

1 INT. GRAPPOLLO'S RESTAURANT, HEBDEN BRIDGE. NIGHT 13. 22.30 1

CATHERINE, JOYCE, ANN, SHAF, SLEDGE, GORKEM and others from our nick are sitting at a big table on a night out. They've had a big meal, and they're knocking back more wine/beer now. ABBA (not) are performing on the little stage over yonder: *Money Money Money*. CATHERINE and JOYCE have to compete volume-wise to get their anecdotes across to ANN, who's loving their attention -

CATHERINE

No, the best thing when I joined up - this is like three hundred years ago in the nineteen eighties - you didn't get a truncheon. If you were a woman. You got a handbag. Thanks.

JOYCE

No no you did get a truncheon, you got them... little doodah things.

JOYCE demonstrates the length as she speaks - about six or seven inches.

CATHERINE

Oh that's right! Yeah, like a vibrator. A handbag and a vibrator. Great. What y'gonna do wi' that? When somebody's coming at you with an uzi and a machete?

JOYCE

They were big enough to keep a brick in, them handbags.  
(a wink)  
Just.

ANN

(just getting the facts straight - )  
So you were a police officer?

JOYCE

I was, yeah. Thirty years, then I came back as a civvie. God knows [why] - well -  
(dry, a long story)  
God *does* know why, [but] -

CATHERINE

And skirts. There were no trousers. You don't know you're born, you lot. We used to freeze our knackers off on a night shift.

JOYCE

Ohh - ! And d'you remember -

(daft voice - )

*"Stockings or tights?"* You'd run the gauntlet every time you walked through t'CID office. They'd have their hands up your skirt twanging your suspenders to see if you were sharp or flat.

ANN's looking suitably horrified/bewildered.

CATHERINE

(appalled at the memory of their own naivety)

And you just took it!

JOYCE

You *did!* You *had* to.

CATHERINE

Although. Leonard Stott. D'you remember him? Inspector up at Brighthouse.

JOYCE

Or you left. There were plenty that left.

CATHERINE

He used to come up to me - every time he saw me - he used to come up to me like this -

(a groping-at-boobs gesture, both hands, leery Les Dawson face)

"Oooh, Cathy", he used to call me Cathy - *"it's Catherine, you twat"* - "Oooh, Cathy - " and I was like "whatever" for long enough and then one day I just thought "bollocks to this", and the next time he did it -

(she smacks her fist into the palm of her other hand: thud)

Right in his face. I floored him, I decked him, and I'd only been outa training school four weeks. He never did it again. In fact...

(like she's only now realising)

he used to avoid me after that.

JOYCE

(dry)

No shit.

ANN bursts out laughing. Just then SHAF turns and nudges ANN -

SHAF

We're doing tequilas us lot, are  
you joining us?

CUT TO:

2 OMITTED

2

3 INT. PUB, HEBDEN BRIDGE. NIGHT. 13. 23.50

3

Loud dance music, and a bit of a dance floor, tiny but  
heaving. The kids are all dancing. JOYCE and CATHERINE are  
loitering somewhere in a corner with drinks. Standing room  
only. JOYCE seems to be enjoying the atmosphere. CATHERINE  
could happily leave it.

JOYCE

You go home if you're knackered.

CATHERINE

Nah, I promised Nev I'd look out  
for her.

JOYCE

Has she said owt?

CATHERINE

(shakes her head)

She's bereaved! It's been what?

Four weeks. It's sort o' thing -  
you can appear to be coping with,  
and then -

(she clicks her fingers)

Best thing we can do is show her we  
care and keep an eye on her.

JOYCE is nodding, she agrees. She keeps nodding in time to  
the music. They're watching the dance floor. At length -

JOYCE

Where is she?

CUT TO:

4 EXT. REAR OF PUB. NIGHT. 13. 23.51

4

ANN's round the back of the pub in the shadows snogging a fit  
20-something LAD (not one of her colleagues). It's already  
pretty passionate as we join them, and then she goes for his  
crotch.

LAD

(giggling)

Not ere!

ANN

Why? Why not? What's matter with you?

CUT TO:

5

EXT. MARKET SQUARE, HEBDEN BRIDGE. NIGHT 13. 00.10

5

Later. ANN's honking up not a million miles from where CLARE was honking up towards the end of episode two. And CATHERINE's doing roughly what she was doing then: looking around to make sure no-one's witnessing/being disturbed by this happy display of what off-duty police women get up to.

ANN

(coming up for air)

Are you sure about this?

CATHERINE

Yeah. Honestly. You can have my bed, I'm still camped out in the conservatory.

ANN

You're such a...

(she's barely got words  
big enough)

fantastic human being, Catherine.

CATHERINE

(bless)

I know.

ANN

I know I'm pissed. But I do truly believe that you. Are like... you know. D'you know what I think God is? I think. God. Is like... a *collective goodness* that's in all of us. To a greater or lesser degree.

CATHERINE

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

ANN

Like - me mum. And someone like you... it's like you have so much of that goodness. That bigness. It's like you *embody*. What God...  
(she feels she's saying  
something genuinely  
important here)

*is.*

Fucking hell, she's going to be embarrassed in the morning, CATHERINE's thinking.

It might be nice if CATHERINE's got a sodium halo glow from a street light just behind her head at this auspicious moment in the history of Christianity.

CATHERINE

Okay.

(carefully)

Now then. Ann. Did you. Shag. That bloke.

?

ANN

Y[eah] -

(realising)

Oh f[uck] -

(she splutters, she's probably had more fags than she's used to)

Did I?

CATHERINE

Did he. Use. A condom?

ANN

Erm -

ANN looks like she's struggling to focus.

CATHERINE

Are you on the pill? Or anything.

(ANN's shaking her head, but the dozy look on her face suggests she doesn't even understand the question. She's staring at CATHERINE like she has two heads)

Okay.

ANN

I can see two of you.

CATHERINE considers that.

CATHERINE

Omnipotent and ubiquitous.

(yup, that figures)

God, I'm good.

ANN suddenly honks up again.

CATHERINE closes her eyes, wishing the day would end.

CUT TO:

6 INT. FRANCES'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, HEBDEN BRIDGE. NIGHT 13. 6  
00.15

FRANCES pours petrol from a green plastic petrol can into a milk bottle (through a little plastic funnel). Then she takes a bit of cloth, and folds it neatly and tightly to make a stopper with. Then she pushes it into the neck of the bottle. Then she tips the bottle upside down, so the cloth stopper gets soaked in petrol. We look into her eyes. Is this something she really dare do? She pulls the stopper out, grabs a box of matches and heads outside, into her little backyard...

CUT TO:

6A EXT. FRANCES'S BACK YARD, HEBDEN BRIDGE. NIGHT 13. 00.16 6A

She glances around to make sure no-one's watching. A few upstairs lights are on in other houses. But not many. She looks around by the garbage and finds a bottle top. She fills the little lid with petrol. Then she strikes a match, and chucks the lit match at the petrol. She's fascinated by the way it bursts into flames.

# TITLES

CUT TO:

7 EXT. HALIFAX NICK. DAY 14. 08.00 7

Big establishing shot. Halifax nick. JOHN's just parked up and is heading from his car towards the building as JODIE pulls up in her car. He pauses and waits for her politely, and holds the door open for her as she approaches.

JOHN  
Morning ma'am.

JODIE  
Hello John.

CUT TO:

8 INT. HALIFAX NICK, INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY 14. 08.15 8

JODIE and JOHN sit opposite SEAN BALMFORTH and his SOLICITOR. SEAN - as someone who is alcohol dependent - is now going through some form of cold turkey. This means that he will be on a short fuse. JODIE's been through all the pre-interview formalities and now they're settling down to the interview proper when (just as JODIE's about to speak) SEAN ventures -

SEAN  
Before we start. There's something  
I'd like to say.

We see JOHN glance at the SOLICITOR, who looks uneasy.

JODIE

That's absolutely fine, Sean. What would you like to say?

SEAN

The's two questions you've asked me. Which I've said no comment. To. And I wanna comment. Now. And then there's something else. I wanna say.

JODIE

Okay.

JOHN continues to be aware of the SOLICITOR's discomfort as SEAN speaks.

SEAN

You asked me. What I would say. If you told me you'd found -  
(he can't remember her name. Or he doesn't want to say it)  
- some - somebody's DNA. In my van.

JODIE

Ana Vasalescu's.

SEAN

Well. I don't know her. But. If she's a prostitute. I do... I do pick 'em up. Now and again. And she coulda been one of them. And that's the only reason I can think of why it would be there.

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

9

INT. HALIFAX NICK, VIEWING ROOM. DAY 14. 08.16

9

We glimpse ANDY SHEPHERD taking all this in.

JODIE

Okay.  
(she considers)  
Good. Well thank you for that, Sean. That's helpful.

SEAN

And then... that other one's number on my phone. Lynn...?

JODIE

Lynn Dewhurst.

SEAN

I didn't *know* her. As such. But. I think... I helped shift some furniture. Coupla years ago. For her. As a favour. She was a friend of a friend, and I had a van, so... I didn't *know* her. But - and I don't *remember* doing, but - maybe I just took her number just incase there were any problems. In case I couldn't find the house. Or whatever. And then I've never deleted it. 'Cos I never delete numbers. Do you?

JODI

No. No, I don't delete numbers. Who's the friend? You were doing the favour for?

SEAN

Oh... he's - I've not seen him lately. He were called Eggy.

JODIE

Has he got an address?

SEAN

He won't be there now, it's all derelict.

JODIE

What's his proper name?

SEAN

I only ever knew him as Eggy.

JODIE

Where were you shifting this furniture to and from?

SEAN

Somewhere up Pellon. From a flat in Halifax.

JODIE

Can you remember the street name? Where she lived.

SEAN

I don't know round there.

JODIE

What sort of property was it?



SEAN

Terrace.

JODIE

Describe it to me.

SEAN

Just ordinary. It's three years since.

JODIE

You don't remember a house number?

SEAN

It were just a settee and an arm chair. It were only ten minutes of a job.

JODIE accepts that. Gives him a moment to see if he'd like to help himself by offering any more details.

JODIE

So what's this other thing that you wanted to say to me Sean?

SEAN's nervous of flying in the face of his SOLICITOR's advice, because he really is out of his depth (and this is why the SOLICITOR is uneasy: he won't say anything in front of the police officers, but he will have advised SEAN not to say this next thing). But maybe SEAN's losing faith in his SOLICITOR, so he's doing his own thing.

SEAN

I'm worried that... because I drink a lot. And I can't always remember stuff that's happened - and I don't believe I did kill these women - but perhaps I got so drunk that I've done stuff...

(we might want to glimpse  
ANDY SHEPHERD, and JOHN,  
as they hear what sounds  
like the start of a  
confession)

...and I can't remember doing it. Look I'm being as honest with you as I can be. I'm sure something like that, you *would* remember. However off your head you was. But - if it *was* me - I honestly have no memory of it.

JODIE takes that in. She has to play this very carefully.

JODIE

Do you have any memory of attacking Leonie Farrell? Four nights ago.

No he doesn't. He's terrified. He hadn't thought of that. And he daren't lie.

SEAN

(eventually, a tiny voice)

No.

We glimpse ANDY as he realises that this is that little bit of extra something that he needs to go to the CPS with. We glimpse JOHN daring to hope the same thing.

CUT TO:

10

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 14. 08.30

10

CLARE's wrapping some sandwiches in cling film and she's made a big flask of tea. CATHERINE's sipping tea, dressed in her elegant (not) conservatory thermo night wear. She looks a bit stiff, and slightly the worse for wear after last night's shenanigans. We can hear the telly on in the next room with Saturday morning kids' TV, where we can assume RYAN is.

CATHERINE

The problem is. Sod's Law. The night I decide *not* to sleep in the conservatory, something'll happen.

CLARE

If them Knezevics were going to do owt, wouldn't they have done it by now?

CATHERINE

Probably. Possibly.

CLARE

And that Goran bloke musta known stuff Ilinka didn't know. That must be why they went after him. Or else they genuinely have no idea where she is.

CATHERINE

How d'you work that out?

CLARE

Because...

(durr)

That's what you said.

CATHERINE has a vague memory that she has expressed an opinion along those lines to someone recently.

CATHERINE

Oh. Okay. Well...

(she's struggling; the  
neurons that connect  
things up in her brain  
are swimming valiantly  
against the tide of all  
that booze from last  
night)

Yeah. Yeah.

CLARE

I think you just like sleeping in  
t'conservatory.

CATHERINE

Yeah but y'see now I'm thinking -  
nevermind the Knezevics - I'm  
thinking that whoever left that  
Scalextric is going to do  
something... something else.  
Something even more weird.

CLARE

Like? What.

CATHERINE

I dunno. A brick through t'window.

CLARE

You see, I don't think a brick  
through the window is as weird as  
leaving a present on your doorstep.  
Actually.

(CATHERINE thinks about  
that. Well, she tries to)

And I don't think somebody who'd  
leave a present on your doorstep  
would put a brick through you're  
window anyway. So...

So there. Catherine considers that. It's an interesting  
point.

CATHERINE

Yeah. No. Why?

CLARE

It wasn't an act of aggression.

CATHERINE

It was psychologically aggressive.

CLARE

Yeah but not violent.  
(pause for thought)  
Just weird.

Just then DANIEL heads in through the front door and into the kitchen. He's been out to buy a newspaper and some chewing gum.

CATHERINE

Right!

(she gets up)

I'm gonna grab some clothes and get dressed, and then -

DANIEL

Good morning Mother! Late night was it?

He kisses her robustly on the cheek.

CATHERINE

Hiya, and then I'm g[oin]g to go] - yes it was - and then I'm going to go and spend a hundred and fifty quid that I haven't got on the famous bloody toy that Ryan never asked for in the first place. I must need my head examined.

DANIEL

We've been saying this for years. Behind your back. Haven't we Clare?

CATHERINE

(ignoring that)

Ann Gallagher's upstairs. Just to warn you.

DANIEL

Why, is she dangerous?

CATHERINE

(heading upstairs)

Funny! You're so funny, Daniel.

CUT TO:

11 INT. HALIFAX NICK, CORRIDOR/OFFICE. DAY 14. 08.40 11

JOHN and JODIE are loitering in a corridor, waiting for ANDY, who we can see on an intense phone call in another office. JOHN wants SEAN to be guilty, so he's just searching for reassurance here -

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

JOHN

That solicitor wasn't happy, was he? Did you see him?

(JODIE nods)

He's stuck by him though, he's not gone off the record.

(yup)

Did you believe him? What he said about Lynn?

JODIE

(dunno)

Well it fits. He's got her number there on his phone, but it's not like there's ever been any calls between them. Doesn't prove anything though, does it?

(a moment. Then just to fill the silence - )

I still think that last one's different. Vicky Fleming.

Of course that isn't what JOHN wants to hear. ANDY's just come off the phone. He emerges from his office.

ANDY

CPS says go for it. Charge him.

JODIE

All four?

ANDY

We've got significant circumstantial, he's on the sex offenders' register, he was practically caught red-handed with Leonie Farrell, and now he's talking to us he's telling us he's got no memory of anything and no alibis. And they're saying that's good enough for them to go to court with. So.

(JOHN's nervous: will

JODIE object? ANDY

consults his watch)

Looks like we might get a bit of a weekend after all.

JODIE

So all four? Including Vicky Fleming?

ANDY thinks it through. He's nodding.

ANDY

All four.

(he looks from JODIE to  
JOHN, a tired smile  
dawning: it's been a long  
haul)

Well done. Team.

JOHN hears it like, "Well done, you just got away with murder". It must make him feel a bewildering mix of relief, guilt, fear that this is too good to be happening.

CUT TO:

12

INT. HALIFAX NICK, CUSTODY DESK. DAY 14. 08.45

12

SEAN's been brought out to the custody desk to be charged. He has his SOLICITOR with him. SEAN's bewildered and wretched, shakes his head throughout. He's crying. Maybe he now believes they know more than he does, and that he must have done it. JOHN watches as JODIE reads out the charges.

JODIE

Sean Balmforth, date of birth, 17th  
of November 1985, of 34 Burley  
Road, Illingworth. You are charged  
with the offences shown below. I've  
got to caution you again, Sean, and  
tell you that you do not have to  
say anything, but it may harm your  
defence if you do not mention now  
(she lets that sink in;  
this really is his last  
chance)

something which you later rely on  
in Court. Anything you do say may  
be given in evidence. On or between  
27th of April 2015 and 29th of  
April 2015 at Elland, murdered Ana  
Vasalescu contrary to Common Law.

SEAN starts to repeat/mumble over and over again "I didn't do it, I didn't do it, I didn't do it".

On or between 29th of May 2015 and  
2nd of June 2015 at Brighouse,  
murdered Aureija Petrovic contrary  
to Common Law. On or between 23rd  
of July 2015 and 6th of August 2015  
at Halifax, murdered Lynn Dewhurst  
contrary to Common Law. And finally  
Sean...

(and it's JOHN we look at  
now)

(MORE)

JODIE (CONT'D)

on or between 11th of September  
2015 and 15th of September 2015 at  
Brighthouse, murdered Victoria  
Fleming contrary to Common Law. Is  
there anything you want to say  
Sean?

He shakes his head. He looks wretched. His face is streaked  
in tears and goo.

SEAN

(quiet)

I didn't do it.

CUT TO:

13 INT. TOY SHOP, HEBDEN BRIDGE. DAY 14. 09.00

13

CATHERINE's at the till as the SHOP KEEPER's just scanning  
the bar code on the Scalextric box, and muttering, "That's a  
hundred and forty-nine ninety-nine please, would you like it  
in a bag?", when it occurs to her to ask -

CATHERINE

D'you sell many of these?

CUT TO:

14 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/STREET. DAY 14.  
09.15

14

FRANCES walks past the front of CATHERINE's house, on the  
opposite side of the road. She walks past it first one way,  
and then the other. Then she walks around the back. She looks  
up the street. ANN GALLAGHER emerges from CATHERINE's  
conservatory. This kind of spooks FRANCES. She knows which is  
CATHERINE's house, but she has no idea who ANN is. ANN sits  
on the back doorstep and lights a fag. She looks groggy, like  
she's just surfaced. FRANCES surreptitiously hides at the end  
of the street. ANN doesn't notice. A moment later DANIEL  
squeezes past ANN with two mugs of coffee, one for her, one  
for himself. FRANCES watches them from the end of the street.

DANIEL

There y'go.

ANN

(grateful)

Ohh...

DANIEL

(he settles at the little  
table)

We have met before. It was me  
mother's birthday, year before  
last. D'you remember? I got a bit  
pissed and went off in a strop.

ANN

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, I do.

DANIEL

Still.

They're smiling. It's funny, a bloke going off in a strop.

ANN

So you've...? You and... your wife,  
you've...? Spl[it up?]

DANIEL

It's all a bit mad. Life is a bit  
mad though, isn't it? Older you  
get. I think... looking back, I  
only married Lucy to get away from  
here. I liked her. Y'know. I *do*  
like her. But. Everything has to be  
so neat and tidy and nothing out of  
place. It's like living in a little  
dolly house.

ANN

Is that 'cos of what happened with  
Becky? Wanting to get away from  
here.

ANN realises she's stepping on egg shells. But she's nosey.  
DANIEL becomes a bit more thoughtful. And he instinctively  
feels that ANN is someone he'd like to talk to.

DANIEL

It was an odd time. After she died.  
Becky. Me mum did go a bit mental.  
Me dad couldn't stand it either. He  
left.

ANN

How old were you?

DANIEL

Twenty. She said some really stupid  
things. Hurtful things. But.  
Y'know. She was ill.

ANN

I think she's fantast[ic] -  
(realises)  
Oh God.



DANIEL

What?

ANN

I just remembered something I said  
last night. To her.

(she deals with it,  
centres herself,  
breathes)

Moving on.

DANIEL

How was last night? Did it do the  
trick?

ANN

What trick?

DANIEL

Cheer you up.

ANN

Cheer *me* up?

DANIEL

Yeah.

(ANN clearly didn't know)

Have I put me foot in it?

He kind of has, but fortunately ANN's seeing the nice side.

ANN

The bastards.

DANIEL

Y'okay?

ANN

(she nods, she thinks it's sweet and funny. Then she reflects on what upset her)

It was silly. What upset me. I haven't told anyone. It was at work.

(she tosses a coin in her head, whether to tell him or not)

This bloke asked me out for a drink. A detective. Nothing special, old enough to be me dad, and I knew he was married and been having an affair with someone else. But I quite liked him. It was the first time I'd thought about... the possibility of... y'know. Being close to someone. Since what happened. To me. So it was a big deal. Not that he knew that. Then -

(she looks embarrassed, even though she's trying to sound light)

He didn't turn up. So! That was a bit of a head-fuck.

(she mouths that last word)

So.

He's looking at her thinking how good looking she is, and why would anyone stand her up?

DANIEL

Tosser.

ANN

Yeah.

Tucked away at the end of the street, FRANCES is still watching them.

CUT TO:

15 INT/EXT. JOHN'S CAR. DAY 14. 09.30

15

JOHN's driving home. He can't believe his luck. He cannot believe he's really got away with it, but right now he feels oddly exhilarated. He flips the radio on. Something loud, joyous, celebratory. But that feels wrong, he flips it off. He's restless, can't settle into one state of mind. He dials up his son JACK on the computer screen in his car. It rings.

JACK

(oov)

Hello?

JOHN

Jack! It's me. Dad. I'm coming home. Are y'gonna let me in?

CUT TO:

16 OMITTED 16

17 OMITTED 17

18 OMITTED 18

19 OMITTED 19

20 EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE. DAY 14. 09.55 20

JOHN's car pulls up very robustly outside his house and heads for the door.

CUT TO:

21 INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, STAIRS. DAY 14. 09.56 21

JACK sits waiting on the stairs (conscious of his oblivious mum in the kitchen) and pulls the door open, right on cue, when he hears his dad's car pull up and the car door slam.

CUT TO:

22 INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY. 14. 09.57 22

AMANDA's busy loading the dishwasher when JOHN appears, with JACK behind him. Clearly she wasn't expecting this.

JOHN

So! Hello. Good morning.

(AMANDA looks daggers at JACK, realising what's happened)

How are we all?

(AMANDA doesn't reply)

Good. So I've got a little proposal I'd like to put to you. Contrary to what you think, I'm not the one that's been having some sort of sordid little fling with some sad sod from Mirfield who drives a Skoda, no, that'll be you. So.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

What I'm proposing is, you move out, you gather your bits and pieces, you move in with lover-boy, you feel free to do whatever you have to do. I - me - the one who *hasn't* been mucking about - will stay here in our house with our children. How about that?

AMANDA

I'm not leaving the children.

JOHN

Yeah. Well. Newsflash. Neither am I.

BEN and AMBER appear behind JACK, having heard raised voices and wondering what's going on.

AMANDA

And you're a liar. I know damned well you've been up to some[thing] -

JOHN

Okay then. Who is this mysterious... whoever who I've been having this relationship with then? Eh? Where is she? Eh? *She doesn't exist!* Amanda. She's in your head. And you really should get your facts straight before you start accusing people of things. Now. Go and pack your stuff and ring Casanova. He'll be thrilled! You can set up home together. That's what you want, isn't it? That's the plan. I assume that's the plan.

(realising)

Does Graham know that's the plan?

AMANDA

(conscious of the kids)

Shut up.

JOHN

Does he not? Oh, does he not?

AMANDA

Can we talk sensibly, properly, not in front of the children?

JOHN

Perhaps I should go and tell him then. Perhaps I should keep him informed. Perhaps I should knock his fucking teeth down his throat.

He turns and heads out.

AMANDA

What're you doing? Where're you going?

JOHN

Mirfield.

AMANDA

You don't know where he lives.

JOHN

I'm a detective, love. I know bloody well where he lives. Feel free to ring ahead and warn him that I'm on the way. If he's not there when I get there I'll ask his wife to pass on a message. How about that?

AMANDA

No. John! No! Don't! Don't do that! John!

JOHN

Oh, does she not know? It's just you that thinks the two of you's slinking off into the sunset together, is it? I shan't be long, kids.

He heads for his car.

AMBER

*Dad!*

JOHN

Shan't be long tiddler!

AMANDA

(at JACK)

*Why did you let him in?*

The children are all upset, and bewildered, they don't really want to take sides, so it's not with any great sense of triumph that JACK offers -

JACK

He lives here too, it's his house as well!

AMANDA

*Shit.*

She goes and grabs her phone as JOHN slams into his car and turns the engine over.

CUT TO:

23

EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, BACKYARD. DAY 14. 10.40

23

FRANCES is still watching from the end of the street. She's intrigued more than ever now, because RYAN is with DANIEL and ANN, balancing on his bike in his pyjamas.

DANIEL

Rubbish! Hopeless.

RYAN

How many seconds?

DANIEL

I didn't even bother to count.

RYAN

You're supposed to count!

DANIEL

Two and a half?

RYAN

It was nearly a minute!

DANIEL

And the rest.

ANN

It was very good Ryan, ignore him.

RYAN

I'll have to do it again now.

Suddenly FRANCES is shocked to realise that CATHERINE's heading up the back yard (back from the toy shop) with a Scalextric. FRANCES (hidden at the end of the street) turns and goes. She feels freaked. That was so close. But realising CATHERINE hasn't seen her, she stays and heads back to look again...

CATHERINE

Good morning!

RYAN

Granny!

ANN

(embarrassed as chunks of the latter part of last night come flooding back to her)

Hi!

RYAN

Count how long I can balance!

CATHERINE considers doing that for a second or so (before realising she doesn't have to) and then to ANN -

CATHERINE

Did you sleep all right?

RYAN

*Granny!*

ANN

Yeah yeah yeah. Thanks. Sorry.

CATHERINE

I'll drive you home in a bit. Have you had some breakfast?

RYAN

(falling off)

Doh!

ANN

Just had some coffee.

CATHERINE

(turning back to RYAN)

Well I got it. Hundred and fif[ty] - forty-nine ninety-nine.

RYAN

I don't want it.

CATHERINE

What?

RYAN

I don't want it.

CATHERINE

What y'talking about?

DANIEL

I'll have it.

CATHERINE

What d'you mean you don't want it?

RYAN

I mean I don't want it.

CATHERINE

Why.

RYAN

Because it isn't the same.

CATHERINE

It's exactly the same. Only we know where this one's come from.

RYAN

I wanted that other one.

CATHERINE

Yes. Well. You couldn't have that other one, and I promised I'd replace it, so -

RYAN

I wanted the one me dad sent.

Silence. ANN doesn't like hearing about Tommy Lee Royce any more than CATHERINE does. FRANCES can't quite hear the conversation, but perhaps she gets some sense of it.

CATHERINE

He's not your dad. I've explained this.

RYAN

Yeah. But. He is.

Silence.

DANIEL

Look, why don't I set it up? You go ring Cesco to come round and have a race. We'll have a championship.

RYAN considers, then says quietly -

RYAN

No.

A moment; no-one knows what to say.

DANIEL

(taking it from CATHERINE)  
I'll set it up.

CATHERINE

No, if he's not going to play with it, I'll get my money back.

Much as she would like her money back, CATHERINE would really rather RYAN accepted it from her.

DANIEL

He'll play with it.

RYAN

I shan't.

Let's end on FRANCES.

CUT TO:



25 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S CAR. DAY 14. 10.50

25

Ten minutes later. CATHERINE's driving ANN home.

CATHERINE

Sorry.

ANN

It's fine.

CATHERINE

It's ridiculous. It's impossible.

ANN

You need to find out who put it there.

CATHERINE

I will, I'm going to.

ANN thinks about it. And of course it makes her think about Tommy Lee Royce.

ANN

Bastard.

CATHERINE

Don't. Don't get me started.

A moment.

ANN

I'm sorry if I was talking shite last night.

CATHERINE

You weren't. You were happy. Oh -  
(she fiddles around in her pocket)  
I got you this for you. From the chemist.

ANN

What is it?

CATHERINE

Morning after pill.

ANN

(a mumble)  
Oh Jesus.

CATHERINE

I mean, I don't know that you need it, I don't know what you did, but I just thought -

ANN

Thanks.

CATHERINE

You know.

ANN

Yeah.

CATHERINE

Just in [case] -

ANN

How much do I [owe you] - ?

CATHERINE

It's fine, it's nothing, it's a  
present. Except -

(awkward)

- you do know. Just for future  
reference. That if anyone'd seen  
you, it would've been a Public  
Order offence at the very least,  
and you'd have lost your job.

CUT TO:

HAPPY VALLEY SERIES TWO.

EPISODE FIVE.

LILAC SCRIPT.

27-29.

27

OMITTED

27

28	OMITTED	28
29	OMITTED	29

30 EXT. CLARE'S ALLOTMENT. DAY 14. 11.30

30 \*

Forty minutes later. CLARE's busy on her allotment, struggling to get a big plank of wood onto a wheelbarrow. She's got her tiny little tranny on with Radio 2 pop. CATHERINE's just arriving. \*

CATHERINE \*

So what's up? \*

CLARE

I've been expecting Neil all morning but he's not shown up. \*

(CATHERINE takes it in, but isn't very interested) \*

I knocked on his door on my way down here, no answer, I've phoned him, I've texted him, nothing. And it's odd 'cos we were reckoning to spend the day on the allotment together. \*

CATHERINE

He'll have forgotten.

CLARE

It isn't like him.

CATHERINE

I wouldn't know.

CLARE

Why don't you like him?

CATHERINE

(checking her watch)

It's only lunch time.

CLARE

He's a really nice man. \*

CATHERINE

(glancing over the allotment) \*

So what wants doing? \*

CLARE

I've all these planks to shift. \*

(about fifteen big planks like you use for raised vegetable beds) \*

Jerry on at far end said he'd have 'em. \*

CATHERINE

Well can't Jerry on at far end come  
and fetch 'em?

\*  
\*  
\*

CLARE

He's in hospital.  
(CATHERINE reluctantly  
gets on with it)  
They've charged that fella.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CLARE (CONT'D)

Sean Balmforth. This morning. It's  
been on t'radio. They've charged  
him wi' them murders.

\*  
\*

Of course that does interest CATHERINE. And oddly it  
surprises her. They'd kept him in so long it was starting to  
feel like one of those where they end up having to let them  
go without charge.

CATHERINE

Wow.

CLARE

I know.

(CLARE can see CATHERINE's  
brooding on something)

Y'all right?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CATHERINE's reluctant to talk about it because she knows  
she'll upset herself.

CATHERINE

I bought our Ryan that Scalextric.  
And he reckoned he didn't want it.  
"I wanted that one me dad sent me".  
I've said it 'til I'm blue in the  
face, "He's *not* your dad". And he  
goes, "Yeah. But. He is".  
(she gets upset. And  
angry)

It'll never go away, will it? When  
I find out which sad, twisted sod  
left that on our doorstep...

(she tries to resist  
saying it, but she can't.  
And we know she  
absolutely means it)

I'll make 'em wish they'd never  
been born.

CUT TO:

31

EXT. FRANCES'S HOUSE, BACKYARD, HEBDEN BRIDGE. NIGHT 14. 31  
22.00

The house is illuminated warmly from within.

CUT TO:

32 INT. FRANCES'S HOUSE, NIGHT 14. 22.01

32

We enter FRANCES's make-shift home. She's living out of her suitcases that we haven't seen since episode 1. She sips a mug of tea, and eats a meagre supper of beans on toast. She's reading the Family section from Saturday's Guardian. Somewhere in evidence (maybe on the mantelpiece, next to a framed picture of Jesus, and framed photos of Tommy and Ryan) we see the petrol bomb she made on Friday night. It's like she's hoping Jesus might offer guidance regarding her dilemma.

CUT TO:

32A INT. GRAVESEND PRISON, TOMMY'S CELL. NIGHT 14. 22.02

32A

TOMMY's lying on his bed. His telly's on, but he's not watching it, it's wall paper. He's staring at the ceiling, thinking destructive thoughts about CATHERINE, and how angry he's going to be with FRANCES if she doesn't do what she's supposed to do.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 15. 08.30

33

A dismal new morning across the valley. Grey skies, rain lashing down.

CUT TO:

34 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR. DAY 15.  
08.31

34

CATHERINE heads along the upstairs corridor from her office to MIKE's.

CUT TO:

35 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MIKE'S OFFICE. DAY 15.  
08.32

35

MIKE's busy at his desk as she taps perfunctorily on his open door.

CATHERINE

Nice weekend?

MIKE pulls a face: not really.

MIKE

Yourself?



CATHERINE pulls a kind of dismissive face, like "it was nothing special".

CATHERINE

Have you heard owt from Gravesend?

MIKE

Yes! I did. Late on Friday night, they sent a list. Visitors, phone calls, people he writes to.

(CATHERINE moves further into the room making a gimme gimme gesture)

I can't let you see it.

CATHERINE

Y'being funny?

MIKE

No. I can't have you taking the law into your own hands.

CATHERINE

(she gets her phone out and prods a few buttons)

Friday night and you didn't let me know?

MIKE

I've forwarded the list to an analyst in the D.I.U. He'll gather intel on all of 'em, and as soon as we know anything significant, I'll get back to you. You know that's the right way forward, Catherine, don't start pulling faces.

She shows him some footage she's taken on her phone.

CATHERINE

Woman in t'toy shop in Hebden last week buying a Scalextric. Exactly t'same model. I went in and asked the fella behind the counter. On Saturday. And he showed me his CCTV.

MIKE peers at it. It's FRANCES in a hoodie.

MIKE

Looks like a lad.

CATHERINE

Yeah well it was a woman, the fella said.

MIKE

(he hands it back)

Either way, it doesn't mean it's  
whoever it was that left it on your  
doorstep.

CATHERINE

No I know that. But. Was there  
anyone on the list from round here?

MIKE's like: you're not supposed to ask. But he sees no harm,  
given that the answer is -

MIKE

No.

CATHERINE

Not?

MIKE

No. Not from round here.  
(checking his watch)  
Are you briefing the troops?

CATHERINE

Yes. I am. Are you saying, "Well  
done, Catherine?"

MIKE

What for this time?

CATHERINE

Sean Balmforth. Charged. That was  
me got him arrested.

MIKE

(suddenly all excited)

Oh! Yes. *But*.

(he glances at the open  
door and lowers his  
voice)

They're playing it down 'til it's  
confirmed *but*... there's another  
body turned up in Rastrick.

So that's a biggie.

CATHERINE

When?

MIKE

Early hours, this morning. And  
depending on when she died... it  
could mean they've charged the  
wrong fella.

Oops. Wow. OMG.

CUT TO:

36 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRS/BOTTOM CORRIDOR. 36  
DAY 15. 08.35

Two minutes later. CATHERINE's heading down for the briefing. JOHN WADSWORTH is just heading into work, and up to the H-MIT office. They have a near miss.

JOHN

Sorry!

CATHERINE

Morning!

JOHN

Oh, congratulations. He's been charged, you'll have heard. That fella you tipped us off about.

CATHERINE

Oh, [but] -

(she gets closer to be  
confidential)

Have you not heard? Apparently another body's turned up.

(on JOHN: oh shit)

Did you not know?

(clearly not)

It's what I've just been told.

CATHERINE heads off to conduct her briefing. We linger on JOHN. He can't believe it. He can't believe it's gone wrong (potentially) so quickly.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. RASTRICK. DAY 15. 08.45

37

The inner cordon is in some woodland, behind an industrial estate, not far from a busy main road, with some houses on the other side of the road. We find ANDY and the PATHOLOGIST just leaving the inner cordon (so they're able to put their hoods down and take their masks off). JODIE (who isn't booted and suited) is waiting in a CID car, out of the rain, for ANDY. ANDY looks like someone who's had a serious blow. This is a very high profile case, and it's starting to look like he's made a serious error of judgement in charging SEAN.

ANDY  
(he calls to the  
PATHOLOGIST as they part  
company, and she heads  
off to another car)  
See y'in a bit.

The PATHOLOGIST raises her hand to say bye. Glum ANDY comes over, takes off his SOCO suit, bags it up, and gets into the car with JODIE.

CUT TO:

38

EXT/INT. CID CAR. DAY 15. 08.46

38

ANDY settles into his seat, pauses and thinks very carefully about what he's going to say next. Eventually -

ANDY  
Bollocks.

JODIE  
Really?

ANDY  
*Shit.*  
(silence)  
She thinks she's not been dead more than forty-eight hours. She'll be more specific at the post-mortem, but it's looking like she died after we had Sean in custody.

JODIE  
(a mumble/groan)  
Oh f[uck].

ANDY  
I know.

More silence.

JODIE  
Could it be a copy cat?

As much as he wishes it was -

ANDY  
Well, again, we'll know more after the P.M., but...  
(more reflection)  
So! We'll be getting the review team in. And to restore public confidence in the investigation, I'll be getting my arse kicked down the stairs. In the traditional manner. No doubt. By your dad.

JODIE

I can only apologise.  
(a wry smile between them,  
before the more sombre  
matter of - )  
Who is she?

ANDY

White. Between twenty and thirty.  
Poor teeth, poor clothes.

A moment.

JODIE

The only thing. I'da done  
differently from you on Saturday...  
sorry, do you want to hear this?

ANDY

You wouldn't have charged him with  
Vicky Fleming.

Yup.

CUT TO:

39 INT. ST. MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL, READING AREA. DAY 15. 09.50 39

RYAN's reading to FRANCES.

RYAN

Zebedee ran past Dad and nearly  
knocked him over. "I'm sure that  
dog's getting bigger by the  
minute", said Dad. "He's going to  
eat us out of house and home". Ben  
and Albert laughed. If only Dad  
knew.

End of chapter.

FRANCES

You're doing so well. Ben and  
Albert! They remind me of you and  
Cesco.

RYAN

How?

FRANCES

Just... you're best friends.

RYAN

Oh yeah.

FRANCES

Do you and Cesco do sleep overs? I used to love sleep overs! That's the best thing about a best friend.

RYAN

Some times we do.

FRANCES

Have you got one planned?

RYAN

No.

(pause)

Why?

FRANCES is scared she's gone too far.

FRANCES

How're things at home?

(RYAN's annoyed with his granny. But he feels bad telling a teacher about that, it feels disloyal)

You know if ever you want to talk to me. About anything. You know you can.

RYAN

Other day. At tea time. I said I wondered if we should forgive him. Me dad. But they wouldn't talk about it. They just get cross.

FRANCES

Who does?

RYAN

Granny. And Auntie Clare. And I've been worried because...

(he becomes upset)

You know what you said. About they don't get much money. In prison.

FRANCES

Yeah...

(RYAN becomes more upset)

Ryan?

RYAN

Do you think he gets enough to eat? Do you think he's warm enough. At night. When it's cold.

FRANCES

Oh yes yes yes! I'm sure he is. You mustn't worry about that, Ryan! You're so sweet and kind. To think about that.

RYAN

I know he hurt me granny and everything, but he's still me dad.

FRANCES

I think. The worst thing about prison. Probably. Is he might get lonely. Sometimes. And bored.

(tentatively)

Have you ever thought... about visiting him?

RYAN

I'm not allowed. There's no contact. 'Cos of what he did.

FRANCES

I bet he'd love to see you. I wonder if that's another reason why he sent you that lovely present?

RYAN

I wondered...

(he knows it's probably bad, somehow, but - )

About writing to him.

FRANCES has to hide just how delighted she is to hear this. Se can barely believe her luck that he's suggested it.

FRANCES

You should.

RYAN

I don't know his address.

FRANCES

Oh, I think you could just put his name, and then... where is he? Which prison is he in? Do you know?

(RYAN's shaking his head)

I think. That I read. That he's in Gravesend Prison.

RYAN

(making sure he's heard it correctly)

Graves End.

(he considers)

Where is that?

FRANCES

It's near London.

FRANCES is delighted (on the quiet). This is great news, this is better than risking putting a petrol through CATHERINE's window.

CUT TO:

40 OMITTED

40

41 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CATHERINE'S OFFICE.  
DAY 15. 15.01

41

CATHERINE's busy at her desktop typing up a report, when her radio kicks in -

RADIO

Bravo November four-five. Could you  
look at log two-seven-one of today -  
(CATHERINE instantly  
prods her key board to  
bring up log 271)  
- down in Sowerby Bridge? There's a  
fella kicking off outside The  
Moorings.

CATHERINE

I can look at it, Mr. Metcalfe, but  
I've got no-one to deploy. They're  
all off on the house-to-house with  
this body that's turned up in  
Rastrick.

RADIO

It's all started with a plate of  
chips, and it's escalated from  
there. I don't suppose I could  
persuade you to turn out yourself,  
four-five?

She'd already grabbed her hat, her gloves (and she's already  
got hold of her radio, obviously). We go with her as she  
heads out of the door -



CATHERINE

Well I was just about to make  
myself a cup of tea and put my feet  
up for the afternoon -

CUT TO:

42 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. 42  
DAY 15 15.02.

- through the empty main office, along the corridor and down  
the stairs.

CATHERINE

- but seeing as it's you.

RADIO

So he's been ejected from the  
premises, we've got CCTV monitoring  
him now, he's in the street with  
his top off, he's banging on the  
doors and he's trying to get back  
in.

CATHERINE

Oh lovely, a semi-naked man at  
lunch time in Sowerby Bridge, how  
could I stay away?

RADIO

We'll try and get you some back-up  
from Halifax.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. MAIN STREET, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 15. 15.30 43

CATHERINE's brought the van (a big one with a cage at the  
back), assuming she might have to put the MAN in it. He's  
drawn a little crowd. CATHERINE pulls up with her hazard  
warning lights on, she's got her blue lights on but no siren.  
The MAN hasn't noticed the van pull up behind him, he's still  
banging on the windows, and kicking hell out of the door. No  
top on. He's seriously drunk and very angry. He's obviously  
talking to someone (the MANAGER) who's inside the building.

NEIL

*I want my phone back! You give me  
my phone back, you little tosser,  
and then we'll discuss whether I'm  
stopping or not. Get out here! Come  
on, get out here, you! Y'little  
runt, I'm talking to you!*

It's only as she approaches (from the side, and she keeps some distance, because she can see the man is liable to lash out) that CATHERINE (and we) realise it's NEIL. NEIL realises that the MANAGER is trying to point out to him that the police have arrived, right behind him. NEIL realises he can see a blue flashing light reflected in the glass of the pub windows, just as -

CATHERINE

Neil?

(he turns and sees her,  
realises he recognises  
her)

Where've you been?

NEIL

(struggling to focus)  
What you doing here?

CATHERINE

(she gets on her radio)  
Bravo November four-five. I'm code  
six, I won't need any back up, I  
know this fella.

NEIL

Oh you won't need any back  
up? Is that what you think?

RADIO

Do you know everybody in West  
Yorkshire four-five?

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Well you're not going to cause me  
any problems, are you Neil?

NEIL

I was just explaining to this  
tosser -

(banging on the glass  
again)

*Open this fucking door! Now!*

CATHERINE

Neil. Can you stop doing that?

NEIL

Make 'em open this door.

CATHERINE

You're causing a disturbance and  
you're upsetting people. Where's  
your top?

NEIL

No I'm not. *You! Rat-face. Open  
this door!*

CATHERINE

If you don't calm down - I'm  
warning you - you'll get locked up.  
D'you understand? You've been  
warned now Neil, and -  
(she's spotted his top)  
can you get your jumper back on,  
please?

NEIL

They've got me telephone.

CATHERINE

Who's got your telephone?

NEIL

Them in there.

CATHERINE

Is it that telephone there? On the  
pavement, just behind you?

NEIL

Eh?

CATHERINE

Down there.

NEIL

Oh.

CATHERINE

Can you pick it up for me?  
(he does. He takes him a  
while 'cos he's so  
addled)  
Is that your telephone?  
(no response, he's too  
busy trying to focus on  
it)  
Is that your telephone, Neil?

During this the MANAGER emerges from the pub.

MANAGER

He's been in here stealing food off  
people's plates.

NEIL

He's a bloody liar. Why would I do  
that?

MANAGER

People don't want your dirty great  
fingers in their chips.

NEIL

It was just a bit o' fun! It was  
her birthday!

MANAGER

I've asked him to leave, I've made  
it clear he wasn't being served any  
more, and he just won't clear off.

CATHERINE

(calm, clear,  
professional)  
I'm dealing with it.

NEIL

(at the MANAGER)  
Yeah yeah yeah.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

And you can tell him he's barred.

CATHERINE

Yes, I will, I'm dealing with it,  
thank you.

NEIL

Barred? It's a shit-hole anyway.

MANAGER

You're barred. All right? You're  
*barred*.

NEIL

Oh yeah, rock hard stood behind a  
little police lady.

CATHERINE finds herself between the two blokes.

CATHERINE

If you could go back inside for me  
please.

NEIL

Yeah, piss off back inside you  
little sod.

CATHERINE

I don't want to hear any more  
language, Neil, I've warned you.

MANAGER

I want to know he's understood.

CATHERINE

It would help me enormously, sir,  
if you would go back inside the  
premises.

MANAGER

(he's not listening)  
You're not welcome in these  
premises at any point in the  
future.

NEIL

Oh go and fuck yourself up the  
arse.

MANAGER

You fuck yourself up the arse.

NEIL lunges past CATHERINE at the MANAGER. CATHERINE grabs NEIL, uses the fact that he's thrown himself off balance to swing him down - one arm behind his back - and floor him face down. She gets her knee in his back, and uses her weight to keep him pinned to the pavement. People in the crowd react, old people are horrified, young people are taking photos with their phones. CATHERINE's hat's gone flying.

CATHERINE

(getting her cuffs out)  
Hands behind your back, Neil, other  
hand! I'm arresting you, d'you  
understand?

NEIL

You're hurting me! You're *hurting*  
*me!*

CATHERINE

You're being arrested for Section 5  
Public Order. You don't have to say  
anything -

NEIL

You hate me!

CATHERINE

That's not true, Neil.

NEIL

Any excuse!

CATHERINE

You don't have to say anything -

NEIL

First time you saw me you talked to  
me like shit.

CATHERINE

- but it may harm your defence [if  
you fail to] -

NEIL

Well that's fine and dandy, 'cos  
I'm not right fond o' you.

CATHERINE

Shut up and listen. You've had too  
much to drink, and you need to be  
listening not talking. You do not  
have to say anything -

NEIL

You're loving this.

CATHERINE

- but it may harm your def[ence] -  
believe me, I'm not - harm your  
defence if you do not mention when  
questioned something you later rely  
on in court.

NEIL

**AAAAAAARGHHH!**

He continues to go "AAAARGHH!" through the rest of the  
charge.

CATHERINE

Anything you do say may be  
(she has to compete with  
his volume now)  
*given in evidence. Do you  
understand? Do you understand that?  
Neil?*

NEIL

Piss off.

CATHERINE

Right, come on, get up.

MANAGER

Dozy sod.

CATHERINE

(then at the MANAGER)  
I've asked you to go inside three  
times now *go inside*.  
(he doesn't go inside, but  
at least he shuts up)  
Come on, Neil. Get up. Neil, I need  
you to get up. Come on, that  
pavement's gonna get very chilly if  
you lie there much longer, and you  
*do know* it's where the doggies do  
their wee wees.

CUT TO:

44 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 15. 16.15

44

CLARE was baking. She's on the phone to CATHERINE now. She looks worried, sickened.

CLARE

How drunk?

Cutting as and when with -

CUT TO:

45 EXT. HALIFAX NICK/STREET. DAY 15. 16.16

45

CATHERINE's sauntering away from the nick back to the police van to drive back down to Sowerby Bridge.

CATHERINE

I would say three days worth. He was pretty whiffy.

CLARE

(sickened)

Oh good grief...

CATHERINE

I'm sorry to be the one to tell you.

CLARE

He was upset. About something. Last few times I saw him, and...

(she can't betray his confidence)

Tch. Damn.

(further sickened as it hits her all over again)

Oh God.

During the below, RYAN comes in from upstairs, checks CLARE's attention is elsewhere, and takes a postage stamp from a little book of stamps that's pinned to the notice board. Then saunters outside.

CATHERINE

He'll just get a fixed penalty notice. There's no reason why he'll lose his job. If he can pull himself back together and stay that way. Custody Sergeant's gonna phone me when he's sober and we can pick him up. It'll be a good few hours though, it'll be later this evening. What was he upset about?

CLARE

Oh...

(searching for something  
convincing, and which  
isn't exactly a lie)

Just summat to do with when his  
marriage broke down.

We linger on sad, thoughtful CLARE as we hear CATHERINE at  
the other end going, "Okay, well I'll see you in a bit then".

CUT TO:

46 EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, BACKYARD. DAY 15. 16.20

46

RYAN takes a crumpled envelope from his pocket with 'Tommy  
Lee Royce, Graves End Prison, Near London' written on it. He  
checks CLARE's not looking, sticking the stamp on, hoiks his  
bike up off the cobbles, then cycles off to post the letter.

CUT TO:

47 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT BRIEFING ROOM.  
DAY 15. 17.05

47

Later in the day. The team are gathered. We glimpse JOHN,  
JODIE, MIKE. Everyone chatting in groups, all except JOHN,  
who's preoccupied. It's him we focus on, as ANDY comes in  
with three SUITS who we've not met before. Inevitably ANDY  
looks down-hearted.

ANDY

When you're ready! Thank you. Most  
of you will know Superintendant  
Gillespie. He's heading up the  
review team. Before we go through  
everything with Mr. Gillespie  
there's a few bits and pieces from  
this afternoon. We've got an ident  
on the victim. She is Elise May  
Hughes. Twenty years of age.  
Address 27 Conway Drive, Dewsbury.  
Last seen three days ago. After we  
arrested Sean Balmforth.

(that causes a stir of  
conversation)

Yup. So. Shush. The pathologist is  
telling me she's confident it's the  
same killer as - certainly the  
first three victims.

(of course we're looking  
at JOHN as this piece of  
information lands)

(MORE)



ANDY (CONT'D)

And Vicky Fleming if we accept that he was disturbed before he'd finished doing what he wanted to do to her. Although I think now more than ever we'd be wise to keep an open mind.

(we glimpse JOHN)

The good news! For once. Is we might have a bit of a lead. The night Elise May Hughes's body was left at the site in Rastrick. Two hundred yards away, just further down the road that same night. A parked vehicle was hit by another vehicle. Hit and run. I've got forensics onto it, it won't be long before we can identify the make and the model from fragments left on the vehicle that was hit. I want to know *who was driving that vehicle*.

(obviously he thinks it could be who they're looking for, but - wary of jumping to conclusions - )

At the very least they may have seen something.

CUT TO:

48

EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. EVENING 15. 19.15

48

Establishing shot. Evening. The clouds have lifted. We see the damaged red Peugeot. We discover DARYL busy rolling himself a cigarette, between jobs, watching the sunset, when ALISON comes looking for him with a cup of tea.

ALISON

Daryl?

DARYL

It'll be a nice day tomorrow.

ALISON

I made you some tea.

DARYL

Thanks.

She sits with him.

(CONT'D)

ALISON

They've had to let that fella go.  
That one they arrested. It's been  
on the news. Well except I think  
he's in custody for something else  
now.

(DARYL takes it in,  
doesn't respond, seems  
indifferent)

They said they were looking for the  
driver of a red vehicle. They know  
it was red, 'cos it hit another one  
and left marks. Near where it  
happened. They think he might have  
witnessed something. The driver.  
They said it's only a matter of  
time before they can work out what  
make and model it is if he doesn't  
come forward. I think from the  
marks.

DARYL

So?

ALISON

So... you need to have a straight  
tale. About how you damaged your  
car. If they come asking.

DARYL

Why would they?

ALISON

Well them two coppers were up here.  
Weren't they. It's not me asking,  
it's not something you need to tell  
me. I'm just thinking ahead. You  
don't want them to think it's you.  
Do you?

DARYL

Why would they think it's me.

ALISON

Well apart from the car, no reason  
at all. Love. Except they've  
arrested the wrong fella once, they  
could do it again. And as I say,  
they just think this person might  
have witnessed something. So.

(DARYL doesn't respond,  
again he just doesn't  
seem interested, all he  
seems interested in is  
the sunset)

Where did it happen?

DARYL

What?

ALISON

Your bump. This was up Rastrick.

DARYL

I don't even know where Rastrick is.

ALISON

Yeah but d'you understand what I'm saying? 'Cos if it did turn out to be the same make and model as yours, and you'd not come forward. You'd be in hot water. Wouldn't you.

DARYL

I'll do it tomorrow.

She's looking at him. He really isn't interested, and there's nothing in the least bit agitated about him.

ALISON

Okay.

CUT TO:

49 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM. EVENING 15. 19.20 49

Evening. The Scalextric is all set up. DANIEL's lolling on the floor like he's been playing with it, and is now bored with it. RYAN's sitting on the settee, not having played with it at all. They're both gazing at the telly.

RYAN

Tell me about me mum.

Since DANIEL's become part of RYAN's life, it's not something he's asked.

DANIEL

What about her?

RYAN

When she was going out with me dad.

DANIEL

I don't think they ever went out. As such. I think she just used to hang out. In the town. With this group of -  
("pilllocks" he was going to say)  
People. And...

He shrugs.

RYAN

But they had me.

DANIEL

Well. Your mum had you. He was long gone.

RYAN

To prison?

(yup. DANIEL nods)

Did she love him?

DANIEL

She was infatuated with him. And he...

RYAN

What's that mean?

DANIEL

She thought she was in love with him, but she didn't know what he was really like. And he took advantage of her.

RYAN

How?

DANIEL

I don't think she [wanted]...

(it's a difficult thing to say to RYAN)

She was a bit young. To get pregnant.

RYAN

She was eighteen.

DANIEL

Seventeen. When she got pregnant. And it doesn't matter how old you are, if you're not ready for it, you're not ready for it.

(RYAN takes that in)

Shall we have a cup of tea?

RYAN

Yes please.

(DANIEL gets up to go and make tea)

Is that why she died? 'Cos she wasn't ready.

DANIEL's really nervous of saying the wrong thing here.

DANIEL

What's Granny said?

RYAN

She just... said she died when I was born. But it wasn't my fault.

DANIEL

No. No. Well. Some times it just happens.

RYAN

Yeah.

DANIEL lingers a moment, then heads through to the kitchen.  
We linger on RYAN.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. HALIFAX NICK. EVENING 15. 19.30

50

Evening. Nervous CLARE's propped up against CATHERINE's car, having a fag. Waiting.

CUT TO:

51 INT. HALIFAX NICK, CUSTODY DESK. EVENING 15. 19.31 51

NEIL's being released by the CUSTODY SERGEANT, and CATHERINE's here to collect him. The CUSTODY SERGEANT's just passing him the few belongings he was brought in with (his phone), which he signs for. He looks pale, ill, contrite, humiliated.

CATHERINE

How're you feeling?

NEIL tries to formulate some words for how bad he feels, but he can't, he just shakes his head. He wants the earth to swallow him up.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Clare's outside. Public aren't allowed in here. Well not unless...

(...unless they've been a twat. NEIL nods, gets it)

You can speak to me you know, Neil. I know what alcohol does to people, I see it every day. I know you're not like that. I mean, I know you don't want to be like that.

NEIL

I'm sorry.

She accepts that.

CATHERINE

Come on.

They head off. We go with them.

CUT TO:

52

INT. HALIFAX NICK, CORRIDOR. EVENING. 19.32

52

CATHERINE

Have you fallen off the wagon  
before? Since you've been dry?

NEIL

Twice.

CATHERINE

Okay, well you tell me what I can  
do to support you. You know  
yourself best, you know your  
habits. What can I do, what do you  
need?

NEIL

I just... I want to go home, get a  
shower, get rid of this headache,  
get back to normal, put it behind  
me.

CATHERINE

Did you ring in sick? At work. You  
didn't just go awol?

NEIL

I took three days off. If I know  
the way things are going -  
(taps his head)  
- in here, I can plan ahead.

CATHERINE's a bit surprised to hear he planned it. But maybe  
that's the way he controls it when it does happen.

CATHERINE

Right. Well just...

(she doesn't want to be  
heavy-handed with him,  
she knows it'll be  
counter-productive, but  
she wants something made  
abundantly clear before  
they walk outside)

I don't know what triggers you, and  
I'm sorry if you've got something  
upsetting you at the minute that's  
sparked it off.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

But Clare's vulnerable too, and she's my priority, and I won't watch her get dragged down. Not by anyone. I'm sorry if you think I've not been very friendly. I am sorry. She's very fond of you. And I want to respect that. All right? But please don't mess her about.

She wants to add "Or I'll kill you". We can see it in her eyes. But again she has the sense to realise it might have the opposite effect to the one she wants if she says it out loud. Perhaps he gets it anyway without her saying it.

NEIL

I won't.

He means it. As much as an alcoholic can ever mean anything. They head outside.

CUT TO:

53

EXT. HALIFAX NICK. EVENING 15. 19.33

53

CATHERINE and NEIL emerge from the nick. CLARE goes over to greet NEIL. He's sad, embarrassed, doesn't want to be hugged too much because he realises he stinks, but appreciative of the fact that she's here. Very appreciative of the fact that she's here. That they're both here. They pile into the car and set off.

CUT TO:

54

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT 15. 21.30

54

9.30pm. CATHERINE's cooking. DANIEL's with her.

DANIEL

Three days? What and then he can just stop?

CATHERINE

I don't know.

DANIEL

D'you think it's good for her? Being with someone who's the same?

CATHERINE

What can I do? She's a grown up.

DANIEL

Are they gonna be all right  
together on their own in his flat?  
I mean it isn't five minutes since  
she -

(doesn't like saying it)

Fell off the wagon. Is it.

CATHERINE

No, they're coming here. He's  
tidying himself up, then they're  
going to an AA meeting in Halifax,  
then they're coming here. That  
would worry me. If ever they did  
move in together. It wouldn't have  
'til today, but my God, you shoulda  
seen him.

(DANIEL makes to say  
something, hesitates,  
daren't say it)

What?

DANIEL

Is this mental?

CATHERINE

What?

DANIEL

Three days, he's been pissed.  
Disappeared, God knows where. And  
then there's been another one o'  
these women murdered.

CATHERINE weighs that up. And she's not dismissing that,  
she's just intrigued -

CATHERINE

Why would you think that about him?

DANIEL

He's really uncomfortable around  
you.

CATHERINE

Yeah, but that could just be my  
effortless overwhelming charisma.

DANIEL

Yeah, and that, obviously.

She thinks about it.

CATHERINE

It is mental.

DANIEL

I know it's mental.



But he still thinks he could be onto something. And she can't quite dismiss it.

CATHERINE

You know when the Ripper was around, everybody was thinking it was their husband and their son and their dad and their uncle.

DANIEL

Yeah. But. It's *someone*.

(a silence)

Oh, and the other thing. Ryan was asking about Becky. After you went out. About her relationship. With *him*. I didn't say owt. I just said she was infatuated with him and she didn't really know what he was like. But it struck me. It's when he comes home from school. That's when he has a new thing, a new question, like somebody's put ideas in his head.

CATHERINE

At school?

DANIEL

Yeah.

CATHERINE thinks that through. It's big.

CUT TO:

55

INT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM, ALISON'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 15.  
02.17

55

ALISON GARRS is asleep. It's 2:17 in the morning. She sleeps with her door open, and there's a light on the landing. DARYL appears at her door.

DARYL

Mum? Mum? Mum. Mum. Mum. I need to talk to you. Mum.

He doesn't raise his voice, but his persistency wakes ALISON.

ALISON

What's the matter?  
(she realises he has tears  
streaked down his face)  
What's the matter? Daryl?

DARYL

I don't feel so well.

ALISON

What is it? Headache? Tummy ache?

DARYL

I don't want to go and tell the police. About my car.

She takes that in.

ALISON

Okay.

DARYL

Is that okay?

ALISON

Why? Why don't you want to.

He struggles. Then mumbles -

DARYL

Because. I've done things.

ALISON

What things?

DARYL

Things.

ALISON

What things?

DARYL

I think you'll be cross.

(ALISON reaches to put her side light on)

Don't put the light on. Do you mind?

ALISON

What is it you've you done, love?

DARYL

I don't want to upset you.

ALISON

You know you can tell me anything. I've always said that. Haven't I? I've always said if you tell me the truth, I'll never be cross. About anything.

DARYL

Yeah.

ALISON

Well then.

DARYL

I -

He struggles.

ALISON

Have you hurt someone?

DARYL

Yeah.

ALISON

With your car.

DARYL

No.

ALISON

Is it...?

(she hardly dare say it)

Is it to do with those women?

Silence.

DARYL

Why y'saying that?

ALISON

Is it?

DARYL

Why y'saying that?

ALISON

Because. I'd wondered.

DARYL

Had you? When?

ALISON

A while back.

DARYL

Why didn't you tell me?

ALISON

Because... I don't know.

Silence.

DARYL

If it was. Would you tell the  
police?

ALISON's stunned: that is a confirmation.

ALISON

W[ell] -  
(struggling for the next  
line, the next thought)  
Would you want me to?

DARYL

No. I just... I don't know what I'd  
do. If they're came looking. For  
me. The thing is. They've got my  
DNA now. Cos o' that fight. Other  
day. And I'd not get far. If I set  
off. So I don't know what I'd do.

ALISON

(she hardly dare ask)  
Why? Why did you? *Did* you?

DARYL

(it's not something he can  
talk about. It's private.  
It's something he can't  
really articulate)  
It's... what I do.

ALISON

Why though?

DARYL

I don't know.

She knows there's no point pushing him for more.

ALISON

We've had a funny life, haven't we  
lad?

DARYL

Are you cross?

ALISON

I don't know what I am.

DARYL

I'm sorry.

ALISON

Come here.  
(he sits on the bed, she  
hugs him. Obviously,  
she's bewildered)  
What a silly thing to do.

CUT TO:

56 INT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM, KITCHEN/DINING ROOM. NIGHT 15. 56  
02.45

ALISON and DARYL have come downstairs in their pyjamas. They're sipping tea. They both look as pale and shell shocked as each other.

DARYL  
What y'thinking?

ALISON  
I don't know. I'm wondering if there's a way forward. If we managed to get rid of that car. But then there'd be a thousand and one other things to think about. Are you sure it was you?

That sounds like an odd question to DARYL. He just nods.

ALISON (CONT'D)  
I wonder why anybody'd want to do something like that? To another person.

DARYL studies his hands.

DARYL  
I don't know.

ALISON  
Did someone tell you to do it?

DARYL  
No.

ALISON  
Voices?

DARYL  
No.

ALISON  
Sometimes people hear voices. Telling 'em to do stuff.

DARYL  
No.

ALISON  
Okay.

DARYL  
You'll visit me. Won't you? In prison.

ALISON wells up. She doesn't want DARYL to go to prison. She knows he wouldn't last five minutes in prison.

ALISON

I don't think you'd like prison.

DARYL

No. But. If you can't think of anything. It's what'll happen.

ALISON

I'll lose the farm.

DARYL

Why?

ALISON

I shan't be able to do it all on my own. And there's nobody'd come and help me. Not after something like this.

DARYL

(he wells up)

Somebody might.

ALISON

Unless we can think of something else.

She checks her watch.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, BACK YARD. DAY 16. 07.45

57

7.45am. Establishing shot: morning.

CUT TO:

58 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 16. 07.46

58

DANIEL's dressed for work, eating breakfast. CATHERINE's dressed for work and is busy making RYAN's packed lunch. CLARE's just got down stairs.

CATHERINE

How's Neil?

CLARE

He's gone to work.

CATHERINE

Good.

CLARE

Half past six this morning.

CATHERINE

Good.

DANIEL

Ey, have you run your theory past  
Clare, mum?

CLARE and CATHERINE both panic; they think it's to do with  
NEIL.

CLARE

What theory?

CATHERINE

Which?

DANIEL (CONT'D)

That woman on your phone.

CATHERINE

Oh! Yeah. Do you remember. A couple  
of weeks ago. That new Miss  
Wealand. Whelan. Whatever her name  
is. Asking Ryan questions. About  
his dad.

CLARE

Yeah.

CATHERINE

Daniel reckons it's always when he  
comes home from school he starts  
asking questions about him.

CLARE

Is it?

CATHERINE

Have you met her?

CLARE

Yeah, I told you I had.

CATHERINE gets her phone out and shows CLARE the footage she  
took from the CCTV in the toy shop. CLARE peers at it. It's  
very indistinct.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Where's your glasses?

(CATHERINE finds her  
reading glasses and gives  
them to CLARE. Eventually  
- )

Isn't that a lad?

CATHERINE

No. It's a woman. The man in the  
shop said.

(CLARE's peering at it.  
She plays it again)

What you thinking?

CLARE

I'm thinking...

Long silence as CLARE continues to peer at it.

CATHERINE

What?

CLARE

It's her.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. DAY 16. 07.50

59

Everything seems so normal in the yard at Far Sunderland. The front door is ajar.

CUT TO:

60 INT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM, KITCHEN/DINING ROOM. DAY 16. 07.51

60

ALISON puts a plate of bacon and eggs down in front of DARYL. She's made tea and toast.

DARYL

This is nice.

ALISON

I've got a plan.

DARYL

Have you?

ALISON

You've always wanted to go to America. Haven't you?

DARYL

How we going to afford that?

ALISON

I've got some money. Put by. Quite a bit.

DARYL

How much?

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)



ALISON

Coupla thousand. We've got our passports. We'll call a taxi. And then get a train. To Manchester. Then get on an aeroplane. And they might catch up with us eventually - I think they very probably would - but... you'd have done something. We'd have seen something of the world. We'd have had an adventure. Wouldn't we?

DARYL

Las Vegas?

ALISON

Is that what you'd like?

DARYL

Nevada. The desert. Duke and Gonzo, we could hire a car.

ALISON

Okay.

She gets up and goes into the next room.

DARYL

Seriously?

ALISON

What else would you like? To do. To see.

DARYL

Florida.

ALISON

Yeah.

DARYL

California.

ALISON

San Francisco.

DARYL

Who'll feed the sheep?

ALISON

I'll ask me sister.

(in the next room, ALISON has prepared an old shot gun. She picks it up carefully)

You can cycle across the Golden Gate bridge, you can hire bicycles, I saw it on travel programme.

DARYL

Will she do that?

ALISON

Yeah. If I pay her. Then you get  
the ferry back. Past Alacatraz.

(ALISON comes back into  
the room, behind DARYL.

She points the gun as  
steadily as she can at  
the back of his head. He  
remains oblivious)

We won't go there.

DARYL

Can we go to Disneyland?

ALISON

Course we can love.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. DAY 16. 07.52

61

Gun shot.

***END OF EPISODE FIVE***