

Well. It's useful. Occasionally. If
I'm dealing with something. At
work. I often have to deal with
people who're a lot bigger than me.

(a moment)

Are you scared of me?

THERAPIST

Should I be?

CATHERINE

No. Nobody needs to be scared of me
unless they've done something they
shouldn't have.

The THERAPIST considers that.

THERAPIST

The second part of the question.
'Others'. Have you ever
contemplated killing others. Does
the 'yes' apply there.

She hesitates. But not for long. Only for dramatic effect, in
fact. She looks him right in the eye.

CATHERINE

Oh yes.

THERAPIST

Tell me about that.

(again he waits for her to
expand, but she's too
busy thinking to
verbalise it)

When was the last time? You felt
like that.

Oh well that's easy. She flips back to flippant mode.

CATHERINE

Well. Day before yesterday I could've merrily strung my grandson up for setting off a fire extinguisher in a corridor at school because someone bet him a bag of crisps he couldn't. So that's me hauled in and being made to feel this big.

(she demonstrates: one inch tall)

Again. Then last Thursday I could've happily throttled my son. Who - after persistently denying anything - finally admitted he'd had a fling with his nasty little bitch of an ex-girlfriend while his perfectly lovely wife was in hospital giving birth to their first child. So. He's a liar. Then - when was it? Two weeks ago. I could've cheerfully strangled my sister. Clare.

(she hesitates before admitting this)

She's an alcoholic. A recovering alcoholic and heroin addict. She's been dry and clean - apart from one or two blips with alcohol - for nearly twelve years. Then she fell off the wagon. At this funeral. And she said it was my fault. Which -

(she hesitates. She blames herself more than she's prepared to let on)

well, it was and it wasn't. And in fact... that was the same day that I did this thing that's meant I'm having to do this. Business. Here. With you.

THERAPIST

Ah. Yes. Tommy Lee Royce's mother's funeral. We will come onto that.

TITLES

CUT TO:

2

INT. THERAPIST'S ROOM. DAY 8. 09.31

2

As before, CATHERINE and the THERAPIST.

THERAPIST

So language like, "I could've merrily strung Ryan up", "happily throttled Daniel", "cheerfully strangled Clare". There are two points there. On one level you don't mean it, these are people you love, unquestionably, it's an expression of frustration, and ironically *affection*, when their behaviour falls short of what you would like or expect. On another level. You are angry. Whether it's with them or - perhaps more likely - with other people. People you can't express your anger to directly the way you can with the people you live with. These are chosen, sarcastic, brutal expressions.

CATHERINE thinks about that. And she knows there's truth in it. At some muddled level. Not that she's going to admit it.

CATHERINE

I'm a police officer. I see things. I'm not going to share the same vocabulary as Mary Poppins.

The THERAPIST smiles. He's kind, objective, fascinated -

THERAPIST

Tell me about Clare. Two weeks ago. Why did she think it was your fault that she'd fallen off the wagon?

CATHERINE pulls this face/heaves a sigh like she can't be bothered to explain.

CUT TO:

3

INT. JOCKEY'S CLUB, HEBDEN BRIDGE. NIGHT 6. 23.20

3

Two weeks ago.

CATHERINE and CLARE at a table together. Loud music. Everyone else here is tattooed, pierced, dyed hair, cool, hip, mad, sad and happening, Hebden Bridge style. CLARE's got a pint, CATHERINE's on diet coke (she's got work in a few short hours). CATHERINE's decided to go with the flow: CLARE has lapsed, she'll contain it tomorrow. For now, she's letting CLARE do what she has to do. They have to shout, the music's so loud -

CLARE

I thought you were stopping! I thought we were *both stopping*, and suddenly *you're* not! And I'm on my own, and I don't know anybody! Except like *three people*, and two of *them's* Nev and Ann, and *they're* busy *talking* to people. And you were *five hours*. You said "I shan't be so long". Or whatever. And there's no buses up there where they live. Well, there [are] - might be, but... I don't know where they go. So what am I supposed to do? Walk home? Hitch a lift? Call a f[uck]ing taxi? *Fly*?

Just then this bloke comes along, he's a wobbly drunk with an inane grin, eyes that struggle to focus and the verbal diarrhoea of the well-oiled. This is SPIKE (47). He has a creased, leathery face and little brown teeth. It's CLARE he's spotted. He's obviously very fond of her -

SPIKE

Clare! Well if it isn't our Clare!
(this bloke stinks of
stale alcohol. We pick
that up from the look on
CATHERINE's face)

How's *yerself*? Where've *yer* been,
eh? I've not seen you foh years.

CLARE

Spike.

(he embraces her, she's
pissed enough to be
sentimental with him,
even though he smells
bad)

Aww!

SPIKE

Am I interrupting?

CLARE

No, we were just -

SPIKE

(interrupts)

I'm not interrupting, only I just
saw *yer* and I fort I'll say hello,
cos - bloody 'ell - how y'keeping?

CLARE

Yeah, I'm -

She nods, implying that she's okay.

SPIKE

D'you see anyone? Eh? The old crew.
Eh? All disbanded, man. Eh? I'm
telling yer.

(he turns to CATHERINE, no
idea who she is)

Good times. But I'll tell yer what
though, shit happens. It's good to
see yer though. Eh?

(he turns to CATHERINE)

Do I know you?

(CATHERINE's shaking her
head like: I've got no
idea whether you think
you know me or not)

You look familiar.

CLARE

This is me sister.

SPIKE

Ah! That's it, that'll be it.

He offers his hand.

CLARE

Catherine.

SPIKE

Spike. How d'you do.

(CATHERINE shakes, trying
to touch him as little as
possible)

I fort I knew yer. I fort you were
this - the's this copper round
here, she has a look o' you, she's
a right b[itch] - pardon my French,
but she finks she's well hard, she
did our Aaron for possession and
she nearly brock his bloody arm.
Not you obvious[ly] -

CATHERINE

Yeah well happen if he'd gone
quietly she wouldn'ta needed to
show him who's in charge.

So SPIKE's realising he's just put his foot in it there.

CUT TO:

Later. CLARE's throwing up by a wall in the car park where
they have the market on Tuesdays.

CATHERINE's loitering, half protectively, half looking around hoping no-one's seeing this or indeed been woken up by it. CLARE comes up from the deluge groaning.

CATHERINE

It was Tommy Lee Royce's mother's funeral. An hour after Helen's. Same crematorium. That's why I left. I went back. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have left you. I knew you were vulnerable and I shouldn't have gone. But that's why. So. I'm sorry.

CLARE stares at her. Still very pissed and ill, but well able to take in the importance of what that means.

CLARE

You're joking.
(CATHERINE: nope)
Well... you coulda said. That I would've understood.

(a moment)
Was he there? Did they let him outa prison?

CATHERINE

Yeah.

In her pissed state, the implications in CLARE's brain are vast and endless.

CLARE

Wow...

CUT TO:

5

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, CLARE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 6. 03.27

5

CLARE collapses on the bed. She's already more or less comatose the second she hits the deck. CATHERINE comes in with a bucket and a glass of water. She puts the bucket by the bed, and the glass of water on the bedside table. CLARE's radio alarm tells us that it's 3.27am. CATHERINE pulls CLARE's shoes off, puts her into the recovery position, and covers her up as best she can so CLARE doesn't wake up shivering. CATHERINE looks at oblivious CLARE, and has an idea. Cut to a minute or so later as CATHERINE comes back in and puts a note by the glass of water. 'Ring me. I'm not cross. C x'

CUT TO:

6 EXT. HEBDEN BRIDGE. DAY 7. 07.00 6

Sun rise over Hebden Bridge.

CUT TO:

7 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, ATTIC. DAY 7. 07.01 7

CATHERINE (dressed for work) brings a cup of tea upstairs for DANIEL, who's asleep in his make-shift bedroom in the attic.

CATHERINE

Daniel?

(she gives him a nudge)

Daniel.

(he wakes up, all sleepy)

Sorry. Can you do me a favour, love? Sorry. Can you get Ryan off to school on time? I've got to get off to work and Clare's -

DANIEL

Is she all right?

CATHERINE

God knows. Either way, I can't see her surfacing much before dinner time.

DANIEL

Okay.

CATHERINE

I'm sorry to ask, I wouldn't have, but -

DANIEL

It's fine, don't worry. I'll drop him off on my way to work.

CATHERINE

Tea.

DANIEL

Thanks.

CATHERINE

I love you.

DANIEL

(going back to sleep again)

Mm.

CATHERINE

I wish I knew what was going on.

With you.

(DANIEL doesn't respond.

CATHERINE drops it)

Will you make sure he gets some
breakfast inside him?

DANIEL

Course.

CUT TO:

8 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRS. DAY 7. 08.00 8

INSPECTOR MIKE TAYLOR heads down the stairs and into the
briefing room...

CUT TO:

9 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, BRIEFING ROOM. DAY 7. 9
08.01

...where CATHERINE's concluding the morning briefing with her
usual vigour. She's accessing details off the box as she
speaks, so it's new to her as well as the team as she reads
the info -

CATHERINE

Last but not least! There was a
house fire. In a flat. Above a shop
in Rippenden reported just after
midnight this morning. The flat was
burnt out. Apparently. The Fire
Officer is telling us there's
several indicators pointing towards
arson. Okay...

(reads more)

There was no-one *in* the flat, so we
are looking for the tenant. Who is
a Vicky - Victoria - Vicky Fleming.
Fifty years old, she works at the
make-up counter at Oswald's
Department store in Halifax.
According to the landlord. Who owns
the shop. So! Shaf. Can you go see
if she's in work this morning and
what she knows about what's
happened? Ann! Go with him. Right,
that's all folks! Mind how you go.

The OFFICERS pile out of the room, each of them going
"Morning boss" as they head past MIKE. CATHERINE's the last
one left in the room. MIKE waits for the PCs to disappear up
the stairs before he says anything that could humiliate
CATHERINE.

MIKE

Chief Super's coming in to see you.
One thirty this aft, it'll be in my
office.

(despite the bravado that
she might normally
display, that puts the
wind up CATHERINE. This
is serious. And she's
looking pale cos she's
had less than three hours
sleep)

Pillock. Are you all right?

CUT TO:

10 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MIKE'S OFFICE. DAY 7. 10
13.30

CATHERINE's with PRAVEEN.

PRAVEEN

Have you thought about retirement?

CATHERINE

No. Sir.

PRAVEEN

Medical retirement.

CATHERINE

Why? What's wrong with me?

PRAVEEN

Eighteen months ago you nearly
died.

CATHERINE

My wrist aches when the temperature
drops below zero.

(she flexes her right
hand, the one TOMMY
crushed. Then clenches it
into a fist. Her joints
crack, and she flexes it
again)

But other than that.

PRAVEEN

A thing like that takes its toll
mentally as well as physically,
Catherine. We did go some way down
the medical retirement route last
time -

CATHERINE

Yeah, and it wasn't what I wanted then, and it isn't what I want now. Sir.

PRAVEEN

It would appear to me. That you have unresolved issues. Which is why you turned up at that funeral yesterday, a funeral which - you and me both know for a thousand and one reasons - you shouldn't have been anywhere near.

(she offers no response)

You were offered counselling. When you left hospital. Eighteen months ago.

CATHERINE

Yes.

PRAVEEN

Did you go?

CATHERINE

Yup.

PRAVEEN

Did you complete the course of treatment?

(nope. Silence)

Okay. I'm giving you options. Catherine. Two options. I'd like you to see the force psychologist.

(CATHERINE reacts. Badly)

I'd like you to complete whatever course of treatment he suggests.

Or. The alternative, and I do think it's something you should consider.

Seriously, you've had a long and distinguished career, you are a highly respected officer who's suffered a major trauma. Why don't I have a case conference with HR to take things forward down the medical retirement route.

CATHERINE

You're not gonna do that to me.

PRAVEEN

There is no stigma attached. You'd retire on a full pension, you'd -

CATHERINE

(interrupts)

Yeah, and I'd miss the next three years' salary.

PRAVEEN

Well do you want to think about it?

CATHERINE

No.

PRAVEEN

Fine. So you'll take the first option.

(she doesn't reply. It's no more attractive than the second option)

You'll see the force psychologist, you'll remain operational, but this time you will complete whatever course of treatment he suggests to you.

CUT TO:

11

INT. THERAPISTS ROOM. DAY 8. 09.32

11

Back in the present with CATHERINE and the THERAPIST. *Et voila, that's why we're here. Under duress. Silence.* Eventually -

THERAPIST

And has Clare managed to stay dry?
During the last two weeks?

CATHERINE

It's early days. But yeah. It was a lapse, it shook her more than anyone. She's been at every AA meeting going since. They do all sorts, they have a jive class, she goes with this new boyfriend.

THERAPIST

What about Daniel?

CATHERINE

God knows.

THERAPIST

And Ryan?

CATHERINE

He can be fine. For weeks. But you never know when the phone's gonna go and it'll be Mrs. Beresford. "You're going to have to come in and fetch him".

THERAPIST

You have a lot on.

CATHERINE

No more than most people my age. I suspect.

THERAPIST

You did something very selfless. When you took Ryan on. There must have been times when you've struggled. With it.

CATHERINE

I don't dwell on it. I've always focused on the fact that it isn't his fault.

THERAPIST

Tell me about Tommy Lee Royce.

CATHERINE

What about him?

THERAPIST

(pause)

What took you to the funeral.

CATHERINE searches for something that won't sound glib.

CATHERINE

I have a friend. Who's scared of birds. A proper phobia. And one day. This peacock. Came and sat just outside her front door. No idea where it came from. And it just sat there. For hours. And she didn't dare go out, and her husband was at work, and she said she felt too stupid to ring anyone. So she just stared at it. Through the sitting room window. For two hours. 'Til it left. And I said why? And she said, "So I knew where it was".

(she's still thinking, and
who knows, maybe she has
touched on something)

Maybe that's it, maybe that's all it was. I just wanted to make sure I knew where he was. 'Til he went back inside.

That sounds convincing enough. And it's true. It's part of the truth, anyway. And whatever, it sounds like something a therapist would lap up.

THERAPIST

Going back to the question. Have you ever contemplated killing yourself or others. What about him? Tommy Lee Royce.

CATHERINE

My daughter died because of him.
What do you think?

THERAPIST

Tell me about that.

CATHERINE would still love to grind TOMMY's severed scrotum into the dirt. Perhaps more than ever. But she's not going to share that thought and risk becoming non-operational.

CATHERINE

Look. If I'd really wanted to kill him. I could've done. On that narrow boat, eighteen months since. I had him on the floor, he was helpless, I coulda kicked the stuffing out of him. But I didn't. What I actually did was douse him in foam so he couldn't set fire to himself. When it came to it, when the chips were down, my instinct was to do the right thing.

THERAPIST

Do you regret that?

Yes. Big time.

CATHERINE

(utterly convincing)

No.

CUT TO:

12

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, LOCKER ROOM. DAY 8.
10.30

12

An hour or so later. CATHERINE's getting her robocop kit on from her locker. She looks extremely unamused, like she's angrily fantasising about what she would like to do to TOMMY LEE ROYCE. JOYCE appears in the doorway.

JOYCE

How was it?

(CATHERINE considers going into the details. But she really can't be arsed)

That bad?

CATHERINE

You can hear yourself talking wank. It's dripping off the ceiling and crawling down the walls, the room's so full of it by the time you've finished you've to wade through it in your wellies to get out.

JOYCE

D'you fancy a drink? Tonight. D'you fancy going for something to eat?

CATHERINE's just about to say "No", automatically assuming she'll be too busy, or too tired, but she realises -

CATHERINE

Yeah. Actually. That'd be nice.

JOYCE

My treat.

CATHERINE

Why?

Because she cares about her. Not that she's going to be sentimental about it.

JOYCE

'Cos I feel like chucking my brass about.

CATHERINE

(touched, happy)

Okay.

JOYCE

And in other news.

She leaves a tantalising pause.

CATHERINE

What?

JOYCE

They think they've found another body.

So that's big.

CATHERINE

Where?

JOYCE

Going over to Brighouse. Again. Same as first one.

CUT TO:

From a small distance we see a woman's body, which has been obscured by stuff piled on top of it. We get the idea - hopefully without being too graphic and horrible - that something bloody and unpleasant has been done to her.

(Is it something like having a grubby broken bottle somewhere in the foreground?). Inner and outer cordons have been established. Outside the outer cordon UNIFORM OFFICERS mill about, and a couple of stationary police vehicles with their silent revolving blue lights. In the inner cordon we discover ANDY SHEPHERD (in a blue CSI suit) and other CSIs studying the scene and taking photos. As we cut to a closer image of the body, we move round and see the victim's face. She's already decomposing: the flesh is a greenish/blue/grey colour, the eyes have gone and the tongue is protruding and there's been skin slippage, but... we can see that it's VICKY FLEMING.

CUT TO:

14

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

14

DAY 8 14.20.

We see a subliminal flash of a beer bottle being smashed in a sink; the bottom end broken off so the bottle becomes a weapon. Then we see JOHN's face. He's in VICKY's flat, smashing the bottle in the sink to mutilate her corpse with. Then suddenly we're in the H-MIT briefing -

We're looking at JOHN. MIKE's also present, as usual, but of course it's JOHN we're looking at as he reacts to the news that VICKY's body has finally been discovered.

ANDY

There's been nothing found at the scene to identify who she is. What we know at the moment is: she's white. She's five foot four. Slight build. She's got blond shoulder-length hair. Shoe size five. She's between thirty and sixty years old.
So -

(he addresses JODIE)
we need to check all the mispers locally, force wide, and then moving out force by force. Going back I'd say four weeks. Initially. CCTV in the area. May be limited. But. I'd like to see what we can gather. As you go in it says the site's covered, but I didn't see any cameras. Again, I'd say going back four weeks. There are a number of houses opposite and along. Jubilee Terrace numbers 35 to 75 overlook the site to some degree, we need to talk to the occupants. The number 259 and number 278 buses go past the site on the Halifax Road. Someone may have seen something from a top window.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

Let's visit the bus garage those numbers drive out of, find out if they have specific drivers who drive those routes regularly. Any regular passengers who travel upstairs. I'll include in the press release an appeal to anyone who uses either of those two buses, as well as anyone who travels up and down that road regularly.

(we're still looking at JOHN as we hear one of the other DETECTIVES ask, "Are we looking at the same killer d'you think, sir?" ANDY's reluctant to say a definitive "yes")

She appears to have been strangled, and there is vaginal mutilation of the same nature as our previous three women. So...

("so draw your own conclusions/let's wait and see". Then suddenly)

John! Can you come and do exhibits for me at the post-mortem? Emma's had to go to the dentist.

JOHN hesitates for only a fraction of a second before -

JOHN

Sure.

ANDY

Ten minutes, I'll meet you downstairs.

JOHN's terrified. His answer was a reaction. When the boss says jump you just jump. It's only after he's already answered that he realises the implications. He's going to have to bag up VICKY's clothes and watch her be dissected.

CUT TO:

15 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, TOILETS. DAY 8. 14.30 15

JOHN panicking in the toilets. Washing his hands like Lady Macbeth. A fellow D.C. pops his head in.

D.C.

John! Boss is looking for you, he's ready to go.

JOHN has to gather his resources.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 8. 14.31 16

ANN GALLAGHER's just heading back toward the nick when the door opens and JOHN heads out with preoccupied ANDY SHEPHERD, who's talking to someone on his mobile.

ANN
(in passing)
Hiya.

JOHN
Hiya.

ANDY
(on his mobile)
Now? No, no problem -
(checks his watch)
I'll pop back upstairs.
(to JOHN)
I'll be two minutes. Get car started.

ANDY disappears back inside the building.

ANN
Is is true another body's turned up?

JOHN
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah it is.

ANN
Is it the same? Another pr[ostitute] - someone who's been trafficked?

JOHN
Well it's - yeah - starting to look that way.

ANN
I shouldn't be asking.
(distracted JOHN shrugs)
Are you all right?

He looks pale. Distracted. Not himself. Not surprisingly.

JOHN

Yeah! Yeah, no. Not really.

(he debates whether to
tell her, then,
confidentially -)

Turns out my wife's been having it
off wi' this bastard she works
with. For months.

(ANN's a bit stunned at
being confided in about
something so big, so
suddenly, from someone
she doesn't know hugely
well)

Just walked in, and...

We see what John saw. He walks up the stairs in his house -
having just murdered VICKY - and heads into the bedroom,
where he finds AMANDA and a bloke - GRAHAM TATTERSALL - at
it. They're all as stunned as each other.

GRAHAM

Jesus.

AMANDA

Shit.

JOHN's stunned. He looks wretched. Utterly bemused (given all
he's been through) he withdraws from the room. Wretched JOHN
races down the stairs and outside.

JOHN

I'd been working on obs. She
thought I was away all night. Which
I was but it got called off, so I
went home. And there they were.
I've not told anyone.

He implies "anyone here" with a flick of his head.

ANN

God. That's rough. When?

JOHN

Two weeks ago. Fella she's known
for years. With the kids in the
house as well. He's married, he's
got kids.

ANN

That's crap.

JOHN

Yeah. So. Anyway.

ANN

I'm really sorry John.

JOHN
Not your fault.
(a moment)
Do you wanna go for a drink? Some
time.

So that's a bit sudden.

ANN
Erm -

JOHN
Sorry. Is that inappropriate?

ANN
Going for a drink?

JOHN

Asking.

ANN

Oh. Is it? I don't [know] -

JOHN

Sorry.

ANN

When?

JOHN

Any time.

ANN

Okay.

JOHN

Really?

ANN

Not tonight.

JOHN

No.

ANN

But -

JOHN

Yeah.

ANN

Maybe -

JOHN

Whenever.

ANN

Later in the -

JOHN

Yeah.

ANN

Week.

(awkward pause)

Where y'off? Anywhere exciting?

JOHN

Post mortem.

ANN

What, the - ?
(she's really excited, but
she realises it's
delicate, so she mouths
it)
Victim's? Post-mortem?

JOHN nods. His deep unease is pretty palpable.

CUT TO:

17

INT. MORTUARY. DAY 8. 15.07

17

It's JOHN we're chiefly interested in throughout: the effect it has on someone sitting through the four-hour autopsy of someone they murdered.

The LAB ASSISTANT uses a gurney to transfer the body from the fridge to the autopsy table. The bag is opened, revealing the remains of VICKY's clothed body, with plastic bags over her head, hands and feet. VICKY is carefully removed from the body bag. The plastic bags are carefully removed, one by one, from the head, hands and feet, making sure nothing falls off or is lost. We notice the time: it's 15:07.

JOHN's in a little room just off from the autopsy room. He looks on, through a serving hatch. He watches as the bag comes off VICKY's head, and he sees her face. Her decomposing face. He did that. He looks like Catherine's friend staring at the peacock: transfixed, eager to make sure VICKY doesn't suddenly burst into life and say, "It was *him!*" The bags are passed from the LAB ASSISTANT to JOHN: these are the first exhibits to be bagged and labelled.

[Present in the lab along with ANDY SHEPHERD is the PATHOLOGIST, DR CAROL FOWLER, one ASSISTANT and a PHOTOGRAPHER who takes endless photos of each detail as it's revealed].

We notice details as JOHN does: VICKY's almost perfect new, bright red high-heels being removed (in great contrast to her decomposing remains), her right knee which was grazed as she flailed around when he was strangling her, the limp, cold, uselessness of her oddly discoloured limbs as her few items of clothing are removed.

JOHN bags the shoes and clothes up, writes notes on a lap top (colour, size, make, any wear and tear), and keeps his head down.

DR CAROL FOWLER does an external visual examination of VICKY's body. She takes a swab from the mouth, puts it in a tube. Other swabs are taken. Finger nail clippings are taken. We hear the CAROL mumble to ANDY -

CAROL

Asphyxiation.

(she presses her fingers
into the front of her
neck)

Hyoid bone's broken. I'll show you
when we open her up.

JOHN can't hear what CAROL is saying. He can only guess.

Suddenly we see a flashback to when JOHN was strangling VICKY in her flat. The fight she put up. Banging and scraping her knee against something in the fight, clutching at the cable with her fingers, her nails digging into her own neck in the attempt to stop this freaky thing happening to her.

ASSISTANT

John? John.

JOHN realises the LAB ASSISTANT is offering him another exhibit through the hatch to bag up. Maybe the broken shoe.

Back in the lab, CAROL has got onto VICKY's other injuries. With the help of his ASSISTANT, VICKY's been rolled onto her side, and they're looking at her back and bottom. Photographs are taken. Again, CAROL just mumbles to ANDY (we don't need to see this) -

CAROL

So we're looking at vaginal
bruising and...

(looking closer: the real
damage is internal)

lacerations.

JOHN has another flashback to that fateful night: smashing a beer bottle in VICKY's sink to turn it into a weapon. Knowing he has to do this terrible thing to her body if he's going to make it look like the work of the serial killer. JOHN comes into the sitting room where VICKY is dead on the floor. He has the broken bottle in his hand. How's he going to do this?

ASSISTANT

Are you all right?

JOHN realises he's being spoken to again.

JOHN

Yeah! Yeah. It's just it's a while
since I've done one of these.

CAROL picks up her scalpel for the Y-incision: it's time for the autopsy.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. ANGELIKI RESTAURANT. NIGHT 8. 20.45 18

Busy Hebden at night. An establishing shot of the restaurant, with a board outside that reads 'Jackson Live here tonight at 9pm'.

CUT TO:

19 INT. ANGELIKI RESTAURANT. NIGHT 8. 20.46 19

CATHERINE and JOYCE are knocking back the ole vino. They're on a second bottle, so CATHERINE's more fluent than ever. She's just generously refilling JOYCE's glass, then her own. Beside them there's a little stage set with big amps and a mic. The restaurant's quiet (only one or two other couples here) so they talk hush hush -

JOYCE

So how many times d'you have to go?

CATHERINE

Six. Including today. He *assesses* me. And then he makes *recommendations*.

JOYCE

Who to? What sort o' recommendations?

CATHERINE

Maybe they're going to have me put down.

(JOYCE is amused.

CATHERINE can't decide whether to be amused or not)

Have you ever been? Have you ever done owt like that?

(JOYCE shakes her head)

He leaves gaps. We sit there in silence. I think he relies on the idea that nature abhors a vacuum, so if we sit there long enough I'll feel obliged to fill it with -

(she hand mimes yacking and mouths -)

Shite. So I do.

JOYCE

Is it though? Shite?

CATHERINE

Some of it.

We jump back to -

CUT TO:

20

INT. THERAPIST'S ROOM. DAY 8. 09.32

20

CATHERINE

Look. If I'd really wanted to kill him, I could've done. I had him on the floor, he was helpless, and I coulda kicked the stuffing out of him. But I didn't. What I actually did was douse him in foam so he couldn't set fire to himself.

THERAPIST

Do you regret that?

CATHERINE

No.

Then back in the restaurant -

CUT TO:

21

INT. ANGELIKI RETAURANT. NIGHT 8. 20.47

21

CATHERINE

Course I regret it! The only reason I didn't kick the shit out of him at the time is because he wanted me to.

(daft girly voice)

"Kill me, kill me",
(then her own heroic
voice)

"Piss off you little turd, I'm not doing owt you want". I neglected to mention that after I'd doused him in foam I did then indeed endeavour to kick the living day lights out of him. But sadly that - whoever she was - police woman went and waded in and pulled me off him.

JOYCE

Bitch.

CATHERINE

Mm.

JOYCE

Well. I'm glad you didn't kill him. For what it's worth. 'Cos then you'd have been in even more bloody trouble.

CATHERINE

Yeah, you see that's what bothers me. I don't think I would have. I think I coulda probably got away with it. One way and another.

(JOYCE is shaking her head)

You weren't there. He was nearly dead anyway. He was in a bloody bad way.

JOYCE

You're better than that.

CATHERINE thinks about that.

CATHERINE

I'm not.

Just then a middle-aged WAITRESS comes over to gather any plates they've finished with.

WAITRESS

Have you done, ladies?

JOYCE

Yeah. I have. What time's Michael Jackson coming on then?

WAITRESS

Oh, any time now. Sorry, have you been waiting for him?

(no, they haven't. In fact they'd have avoided coming in if they'd noticed the board outside when they got here)

Thing is it takes him half an hour to get ready, with his make-up and his psyching himself up.

JOYCE

Is he any good?

WAITRESS

He's -

(she can't lie)

You know. But we had Robbie Williams here two weeks ago and he was... all right. And then we've got Elvis back again week after next. Did you see Elvis? Last time?

(CATHERINE and JOYCE both mumble/murmur "no")

'Cos we did have him here... oh, six months back? And he's...

(nods, thoughtful)

not bad either.

JOYCE

Okay.

The WAITRESS finishes gathering their plates and heads off.

CUT TO:

22

EXT. ANGELIKI RESTAURANT. NIGHT 8. 20.50

22

JOYCE and CATHERINE have left the building. We glimpse/hear MICHAEL JACKSON singing/squealing through the open door as they leave and walk down the street together.

CATHERINE

D'you know what really pissed me off. When I saw him.

(she hates admitting this and it takes her a moment to spit it out. They walk in silence for a few seconds)

Was how well he looked. He's obviously been looking after himself. Inside. Narcissistic twat. I think maybe I was hoping he'd gone down the Swanny and that he was getting beaten up and... buggered around.

JOYCE

Maybe he is.

(CATHERINE's shaking her head)

You don't know.

CATHERINE

He'll have 'em all wrapped round his little finger.

JOYCE

Why would he?

CATHERINE

Running round in little circles wetting themselves.

JOYCE

Why would he?

CATHERINE

Oh just...

(she knows it's a fear
based on nothing
concrete, but -)

I bet he gets letters. I bet
there's a string of deluded mad
bitches in love with him who want
to introduce him to Jesus.

JOYCE

Right, well, either way, there's
nothing cushy about Gravesend
Prison. Every day of his life,
he'll be told when to sleep, when
to eat, when to shit. If ever he
does get out - which... why would
he? - he'll be fit for nothing.
He'll be institutionalised. He'll
be hopeless and helpless. He'll be
how old? Earliest. Fifty-seven? And
he'll look ninety. He might look
chipper now, but they'll wear him
down. Thirty years of prison food
and nothing to do except get bitter
and twisted and smoke himself
stupid. You did a great job,
Catherine. Death would've been too
kind. What you did to him was
perfect.

CATHERINE kind of knows that. In theory. In reality she's
still haunted by so much about what he's done to her.

JOYCE

(remembering)

Ey, have you alibied yourself yet?

CATHERINE

(not funny)

Oh don't you start.

JOYCE

Have you?

(CATHERINE's sick of this)

No, have you?

CATHERINE

No.

JOYCE

Why not? Why *not*?

CATHERINE

Because! I can't. I've checked everything. My calendar, my smart book, my day book, the rostas. I mean I don't care, I don't give a toss, I know I didn't do it.

JOYCE

Have you asked everyone else to check all their doings?

CATHERINE

What good will that do?

JOYCE

Well it might jog someone's memory. You give me the dates, I'll ask around.

CATHERINE

Right, whatever.

JOYCE

Go on then.

CATHERINE

I'll text 'em to you.

JOYCE

When?

CATHERINE

Tomorrow.

JOYCE

You'll forget.

CATHERINE

You can remind me.

JOYCE

Do it when you get in.

CATHERINE

Now?

JOYCE

(just then a Skoda floats
past that JOYCE
recognises)

Ooh there he is! My knight in
shining armour.

(she waves at the driver
as he floats past)

Billy! Has he seen me? Big nelly.
He's lost his glasses again.

He pulls in further up the road, where CATHERINE and JOYCE
have just come from.

CATHERINE

He's got a tail-light out.

JOYCE

I'll tell him. Come here.

(JOYCE gives CATHERINE a
big hug)

Night night sweetheart.

CATHERINE

Night.

JOYCE

(heading off)

Text me! Soon as you get in.

Just then CATHERINE realises something, just as they were
about to part so fondly -

CATHERINE

Why are you so bothered about me
alibi-ing myself?

JOYCE

'Cos I care about you.

CATHERINE

Has Mike Taylor been on at you?

JOYCE

No.

CATHERINE

Has he?

JOYCE

No.

CATHERINE

Has he?

JOYCE refuses to answer again. Which could equally look like
she's hiding something, to paranoid CATHERINE.

CATHERINE

I know he's been canvassing opinion about me and passing it on to Praveen. Because of things this therapist said. About what my *colleagues* think about me.

JOYCE

Like the high esteem everyone holds you in.

CATHERINE

You better not go telling him stuff I've said. This evening. About that twat. 'Cos I'll know if you have.

JOYCE is toying with getting offended by this. She'll forgive CATHERINE a lot because of everything she's been through, and because they're old friends, but she would hope CATHERINE knew her better.

JOYCE

Do you think I would? Do you think I'd do that?

CATHERINE

No. I'm just saying.

JOYCE

Right.

(a moment)

So - sorry - are you threatening me?

CATHERINE

No. I'm [just] - no. I'm just saying.

JOYCE thinks about that. About what *is* being said.

JOYCE

(quiet)

You don't have to text me those dates. I was only trying to help.

CATHERINE realises she needs to apologise. Really. The problem is she still thinks JOYCE may have been sent on a fact-finding mission. And however well meant, it still seems devious. And of course they've both had slightly too much to drink, and so are both more inclined towards being emotional rather than rational.

CATHERINE

(quiet)

Right.

JOYCE

Right.

(a moment, another chance
for CATHERINE to
apologise. But she
doesn't. She's stuck)

Night night then.

CATHERINE

Night night.

CATHERINE watches after JOYCE as she heads down the road and gets into the car. We linger on CATHERINE. Aware she handled that badly and just fucked up what had been a nice evening. But still feeling stubbornly justified in what she said.

CUT TO:

23

INT. MORTUARY. NIGHT 8. 20.54

23

The clock now reads 20:54. The post-mortem is over. VICKY's body has been denuded. Her carcass is on the slab, and on various other sterile surfaces are the bowels, the lungs and other vital organs, and the vaginal area, which has been cut out in a block.

JOHN (still bagging and labelling human evidence from VICKY's body in little tubes and plastic jars) strains to hear what ANDY and DR CAROL FOWLER are saying.

CAROL

She was asphyxiated with quite a narrow ligature, looking at the bruising on the muscle. Something like an electric cable. The grazing on the right knee happened - I would imagine - during the struggle. She was alive when it happened. She was already dead though when the internal vaginal injuries were inflicted.

ANDY

Are we looking at the same killer?

CAROL

Yeah.

(we should be looking at
JOHN for his private
silent reactions to all
this)

I mean it's very similar. Not as
frenzied, not as extensive.
Internally. But yeah, broken glass -
a broken bottle - used again to
inflict the wounds. So... I don't
know, maybe he was disturbed before
he'd done what he wanted to do.
It's essentially the same. Just
less of it.

ANDY

Can you be any more specific about
her age?

CAROL

The internal organs are healthy
enough. She wasn't a drinker, she
didn't smoke. Never given birth.
Teeth are in good condition, so -

ANDY

So not...? What you'd think of as a
typical prostitute lifestyle?

CAROL

(shakes his head)

She's maybe forty-five to fifty-
five?

ANDY

Could she be eastern European?

CAROL

(shakes her head)

British dental work.

ANDY

And you're still confident she's
been there two or three weeks?

CAROL

(She nods: yup)

There's no more than three weeks'
hair regrowth. From the roots. Even
with skin slippage.

ANDY

Was she killed where we found her?

CAROL

(shakes her head, can't
say)

There was very little blood. At the
scene. But. It's rained. And the
ground's porous. We've lost any
post-mortem hyper-statis because of
the skin discolouration. So. I
couldn't really tell you.

ANDY's thoughtful.

We end on JOHN. He's got through it. And ANDY appears to have learned very little of any devastating significance.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. HANGINGROYD STREET. NIGHT 8. 21.00

24

CATHERINE heads along the street (possibly mumbling to herself about what's just passed with JOYCE) and up to the front door.

CUT TO:

25 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 8. 21.01

25

Irritable DANIEL's watching telly by himself as CATHERINE heads into the room. Everyone on telly's laughing, DANIEL isn't. CATHERINE's a bit cool with DANIEL.

CATHERINE

Where is everyone?

DANIEL

Ryan's in bed. Clare and Neil are
in t'kitchen with Winnie and Ilinka
and why can't all these people just
go home?

CATHERINE heads out and through to the kitchen to see what's going on, then pops her head back in again.

CATHERINE

Are you all right?

DANIEL

(reluctant to make it real
by talking about it)

I've had a letter from a solicitor.
About divorce proceedings.

CATHERINE takes that in, lingers/dwells on it for a moment (realising he probably needs some sympathy and an ear) then heads through to the kitchen to sort out the other thing first. We go with her.

CUT TO:

26 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT 8. 21.02 26

CATHERINE walks in and finds WINNIE and ILINKA sitting at the table, and CLARE and NEIL busy making tea and biscuits. (NEIL is all tactile/protective with CLARE, like he's looking after her since her lapse).

CLARE

They think they've found another one. It's been on t'news. National news on t'telly.

CATHERINE

Have they announced it? Officially?

CLARE

Well, they're saying everything suggests it's another one. I don't know how official it is.

WINNIE

(nodding ILINKA's way)
She's worried it'll be someone else she knows. She says they went missing all t'time.

CATHERINE gives ILINKA's shoulder a reassuring squeeze.

CLARE

And it isn't just that. They've let that fella out on bail.

NEIL

Can I pour you some tea? Catherine?

CATHERINE

No thanks. What fella?

WINNIE

That one you tasered. He's called Goran Dragovic. And she's terrified he's going to come after her.

CATHERINE

He's been let out on bail?

CLARE

Charged him with false imprisonment, and people trafficking [and] -

WINNIE

'People trafficking for purposes of
prostitution'.

CLARE

- and then they've let him out on
bail.

CATHERINE

Wow.

We see CATHERINE go a bit thoughtful.

CLARE

Are they mental?

CATHERINE

It doesn't mean you're in any more
danger. Tell her.

WINNIE's not entirely convinced, but -

WINNIE

Catherine kase to ne znaci da ste u
opasnosti.

CATHERINE

(she addresses ILINKA)
He might be out but he still
doesn't know where you are.

WINNIE

On bi mogao biti iz zatvora. Ali on
ne zna gdje ste.

But then the reason she went a bit thoughtful -

CATHERINE

It just means he knows somebody
with enough money to pay his bail
for him.

WINNIE

The Knezevics?

CATHERINE

God knows. On the plus side, he
won't be going anywhere, 'cos we'll
have taken his passport off him.

(on reflection -)
If that is a plus.

WINNIE

There was something else as well.

This is news to CLARE and NEIL as well as CATHERINE.

CATHERINE/CLARE

What?

WINNIE knows instinctively that this is a bad idea -

WINNIE

She wants to go back to work at the
biscuit factory.

CATHERINE

(a quick, decisive
response)

She can't do that.

WINNIE

I don't think it's a great idea,
but she keeps going on about how
they were all very nice to her. The
other people, and them that ran it,
I mean they are a legitimate
bus[iness] -

CATHERINE

It doesn't matter -

CLARE

What, employing trafficked
women?

CATHERINE

(to CLARE)

No, that's - the people who own it
probably don't even realise they
are trafficked, they probably *were*
perfectly nice to her.

(then to WINNIE)

The problem *is* [is] -

CLARE

How could they *not* know? They don't
pay 'em!

CATHERINE

No, they do! The biscuit factory
does. What happens *is* the
traffickers set themselves up as a
legitimate employment agency. They
don't go round advertising the fact
that they're criminal scum, it's
not written on their foreheads.
They provide staff, women,
employees, then the biscuit factory
pays the money to them, the -

(air bunnies)

'Employment agency' stroke criminal
scum, then it's them that don't
pass the wages on to the women.
That's how they make their money.
However -

CATHERINE turns back to WINNIE

CLARE
(realising)
Devious bastards.

CATHERINE
(to WINNIE)
- she still can't go back [there] -
(realising what CLARE just
said)
Yeah.

(then back to WINNIE)
She still can't go back there
because it's not impossible that
the Knezevics'll still have people
who go in there every day. Then
they will see her, and they might
well follow her. She really can't
do that, Winnie. Seriously. You've
got to spell that out to her.

CUT TO:

27

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, CONSERVATORY. NIGHT 8. 22.15

27

CATHERINE's sleeping in the conservatory again (with her thermals and her cricket bat) to keep an eye on WINNIE's house. CLARE comes in with some tea for CATHERINE.

CLARE
You can't keep sleeping in here.

CATHERINE
Have you kept yourself busy today?

CLARE
Yeah, I've been fine.

But we should sense a vulnerability in CLARE since her lapse. CATHERINE takes the tea from her.

CATHERINE
Y'all right?

CLARE
I just...
(she's upset, vulnerable,
needs to talk. We sense
that she could burst out
crying. She sits on
CATHERINE's bed/settee)
can't get my head round what that
woman's been through. Ilinka.
(she becomes tearful)
I mean where do they get the idea
from that they can do that to
people?

CATHERINE gives CLARE a reassuring squeeze/hug/whatever she needs. CLARE's anxiety might be as much about her own vulnerability as ILINKA's, but she's obviously upset.

CATHERINE
Is Neil stopping?

CLARE
(she nods affirmation)
You are good you know. The things
you do for people. I've just wasted
my life doing...
(she hates saying it, but)
bugger all, but you... you really
help people.

CATHERINE
You help people. At the Mission.

CLARE
We make tea.

CATHERINE
You listen to people, it's
important.

CLARE
Sorry.

She means for crying. For feeling sorry for herself.

CATHERINE
You're bereaved. You're allowed to
be upset. But you've just got to
make sure you look after yourself.
Mm?

By 'look after yourself' of course she means *don't drink*.

CLARE
Yep. I am doing. I will.
(a moment between them,
CLARE manages to pull
herself together a
little, and then)
Neil thinks you don't like him.

CATHERINE
Why?

CLARE
'Cos when he offered to make you
some tea, you didn't want any.

CATHERINE
That was like an hour ago.

CLARE

Yeah. I know, I said that, but. You know. He's...
(mouths it, just in case)
I think he's frightened of you.

That jars with CATHERINE. Because of what the therapist said.

CATHERINE

There's only one kind of person who needs to be frightened of me, Clare. You know that.

CLARE

Yeah, I know you like to think that. But. You know. Some people are just sensitive.

CATHERINE

As in over-sensitive.

Yup.

CLARE

Have you been up to kiss Ryan?

CATHERINE

He was asleep.

CLARE

He said summat today. Odd.

CATHERINE

What?

CLARE

Miss Wealand. This new one that reads with him. I've met her, she seems right enough. But. He said they were talking about things he likes and things he doesn't like. He doesn't like reading. For instance. And he does like chips. And custard. And football. That kind of thing. Anyway, apparently she said, "What about your dad? Do you like your dad?" And he says he just said, "We don't talk about me dad". And that was it. But. Why's she asking him about his dad? Doesn't she know not to do that? Haven't they told her?

CATHERINE's intrigued. She's toying with being cross as well.

CATHERINE

Ask her. Next time you see her.

CLARE nods, she will ask her.

CLARE

She won't be there again 'til next
Monday, she only works Monday
Tuesday Wednesday.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. GRAVESEND PRISON. DAY 9. 07.30 28

Establisher. A new sunny day over Gravesend Prison.

CUT TO:

29 INT. GRAVESEND PRISON, TOMMY'S CELL. DAY 9. 07.31 29

TOMMY checks himself out in his imperfect grubby prison mirror, taking the time and trouble to get his hair perfect. We notice he's got a little crucifix tattooed (grubby prison style) on his neck. The sun shines through his narrow grubby prison windows and illuminates him beautifully in his mirror. You could be mistaken for thinking he belongs to Jesus.

CUT TO:

30 INT. TRAIN. DAY 9. 07.35 30

FRANCES is on the train down to London. Sipping coffee, watching the world go by, happy because she's going to see TOMMY. She's twiddling absent-mindedly with a small silver crucifix she has round her neck.

CUT TO:

31 INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 9. 07.45 31

JOHN's ironing his own shirt. He looks bad tempered and sullen. He looks like he drank too much last night as well and is struggling with a hangover. AMANDA's clattering about noisily with plates in the dishwasher. She looks bad-tempered and sullen too. We glimpse the children each individually looking sullen with whatever it is they're doing as they get ready for school in this joyless house, which looks much less tidy than we've seen it before.

AMANDA

Can you two brush your teeth?
(checks the time)
Now. Right now.

BEN and AMBER head upstairs. JACK's still busy sorting through his bag, but he's far enough out of ear shot for AMANDA to risk snatching the opportunity to say to JOHN -

AMANDA

And I know for a fact you weren't out on obs that night because I rang Clifford.

JOHN

Just pack your shit and move out, Amanda, that's all I've got to say to you, and I'm just gonna keep repeating it.

AMANDA

For years I've put up with you coming in at all hours.

JOHN

I can't really believe you're still here to be absolutely honest with you.

AMANDA

You need to be the one that moves out, John. Not me. You were never here. You neglected us. There's no wonder things've happened. These kids don't know who you are.

JOHN

Whore. Slapper.

AMANDA

They prefer Graham to you.

JOHN

Slag.

AMANDA

He helps 'em with their homework.

JOHN

Trollop.

AMANDA

He talks to them.

JOHN

Filthy bitch. Pox merchant.

AMANDA

You weren't on obs. You're a liar.

JOHN

Oh really? And what would Clifford know? He never gets sent on obs cos of his sciatica.

AMANDA

Yeah well maybe I'll ask Andy Shepherd.

JOHN

Yeah course you will, Amanda, that's right, you've got a hot line to the superintendent.

AMANDA

Yeah well maybe I have.

JOHN

Yeah? Really? D'you want his number?

CUT TO:

32

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK. DAY 9.

32

10.00

JOYCE is busy at her desk just beyond the counter when she hears CATHERINE heading down the stairs shouting at her favourite P.C. -

CATHERINE

(ooe)

Mr. Tekeli! I read your statement for that assault. I see we're still struggling with the i before e except after c concept, and can you get someone with more time and patience than I have to explain to you the difference when you spell "he threatened to break my arm", and "I applied the foot brake"? Thank you.

CATHERINE's voice irritates the hell out of JOYCE. *She always has to shout, we can see JOYCE thinking, she always has to announce herself. She can't just come into a room quietly like normal people.* A fraction of a second before CATHERINE's finished shouting at GORKEM, she appears and puts a cactus down on JOYCE's desk. Right in front of her. In a tiny plant pot. With a ribbon round it. One of those tiny cactuses that cost about 50p but that you hope in about thirty years' time might get a bit bigger.

CATHERINE

I got you this.

(JOYCE regards it like
CATHERINE just dumped a
bucket load of hoss muck
on her desk)

To say sorry. I was... you know.
Tired and emotional. And out of
order. And I'm sorry.

(JOYCE isn't thawing, she
just gazes steadily at
CATHERINE like she's a
particular kind of idiot)

I thought it'd remind you of me.
Because it's prickly. And I'm
prickly. And in fact you could call
it Catherine. And then next time
you get cross with me, you could...

JOYCE

Throw it at you.

CATHERINE

Yeah! Or... yeah. That'd work.

JOYCE

Or I could call it by your nick-
name. That might make me happy.

CATHERINE

Sure! Absolutely. Except I haven't
got one.

JOYCE

Oh you do.

CATHERINE

No, [I] - do I?

JOYCE

Obviously not one we use to your
face.

CATHERINE

What is it?

JOYCE

Well it's a secret. From you. I
mean obviously everyone else knows.
And everybody upstairs. And up at
head quarters. And that lot down at
t'cafe that do us butties.

CATHERINE

Well what is it then?

JOYCE

It's - I can't say. It's - you
know. Not very flattering.

CATHERINE wonders if JOYCE is winding her up.

CATHERINE

I haven't got a nick-name.

JOYCE

No. Good. Okay.

CATHERINE

What is it then?

JOYCE

I accept your apology.

CATHERINE

What's my nick-name?

JOYCE

You haven't got one.

CATHERINE

How long have I had this nick-name?

JOYCE

I shouldn't have said anything.

CATHERINE

What you gonna call the cactus
then?

JOYCE

Nothing.

CATHERINE

Tell me. Or I'm taking it back.

JOYCE

(pushing the cactus back
towards CATHERINE)

Okay.

CATHERINE

(pushing the cactus back
to JOYCE)

No tell me.

JOYCE

I didn't invent it.

CATHERINE

What is it?

JOYCE looks around to make sure no-one's around, then indicates for CATHERINE to bring her ear close so she can whisper -

JOYCE
I'm not telling you.

CATHERINE
Right!

(she's leaving)

Whatever. Keep the cactus.

(she comes back with a
post-it note that she's
been wielding all this
time, the thing she
really came down for)

These are those dates when I was
out murdering prostitutes. If you
still want to check your diary.

JOYCE
(taking the note)
There's nothing I'd rather do.

CATHERINE leaves then comes back again.

CATHERINE
Come on, what is it?

JOYCE
You used to be a detective. Find
out.

CATHERINE
I will.

JOYCE
Good luck.

CATHERINE
Right.

JOYCE is smiling happily to herself once CATHERINE's disappeared: that was fun. Winding the sergeant up, best game there is. And JOYCE quite likes the little cactus too. It's cute. Win win. CATHERINE come back.

CATHERINE
Are you lying? Are you *smiling*?

Just then CATHERINE's radio starts talking to her -

RADIO

Bravo November four-five. Could you look at log one-three-four of today, at Crow Wood Park?

(JOYCE prods a key on her desk top to bring up the screen allowing CATHERINE to instantly access log 134)

We've had a phone call from a nun about a suspected suicide.

CATHERINE

(reading the log)

A nun?

RADIO

Paramedics are on their way, can you get someone round there?

CATHERINE

A real nun?

RADIO

You know as much as me, four-five.

JOYCE

(well dry)
No, a pretend one.

CATHERINE

Responding.

(to JOYCE)

They could be dressed up going to a hen party.

CATHERINE's prodding ANN's number into her radio.

JOYCE

At ten o' clock in t'morning?

CATHERINE's on her radio again.

CATHERINE

Charlie Oscar nine-six-five.

(then to Joyce)

Okay, so they might still be out from t'night before.

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

ANN and another PSCO are chatting to a little old couple at a bus stop who aren't sure which bus to get on. ANN hears CATHERINE's voice.

ANN
Charlie Oscar nine-six-five.

CATHERINE
It's baptism of fire time kid,
we've got a suicide up Crow Wood
Park. I'm gonna pick you up, you're
coming wi' me.

ANN does a silent "Yess!" She's thrilled.

CUT TO:

34

INT. GRAVESEND PRISON, VISITING AREA. DAY 9. 10.15

34

FRANCES is with TOMMY. They have to talk hush hush because obviously if anyone official knew that FRANCES was seeing RYAN there'd be trouble. TOMMY's angry and hurt.

TOMMY
"We don't talk about me dad?"

FRANCES
Yeah, but listen, don't get cross!
He said that, but then nothing
could be further from the truth!
Once he started it was like he
could talk about nothing else.

TOMMY
(suspicious, anxious)
What did he say?

FRANCES
He said how much he liked you. When
he met you. Outside the shop, and
on the boat. And how he still
thinks about you.

TOMMY
Did he say that? He actually said
that? That he still thinks about
me?

FRANCES
Every day. Yes. He said it.

TOMMY
Yeah, in a bad way.

FRANCES
No! He talked about bringing you
milk. And how he upset you by
bringing his friend, and how much
he wishes he hadn't done that now
because that seemed to spoil
everything.

TOMMY

Did he - ?
(embarrassed)
Say owt about me chucking petrol
all over him?

FRANCES

He did. Yes. And that was really
interesting. Because. He says all
he can think of now is how ill you
were when that happened.

TOMMY

I was! I had septicaemia! I was off
my head, I nearly died!

FRANCES

He thinks it's his fault.

TOMMY

Eh?

FRANCES

He said if he hadn't brought his
friend there, you wouldn't have got
upset that day and done that.

TOMMY

It wasn't his friend *as such*. He
were a nice enough little lad, I
was just frightened about 'em
telling people where I was 'cos I
knew they'd *crucify* me. I wouldn't
have hurt him. Frances. Never. Not
in a million years. I was just off
me head.

FRANCES

You see, I think he knows that.

TOMMY dare hardly hope that's true.

TOMMY

Did he say that?

FRANCES

No. No, but I could see. In his
eyes. That he still *really* thinks
about you. In a good way.

TOMMY's daring to feel happy, but inevitably feelings of
happiness bring anger and frustration to him.

TOMMY

"We don't talk about me dad"! You see she'll be trying to fill his head with shit about me! You've got to tell him stuff, Frances! You've got to make sure he knows stuff, because if you don't nobody else will. I can't.

FRANCES

I will. Obviously I will eventually, [but] -

TOMMY

And all the other stuff, all the lies I got convicted over. I did not rape Ann Gallagher! That were Lewis. It were me that used to give her Mars bars and let her use bucket! I did not kill that little police girl up on t'moors either, that were Lewis. And I had to kill him because he come at me wi' that knife!

FRANCES

I know, I know.

TOMMY

Nobody believes me.

FRANCES

I do.

TOMMY

I meant except you.

(a moment. He smiles at her. Then he gets angry again)

I did kick the shite out of his granny, but a). she were asking for it, and b). she'd have killed me! Spraying me wi' that stuff! She'd have killed me on that boat an' all if that other woman hadn't pulled her off me, and has she ever been taken to court over that? Has she hell as like! And now there's been another murder. On t'news. Have you seen it? Just same as me mother. She's a clever bitch. Making it look like a serial killer. I know. I've told you before, I know how a bitch like that thinks. She's poison her, she's dangerous, I know we try not to have nasty thoughts, Frances, but -

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(he puts two fingers to
his temple, like a gun, a
gun he's reluctant to
use, but -)

she needs putting out of her misery
that one.

FRANCES lets that wash over her. She keeps calm and keeps smiling.

FRANCES

He's been talking about things at
home. His Auntie Clare drinks.
I've met her. She's a nice woman.
But between the grandmother's
anger, and his auntie's problem...
yes. We could ask for better
things.

TOMMY

Got to get him out of there.

FRANCES

Well. We can't get him out of there
just yet. But we can keep an eye on
him. Can't we?

TOMMY

No. Frances. I keep telling yer.
And you keep not hearing.
(he's smiling. He's calm.
But we - and she - detect
his increasing
frustration with her)
That's not enough.

FRANCES wants to be strong for him, but this makes her feel
unsettled.

CUT TO:

35

EXT/INT. SOWERBY BRIDGE/PATROL VEHICLE. DAY 9. 10.35

35

CATHERINE's picked ANN up. CATHERINE drives with some urgency
(blue light but no siren).

ANN

If a detective - he's a sergeant -
asked me out for a drink. That's
not unethical. Is it?

CATHERINE

Is he married?

ANN

Well. Yeah. He is. But. He's just found out his wife's been having it off with someone else. So...?

CATHERINE

Is he old enough to be your dad?

ANN

Not -

(realising)

Yeah actually. He probably is. He's not *as old as* my dad, but. Yeah. Technically.

CATHERINE

D'you believe him? About his wife?

She knows she'd be daft to, even though he was convincing.

ANN

I don't fancy him. We're just... mates.

CATHERINE

Yeah but is that what *he* thinks?

(that's kind of what ANN's worried about)

It's not really ethics, is it love? It's about whether it's wise or not. I'll leave that with you.

(she pulls up at the park gates, and then the thing she's been itching to ask, but daren't -)

You know at work?

ANN

Yeah.

CATHERINE

Have I got a nick-name?

Oh shit thinks ANN. But in the heat of the moment she's wise enough to know that she's never going to get a lie past CATHERINE.

ANN

One or two.

CATHERINE can't believe her ears: one or two? ANN decides it might be expedient to get out of the vehicle. Quickly.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. CROW WOOD PARK. DAY 9. 10.36 36

CATHERINE gets out of the car too. She's parked right by the entrance to the park. The ambulance is already here.

CATHERINE
One or two?

ANN
I don't use them.

CATHERINE
(pulling her hat and
gloves on)
Oh, that bad?

Yeah.

ANN
So you think maybe I could just go
for a drink with him, yeah? You see
I'm interested in the possibility
of becoming a detective,
eventually, [so] -

CATHERINE
So what are they then, these nick-
names?

They head into the park as they talk. One pale elderly NUN is sitting on a bench being attended by a PARAMEDIC. A second more robust NUN looks on with concern. In the distance a second PARAMEDIC walks away from a wooded area (and back towards us/CATHERINE and ANN/the ambulance).

ANN
Why're you putting me on the spot?

CATHERINE
Because you're here.

ANN
(confidentially as they
approach the bench)
I've never met a nun.

CATHERINE
The way you changed the subject
just then was *so subtle* I barely
noticed it.

ANN
Me dad says it's a compliment when
people have a nick-name, he says
people never bother giving a nick-
name to someone they're not
bothered about.

CATHERINE

So - well - what are they then?

ANN

I wouldn't worry about it.

CATHERINE

I'm not worried. I'm delighted. I didn't know I had a nick-name. Two nick-names.

ANN

(saved by the bell)

Hello!

CATHERINE realises she's going to have to put it on pause. She bends down and addresses the pale elderly NUN like she's six years old and deaf.

CATHERINE

Are you all right, love?

PARAMEDIC

Just a bit of shock, she's going to be absolutely fine.

CATHERINE

Right, so where is it?

The pale elderly NUN has the presence of mind to say very firmly -

NUN*1

It's a human being. Constable.

CATHERINE resists the urge to point out that she has stripes emblazoned all over her kit.

NUN*2

(apologetic)

He's in the trees. Sergeant.

CATHERINE

Who found i[t] him? You?

NUN*2

Yes, it was us that phoned.

She flashes her iPhone 6 at CATHERINE. Nice.

NUN*1

Vodka bottles everywhere. He must've got tanked up to do it.

CATHERINE

Okay.

(she flicks her head at
ANN to come with her.
They walk towards the
wooded area and when
they're out of ear shot
of the NUNS -)

Can you get a first account out of
those two for me? Who they are,
what they're doing here, where
they're from.

ANN

They're nuns, I shouldn't think
they're up to much.

The second PARAMEDIC is just walking past them.

PARAMEDIC

He's dead.

CATHERINE

Thanks, love.

PARAMEDIC

(calling back)

It's on the left. Careful as you go
down, it's slippery.

CATHERINE

(to ANN)

They'll be from St.Werberg's. Find
out if they walk through here
regularly, and if they do, at what
times, and if they're familiar with
anybody else who walks through
here.

(she gets on her radio)

Bravo November four-five, I'm in
Crow Wood Park, suspected suicide
confirmed dead by the paramedic. We
need a CSI here and somebody from
CID if anyone's available.

We cut to the hanging body (nothing gruesome, just the legs) as CATHERINE and ANN approach. The trousers damp where the dead man has wet himself. It's slightly off the main drag through the park (which could account for other people having missed it earlier in the day). CATHERINE and ANN come and look at it. ANN's mesmerised. It's the peacock thing again. CATHERINE's more interested in the scene: a couple of empty vodka bottles at the foot of the tree, an old jacket.

ANN

(awed, subdued, shocked,
fascinated)

Wow...

CATHERINE

Yup.

ANN

How y'gonna get him down?

CATHERINE

Oh that's easy. I'm gonna wait for CID to turn up and let them do it.

(at length as ANN
continues to gawp at the
body -)

So. Come on. These names.

(ANN groans)

Just spit them out quickly then
it's done with.

ANN

I don't wanna be like the messenger
that gets shot.

CATHERINE

Do you think I'm that small minded?

Possibly, yes we can see ANN thinking.

ANN

Shall I go and take those first
accounts?

CATHERINE

I'll tell you what -

(getting her day book out,
and a pen)

you can write them down if it's
easier.

ANN

I'm not sure I should.

CATHERINE

No love, I'm not asking you.

ANN

I think - going back to ethics -
you shouldn't use your rank to make
me tell you something like that.

CATHERINE

Rank? We're friends.

ANN

Not at work! You said that.

CATHERINE's not sure whether she should resort to this or
not, but it flies out anyway -

CATHERINE

I saved your life. From that
bastard.

(ANN's shocked, that's
below the belt. CATHERINE
might be shocked too that
she's resorted to that,
but it's out there now)

*Oooh! Yes! Go on, lady. Get round
that one.*

ANN

D'you really want to know that
badly? Catherine.

CATHERINE pauses: maybe she doesn't. Actually.

CATHERINE

Are they really shit?

ANN

No.

(well, yes)

They're affectionate. But. You
know. Not - not - not what you
might choose. For yourself. That's
all.

(CATHERINE's looking
worried. Suddenly -)

If you *really* want to know, I will
tell you.

CATHERINE's bothered now. Once she knows, that's it, she's
never going to *not* know. It'll be something she has to live
with. And maybe some things are better left unknown. While
she's deliberating on this, something about the dead man
arrests her attention. She stares and stares, walks round him
to get a better view of his face to confirm what she's
thinking. Perhaps it's a tattoo she remembers.

ANN

What's up?

CATHERINE

I know him.

(she's amazed, and
freaked: suddenly this
feels creepy)

It's that bloke I tasered. They let
him out on bail yesterday.

CUT TO:

37

EXT. STREET, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 9. 11.40

37

A poor area, similar to where LYNN DEWHURST lived. CATHERINE's knocking on a door. She knocks gently, it's not a keys on the window job. She's got SHAF with her.

CATHERINE

D'you want to do the talking?
(SHAF's nervous: he hoped
and assumed CATHERINE
would do the heavy stuff)
It's good practise for you. And
anyway - look - it was me that
tasered him, if we weren't so
understaffed and underresourced I
wouldn't even be here. This is
bordering on -
(back to unethical)
Awkward.

The door opens. A 24-year-old woman, poorly dressed. She looks deeply suspicious when she sees two police officers. In her culture the police are the enemy: they're unpleasant, difficult people. As soon as she sees them all she wants to do is shut the door.

SHAF

Mrs. Dragovic?

MRS. DRAGOVIC

There's no-one here.

SHAF

(nods, accepts that, he
knows GORAN's not here)

Is your husband Goran Dragovic?

MRS. DRAGOVIC

He's not here, he works shifts.

SHAF

Could we come in?

MRS. DRAGOVIC

It's not a good time for me, I'm
busy, I'm going out.

She's about to shut the door. SHAF has to stop her.

SHAF

It's important, Mrs. Dragovic.
There's been an accident.

MRS. DRAGOVIC

What accident?

SHAF

Can we...?

Come in, he means, whilst making it clear with his body language that he's coming in anyway. And CATHERINE's right behind him.

CUT TO:

38 INT. DRAGOVIC HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY 9. 11.41 38

SHAF and CATHERINE step inside. There's a baby and a toddler. CATHERINE takes her hat off and makes a fuss of the toddler so it's not frightened of her and SHAF. The toddler has a single toy to play with. It's clear from the state of the room that the family have very little money.

SHAF

You might want to sit down.

Beneath the stoical exterior, we sense that MRS. DRAGOVIC is terrified.

CUT TO:

39 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT OFFICES. DAY 9. 39
12.15

JOHN's busy with his head in his computer screen, opposite D.I. JODIE SHACKLETON, also busy with her head in her computer. A number of other detectives are similarly quietly busy. The office has a quiet, intense feel. JOHN doesn't notice ANN walk in. He's in a world of his own.

ANN

Hiya.

JOHN

Oh. Hello.

ANN

I saw a dead body this morning.
This fella hanged himself.

JOHN

You'll get used to it.

ANN

Oh, I didn't mind, I was
fascinated. His tongue was like -
(she mimes, makes an
appropriate noise to go
with it)

- and his lips were blue, proper
blue, and his eyes were all like
bulging out. Does that make me
weird? Not being freaked?

(JOHN's about to answer,
but ANN doesn't wait for
it, she's too full of
questions)

Is it true that men get an erection
when they hang?

JODIE chips in, but barely looks up from what she's busy with
on her computer throughout the whole scene -

JODIE

(amused)

Well it depends what they were
doing at the time.

ANN

So normally not? Then.

JODIE

It's a myth.

ANN

Okay. Good! Well there you go, I've
learned something!

(back to JOHN)

Inspector Taylor sent me up with
this for Mr. Shepherd.

(a piece of paper)

Is he in?

JOHN

No, he's stepped out.

ANN

It's nothing, it's just Brunhilde's
alibi. Finally. Joyce down at
t'front desk worked it out.

JODIE

Brunhilde?

JOHN

Miss Trunchbull.

ANN
Sergeant Cawood.

JOHN
(taking it)
I'll put it on his desk.

ANN
You still wanna go for a drink?

We might see what JODIE privately thinks about this: it's not like JOHN to be up to no good with a naive, eager PCSO.

JOHN
Well yeah. Yeah. If [you] -

ANN
I would! Tonight? Moorings? Seven?
Half past?

JOHN
Great. Seven.

ANN
Where's all the boards?

JOHN
What boards?

ANN
On telly they have all glass boards
with photos of the deceased and
clues and... y'know. Stuff.

JOHN
Yeah. Well. In real life we have
these.

He demonstrates/flips quickly through one of the boring looking little photo booklets that they use.

ANN
Can I look?

She means at the booklet. JOHN's not sure he should. For a whole host of reasons, some professional, some to do with his own horror of what he's done. But ANN's so keen.

JOHN
It's - there's - some pretty
graphic stuff [in there] -

ANN
I wanna be a detective.
(she blurts that out
spontaneously)
I've not told anyone else that. I
wanna do what you lot do.

JOHN isn't sure whether ANN should be allowed to look or not, so consults JODIE.

JOHN

Ma'am?

ANN's surprised and embarrassed: it hadn't occurred to her that JODIE might be a ma'am, she thought she was JOHN's secretary or something. JODIE passes ANN the book. ANN's delighted. She flips through.

ANN

Is this the most recent victim?

JOHN

Yeah.

ANN

How was the post mortem? Did you learn anything?

JOHN

Oh. Just.... Not much. Well nothing relevant.

JODIE

Well, we think she's not a prostitute, John. That's pretty relevant.

ANN

Not - ?

JOHN

Oh yeah. Yeah. The clothes. The expensive dress and shoes, and other lifestyle... she didn't smoke, didn't drink, she er... her teeth were well looked after, so... yeah.

JOHN's finding this uncomfortable of course. Trying not to let it show.

ANN

So.... how will you identify her?

JOHN

Well. Some times there's a DNA match on our data base, but that's usually only if they've committed a crime in the past. And she hasn't, so, we've been looking at missing persons, but -

ANN

(suddenly realising)

You know we never found the woman
who lived in that burnt out flat on
Ripponden, don't you?

JOHN panics. We see a flash of what's in his head:

CUT TO:

40

INT. VICKY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 6. 21.59

40

Two Week's ago. JOHN pouring paraffin everywhere, off his
head with panic, but still managing to be methodical.

CUT TO:

41

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT OFFICES. DAY 9. 41
12.16

Back to -

ANN

Two weeks ago.

JOHN

(his mouth's gone dry very
suddenly)Yeah, no, as I say, we've checked
out all the local mispers, she's
probably been ruled out for
whatever [reason] -

ANN

No this woman isn't a misper, no-
one ever actually reported her
missing. As such. She's called
Victoria Fleming, Vicky Fleming,
and - how old is your woman?JOHN can't lie, not in front of JODIE, but he hesitates (not
that ANN or JODIE think anything of it), so JODIE dives in -

JODIE

Between forty-five and fifty-five.

ANN

That's - that would fit the bill.

JODIE

Really?

ANN

Is this her?

(she's found a photo of
dead VICKY's face in the
photo book. It's so
changed that's it's
almost impossible to
tell, but -)Blond shoulder length hair, slim
build. I've got a photo of her on a
file, me and Shaf went to talk to
H.R. at the department store where
she works. We made a copy, shall I
email it to you?

Inside JOHN's head he's screaming No! We see it in his eyes.

JOHN

Well that's that's -

JODIE

That'd be really helpful if you
could.(ANN thrilled, delighted.
She heads off. We linger
with JOHN)Joined-up thinking. Why didn't we
know about this?

CUT TO:

42

EXT. DRAGOVICS' HOUSE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 9. 12.20

42

CATHERINE's on her radio point-to-point with JOYCE as she and
SHAF return to the patrol car from GORAN's house. CATHERINE's
smiling.

CATHERINE

You're kidding.

JOYCE

(vo)

Nope.

CATHERINE

Well done. Fantastic! Thank you.
Joyce. Thank you.

CUT TO:

43

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK. DAY 9.
12.21

43

JOYCE

Yeah. Well. That's what friends are
f[or] -

JOYCE realises that CATHERINE's hung up, and consults the cactus for an opinion. Shows the cactus the phone - *this is what she's like.*

CUT TO:

44 EXT. DRAGOVICS' HOUSE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 9. 12.22 44

CATHERINE and SHAF get into the patrol car.

CATHERINE

The night Aurelia Petrovic was murdered - this is five months ago - I was at Oldham Coliseum with Joyce dressed up like a pillock for the Rocky Horror Show! She invited me at the last second because her cousin dropped out, and that's why it never went on my calendar.

SHAF

So when Aurelia Petrovic was getting slashed, you and Joyce were doing the time warp.

CATHERINE

Isn't life weird?

SHAF

I can't picture that.

CATHERINE

Yeah, don't try.

CUT TO:

45 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 9. 18.35 45

CLARE's setting the table for tea. CATHERINE arrives home from work. She heads straight through the kitchen and out through the conservatory.

CATHERINE

Off the hook. It's official. So not the guilty party after all. So Jodie Shackleton can stick that up her pipe and smoke it.

CLARE

In her pipe. And smoke it.

CATHERINE

I don't care where she sticks it. I've rung her anyway. I've told her. The (mouths 'bitch').

CLARE

Neil's coming for tea.

CATHERINE

Okay.

CLARE

You won't frighten him, will you?

CATHERINE could get sick of this.

CATHERINE

I will do my best.

CLARE

And can you ask Daniel not to be
weird with him?

That's new to CATHERINE.

CATHERINE

(what the fuck?)

Sure.

CUT TO:

46

EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, BACK YARD. DAY 9. 18.36.

46

RYAN's kicking his ball around in the back yard as CATHERINE comes out of her house and heads across to WINNIE's.

CATHERINE

How was school?

RYAN

Boring.

CATHERINE

Oy, what's this about this Miss Wealand asking you about -

(air bunnies)

"your dad"?

RYAN

Nothing. I told her, I said, "We don't talk about my dad".

CATHERINE

Yeah? Good. Well keep it that way.

CATHERINE knocks on WINNIE's door and goes in shouting "Only me!" We linger for a moment on RYAN. Is he lying? Did he say all those other things to Miss Wealand that she told TOMMY?

CUT TO:

47

INT. WINNIE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 9. 18.37

47

ILINKA's rolling cigarettes at the table. WINNIE's chopping vegetables, making a casserole.

CATHERINE

I've got good news. Well. Macabre news. Goran Dragovic is dead.

WINNIE takes it in and tells ILINKA -

WINNIE

Goran Dragovic je mrtav.

ILINKA takes it in.

CATHERINE

Suicide. He hanged himself from a tree in Crow Wood Park.

WINNIE

Samoubojstvo. Objesio se na drveta.

ILINKA takes it in, then starts shaking her head. She looks terrified. How can CATHERINE think this is *good* news?

ILINKA

On se nikada ne bi ubio. To su oni. Knezevici. Oni su ga ubili da nebi pricao.

CATHERINE

What?

WINNIE

He would never kill himself. It's them. They've shut him up so he won't talk.

CUT TO:

49

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY 9. 18.55

49

JOHN's driving home when his phone rings. JODIE SHACKLETON's name comes up. His bluetooth's not connected and he makes the mistake of answering it manually.

JOHN

Hello.

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

50

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT OFFICES. DAY 9. 50
18.56

JODIE's still at her desk. She has a number of photos on her desk that ANN's provided her with.

JODIE

Bloody hell, John, it's definitely Vicky Fleming. I've spoken to the O.I.C. on Districts and I've given the lab a bell to chassey them along for any DNA matches they might find from the personal stuff they got from her work place, but... it's her, you can see it's her from the photos. She's even - in one of these photos - wearing that same dress she was wearing when she died.

(silence)

John?

JOHN

Great.

JODIE

Yup.

JOHN

Have you told the boss?

JODIE

Yeah.

Silence.

JOHN

Well done.

JODIE

Seeya then.

JOHN

Bye.

He hangs up, but he's so distracted he wanders over the lines onto the other side of the road (whilst fiddling about switching his phone off), and a vehicle's coming the other way. The other vehicle beeps it's horn at him. He swerves out of the way at the last second and scrapes his vehicle on a wall. He pulls up. The other vehicle pulls up and a WOMAN steps out. JOHN's all over the place. The WOMAN taps on his window, mouthing "Are you all right?" He winds his window down.

WOMAN

Are you all right, love?

JOHN

I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm sorry.

WOMAN

You were right over the wrong side of the road, you know.

JOHN

I'm sorry.

WOMAN

Are you okay?

No. He isn't.

JOHN

Yeah. Just - I'm just a bit -

(a moment, then he
realises -)

Are you all right?

WOMAN

I'm fine love. You just gave me a bit of a surprise, that's all.

(he doesn't reply)

You want to be careful.

She lingers; he doesn't look all right even thought he says he is. She decides to leave him to it: she's done the right thing and offered help.

CUT TO:

51 INT. THE MOORINGS. DUSK 9. 19.45

51

ANN sits waiting for JOHN. She's dressed nicely. She's checking her watch. He's forty-five minutes late. She realises he's probably not coming, he's probably forgotten. Perhaps he never meant to come. She empties what's left of a bottle of wine into the glass. So that's a whole bottle she's had. On her own.

CUT TO:

51A INT/EXT. JOHN'S CAR/COUNTRY ROAD. DUSK 9. 19.50

51A

We leave JOHN alone and devastated up on this lonely moorland road. Almost unable to function, psychologically crippled by the mess he finds himself in.

END OF EPISODE THREE