

1

EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE, STREET. NIGHT 9. 04.00

1

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

CUT TO:

2

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

2

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

CUT TO:

3

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

3

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

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

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

ANNETTE

(oov)

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

CATHERINE

(oov, interrupts)

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

ANNETTE

(oov)

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

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

She's here, love.

(then back to CATHERINE - )

And they were both women.

CATHERINE

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

ANNETTE

My first thought when she rang me was well what if it's *him*?

(her face contorts with anger as she says 'him')

So why weren't they thinking t'same thing?

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

CATHERINE

God knows.

(she sits close to LEONIE, fights the urge to physically reach out to her)

Hello Leonie.

ANNETTE

He'd have strangled her. If she hadn't managed to raise the alarm, and if this other lass hadn't been just round t'corner.

CATHERINE

Tell me about this other lass.

ANNETTE

Kelsey. She lives up road. I can give you her number. It was her that rang 999.

CATHERINE

Have you something I can write with?

(ANNETTE looks around for paper and a pen)

Leonie. Listen love, listen to me. You're doing really well, you're being really brave. So. What's going to happen now is, I need to take a few details -

ANNETTE

Will this do?

A biro from Argos and a fag packet. CATHERINE takes them, turns the fag packet inside out so she can write on it.

CATHERINE

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

(LEONIE nods)

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

ANNETTE

That's like your swabs and everything.

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

CATHERINE

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

ANNETTE

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

CATHERINE acknowledges that was the right thing to do.

CATHERINE

Can you talk me through what's happened?

(she anticipates ANNETTE wading in)

I need to hear it from Leonie.

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

LEONIE

Just. I was down on Stoneyroyd Lane. And -

(CATHERINE jots down notes)

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

ANNETTE

They all do.

LEONIE

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

ANNETTE

They do that.

LEONIE

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

ANNETTE chimes in -

LEONIE & ANNETTE

- when they haven't enough.

LEONIE

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

CATHERINE

Did he. Indeed.

LEONIE

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

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

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

ANNETTE

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

CATHERINE

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

LEONIE

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

ANNETTE

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

CATHERINE

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

LEONIE

They didn't ask.

ANNETTE

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

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

CATHERINE

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

LEONIE shakes her head.

ANNETTE

No, but she got his number. His  
registration number. Show her.

LEONIE's written SP55 in lipstick on her arm. Smudged, but  
legible. As CATHERINE takes it in, we get a hit/image of what  
CATHERINE's thinking; SEAN BALMFORTH's white van driving off  
along Stoneyroyd Lane last time she spoke to LEONIE and  
ANNETTE in episode one. And his registration number: SP55  
UMV.

CATHERINE

What sort of vehicle did you say it  
was it?

ANNETTE & LEONIE

A white van.

So that's big.

CATHERINE

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

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

LEONIE

It won't [be] - ?

CATHERINE

It won't - ? What love?

LEONIE

Taking swabs. It won't be them two.

ANNETTE

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

CATHERINE

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

(She hates incorrect  
grammar, but right now  
being compassionate and  
empathetic matters more)

I'll be dealing wi' them two.

**TITLES**

CUT TO:

4

EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. NIGHT 9. 05.30

4

Establisher. Two UNIFORMS (men) and the NIGHT D.C. head out of the nick and climb into a patrol vehicle. The engine turns over.

CUT TO:

5

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRS/LOCKER ROOM.

5

NIGHT 9. 05.31

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

CUT TO:

6

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

6

05.32

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

CATHERINE

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

STEPH

(surprised and pleased to  
see her)

Hiya, Sarg.

CATHERINE's smiling (well, sort of), she's lulling them into a false sense of security; they've no idea how cross she is.

BRYONY

D'you want some?

CATHERINE

Shall I tell you what I've been doing? I've just briefed the night crew on an arrest strategy for a fella that's raped and assaulted a nineteen year old. They've just gone to pick him up just now. She's gone off to the Opal Unit in Bradford so we can get her properly examined and now I'm going to wake Mr. Shepherd up and tell him I think he might want to look at this bloke because he might - *just might* - be the twisted little bastard that's been killing prostitutes.

BRYONY

Really?

CATHERINE

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

Silence.

BRYONY

W[e] -

CATHERINE

You dropped her at the hospital doors. You didn't even see her inside. She didn't go in. After you'd left her. She was too upset, she was too frightened. She's stood in the cold for an hour and a half frozen daft waiting for a bus to get home.

BRYONY

We were always told to take anything they said with a pinch of salt, and it's been a busy night, we're only just on our meal break and we're knocking off in an [hour]

-

CATHERINE

'They'? Prostitutes? We're talking about a vulnerable nineteen year old.

(no response)

Her face was bruised. Her neck was bruised. That isn't someone crying wolf.

BRYONY

It was dark.

CATHERINE

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

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

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

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

(STEPH's looking a bit  
contrite and embarrassed.  
BRYONY's looking pissed  
off and affronted)

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

STEPH

Sorry. Catherine.

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

CATHERINE

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

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

CUT TO:

7 INT/EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. NIGHT 9. 05.33 7

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

CATHERINE

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

CUT TO:

8 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S CAR. NIGHT 9. 05.35 8

A few moments later. CATHERINE's concluded her brisk call with ANDY SHEPHERD, and reached her car. She gets in, sticks the key in the ignition, but doesn't turn the engine over.

She needs a moment. She steels herself, and then glances in the rear view mirror, as though she expects to see BECKY. But of course BECKY's not there, for which CATHERINE is relieved and grateful. But suddenly she has tears warming her eyes. Today is going to be a tough day. RYAN's birthday is always a tough day for CATHERINE: it's the day BECKY gave birth, and then killed herself six weeks later. And to kick the day off with the rape of a 19-year-old really doesn't help. She gives herself another moment, wipes the tears away, then turns the engine over.

CUT TO:

9 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, CAR/STREET. DAWN 10. 06.30 9

By the time CATHERINE's reached Hebden Bridge it's becoming day light. The street lights are still on. Just. She parks up, heads towards her house, up the steps... and finds a big, nicely wrapped glittery parcel on the doorstep (which obviously wasn't there when she left two hours ago). Written on the glittery parcel in happy capitals in indelible pen it says, "HAPPY 10th BIRTHDAY RYAN!" She examines the rest of the parcel to see who it's from, but that's all there is. She unlocks the door and heads inside.

CUT TO:

10 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/HALLWAY. DAWN 10. 06.31. 10

CATHERINE heads into the kitchen, plonks the parcel down on the table (along with RYAN's other presents, carefully arranged after he went to bed last night), still wondering who it's from.

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

CLARE

Where've y'been?

CATHERINE

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

CLARE

What lass?

CATHERINE

Nineteen year old. Down in Sowerby  
Bridge.

CLARE

Well what were t'night crew doing?

CATHERINE

(weary)

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

(realising)

What you doing up?

CLARE

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

CATHERINE takes that in. CLARE knows CATHERINE struggles on RYAN's birthday. The day BECKY gave birth. CATHERINE knows CLARE knows.

CATHERINE

Oh. No. No.

It's all very subdued and a bit surreal, the two of them standing their in their own unlit hallway in the dim dawn light.

CLARE

I allus think about you. On his  
birthday.

CATHERINE

I know you do.

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

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

CLARE

Big smiles.

CATHERINE

Yeah. Big smiles.

CUT TO:

11

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

11

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

RYAN

(embarrassed, happy)

Shuddoop! Neighbours'll complain!

CLARE

So what.

DANIEL

Good.

CATHERINE

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

RYAN

Can I go to school on it?

CLARE

Up hill? Does that work?

RYAN

It's not all up hill.

DANIEL

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

CLARE

Stop trying to blind everybody with science.

DANIEL

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

CLARE

Who's this one from again?

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

CATHERINE

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

RYAN

(he shakes it to see if he can guess what it is)

It's big. I can tell you that much.

CATHERINE

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

CLARE

This is from me.

It's a football, wrapped up.

RYAN

I know what that is.

CLARE

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

RYAN

Who's this one from again, Gran?

The big one.

CATHERINE

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

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

DANIEL

Wow.

CLARE

Blimey.

DANIEL

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

CATHERINE &amp; CLARE

Is it?

DANIEL

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

CLARE

He's lying.

DANIEL

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

RYAN

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

CATHERINE

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

(loud and clear)

We *don't* know.

RYAN

Calm down, dear.

CLARE

(she looks through the wrapping)

Was there not a card with it?

CATHERINE

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

DANIEL

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

CLARE

Nevison. Nevison Gallagher.

CUT TO:

12

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT BRIEFING  
ROOM/CORRIDOR/ANDY'S OFFICE. DAY 10. 08.00

12

Morning briefing with the murder team.

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

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

MIKE's in the briefing too, as usual. And JODIE, obviously.

And as usual, it's JOHN we're looking at, and ANDY's voice we're hearing -

ANDY

Sean Balmforth. Date of birth seventeen eleven eighty-five. Twenty-nine years old. Address thirty-four Burley Road, Illingworth. He has a string of convictions and he's on the sex offenders' register. Unlawful Sexual Intercourse. With a fourteen year old. That was ten years ago. His van's been seized in connection with the assault and rape of this girl in the early hours. Forensics are across it, I've spoken to the supervisor and they're aware we're looking at him for other things. On an initial visual inspection they've told me they've found rope in the back. Nylon rope. Three separate lengths. There was also a couple of bags of rubbish in there, containing - amongst other things - a number of beer bottles, *some of which* were the same brand as ones found at the site where Ana Vasalescu was found and where Vicky Fleming was found.

(every time JOHN hears  
VICKY's name it terrifies  
him)

So! As soon as they've charged him over this business this morning we'll step in and see if he'd like to have a conversation with us.

JODIE

Arresting him?

ANDY

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

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

ANDY

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

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

JOHN

D'you know. I had a funny feeling.

I wasn't certain. But.

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

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

(ANDY takes it in)

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

ANDY

You shoulda said.

JOHN

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

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

Good heavens.

ANDY

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

JOHN

Yeah.

(thoughtful, sad)

Yeah.

ANDY takes that in. He buys it.

ANDY

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

JOHN

Sure. So -

(entre nous)

d'you think this is the fella?

ANDY

You know as much as I do at the minute.

(he hesitates)

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

JOHN goes subdued, self-conscious.

JOHN

Yeah.

(a moment)

Well. You know. The slings and arrows.

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

ANDY

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

JOHN

Yeah.

ANDY

I mean except when it's shut.

JOHN

Sure.

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

JODIE

(wry)

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

JOHN

What date?

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

What date?

CUT TO:

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

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

CATHERINE

*Ann!*

SHAF

Oop.

(a mumble)

Somebody's in bother.

ANN turns with trepidation to see what CATHERINE wants.

CATHERINE

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

You're quiet.

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

ANN

I'm fine.

CATHERINE

Yeah?

ANN

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

CATHERINE

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

ANN

Yeah. Yeah yeah.

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

CATHERINE

Your dad knows Sean Balmforth,  
doesn't he?

ANN

Who?

CATHERINE

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

ANN

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

CATHERINE

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

Nope.

ANN

Ask me dad.

CATHERINE

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

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

MIKE

Ah! My two favourite women in uniform!

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

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

(ANN)

Identifying Vicky Fleming last week. Yup!

(as he heads past them and down the stairs)

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

CATHERINE

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

MIKE

(as he heads off)

And not a hint of sarcasm.

(suddenly, coming back)

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

CATHERINE

Really?

MIKE

Yup.

CATHERINE

(she's thrilled)

Really?

ANN

Is that that fella we found hanged?

CATHERINE

(she affirms)

So...? Who're they pursuing then?

The Knezevics?

MIKE

Well. Wouldn't that be lovely. To actually pin something on one of the Knezevics. They won't have got their own hands mucky of course. But. You know. Anything we can do to disrupt their operations and get that bit closer. Every little helps. Chipping away. Anyway, yeah.  
(he heads off again)

Well done! Both of you.

He goes. CATHERINE's pleased: that's a result, even if she doesn't want to tempt fate by saying it out loud.

ANN

Who are the Knezevics?

CATHERINE

Oh, they're...

(and, despite what they've just done, it should sound slightly comical that such a thing exists.  
It's kind of funny and not funny)

You know how Noo Joisey's got the Sopranos? Well Halifax 'as got the Knezevics. And they ain't no choirboys either.

ANN

How is Ilinka?

CATHERINE

Fine. I wish she'd make her mind up to go home though. I'm sick of sleeping in that conservatory.

ANN

You're mad.

CATHERINE

Yup.

(remembering)

Oh - !

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

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

ANN thinks that through.

ANN

Not that I know of.

CUT TO:

14

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

14

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

CLARE

You do realise it's ten to nine.

DANIEL

It's not it's [only] -  
(checks his watch and  
mumbles)  
Ooh sh[it].

CLARE

Are you dropping him off?

DANIEL

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

RYAN

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

CLARE

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

DANIEL

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

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

CLARE

Have a nice day.

RYAN

(panic)

*Where's me dinner gone?*

CLARE

*Here.*(lunch bag, book bag. She  
kisses him)

Bye.

RYAN

Bye.

DANIEL

Bye bye.

We follow them out into the hallway.

CLARE

Be good! No nonsense! No silly  
work.(DANIEL looks at her,  
affronted)

Him, not y[ou] - !

(she realises he's winding  
her up)

Twit.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

15

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

CUT TO:

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

16

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

CUT TO:

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

17

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

LAD 1

Oh here he is look.

LAD 2

Y'all right, Flash?

LAD 1

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

LAD 2

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

LAD 3 trips DARYL up from behind -

LAD 3

Only friends you'll ever have.

LAD 1

Oops!

LAD 3

Nice trip, love?

DARYL's dropped some of his stuff.

LAD 2  
Pick your stuff up.

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

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

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

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

LAD 3  
(delighted)  
Does he?

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

ooer = whore

LAD 1  
I heard he shags sheep.

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

LAD 3  
Can you not? Can he not?

LAD 1  
Can you not, Flash?

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

LAD 1  
Whoah!

LAD 2  
Jesus - !

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

LAD 1  
You *nutty bastard!*

LAD 3  
You *fuckin idiot!*

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

CUT TO:

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

18

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

CUT TO:

19 EXT. WAINSTALLS. DAY 10. 11.00

19

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

CUT TO:

20 OMITTED

20

21

OMITTED

21

22

EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. DAY 10. 11.15

22

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

SHAF

Afternoon.

ALISON

(sad, subdued)

He's in here.

SHAF and ANN step inside.

CUT TO:

23

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

23

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

SHAF

How y'doing there, Daryl?

ALISON

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

SHAF

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

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

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

ALISON

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

SHAF

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

ALISON

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

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

SHAF

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

ALISON

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

Has he?

SHAF

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

ALISON

He'd never d[o something like] -

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

ANN

It's all on CCTV.

SHAF

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

DARYL

They start it. *Every* time.

SHAF

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

DARYL stands up. He's very compliant.

ALISON

Where you taking him?

SHAF

Halifax.

SHAF cuffs DARYL at the front.

ALISON

Shall I follow you on? In my car.

SHAF

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

ALISON

He needs someone with him.

ANN

You won't be allowed in with him.

ALISON

Why?

ANN

Because he's under arrest.

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

ALISON

Well... how long will he be?

ANN

How long is a piece of string.

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

ALISON

Well what am I supposed to do?

ANN

Nothing. You don't have to do anything.

SHAF

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

CUT TO:

24

EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. DAY 10. 11.17

24

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

DARYL

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

ANN goes and opens the passenger door, and finds the hammer. She slips it into an evidence bag, then goes back to shut the boot as SHAF fastens DARYL in the back of the van. Incidentally - while the boot is still open, and while ANN's getting the hammer from the front of the vehicle - we see in the boot of DARYL's Peugeot a couple of lengths of different sorts of rope as well as muck and mess and other bits and pieces that wouldn't be out of place in the boot of a farmer's car. (*We might not have seen them earlier when he got the lump hammer out because it was all so frenetic*).

Having shut DARYL in the back of the van, SHAF gets on his radio -

SHAF

Nine-two-four-two, I've got a one-one-two for possession of an offensive weapon, I'm on my way to Halifax with him.

RADIO

(oov)

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

SHAF

Will do, no problem.

SHAF and ANN get into the van.

CUT TO:

25

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

25

We discover JOHN and JODIE observing as SEAN - who's been interviewed for the rape and assault of LEONIE - is being charged at the custody desk by a DETECTIVE CONSTABLE. SEAN's dressed in a paper suit. He has his SOLICITOR with him. He looks pale, frightened, belligerent. JOHN and JODIE hang back, waiting for the charge to finish. The rest of the room will have been cleared while SEAN is charged. The DETECTIVE CONSTABLE reads from a screen at the custody desk.

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE

Okay Sean. You are charged with the offences shown below that on the 12th of September, 2015, in Sowerby Bridge, you intentionally penetrated the vagina of a woman with your penis when she did not consent and you did not reasonably believe she was consenting, contrary to section 1 of the Sexual Offences Act 2003. You are also charged that you did on the 12th of September, 2015, in Sowerby Bridge, assault the same woman causing her Actual Bodily Harm. Contrary to Section 47 of the Offences against the Person Act 1861. Is there anything you'd like to say.

SEAN

I paid her, she's a prostitute.

The D.C. notes down SEAN's response on the computer, then -

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE

Just wait there for me please.

He gives the nod to JOHN and JODIE, who step forward.

JODIE

Hello Sean. I'm Detective Inspector  
Shackleton -

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

SEAN

You *what*?

JODIE

You do not have to say anything -

SEAN

What you talking about?

JODIE (CONT'D)

but it may harm your defence  
if you do not mention when  
questioned something which  
you later rely on in court.

SEAN

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

JODIE

Anything you do say may be given in  
evidence.

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

SEAN

You c[an't] - that's n[ot] - you  
can't do that!

(at his SOLICITOR)

*Do something! Say something!*

SOLICITOR

(urging calm and quiet)

We'll sort it out.

JODIE

You're going back in your cell now,  
Sean -

SEAN

I'm not going back in my cell, I'm  
not going anywhere, I'm going home!

JODIE

You are, you're going back in your  
cell, and I'm going to have a  
conversation with your solicitor.  
Okay?

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

SEAN

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

We're still looking at JOHN.

CUT TO:

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

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

JOYCE

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CATHERINE

Now then Daryl. Why aren't you co-operating?

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

DARYL

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

CATHERINE

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

DARYL

They're animals.

CATHERINE

Yup.

DARYL

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

She's not disagreeing with him.

CATHERINE

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

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

It doesn't hurt.

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

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

CUT TO:

28

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

28

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

CUT TO:

29

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

29

RYAN comes in, shouts -

RYAN  
*We're back!*

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

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

CATHERINE comes through to the kitchen.

CATHERINE  
Who's it from?

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

RYAN  
Yeah, you open it.

CATHERINE  
It's not addressed to me.

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

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

CLARE

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

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

CATHERINE

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

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

RYAN

What you doing? What *y' doing*?

CLARE

What's up? Catherine?

CATHERINE

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

CLARE deposits the tea somewhere quick and grabs the card. Now we see what it says, in the same red felt tip capitals: *TO RYAN, HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LOVE FROM DAD x*

RYAN

Why not? What *you on about*?

CATHERINE

(muttering as she shoves the bits back in the box)

Bastard. The bastard.

CLARE

Oh my God.

RYAN

What's up?

CLARE

Your Granny's right, we can't keep it.

RYAN

What d'you mean 'we', it's not *yours*, it's *mine*!

CATHERINE

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

RYAN

What is? *What is?*

CLARE

(frightened)

It's from your dad.

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

CATHERINE

(to CLARE)

Get a bin bag.

RYAN

*NO!*

CATHERINE

I'm sorry.

RYAN

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

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

CATHERINE

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

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

RYAN

It's a Scalextric!

CATHERINE

Exactly!

RYAN

She's mental.

CATHERINE

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

CLARE

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

CATHERINE

No. No. No -

CLARE

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

CATHERINE

Yeah, but someone, some twisted  
little -

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

*Git.* Has done it for him.

RYAN

You're not binning it!

CATHERINE

I'll buy you another one!

RYAN

I want this one!

CATHERINE

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

That's no good to RYAN; he can't wait that long.

RYAN

Why? You can't stop him sending me  
things!

CATHERINE

No! Ryan! I can! Sorry, excuse me,  
this is the man that *terrified* you,  
that traumatised you, that poured  
petrol over you, that put me in  
hospital for *four weeks*, that  
murdered Kir[sten] - !

(she pulls herself up  
before saying anything  
more. But it's done the  
trick; RYAN's gone quiet.  
CATHERINE's shaking with  
anger)

This is what he wants. He wants you  
and me fighting. He wants you to  
hate me.

It does appear that CATHERINE's got through to RYAN. He can suddenly see how badly this has hit her.

CUT TO:

31

INT. HALIFAX NICK, INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY 10.

16.10

31

JOHN and JODIE are sitting opposite SEAN and his SOLICITOR.

JODIE

So as you'll understand from the disclosures we've made to your solicitor, Sean, we're investigating the deaths of four women. Ana Vasalescu, Aurelija Petrovic, Lynn Dewhurst and Victoria Fleming.

SOLICITOR

Sean's prepared a statement. If I could read it out.

JODIE

Please do.

SOLICITOR

I have been asked to account for my whereabouts at four different periods of time across several days. I cannot at this moment in time verify my exact whereabouts on any of the dates and times in question, particularly the first three, as they are all some considerable time ago. But I would like to state clearly that I do not know Ana Vasalescu, Aurelia Petrovic, Lynn Dewhurst or Victoria Fleming -

(we glimpse JOHN)  
and to my knowledge have never met or come into contact with them in the past.

JODIE

Okay Sean. That's very helpful, thank you for that. But we do still need to ask you some questions. Okay?

SEAN

No comment.

I wonder if we should glimpse JOHN starting to think that this lad is a sap, and if he did murder the first three women, it's not impossible that VICKY's death could be pinned on him.

CUT TO:

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

Dusk.

CUT TO:

33 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, RYAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 10. 20.50 33

DANIEL's reading *Skulduggery Pleasant* to RYAN, who seems to be listening, but then who looks a bit distracted (not that DANIEL notices, he's too busy reading), like his mind has defaulted to thinking about TOMMY and the fracas with his granny earlier.

CUT TO:

34 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT 10. 22.00 34

10pm. CATHERINE's distraught, obsessed. CLARE's with her. She's been over this about ninety-nine times now -

CATHERINE

I shouldn'ta said anything, I  
shoulda just got rid of the card -  
he'd never have asked, he wasn't  
the least bit interested in who it  
was from - I shoulda just said  
Nevison and squared it with  
Nevison, he'd not have minded, he'd  
have been pleased to help.

CLARE

You did the right thing, I think  
Ryan's realised that himself.

CATHERINE

Insidious bastard. Who's he got  
doing that for him?

CLARE

Well we don't know, do we? We don't  
know that it isn't just some random  
nasty sod.

CATHERINE

Well it's somebody that knows us,  
or else why would they know when  
his birthday is?

CLARE

(kindly)

We're going round in circles.

(CATHERINE knows they are.

A moment passes in  
silence)Could you not take it to a charity  
shop rather than put it in t'bin?

CATHERINE

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

CLARE

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

CATHERINE

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

A moment, then DANIEL comes in.

CLARE

Everything all right?

DANIEL

He's fine.

(to CATHERINE)

He wants you to go and kiss him.

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

CLARE

It's such a fine line for her.  
Spelling it out to him why he can't  
have anything to do with him. And  
not freaking him out with the idea  
that he has the same DNA.DANIEL takes it in: he's continuing to really get what his  
mother's been dealing with all these years. CLARE gives it a  
moment, then -

CLARE

I'll go see if Neil wants some more  
tea.We linger on DANIEL a moment as CLARE heads through to the  
sitting room...

CUT TO:

35

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 10. 22.01

35

NEIL's sitting with the news on as CLARE comes in. The news is full of the man (unnamed, but we know it's SEAN) being questioned in West Yorkshire about the spate of killings.

HANNAH O'ROUKE

I can confirm that earlier today West Yorkshire Police arrested a man in connection with the murders of four women. The police have not confirmed his identity but what I can tell you is he is believed to be a local man aged around twenty-nine. He is currently being questioned but no charges have been brought as yet. This is a huge breakthrough for detectives working on a spate of murders that have shocked the local community and the nation. The police have said that they are very keen to reassure the public, as they have been throughout this complex investigation, that they will bring the offender to justice. There has been a more noticeable police presence in recent weeks due to the murderer being at large but Police have requested that the public remain vigilant and if they see anything at all that they feel is suspicious then they should report it immediately.

CLARE

Sorry.

NEIL

Is she all right?

She comes and sits with him.

CLARE

Yeah. It's just...

(they hug)

You know. Such a... odd. Situation.  
We're in. With him.

They look at the telly. The news.

NEIL

They've got someone. For those murders. By t'look of it.

CLARE

Yeah, guess who got him arrested.

NEIL

She didn't.

She did.

CLARE

Have they charged him?

NEIL

No, not yet, I think they're still questioning him.

A moment.

CLARE

You're stopping tonight, aren't you?

CUT TO:

36

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

CLARE and NEIL in bed. NEIL doesn't seem his usual responsive self, despite CLARE's efforts to arouse his interest.

Eventually, the thing that's preying on his mind, a subject he barely dare broach -

NEIL

I knew Vicky Fleming. That woman  
[that] -

CLARE

Did you?

NEIL

Yeah.

(he's obviously struggling  
with something he can't  
say very easily)

Yeah. Yeah. It was her I... had a  
fling with. When everything went  
wrong for me. I used to work with  
her. At the building society.

So that's big.

CLARE

What was she like?

NEIL

Horrible.

He says it almost lightly, but we can see that he absolutely means it; the word came out so spontaneously.

CLARE

Really? Really?

(NEIL can't speak)

Are you all right?

NEIL

You won't tell Catherine, will you?

CLARE considers. And then she's very clear and determined, not to mention intrigued:

CLARE

No.

NEIL

God I feel nauseated thinking about it.

(genuinely, he does, he  
has to sit up, he's  
shaking. Verbalising it  
brings it all back and  
it's excruciating for  
him)

I thought I was in love with her, well I was, but it was very short lived. She was well, she was very attractive. But eventually you realised... there was something missing. Up here.

(taps his head)  
(MORE)

NEIL (CONT'D)

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

(the really embarrassing bit)

So she blackmailed me.

CLARE

*Black[m] - ?*

NEIL

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

(CLARE's amazed)

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

He sighs, can't talk. It's too humiliating.

CLARE

What? She what?

It takes NEIL ages to spit this out.

NEIL

She humiliated me.

CLARE

How?

Another painful pause.

NEIL

She'd drugged me. I don't know for a fact, but I think that's what she did. I think she laced a drink I had with something like - I don't know - that date rape drug I assume, I don't know, and then... and I have no memory of this. She took pictures. Of me. Looking...

(struggles)

Compromised. Ridiculous.

CLARE

How?

NEIL

(he has to shut his eyes  
to say it)

Sexually. And then -

CLARE

How?

NEIL

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

He looks at CLARE. She's amazed.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 11. 08.00

37

Sowerby Bridge. 8am. Rush hour.

CUT TO:

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

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

ANDY

So - at the minute - he's provided no alibis. No useful alibis. We're building up a picture of a loner, with a fairly chaotic sort of lifestyle. He was working recently - as a driver - but he was sacked for drinking and aggressive behaviour. The good news this morning. From forensics. Is that we've got strands of hair matching that of Ana Vasalescu found in his van.

(so that's exciting for everyone to hear)

He's denied knowing Ana, so let's see what he's got to say about that. Telecoms: Lynn Dewhurst's mobile number was found in his contacts on his phone. And again, he's denied knowing her, so let's see if he can enlighten us there.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

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

(so obviously that's of private interest to JOHN)

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CATHERINE

Am I over reacting?

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

MIKE

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

CATHERINE

It's just this week, and -  
[ - and the next six]  
It's always -

MIKE

I know.

CATHERINE

Bad enough.

MIKE

I know.

CATHERINE

Without -

MIKE

I know.

(he genuinely gets it)

I do know.

CUT TO:

40

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

40

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

FRANCES

Did you have a nice birthday?  
Yesterday.

RYAN

Yep. It were okay.

FRANCES

What did you get?

RYAN

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

FRANCES

Why?

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

RYAN

'Cos it were from me dad.

FRANCES

Oh no.

(she sits down and  
encourages him to)

And how do you feel? About that.

RYAN

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

FRANCES

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

RYAN

Yeah me Uncle Daniel said it woulda  
done.

FRANCES

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

RYAN

D'you think he is?

FRANCES

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

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

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

RYAN

Why?

FRANCES

Because he has such a kind face.

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

CUT TO:

41

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

41

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

JODIE

I'm suggesting it's odd - John?  
(offering him a sweet, he  
declines)

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

ANDY

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

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

JODIE

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

ANDY

I'm ruling nothing out.

JODIE

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

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

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

(MORE)

JODIE (CONT'D)

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

ANDY

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

JODIE

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

ANDY

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

JODIE

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

ANDY

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

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

CUT TO:

42

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

42

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

CUT TO:

43

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

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

JODIE

I know you're exercising your right to no comment, Sean. But. As we move forward. I'd like you to bear in mind that your solicitor's advice is simply that: advice. I'm going to give you what we call a special warning now, Sean, before I ask you the next question. Do you know what a special warning is?

(SEAN looks at his solicitor for guidance, but JODIE keeps going - )

It's when I'm going to ask you a very particular question. Based on evidence we've found. And if you continue to no comment - which you're perfectly entitled to do - or if you don't offer an explanation whilst you've got the opportunity to do so, the court - when we get there - may draw an adverse inference from the fact that you've remained silent or failed to offer an explanation. Do you understand?

SEAN consults his solicitor again with a look. The SOLICITOR gives a bit of a nod.

SEAN

Yeah.

JODIE

Because you'll be the one standing in the dock having to explain yourself. Not him, not your solicitor. So. I need you to explain why - two things we've uncovered - yesterday you told us that you have never met Ana Vasalescu. D'you remember? You also told us that no-one else has driven your van in the last six months. Yeah? So - Sean - can you tell me what your response is if I tell you that our forensic people have found strands of Ana Vasalescu's hair - her DNA - in your van?

SEAN's appalled. How can they have done that? His urge is to explain that he's had prostitutes in his van, and she might be one of them. But instead he believes that his best interests are served by doing what his SOLICITOR's told him to do.

SEAN

No comment.

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

JODIE

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

(she leaves a pause and studies his face)

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

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

SEAN

No comment.

CUT TO:

44 INT. CAFE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 11. 12.30

44

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

NEV

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

CATHERINE

I've only got fifteen minutes.

NEV

How are you?

CATHERINE

How are you?

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

NEV

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

CATHERINE

(to a passing, hassled WAITRESS)

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

(to NEV)

Are you eating?

NEV

Yeah.

(to the WAITRESS)

I'll have same! Thank you.

(then to CATHERINE)

It's like speed dating. Not that  
I've ever been speed dating.

(hastily adding - )

Or that we're dating. Obviously.  
But I've seen it on t'telly.

CATHERINE

Tell me about Sean Balmforth.

NEV

(dismissive, had enough, a  
groan)

Ohh...

CATHERINE

Really?

NEV

All day yesterday. Your lot. Well,  
best part of two hours.(he mimes with his hand:  
yack yack yack)

Giving it this.

CATHERINE

What d'you know?

NEV

Nothing. I told 'em. Except I  
wouldn't put it past him. Which is  
a pretty damning thing to be saying  
about somebody. Isn't it?

CATHERINE

Really?

NEV

God knows. Helen never gave up on  
anyone. Ever. We condemn the sin,  
not the sinner. But Sean.

(sucks his teeth)

Sad lad.

CATHERINE

Course it's nothing to do with me,  
I'm just being nosey.

The thing he came to say -

NEV

How's our Annie getting on?

CATHERINE

Really well. She's a smart kid.

NEV

Good.

CATHERINE

How's things at home?

NEV

Good.

CATHERINE

Good.

NEV

Yeah. Yeah.

He's gone a bit thoughtful. CATHERINE's studying him, and just as NEV's about to volunteer the information himself -

CATHERINE

She's drinking, isn't she?

NEV's surprised and delighted by CATHERINE's insight. He's still hesitant before he affirms -

NEV

Last thing I want to do is get her into trouble.

CATHERINE

You won't. Not with me.

NEV

It is why I rang you. I don't know why she's started. Again. One minute she was all "I'm gonna be a regular, I'm gonna be detective, I'm gonna sail through the ranks", I mean I thought she'd taken to it like a duck to water. She was so thrilled about making this connection with this Vicky Fleming. Then -

(clicks his fingers: all gone)

She used to drink a lot. At college. Daft amount, you know, like they do. Students. She had alcohol poisoning once. Silly bugger. But then when Helen became ill she seemed to stop. Over night. She became very sensible. All through the illness. Even after what happened. Last year. Wi' them f[ucking] weirdos. I don't know if something's happened. At work.

CATHERINE

Not that I know of.

NEV

Has somebody upset her?

CATHERINE

Have you asked her?

NEV

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

CATHERINE

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

NEV

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

CATHERINE

Okay.

(implying 'leave it with me')

Happen she just needs a good night out.

NEV

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

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

CATHERINE

I'll talk to her.

NEV

Are you all right?

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

CATHERINE

Oh -

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

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

A sympathetic smile between them.

CUT TO:

45 INT. NISA, HEBDEN BRIDGE. DAY 11. 12.40

45

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

CLARE

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

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

NEIL

Yeah.

CLARE

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

(checks no-one's ear-wigging)

killed her. She might have been blackmailing him.

NEIL

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

CLARE

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

(lowers her voice, checks around again)

killer to the others and they need to know that.

NEIL

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

CLARE

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

NEIL

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

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

CLARE

Sorry.

NEIL

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

CLARE

Okay.

NEIL

Sorry.

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

CLARE

No, its - I'm sorry.

(a moment. He puts her shopping through the till)

I'm doing spaghetti bolognese if you're coming for your tea.

He smiles: he'd like that.

CUT TO:

46

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

46

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

STEPH

Have you got a minute?

CATHERINE

Hello Steph.

STEPH

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

CATHERINE

I don't think you should resign.

STEPH

Well. It looks like they're gonna charge this bloke -

CATHERINE

Does it?

STEPH

Well they've had him in custody for two days and I've just heard they're applying to the magistrate for a three day lie down now, and I'd have let him slip through my fingers, so -

CATHERINE

Steph, how long have you been in the job?

STEPH

Specials? Six months.

CATHERINE

You made a mistake. I suspect you listened to Bryony, who *is* a lazy sod, and whose first and last instinct *is* to do the minimum. She's the one who should be offering to resign. Not you. She's been in the job five years and she knows no more now than she did then. I suspect you *wanted* to do more, but you let yourself be lead by her. Yeah?

(STEPH nods, she's embarrassed. CATHERINE's kind, but brisk and decisive - )

Go with your *own* instincts in future, stick your neck out now and again. Yeah, Leonie's a prostitute, she's also a vulnerable nineteen year-old, who is where she is because she's had a shit life.

(she heads off up the stairs, leaving STEPH to think about it)

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

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

CUT TO:

47

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

47

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

RYAN

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

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

CATHERINE &amp; CLARE

Was she.

RYAN

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

CLARE

Good.

RYAN

Especially if they say they're sorry.

CLARE

That's right.

RYAN

However angry or upset we might feel.

CLARE

Well. Yeah. There y'go. Eh?

RYAN

So. I was thinking. Maybe... it was his way of trying to say sorry. For what he did. Sending me that Scalextric. Me dad.

CATHERINE puts her fork down, she can't eat, and doesn't quite know what to say. It'd be so easy to hit the wrong note. All the adults in the room go tense, inevitably. None of them saw that coming.

CATHERINE

Ryan. You've got to stop calling him your dad, you've got to stop thinking about this man as your dad. A dad is someone who's there.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

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

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

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

RYAN

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

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

CLARE

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

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

CUT TO:

48

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE. DAY 11. 18.50

48

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

JOHN

*Amanda!*

(he bangs on the door)

Right.

And heads round the back of the house...

CUT TO:

49

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

49

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

JOHN

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

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

JOHN

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

Cutting as and when necessary with -

CUT TO:

50

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

50

JOHN's banging on the door.

AMBER

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

AMANDA

Go in there.

BEN

Where will he go?

AMANDA

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

AMBER

(she's getting upset.  
JOHN's still banging and shouting)

I don't want him not to be here.  
Even if he is a pig.

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

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

JOHN  
F[ucking]...! Bollocks.

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

JOHN  
I'm upsetting 'em? It's you that's  
upsetting them!

AMANDA  
You *need*. To leave us alone. You  
*need*. To go away.

JOHN  
Fuck you!

AMANDA  
*Fuck you!*

JOHN  
FUCK YOU!

In next door's garden JOHN suddenly notices an ANGRY PARENT taking her little TODDLER indoors, with her hands cushioning the TODDLER's head so it won't hear these terrible dramatic expressions. It's a bit of a wake up call for JOHN to calm down. He looks terrible. Haunted. Tears of so much anger and frustration in his eyes.

Perhaps he's visited by an other unwelcome post traumatic stress flashback of his bloodied hand discarding the broke, bloodied bottle.

CUT TO:

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

RYAN's sitting in bed. With a piece of paper resting on a graphic novel and a pencil. We see what he's written: "Dear Dad, Thank you for sending me that Scalextrix". And now he's thinking about what to put next. He writes, "I know you are probably sorry about what you did". Just then he hears footsteps up the stairs outside his room. He hides the paper in the book and pretends to be reading. CATHERINE comes in.

CATHERINE

Hi.

RYAN

Hi.

CATHERINE

Y'all right?

(he nods, she sits with  
him)I'm sorry I get so wound up. About  
stuff. But. It's only 'cos I love  
you and I care about you, you know  
that, don't you?

RYAN

Yup.

He manages a smile. She kisses him.

CATHERINE

Come on now.

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

It's late. You get your head down.

RYAN

Love you.

CATHERINE

Love you.

RYAN

Night night.

CATHERINE

(she switches the light  
out)

Night night..

CUT TO:

53

EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. DAY 12. 09.30

53

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

CUT TO:

54

INT/EXT. BARN. DAY 12. 09.31

54

DARYL's busy when ALISON finds him.

ALISON

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

DARYL

Just - I scraped a wall.

ALISON

I hope you weren't drinking. And driving.

(no response)

Were you?

(no response)

You will get caught. You know.

Daryl. And who's going to pay for that getting fixed?

DARYL

It's reight, it still goes.

ALISON

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

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

CUT TO:

55

EXT. GRAVESEND PRISON. DAY 12. 10.00

55

Establisher.

CUT TO:

56

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

56

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

TOMMY

What've you got for me?

FRANCES

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

TOMMY's smile stiffens.

TOMMY

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

## FRANCES

I did do something.

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

Did you know. It was his birthday.

The day before yesterday?

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

I only found out two days before.

He was ten.

(she smiles)

Ten years old.

## TOMMY

Okay.

## FRANCES

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

## TOMMY

How d'you know?

## FRANCES

(beaming)

He told me! And it's made him start to ask even more questions. I suggested to him that you sent it because you're sorry. For what you did. And I think that's a very powerful message. If we can subtly undermine all the messages *she* reinforces every day. It may be a slow process, but if we persist - and we will - surely that's -

## TOMMY

I don't understand how - okay. Am I...? Being thick. Or are you not getting the fact that there's been a development? This bitch. This nasty ugly whore. Sorry, but. She killed my mother. And you think buying him expensive toys is some kind of solution?

FRANCES

I don't know that I can do anything about what she did to your mother. But what I can do with Ryan -

TOMMY

But that's what I asked you to do.

FRANCES approaches this cautiously because despite all her delusions she knows deep down it's not what he wants to hear -

FRANCES

It may not have been her. They've arrested someone.

TOMMY

I know they've arrested someone. It's been on t'news. But... so what? Frances. You're sweet, but you're naive. She killed my mother. To piss on me, just because she can. Like me living in this shit-hole isn't enough for her. She's disguised it by killing them others first, and now her little police buddies are helping her cover it all up by arresting some no-mates who they can pin anything on.

FRANCES takes that in. The trouble is she will believe almost anything he says because he's so compelling to look at.

FRANCES

Do you really believe they could do that?

TOMMY

What can I say? You've lead a sheltered life, it's not your fault. And it's why you're so good and kind and why you always see the best in people. Frances. But some people - and she's one of 'em - they're craftier than you'd ever give 'em credit for, and they get themselves into positions of authority so they can get away with stuff. I don't know what else to say to you. I thought you got it.

FRANCES

The priority. For me. Is working towards Ryan not accepting the demonized version of you that she reinf[orces] -

TOMMY

(interrupts)

Yeah well the best way to achieve  
that -

They continue to interrupt one another -

FRANCES

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

TOMMY

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

FRANCES

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

TOMMY

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

FRANCES

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

TOMMY

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

(she panics)

I really thought you understood me.  
I really did.

FRANCES

I do! I do understand you, don't  
say that. I understand you better  
than anyone.

TOMMY

Well d'you understand what I'm  
saying then?

HAPPY VALLEY SERIES TWO.

EPISODE FOUR.

PEACH SCRIPT.

69A.

FRANCES

I -

TOMMY

(interrupts)

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

Is he getting through to her?

FRANCES

What would you like me to do?

TOMMY

I'd like you to use your imagination.

FRANCES

I have been doing.

TOMMY

Yes! You have. Brilliantly. I've been so impressed, way you've gone into that school. But now. I need more, I need you to take it further. I wasn't anticipating this any more than you were. I didn't know she'd go out of her way to target me mother. But she did. And now they're going out of their way to let her walk. I can't do anything. But you can. And if our two hearts do beat as one, and I like to think they do... you know what I want. You know what I want, Frances.

He checks no-one's looking, then does that gesture (+ noise) where he mimes slitting someone's throat. Has he persuaded her to do something huge?

**END OF EPISODE FOUR**