

1

EXT. MODERN ESTATE/GEMMA'S HOUSE. DAY ONE - NIGHT

1

Evening on a modern estate. Sleepy. Suburban. Safe.

We cross the sodium lit street, move towards one of the houses, it's neat and perfect, head up the garden path, creep up the wall and peer in through the window of the kitchen where -

2

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/KITCHEN. DAY ONE - NIGHT

2

- GEMMA, (22) prepares dinner. She reads from a cookery book. There's a deliberateness, a precision about the way she lays out the ingredients - careful to get things right, double checking the amounts -

We catch glimpses of the kitchen, immaculate.

Pull back to reveal that Gemma's pregnant. About five months. Not a whale but a definite bump - neat, controlled - like everything about her. This is a young woman who's created her own doll's house - a carefully constructed domestic sanctuary - something she's never had before.

We hear a key in the door. Gemma looks up - an immediate, genuine smile. He's home!

JUMP CUT TO:

3

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/KITCHEN. DAY ONE - NIGHT

3

And there he is, STEVE, Gemma's husband coming through the front door. Attractive, animated.

STEVE

Hey you!

Gemma smiles. A loved up, married couple who are still pleased to see each other.

GEMMA

Hey...

STEVE

Good day?

Gemma nods, another smile. Meanwhile Steve puts down his bag, pulls out a carrier. A present. Gemma face lights up.

GEMMA

Steve...

She takes the carrier, pulls out a brand new baby bag - wipe clean, little elephants on it.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Look inside.

Gemma unzips the bag, inside it, a piece of paper, a hand-written note, it reads - 'GIVE UP YOUR JOB - I WILL LOOK AFTER YOU FOR-EVER.' Gemma smiles - clearly an ongoing conversation -

STEVE (CONT'D)

Why wait? Do it now. Write the letter.

He looks at her, playfully -

STEVE (CONT'D)

Full time mum, feet up on the sofa...

Gemma beams - this is the dream, then -

GEMMA

(teasing)

You'll get bored of me.

STEVE

You're right...

He moves in as they kiss, laugh.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Look at me, look how I bored I am.

Kissing behind her ear now, her neck, whispering.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Bored, bored, bored.

- something curiously old fashioned about them. Gemma, young, pure, unsullied. Steve, handsome, protective. He pulls her closer -

STEVE (CONT'D)

(joking)

Told you, stick with me, I'm your dream ticket...

GEMMA

(laughing)

Is that right?

STEVE

That's right...

(then, kissing her neck)

The full...package.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

Their playful passion escalating, they're kissing in front of the sink now. The night sky dark behind them, through the window.

Suddenly Gemma notices something on Steve's face -

GEMMA

What's that?

STEVE

What?

GEMMA

That? Red...there...what is it?

We see it, a red mark, right on Steve's forehead, Gemma tries to brush it off. It jumps a little, an inch to the right, but doesn't wipe off. It's not a mark, some kind of light.

And now Gemma's got one on her forehead, right between the eyes -

On Steve, he glances at Gemma; a split second beat of confusion, incomprehension - but before they can even move, breathe -

- CRASH, the sound of splintering wood and we go tight on Gemma as -

CUT TO:

4

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - PLAY AS CONT. (DAY ONE - NIGHT)

- the shock and chaos hits. First the sound of heavy footsteps in the hall, then the SHOUTING, over and over - we hear them before we see them -

COPS (O.C.)

ARMED POLICE! ARMED POLICE!

Gemma turns to Steve - fear, bewilderment -

COPS (CONT'D)

ARMED POLICE!

- but they're already crashing into the kitchen, ARMED, MASKED COPS. Six, seven of them, CO19, hardcore, military headgear, MP5 submachine guns drawn, stormtroopers -

GEMMA

What are you doing? It's
the...wrong house! You've got the
wrong house!

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

They grab Steve - Gemma's husband, the man she loves more than anything in the world - pin him to the floor, a gun to his head. Suddenly we realise that Gemma's screaming - pure terror - but we can barely hear her above the shouting -

COP
HANDS BEHIND YOUR BACK! BEHIND
YOUR BACK!

- they're trussing Steve with cable ties, forcing him to his feet. All happening too fast, too loud, too frightening to make sense.

Gemma goes to grab him, to help him, but now they're shouting at her -

COP (CONT'D)
(to Gemma)
DON'T MOVE!

The guns are drawn on Gemma now, she screams again at Steve -

GEMMA
STEVE! STEVE!

COP
DON'T TALK TO HIM!

All the time, fear and shock - but before Gemma can move, Steve is dragged out the room. He shouts, a desperate last call to Gemma -

STEVE
GEMMA!

And then he's gone. Steve, the armed police, the noise suddenly over.

Hold on Gemma, her utter shock and incomprehension - the baby bag with its little elephants still on the table - a brief almost surreal moment of stillness - did that really happen?

CUT TO:

END OF PRE CREDIT SEQUENCE

5

GEMMA'S HOUSE/BEDROOM. DAY ONE - NIGHT

5

Seconds later. On Gemma, shaking, stunned, as she stares at the female officer.

FEMALE OFFICER
I'm going to search you now. So
have you got anything on you that
could harm me or yourself?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

GEMMA

What? No...no...please, where's
Steve? Where have you taken him?

As the officer starts patting her down.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

He has to...he's...

The policewoman doesn't respond, instead starts looking through Gemma's hair.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

You've made a mistake...

She's spinning out, physical control beginning to desert her, shivering -

The policewoman looks at her, without sympathy, Gemma is a threat, someone to distrust -

She picks Gemma's clothes off a chair, feels them, checks the pockets, as we move closer on Gemma, distress all over her face. Then, suddenly, a physical urge, overwhelming -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I need the toilet. Please...

FEMALE OFFICER

Hang on...

GEMMA

I have to go. Now! I'm sorry...

As Gemma bolts from the room, the policewoman makes a grab for her but Gemma's too fast, too desperate.

We follow her out into the hall as she bursts into -

6

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - PLAY AS CONT. (DAY ONE - NIGHT)

- the bathroom, sinks down on to the toilet, begins to piss.

Looks up to see the female officer has followed her in.

Gemma meets her eyes - we feel it, her overwhelming humiliation.

GEMMA

Can you...can you close the door?

The female officer just stares at Gemma, suspicious.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

GEMMA (CONT'D)

(harder)

What are you staring at? Close the door!

The police officer doesn't move. CLOSE on Gemma now, still urinating, everything painfully amplified - the noise of her pee on the bowl, her legs shaking, feet tapping uncontrollably on the lino.

Unlike the rest of the house, the bathroom still undergoing renovations...exposed pipes, tiling half finished.

And still the officer watches her. As Gemma wipes herself, stands up, flushes the toilet.

She moves towards the sink, going through the motions. Pumps the liquid soap, turns on the tap, washes her hands carefully, rinsing, drying them.

In the bathroom mirror, she catches sight of herself. Stops. There's a blankness in her eyes, the shock almost too much to register. Behind her, in the reflection, the police woman still watching.

Then -

FEMALE OFFICER

Gemma?

Gemma turns -

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

Gemma doesn't reply, instead takes a little pink sparkling brush from the side of the sink and begins to brush her hair. Up and down, smoothing the stray hairs away from her face, making it as neat, as nice as she can.

Then she turns back to the police woman. Nods.

JUMP CUT TO:

7

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM. DAY ONE - NIGHT

7

Minutes later, Gemma's contained in the dining room as the policewoman hands her over to DS DAVID HUNTER, Murder Squad.

In the background a TROJAN DOG enters. Gemma flinches -

DAVID

Gemma, I'm David Hunter, I'm one of the detectives.

Lots of eye contact, gentle manner -

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

DAVID (CONT'D)

I know this must be very confusing
for you...

Confusion doesn't even come close. A sense of complete
dislocation on Gemma's face.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Gemma, look at me. I need to ask
you if you know if there are any
firearms or illegal drugs in your
house?

GEMMA

What?

DAVID

Any weapons, apart from the kitchen
knives?

Gemma stares at DAVID, wide-eyed, almost laughing -

JUMP CUT TO:

7A

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE / HALLWAY. DAY ONE - NIGHT

7A

A series of QUICK CUTS: PLAIN CLOTHES COPS pulling on plastic
gloves, bagging up Steve's phone, clothes -

They're picking over the intimacies of Gemma and Steve's
life, looking through their post, removing her address book,
emptying out her handbag.

JUMP CUT TO:

7B

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/BATHROOM. DAY ONE - NIGHT

7B

In the bathroom, a police officer takes the toilet apart,
peers in the cistern, a pipe is carelessly knocked, begins to
DRIP - whilst back on the landing -

7C

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE / LANDING. DAY ONE - NIGHT

7C

- another cop heads up into the attic.

Over which David's questions continue - as we INTERCUT with
Gemma's bewilderment -

7D

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM. DAY ONE - NIGHT

7D

DAVID

Can you tell me where Steve was on
Thursday?

(CONTINUED)

Distressed Gemma reaches out as a COP knocks over a framed WEDDING PHOTO, picks it up.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Thursday? Where was Steve?

She suddenly snaps to, as if this was the most ridiculous question -

GEMMA
Work.

DAVID
Sure about that? What time did he leave?

Gemma stares.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What did he wear to work that day?
What shoes?

Cut to an officer bagging up Steve's TRAINERS. Move closer and closer on Gemma. Utter confusion. Small voice as she looks towards another DETECTIVE who has emptied a rubbish bin and is putting it back under a table.

GEMMA
That...that doesn't go there...

DAVID
We need your phone.

GEMMA
You've already taken it...

Points to a detective who's wrapping up her home phone.

DAVID
Have you got a mobile?

JUMP CUT TO:

Seconds later. Gemma distraught as her mobile phone disappears into an evidence bag, as -

DAVID (O.C) (CONT'D)
Gemma, we found a body.

His voice almost distorting, from a distance. Too much information - overload -

DAVID (CONT'D)
A young man's body in a pub car park and it appears they can put Steve at the scene....

(CONTINUED)

Gemma's shaking her head, almost smiling. A child out of her depth. Disconcerting.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Where does Steve keep his gun?

GEMMA
He sells drinks. Soft drinks.

Looks at him - *what is he talking about?*

DAVID
Where does he hide it?

Gemma simply stares at David. He's harder now, bit more pressure.

DAVID (CONT'D)
We will find it, Gemma. So if you want to help Steve, you need to tell us anything you know...

Then Gemma snaps. Clear. Defiant. Truthful.

GEMMA
I. Don't. Know. Anything.

Stay on Gemma - as she looks around, her pristine little house, her sanctuary, opened up, defiled.

CUT TO:

8

INT. COURT CORRIDOR. DAY TWO - DAY

8

A long corridor, the magistrates court. From a distance, we pick out Gemma, sat alone on a wooden bench. We move towards her, slowly, slowly.

Around her - an impressionist blur of people passing by: solicitors, police officers, court officials, clients. Almost a dream-scape - the wrong end of the telescope, the bottom of the sea -

We catch glimpses of dialogue - muffled, through the walls -

CPS LAWYER
...strong circumstantial evidence...

SOLICITOR
...good character...

CPS LAWYER
...danger to the public...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

But it's just words, too faded, too far away to make any sense.

Then, almost a tilting, a sense of drowning as the Judge makes his verdict -

JUDGE

...the bail application is denied,
the defendant is to be remanded in
custody.

On Gemma, a flash of utter bewilderment as the words and images bleed away -

CUT TO:

9

INT. COURT CORRIDOR. DAY TWO - DAY

9

Time has elapsed. On Gemma, lost and alone still in the empty corridor. Ahead of her, a lone CLEANER, an old lady, afro-Caribbean, dragging a mop. They meet eyes, then -

CLEANER

"I, the Lord, have called you in
righteousness; I will hold...your
hand. I will...open eyes that are
blind..."

PLAY AS
CONTINUOUS:

10

EXT. HMP HIGHCROSS. DAY THREE - DAY

10

CLEANER (V.O.)

...free captives from prison and
release from the dungeon those who
sit in darkness."

On Gemma's POV as she looks up at the high stone wall, the barbed wire. A sudden shocking beat of reality. This is it. A prison. HMP Highcross.

As we pull back we get a sense of scale, of contrast. Gemma, small and soft against the harsh, stone exterior.

Amongst the visitors, an air of excitement:

SINGLE MUMS as they get off the bus, juggling buggies and TODDLERS, extended BLACK FAMILIES, all dressed up as if heading for Church and then there's a woman -

- **FRANCESCA**, (39) who speeds towards the prison in her Mercedes SLK 200 convertible.

(CONTINUED)

Her car is sleek, sexy, all cream and black leather and Francesca's own immaculate appearance is equally classy. But what you notice most is her attitude - been there, done that, seen it all before.

We cut to Gemma and we stay with her, experiencing it all for the first time, not sure where she's going.

She passes an old Volvo, inside another woman, **HARRIET**, (48), sits in the driver's seat, stares up at the razor wire. Beside her, fast asleep, COCO her aged chocolate labrador snoozes on the passenger seat.

Gemma knocks on the glass, Harriet lets down the window -

GEMMA

'Scuse me, I'm looking for the visitors' centre?

Harriet stares straight through her. Then, louder -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

The visitors centre? Am I going (the right way?)

Before she can finish, Harriet does up the window. On Gemma, fear and confusion in equal measure.

CUT TO:

A busy no-nonsense space - the visitors centre run by the charity, Partners of Prisoners and Families Support Group (POPS): front desk manned by smiling **KANEEZ**, (33), the POPS woman, small red lockers down the side of one wall, queues of VISITORS, weak tea, chirpy VOLUNTEERS -

- and in the doorway, Gemma, almost too frightened to cross the threshold.

We follow her gaze to the desk, where **LOU**, (20) a pretty, no-nonsense young mum checks in with her son, **MASON**, (5), who's looking big eyed, thumb in mouth, chubby fingers clutching his cuddly polar bear.

KANEEZ

And this must be Mason? Heard all about you, young man. Your dad'll be pleased to see you.

(hands Lou a locker key)

There you go, love.

Stay on Lou and Mason as they cross to the locker, begin to put their possessions in. Mason panics as Lou takes his cuddly off him -

(CONTINUED)

MASON

I don't want him to be locked up...

LOU

He'll be fine. Mr Poley's a brave bear.

Lou drops to Mason's eye-level, soothing, soft as she spins him a story.

LOU (CONT'D)

Look out the window, Mase, see those big stone walls, that's the palace. A football stadium, for United...

Mason looks out of the window, at the looming stone walls, eyes widening.

LOU (CONT'D)

Better than Bramhall Lane, even bigger than Wembley. And your dad is helping to build it. Isn't that great? That they chose Daddy?

MASON

Yeah.

He smiles, proud and she nods, ruffles his hair.

LOU

That's right. But remember what I said, we don't tell anyone. Micky Adams wants it to be a big, big secret.

Back to Gemma, watching, wanting to be sucked into Lou's fantasy. She snaps back to reality as she reaches the desk. Kaneez looks up - immediately sensitive to Gemma's situation -

KANEEZ

First time?

A barely perceptible nod from Gemma. Kaneez looks down at her printed list.

KANEEZ (CONT'D)

And who are you here to see, love?

GEMMA

Steven Ridley.

She hands over her ID - nervous, over prepared.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I've got my ID. Is this...okay? It said I could use my (passport...)

(CONTINUED)

KANEEZ
(cuts in, soothing)
It's fine.
(ticks a name off the
list, hands her a key)
Right, that's for your locker, you
have to put everything in, coat,
mobile, bag, jewelry...

Gemma's fingers instinctively go to her wedding ring, Kaneez
notices, smiles -

KANEEZ (CONT'D)
You can keep that one on.
(then)
Have you got any change?

GEMMA
Sorry?

KANEEZ
For the snack bar. You can buy
stuff in the hall but he has to eat
it in there, he's not allowed to
take it back to his cell.

GEMMA
Oh. Right.

She opens her bag, pulls a fiver, her last note, out of her
purse. As Kaneez exchanges it for coins, she notices Gemma's
hands are shaking.

KANEEZ
You'll feel better once you've seen
him.
(then)
Right, now you have to register for
the biometric security.

She might as well be talking Greek. Francesca's in the
background, applying her make up, leaning into the locker.
She nods at Gemma -

FRANCESCA
Thumb scan. They can't get enough
of the big words here, makes them
feel important.

KANEEZ
She loves us really.

As Francesca and Kaneez smile playfully at each other, Gemma
stares at them in incomprehension: laughter in this place?

And we stay on Gemma as she moves towards her locker. She glances again at Francesca, who's now bending down, changing her shoes.

Off with the flat pumps and on with a skyscraper pair of Jimmy Choos. Unbelievable.

In the background, another POPS WORKER (DEBBIE) calls out -

POPS WORKER (V.O.)
Numbers one to twenty five please.

CUT TO:

11A

EXT. HMP HIGHCROSS/VISITORS ENTRANCE. DAY THREE - DAY

11A

Stay on Gemma as she walks out of the visitors centre towards the actual prison.

Not really a queue, more a disorderly group, moving in the same direction. Other visitors around her, relaxed, casual - some sneaking a last fag, kids playing, laughing.

Close on Gemma as she reaches the Visitors Entrance and is swallowed up by the building.

CUT TO:

12

INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/SECURITY. DAY THREE - DAY

12

QUICK CUTS of the grainy black and white images from the prison cameras as Gemma goes through the security procedures:

- being frisked, guards looking under her tongue, metal detectors.

We ENTER THE IMAGE. Move closer on Gemma. She flinches as brutish, big-knuckled hands pat her down, brushing her pregnant stomach, intimidating, invasive.

She jumps as a loud, brutish SHOUT echoes down the line -

SENIOR SECURITY OFFICE
COME ON!

- turns to see a thick necked jobsworth OFFICER, moving the queue along. As Francesca and Lou raise their eyes and Mason look tearful - we hold on Gemma, appalled -

CUT TO:

13

EXT. HMP HIGHCROSS/INNER COURTYARD. DAY THREE - DAY

13

On Gemma, at the back of the group of visitors as they are escorted down a metal staircase, across the sterile area. She looks up at the very high walls, the barbed wire.

We hear a noise coming from the residential wings, muffled, threatening, prisoners CALLING from their cells. Gemma flinches.

In front of her, Mason clinging to Lou; Francesca, at the head, clip clopping across the tarmac in her stupendously high heels.

JUMP CUT TO:

14

INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/HOLDING AREA. DAY THREE - DAY

14

Visitors crammed, almost herded, into a bleak, anonymous space, as they wait to go through to the Visits Hall.

Gemma looks around at the other visitors - Francesca flicking her hair, Lou smiling bravely at Mason. But our focus is Gemma - as she tries to make herself small, not make eye contact but we see the fear in her eyes - and so does Francesca. She turns, a beat of empathy -

FRANCESCA

It gets easier.

Gemma shrinks back, can't respond.

Stay on Gemma and the quiet tension, until -

JUMP CUT TO:

15

INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/VISITS HALL. DAY THREE - DAY

15

Whoosh! Into the sudden NOISE and BURR of the Visits Hall.

Gemma sits alone, waiting for Steve. We see what she sees - the tables, the other visitors, PRISONERS in coloured bibs beginning to file in, refreshment hatch in the corner. All the time, a surprisingly cheerful buzz of conversation as toddlers are bounced on knees and men shake hands across tables.

A squeal of delight from Mason as he spots his dad and Lou's husband, SEAN (22).

MASON

Daddy! Daddy!

Throws himself into his dad's arms.

(CONTINUED)

Cut back to Gemma with rising tension - where is he? Where's Steve? Looks around again, the details jarring - the chairs bolted on to the floor, the constant JANGLE of the staff's key chains. In the corner, an incongruously chirpy sign reads:

HMP HIGHCROSS - WE HOPE YOU HAVE AN ENJOYABLE VISIT.

And then, at last, she sees him - Steve. He walks towards her, looks straight at her, tries to smile, fails. He looks grey, the colour of the concrete walls -

Close on Gemma, an instant visceral punch to the guts at the sight of him -

He reaches out towards her. She begins to tremble, cry, can't stop, a sudden, instant outpouring.

She's shaking her head, breathing hard, trying to keep control and still the tears flow, streaming down her face. Gradually, slowly, they move towards the chairs, sit, knees touching, without breaking eye contact.

CLOSE on them as Gemma reaches out, takes Steve's face in her hands. She strokes his skin. Tender...wretched. Then, she whispers -

GEMMA

Tell me this is a mistake...

STEVE

You know it is...

Disintegrate into tears again.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Gem...please...please...

Hold on them until it's almost too painful to watch.

JUMP CUT:

Minutes later, Gemma glances around the visits hall. Busy, noisy. No interaction between the tables, prisoners and visitors engaged in their own groups.

We follow her gaze, there, a few tables down, Lou and Mason sit across from Sean, with his cheeky face, big mechanics hands. They all have a piece of cake from the snack bar in front of them. Almost a tea party - except they're in prison. Sean's looking proudly at Mason -

SEAN

Can't believe the size of him! My little man! I have missed you so much...

(CONTINUED)

Mason whispers in Lou's ear.

SEAN (CONT'D)
What's he saying?

MASON
Cuddle Monster! I want the Cuddle
Monster!

SEAN
(soft, tender)
I can't, Mase. I've got to stay in
my seat...

MASON
I want to sit on your lap, Daddy...

LOU
Hey come on, remember what I said,
funny rules in here...

SEAN
Your mum's right. Like musical
chairs...

Mason looks on the point of tears. Lou's tense, looks
around, tries to distract him -

LOU
Look, there's a nice lady over
there. Why don't you go and have a
play?

Follow Lou's gaze, over in the corner, a kids' play area, a
VOLUNTEER, few tatty board games, lot of cutting and
sticking.

SEAN
Draw us one of your pictures of
Ched Evans?

MASON
With glitter?

SEAN
Shinier the better. Go on...

Mason looks over, clearly tempted, then wimps out, snuggles
in to Lou. Stay on Sean and Lou, bit frustrated - hard to
talk with Mason there -

LOU
See, this is why I haven't brought
him.

SEAN

(under his breath)

Well maybe we should tell (him)...

LOU

No.

They share a look, a hint of conflict. Then, softer -

LOU (CONT'D)

He'll be right.

SEAN

What about you? Still coping?

Gives her a searching look, then -

LOU

Course.

They share another loaded look - some secret here. Then Lou looks away, can't keep eye contact as Mason interrupts -

MASON

Why you wearing that?

Points at Sean's bib. Sean and Lou share another tense look, then, a lie -

SEAN

Playing five-a-side after this.

I'm on orange team.

LOU

(brightly)

That's right. You wear them for PE, don't you Mase?

Mason nods placated. But we feel the strain from Sean and Lou. Tricky.

As we cut back to Gemma and Steve, their hands still clinging to each other across the table.

Gemma's tear-stained - trying desperately to make sense of it -

GEMMA

This man they say they...can put you at the scene? What does that mean?

STEVE

I don't know.

GEMMA

Do you know him? Do you know who
they're talking about?

STEVE

Gem...I swear...I don't know
anything...

GEMMA

What did the solicitor say?

STEVE

They'll set a trial date...then
it'll...it'll get thrown out...

Steve's crumbling, visibly distressed -

GEMMA

But that's good, isn't it?
They'll fix it. Sort it out?

STEVE

Gem...this is a nightmare.

Whispers shakily, tearfully -

STEVE (CONT'D)

They've got the wrong man...

GEMMA

I know...course I know. How could
anyone think...look at you! You
wouldn't dare!

Smiling at him, trying to cajole him, joke, be strong -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I'd kill you if you'd killed
someone.

And they smile. Weak but still a smile.

JUMP CUT:

Again, Gemma looks around - at a corner table, Francesca
chats to her husband, PAUL, (42) a bullet headed gangster
type, big personality, utterly comfortable in prison.

We look closer at Francesca, she's a life time away from her
Rotherham roots: a natural blonde, with a carefully
constructed class and confidence - expensive wrapping -

PAUL

Looking good Frannie.

FRANCESCA

Like them?

(CONTINUED)

She extends her legs, shows off her shoes.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
Fuck Me Stilettos.

PAUL
Would if I could Babes. You know
that.

He grins. Dirty. Sexy. Then -

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hey, listen. I spoke to Nick. He
said he could sort out that head
gasket for you. Saturday.

FRANCESCA
I can't Saturday. Matt's got his
football tournament. I told you, I
need the car this weekend.

PAUL
Shit. Alright. I'll ring him.
You just be careful you don't
overheat.

Francesca leans back, deliberately exposes a bit of bosom -
suggestive -

FRANCESCA
Can't guarantee that!

They smile. All jokes with these two. Meanwhile Paul nods
at a nearby PRISONER.

PAUL
New lad on my wing, used to commis
at the Criterion.

FRANCESCA
No lumps in the custard then?

PAUL
Custard? Creme brulee when he's on
kitchen...

Playful, his eyes roaming approvingly over Francesca's face.
She smiles back.

PAUL (CONT'D)
So how did Matt do in his Mocks?
You heard anything yet?

FRANCESCA
He got a A in English, Maths, a B
in history. Physics results by
Friday.

PAUL

Well you check his grade. Don't want his science slipping...

FRANCESCA

I will. I'm all over it.

They look at each other, proud but there's a hint of the strain...the sacrifice. Francesca tries to lighten the mood.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

(whispers seductively)

Oh, before I forget, I've got you a little treat.

Cut back to Gemma as she watches amazed as Francesca slowly unzips the front of her dress from the bottom up, flashes Paul the results of a recent bikini wax.

We're behind Francesca, so no full frontal but a guard gets an eyeful, blushes like a beetroot. Paul's chuffed to bits.

But the humiliated prison guard has had enough, approaches Francesca.

VISITS HALL GUARD

Right, that's enough. You. Out.

FRANCESCA

Oh! I think I'm being invited to leave?

(THEN, ENJOYING HERSELF)

One moment, officer.

She leans forward, kisses Paul full on the mouth. People nearby are starting to look and then slowly, without any urgency Francesca pulls down the zip.

As she allows herself to be led away, the remaining prison officers smile. But there's a hint on Francesca's face, the cost, it's an act - she's not enjoying it as much as everyone else -

- and we cut to incredulous Gemma as she turns to Steve -

GEMMA

You'd better get out of here 'cos I am never doing that!

A beat as she rubs her finger along his arm, then quietly -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I had to lie to work. Told them I had the flu.

She looks at him, uncomfortable at the memory.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

I'm sorry...

GEMMA

Have you told your mum and dad?
Do you want me to?

STEVE

No, no I'll do it. Y'know what my
mum's like.

Gemma nods. Pause. She looks around her, the BACKGROUND NOISE
loud and intrusive.

GEMMA

So noisy.

STEVE

Like this all the time. Even on the
wing.

GEMMA

So are you...are you sharing a
room?

STEVE

(almost amused)

It's called a cell, Gem.

GEMMA

Sorry. Cell.

She looks so innocent. He's tender, playful, trying
desperately to cheer her up -

STEVE

It's alright. You don't have to
worry. He's not my type.

GEMMA

What?

STEVE

My cell mate. Arsonist.

Gemma eyes widen. Then -

STEVE (CONT'D)

Burnt down a pub in Huddersfield.

Gemma tries a little joke -

GEMMA

Don't let him smoke in bed.

Despite everything, they smile. We feel it, their warmth,
their comfort in being together.

(CONTINUED)

GEMMA (CONT'D)
What's the food like?

STEVE
(with a grin)
Better than yours.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Only joking.

GEMMA
No you're not.

STEVE
No I'm not.

Another smile - clearly familiar shtick. As we hear in the background -

VISITS HALL GUARD
Ladies and gentlemen, time's up.

A painful look between them.

Then there's a sudden disturbance across the hall, as a group of prison officers swoop in on a table, pull a protesting VISITOR to his feet, drag him out of the hall - a drugs bust. A violent energy in the room.

Stay on startled Gemma and Steve as they glance over at the altercation. Intimidating, frightening. They look at each other and we sense their disorientation - *how the hell did they end up in here?*

CUT TO:

BANG! BANG! BANG! The plastic figure of Ben 10 fills the frame as he bashes against the red metal door.

LOU (O.C.)
Mason! Stop it!

We pull back to reveal everyone at the lockers, like the end of school. Gemma next to Lou and Mason - as the young lad bashes his action figure up and down the clanging doors.

Gemma flinches at the noise.

LOU (CONT'D)
You're annoying the lady...

Apologetic smile at Gemma. Mason suddenly stares at Gemma. Lou's embarrassed -

(CONTINUED)

LOU (CONT'D)
 Stop staring! It's rude!
 (then, to Gemma)
 Sorry. First time, he's a bit
 freaked out...

On Gemma, not listening, not even registering Lou and Mason's presence. Utterly alone.

We stay on Gemma as she heads out -

EXT. HMP HIGHCROSS. PLAY AS CONTINUOUS (DAY THREE - DAY) 17

- of the visitors centre, past the small group of visitors already waiting for the next visit, heads for the bus stop. A massive queue snaking down the pavement.

She looks tiny, out of scale against the vast prison behind her. Suddenly she looks up -

Francesca has pulled up to the kerb beside her, Mercedes purring.

In the background, Harriet, still in her Volvo, Coco panting out of the window, watching Francesca and Gemma -

FRANCESCA
 Haven't you had enough queueing for
 one day?

Gemma looks at Francesca, at her make up, her car, a mixture of hostility and confusion - who is this woman? What does she want?

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
 Come on...

She opens the passenger door, Gemma backs away.

GEMMA
 I'll get the bus.

FRANCESCA
 To where?

Gives her a close look, then, gently -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
 Come on, get in the car.

On Gemma as she very reluctantly gets in the car. She looks around her, at the leather, the luxury, feels scruffy, out of her depth. But Francesca, glad of the company, is oblivious. She smiles at Gemma -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

It really does...

GEMMA

(hard, cuts in)

I don't want it to get easier.

(then)

My husband shouldn't be here...he
hasn't done anything wrong...

A tiny sceptical beat from Francesca, then -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

He's not like that...them...

A little bristle from Francesca.

FRANCESCA

He's on remand?

GEMMA

Yes.

FRANCESCA

So...they didn't let him out on
bail.

Gemma's confused, not following -

GEMMA

What are you saying?

On Francesca, gentle but clear - a reality check.

FRANCESCA

Someone...somewhere thinks he's
done something wrong.

She looks over at Gemma who's struggling to process this.
Then -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Seatbelt.

Gemma buckles up, in a daze.

CUT TO:

En-route. On Gemma, uncomfortable under Francesca's
scrutiny.

FRANCESCA

You've people to help...talk to?

(CONTINUED)

GEMMA
(defensive)
Yes I've got...people. Lots...of
people.

We can hear the lie in Gemma's voice.

FRANCESCA
Good, you'll need them.

Francesca can sense it - a real pulse of loneliness suddenly coming from Gemma. She gives her another look.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
And are you eating?

GEMMA
Can't.

FRANCESCA
You need to eat.

Gemma pulls her coat around her self-consciously, then looks at Francesca -

GEMMA
Your husband...

FRANCESCA
Paul.

GEMMA
How long has he been in prison?

FRANCESCA
Six years, six more to go. Long term but not a lifer...

GEMMA
What?

FRANCESCA
(mildly)
He didn't kill anyone.

On Gemma - doesn't want to hear any more.

GEMMA
Actually, can you...can you drop me here please?

An urgency from Gemma - desperate to get away.

FRANCESCA
Here?

(CONTINUED)

Francesca pulls in, parks up by the kerb. Looks around, the middle of nowhere - nondescript waste-ground -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Sure?

GEMMA

Yes. Thanks. Thank you.

Francesca takes a pen and a bit of paper out of her bag, scrawls on the back, hands it to Gemma.

FRANCESCA

My address. And that top one's my home number. You're more likely to get me on my mobile, if you need...

GEMMA

I won't...but thanks.

Takes the piece of paper reluctantly - and Gemma's off, half running, half walking across the rough ground, fighting back tears.

We stay on Francesca's POV in the rear view mirror -

She watches Gemma as she reaches the road, slips down a side alley.

A flash of concern on Francesca's face - *what's the story there?*

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE/DONNA'S HOUSE. DAY THREE - DAY

Pick up Gemma, eyes still brimming, as she hurries through a local authority estate. Big scruffy post-war houses, front gardens full of broken Fisher Price slides and smoking TEENAGERS.

Stay on Gemma as she walks up a garden path, rings the door bell. We hear the voice first, middle-aged, bit harassed -

DONNA (O.S.)

Hang on!

And then DONNA, (55) - Gemma's old foster mother - opens the door, instantly squeals with delight, throws open her arms -

DONNA (CONT'D)

Oh my god! Gemma!

Pulls Gemma to her, we see Gemma's relief - this is what she wants, to be held, hugged, supported. Donna pulls back, clocks her emotion -

(CONTINUED)

DONNA (CONT'D)
You alright?

Suddenly a noise, a shout from inside, up the stairs -

TODDLER
Auntie Donna! Auntie Donna!

DONNA
(yelling)
I'm coming! Don't touch the hot
tap...
(then, to Gemma)
Come in then.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT.DONNA'S HOUSE. DAY THREE - DAY

On Gemma as she waits for Donna. She looks around her - a domestic world away from Gemma's neat little house. Busy, messy, washing everywhere. A TODDLER glued to CBeebies, DARREN (13) doing up his trainers on the stairs, feet tapping.

As Donna comes downstairs with another TODDLER wrapped in a towel.

DONNA
Water baby this one. Live in the
bath if he could. Right, sit there
you...look, Peppa Pig!

Parks the toddler in front of the TV, does a few Peppa Pig snorts, turns to Gemma.

DONNA (CONT'D)
You alright then? What you been up
to?

On Gemma, trying to smile. Then Donna clocks her pregnant stomach -

DONNA (CONT'D)
Oh my god. You're not!

Gemma nods.

DONNA (CONT'D)
You are! How many months?

GEMMA
Five.

DONNA
Five! Lovely little bump.

(CONTINUED)

Smiling hugely at Gemma, who's struggling to hold it together. Then -

DONNA (CONT'D)

Darren! This is Gemma, one of my babies. And this...
(pats the bump)
This is...number...seven. Seven foster grand-kids. How old does that make me sound!

Then, tentatively -

DONNA (CONT'D)

You told your mum?

GEMMA

Don't know where she is.

Gives Donna a look, shrugs -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Glasgow? The moon?

Donna nods, expected that. Years of pain.

DONNA

(changing the subject)
We'll have to clear a space.

GEMMA

What?

DONNA

The Wall of Shame!

Follow Gemma's gaze. There, up on the wall, a massive display of old SCHOOL PORTRAITS. Years of foster kids, in a seemingly endless collage of polyester uniforms, toothy grins and bad skin.

We focus in on a picture of a very young Gemma, a vulnerable stare to camera.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Always like that. Used to have to give you a sweet to make you smile...

She looks at Gemma. We move close on Gemma, as she tries again -

GEMMA

Donna...

Donna's not listening, distracted by Darren who heads out.

(CONTINUED)

DONNA

(to Darren)

Hey you! Ring if you're gonna be
late.

Amused, raises her eyes at Gemma.

DONNA (CONT'D)

A.D.D. So full of ritalin, rattles
when he walks...

She stops, looks at Gemma, senses something's up -

DONNA (CONT'D)

You alright?

Gemma shakes her head -

GEMMA

Something's...something's...

She seems paralysed, words stuck in her throat, then -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

Suddenly Gemma's up on her feet, rushing across the room,
pulling the toddler's chubby fingers away from the door
frame, then -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

He nearly shut them in, I
swear...thought he was gonna lose
his fingers.

She cradles the kid -

DONNA

Little bugger...keeps doing that.

To the toddler -

DONNA (CONT'D)

Love playing with the door, don't
you? Doors and keys, little Harry
Houdini...

Donna takes the toddler out of Gemma's hands, weary,
distracted.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Right you, let's get your jammies
on.

As Donna heads for the pile of ironing, starts looking for
pyjamas -

DONNA (CONT'D)
(almost to herself)
Honestly, I wouldn't do it if I
wasn't being paid.

Stay on Gemma - not going to tell Donna now, the moment's passed.

CUT TO:

20A

EXT. FRANCESCA'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY/FRONT DOOR. DAY THREE - DAY

Hear it first, the roar of Francesca's Mercedes as she speeds up the drive, parks in front of the house, jumps out. In her hand, a bag of upmarket groceries.

We follow her to the front door, she takes out her key, pushes it opens with her hip and in -

20B

INT. FRANCESCA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS. (DAY 20B THREE - DAY)

- immediately trips over the schoolbags, dumped by the front door.

FRANCESCA
(shouting up the stairs)
Pick these up!
(then)
Dad sends his love. Tea in half an hour. Pasta - and I don't want to hear any moaning.

Out of vision, we hear the distinct noise of teenagers moaning.

Domestic. Routine.

CUT TO:

21

EXT. MODERN ESTATE/GEMMA'S HOUSE. DAY THREE - NIGHT

21

Evening. Once again we move through the modern estate. But this time, something's different. It might be the eerie dusk light but suddenly it doesn't feel quite so sleepy, suburban, safe.

We cross the sodium lit street, move towards one of the houses, head up the garden path, past the splintered door frame, creep up the wall and peer through the crack in the curtains of the living room where -

22

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS. (DAY THREE - NIGHT) 22

- Gemma sits, still with her coat on, in the gloom, a sense that she's been there for hours. She looks hollowed out.

Follow her gaze up to a shelf where she and Steve smile down from a framed wedding photo. A beach ceremony. Gemma beautiful in white, Steve handsome, tanned, under a palm tree.

She gets up, we follow her -

23

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS. (DAY THREE NIGHT) 23

- into the kitchen. As she opens the fridge, she pauses. Follow her gaze, close in on a POLICE CARD stuck on the fridge door. A business card - must have been put there during the search - DS David Hunter. Murder Squad.

A beat of stress on Gemma's face. A deep breath, then she takes out some cheese, a tomato. The fridge door BANGS shut.

She jumps.

As we INTERCUT with:

24

INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/STEVE'S CELL. DAY THREE - NIGHT

24

Steve's cell door BANGS shut. He jumps. Then looks around the small cramped space. Grey walls, photos of women on the walls, clothes hanging everywhere, the silent CELL MATE on the lower bunk.

Then a series of JUMP CUTS -

On Steve as he climbs the ladder to his top bunk.

On Gemma as she climbs the stairs, enters the bedroom.

On Steve as he lies back on his bed, stares up at the ceiling.

And as we intercut between Gemma and Steve, we should sense their thoughts are of each other. We feel it, their love, their connection -

- and the pain of separation.

Finally, we pull up, to see Gemma curled up on the bed - she looks at the space where Steve should be. Eyes wide open.

CUT TO:

24A

INT. FRANCESCA'S HOUSE/KITCHEN. DAY THREE - NIGHT

24A

Francesca sits alone at the breakfast bar, mindlessly flicking through celebrity magazines. In front of her, a wineglass and a half empty bottle of Pinot.

CUT TO:

24B

INT. LOU'S HOUSE/MASON'S BEDROOM. DAY THREE - NIGHT

24B

Lou, as she sits on Mason's bed. She leans in towards her sleeping boy, sniffs his sweet little head.

CUT TO:

24C

INT. HARRIET'S HOUSE/BEDROOM. DAY THREE - NIGHT

24C

From above, Harriet, flat on her back, rigid, like a corpse. At the end of her bed, on her feet, a brown furry lump - Coco. Harriet stares at the ceiling, eyes wide open.

CUT TO:

25

EXT. HAZELWOOD PRIMARY SCHOOL. DAY FOUR - DAY

25

Early morning. Teachers still arriving. Few eager kids spinning round in the playground. Through the Assembly Hall window, the distant strains of RECORDER PRACTICE.

JUMP CUT TO:

26

INT. HAZELWOOD PRIMARY SCHOOL/OFFICE. DAY FOUR - DAY

26

On NICKI, 45, administration assistant, round, owlish, gossipy, looks up as Gemma enters. Gemma launches in, nervously overcompensating by being a little too bright -

GEMMA

Hello! I'm back!

NICKI

Hello stranger! Weren't expecting you today.

GEMMA

I know, I should've rung...I just...I felt so much better this morning, I thought I'd come in.

See the strain on Gemma, not a good liar. Then -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I've had really, really bad flu...

(CONTINUED)

NICKI

I know. We got your message.

Gives Gemma a searching look, lowers her voice.

NICKI (CONT'D)

Not the baby, is it? Nothing's
happened?

GEMMA

No. No...the baby's fine.

NICKI

Really? I just had an awful
feeling, y'know, when you were off
like that. Not like you...

Gives Gemma another look, clearly unconvinced -

GEMMA

Really. Everything's fine. I just
had a very...very upset...tummy.

NICKI

Thought you said it was flu?

GEMMA

It was. Flu and...and vomiting
and....a fever...and...

On Nicki's face, increasingly sceptical - something's not
ringing true here - as Gemma cracks under the pressure -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

DIARRHOEA!

As appalled Nicki backs out the office, mortified Gemma turns
round to see four INFANTS, including Mason peering at her
through the office hatch.

Hold on Gemma, a beat of recognition as she stares at Mason
in horror. Mason turns away, then, as he goes -

MASON

It comes out your bum like a bullet
from a gun...diarrhoea, diarrhoea.

Stay on Gemma, dying inside as the kids head off, their
charming ditty echoes down the corridor -

INFANTS (O.S.)

I was climbing up a tree and it ran
down my knee...diarrhoea,
diarrhoea.

(CONTINUED)

The BELL rings. School's about to start. Gemma closes her eyes, then -

JUMP CUT TO:

27

INT. HAZELWOOD PRIMARY SCHOOL/OFFICE - DAY FOUR - DAY

27

- opens them, to see -

ANGRY MUM

And I want to know why he's not allowed to use his inhaler...

GEMMA

As I explained, you just need to fill in one of these forms...

ANGRY MUM

Ridiculous. He could've died.

On Gemma, struggling to cope, to act normal. But it's not stopping.

JUMP CUT TO:

27A

INT. HAZELWOOD PRIMARY SCHOOL/OFFICE, DAY FOUR - DAY

27A

Another face at the window, AMBER (5), with piles and piles of coins.

AMBER

My money for the sponsored silence...

GEMMA

Alright Amber, if you could just put it in an (envelope...)

But Amber knocks the coins and they're rolling everywhere.

AMBER

Sorry Miss...

Gemma's losing it.

GEMMA

Oh god...

AMBER

I'm really sorry...

JUMP CUT TO:

27B

INT. HAZELWOOD PRIMARY SCHOOL/OFFICE. DAY FOUR - DAY

27B

JAMIE, aged 7, cute as a button, face covered in BLOOD. Nose bleed.

JAMIE

Miss...miss I'm bleeding...

On Gemma, this is a nightmare.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I need a tissue, miss? Miss...?

Another gush of blood. Bright red. Fresh. Gemma sways.

GEMMA

Please...I can't...no...

She's spinning out - panic attack - heart racing, room swimming - the blood, the kids, the angry mums, all too much for her. She begins to cry.

JAMIE

Miss, what's the matter? Miss?

As Gemma crumbles -

JUMP CUT TO:

28

INT. HAZELWOOD PRIMARY/HEAD'S OFFICE. DAY FOUR - DAY

28

Gemma, at the snotty, sniffing stage. WILL, (42), the Head Teacher, moves towards her with the tissue box - the perfect boss, kind, solicitous -

WILL

Look, if you're ill, it's
absolutely no problem if you need
to go home. We'll call you a cab.

Gemma shakes her head.

WILL (CONT'D)

I know what it's like with 'flu.
Feel fine when you're not doing
anything but the moment you over-do
it...

But it's too much, the words tumble out -

GEMMA

My husband's been arrested.

WILL

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

Not expecting that.

GEMMA

They came to the house, took him away.

WILL

I'm sorry. That must've been a terrible...a shock....

Pause. Then -

WILL (CONT'D)

So what was he arrested for? If you don't mind me...

GEMMA

Murder.

The word hangs in the air, then -

GEMMA (CONT'D (CONT'D)

I can't even...I can't believe I'm actually saying it.

She stops, tears threatening again -

WILL

Do you...let me get you a drink.
Do you want some water or...

GEMMA

No. Thank you.

WILL

I don't know what to say
except..to...offer my...

He looks at her, concerned, shocked -

WILL (CONT'D)

I just...I can't imagine what you must be going through.

A beat, then, gently -

WILL (CONT'D)

So what...what actually happened?

GEMMA

What do you mean?

WILL

Was it a fight?

GEMMA

What?

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Was it someone Steve knew?

GEMMA

I...I don't know.

There's something else coming from Will now, a hint of excitement.

WILL

Yes, I think I might've read about it in the local paper...a shooting...point blank. Is that the one?

Gemma's looking at him in incomprehension.

WILL (CONT'D)

Father of two. I think his youngest is at Saint Bede's. Awful business.

Stops himself, glances at Gemma -

WILL (CONT'D)

For everyone.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. DAY FOUR - DAY

Gemma in the living room, as she stares at the front page of the SHEFFIELD STAR. The headline reads, 'SHOOTING - LOCAL MAN HELD IN MURDER PROBE.'

CUT TO:

INT. FRANCESCA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. DAY FOUR - DAY

Close on the photo of the victim - a twenty-something guy, smiling proudly, his arms around his two identically dressed young daughters.

Pull out to REVEAL Francesca, on the other side of town, also reading it -

CUT TO:

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. DAY FOUR - DAY

Close on Gemma, still holding the paper, eyes full of tension. She jumps as the door bell RINGS. Stay on Gemma as she goes into the hall, to answer it -

29C

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE / HALLWAY. DAY FOUR - DAY

29C

She glances at the dark shape through the glass front door, a beat of anxiety - who is it? Police again? Journalist?

She opens the door to reveal ANDY - smiling, benign type.

ANDY

Hi, Gemma...

Stares at him, numb -

GEMMA

Andy...

ANDY

(gently)

Hey come on...

GEMMA

Do you know? Steve...has he...

ANDY

He rang me. From prison.

(then)

Why don't we...go and sit down?

Gestures towards the living room. We follow them in -

29D

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM. DAY FOUR - DAY

29D

- Andy sits down - looks around - Gemma hovers, we feel her waves of anxiety -

GEMMA

I don't know what he told you but
...he...it's all a mistake...

ANDY

'Course it is.

GEMMA

Nobody will tell us anything. How long he'll be in there
or...or...when they're gonna...

Lost for words.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

Andy pulls Gemma in for a hug, holds her, soothing -

ANDY

Hey come on...

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29D

CONTINUED:

29D

ANDY (CONT'D)

Steve asked me to pop in...he's
worried about you...the little one.

Gemma nods. Trying to be brave.

GEMMA

I'm fine...I am...

ANDY

Still can't believe it, poor Steve.

GEMMA

It was like...a movie or something.
They just...burst in,
shouting...asking me about Steve's
gun? Can you believe it?

ANDY

I know. I don't know what to
say...

GEMMA

I feel sick all the time...got this
awful feeling...

ANDY

Do you want a drink or...

Then, gesturing at her pregnant stomach -

ANDY (CONT'D)

Oh god, you can't, can you?

Then -

ANDY (CONT'D)

Look Gemma, I don't know what to
say...how to make this better...all
I can do is tell you don't have to
worry about the business. Told
Steve, I'll keep everything going.
Keep it afloat while this is sorted
out.

GEMMA

Thank you.

ANDY

He's my partner. What else am I
gonna do?

Pause. Andy stands up.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Right, I'll...I'll leave you to it
then. It's okay. You stay there.

(CONTINUED)

As he reaches the door, Gemma looks up, can't help herself -

GEMMA

I told the police that Steve was at work that night...Thursday.

He looks at her. We feel Gemma's desperation, her need for reassurance -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

He was...wasn't he?

ANDY

Look, I'll tell you what I told them. Steve came to work. Picked up the van, did a delivery, came back couple of hours later...

On Gemma, she hears it in Andy's words. Non-committal. Not an alibi. Andy smiles, not unkindly -

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry, Gemma. I had to tell them the truth.

CUT TO:

30

INT. FRANCESCA'S HOUSE/KITCHEN. DAY FOUR - DAY

30

Close on a pair of perfectly manicured nails arranging biscuits on a plate. Pull back to reveal Francesca in her expensive designer kitchen.

She glances up at the clock - half past three. On cue, the sound of a key in the door, followed seconds later by the arrival of MATT, (17), in mud spattered football kit, big-built like his old man but his privately educated voice is nothing like his dad's pure Yorkshire tones.

FRANCESCA

Hello! Good day?

MATT

'King A.

FRANCESCA

Matthew...

She gives him a look, not liking the language.

MATT

Sorry ma. Ma, this is Saskia.

He stands aside to reveal SASKIA, (17) a very pretty, privileged schoolgirl and from the way she's smiling shyly at Matt - his current squeeze.

(CONTINUED)

SASKIA

Hello Mrs (Miller)...

FRANCESCA

Francesca please.

SASKIA

Oh. Okay.

She smiles, really sweet. Francesca approves.

FRANCESCA

Can I get anyone a drink?

SASKIA

Yes please.

FRANCESCA

What would you like?

SASKIA

Anything please.

MATT

(with a grin)

Might want to narrow your choices.

He opens an immense cupboard. Any drink/snack you could imagine - a teenager's dream. Meanwhile Francesca proffers the biscuits.

FRANCESCA

(joking)

And no, before you ask, they're not home made.

SASKIA

S'okay. My mum doesn't bake either.

MATT

Saskia's mum's a lawyer.

SASKIA

Human Rights.

FRANCESCA

Right.

On Francesca, not quite sure what to say. Out of her depth. Meanwhile Saskia's looking round.

SASKIA

You have a really lovely house.

FRANCESCA

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

Beaming. Back on safe ground. Meanwhile LAUREN, (13), trails into the kitchen. Even on first glance, she's visibly less confident than her brother, violin case over her shoulder - an awkward age.

Francesca smiles, the perfect mum, welcoming home the last of her brood.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

And how was your day?

As Lauren shrugs, chuck's her school gear on the floor, Francesca's smile tightens - *here we go again*. Matt and Saskia trade looks.

MATT

Wanna go upstairs?

SASKIA

Thanks for the drink
Mrs...Francesca.

As they go, Francesca turns to Lauren.

FRANCESCA

So how was Chamber?

LAUREN

Crap.

FRANCESCA

Why do you always say things like
that?

LAUREN

'Cos it's true. Everyone's been
asked to audition for County.
Everyone. 'Cept me. Might as well
just give up now.

FRANCESCA

You can't give up. You know how
your dad loves to hear you play.

Lauren gives her mum a look as if she's really, really dumb.

LAUREN

Y'know how stupid that makes you
sound?

Subject closed.

CUT TO:

31

EXT. LOU'S ESTATE. DAY FOUR - DAY

31

Close in on Lou and Mason as they begin to cross the estate, heading home, Mason burbling on about his football stickers -

MASON

Kyle said he's got two Theo
Walcotts so I can have one of his.

LOU

That's nice of him, Mase.

In the background, ESTATE LAD 1 watches them with interest from a stairwell. Young, good-looking, he begins to approach them. Lou notices him, keeps walking, talking to Mason.

LOU (CONT'D)

I was thinking dippy egg and
soldiers for tea? How would that
do you?

ESTATE LAD 1 is now right in front of Mason and Lou. It could be, *should* be almost threatening but somehow it seems that Lou's the one in control.

She stops, makes eye contact with him, and then nods almost imperceptibly at Mason who's looking at his sticker album, oblivious to the undercurrents.

It's difficult to know what's going on, what the exchange is here - something sexual maybe? An affair? Only Lou's body language is clear - not in front of the boy.

LOU (CONT'D)

Later.

The lad nods, heads off as Lou and Mason go inside.

CUT TO:

32

EXT. RURAL RAILWAY STATION. DAY FOUR - DAY

32

On Gemma as she walks out of the railway station. Rooks wheeling and calling overhead.

CUT TO:

33

INT. FRANCESCA'S HOUSE/KITCHEN DAY FOUR - DAY

33

On Francesca as she pours herself a glass of wine, looks up as Matt enters, grabs another drink -

FRANCESCA

She's lovely. So how long have you
two been seeing each other?

(CONTINUED)

MATT

Few weeks. Couple of months.

FRANCESCA

You've kept her quiet.

MATT

Yeah well, her old man's a bit
weird about her coming back here.

An anxious look at Francesca but it's too late, she's already
bristling.

FRANCESCA

Right.

Beat.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

And what does Saskia's father do?

MATT

He's a banker...

FRANCESCA

A banker? There's a surprise.

MATT

Mum, stop it....

FRANCESCA

Another morally upright citizen...

MATT

Behave.

Anxiously checking the door.

FRANCESCA

Free double standards with every
Savile Row suit....

Matt's silently imploring Francesca to stop. Francesca turns
to see Saskia coming back through the doorway - but she
simply smiles her way through any embarrassment -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Right, better go and tell Lauren to
do her violin practice.

Turn, with a bright smile to Saskia -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Help yourself to another drink!

CUT TO:

34

EXT. CARAVAN PARK. DAY FOUR - EVENING

34

Soft dusk light. We watch Gemma from a distance as she walks across the caravan park. Regimental rows and rows of little boxes on a hillside.

We can almost feel it, that real sense of bleakness and isolation of an off season holiday park. The Club House closed, shutters down; kids' playground, sad and empty.

CLOSE on Gemma as she heads towards one of the caravans. With little expectation, she tries the door, rattles the handle. Locked.

Follow her as she walks around, peers in through the window. Dark and empty.

She looks around, then bends down, picks up a large stone from the ditch under the caravan, bashes in a little side window.

Then she gingerly reaches through the smashed glass, opens the door from inside. A last glance round, then she enters -

35

INT. CARAVAN - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS (DAY FOUR - EVENING)

35

- a cluttered space, a sense it's been unused for a while. Stale air. We look closer at the details.

On the formica shelves: old paperbacks, board games, tacky knick-knacks and shell collections from summers long gone.

Everything around the cooker looks like it's come out of a doll's house, smaller teapot, tiny kettle.

Gemma sits on the bed, looks around, remembering -

Then, almost without thinking, she feels along the bed, moves across the ancient candlewick bedspread with her fingers, lifts the mattress.

And now she's started, she can't stop, searching, under the pillow, along the back of the shelves, behind the fridge.

And there's nothing to see, nothing to find, nothing to worry about. We see the tension fall away from Gemma's face...she's got this all wrong, what was she thinking! She lies back on the bed, blows out a sigh of relief...phew.

Then she sees it. The little cupboard under the sink. The door slight ajar. Odd. She opens it, sees a tin.

She pulls it out. An old Christmas biscuit tin. On the lid, a garish technicolour kitten plays with some tinsel.

Inside the tin, an oily rag and inside the oily rag -

(CONTINUED)

A GUN.

CRASH ZOOM on Gemma. Into SLOW MOTION. Oh God. No. Heart racing. Breathless. Shaking.

Her certainties crashing to the floor. Steve is part of this. Steve did this.

As Sean's Storybook Dad - a precious recording made inside prison of Sean reading Mason a bedtime story - begins to play over:

SEAN (V.O.)

....and the little monkey looked up at his mummy and daddy and smiled...

CUT TO

SEAN (V.O.)

....then they tucked him up in his jungle bed...

As they cuddle in together, Lou pulls Mason's Sheffield United duvet up under his chin as he looks at her sleepily.

On the little TV in the corner of his room, the DVD of smiling Sean the Storybook Dad, finishing the story -

CUT TO:

SEAN (V.O.)

...and the little Monkey took one last look at his favourite star and closed his eyes.'

As Francesca touches up her make-up, ready to face the world - or at least Saskia's parents. In the background, Lauren's violin plays a rising arpeggio.

CUT TO:

SEAN (V.O.)

'Night, night little Monkey, sweet dreams...'

(CONTINUED)

As Gemma, with shaking hands, wraps the gun up in its oily rag, puts it back in the tin, pushes the tin back under the sink -

SEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Tomorrow will be a brand new day.'

- leaves the caravan, heads out into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. LOU'S FLAT/MASON'S BEDROOM. DAY FOUR - EVENING

Close on Lou as she pauses the DVD, smiles at the frozen image of Sean on the screen, switches it off. Mason's already asleep, hugging his cuddly polar bear.

She switches off the main light, bends down, turns on a night light. It spins, sending shadows of moons and stars onto the ceiling.

A beat as she stands in the doorway, then she heads -

INT. LOU'S FLAT - HALLWAY/ESTATE - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS. (DAY 0 FOUR - EVENING)

- into the hall, puts on her shoes, grabs a jacket. A sense of routine, something she does most nights. Then she opens the front door.

We catch a glimpse of the dark estate and there, the lad, waiting for her, silhouetted under the street light.

For a second, Lou pauses on the doorstep, a moment's hesitation, then she heads out. We stay on her as she locks the door from the outside, Yale lock, mortise, doubly secure. And then we hear her little chant - a mantra -

LOU
Won't be long. Mummy's here.

As she walks off into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. FRANCESCA'S HOUSE/FRONT DOOR/DRIVEWAY. DAY FOUR - 41 EVENING

On Francesca opening the front door to Saskia's dad, GERALD (45). She looks incredible, dressed and primed for this meeting, Mistress of her Domain.

He's everything she imagined, banker, Savile row suit, intimidated, trying not to be.

(CONTINUED)

GERALD

I'm here to pick up Saskia. Is she ready?

FRANCESCA

Just coming. Would you like to come in?

GERALD

No thank you, I've got to...

Holds up his BlackBerry, but can't think of an excuse fast enough.

FRANCESCA

(smiles at his suit)
Pin stripes? They say they're making a come back.

GERALD

Sorry?

FRANCESCA

Your suit. Very nice.

He's chilly, no eye contact, clearly very uncomfortable.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

So was there anything in particular you wanted to know?

GERALD

I'm just here to pick up my daughter.

FRANCESCA

.... 'cos I'm sure you've heard all the rumours, surfed the internet.

Gerald looks at the ground, so Francesca continues, very matter of fact -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

My husband is serving an eighteen year sentence for drug trafficking. So you can imagine what that involved.

Pause. Little smile. Teasing him now.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Speed boats. Sawn off shot-guns. All very Ross Kemp.

GERALD

(uncomfortable)

I never said anything.

(CONTINUED)

In the background, a scooter pulls up, the rider dismounts, approaches them -

FRANCESCA

You said it with your eyes. And
the fact that you don't want to
step over my threshold...

Then -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

We are a respectable family. Not
so very different from (yours)...

The scooter rider is now at her doorstep, holding an official looking ENVELOPE. See a flash of recognition from Francesca - she knows who this is - a PROCESS SERVER.

PROCESS SERVER

Mrs Francesca Miller?

FRANCESCA

(Spanish accent)

No.

PROCESS SERVER

Are you Francesca Miller?

FRANCESCA

No. You soy el mas limpio.

Gerald looks at her, confused. *Why is she talking like that?*

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Senora Miller esta en la
peluqueria. I....am....cleaner.

The process server stares at her - heard every excuse in the book.

PROCESS SERVER

There you go.

Tries to give her the envelope. Francesca backs away like it's on fire. Gerald steps in, takes the envelope, passes it to Francesca who - without thinking - takes it from him, panics, throws it on the ground. Mental. Like Pass-the-Parcel.

PROCESS SERVER (CONT'D)

(to Gerald)

Thanks.

(then, to Francesca)

Buenas Noches.

As the guy speeds off, we stay on Francesca and Gerald. Really awkward.

(CONTINUED)

GERALD

As you were saying...?

Feel Francesca's discomfort, struggling to regain status as Saskia joins them.

SASKIA

Hi dad.

(then)

Thanks for having me, Francesca.

FRANCESCA

My pleasure.

She smiles, a big bright smile at Gerald. But as she turns, heads back towards her house, we see the effort, the strain of putting on a brave face. Her foot stepping deliberately on to the envelope on the ground.

But it's only fleeting and as she reaches her front door, Francesca's mask is back on. She smiles, calls out -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Lauren? Matt? Who's going to help me with dinner?

CUT TO:

EXT. GEMMA'S HOUSE. DAY FOUR - NIGHT

On Gemma, body brittle with tension - as she heads home. Across the street, a car, a family estate, safe and ordinary - baby seat and a booster seat in the back. A couple, we can't get a close look yet, watch her from it.

As Gemma reaches her front door. The man exits the car, then we see him. It's Will, the Head teacher, foil wrapped baking tray in his hand. He approaches Gemma on the doorstep, she's oblivious to him, lost in thoughts of the gun.

WILL

Gemma!

She turns, alarmed.

GEMMA

What?

WILL

Sorry, didn't mean to make you jump.

(then)

Aubergine and ricotta lasagne. We didn't know if you were vegetarian.

(CONTINUED)

GEMMA

No. I'm...I'm not.

Meanwhile Will takes a scrap of paper out of his pocket, hands it to Gemma.

WILL

My wife wrote it down. Medium hot oven. Takes about forty minutes.

GEMMA

Thanks, thank you. It's...it's very kind.

A movement in Will's car attracts Gemma's attention, we follow her gaze. A woman, WILL'S WIFE is sticky beaking from the passenger seat, straining to catch a glimpse of Gemma. She moves back suddenly - embarrassed, caught out, pretends not to be looking but it's too late. Gemma has seen her.

Close on Gemma, stung, suddenly the object of gossip. She turns back to Will, then, harder -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I don't mean to be rude but...I was...I was about to go to bed.

WILL

Right, sorry, should've rung. I'm sorry. Listen Gemma, I don't want to add any more pressure on you...I just wanted to give you a heads up...

GEMMA

What is it?

WILL

There may be some child protection issues with Steve's arrest that could affect your position.

GEMMA

I don't understand...

Can't believe it -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

But...I...I haven't done anything.

WILL

Absolutely. It's just...y'know what the governors are like on this kind of thing. There may be a push to offer you compassionate leave.

GEMMA

I...I really need my job now.

WILL

Of course...I understand.

(then, gently)

And I just want you to know that
whatever happens I'll do my utmost
to support you.

He smiles, mawkish - enjoying this all a little bit too much.
Makes Gemma's skin crawl.

She starts to retreat into the house, desperate to get rid of
him.

GEMMA

Thank you. For this.

Holds up the lasagne.

WILL

Right. Good night Gemma.

GEMMA

Good night.

She closes the door on him. Stay on Gemma, as she -

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS (DAY FOUR - NIGHT)

- puts down the lasagne on the hall table, begins to shake.

CUT TO:

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/BEDROOM. DAY FOUR - NIGHT

We move into a MONTAGE, a series of JUMP CUTS that take us
through the night, punctuated by the clock - creeping through
the small hours - as we stay with Gemma, from dusk to dawn.

A collage of insomnia and fear. Everything has changed and we
can sense the sick panic coming from Gemma.

We follow her:

- as she undresses for bed - eyes glazed, barely seeing -

- she tries to sleep, tossing, turning, too frightened to
close her eyes -

44A

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY. DAY FOUR - NIGHT

44A

- heads downstairs, the lasagne, still on the hall table, swallows hard, heads into the living room -

44B

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. DAY FOUR - NIGHT

44B

- lies on the sofa, stares into the darkness - more tossing, turning -

44C

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY. DAY FOUR - NIGHT

44C

- back into the hall - she picks up the lasagne -

44D

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/KITCHEN. DAY FOUR - NIGHT

44D

- takes it into the kitchen - CLOSE on her as she scrapes it into the bin, lumps of sauce and pasta, dripping like sick and it's making her retch -

- she moves to the kitchen sick, leans over it, it's full of dishes, uneaten meals, still retching. And crying, awful dry heaving sobs - and it could be insomnia, fear, morning sickness or all three -

It doesn't matter because try as she can, Gemma can't bring anything up.

JUMP CUT TO:

45

EXT. HMP HIGHCROSS. DAY FIVE - DAY

45

A bright new day, same old stone walls of HMP Highcross as Gemma heads towards the gate. Still very early, the Visitors Centre not even open, Gemma first in the line.

CLOSE in on her. She looks a wreck, wrung out, but there's a determination in her eyes. As she waits and waits -

CUT TO

An hour later, a small queue now forming behind Gemma. We switch to Harriet's POV. Still in her Volvo, she looks up at the razor wire, an inscrutable expression on her face. Then she looks across at Coco, the dog's big brown eyes staring dolefully back - as Harriet begins, a mantra -

HARRIET

Slowly, slowly catchee monkey.
Breathing in, breathing out.

A nonsense-stream of consciousness-self help chant - we really strain to have to hear what she's saying -

(CONTINUED)

HARRIET (CONT'D)

I'm fine...and you're fine...we're
all fine...

She stops. Follow her gaze, there's Francesca, parking her car. She gets out, long, tanned legs, short skirt, as Harriet nods at Coco -

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Oh...that's...interesting...look
...very bold...

We switch to Francesca's POV as she strides towards the Visitors Centre, encounters Lou and Mason who have just got off the bus. They nod at each - a beat of recognition -

LOU

Alright?

- then join the queue.

There's a growing tension in the line, fractious toddlers, tense mothers, tired from travelling, tired of waiting. On the street, nowhere to sit. Gemma's oblivious.

A sudden noise as the Visitors Centre opens, a jostle and bustle as the queue surges forward, Gemma seemingly glued to the spot as the women push past her.

She's joined by Lou and Mason, with Francesca. Lou grabs Mason, continues in - but there's concern from Francesca.

FRANCESCA

Coming in?

CUT TO:

On Gemma, as she waits to check in.

We follow her gaze. Over at the locker, Lou spits on a tissue, wipes Mason's face, the little boy resplendent in his Blades red and white striped shirt. We move towards them.

MASON

Mum...

He twists away.

LOU

Stop making a fuss. We might bump into Michael Doyle. What would he say if he saw you with a chocolate moustache?

(CONTINUED)

Back to Gemma as she looks to the front of the queue, where Francesca is receiving her locker key.

KANEEZ

(mock stern)

Now you, you keep yourself decent today, alright? It's amazing they haven't banned you. That poor officer...

Francesca smiles.

FRANCESCA

Highlight of his miserable life!

Turns away, immediately whips out her make up bag, starts putting on her face.

Now it's Gemma's turn, already there with her ID, hands over her passport, knows the drill.

KANEEZ

Thank you.

(then)

Now if you could put your thumb on there please.

Gemma puts her thumb on the scanner whilst Kaneez checks the list.

KANEEZ (CONT'D)

Visiting Steven Ridley, is that right?

Gemma nods.

KANEEZ (CONT'D)

Lovely.

JUMP CUT TO:

Close on Gemma, as she sits across the table from Steve. So different from the first visit. Utterly focused - controlled anger.

GEMMA

What are you involved in?

STEVE

What are you talking about?

GEMMA

Why is there a gun in our caravan?

A flash of alarm across Steve's face.

STEVE

Gemma...Gem...

GEMMA

I found it. I know.

STEVE

It's not like that, it's not...

GEMMA

What have you done?

STEVE

Nothing.

GEMMA

Stop lying.

Gemma's staring at him, wants answers.

STEVE

I've been set up. Someone's planted
the gun...

GEMMA

Why would they do that?

STEVE

I don't know.

GEMMA

How did they do that?

STEVE

I don't know.

GEMMA

You have the key to the caravan.
You. And your mum. Nobody else
even knows about it. How would
they know about it?

STEVE

I don't know, Gem...they must've
found a way...forced their way in.

GEMMA

No-one had broken in. It was
locked. You put the gun there.

STEVE

I didn't.

(then, desperately)

I know it looks like that...

GEMMA

Stop. Lying.

Very loud, very powerful. Suddenly everyone's looking. Gemma's about to get up -

He pulls her back down again. In the background, Francesca clocks another look at Gemma. Then -

STEVE

Alright, I'll tell you but it wasn't my fault.

(sotto, urgent)

I...I got mixed up in something...

GEMMA

What sort of thing?

STEVE

Driving. Moving cars around for this bloke. No questions asked...

GEMMA

What?

As he talks, move closer and closer on Gemma -

STEVE

I knew...I knew that they were probably hot but I...I thought I'll do it. Ten cars...enough to pay for the kitchen and then I'll get out...but he wouldn't let me stop...

Hold on Gemma, incomprehension, fear -

GEMMA

What do you mean?

STEVE

That's why I went to the pub. To meet up with him, tell him I wanted out. But he wasn't having it, went nuts, pushing and shoving me...I tried to leave but he followed me out the pub, attacked me...pulled out a gun...

On Steve as he stares desperately at Gemma.

STEVE (CONT'D)

He said he's gonna shoot me, Gem. Said he's gonna kill me. And I remember thinking I don't want to die.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVE (CONT'D)

I want you and the baby and I grab
him and the gun...it just goes
off...

Steve, eyes filled with tears.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I panicked. I still had the gun in
my hand. I ran to the car, drove
back to work...

She's staring at him - her world has stopped making sense -

GEMMA

You idiot.

STEVE

Look, I didn't realise...that's
all...I got involved and it...it
got out of control.

GEMMA

You fucking idiot.

(then)

You lied to me.

STEVE

I had to...

GEMMA

But we don't do that. We never lie
to each other.

STEVE

I wanted to protect you. The
baby...Gemma?

She stares at him, starts to get up again.

STEVE (CONT'D (CONT'D)

Gem...please...

GEMMA

Leave me alone.

STEVE

I don't know what to do...

He takes her hand, grips it desperately.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Help me...

Looks into her eyes, still connected, still together. He takes her hands, she lets him hold her, we see the matching GOLD BANDS, then she slowly pulls her hand away.

(CONTINUED)

GEMMA

I don't want you to touch me.

She begins to walk away from Steve, crossing the Visits Hall -

STEVE

Gemma? Gemma!

On Gemma, at the Visits Hall exit. Trying the handle, it's locked. She rattles it, a PRISON GUARD approaches.

GEMMA

Please...let me out...

In the background, Steve still shouting -

STEVE (O.C.)

Gemma? Come back!

She doesn't turn round, imploring the guard, desperate to escape -

GEMMA

Let me out!

And finally, with a last jangle of keys, the guard unlocks the door and Gemma exits. In the background, Francesca and Lou share a look -

CUT TO:

On Gemma, at the bus-stop, struggling to hold it together as once again, Francesca purrs alongside in her Merc.

FRANCESCA

You okay?

We see the panic in Gemma, the urge to run -

GEMMA

I just want to go home.

Francesca leans over, opens the door for Gemma. A beat of hesitation...and then Gemma gets in.

CUT TO:

Minutes later. Gemma and Francesca stuck in traffic, going nowhere.

(CONTINUED)

Tension building in Gemma, as the car inches forward, this is going to take forever.

CLOSER and CLOSER on Gemma, feel the pressure cooker...her anger...her distress...magnified by the traffic jam, the radio, the cars hooting -

Inside and outside, the pressure building and building -

The pain, the ache in Gemma's throat, barely keeping it together -

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT/INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/FRANCESCA'S CAR. DAY FIVE - DAY

Francesca parks outside Gemma's house. Gemma looks at her, can barely talk.

GEMMA

Thank you.

Francesca smiles, nods gently at Gemma's little bump.

FRANCESCA

How many weeks are you?

On Gemma, surprised at the question.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

You are...aren't you?

GEMMA

Twenty two weeks.

FRANCESCA

Over the worst, then?

Gemma can't reply.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY. DAY FIVE - DAY

Pick up Gemma as she enters the house, closes the door, leans against it. CLOSE in on her - all the tension of the police raid, the sleepless night, the stress - everything she has held in, she is about to let out -

Suddenly a drop of water falls on her nose. Then another. She looks up. There's a dark stain on the ceiling. Water dripping through -

Follow Gemma upstairs, we hear the HISS before we see it.

51A

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/BATHROOM. DAY FIVE - DAY

51A

The bathroom's flooding, water spraying out uncontrollably from the pipe the police dislodged in the search, all over the floor, inches deep already -

Panicking Gemma goes inside, spins, confused, at a loss. Within seconds, she's drenched -

51B

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY. DAY FIVE - DAY

51B

She runs downstairs. Looks up, the wet stain on the ceiling spreading -

All the time the water getting worse, beginning to stream down the stairs, the ceiling bulging dangerously -

Gemma's really sobbing now. Water, water everywhere. Stay on her as she runs outside -

52

EXT. GEMMA'S HOUSE. DAY FIVE - DAY

52

- to find Francesca is still there, executing a tricky three point turn in a crowded cul-de-sac.

She looks up, surprised as Gemma runs desperately towards her, water running down her face.

GEMMA
I need your help.

JUMP CUT TO:

53

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY. DAY FIVE - DAY

53

FRANCESCA
Italian calf skin. They don't do wet.

Francesca takes off her shoes, puts them in her handbag, as she surveys the aqua chaos.

Meanwhile Gemma's on the phone, Yellow Pages open, as she desperately rings for a plumber.

GEMMA
No-one's picking up.

FRANCESCA
Try another.

Points at a small ad.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
That one. Says they do
emergencies...

Gemma rings the number. We hear the engaged tone. Beep beep beep.

GEMMA
(desperately)
Nothing.

The water now beginning to pour out of the light socket. On Francesca, decisive - takes her phone out her bag. Top of the range BlackBerry.

FRANCESCA
I'll call Paul.

GEMMA
(utterly confused)
You can't!

Francesca raises an amused eyebrow.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/PAUL'S CELL. DAY FIVE - DAY

On Paul, locked up, cell door closed, sat on the bottom bunk, playing on his Playstation.

Suddenly a barely audible BUZZING. Follow Paul's gaze up to his bookshelf where a tub of margarine is vibrating. Weird.

Without taking his eyes off the screen, Paul reaches up, takes the marg off the shelf, removes the false bottom, takes out a MOBILE PHONE.

PAUL
(whispers into phone)
Frannie, can you call back? I'm
just about to blow some bastard's
head off...

Thumbs frantically pressing the controller as he pumps virtual bullets into his enemy. Then - as he listens -

PAUL (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Plumbing?

JUMP CUT TO:

55

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY. DAY FIVE - DAY

55

On Francesca as she listens to Paul's plumbing advice. She looks up at the ceiling - bulging so badly, there's a crack in the plaster. Swollen. Dripping.

FRANCESCA

(to Gemma)

Right then Harry Potter...

GEMMA

What...?

FRANCESCA

Get yourself a broom...

JUMP CUT TO:

Gemma hands a broom to Francesca. Francesca lifts it, fiercely pierces the bulging ceiling with the handle. Water POURS through, a sudden torrent, drenching them both. They SCREAM.

GEMMA

(incredulous)

Why did you do that?

Gemma shakes her head, water flies off her.

FRANCESCA

(into phone)

Now what?

JUMP CUT TO:

56

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/BATHROOM. DAY FIVE - DAY

56

In the middle of the bathroom with Francesca. Water still spraying everywhere, can't really see what's going on.

Gemma is just outside the open door, on the phone to Paul, shouting through to Francesca.

GEMMA

Sticky ball valve?

FRANCESCA

WHAT?

INTERCUT WITH PAUL

PAUL

(into phone)

Check the overflow...probably backed up...

(CONTINUED)

Back to Gemma.

GEMMA
(to Francesca)
The overflow...

On Francesca, up to her arms in the cistern, shakes her head, turns back to Gemma.

FRANCESCA
What now?

The water still spraying out. Cut back to Paul.

PAUL
(into phone)
Stopcock!

GEMMA
Stopcock?

Then, louder -

GEMMA (CONT'D)
STOP COCK!

Francesca nods, rolls up her sleeves, reaches into the airing cupboard, to the stopcock. With an effort, she turns a handle, it's stiff. But she does it. The water spurts...trickles...stops.

Francesca grins triumphantly at Gemma. Panic over.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY. DAY FIVE - DAY

On Gemma as she and Francesca stare at the damage. Considerable. Puddles everywhere, massive hole in the ceiling, stair carpet soddened.

Gemma sits on the stairs, defeated. Long pause. She looks up at Francesca, who smiles - wetly - through a mane of dripping hair -

FRANCESCA
Got any conditioner?

And Gemma smiles - even laughs.

A beat then, Gemma looks at Francesca, for answers.

GEMMA
What do I do now?

(CONTINUED)

FRANCESCA

Open the windows, chuck out the carpet, let it all dry out.

On Gemma, she wasn't asking about the house - and Francesca knows it.

GEMMA

I can't. I can't do this...

FRANCESCA

You don't have to. You can walk away.

GEMMA

But I love him.

Francesca looks at Gemma, utterly matter of fact, shrugs -

FRANCESCA

Then you'll find a way to live with it.

And she sits down next to Gemma on the stairs. Two drowned rats.

We pull back away from them, out of the front door, down the garden path, up over Gemma's house, the estate...faster, higher..and into...

EXT. HARRIET'S HOUSE/DRIVE. DAY SIX - DAY

...the next day.

FRANCESCA (V.O.)

Every day, the first thing when you wake up -

On Harriet, in her car again, ready to drive to the prison. On the passenger seat, her flask of milky coffee, her ham sandwich and Coco -

CUT TO:

INT. LOU'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. DAY SIX - DAY

FRANCESCA (V.O.)

You forget and reach out and there's no one there...

(CONTINUED)

Move in on Lou as she fills in a form for the social. We see the heading, stark black text - LONE PARENT APPLICATION - INCOME SUPPORT. She looks over to see Mason, inches from the screen, glued to Spongebob.

CUT TO:

INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/VISITS HALL. DAY SIX - DAY

FRANCESCA (V.O.)

... to share, to hold your hand, to
be there...

Pick up Gemma as she embraces Steve. He's so delighted to see her - clings to her -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

...and the questions...the doubts.
Does this count? Is this still
love?

CLOSE on Gemma, a resolve, a new strength in her for the journey ahead - a Prisoner's wife - as we -

CUT TO:

EXT. HMP HIGHCROSS. DAY SIX - DAY

FRANCESCA (V.O.)

Nobody out there knows what it's
like. But we do.

Pick up Harriet still waiting in her car, as Lou walks past - followed by Gemma and Francesca leaving together.

The prison looming behind them.

EXT. FRANCESCA'S HOUSE/BEDROOM

SCENE CUT.

END OF EPISODE