

## PRE-CREDIT SEQUENCE

1 **EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1 [0100]** 1

The Witching Hour. Quiet, peaceful -

- as we move quickly down the street, towards Frank's house. A sense of menace, of threat, as we glance left and right, nobody about -

We reach Frank's front door, look down - a large plastic container - liquid inside, hear it SPLASHING -

- and then another noise - COMPRESSION as the top is pumped, the handle going up and down - what is this? What's going on here?

As the long nozzle attached to the container is poked through the letter box and we hear a gentle HISS - as the liquid is sprayed into the house -

JUMP CUT TO:

2 **INT. FRANK'S HOUSE/FRANCESCA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 [0101]** 2

- the bedrooms - the peaceful, sleeping faces of FRANCESCA -

3 **INT. FRANK'S HOUSE/FRANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 [0101]** 3

- FRANK, old and vulnerable in his pyjamas. His wedding photo clearly visible on the bedside table - Frank in a smart suit, arm round his beloved Elsie, frozen in time -

4 **INT. FRANK'S HOUSE/KIDS BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 [0101]** 4

- and LAUREN and MATT, babes in the woods -

JUMP CUT TO:

5 **EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1 [0102]** 5

Suddenly - the FLARE of a lit match - as we once again push the flap of the letter-box, chuck the match inside -

- we follow it through -

6 **INT. FRANK'S HOUSE/HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 [0102]** 6

- on to the fuel-soaked carpet, as it catches, flares up -

7

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE/FRANCESCA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 [0103]

7

Back to Francesca, face pressed against the pillow, the last few seconds of oblivion -

8

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE/HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 [0104]

8

As - WHOOSH - a massive FIREBALL as the petrol fumes catch in mid-air - a plume of thick black smoke instantly pours up the stairs and the SMOKE ALARM begins to blare -

BEEP BEEP BEEP -

9

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE/FRANCESCA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 [0104]

9

- BEEP BEEP BEEP -

On Francesca's face - her eyes snap open. Instant fear. A mother's instinct, her family is in danger -

JUMP CUT TO:

10

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE/LANDING/BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT 1 [0105p]

A sequence of QUICK CUTS: immersive, subjective, jumping through time - in the SMOKE and CHAOS -

- as Francesca runs across the landing to her kids, to Frank, rouses them, absolutely frantic -

- ushers Matt and Lauren into Frank's front bedroom -

All the time the dislocated, fragmented EMERGENCY CALL plays over the action, fading in and out -

FIRE SERVICE CONTROL (V.O.)  
Fire Service. What's your address?

FRANCESCA (V.O.)  
It's my dad's...38 Ullswater  
Drive...

FIRE SERVICE CONTROL (V.O.)  
Can you get out?

FRANCESCA (V.O.)  
There's...there's smoke coming up  
the stairs.

FIRE SERVICE CONTROL (V.O.)  
Is there smoke coming under the  
door?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

FRANCESCA (V.O.)

Yes...

FIRE SERVICE CONTROL (V.O.)

I need you to put a blanket or  
cardigan at the bottom of the  
door...More QUICK CUTS - visuals as Francesca takes a blanket off  
Frank's bed, jams it under the door -

- opens the window -

More smoke, more chaos - as we can just make them out -  
Lauren and Matt looking young in their night-clothes, wide  
eyed in terror; Frank barefoot and frightened -

As Francesca's panicked, pleading voice plays over the chaos -

FRANCESCA (V.O.)

Please...please hurry...

And - suddenly we hear it, faint but definitely there -  
getting closer and closer -

- SIRENS.

JUMP CUT TO:

11

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1 [0200]

11

Later. The quiet after the chaos. BLUE LIGHTS everywhere.

In the background, Matt and Lauren, wrapped in silver foil  
blankets, already being checked over by PARAMEDICS. As a  
UNIFORMED COP approaches Francesca as she sits in the back of  
an ambulance -

UNIFORMED COP

Mrs Miller?

Francesca nods.

UNIFORMED COP (CONT'D)

The fire-fighters are saying early  
indications - it looks like the  
fire was started deliberately.Francesca glances to Frank, who looks petrified, oxygen mask  
clamped to his face, old man's ankles peeking out from under  
his pyjamas.

UNIFORMED COP (CONT'D)

Do you or any member of your family  
have any known enemies?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

TIGHT on Francesca, a flicker, then she shakes her head, lies.

Francesca

No.

CUT TO:

**CREDITS**

12 EXT. HMP HIGHCROSS - DAY 2 [0930]

12

WIDE SHOT of a familiar scene as an eclectic mixture of VISITORS converge on the Visitors Centre - and there at the heart, Francesca and her family. Stay on them as they head into -

13 INT. VISITORS CENTRE - DAY 2 [0932]

13

- the Visitors Centre. Again, a world we recognise: check-in queues, the rows of red lockers, a POPS WORKER at the reception - taking shattered Francesca's V.O. -

POPS WORKER

Numbers one to twenty five please -

14 INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/SECURITY - DAY 2 [0940]

14

- and through into security. On Francesca as she goes through the X-Ray Scanner, on Matt having a rub-down search, Lauren as they run the hand-held metal detector over her -

15 OMITTED

15

16 INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/VISITS HALL - DAY 2 [0946]

16

- and straight into an embrace as PAUL cradles Francesca, Matt and Lauren in his arms, struggling with emotion -

PAUL

I've got you...I've got you...

REVEAL we're in the Visits Hall of HMP Highcross - the bibs, the coloured chairs, the mixture of offenders and visitors we know so well - but we stay close on the desperate, whispered exchanges of Paul and Francesca -

PAUL (CONT'D)

Can't even bear to think about it...Frannie...

(CONTINUED)

Pulls her in, even tighter. As a VISITS HALL GUARD - nods at them - *that's enough* - and reluctantly they pull apart -

A beat, as they sit. Paul looks at them, the family he so nearly lost. Francesca and Lauren still visibly traumatised, Matt stronger, more together. Then -

PAUL (CONT'D)  
What about your dad?

FRANCESCA  
Kept him in. Breathing problems.  
Should discharge him this  
morning...

As Paul looks at Lauren, she's silently crying -

PAUL  
Lauren, you're alright now,  
sweetheart...

MATT  
The doctors said it's shock.

FRANCESCA  
(lowers her voice)  
She won't stop...I don't know what  
to do...

PAUL  
You're safe, alright? Nothing else  
is going to happen.  
(then, strong)  
I promise you. All of you. I'm  
going to sort it...

As we cut from clingy, dependant Lauren - across the hall, to pretty, determined AISLING, (18) as she sits opposite her roguish old lag of a dad, BRENDAN (52) -

- as Aisling literally BANGS her head on the table in front of her with frustration -

AISLING  
Jesus...Dad....

- looks up at him wearily -

AISLING (CONT'D)  
How old are you? Twelve?  
Thirteen?

BRENDAN  
I swear, it's not my fault.  
(then, outraged)  
A custodial sentence just for a few  
fags?

(CONTINUED)

AISLING

What?

(then, incredulous)

Dad, they found six crates of  
counterfeit cigarettes in our  
airing cupboard...

BRENDAN

He was a gobshite, that magistrate.  
Could've just slapped me on the  
wrist, community service -

AISLING

He might've done if you hadn't  
taken the piss out of his hair...

BRENDAN

Didn't like that, did he, old  
Donald Trump?

(grins)

That's the trouble with the  
judiciary in this country. Can't  
take a joke.

But Aisling's not smiling. A beat, then -

AISLING

Dad...

BRENDAN

Aisling, I swear, this time is the  
last time.

AISLING

You said that last time.

BRENDAN

But this time I mean it.

AISLING

I'm getting married in six  
weeks...and you promised. You  
promised that when I walk down that  
aisle, I'll be holding on to your  
arm...

BRENDAN

And you will...

AISLING

Only if you stay out of trouble.  
I don't want you up on a charge for  
doing something daft. Get released  
on time. For once.

Looks at him - painful -

AISLING (CONT'D)  
 You can't keep doing this to  
 me...promising me stuff across this  
 table...

BRENDAN  
 I know. I know I've let you down  
 and we keep ending up here...but I  
 love you. Y'know that?

Takes her hand, hold on them, father and daughter, then -

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
 And y'know what else I'd love?

Nods over at the snack bar -

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
 Cheese and onion and a large tea.

JUMP CUT TO:

Later. Back with Francesca, as Paul looks at pale, tear-stained Lauren, then nods at Matt -

PAUL  
 Matt, I need you to take Lauren  
 outside.

As Lauren protests, clings to Paul -

LAUREN  
 I don't want to...

PAUL  
 Hey come on. Give me a chance to  
 talk to your mum.

As Lauren stands up, Paul turns quietly to Matt, man to man -

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 I'm relying on you. Your little  
 sister's in a state...grandad's  
 lost his home. I need you to hold  
 it together for them.

MATT  
 I will, dad.

PAUL  
 I know you will, son. Come here.

Hugs him. As proud Matt and Lauren leave, Francesca turns to Paul, urgent, desperate -

(CONTINUED)

FRANCESCA

You need to get us out of here. We  
can't stay in Sheffield...

PAUL

You don't need to run away...

FRANCESCA

Course we do! Just get us some  
plane tickets...

PAUL

What? And you think they can't get  
to Spain?

Then, gently -

PAUL (CONT'D)

Frannie, I can make you safe here.  
I've got money, a flat sorted...

FRANCESCA

And what will stop them coming  
after us again? We can't go on  
like this...

PAUL

And you don't have to. I've  
conceded territory, negotiated a  
peace-offering...

Takes her hand, looks straight at her -

PAUL (CONT'D)

...but I need your help. You do  
this one thing for me, then this is  
over.

As -

VISITS HALL GUARD

Alright, ladies and gentleman.  
Time's up -

- cut back to Aisling as she gets up -

BRENDAN

Leaving already? And you've only  
just started telling me about the  
dress?

AISLING

Thought you'd be interested!

(CONTINUED)

BRENDAN

I am, jeez, y'know a man can't  
spend long enough talking about  
lace.

(then)

I'm only joking, it sounds grand.  
Y'know, you're going to break that  
civil servant's heart...

AISLING

How many times? He's a civil  
engineer!

BRENDAN

Sure about that?

But they're smiling. As they embrace -

AISLING

Remember what I said, dad. Stay  
out of trouble.

BRENDAN

Better believe it. I'm gonna be so  
good, they'll be letting me out  
early!

Stay on Aisling as she watches Brendan join Paul as he walks out. A flash of concern on her face as Brendan puts a supportive arm around Paul -

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

How's it going there, mate?

JUMP CUT TO:

Minutes later, pick up preoccupied Francesca at the lockers. As she closes the red-metal door, she comes face to face with Aisling - full of teenage bravado -

AISLING

Me dad's back in. Six weeks,  
counterfeit goods.

FRANCESCA

(disinterested)

Sorry to hear that.

(then)

How's your mum?

AISLING

Left him. Last Christmas. Finally  
had enough of eating turkey on her  
own.

(CONTINUED)

Francesca not really interested; bigger stuff on her mind.

FRANCESCA  
(to Lauren)  
Come on then...

But Aisling's not stopping, stands in front of Francesca -

AISLING  
Thing is...I'm getting married next month and I need my dad to be out in time.

FRANCESCA  
So?

AISLING  
So I don't want Paul using my dad like he usually does. Hiding things for him, little favours...

FRANCESCA  
(hard)  
What you talking about?

AISLING  
(strong)  
Paul's trouble and I want him to stay away from my dad.

On Francesca as Aisling stares fiercely at her. Then she takes Lauren, steers her out of the Visitors Centre -

EXT. VISITORS CENTRE - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS (DAY 2) [16011] 19

- and almost straight into Harriet, who enters bright as a button, clutching a Millets bag to her breast.

A cheery greeting -

HARRIET  
Hello, Francesca.  
(then)  
Oh! And Lauren? Been visiting your dad? Must be a special occasion!

Francesca replies with a distracted nod.

FRANCESCA  
Harriet.

Turns to Lauren - keeps walking, looks round, sharp -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)  
Where's your brother?

CUT TO:

20 INT. VISITORS CENTRE - DAY 2 [1102]

20

On Matt, as he puts on his jacket -

MATT  
You're brave talking to my mum like  
that.

AISLING  
I'm not scared of Francesca Miller.

MATT  
I am!  
(a beat, then)  
So you're back?

AISLING  
You know my dad. Can't keep away.

MATT  
You know my dad. Can't ever leave.

Smiles, shared history. Catch Matt suddenly looking at Aisling as if for the first time. She's very pretty.

AISLING  
So how's things?

MATT  
On a scale of one to shit? Pretty  
near the shit end.

As Aisling shuts her locker, Matt clocks her engagement ring.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Shiny shiny.  
(then, flirtatious)  
Bit young to be dragged down the  
aisle, aren't you?

AISLING  
Depends who's doing the dragging.

A little frisson here. As Matt leaves, he turns, looks back, gives Aisling a second glance - definitively interested -

CUT TO:

20A

INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/VISITS HALL - DAY 2 [1120]

20A

Pick up Harriet - as ever, looking to connect with her son, Gavin - watching him tuck into a Pot Noodle.

HARRIET

Noodles? That's different.

GAVIN

Chicken Sizzler. New flavour.

Silence, then -

GAVIN (CONT'D)

I put my app in.

HARRIET

App?

GAVIN

Form to become a Muslim. Got a meeting with the Imam.

HARRIET

That...that sounds interesting.

Then, searching for common ground -

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Funny, isn't it? Both of us on our...our spiritual paths, so to speak...

GAVIN

What d'you mean?

HARRIET

Didn't I tell you? I've joined a...group. Bible study...just trying to find something new to...to embrace...

Distracted - there he is - the one she'd really like to embrace - Ian. Across the hall talking to another family.

But Gavin's lost in his own concerns -

GAVIN

And I'm...I'm changing my name.

Harriet, not listening, still watching Ian -

HARRIET

That's good...

(CONTINUED)

20A CONTINUED:

20A

GAVIN

My mates want to call me Farooq.  
 (looking worried)  
 Mum?

As Harriet suddenly realises what he's saying - switches focus back to Gavin - shocked -

HARRIET

Farooq?

GAVIN

'He who sees the truth....'

He looks around the Visits Hall, his gang mates giving him loaded looks - something's up, a plan is afoot.

As Ian shoots Harriet a friendly little glance across the room -

JUMP CUT TO:

20B

INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/VISITS HALL - DAY 2 [1215]

20B

Later. Visiting time is over -

As Harriet gives Gavin a final wave and he disappears with his gang-mates -

- she's joined by Ian as she heads out. He smiles at her, keeping a professional distance, then, leans in, whispers -

IAN

Very much looking forward to our walk tomorrow...

HARRIET

(sotto)

I bought those performance socks you told me about. Actually I got you a pair as well...

IAN

Oh Harriet...really, there (was no need...)

HARRIET

It's alright. It was a BOGOF...

Says it a bit too loud. On Ian, utterly perplexed -

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Buy one, get one free...

(CONTINUED)

20B CONTINUED:

20B

As she smiles, and they head off in different directions -

CUT TO:

20C INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/CORRIDOR - DAY 2 [1220]

20C

Gavin, walking in the middle of the gang. An officer up the front, escorting the group back to the wing. As the officer turns the corner, out of view -

-suddenly a scuffle at the back - as the GANG-LEADER SLAMS a WEEDY INMATE against the wall, gets a couple of body punches in.

A nasty atmosphere developing - like a school playground when a fight kicks off -

As the gang-leader, still holding the struggling victim, turns to Gavin -

GANGLEADER  
OI FAROOQ! Your turn!

HOLD on Gavin, frightened, doesn't want to get involved - doesn't want to hurt this guy - but we feel it, the peer pressure - is he in? Is he out?

Then suddenly a voice -

IAN  
Everything alright here, lads?

They all turn, there's Ian - clearly aware he's interrupted something, trying to diffuse.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Let's get you back to the wing,  
shall we?

And as the group disperse, keep moving, we hold on Ian - looking at Gavin with growing concern -

CUT TO:

24 EXT. SHEFFIELD BACK STREET - DAY 2 [1305]

24

An hour later. A low-rent Sheffield back-street: massage parlours and curry houses under a bleak grey sky.

Parked against the kerb, a BMW 4x4 - high end, tinted windows - and inside, Francesca, in the passenger seat, looking broken.

(CONTINUED)

Next to her, the driver, BLAKE FENNER, a pimply-faced youth. They glance at each other, a nervous energy, clearly waiting for something, someone - and there he is, walking towards them -

BLAKE

That's him. Pearson.

- CHRIS PEARSON (41) the rival gang leader,

Francesca takes a deep breath, gets out of the car, approaches. We take a closer look at Chris, there's something of the Steve Buscemi about him: a provincial weasel - he smiles at Francesca.

CHRIS

Must be a serious offer if he sends his wife?

FRANCESCA

(genuine, full of emotion)  
I want this over. So does Paul. I don't want anything else to happen to my family...my kids.

CHRIS

Understandable.

FRANCESCA

I'll give you what Paul's promised, then it's done. You can have everything, just leave us alone.

CHRIS

Let's see it then.

FRANCESCA

What?

CHRIS

Peace-offering.

As Francesca opens the boot - cut to a CLOSE UP - £50k's worth of MAC 10 machine guns. Black. Deadly.

Chris nods, seemingly satisfied, then calls over a pair of his HEAVIES. Quickly, professionally they search the car for booby traps, checking underneath for bombs.

Stay on the kerb-side with Chris and Francesca - weird small-talk.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(points at a restaurant)  
Light of Benghal.

FRANCESCA

Sorry?

CHRIS

Best dhansak in the city, that.

Francesca doesn't reply. As the heavies look up at Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

All clear, lads?

(then, to Francesca)

Sensible man, your husband.

He dismisses the men. As Francesca moves away, job done -

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Where you going?

FRANCESCA

Paul's driver will take you  
wherever you need, you just have to  
(tell him) -

CHRIS

- no, no, no. We're not going to  
do it like that. Get in.

FRANCESCA

(backs away, alarmed)

No.

Chris pointedly opens his jacket and we catch a glimpse of metal.

CHRIS

(gently)

Best not to argue.

He opens the rear car door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Nobody wants any surprises, do  
they?As Chris gets in the back next to her, see the panic in  
Francesca's eyes, this wasn't part of Paul's plan.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(with a smile)

You're my insurance.

JUMP CUT TO:

24A

INT./EXT. CAR/SHEFFIELD SUBURBS - DAY 2 [1310]

24A

In the backseat of the BMW with Francesca and Chris. The spotty neck of Blake in front of them.

As the car drives through the seedy back-streets of Sheffield.

JUMP CUT TO:

25

INT/EXT. CAR/INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY 2 [1312]

25

OPEN on a massive deserted factory, as Chris takes an interest -

CHRIS

See that place. My dad worked there. Thirty years. Lathe operator.

(points)

Used to have these Christmas parties for all the kiddies. Just in there.

Looks at Francesca, she's a mixture of fear and confusion - what the fuck?

BLAKE

Down here?

CHRIS

Yeah, next left and then stay on here for a couple of miles.

Turns to Francesca, little smile -

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Not far now.

Middle of nowhere. CLOSING on Francesca, her growing tension - where the hell is he taking her? What's he doing to do? He seems to clock her anxiety, then -

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Fancy a bit of music?

(to Blake)

Put the radio on, mate.

Hallam FM, cheesy Golden-Oldies. A love song. Whitney Houston 'Hold me.' Chris laughs -

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Bloody hell, takes me back. Used to slow dance to this. Roxy's. You ever go there?

(CONTINUED)

FRANCESCA

No.

CHRIS

Not your sort of place?

Then -

CHRIS (CONT'D)

That's what they say about  
you...y'know that? The only bit of  
class about Paul Miller is his  
wife.

Chris grins, a hint of sleaze about him - as the song comes to an end -

DJ (V.O.)

Much missed Whitney Houston there  
with 'Hold Me'. And now, the  
second part of our pop quiz. Ring  
in for an exclusive chance to play  
at the Sheffield Eagles Celebrity  
Golf Day -

Chris's ears prick up -

DJ (V.O.)

Their first UK top 10 single was  
'To Cut a Long Story Short' in  
1980, their last to reach the top  
10 was 1986's 'Through the  
Barricades.' Who are they?

Chris grins, excited -

CHRIS

I know this.

Shouts his answer at the radio.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

SPANDAU (BALLET)...

- and suddenly, an ear-deafening BANG -

- and CHRIS EXPLODES!

His stomach shot out from behind. Instantly dead. Viscera and blood all over Francesca. Splattered in scarlet. And Francesca's SCREAMING.

As the car SCREECHES to a halt. Francesca tries desperately to get out but the central locking's activated.

(CONTINUED)

Hand brake turn, wheels spinning. As the dead man lolls about on Francesca, his guts spilling out on her lap.

JUMP CUT TO:

26 INT/EXT. CAR/WOODS - DAY 2 [1320]

26

As we move into a series of QUICK CUTS - IMPRESSIONISTIC, IMMERSIVE, NIGHTMARISH -

- tight on Francesca's face, as they drive down a track, into the woods - right inside her shock and panic - as she struggles to breathe, blood pressure dropping - and all the time, Chris's corpse lolling and bleeding all over her -

- as the car stops and Blake gets out, walks round to the back, opens the boot. Move closer as he removes a false back from where LIAM LAVERTON(45), Paul's right-hand-man appears. He's clearly the shooter, the sawn-off double barrelled shotgun still in his hand. A small muscly ball of energy.

For a second we think he's going to help Francesca but he ignores her, furiously pulls the driver towards him -

LIAM

Why the hell did you let her in the car?

BLAKE

What was I supposed to do? He had a gun!

On Liam, as he drops frightened Blake, opens the rear door, stares at Francesca. Irritation in his eyes.

Francesca's open-mouthed -

FRANCESCA

What have you done?

As Liam kneels down on the ground next to her -

LIAM

Francesca, Paul didn't want you to see this...

FRANCESCA

Paul didn't want this! He wanted a truce...

LIAM

No. He ordered this, alright? This is what Paul wanted...

(CONTINUED)

On Francesca, struggling to process - looks up, sees a third man, approaching - STAN. It's clear he's been waiting for them -

LIAM (CONT'D)

....so you just close your eyes,  
keep breathing while we clear up,  
alright? Whatever you do, don't  
look.

Stay tight on Francesca's face, eyes closed - as we hear the SLIPPERY DISGUSTING SOUND of Chris's body as Stan and Blake drag it out of the car.

We peer around her fingers to see the body being dragged into the woods as Stan reveals a shallow grave - already prepared ...and then, the sound of the SHOVEL...

JUMP CUT TO:

Seconds later. Francesca is helped out of the car by Liam. He hands Francesca a bin bag -

LIAM (CONT'D)

You need to strip. DNA. Anything  
with blood on...in here...

Almost catatonic with shock, Francesca starts to undress.

JUMP CUT TO:

Liam, as he passes Francesca a blanket to wrap herself in. Then he points to an identical BMW, which is parked, half-hidden under the trees -

LIAM (CONT'D)

Get in.

As Liam speeds off with Francesca, leaving Blake and Stan to finish the job.

JUMP CUT TO:

Hear it first. The sound of the SHOWER. Pan across the ancient lino to FIND Francesca scrubbing herself behind the plastic-y yellowing shower curtain.

In the bath, the rusty blood-stained water spiralling down the drain as Francesca washes herself. Lady Macbeth. Blood drips off her wedding ring.

JUMP CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

Francesca wrapping herself in a thread-bare towel as Liam passes her a nailbrush and some bleach.

LIAM

You need to get right under the nails. Even if you can't see anything, keep scrubbing.

Francesca nods, following instructions. Then, as Liam heads out of the room -

FRANCESCA

Where are you going?

LIAM

Try and contact Paul. Tell him what's happened.

CUT TO:

**INT. HARRIET'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY 2 [1415]**

As we move round Harriet's kitchen. Pick out of photos of Lou, Sean and Mason on the fridge. School portrait of a young Gavin - all teeth and blazer - on the window sill.

Then land upon a plate of cream crackers and Wensleydale as we REVEAL Harriet at the kitchen table. She takes a little nibble then -

Something studious, ritualist about her as she reaches into her handbag, pulls out the Good Book, puts on her reading glasses. Time for Bible Study - as she reads aloud -

HARRIET

'Everyone therefore who hears these words of mine, and does them, I will liken thee to a wise man...'

As Harriet looks with emphasis at doleful Basil who sits in the corner, apparently all ears -

HARRIET (CONT'D)

...who built his house on a rock.  
The rain came down, the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat on that house...'

CUT TO:

29

INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/CHAPLAINCY OFFICE - DAY 2 [1416]

29

HARRIET (V.O.)  
 ...and it didn't fall, for it was  
 founded on the rock.'

Visuals of Ian and the IMAM deep in conversation, concern on  
 their faces as they study Gavin's 'APP' to convert -

CUT TO:

30

INT. HARRIET'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY 2 [1417]

30

HARRIET  
 'Everyone who hears these words of  
 mine, and doesn't do them will be  
 like a foolish man...'

Another nod at Basil.

CUT TO:

31

INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/GAVIN'S CELL - DAY 2 [1418]

31

HARRIET (V.O.)  
 '...who built his house on the  
 sand.'

Gavin. Alone on his bunk. He jumps up, frightened as the Gang-leader enters his cell, a couple of lads - his lieutenants - behind him. Suddenly the small space is full and Gavin's outnumbered, vulnerable.

Close on Gavin, his anxiety, as he fingers his prayer beads, watches nervously as the gang-leader helps himself to Gavin's KITKAT, starts eating it in front of Gavin - his status clear - he's the leader, untouchable -

HARRIET (V.O.)  
 'The rains came down, the floods  
 came, and the winds blew and beat  
 on that house...'

As Gavin, desperate to belong, hands him another bar of chocolate - which he takes, without smiling.

And as they leave the cell - we stay on Gavin, frightened and vulnerable - are these his friends...or not?

CUT TO:

32

INT. HARRIET'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY 2 [1419]

32

HARRIET (V.O.)  
 '...and it fell - and great was its fall.'

A beat as Harriet takes that in, looks a bit alarmed at the dog.

HARRIET  
 Goodness!

As she closes the bible, takes a slice of Wensleydale, breaks it two. Half for her, half for Basil.

CUT TO:

33

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY 2 [1435]

33

Ashes all around as Matt and Lauren sit on the front door-step of Frank's burnt out house. The front door's missing, replaced by temporary boarding, which leans against the wall. Matt's got a protective arm around Lauren.

They look up as Francesca pulls up. Driven by Liam. As she gets out of the car, we see she's wearing clean clothes, hair still damp, no obvious physical signs but the shock and trauma are writ large in her eyes.

As she approaches the front door -

MATT  
 Mum! We've been here ages. Where have you been?

On Francesca - no answer to that one, then, quietly -

FRANCESCA  
 Sorry.

LAUREN  
 Grandad's inside.

MATT  
 He's not saying anything. I don't even know if it's safe to be in there. Mum?

But Francesca just touches her kids' head, moves inside to -

34

OMITTED

34

35

OMITTED

35

35A

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE/HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - DAY 2 [1436]

35A

- find Frank standing by the window, staring at the wreckage of his life, fifty years of his personal history reduced to charred remains.

He glances up at Francesca as she moves towards him - there are no words.

JUMP CUT TO:

36

INT/EXT. LIAM'S CAR/FOOTBALL PITCH - DAY 2 [1445]

36

Frank in the front, kids in the back with Francesca. The bird table from Frank's garden, visible in the boot, the only thing that wasn't destroyed in the fire.

As Frank looks out of the window, as they pass the local football pitch, at the families having fun watching their kids, turns to Francesca, a hoarse whisper, almost uncomprehending -

FRANK

How the hell did you end up with this life?

37

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS (DAY 2) [1446]

37

As the Millers drive off, we SWING ROUND, join the families on the touch-line, where we first meet KIM, (32), the Victoria Beckham of the council estate as she cheers on the team of UNDER TENS - including her son REECE (7) in goal - coached by her husband MICK (33) -

Mick's handsome, athletic - running along the side of the pitch -

MICK

Nice one, Asif. All the way. Look at that left foot! Beautiful!

Grins at Asif's mum -

MICK (CONT'D)

Better than Scholesy your boy. And he's not even ginger!

Winks at Kim, checks his watch -

MICK (CONT'D)

Come on lads! One minute to the whistle! Let's get another one! IN THE BOX! IN THE BOX!

(CONTINUED)

As the REFEREE blows the final whistle - CHEERS from the boys' parents. They've won. Mick pulls Kim for a snog -

MICK (CONT'D)  
(playful)  
How does it feel?

KIM  
How does what feel?

MICK  
(self-deprecating)  
To be married to the manager of the Sheffield and District Under Tens Junior League Champions? Pretty special eh?

KIM  
Oh yes.

Mick pulls away, suddenly distracted. An altercation on the pitch. One of the lads, JAIDEN (9) is remonstrating with the ref, kicking and pushing him.

As Mick races on -

MICK  
Oi! Who d'you think you are? Joey Barton!

- roughly pulls Jaiden off the referee -

MICK (CONT'D)  
(to the referee)  
Sorry about this, mate.

Then angrily to Jaiden -

MICK (CONT'D)  
You don't behave like that..

JAIDEN  
He was picking on me the whole game! WANKER!

MICK  
That's enough Jaiden. Off!  
Straight to the changing rooms.  
Don't want to hear another word.

As Jaiden storms off, followed by Mick, watched by nearby DANNY PAGE (28).

Back to Kim - as she rolls her eyes at the other MUMS.

KIM  
Always Jaiden.

CUT TO:

38

INT. FRANCESCA'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - DAY 2 [1530]

38

Open on Francesca as she takes in her new home. An anonymous, city centre apartment - open plan, fully furnished, weirdly soulless, almost sterile -

As Liam hands her a wodge of cash - 2k in fifty pound notes.

LIAM  
From Paul.

FRANCESCA  
Thanks.

LIAM  
I've checked the windows. All  
secure. And you've got the keys?

She doesn't answer. As Liam takes a closer look at Francesca - abundantly clear that she's not coping. He pulls out a packet of pills, gives her a strip.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Take it later.

FRANCESCA  
I don't want (anything)...

LIAM  
Take it. It'll help you sleep.

He exits, crossing with Matt -

MATT  
Mum?

- as he punches in the code on the home security system. The man of the house.

MATT (CONT'D)  
I've set up the passcode, alright?  
You've just got to remember to  
switch it on when you leave the  
house.

Francesca barely looks up. Through the door, she can just make out Frank. He looks lost and incongruous, sat next to his bird table. A refugee. Lauren puts a supportive hand on his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

As Francesca moves towards the grocery bags on the breakfast bar, her voice is almost strangulated in her effort to sound normal, still trying to be a mum -

FRANCESCA

Right, who wants something to eat...?

HARD CUT TO:

INT. KIM'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY 2 [1545]

A CLOSE UP of a plate of mini sausage rolls as Kim puts it on the table. Quite a spread.

KIM

(calling out)  
And I've put some little pizzas in.  
Don't let me forget 'em.

Pull back to reveal we're at Kim and Mick's for the post-match party. Kim - clutching her 'WORLD'S BEST MUM' mug and clearly the Queen of the Iceland finger buffet -

- as behind her, her boys, REECE (7), CHARLIE (4) still in their kit, rough and tumble with the other BOYS, the football mums open up the wine and Kim's eldest, JACK (10) geeky, in glasses, fires up the PlayStation, gets the microphones ready for SingStar -

Stay on Kim as she goes back into -

INT. KIM'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS (DAY 2) [1546P]

- the hall, just as Mick enters, carrying a bag of charcoal for the BBQ -

MICK

The last one from the garage.  
(then)  
Oh bloody hell -

KIM

What's up?

MICK

- dog muck all over my shoe -

Grabs the local paper off the floor, starts wiping it off -

On Kim who's instantly riled, starts heading out -

MICK (CONT'D)

Kim. Leave it.

(CONTINUED)

KIM

I won't leave it. It's a bloody health hazard...

Furiously she flings open the door. Follow her gaze - there's VICKY (32), her neighbour from hell, heading out with someone we recognise - JAIDEN, still in his football kit. Vicky doesn't see Kim but Jaiden does. He gives Kim the finger!

KIM (CONT'D)

That little (bastard)...

MICK

Forget about them. We're having a party!

HARD CUT TO:

41

INT/EXT. KIM'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM/GARDEN - DAY 2 [1615]

41

KIM

Ah, push it  
Ah, push it

Kim, murdering Salt n' Pepa on SingStar.

Through the open patio doors, Mick's manning the BBQ - wearing a Tarzan BBQ Apron - squirting the kids with a supersoaker water-gun -

KIM (CONT'D)

Ooooh, baby, baby  
Baby, baby  
Oooh, baby, baby  
Baby, baby  
Get up on this...

Mick shouts, taking the piss -

MICK

Somebody call Simon Cowell...

KIM

Piss off!  
(back to the song)  
Ow!

MICK

What's that?

KIM

You heard!  
(rapping now)  
Salt and Pepa's here, and we're in effect  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

KIM (CONT'D)  
 Want you to push it, baby  
 Coolin' by day  
 Then at night working up a sweat...

Squeals, laughter all around, everyone having a good time.  
 Then - the doorbell RINGS.

KIM (CONT'D)  
 (shouts to Mick)  
 You get that? I'm heading for a big  
 score...

Stay on Mick, still wearing his apron, BBQ tongs in hand -

42 INT. KIM'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS (DAY 2) [1616]

- makes his way through the crowded hall, stepping over kids, Reece sliding toy cars down the bannisters with his mates -

MICK  
 (to Reece)  
 Careful you! Mind the paint-work.

- opens the door. Two PLAIN-CLOTHES DETECTIVES and a UNIFORMED OFFICER.

D.S. HAGAN  
 Mick Haines?

MICK  
 Yep?

D.S. HAGAN  
 I'm Detective Sergeant Hagan, my  
 colleagues D.C Sankey and P.C.  
 Sims...

MICK  
 What's up?

D.S. HAGAN  
 Can we have a word? In private?

MICK  
 What's this about?

D.S. HAGAN  
 Let's just go up here -

As they head up the stairs, cut back to -

43 INT. KIM'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS (DAY 2) 43  
[1617]

Kim, as she punches the air, delighted with her high score.

(CONTINUED)

KIM

Look at that! Nine thousand!

Points to the TV. Stops, looks up, as worried looking Jack enters.

KIM (CONT'D)

What?

JUMP CUT TO:

44

INT. KIM'S HOUSE/STAIRS/LANDING - DAY 2 [1618]

44

Seconds later. As Kim climbs the stairs -

KIM

Mick? MICK?

- muffled voices through the bedroom door -

D.S. HAGAN (V.O.)

(to Mick)

Are these the clothes you were  
wearing this morning?

MICK (V.O.)

What?

D.S. HAGAN (V.O.)

Have you changed clothes since you  
came home?

MICK (V.O.)

No...

KIM

(banging on the door)

What's going on?

MICK (V.O.)

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL YOU'RE  
TALKING ABOUT? I HAVEN'T DONE  
ANYTHING!Everyone gathering in the hallway downstairs now. Kids with  
scared faces, mums putting down their wine glasses. Seconds  
later, Mick emerges on to the landing with the cops -  
fighting, furious -

The dialogue quick and overlapping -

MICK

Get your hands off me -

D.S. HAGAN

You need to calm down, Mick -

(CONTINUED)

MICK

- this is bloody ridiculous -

D.S. HAGAN

- otherwise we're going to have to cuff you and we don't want to do that -

KIM

Why are you arresting him?

The cops don't answer, instead concentrating on moving Mick down the stairs and towards the door. The boys frightened, staring at their struggling dad -

CHARLIE

Dad! DADDY!

MICK

(to the cops)  
GET OFF ME!

KIM

Where are you taking him?

D.C. SANKEY

(gently to Kim)  
We're taking your husband for questioning at West Central Police Station...

KIM

Questioning? About what?

On the doorstep now - Mick stares anguished at Kim -

MICK

I don't know what they're talking about.

Stay on Mick -

- as he's escorted down the front path and into a marked police car.

The kids from next door - DANE (14), TYLER (13) carrying GRACE (2), (naked except for a dummy and nappy), come out to watch -

Stay on distraught Kim, her boys clinging to her on the doorstep -

JACK

What's happening? Mum?

Kim shakes her head, no idea.

They watch in shocked silence as Mick is driven away in the police car. The whole thing over in seconds.

Then turn, head back into the house to find Mums grabbing their kids' coats to take them home -

- as the SingStar mic emits an awful whine of FEEDBACK - the party's over -

CUT TO:

46 **INT. WEDDING VENUE/STAIRCASE/RECEPTION ROOM - DAY 2 [1630]** 46

- as we pick up Aisling and her straight-laced fiance, BEN BALLO (24) - at their wedding venue.

On Ben's POV as he looks up the ornate sweeping staircase, to see Aisling coming down, narrating her progress. In his hand, his wedding folder, super-organised, he's the Bridezilla here -

BEN

And we'll all be clapping you down...I'll be on this side with my family...and your mum and dad'll be there...

Points to the other side -

AISLING

Not together...

BEN

(amused)

Not together...

AISLING

Unless we want a punch up...

Smiles awkwardly at Ben, looks around, imagining herself, in her wedding dress - as she reaches the bottom, joins him.

BEN

Then we'll walk through here -

- and they move through in to the Reception Room. The top table already laid up as a sample table - cutlery, fancy flowers, bows on the chairs.

(CONTINUED)

BEN (CONT'D)  
 And that's us. Top Table.  
 (picks up a champagne  
 glass)  
 Best man's speech, father of the  
 bride...

This hangs. As they look at each other -

BEN (CONT'D)  
 So how was he? Your dad?

AISLING  
 He's alright. Just really, really  
 sorry...

BEN  
 Should be. He could've really  
 stuffed things up for us.

AISLING  
 (upset, defensive)  
 Please, it's not a problem. He'll  
 be out a week before the wedding.  
 Your family will never know...

Feel the tension on Ben, as he pulls out a cheque.

BEN  
 Right, better find this catering  
 manager...

As they walk towards the exit. A pause, then gently -

BEN (CONT'D)  
 Y'know what? I don't even care  
 that your dad hasn't contributed a  
 penny...lifted a finger. It's the  
 fact that he doesn't put you first,  
 Ash. It's not good enough.

INTERCUT WITH:

Matt, in a flat doorway. He hands over the cash, pockets the coke -

- twirling, spinning round the stairwell as he makes his way  
 down, down -

CUT TO:

48

INT. POLICE STATION/FRONT DESK - DAY 2 [1650]

48

Tearful, frustrated Kim as she pleads with the POLICE STAFF RECEPTIONIST -

KIM  
Please...where is my husband?  
Mick? Mick Haines?

No answer.

KIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
What are you doing to him?

No answer. Her questions playing over visuals of her just waiting and waiting.

KIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Can you at least tell me what you're accusing him off?

JUMP CUT TO:

More waiting. The reception now bursting. Kim rubs her temples, empty plastic cup in front of her, been here hours. Until eventually, D.C. Sankey approaches -

D.C. SANKEY  
Mrs Haines?

KIM  
Where's Mick?

D.C. SANKEY  
Your husband's still being questioned about an alleged incident earlier this afternoon.

On Kim, so many questions in her eyes -

JUMP CUT TO:

49

INT. POLICE STATION/INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2 [1905]

49

On Kim, she sits across from D.C. Sankey and another MALE DETECTIVE. He has a hardback interview log book in front of him, writing down everything Kim says.

D.C. SANKEY  
At this stage, we're not able to give you any more details but it would really help us if you could give your account of today's football match.

(CONTINUED)

KIM

Well...we won. Three-one...

On Kim, she wants to help, she'll tell them anything they need -

D.C. SANKEY

And where were you while the game was going on?

KIM

I was standing with the other mums and dads on the touch-line.

D.C. SANKEY

The whole time?

KIM

Yeah. Till the whistle went and then I went home to get the house ready. We always have a bit of a do, the end of every season...

D.C. SANKEY

And Mick?

50

INT. POLICE STATION/INTERVIEW ROOM - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS (DAY 2) [1906]

KIM (V.O.)

He stayed to clear up.

REVEAL Mick. Also being interviewed. Sat across from D.S. Hagan and a FEMALE DETECTIVE, DUTY SOLICITOR next to him. Not in his own clothes any more, a pair of dark joggers, plain t-shirt.

A video camera pointing straight at him. Mick glances at it agitated, the interview clearly not going well.

As Kim's interview bleeds over -

D.C. SANKEY (V.O.)

Does Mick usually clear up on his own?

KIM (V.O.)

Yes. The kids are always leaving their kit on the floor...so he goes round the changing rooms, picks everything up before Danny locks the doors.

D.C. SANKEY (V.O.)

Danny?

51 INT. POLICE STATION/INTERVIEW ROOM - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS (DAY 2) [1907]

KIM (V.O.)  
The site manager.

DANNY PAGE, the site manager being interviewed.  
Gesticulating. Obviously describing something.

52 INT. POLICE STATION/INTERVIEW ROOM - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS (DAY 2) [1908]

D.C. SANKEY  
And were there any incidents during  
the match?

KIM  
Incidents?  
(shrugs, then)  
Their goalie was booked first half.  
And then there was a bit of argy  
bargy between Jaiden and the ref.

D.C. SANKEY  
Jaiden?

53 INT. POLICE STATION/CORRIDOR - DAY 2 [1909] 53

KIM (V.O.)  
One of the boys in the team. He  
lost it with the referee, started  
kicking out so Mick grabbed him...I  
mean, not grabbed but...y'know,  
pushed him off the ref, sent him to  
the changing room to cool down.

Over visuals of Vicky. Jaiden sits next to his Mum, still in  
his football kit. Vicky puts her arm round him, maternal, a  
dutiful mum.

D.C. SANKEY (V.O.)  
Do you know if Mick saw or spoke to  
Jaiden again?

As a FEMALE CHILD PROTECTION OFFICER approaches Jaiden,  
smiles, leads him into -

54 INT. CHILD FRIENDLY INTERVIEW SUITE - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS (DAY 2) [1910]

Toys. Cushions. Video Equipment set up and running. The  
Female Child Protection Officer sits across from Jaiden, an  
APPROPRIATE ADULT is sitting next to him as Jaiden begins to  
talk.

(CONTINUED)

Kim's interview still bleeding over -

KIM (V.O.)

Yeah. He followed him into the changing room, chucked him off the team...

Then, sounding worried -

KIM (V.O.)

Why do you keep asking me about Jaiden?

CUT TO:

Back in the room now with Kim. She's starting to look worried.

KIM

Look, his family live next door to us and I swear it's been one thing after another since they moved in...

Looks anxiously at the detective. Still writing everything down.

KIM (CONT'D)

I told Mick not to have Jaiden on the team but he's too soft for his own good. Honestly he's been nothing but kind to those kids...

D.C. SANKEY

How is he kind to them?

KIM

Gives them our boys' old clothes, bikes...

Then Kim stops - and suddenly...she KNOWS, she just knows -

KIM (CONT'D)

Oh god, no...please. He hasn't...Jaiden, he's...he's troubled, he'll say anything to get attention...

Looks desperately from one detective to the other -

KIM (CONT'D)

What have they said he's done?

CUT TO:

56

INT. POLICE STATION/CUSTODY DESK - DAY 2 [1930]

56

Mick's interview has terminated and Mick looks desperately at his solicitor, as D.S. Hagan reads from the Charge Sheet -

D.S. HAGAN

You are charged as follows: That you, on 5th September at Wayside Playing Fields, intentionally penetrated the mouth of a boy under the age of 13 with your penis.

57

INT. KIM'S HOUSE/DOOR/HALL/KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 2 [2215] 57

As Kim arrives home -

D.S. HAGAN (V.O.)

Contrary to section 5 of the sexual offences act. You do not have to say anything...

- she heads straight into the kitchen to find a bored looking TEENAGE BABYSITTER playing on her phone.

She looks up as Kim pays her a tenner, then leaves. As Kim, heads -

57A

INT. KIM'S HOUSE/STAIRS/BEDROOM - PLAY AS CONT.- (NIGHT 2) 57A

D.S HAGAN (V.O.)

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

- upstairs, into her bedroom. Follow her gaze. There, in her double bed, all three boys curled asleep, an innocent tangle of pyjamas. Oblivious.

D.S. HAGAN (V.O.)

Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

Kim climbs into bed -

D.S. HAGAN (V.O.)

You are to be detained in police custody until the next available Magistrates Court where you may make a bail application.

- tight and rigid with tension, eyes full of unshed tears as the music from next door thumps through the wall -

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED:

57A

THUD, THUD, THUD -

CUT TO:

57B OMITTED

57B

58 OMITTED

58

59 OMITTED

59

60 **INT. FRANCESCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 2 [2300]**

60

Another bed, another shell-shocked woman, foetal position, struggling to process the day's awful events. Francesca.

Her hands next to her face, she suddenly freezes. Her fingers scrubbed red raw, swollen and bleeding from the bleach.

A reminder. Her phone starts ringing -

61 **INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/PAUL'S CELL - NIGHT 2 [2301]**

61

- it's Paul, on his illegal mobile, sharing a cell with Brendan. Brendan's by the cell-door, listening for screws -

He gives Paul a nod - *all clear*.

Back on Paul, desperate for Francesca to pick up.

PAUL  
Come on Frannie...

Meanwhile Brendan's managed to get hold of some illicit HOOCH. He holds some out to Paul -

As Paul shakes his head, too preoccupied, whispers -

PAUL (CONT'D)  
...pick up...

CUT TO:

62 **INT. FRANCESCA'S APARTMENT/FRANCESCA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 2 [2302]**

62

But Francesca just stares at the phone, lets it ring out, a flash of emotion in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

Move closer on her as she picks up the strip of valium, pops a pill in her mouth and lies there, eyes open, waiting for the chemicals to push her into the abyss...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. FRANCESCA'S APARTMENT/ FRANCESCA'S BEDROOM - DAY 3 63  
[1100]

SUNLIGHT pours through the bedroom window. Francesca sleeps soundly; a drug fuelled slumber, as the doorbell RINGS -

She opens her eyes, winces, looks around at the clean, practically empty room, confused - where the hell is she? Then she hears it, voices from the living room -

Frank and an unknown female voice, whom we'll come to know as Detective Chief Inspector FONTAINE -

FONTAINE (O.S.)

And how long had you lived at the house?

On Francesca, confused, listening in -

FRANK (O.S.)

Forty four...nearly forty five years... Me and Elsie got one of the first houses on the estate. Never forget her face when she first saw it. Own bathroom ...garden...

INT. FRANCESCA'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS<sup>4</sup>  
(DAY 3) [1101]

As Frank struggles with emotion, we get a closer look at Fontaine, strong-looking but compassionate, as she touches Frank's hand -

DCI FONTAINE

Frank, is there anything you'd like to tell me about this earlier incident? A neighbour reported that you were assaulted?

Frank looks at the floor -

DCI FONTAINE (CONT'D)

(very gently)

I understand it's...complicated for you but clearly there's been a couple of 'situations' that you haven't been comfortable talking to the police about?

Fontaine looks at Frank, almost with a tenderness. Then -

FRANK

No, the...my neighbour made a mistake. The arson was the first.

On Frank, very uncomfortable lying. He looks up to see Francesca staring at Fontaine. Panic in her eyes -

Fontaine glances up at Francesca, familiar -

DCI FONTAINE

Hello Francesca, long time. Just talking to your dad about the arson. Got the crime reference number for him.

Pats Frank on the hand.

DCI FONTAINE (CONT'D)

You'll need it for the insurance but I wouldn't hold your breath. They won't put their hands in their pockets 'til we've finished our investigation -

A sad smile at Frank -

DCI FONTAINE (CONT'D)

- and that will only take longer unless people talk to us.

Move TIGHT on Francesca as she struggles to keep control, heart pounding, trying not to betray her anxiety as Frank stares at her, then -

FRANCESCA

Is that all you're here for?

DCI FONTAINE

(smiles)

Forgotten that about you. You're very direct. Refreshing.

(then, softer)

I just want to help.

JUMP CUT TO:

65

INT. FRANCESCA'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - DAY 3 [1105]

65

Seconds later. Fontaine sits across from Francesca. A real solidity about her, a woman who is perfectly confident in her role and in her own skin.

The contrast between her and Francesca couldn't be more acute.

DCI FONTAINE

You have done nothing wrong here,  
you're a victim.

A flash in Francesca's eyes - that's not true - blood on her hands.

Fontaine's tone utterly matter-of-fact but she's watching Francesca closely.

DCI FONTAINE (CONT'D)

Thing is, this wasn't an isolated attack, it's part of a turf war...it will only escalate. And we both know Paul will retaliate and then where will it end?

On Francesca - heart in her mouth. Meanwhile Fontaine looks at her closely...almost sympathetically.

DCI FONTAINE (CONT'D)

You look tired.

FRANCESCA

I am.

DCI FONTAINE

You must be. Must be very tired of living like this. But you have a choice. You always have a choice. And whatever history there is...whatever you feel about me...

Straight at Francesca, here it is - the offer -

DCI FONTAINE (CONT'D)

...if you talk to me, I will protect you.

As Fontaine slides a business card across the table to Francesca. Just for a second, there's a hint from Francesca that Fontaine is getting to her and then pale Lauren enters -

DCI FONTAINE (CONT'D)

Ah little Lauren, not so little now. Do you still play the violin?

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN

Mum?

DCI FONTAINE

I apologise. Such an obvious thing  
to say to kids... 'haven't you  
grown?'

Lauren looks at Francesca, utterly confused.

FRANCESCA

This is Detective...

DCI FONTAINE

...Chief Inspector...

FRANCESCA

Fontaine. She sent your dad  
down...

DCI FONTAINE

Just part of the team.

(gently to Lauren)

You were playing the violin when we  
came to the house all those years  
ago.

(then)

I'm sorry about the fire, it  
must've been very frightening.

As Lauren's eyes fill with tears, Francesca snaps.

FRANCESCA

I think you should go.

DCI FONTAINE

(equable)

If that's what you want.

FRANCESCA

It is.

As they get up, move towards the door, Fontaine pauses,  
studies Francesca -

DCI FONTAINE

I'm always trying to work out the  
logic in people's decision making  
but you...

Shrugs, almost puzzled -

DCI FONTAINE (CONT'D)

It's clear you love your children  
and I've offered you a chance to  
protect them... to give them a safer  
life and you've said 'no.'

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

A beat, then -

DCI FONTAINE (CONT'D)  
 Just hope you don't regret that  
 decision.

As Francesca closes the door -

JUMP CUT TO:

66

INT. FRANCESCA'S APARTMENT - DAY 3 [1130]

66

Seconds later, distraught Francesca is in the clinical bathroom, head resting against the cold tiles -

Suddenly, her mobile RINGS, she picks up, her voice tense -

FRANCESCA  
 (into phone)  
 Hello?

CUT TO:

67

INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/PAUL'S CELL / INT. FRANCESCA'S APARTMENT~~DAY 3 [1131]~~

On Paul, whispering anxiously into his illegal mobile. In the background, Brendan keeping watch out of the cell door -

PAUL  
 (whispers)  
 Frannie? Liam told me. I'm so  
 sorry...

INTERCUT WITH FRANCESCA -

- who remains silent.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 You were never meant to be  
 there...never meant to see that...

FRANCESCA  
 You told me it was a peace-  
 offering...

PAUL  
 I told you what you needed to know.  
 To protect you...

FRANCESCA  
 You said it was a truce. I get him  
 to the car, then it's over. You  
 lied to me...

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

It is over. Frannie?  
(quiet, desperate)  
Listen...listen to me. This is what  
I had to do to make it over. To  
make sure that you and the kids  
would be safe.

FRANCESCA

You've made it worse...

PAUL

No I haven't.

FRANCESCA

You have. Fontaine was here...

PAUL

What?

FRANCESCA

She said if you retaliate it will  
only make things worse...

PAUL

She's wrong, Frannie. I know how  
this works better than her,  
alright?

(then)

We've taken out the boss. The rest  
of 'em...they'll run around like  
headless chickens and the good ones  
will come and work for me.

A pause, feel Paul's guilt, struggling with the emotion -

PAUL (CONT'D)

Frannie, you know how I have  
tried...I have always tried to  
protect you...

FRANCESCA

I held him in my lap...

PAUL

I know...

FRANCESCA

I held him in my lap and he bled...

She's shaking, unravelling, leans over the toilet bowl -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

So much blood...

On Paul, whispering, talking her down -

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

PAUL

I know how it feels...how you keep replaying it in your head, over and over, how you can almost smell it...feel it on your hands...

On Francesca listening intently -

PAUL (CONT'D)

And you...you only feel that...because you're a good person...a beautiful person... But you need to remember what he did. How he tried to kill you. Your dad. Our children. Tried to burn them in their beds...

Then, so gently, almost woo-ing her -

PAUL (CONT'D)

We had to do it...and you will get past it...

FRANCESCA

What if I can't?

PAUL

You will. I swear, you'll box it up...move on...with me...

On Paul, very emotional.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Frannie? I love you and I'm sorry.

On Paul - has he done enough?

CUT TO:

68

INT. MAGISTRATES COURT/FOYER - DAY 3 [1400]

68

On Kim - looks around, as she walks through the foyer of the tatty municipal WEST SHEFFIELD MAGISTRATES COURT.

Weary DUTY SOLICITORS muttering with their TEENAGE CLIENTS, COURT OFFICIALS feeding vending machines, laughing with colleagues but we CLOSE on Kim's face, almost expressionless, dislocated.

JUMP CUT TO:

69

INT. MAGISTRATES COURT/COURTROOM - DAY 3 [1405]

69

Later. Pick up Kim as she sits in the public gallery, down below the FEMALE MAGISTRATE turns down Mick's bail -

(CONTINUED)

## FEMALE MAGISTRATE

Taking into consideration the seriousness of the offence, the potential risk of interference with the witness -

Kim looks over to Mick, in the dock. He looks diminished, frightened but then he catches Kim's eye, tries to smile, look strong -

## FEMALE MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

- and the fact that you are a community sports work and therefore in a position of trust, this bail application is denied. The defendant is to be remanded in custody.

Court bustle, papers being collected, no big drama, a sense that this was an entirely expected outcome. A satisfied nod between D.S. Hagan and D.C. Sankey, but we stay on Kim, not really understanding what's going on. She stares as the GUARD takes Mick's arm, begins to take him down.

Looks around desperately for explanation, clarification but there's no one to ask. She shivers, suddenly cold -

CUT TO:

EXT. PEAK DISTRICT - DAY 3 [1410]

A big sky. In the Peaks now with Harriet and Ian and Basil. As Harriet shakes the nappy sack she's brought for his deposits -

## HARRIET

Come on Basil...'business time'.

(then)

I don't know what's wrong with him. He usually 'goes' the moment I let him out the car.

They walk on.

Ian breathes in deeply, smiles at Harriet -

## IAN

D'you know how lovely it is to have someone to walk with? Have someone to enjoy all this with?

On Harriet, she look at Ian, heart fluttering.

A pause, then she reaches out, tries to take Ian's hand but he goes stiff, unresponsive -

(CONTINUED)

HARRIET  
(pulls away, stung)  
I'm...I'm sorry...

IAN  
Harriet, it's alright...

HARRIET  
No, no it obviously isn't. You  
obviously don't want me to...to...

IAN  
Harriet...I'm sorry if I'm in any  
way confusing you...

HARRIET  
I just don't know what's going on  
between us...

IAN  
(smiling, awkward)  
We're having a nice time together,  
that's what's going on...

HARRIET  
But I don't know what this is. We  
go on walks, we have tea together.  
Are we just...just friends or are  
we...

Stops, looks at Ian. All handsome and earnest in his  
Berghaus fleece. We sense how much she wants him.

In the background, Basil still refusing to go to the toilet.

JUMP CUT TO:

**EXT. PEAK DISTRICT/WALL - DAY 3 [1415]**

Minutes later. On Ian as he sits down on a dry-stone wall.  
Thoughtful, reflective - struggling with his conflicts.

IAN  
You're right. I have been avoiding  
this...this conversation because I  
fear by simply having it, I may  
lose something...someone whose  
company I have genuinely come to  
value...

Stops. Tries again.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Harriet, I enjoy spending time with  
you. Very much.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

IAN (CONT'D)

But my faith doesn't allow me to have casual relationships with women...

Harriet nods, trying desperately not to look disappointed.

IAN (CONT'D)

...it also means that it's difficult for me to conceive of a relationship with someone who's not a practising Christian.

HARRIET

But I told you I'm reading the Bible. I'm making very good headway with the gospel of Matthew...

IAN

And...that's...that's wonderful but...there are so many reasons why this is problematic.

Then, almost listing them -

IAN (CONT'D)

You came to me for pastoral support...I'm the Chaplain in your son's prison...there are potential conflicts of interests, ethical concerns. I think maybe I was naive to have even contemplated it...it's all so...so very complicated...

HARRIET

It doesn't have to be.

Lets this hang. Hold on Harriet and Ian. Two lonely people in a wide and beautiful landscape. As they look out at the view together, Harriet takes his hand, then - a confession -

IAN

I'm lonely. I spend all week locked up, listening to everyone else's problems and then most weekends, I walk these hills. Sometimes I hardly see a soul.

Looks at Harriet and she's listening so intently - and slowly, tenderly, Ian leans forward and kisses her. We feel his loneliness fall away. Harriet responds, these two are perfect for each other.

In the background, Basil finally manages his to 'perform.'

As Ian takes Harriet's arm, gestures her towards the pub.

(CONTINUED)

IAN (CONT'D)

Come on, let's go for a drink.

JUMP CUT TO:

72 INT. PEAK DISTRICT/PUB - DAY 3 [1430]

72

A gin and tonic -

HARRIET

Ice. And a slice. How lovely!  
Thank you.

Pull back to REVEAL smiling Harriet sat at a table as Ian returns with the drinks. She's looking at a picture from her handbag. Hand-drawn, day-glow felt-tips -

HARRIET (CONT'D)

You see that's Sean...and that's Mason. And I think that's their new flat...I'm not sure Mason's drawn it quite to scale...

IAN

(smiling)

Unless Sean's head is now bigger than a house.

HARRIET

Exactly.

(puts the drawing away)

And I also got a letter from Lou from prison. It sounds awful but she seems to be hanging in there, counting the days.

IAN

You should be very proud of yourself, Harriet, the way you helped that family...

HARRIET

Just did what anybody would've done.

But she puffs herself up - warmed by compliments from her 'boyfriend'!

Stay on Harriet as she looks around the pub, at the other middle-aged couples enjoying drinks and lunch. Then she takes Ian's hand, holds it, loving this -

- not really listening, as -

(CONTINUED)

IAN

So...has Gavin talked to you about his new friends?  
 (then, loaded)  
 He...he certainly seems to be getting quite close to them?

HARRIET

Yes it's wonderful he's found a support system. So important to have something to believe in.

She smiles, missing the point. And as Ian sips his drink, we sense his reticence to press it.

CUT TO:

73

INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/GAVIN'S CELL - DAY 3 [1445]

73

Gavin. He sits opposite the Imam. His face, angry, confused.

GAVIN

But you can't turn me down! I put my app in...

IMAM

Anyone can fill in a form saying they want to change religion. That's a very different matter from a genuine spiritual conversion...

The Imam is gentle, probing -

IMAM (CONT'D)

What attracts you to Islam?

Gavin looks up, knows the answer to this one -

GAVIN

Brotherhood.

IMAM

So you like to belong? You like the sense of unity?

Gavin nods.

IMAM (CONT'D)

Gavin, you don't convert because you want to fit in. Or....

Gestures at the wider prison -

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

IMAM (CONT'D)

...because you like the idea of attending the festivals or partaking in the food...I have heard all of these reasons before...

GAVIN

(desperate)

All my friends are Muslims.

IMAM

I want to give you this.

Hands Gavin a leaflet.

IMAM (CONT'D)

A summary. The Five Pillars of Islam and the articles of belief...

GAVIN

(panicking)

I want to convert. Please, you have to let me...

IMAM

If you read this, and I think you are genuinely interested in Islam, you can contact me again. I could introduce to some Muslims who perhaps could lead you on a more righteous path than your friends?

As Gavin's mates pass by the cell door and Gavin smiles nervously - now desperately worried -

CUT TO:

74

OMITTED

74

75

INT. FRANCESCA'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS<sup>5</sup>  
(DAY 3) [1500]

Frank sat on the sofa. Pull back to REVEAL Francesca watching her dad, incongruous in his new minimalist home. Feel her hesitancy, then -

- she sits down next to him, striving for connection - where to start?

FRANCESCA

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

You didn't burn down my house.

FRANCESCA

No.

FRANK

The doctor, in the hospital. He said we were lucky. He said it doesn't take long...arson. Not the fire that gets people. It's the smoke...

FRANCESCA

Dad...

FRANK

'Cos that's what they were trying to do, weren't they? Kill us. Matty, Lauren...you...

He looks at Francesca, struggling with emotion -

FRANK (CONT'D)

If I ever lost you...Frannie...

FRANCESCA

Dad, you don't need to worry...

But there's a growing anger in Frank -

FRANK

I swear, if I had a gun...

FRANCESCA

...and you don't need to talk like that...

FRANK

I just hope they get what's coming to them.

He means it. And it makes her feel better.

Hold on Francesca and Frank, closer than we've seen them for a long time. Side by side on the sofa.

CUT TO:

We've never seen it like this before. Almost empty - the abstract patterns of the grey and red plastic chairs - a guard by the door -

(CONTINUED)

Then, a movement from one of the tables - we move closer, the table top is off and a POLICE TECHNICIAN is fixing something inside it. We can't see what.

Then he replaces the table-top, looks up, nods at someone who's just come through the door - Fontaine.

She smiles at the technician, a little beat of satisfaction -

FONTAINE

All done?

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. KIM'S CAR/RING ROAD/KIM'S HOUSE - DAY 3 [1555] 77

As shell-shocked Kim drives home, the silence hangs heavy -

She turns on the car RADIO - Local Radio News - anything to fill the void.

LOCAL RADIO NEWS

...directions and diversions have been put in place on the A6135 Burngreave Road following the incident. South Yorkshire Police are investigating the crash and have appealed for witnesses to come forward.

On Kim, still driving, not really listening -

LOCAL RADIO NEWS (CONT'D)

In other news, today a local community worker was remanded in custody, charged with the sexual assault of a child under 13...

She can't turn it off quick enough.

JUMP CUT TO:

Kim parks the car, looks up at her house. Neat, immaculate. In total contrast to Vicky's house next door. Shopping trollies, dirty nappies and empty bottles litter Vicky's garden, stained sheets hang in the windows instead of curtains.

As Kim gets out of the car -

INTERCUT WITH -

78

INT/EXT. PRISON VAN/HMP HIGHCROSS - DAY 3 [1600]

78

Mick, frightened and alone, in the tiny, cramped sweatbox inside the PRISON VAN -

It stops. And the doors open. Stay on Mick as he's led out of the van, and sent across the courtyard to the prison reception.

Follow his frightened gaze - the high brick walls, the razor wire - ominous SHOUTS coming from the wing -

CUT TO:

79

EXT. VICKY'S HOUSE - DAY 3 [1605]

79

Kim, looking up at Vicky's front door. She presses the bell. Broken. Knocks.

A brief pause and then Vicky opens the door, Grace in one arm, stares at Kim, openly hostile. The noise from the TV blaring from inside as Kim takes a deep breath, then, desperately -

KIM

Please, please make Jaiden stop.  
I'm sure he didn't mean any of this  
to happen. I'm sure it's just  
a...a little lie that's got out of  
control -

As SPLAT! Vicky gobs in Kim's face, slams the door.

Hold on Kim for a beat as Vicky's spittle drips down her cheek. Beyond gross. Humiliated, violated.

As she wipes her face, turns away.

JUMP CUT TO:

80

INT. KIM'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT 3 [1715]

80

Tight on Kim as she puts out cutlery, lays out dinner plates, steam rising as she drains the frozen peas.

Pull back to reveal her three boys watching her intently.

Her voice bright, matter of fact, the strain just below -

KIM

So they're going to keep your dad  
in prison while they sort this mess  
out -

81 INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/RECEPTION - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 3)  
[1716]

KIM (V.O.)  
- 'cos that's all it is. A  
mistake. A mix up.

Over visuals of Mick as he's processed:

Strip-searched, shoes put through the X-Ray, given a small  
pile of Prison Issue Clothes -

KIM (V.O.)  
And you might hear all sorts of  
silly nonsense about your dad but  
you mustn't take any notice.

More QUICK CUTS of Mick. As he's handed a cup of tea, a small  
packet of sweets. All the time, his eyes frightened, dazed,  
confused -

KIM (V.O.)  
(brittle with unshed  
tears)  
'Cos we know your dad. And we love  
him 'cos he's the best dad in the  
world and he'll be home soon,  
alright?

82 INT. KIM'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - PLAY AS CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 3) 82  
[1718]

KIM  
Any questions?

Her boys look up at her. Fish fingers, chips and peas in  
front of them. Then -

REECE  
Can I have ketchup?

KIM  
Course you can, sweetpea. Have as  
much as you want.

As Kim heads for the fridge, a look of anguish crosses her  
face.

CUT TO:

83 INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/CORRIDOR/WING ENTRANCE - NIGHT 3 [1800] 83

Mick, as he's led down a corridor. So close, we can hear him trying to control his breathing, trying to stand up straight, trying not to look scared -

- as he reaches the Wing Entrance.

CUT TO:

84 INT. KIM'S HOUSE/BEDROOM / EXT. VICKY'S GARDEN - NIGHT 3 84  
[2200]

- we hear it first. The little frightened voice in the dark.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
Will Daddy have a bed? Will it be dark?

Kim reaches over, switches on the bedside light. Its warm gloom illuminates three scared, questioning faces - her boys - snuggled next to her in bed, looking up at her.

Then a noise from outside the window. LAUGHTER. Stay on Kim as she stands up, moves towards the window, pulls the curtain to one side.

Follow Kim's gaze. There, in the sodium glow of the street-lights -

- on her front lawn, on her son's old bike - Jaiden. He's doing bunny hops across the grass, laughing his head off. And to the side, watching him - Vicky, a can of Special Brew in her hand.

Kim steps back but she moves the curtain. Vicky looks up and just for a second, they lock eyes through the glass -

- and Vicky SMILES. Mocking. Nasty. Enjoying Kim's distress.

CUT TO:

85 INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/MICK'S CELL - NIGHT 3 [2205] 85

Mick, in his cell. As beneath him, his cell-mate gets into his bunk.

Through the door, brutal and strange SHOUTS echo down the wing, as we move CLOSER on Mick's face as his cell mate's voice floats up from below -

CELL-MATE  
Piece of advice?

(CONTINUED)

MICK

Yeah?

CELL-MATE

Don't tell anyone else what you're  
in for...

JUMP CUT TO:

Open on a familiar question -

POPS WORKER

Is it your first time, love?

As we pull back to reveal the busy Visitors Centre and the smiling Pops Worker as she checks in Kim.

POPS WORKER (CONT'D)

And who are you here to see?

KIM

Mick Haines. I've got my ID.

She hands over her ID. Trying not to look scared or bowed. Hair brushed, make up pretty and discreet but her hands are shaking as the Pops Worker hands her a locker key -

POPS WORKER

There you go, that's for your  
locker. Put everything in, coat,  
phone, bag...

KIM

And I want to give Mick this.

Tilt down to see Kim's got a cardboard box at her feet. Neatly taped up. Hand-written inventory on the top: Trousers x 3, Tops x 11, Underwear x 10.

POPS WORKER

You need to check in property over  
there.

Points to another desk. A long, long queue of VISITORS holding boxes, bin bags, clutching paperwork.

As Kim moves to the back of the queue, we pick up Aisling as she hands over her V.O -

Then back to Kim as she waits and waits. On her POV as she looks around her, this unknown world.

(CONTINUED)

All around her, extraordinary sights - tarted up TEENAGE BRIDES, crying ASIAN MUMS, a bunch of laughing WORKMEN here to see their mate -

- and across the room, Francesca who takes off her flat shoes, slips on her Jimmy Choos. We join her as she looks up to see Harriet watching her with interest -

FRANCESCA

You alright, Harriet?

HARRIET

Yes, I was just looking at  
your...your footwear.

(a beat, then)

Are those kind of sandals very  
expensive?

FRANCESCA

(perplexed)

They can be.

HARRIET

Oh.

Stay on Harriet, still mulling on the price of shoes, as she hovers, waiting to be called through.

She smiles at Kim, who's still queuing - a new face, reaches out to her, the experienced visitor.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Ridiculous, isn't it? By the time  
you've checked your property in,  
you've missed half your visit.

Kim nods, tries not to make eye contact.

Harriet's undeterred -

HARRIET (CONT'D)

And then there's no guarantee  
they'll get it. Like the Bermuda  
triangle, this place. I sent Gavin  
some underwear in, must be two  
months ago and they've never turned  
up. So if you see some brushed  
cotton boxers floating around...

Laughs.

As Kim moves away, not here to make friends, self-contained,  
detached -

JUMP CUT TO:

87

INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/VISITS HALL - DAY 4 [1030]

87

- until she's in the Visits Hall, where she clings desperately to Mick, tears welling.

As the noise and the cheerful buzz of inmates greeting their visitors swells around them, Kim takes Mick's face in her hands - he looks wretched, grey and exhausted but he tries to be strong for Kim. Kisses her -

MICK

Oh god. I have missed you. I have missed you so much.

Holds on to her. Fighting emotion.

We're right up CLOSE to them as they whisper - their conversation quiet and self-conscious, unlike the uninhibited chatter of the more experienced couples around them.

MICK (CONT'D)

How's my boys? My beautiful boys.  
Keep thinking about them. What must they be thinking?

KIM

I don't know -

MICK

You got to tell them that it's a mistake and that I'll be home soon. You tell 'em that a boy told a lie about me, made up a story...

But Kim can't contain it any longer, her fear and dread spilling out.

KIM

She was laughing...

MICK

What?

KIM

Vicky. I saw her. She was watching Jaiden messing about on our front lawn. And she was laughing.

MICK

She's crazy, Kim. You know that. She was probably pissed.

KIM

But why would you laugh if your kid had been abused?

(CONTINUED)

Looks straight at Mick.

KIM (CONT'D)

She's done this to us. She's set us up and she's loving it. She's loving what she's done to us...this is malicious...

Shaking his head -

MICK

No, this is a mistake. This is....the police jumping on a little boy's lie...

KIM

(cut in, hard)

Two years of harassment...the noise and the dog shit... and I thought it can't get any worse, she can't do anything else to us...and she has...she's done the worst thing you could possibly do...

On Mick, beginning to be believe her. Then, an interruption. A GUARD, loud and indiscreet -

VISITS HALL GUARD

You'll have to move tables.

MICK

Why? What's going on?

VISITS HALL GUARD

You need to swap tables. Move to that one over there -

Mick and Kim stand up, utterly confused.

KIM

I don't understand. What's wrong with this table?

But the guard just points them to another table way across the hall -

VISITS HALL GUARD

Quick as you can - your husband's not allowed in this area...

(shrugs)

...safeguarding children.

They follow the guard's gesture -

- he's pointing at the kids' area - some toddlers cutting and sticking, a little boy doing a jigsaw.

(CONTINUED)

On Mick, appalled as the penny drops. He is not allowed near the children, considered a danger to them.

And as they move across the hall, watched by everybody - a whisper behind her - barely audible -

VISITOR

Nonce...

And Mick looks at Kim, suddenly very frightened.

As we join Francesca and Paul. Paul looks at Francesca with utter love and relief -

PAUL

I'm glad you came. Wasn't sure you would.

FRANCESCA

Neither was I.

A pause, then -

PAUL

Frannie, I know it's a shit situation. But this is the worst it'll get. We pushed back and we pushed back hard and now there's no opposition. We've got a chance to make some real money here. That's what you want, isn't it?

FRANCESCA

Is it?

PAUL

You said you wanted to leave Sheffield. Twelve months hard graft and we can do it. Move abroad. A house in Spain for you and the family. But you're going to have to step up, take charge...

FRANCESCA

What are you talking about?

PAUL

I've bought a business. Car valeting company...

CUT TO:

Fontaine, in front of a bank of screens.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

She points at the screen showing Paul and Francesca, tells the Guard to zoom in - adjusts her headphones - listening in to every word -

FRANCESCA

What?

PAUL

...and you're going to run it.  
Tell everyone we're going legit.  
The kids, your dad. As far as everyone knows, this is it. We're going straight.

CUT TO:

89 OMITTED

89

90 INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/VISITS HALL - DAY 4 [1040]

90

As we move across the hall to Aisling and Brendan. Brendan's upbeat, ebullient -

BRENDAN

Jesus, these are delicious crisps, are they not? What d'you think? Are they prawn cocktail?

AISLING

You alright, dad?

BRENDAN

Do you remember that time your mother had that reaction to that bag of crabs I got from Cormac McPhee? Her head swelled up like a balloon. Thought I was gonna have to burst her...

On Aisling - she stares at her dad, then, incredulous -

AISLING

Are you...pissed?

BRENDAN

Me? No. I am absolutely not pissed.

Aisling glares at him, then -

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

I swear to you. I have not had a drop. Well, maybe a drop.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

But no more than that. Just a  
little sharpener...Lowers his voice, starts giggling - like Mutley, ending with  
a cough. Aisling's incensed -

AISLING

I can't believe you've done this!

BRENDAN

Orange juice, bread...with a wee  
bit of printer fluid. Hooch.  
Hoochie coochie.

Arms spread wide, drawing attention to himself -

AISLING

Dad! The screws are looking!

And indeed they are. But Brendan's off already - starts  
waxing lyrical. W.B. Yeats.

BRENDAN

'Wine comes in at the mouth  
And love comes in at the eye;'

AISLING

(hissing)

Dad, I don't want any poems...

BRENDAN-

'That's all we shall know for truth  
Before we grow old and die.  
I lift the glass to my mouth...He's standing up now, performing to the room. Aisling's  
desperate -

AISLING

SIT DOWN!

As an officer moves towards them -

Francesca looks over, catches Brendan mucking about, gives  
Aisling a pointed look - *looks like your dad can get into  
enough trouble on his own* -- and Aisling stands up, knees Brendan in the leg and he  
collapses back on his seat -

BRENDAN

(to Aisling)

Jesus! What'cha do that for?

VISITS HALL GUARD

What's going on? You know the  
rules....

(CONTINUED)

AISLING  
I'm so sorry, officer...

VISITS HALL GUARD  
One embrace at the beginning, one  
at the (end)...

She smiles, begins to lie, working hard, turns on the charm.

AISLING  
He's just happy, aren't you dad?  
I've just told him, I'm getting  
married.

As Aisling flashes her engagement ring, the guard gives Brendan a last suspicious look and finally moves off. Aisling's fake smile drops -

BRENDAN  
(rubbing his leg)  
Jesus now! That fecking hurts...

AISLING  
Well you hurt me. You hurt me  
every time you lie to me, every  
time you tell me that this is the  
last time you're going to prison,  
every time you let me down...

Years of pain and disappointment spilling out. She stands up.

BRENDAN  
What are you doing? Aisling? I'm  
sorry...

AISLING  
You always are.  
(then, emotional)  
You're so selfish.

On Aisling, as she makes her way out, absolutely heartbroken.

CUT TO:

As we join Harriet and Gavin. Harriet's relentlessly upbeat to the point of nervousness - Gavin not really listening -

HARRIET  
All in all, it was a lovely  
weekend. Although my...my calf  
muscles are a little stiff. And  
Basil can barely move...

She looks up, catches Ian's eye as he crosses the hall. He nods, professional but with a little secret loving smile at her.

These two know exactly where they stand with each other.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

My...my friend...

An anxious look at Gavin, anticipating questions or a reaction -

HARRIET (CONT'D)

...and I...we're even talking about doing the Coast to Coast if my legs are up to it.

She smiles at Gavin -

HARRIET (CONT'D)

You've very quiet?

She follows Gavin's gaze, he's staring angrily at the Imam who's talking to another family across the visits hall.

GAVIN

He won't let me convert.

HARRIET

What? Why not?

GAVIN

Says I'm not doing it for the right reasons. It's not fair...

HARRIET

Well...what do your...your friends say?

GAVIN

(really concerned)

I haven't told 'em. They might not like it...

HARRIET

Gavin, if they're real friends, I'm sure they'll understand....

On Gavin - not so sure. As we hear in the background -

VISITS HALL GUARD

Time's up, ladies and gentlemen.

- we drop back in on Mick and Kim. A reversal now - Kim trying to reassure Mick -

(CONTINUED)

KIM

I'm sorry...I didn't mean to come  
in here and upset you...

MICK

Why's everyone looking at me?

KIM

They're not...

But she follows his gaze - he's right, there's a number of  
eyes on him now. Feel Mick's rising panic -

MICK

What if I don't get out of here,  
Kim?

KIM

You will.

MICK

How can you say that?

KIM

I promise you. This will go away.  
I'm going to meet your solicitor.

She leans in towards Mick, touches heads.

KIM (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get you home.

Trying to give him strength. A final hug, squeeze of his  
hands, then we -

- stay on Kim as she walks out, passes Francesca and Paul -

PAUL

Frannie, you run this business and  
you're helping to build our  
future...

FRANCESCA

(strong)

If I say 'yes' then you do it  
properly. No secrets...

PAUL

I promise you, it'll be different.  
You and me. A team.

Takes her hand, whispers in her ear -

PAUL (CONT'D)

In this together.

JUMP CUT TO:

92

INT. VISITORS CENTRE - DAY 4 [1100]

92

A close up of a leaflet for Mother and Carers Support Group which Harriet is thrusting in Kim's face with great Christian charity.

HARRIET

Mother and Carers Support Group!

There's a flash of resistance on Kim's face, she shakes her head, doesn't take the leaflet -

KIM

No thank you...

HARRIET

We're a very friendly bunch. And there's biscuits!

But determined Kim walks on, not sticking around to make friends -

CUT TO:

93

INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/WING/MICK'S CELL - DAY 4 [1101]

93

Mick, as he walks along the wing - passing other inmates on Association time - and heads into his cell. He looks down at his cell-mate who's reading on the bottom bunk.

MICK

What you reading?

No reply. Mick sighs.

He climbs up to the top bunk, looks around at the tiny, cramped cell. Nothing on the walls. No photos except a TOP GEAR calendar. The full horror of his situation absolutely beginning to sink in -

He puts his head in his heads, then -

INMATE (V.O.)

PAEDO!

- looks up as a group of lads rush in the cell, pull him off the top bunk.

We MOVE in tight on the vicious punches. Mick tries to fight back, he's strong, athletic but there's too many of them, he's down on the ground.

As we REVEAL that the lads putting the boot are Gavin's new gang. The Gang-leader turns to Gavin who's hiding at the back. Pointedly looks at him - last chance now - is he in or is he out?

(CONTINUED)

A beat of hesitation, then Gavin too, joins in, KICKS Mick as he cowers on the floor. Hold on Gavin, feel his excitement - the adrenaline of aggression, the thrill of being the victor -

- the bullied has become the bully.

And as the gang and Gavin leave the cell, we stay on Mick, sobbing on the floor, curled up, hands over his head

- as his cell-mate turns the pages of his magazine, and doesn't look down.

CUT TO:

**EXT/INT. HMP HIGHCROSS/BEN'S CAR - DAY 4 [1105]**

Pick up Aisling as she gets in Ben's Audi A1, distracted, trying to hide her emotion -

BEN

How was your visit?

Looks at Ben, knows she can't tell him the truth -

AISLING

It was good. Yeah...

BEN

How was your dad?

AISLING

Good.

Struggling to cover. Ben picks up on her emotion, misreads it, trying to be sensitive.

BEN

I do like your dad, y'know? I just think...maybe he's got a bit of a screw loose...

Smiles, tries to cheer her up.

BEN (CONT'D)

I'm glad you had a good visit.

As Aisling looks back at the prison, still lying -

AISLING

He's just keeping his head down. Trying to get through it. Looking forward to the wedding...

A beat, then -

(CONTINUED)

BEN

D'you fancy going to mum and dad's?

As Aisling looks at Ben - the strain of her lie hanging between them.

CUT TO -

95 **EXT. STUDENT AREA - DAY 4 [1110]**

95

Matt, in the student area with a couple of STUDENT LADS.

We move closer, then we see it. He's handing the boys a couple of wraps of COKE and they're passing him a pile of cash, which he adds to the roll in his pocket.

Francesca's Golden Boy has a new career. As he nods, walks away -

CUT TO:

96 **EXT. HMP HIGHCROSS - DAY 4 [1111]**

96

Join Francesca, as she crosses the road outside of HMP Highcross and gets into a car. The driver turns to her.

An older lady in an ill-fitting business suit and sensible sturdy shoes. It's MARGARET LOGAN, (64) - retired accountant and member of Paul's 'inner circle.' She looks Francesca up and down -

MARGARET

So you're...the wife?

Her tone oozing with disdain - and Francesca feels it - as Margaret starts the engine.

And as they drive off, we pull back to REVEAL DCI Fontaine is watching them from across the road, hidden in the throng of visitors leaving the prison.

The implication is clear - Francesca is under surveillance - and up to her neck.

CUT TO:

END OF EPISODE