

# REMEMBER ME

by

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Episode One

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EXT. SCARBOROUGH - SEASIDE - DAWN

The moment just before the dawn, when the waves collapse wearily on to the shore, and the seagulls cry over the castle headland.

The Grand Hotel looms against the sky.

Outside the old seafront Spa buildings, the black and white chequered Sun Court dance floor glistens in the moonlight.

The sounds grow and crash over the cut.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - PARLOUR - DAWN

Silence. Eighty miles inland from Scarborough, an old man sits on a chair by the window, waiting in the pale light of a winter dawn.

TOM PARFITT sits there patiently, an air of quiet excitement about him.

His house is a small terraced cottage, neat and very oldfashioned. The room has an upright piano, and is full of a lifetime's books and ornaments and photos in frames, none of them less than half a century old.

At Tom's feet stands a small shabby suitcase, just big enough for an overnight stay.

A woman's voice begins to sing, young, simple, unaccompanied.

HANNAH

Where are you going?  
To Scarborough Fair.  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.

The words are familiar, the tune a little less so. She sings the published version of the song as collected by Cecil Sharp in Goathland, North Yorkshire, in the summer of 1913.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Remember me  
To a bonny lass there...

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAWN

Tom can be seen looking hopefully out of his window.

HANNAH

For once she was a true lover of  
mine.

The little house stands in a scruffy row of back to back terraces in an entirely Asian street somewhere like Huddersfield. The mosque rises above the 21st century rooftops.

Washing is hanging out to dry between the houses, shirtsleeves flapping ghostly in the dawn light, as Hannah sings, accompanied now, the music swelling:

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Tell her to make me a cambric shirt  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Without any needle or thread  
Worked in it...

4

EXT. TOWPATH - DAWN

4

In the next valley, a panting man in his 40s stares along the towpath of the canal. Acting Detective Sergeant ROB FAIRHOLME is deep in painful thought, hardly noticing the beautiful hills that surround him.

HANNAH  
For once she was a true lover of  
mine.

Rob starts off again to complete his morning run, passing lockgates where the sluices are running water.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Tell her to wash it in yonder well.  
Parsley sage rosemary and thyme.

5

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAWN

5

Tom picks up his little suitcase and puts it on his lap.

HANNAH  
Where water ne'er sprung  
Nor a drop of rain fell...

6

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - HANNAH'S BEDROOM - DAWN

6

HANNAH WARD, aged 18, lies sleeping in a single bed in the room she has occupied since childhood.

HANNAH  
For once she was a true lover of  
mine.

7

EXT. SCARBOROUGH - DAWN

7

Back to the shore in front of the old Spa, where the waves and the land meet and part in the eerie morning light.

HANNAH

Tell her to plough me an acre of land.  
Parsley sage rosemary and thyme.

A bundle of rags lies half in and half out of the water, a drowned thing, washed up on the shifting liminal space.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Between the sea and the salt sea strand.  
For once she was...

Suddenly, shockingly, the drowned woman opens her eyes...

8

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - HANNAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

8

... And Hannah opens her eyes just as abruptly, waking up with the song left behind, unfinished.

She can hear the sounds of two people having enthusiastic sex in the room next door.

Hannah sighs. Then jumps up to face the day.

9

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

9

Hannah, hastily dressed in the pale cotton uniform of a care assistant, closes the door of the fridge.

The action reveals a NAKED STRANGER of about 30 walking into the kitchen. He is much more surprised than she is.

NAKED STRANGER

Christ!

HANNAH

Can you remind my Mum I've gone to work please.

NAKED STRANGER

(shocked)

Your Mum?!

Hannah bangs out of the kitchen door.

10

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - PARLOUR - DAY

10

A sepia-tinted studio photo of a solemn toddler in a sailor suit, clutching a brand new teddy.

Tom gets up from his chair.

Methodically, carefully, he begins to lay every photograph in the room face down.

Among them, a more informal photo of a ten year old Tom, looking happy, his beloved teddy a bit older now, pictured together on a black and white chequered floor.

Last to go is the solemn toddler.

11

COMPUTER SCREEN - DAY

11

On the screen, wobbly and distorted, a baby totters towards us in a sleepsuit.

The picture resolves, to show his proud mother propping him up with her spare hand, to look into the camera.

LUCY  
Say goodnight. Goodnight, Gaga!

12

INT. ROB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

12

The baby's attempts at communication show on a laptop standing on the kitchen table, where the runner, Rob, is putting his tie on ready for work.

The woman is his daughter LUCY, 24, the child his little grandson LIAM, both waving from the other side of the world.

LUCY  
Are you going to wave?  
(beat)  
All the way from Australia?

She grabs one of the child's hands and waves it.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Going to wave at Gaga?

ROB  
Let go, Lucy, I dare you.

A moment, and then Lucy lets go. The child wobbles... Lucy picks him up in an instant and hugs him tight.

LUCY  
Ugh, poo-splosion, and he's only  
just out of the bath.

She gets up to switch off the machine.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Good luck today, Dad.

ROB  
(dismissive)  
Oh, well...

LUCY  
Go for it! Promise me.

The screen goes blank. The kitchen is suddenly very quiet, and Rob looks lost in it.

He picks up his jacket and leaves.

13

INT/EXT. BUS/MILLTHORPE LODGE - DAY

13

A stone village, its Victorian terraced cottages tightly packed, with the green hills rising above them.

A doubled decker bus pulls up at the stop outside Millthorpe Lodge, an old people's home.

Hannah is sitting on the bus, lost in thought. The DRIVER looks over his shoulder, expectantly.

HANNAH  
Sorry!

And she jumps off.

Hannah hurries down towards an old woollen mill, converted into an old people's home.

14

INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - OFFICE - DAY

14

Hannah rushes in, to find a small meeting already under way, in which the night shift hand over to the day.

HANNAH  
Sorry!

Manager Debbie Farthing chairs the meeting. She is shiny, self-confident, kitten heeled, bossy.

DEBBIE  
I'm aware that you're unlikely to be gracing us with your presence longterm, Hannah, but while I am paying you...

Hannah's longserving colleague, SHIRLEY PADFIELD, smiles at her encouragingly.

HANNAH  
Sorry.

DEBBIE  
(bright)  
So. What excitement overnight?  
Anybody died?

15 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SPOT OUTSIDE BOARDROOM - DAY 15

Rob sits in silhouette, waiting.

16 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - BOARDROOM - DAY 16

Rob sits in his suit and tie, facing three SENIOR OFFICERS across a table. They have paperwork in front of them, and it's clearly a job interview which is not going well.

SENIOR OFFICER  
I'm not sure you've answered my question.

ROB  
I always found my current job gave me enough challenges.

SENIOR OFFICER  
So what's changed?

ROB  
Um...

SENIOR OFFICER  
My point is you passed the exams ten years ago. So why the long wait to go for the promotion?

All wait. We concentrate on one man who hasn't spoken - Det Chief Inspector JIM GROGAN, beginning to look thunderous.

ROB  
It's taken me a long time to feel happy about telling people what to do.

SENIOR OFFICER  
You don't trust your own judgment?

A beat. DCI Grogan waiting, his face set. Rob smiles.

ROB  
Forget it.

He ups and leaves the room.

17

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - STAIRWELL - DAY

17

Rob plods down the stairs.

ROB

Shit!

His text message tone goes off. Against a photo of Lucy and Liam, the message reads: "So how did it go?"

He switches it off.

Grogan joins him.

GROGAN

You tosser.

ROB

I just don't want it enough, boss.

GROGAN

Grow up, Rob.

Grogan stomps off.

18

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY

18

Tom enters the hall to carry out the next part of his plan. He looks up the stairs. Plucks up his courage, and takes a step up.

Closes his eyes.

Very carefully, he enacts a cautious fall down the stairs. Really just an awkward clamber down on to the floor.

He adjusts his leg so that it drapes itself up the stairs.

Tom lies on his back, his head towards the door, his face looking up the stairs.

He waits for rescue in the silence.

19

INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - DINING ROOM - DAY

19

Clatter and chatter in the big bright dining room of the old people's home, where Hannah is among several CARE ASSISTANTS helping clear up the residents' breakfast.

She tries to coax a teacup from a quiet little lady, NANCY, who is staring out of the window. Nancy smiles a lot, to hide her terrible confusion, but seldom says anything.

HANNAH  
A drop more of that tea, is it,  
Nancy?

Nancy's beady old friend, MAVIS, butts in.

MAVIS  
She will, love, thanking you, and  
so will I.

Nancy gives up her cup, and Mavis hands hers over too.

MAVIS (CONT'D)  
Weren't you supposed to be going  
off to university?

HANNAH  
Not getting rid of me that easy.

MAVIS  
Stop at home, that's my advice. Eh  
Nancy? That's where the boys are.

Shirley joins them. Her manner is commonsense, even brusque, but the residents love her and she always makes them laugh.

SHIRLEY  
We're not all man mad, Mavis.

Hannah watches Nancy staring out of the window.

20

INT/EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY

20

Tom lies there in the silence and stares at the ceiling, almost in a doze.

Suddenly something tiny tumbles down the stairs and lands by his face. It's a cowrie shell, a perfect drop of water falling from it where it lands.

TOM  
(reassuring)  
You're all right.

Tom stares upstairs, tense and wary, until the presence retreats into silence, and just when he is relaxing...

The loud ring at the doorbell he is hoping for.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Rosh? Roshana, is that you?

The letterbox opens, but it's not the person he is expecting to see. It's AKIL SALIM, his nine year old neighbour.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You might think it an idea to get  
your Mum, love.

The letterbox slams shut and all is quiet.

Tom lies there, a bit anxious about his plan. He tries to move, but isn't sure he can actually get up.

He looks again up the stairs, but all is quiet.

The doorbell rings and the letterbox opens again.

This time the little boy's mother looks in. ROSHANA SALIM is in her late 30s, wearing shalwar kameez and a headscarf. Her accent is broad West Yorkshire.

ROSHANA  
What have you done?

Tom tries to keep his voice light and smiley. He never ever asks directly for help.

TOM  
Fell down stairs like a silly  
chuff.

ROSHANA  
You stop right there!

She disappears. Akil peeps through again, and Tom hears Roshana clout him.

ROSHANA (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Make yourself useful! Get me his  
key out of my bag!

Tom lies there, very happy and relieved.

21

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

21

An ambulance drives away.

ROSHANA (V.O.)  
I call an ambulance...

22

INT. ROSHANA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

22

Tom sits hale and hearty at Roshana's kitchen table, supping up a mug of tea, while Roshana glares at ALISON DENNING, a social worker.

ROSHANA  
... I expect it to take him to  
hospital.

TOM  
Didn't break no bones, did I.

Tom sups up, gets up, cheerful and impatient.

ROSHANA  
If I'd known social workers were  
going to turn up on my doorstep...

ALISON  
Thankyou for being such a good  
neighbour to him, Mrs Salim.

ROSHANA  
(pleading, to Tom)  
We can cope here, between us. You  
don't have to leave your own home.

But he's on his way out.

23

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - PARLOUR - DAY

23

Tom enters the parlour, followed by Alison.

TOM  
I've got no family living. I'm  
eighty odd.

Alison looks round the room, and takes in the ancient  
fittings and the photo frames all with their faces down.

In one corner, on an old chest of drawers, she glimpses a  
phonograph - His Master's Voice.

Alison sees the suitcase. She is intrigued, and tactful.

ALISON  
You've packed your bag, I see.

TOM  
You have to keep a bag packed. You  
never know when you might need it.

ALISON  
A lot of memories in this house.

Alison picks up one of the photos, gently, and Tom moves like  
ancient lightning to slam it back face down.

TOM  
I fell down the stairs!

Alison jumps back, suddenly alarmed, and he retreats.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I'm a what is it, a vulnerable  
adult.

He picks up his little suitcase and exits.

Alison takes a last look around the room.

There's an old playbill poster hanging above the piano, showing a music hall act, the men in top hats, the women in Edwardian garb. Aspidistras, velvet chairs.

TOM (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
You going to make your mind up, or  
what?

Alison picks up the photo she tried to see before. Tom at about ten, photographed looking happy, on a black and white chequered floor.

She hears the front door open, grins in weary amusement, and follows him.

In the empty room something happens... something very small, and anxious, like a change in the light, a sigh of yearning...

Alison comes back for the photo, picks it up and puts it in her big handbag, and exits.

We hear the door close, and stay in the room for a moment, just long enough to see the life has gone out of it.

24

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

24

Alison gets out of the house to find Tom stumping away with his little suitcase, past all the washing.

A couple more ASIAN NEIGHBOURS peep shyly and a bit suspiciously out of windows and corners.

ROSHANA  
Tom? Tom! When shall I come and see  
you?

TOM  
I don't want you visiting, Roshana.  
Not ever. You're not wanted.

Roshana is shocked and her feelings are really hurt now.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(urgent)  
Just get on with your life.

He can't say any more. Having upset her thoroughly, he stomps off. He never looks back.

Her older son ZAMIR, aged 15, fancies himself, wearing complicated hair and trainers, leans in the door yawning.

ZAMIR  
Miserable old sod, innit.

He looks over to Tom's empty house.

ZAMIR (CONT'D)  
What's he got in there, anyway?

ROSHANA  
How would I know? He never invited me in till today.

ZAMIR  
Antiques and that, maybe.

ROSHANA  
(angry)  
Don't even think about it. I'm warning you, Zamir...

He stomps back indoors.

ZAMIR  
Always on my case! Shit!

Sad and puzzled, Roshana looks up at Tom's house. Something about it... something dark.

25

MONTAGE: EXT/INT. STREETS NEAR TOM'S HOUSE/CAR - DAY

25

Washing hanging up between houses in narrow back to back terraces.

Asian residents walking and talking.

The mosque.

Asian groceries and saree shops.

Elderly cars parked.

Some of the above shot from Alison's car, as POV to support what Tom says to her next.

26

INT. ALISON'S CAR - DAY

26

Tom and Alison driving. Tom is full of beans now, looking happily out of the window.

TOM

You move into a place, you think  
oh, this'll do me till Christmas,  
you never think you'll get stuck  
there the rest of your life.

ALISON

How long have you lived in that  
house, Tom?

TOM

I forget now. I'm eighty odd!

ALISON

Seen some changes.

TOM

You mean all them chuffing Pakis?

ALISON

Well, no, that's not a very nice...

She looks at him and realizes he is taking the mick.

TOM

Your face!

27

INT. CAFE - DAY

27

Tom sits in a cafe having breakfast. We stay on him, as he tucks enthusiastically into a full English, while Alison stands at the counter getting refills of coffee and talking on the phone to her office.

Tom finishes up, watching her come back to join him.

ALISON

OK, good news is we've found you a  
temporary place...

TOM

(surprised)

I don't want temporary!

ALISON

We don't talk about permanent in  
this kind of situation. It's better  
regarded as a short break, while we  
work out...

TOM

Give us that coffee. I don't want  
temporary. I'm not going back home  
and there's an end on it.

ALISON  
All right, fine, I'll make a note  
of your wishes on that.

She gets out a file from her bag.

ALISON (CONT'D)  
So, there's some forms to fill in,  
and I need to ask a few questions.

TOM  
(enjoying himself)  
Name rank and serial number.

ALISON  
Age?

TOM  
Eighty odd, I told you! Eighty  
something.  
(deflating)  
Can't remember the last time anyone  
asked me.

ALISON  
Who's your GP, Tom?

TOM  
Those bastards! Kill you, soon as  
look at you.

ALISON  
You must have a GP.

TOM  
Maybe I did have, once.  
(beat)  
Sup up, then. I haven't got time to  
sit about nattering with mucky  
women all day.

ALISON  
I don't know what else you think  
you're going to be doing at  
Millthorpe Lodge!

He laughs, a bit.

Hannah pushes Nancy in a wheelchair, to get her closer to the water. It's quite hard work. She stops.

The old people's home rises out of a deep, dark old millpond. A distant small boat, tied up to a jetty.

HANNAH  
Not too chilly out here for you?

Nancy sits quite silent and gazes out at the water.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
What can you see, Nancy?

Still no answer. Hannah looks at her fondly.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Never a peep out of you, is there.

She's about to give up and push away.

NANCY  
I were in the Land Army. I milked a  
cow.

Hannah is pleased. But Nancy sits there, gazing out over the water. She has gone quietly back into herself.

HANNAH (V.O.)  
Anyone else remember what it was  
like before?

29

INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - DAY ROOM/RECEPTION - DAY

29

A large, bright sitting room, with chairs all over the place, some of them vaguely in a circle. A lot of OLD LADIES and a very few OLD GENTS sit about. The atmosphere is cheerful.

In the middle sits Hannah. She is conducting an informal session of reminiscence therapy, which the residents enjoy.

HANNAH  
In times gone by, when it was still  
the mill?

Some of her group sit silent and contented, in worlds of their own. As usual, jolly, confident Mavis does most of the talking.

MAVIS  
(doubtful)  
Those were younger days.

HANNAH  
What was your job, Mavis?

MAVIS  
It were weavers they needed. I had a sweetheart on the docks, but you did what you were told, in them days.

NANCY  
It kicked me off me stool.

Mavis laughs at her friend - daft!

HANNAH  
The cow? The one you milked?

MAVIS  
We were talking about the mill!

Nancy subsides, not unhappy, just a dormouse back into her teapot.

MAVIS (CONT'D)  
Now then!

She's just seen Tom and Alison, through the glass partition windows into the reception area.

Tom stands there with his little suitcase, watching all the old people, and struggling to believe he is really going to be one of them.

Mavis is impressed. She preens, a little bit, and calls out.

MAVIS (CONT'D)  
Have we got a new gentleman caller?  
(to Nancy)  
Eh, Nancy, hope he's brought his dancing slippers!

Nancy rouses, just a bit, and looks up at Tom.

HANNAH  
Thanks everyone.

As Tom watches Hannah jump up and come towards him, smiling, through the door into reception, he totters, a bit.

Mavis is still smiling and doing little waves. Nancy is sitting forward, trying to remember something...

Debbie watches for a moment in the b/g, as Hannah pushes gloomy Tom in a wheelchair, clutching his precious suitcase.

TOM  
I wanted to walk. I were determined to walk. Bloody prison camp, is this. Who's Mrs No-Better-Than-She-Should-Be?

HANNAH  
Camp commandant. Debbie.

He smiles at this, puts one finger up to make a moustache and exercises a little Nazi salute.

TOM  
Obergruppenfuhrer Debbie.

HANNAH  
You could lead a mass breakout.

TOM  
My tunnelling days are over, love.

31

INT/EXT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - TOM'S ROOM - DAY

31

Hannah pushes Tom into the room. It's bright, plain, comfortable.

Sunshine is spilling in, and Tom winces.

HANNAH  
Too bright for you?

TOM  
No. Let's see out.

She pushes him to the window.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I like fresh air, me.

He's trying to stand up, struggling with the catch, and she takes over.

HANNAH  
It doesn't open all the way.

TOM  
Weak as a bloody kitten.

She helps him to the bed, and sits him down. Their faces are close. She is good at her job.

HANNAH  
This is a good place. You could do a lot worse, Mr Parfitt.

TOM  
Tom.

HANNAH  
Hannah.

They shake hands, and laugh.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
It's got to be hard, leaving your  
own home.

TOM  
No! Not for me. This is the best  
day of my life.

She looks at him, wondering, and sees that he means it.

HANNAH  
Shall I unpack your bag, Tom?

She picks up the little suitcase, and it falls open.

It's completely empty.

She looks at him in surprise, and he laughs, full of  
mischief.

TOM  
Naked I came from my mother's  
womb...

32

INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - OFFICE - DAY

32

Alison is doing what she can with the paperwork in the main  
reception office. It's not big, just holding a desk and some  
filing cabinets, a few uncomfortable chairs, posters pinned  
up.

There's also a box on the wall with small red bulbs that  
light up when a resident buzzes from his or her room.

HANNAH  
... and naked I will depart.

ALISON  
(laughing)  
I think he's a bit of a flirt,  
secretly.

SHIRLEY  
If he flirts with my old ladies, I  
shall kiss him myself.

Alison and Shirley are old pals, laughing together.

HANNAH  
Not like he'd forgotten, either.  
More like he never meant to bring  
anything.

She's looking over Alison's shoulder at the assessment  
paperwork.

ALISON  
This file is a disgrace.

A highpitched continuous beep rings out. They look up. A red light has come on - the alarm from room 27.

HANNAH  
I didn't even show him how to work that yet!

She switches it off using her remote. Alison sighs and gets up to leave the room.

ALISON  
As if I haven't got enough to do.  
Supposed to be in court at midday.

Shirley smiles at her friend warmly, and Alison leaves the room. Shirley follows, getting her cigarettes out and waving them at Hannah for an OK.

HANNAH  
No problem.

33

INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - CORRIDOR - DAY

33

Alison walks along the corridor, fiddling in her bag. She watches the numbers rise to 27.

She knocks at the door.

ALISON  
Tom? Can I come in?

She opens the door and peeps in, smiling.

ALISON (CONT'D)  
I've got something here which'll help you feel at home.

Alison takes the photograph out of her bag.

ALISON (CONT'D)  
Tom?

34

INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - DAY ROOM - DAY

34

Hannah is taking trays of glasses with juice to the residents.

HANNAH  
Bit of a character. Own hair, own teeth.

MAVIS  
(mournful)  
Jury's out on the dancing though.

Suddenly they all hear a thump. All look round, wondering.  
Another thump.

35 EXT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - DAY

35

Shirley, lighting up her fag outside, hears it too. She turns, looks up, and her eyes widen in bewilderment.

36 INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - DAY ROOM - DAY

36

Residents who can't hear are confused by the behaviour of those who can, as they perk up, and swivel in their chairs, wondering what's happening.

Another thump.

Silence. For the briefest moment, the impression that time has slowed down.

Hannah looks at the old people, all sitting there stock still like frightened rabbits. She is almost seeing into another world...

And then the sound of shattering glass breaks the moment.

37 EXT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - DAY

37

The sound of breaking glass is much louder outside, where Shirley stands rooted to the ground in horror, looking up.

38 INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - DAY ROOM - DAY

38

A keening wail starts from somewhere else in the building, and Hannah sees the old people jolt back into normal time.

Hannah runs from the room.

39 INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - CORRIDOR - DAY

39

Hannah runs down the corridor, as one or two doors open, and frightened RESIDENTS peer out.

The wailing is coming from Tom's room, right at the end of the corridor.

Hannah slows down, just for a moment, and then makes her decision and runs on towards it.

40

EXT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - DAY

40

Shirley stands for a moment longer, terrified, isolated, in the brief silence before people start coming.

Then she flees the scene, half running, half stumbling.

41

INT/EXT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - TOM'S ROOM/REAR CAR PARK - DAY 41

Hannah opens the door, and the wailing suddenly stops.

In the silence, the wheelchair lies on its side by the window.

The curtains are blowing in the breeze, because the entire window unit has been forced out of the gap.

She sees Tom seems unhurt, tucked up in a foetal position on the bed with his face turned to the wall.

So Hannah runs to the window and leans on the sill, where there is a pool of water that makes her hands wet.

She ignores the water and looks out. She sees:

Alison lying on the hard concrete below, in the midst of all the smashed glass, blood spreading from her head.

The window frame arranged around her body, partly framing it like a grotesque photograph.

TOM

There was something missing.

She looks round at Tom. His voice is small and frightened. He's holding on to the photo of himself at the age of ten, but that's not what he's talking about.

TOM (CONT'D)

Something missing. And I could never find it.

42

EXT/INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - SOME TIME LATER

42

An ambulance, a couple of police cars, UNIFORMED CONSTABLES and CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS in white babygros.

Rob parks his car and gets out.

Just this side of the scene tape, and the young PC acting as SCENE GUARD, stands ANDY PHELPS, a chap in a suit from the Health and Safety Executive. They're on good terms. Their conversation is always joshing, blokey, dark humour and banter. Not at all reverent, and definitely not emotionally involved.

ANDY  
Take the scenic route, did you?

ROB  
Always happy to let Health and  
Safety make the running. Then I can  
dine out later on your cock-ups.  
Pissed off any witnesses yet?

ANDY  
There was a care assistant out here  
might have seen her fall.

ROB  
Anyone inside the room with her?

ANDY  
One extremely old codger in a  
wheelchair.

ROB  
He's bang to rights then.

They both laugh.

They don't see Hannah looking down on them from a bedroom window. She is not happy to see them laughing, as Rob walks away out of sight.

43

INT/EXT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - EMPTY BEDROOM - DAY

43

Hannah turns away from the window of a spare, bare bedroom, where Tom has been moved to shield him from the sight of the body. The Scene Guard position where Rob and Andy are standing is still visible.

HANNAH  
Loads of them down there now.

Tom sits in a wheelchair, panting as he struggles a bit for breath. Hannah keeps up a low commentary on what she can see out of the window, because that is what Tom seems to want her to do.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
No idea what any of them are doing,  
apart from the ones putting ribbons  
round everything. Just a lot of  
standing about. And laughing.

TOM  
They'll send me packing now.

Hannah is relieved to hear him speak.

HANNAH  
No they won't.

TOM  
I should have stopped her...

HANNAH  
Nobody is going to blame you, Tom.

TOM  
(very quiet)  
... but I've never had the  
strength.

44

EXT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - DAY

44

Rob gets down on his haunches by the body of Alison, and now he's not laughing.

He looks down at her, calm, professional. There's a kind of aura around her, a noiseless sound. She seems untouchably remote, and somehow bewildered.

Rob stays with her in the moment.

And then she is zipped into a bag.

45

EXT/INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - MINUTES LATER

45

Rob watches as UNDERTAKERS load the bag containing Alison's body into the back of their van.

Debbie, with other staff, looks up from the body bag to the gaping window, genuinely upset, but still calculating.

DEBBIE  
She'll close us down.

Other staff, and some mobile residents, including our Mavis on her zimmer, and Nancy in her wheelchair, are watching from windows. Some of the staff and residents are weeping. All look shell-shocked and upset.

Rob approaches Shirley, standing a little way distant, smoking nervously.

ROB  
Mrs Padfield?

46

INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - OFFICE - DAY

46

Shirley sits nursing a cup of tea, pale and shocked. Rob is with her, gently trying to interview her, going through the motions, calmly doing a job he no longer much likes.

Shirley speaks quite rapidly, trying to recall.

SHIRLEY

It's not like slow motion, not like that at all. It's like one minute her face is in the window, and then she's on the ground, and there's nothing between.

(beat)

I know I must have seen something, I must have. But it's like a veil, you know. Like someone pulled a veil across my face.

She draws an imaginary veil across her face.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Stopping me from seeing.

ROB

Shock can do that. Protect you.

SHIRLEY

Oh, but I can hear it well enough. That awful noise. When she hit the ground. When her head...

ROB

You're all right.

Tears are starting now, and Rob can see he won't get much further.

ROB (CONT'D)

Go home, love. Keep warm.

She gets up and exits. Rob sits there for a moment longer, sorry and frustrated.

47

INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - EMPTY BEDROOM - DAY

47

Mutinous Tom sits there as a PARAMEDIC fusses over him, preparing to move him out.

TOM

People like me, they go into hospital and they don't come out.

HANNAH

We'll have you home in no time.

TOM

Whose side are you on?

HANNAH

Yours.

She takes his hand.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Yours.

He looks up at her, vulnerable and trusting. In his lap, the photo Alison brought.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
That you? Little tinker.

There's a knock at the door.

48

INTERCUT: INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - CORRIDOR - DAY

48

Hannah opens the door. She is not happy to see the laughing policeman.

HANNAH  
He's hyperventilating, and his pulse is racing.

ROB  
I'm going to need to take a statement off him, sooner or later.

Hannah stares at Rob, who has no idea how he has offended her.

HANNAH  
Later then. Or tomorrow. Or the next day. Whichever you find most amusing, laughing boy.

She turns on her heel and goes back into the room.

Rob has just enough time to clock Tom through the open door. The two men stare at each other for a moment.

Hannah slams the door in Rob's face.

Taken aback, he laughs. Just a bit. Then stops.

49

INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - CORRIDOR/RECEPTION - DAY

49

Rob, Debbie, Mavis and Nancy, with other staff and residents, watch as Hannah and the Paramedics get Tom down the corridor and into reception. People's faces are more watchful now, even a little suspicious.

Tom feels the onlookers' hostility, and hunkers down.

TOM  
Not like I planned it this way.

HANNAH  
None of it's your fault.

Nancy leans forward, trying to get a closer look at him. He doesn't know her - but just for a moment, she knows him.

TOM  
Tell that to the old trouts.  
(to the residents)  
Who you looking at? Eyes out on  
bloody sticks! Mind your own bloody  
business.

Tom hands Hannah the little suitcase.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Take this home for me.

HANNAH  
Oh, but...

He thrusts the keys at her too.

TOM  
Here's my keys.

Paramedics are now pushing Tom through the door.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Open the door, throw suitcase in.  
Don't go nosing about, mind.  
(trying for a joke)  
I'll know if you do!

The doors close on him.

Hannah is left behind. Somehow, Tom's keys and his little suitcase are in her hands.

50

EXT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - DAY

50

The ambulance drives away.

51

INT/EXT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - TOM'S ROOM/CAR PARK - DAY

51

Rob stands in Tom's old room, taking it in.

A FINGERPRINTS OFFICER is finishing off dusting the empty windowframe.

Andy from Health and Safety enters. Their relationship remains cheery.

ROB  
OK, Health and Safety gone mad,  
what have you got for me?

ANDY  
It's a standard design. Cheap end.  
The casement only opens so far and  
then there's a catch. Should be no  
way you can fall out.

ROB  
Not the window that's gone though,  
is it. It's the whole frame.

ANDY  
(taking the mick)  
Trained observer!

Interested professionally, but not at all emotionally, they  
look at the bare stone mullion, with a series of small round  
holes down its inside face.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(serious)  
There should be an eight millimetre  
thunderbolt in every one of those  
holes.

Andy takes an evidence bag out of his pocket, containing  
three bolts.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
So far, we've only found three.

ROB  
Bad installation, then? Would  
account for the water getting in.

He touches the water on the sill and then makes a wicked  
joke.

ROB (CONT'D)  
Unless he pushed her.

He looks back at Tom's wheelchair. A beat, and they both  
corpse with laughter at the idea.

ROB (CONT'D)  
So what if he's eighty odd, if he's  
still lively.

Tom sits there in a gown on a bed in a quiet four-bedded  
ward.

He seems to be waiting for something, or someone.  
Sees nothing he doesn't like.  
Relaxes, a bit.

53           EXT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - DUSK

53

Carrying Tom's little suitcase, Hannah walks up to her house at the end of her day's shift.

As she turns into her drive, she notices her mother's car parked there.

54           INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

54

Hannah gets inside and switches the light on.

HANNAH

Mum?

No answer. She puts the suitcase down.

From up the stairs she can hear bang thwack pow noises.

55           INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - SEAN'S BEDROOM - DUSK

55

Hannah comes into a room where the curtains are drawn and a demented computer game is playing on a screen.

HANNAH

Sean!

Her ten year old brother is not a pretty sight.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Pyjamas! Did you not go to school again?

SEAN

Sore throat.

HANNAH

You have to go to school, Sean.

SEAN

I did get up, but there were a knobhead in the bathroom. That were cheeky, weren't it.

HANNAH

This room is a tip. Have you had anything to eat?

SEAN  
Knobhead in t'kitchen too.

HANNAH  
Knobhead yourself.

She picks him up bodily, and he laughs and screams.

56

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DUSK

56

Hannah opens the door and flings the squealing Sean inside.

HANNAH  
Don't come out till you smell  
nicer.

57

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

57

Hannah cuts open a frozen pizza and throws it in the oven.

Then sits down at the table and opens Tom's suitcase. Inside, the framed photograph of the happy ten year old.

She pulls a lamp towards her to illuminate it better.

In a corner of the mount, a bit of printing can be seen, mostly obscured by the more modern frame.

She peers at it.

Carefully she takes the back off the frame - it only takes seconds to unpick those small metal pins that bend back.

Now she has the photo in its mount.

In a florid old typeface, the printing says: Hackness Photographic Studios, Scarborough.

Hannah smiles, excited now.

She quickly detaches the photo from its mount, and finds a rough edge travelling down one long side. It's clear that the photo has been been ripped in two - that once, there may have been another figure standing on the black and white chequered floor, beside the child.

A figure which is now missing.

The door opens, and she jumps, and laughs at her own silliness, because it's only Sean, wet from the bath.

HANNAH  
You better not have wet feet.

Sean joins her, and tries to grab the photo.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Or wet hands!

SEAN  
Who's that?

HANNAH  
One of our old fellers, on his  
holidays in Scarborough.

The oven timer pings, and Hannah gets up to retrieve his pizza.

SEAN  
Me Dad took us to Scarborough.

HANNAH  
He did, once. He couldn't get you  
off the fruit machines.

A small fond moment as she slides his pizza on to a plate.

SEAN  
Who's the other one?

Hannah comes up with his plate, and looks down. Now she can see what looks like an indistinct hand, resting on the boy's shoulder.

HANNAH  
I don't know. His Mum?

A ring at the doorbell, and she looks up.

Rob is visible through the kitchen window. He waves. She acknowledges him with a sigh, then turns to Sean.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Eat your tea, then clear your room  
up.

She sweeps up the photo in its frame, hides it and the case in a corner.

A moment where she's not quite sure why she did that... then she turns to the kitchen door.

Rob and Hannah sit stiffly on the sofa. Rob has his pocket book open and is halfway through taking her statement.

HANNAH  
No, it was me opened the window.  
Tom wanted some fresh air.

ROB  
Notice anything unusual? Stiff?  
Loose?

HANNAH  
About the window? No. Just normal.

ROB  
Mr Parfitt say anything to you?

HANNAH  
Nothing important.

Sean creeps in at the back, nosy, with his plate. Hannah has eyes in the back of her head.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Dishwasher.

Rob winks at him, and he grins back.

SEAN  
All the towels are stinky.

HANNAH  
Stinky yourself. Go away!

Sean withdraws, with a face on, and Hannah feels embarrassed.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Mum says to leave the washing cos I  
don't do it right. But she doesn't  
do it at all.

A beat. Rob can see she's suddenly fighting tears.

ROB  
Good job your brother's got you.

A little moment of connection between them.

Rob looks down at his pocket book. They're both upset, and neither quite knows why. Rob resumes the interview.

ROB (CONT'D)  
So, Tom Parfitt's the only person  
in the room when a woman falls out  
of the window. And you're the first  
person through the door. Whatever  
he said to you, Hannah, counts as  
important.

A thickening of the light. Hannah thinks of all the things she doesn't want to say.

HANNAH  
He said there's something missing.

A long beat. Something about her words really gets to Rob.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
No idea what he meant by that.

59 EXT/INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT 59

Rob approaches his car, feeling puzzled and out of sorts. He looks back at the house.

He can see Hannah looking out.

60 INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 60

When she is sure Rob has left, Hannah goes back into the kitchen to retrieve the little suitcase and the photograph.

They are not where she left them.

61 INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT 61

Hannah reaches the top of the stairs, intending to find Sean, but is diverted by the sound of a tap dripping.

She walks down the empty landing towards the bathroom.

62 INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 62

Hannah enters the bathroom to find general chaos and Sean's pyjamas in a pile.

She turns off the dripping tap, picks up his pyjamas, and exits.

63 INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT 63

Hannah now notices wet footprints on the carpet leading out of the bathroom door down the empty landing.

Leading to Sean's room.

HANNAH  
(annoyed)  
Can you not do the wet feet on the carpet thing?

She tutts, opens his door, enters.

64 INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 64

Hannah enters, saying:

HANNAH

What have you done with that little  
suitcase I brought home?

SEAN

Nothing! Never touched them!

There's Sean, on his computer game, in the midst of piles of  
rubbish even worse than before.

She gets a pound coin out of her pocket.

HANNAH

Clear up in here properly, and  
these riches shall be yours.

He grins, and reaches out. But Hannah pockets the pound coin  
with a flourish, withdraws, and closes the door.

65

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - LANDING/JAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

65

Hannah exits Sean's room and walks straight into the little  
suitcase, standing outside the door.

Puzzled for a moment, almost unnerved, she picks it up.

Then knocks on her mother's door.

HANNAH

Mum. I've got to go out. Mum?

No answer. She opens the door and peeps in.

Jan's fallen asleep on the bed, fully clothed. A glass of  
wine, an ashtray overflowing.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

He's had his tea.

(beat, very quiet)

Can I take the car?

Jan slumbers on. Hannah withdraws and closes the door.

66

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

66

Businesslike and purposeful, Hannah nicks her mother's car  
keys out of her handbag.

Exits.

67

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - GROGAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

67

Rob standing, Grogan at his desk, clearing his desk into his  
briefcase to take home.

GROGAN

All it's ever going to amount to is  
a coroner's report.

ROB

Well, I've yet to take a statement  
off the old lad in hospital...

GROGAN

... and I can't see that taxing  
even your limited confidence,  
Acting DS Fairholme.

A beat.

ROB

You've made your point, sir.  
Repeatedly.

GROGAN

I haven't even started.

He turns and stares Rob right in the face.

GROGAN (CONT'D)

She's a three day job at best.  
It'll be nowhere near five hundred  
actions so you'll not put it on  
Holmes. You'll cross reference on  
paper and run your own action book.

This is a bit disappointing but not that unusual, so Rob does  
not rise to it.

ROB

(level)

OK. Who can I have on my team?

Grogan laughs.

GROGAN

Let's think. I know, Reader  
Receiver, Rob Fairholme. Action  
Allocator...

He leaves the room. Rob follows, his face grim now.

Grogan marching away, Rob following him.

GROGAN

...Rob Fairholme. Outside Team...  
Rob sodding "I don't like telling  
people what to do" Fairholme.

He turns on Rob.

GROGAN (CONT'D)  
I put you up for that promotion, I  
stuck my neck out for a old mate,  
and you have to make both of us  
look like tossers.

Rob goes to sit down at a desk to start work, but Grogan  
stops him.

GROGAN (CONT'D)  
I don't think so.

69

EXT/INT. POLICE HQ - PORTAKABIN - NIGHT

69

A key turns in the door, not without some difficulty.

Rob enters the shabby and deserted Portakabin, carrying files  
and paperwork, and sneezes because of the dust.

Switches on the ugly florries.

He picks up the phone, and discovers it's dead.

He looks up at the clock. It's gone six o'clock.

ROB  
Bollocks to the lot of you.

He marches out again and goes home.

70

MONTAGE: EXT/INT. STREETS NEAR TOM'S HOUSE/CAR - NIGHT

70

The Asian part of our small town at night.

Bright grocery shopfronts and takeaway curry houses.

Some of the above shot from Hannah's mother's car, as POV for  
her first journey to Tom's house in 1/75.

71

EXT. STREETS/TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

71

Hannah gets out of her mother's car, looking for Tom's  
address, carrying Tom's little suitcase.

KIDS including Akil are playing in the street, and he eyes  
her suspiciously as she walks up to the right door, rummaging  
for the key.

72

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - HALL/STAIRS - NIGHT

72

Hannah unlocks the door and lets herself into the gloomy, empty house.

She tries to switch on the light, but nothing happens.

She takes another step, and her foot kicks the tiny cowrie shell into a corner.

Hannah laughs at her own nervousness and stands up straighter.

A noise, a sigh, barely audible, slides up to the top of the stairs. A sense of life subtly returning.

From a pov just at the top of the stairs, we see Hannah enter the parlour.

73

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - PARLOUR - DUSK

73

Hannah enters the parlour, which is just as Tom left it, with all the photos face down.

She opens the little case and takes the photograph out. She turns it to the dim light from the window, touches the boy's smiling face.

That hand, resting on his shoulder.

She stands the photo on the piano, and puts the case down.

She can't resist lifting the piano lid, and playing a couple of notes very quietly.

On the music stand is a yellowing sheet of manuscript paper.

Hannah brings it to the window to try to see better, and finds it's the song Scarborough Fair, hand notated for both words and tune.

74

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - HALL/STAIRS - DUSK

74

O/C, Hannah begins to pick out the tune of Scarborough Fair on the piano note by note on one hand. It's the same 1913 version we heard right at the beginning.

A sense of a tiny flurry of alarm at the top of the stairs.

75

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - PARLOUR - DUSK

75

Playing the tune, Hannah hears a light click outside in the hall and stiffens.

Stops playing before the end and listens, just for a beat.

Hears the front door open. Hears light footsteps come down the hall.

Hannah runs for the door, stands just inside it.

The presence in the hall stops at the door. Both wait, holding their breath.

Hannah flings the door open.

A blinding flash of light in her face freezes her to the spot.

76

INT. ROSHANA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

76

Roshana switches off her big torch and puts it back on the shelf.

HANNAH

It's all right, really it is.

ROSHANA

It's beyond embarrassing.

(quoting Akil)

Mum, Mum, someone's breaking in to Tom's house!

We can see into the dining room, where Akil is playing on the floor. He looks up and laughs.

ROSHANA (CONT'D)

Talking about you, not to you!

Little monkey.

(to Hannah)

Tom really set off with nothing in his suitcase?

HANNAH

He really did.

ROSHANA

What is he like!

HANNAH

You tell me.

ROSHANA

Oh. Well. He's lovely. I mean, bit eccentric maybe, lonely, you know, cos he's got no family. Never anyone visiting. Not ever, all the years we've been neighbours.

Hannah's phone rings. She excuses herself and exits.

77

INT. ROB'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

77

Rob lies on his sofa asleep, with a half empty beer glass on the table, and the radio on low and unnoticed in the corner.

LOCAL REPORTER

... looking for anyone else in connection with the incident. The former woollen mill is home to more than a hundred...

78

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

78

Sean is running up the stairs with his phone to his ear, as the radio report continues in the b/g.

LOCAL REPORTER

... elderly residents, some of who are said to have been left distressed. One person was taken to hospital.

At the same time, their mother is audible o/c.

JAN (O.C.)

Tell her I want her back here right now! I mean right now!

79

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

79

Sean runs in and slams the door, then answers his phone.

SEAN

She's gone off her head.

He can hear Jan thundering up the stairs.

SEAN (CONT'D)

She says you've got to come home.

80

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

80

Hannah looks at Tom's house. Her voice stays level and calm.

HANNAH

I'm at work.

She hears Jan crash into Sean's room and grab the phone.

JAN (OUT OF PHONE)

Why do I have to hear it on the news? I thought you were dead.

HANNAH

Mum. You need to take a tablet.  
Mum? you know where they are.

JAN (OUT OF PHONE)

Just the common decency to call me  
and tell me you're all right.

Jan hangs up on her.

Roshana is in the doorway, offering her big torch.

ROSHANA

I'll not come in with you, if  
that's all right.

81

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - HALL - NIGHT

81

Here's Hannah again, putting the key into Tom's door, and it turns without trouble, and lets her in.

She walks inside in a businessmanlike manner. Switches on the torch and walks straight up the stairs.

82

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

82

Hannah enters Tom's bedroom, and runs her torch around.

A tall, narrow, single bed. An oldfashioned sink. A small gentleman's wardrobe. It's like a servant's room in an old house. Very neat, very clean, rather shabby.

Tom's shoes under his bed. His clothes neatly folded. A corner folded back on his counterpane.

Hannah takes in the extreme tidiness. Then goes to the wardrobe and starts to pick out shirts, socks and underpants.

She puts them into a plastic bag in her own rucksack.

83

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - STAIRS/HALL/PARLOUR - NIGHT

83

Hannah walks down the stairs with her swag.

But the door to the parlour is still open, and she stops for a moment outside.

Temptation wins, and she enters.

84

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - PARLOUR - NIGHT

84

Hannah walks in and switches on the light. Again, it doesn't work. She looks again at the sheet music, resting on the piano, glimmering in the light from her torch.

Beyond it, she sees a bookshelf built into an alcove by the chimneybreast.

She approaches. The books are old, their spines difficult to read and not all facing the same direction.

Above them is a shelf of cardboard boxes.

She reaches one down. The lid is dusty and makes her sneeze. She lifts it.

Inside: a bunch of strange wax cylinders with grooves cut into them.

They are all dated, and have a placename.

Here's one marked: Goathland, 16th July 1913.

The wind suddenly gets up outside, and a strange quiet reverberation in the piano strings disturbs the silence.

She puts the wax cylinder back. Turns to the piano.

Looks one more time at the sheet music. Points her torch to study it properly, singing it softly under her breath.

HANNAH

Where are you going?  
To Scarborough Fair.  
Parsley sage rosemary and thyme.  
Remember me...

Something in the room, tiny, the smallest possible change, and she stops and waits.

The publicity still of the music hall act in Scarborough gazes down at her. She points her torch at it, trying to see clearly...

Is that a tiny movement? Is that DANCER about to doff his top hat at her? No, don't be silly.

Hannah is getting frightened now, in spite of herself.

So she grabs the sheet music off the piano and pulls open the lid of the piano stool, intending to put the songsheet back.

That's when she notices that every other piece of paper inside is a different version of Scarborough Fair.

Hundreds of them.

85

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

85

A slow tracking shot leads Hannah along the corridor to Tom's ward.

86

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - NIGHT

86

Little knots of VISITORS are finishing up round the bedsides of the other PATIENTS, but Tom sits up in bed all alone and quite happy.

He watches the human activity keenly, very interested, and very glad it's not happening to him.

And then Hannah is at his bedside, pulling the plastic bag out of her rucksack.

HANNAH  
(brisk)  
Socks, underpants, shirts, pyjamas.

She drops the keys on to his bedside table, and sits down beside him, determinedly upbeat.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
I went to your house like you said.

TOM  
You weren't supposed to bring owt away with you.

HANNAH  
I can keep them at the Lodge for when you come back.

TOM  
You'll oblige me by doing as I ask with my own property, Hannah. Take it all back.

A NIGHT NURSE indicates her watch, and Hannah checks the clock on the wall - it's almost 8pm, which is shut off time for visiting, and the last of the other visitors are leaving.

HANNAH  
When did they cut the electricity off, Tom?

TOM  
Not frightened of dark.

HANNAH  
No telly, no radio.

TOM  
Nowt on, only rubbish.

HANNAH

What did you do for hot water?

A beat.

TOM

I'm an old man. I'm tired. I want  
to go to sleep.

HANNAH

I'll sing you a lullaby if you  
like.

TOM

It's all the same to me if you do  
or you don't.

He turns away. She puts the plastic bag of clothes down, and  
starts to sing, gently, lovingly.

HANNAH

Where are you going?  
To Scarborough Fair...

His reaction is violent. He sits up, angry and scared.

TOM

Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

The Night Nurse looks less friendly this time.

TOM (CONT'D)

How dare you bring that out of my  
house?

Hannah is so shocked that she lies.

HANNAH

I didn't. I put it back in the  
piano stool. Honest I did.

TOM

You brought it away in your heart.

NIGHT NURSE

That's it. Time ladies please.

TOM

And now you can never take it back.

Hannah exits the ward and half walks, half runs down the  
corridor and away.

88

INT. PUB - NIGHT

88

The football is playing on a big screen in the pub. There aren't that many in watching. But among them is Rob, drinking a pint and eating crisps.

Rob hears his phone go off, and rummages in his pocket.

89

INTERCUT: INT/EXT. JAN'S CAR/HANNAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

89

Hannah sits in the dark on her drive. She gets more intense, and Rob gets more sceptical.

ROB

Hello?

HANNAH

It's me, Hannah, from the Lodge.

ROB

Oh, right. What can I do for you, Hannah?

HANNAH

There's something I should have showed you. Don't know why I didn't.

ROB

OK.

HANNAH

Something of Tom's. It's a photograph of him when he was a little boy.

ROB

(doubtful)

Right.

HANNAH

Alison took it to him. She took it to his room, just before...

ROB

Thankyou, Hannah.

HANNAH

And I took it back to his house, put it on the piano.

ROB

We'll talk tomorrow, OK.

HANNAH

Oh. OK.

Rob ends the call, shaking his head, and reapplies himself to the telly.

Hannah ends the call, feeling alone and foolish.

90

EXT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

90

Hannah gets out of the car.

Bathwater is running down into a drain outside, as she walks up to her door and stops for a moment, dreading her entry.

91

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - HALL/STAIRS - NIGHT

91

Hannah enters the dark hall as quietly as she can and runs upstairs.

She passes the bathroom door where the water can be heard running away.

92

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

92

Hannah peeps into Sean's room. He's playing computer games, as usual, but very quietly. His room is as untidy as ever.

HANNAH

What happened to tidying your room?

SEAN

What you going off at me for?  
You're the one up shit creek.

HANNAH

And don't swear. Have you brushed  
your teeth?

SEAN

Mum's in the bathroom. Shit creek!

They hear the bathroom door open and stop dead.

JAN (O.C.)

Hannah?

93

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM/LANDING - NIGHT

93

Hannah emerges to find her mother, Jan, standing motionless in the doorway of the bathroom, wearing a dressing gown. The landing is dark, the bathroom light. Jan has her hand on the lightpull. She looks at Hannah directly.

HANNAH

Sorry I'm so late, Mum.

JAN

What you put me through tonight. If  
I lost you too...

HANNAH

You won't. Not ever.

Jan pulls the light, and they are in darkness. She sets off  
down the stairs.

Jan carries on down the stairs, and in a moment, Hannah feels  
glumly summoned to follow her.

94

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

94

Jan pours herself a glass of wine, as Hannah enters.

JAN

I think if you knew how hard all  
this is for me, you wouldn't be so  
cruel.

HANNAH

(a bit desperate)  
I do know.

Jan swigs her wine and stares at herself in the window.

JAN

(little voice)  
Where is he, Hannah?

A beat.

HANNAH

(sad)  
Oh, Mum. He isn't anywhere. He's  
just gone.

JAN

I can't hear him, I can't see him.  
I go to bed at night and I don't  
even dream about him.

Jan takes another hefty swig of her glass. Hannah approaches,  
trying to make contact.

HANNAH

I miss him too.

But there's no room here for Hannah's feelings, because Jan  
owns the grief in this family.

JAN

Really? Then you're very good at  
hiding it.

Rebuffed, Hannah retreats.

JAN (CONT'D)  
Do you grieve for your father,  
Hannah? Have you shed a tear for  
him?

(angry)  
And why is it always so fucking  
quiet around here now?

HANNAH  
Sean's gone to bed.

The little attempt at a joke does work, briefly, and Jan looks at Hannah at last.

JAN  
You look tired, love.  
(weepy)  
I can be such a bitch.

Hannah says nothing, just holds her mother's hand.

JAN (CONT'D)  
(weeping)  
They talk about "coming to terms with it", coming to terms, I don't even know what that means.

95

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

95

Rob leaves the brightness of the hilltop pub. He's not drunk, just a bit mellow.

He walks out alone into the darkness, and stands for a moment, taking in the lights of the town in the valley.

A sudden desire to cry convulses his face, but is instantly suppressed.

96

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

96

The roofs of the town, quiet in the darkness.

97

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

97

Tom's house, dark and silent in the moonlight. The only house in the terrace which is dark...

Until a flicker of light, half seen, half imagined...

98

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

98

A flicker of light across the photo of the little boy by the bed.

A sense of something waiting.

99

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - STAIRS/HALL - NIGHT

99

The house, crouched, waiting.

A creaking sound, like a window opening, and that flicker of light...

And then a thump, as someone small squeezes through the kitchen window O/C.

100

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

100

In the little kitchen, Akil picks himself up off the floor.

AKIL

Ow.

ZAMIR

Shut up and open the door!

Obediently, Akil opens the back door and Zamir enters. The boys whisper throughout this sequence.

101

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - PARLOUR/HALL - NIGHT

101

The parlour door is open, and the moonlit room sits quietly and waits as the boys come down the hall towards it.

Zamir pushes open the door. He looks disappointed.

ZAMIR

Load of old rubbish.

Akil turns and runs out of the door and up the stairs.

ZAMIR (CONT'D)

Don't make any noise!

Zamir's torch passes over the sheet music, the photographs, the boxes of phonograph recordings, the phonograph... he likes the phonograph... the piano...

Very softly, he touches one key. It puts out a very quiet low note, which seems to reverberate into a whisper...

A bit spooked now at last, Zamir withdraws.

102

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - HALL/STAIRS/LANDING - NIGHT

102

Zamir comes into the hall and looks up the stairs. He can hear nothing up there.

ZAMIR

Akil. Akil!

Then he hears a low giggle. And another.

Zamir runs up the stairs, two at a time, to reach the first floor landing.

ZAMIR (CONT'D)

Akil? Don't be a prat.

He opens the door into Tom's bedroom. It's quiet.

But now he hears the giggle behind and above him.

There is another door, tall and narrow, the sort which leads up to an attic.

Zamir opens it. There's a faint light coming down the attic stairs, and a whirring noise. And a smell.

Zamir sniffs the smell, puzzled.

Then sets off up the stairs.

103

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - HANNAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

103

Hannah lies in bed, thinking.

The door opens, and there is Sean, looking hopeful.

HANNAH

Oh, all right then.

He jumps into bed, and starts on with the games console again.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Oh no you don't! And no wriggling.

She takes it off him, and turns off the light.

104

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

104

The teddy bear, in the photo.

105

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

105

The same teddy bear, very old and battered now, is in Akil's hand, as Zamir enters.

The moonlit attic bedroom is full of toys.

At first glance it seems arranged as an English children's nursery from 100 years ago, much in keeping with the rest of the house.

A narrow bed, a rag rug, a wooden cradle, a rocking chair, and a toy box with loads of little drawers. Entranced by these riches, Akil drops the teddy and opens the box...

AKIL

This stuff is awesome!

... in front of the source of the smell - a fire, which should not be burning in the little grate in this empty house.

Zamir enters, to see Akil's happy, wondering face, reflected in the mirrored lid of the toy box.

Zamir plays his torch around the room. It's warm, inviting, gently lit. And a treasure house of Indian stuff. Wooden gods, and puppets, and musical instruments, and silk cushions.

Zamir's torch has lit on a painting of a terrifying woman, with a bloody red tongue, a sickle in one of her many arms, a severed head in another. She is Maa Kali, the Indian mother goddess of death and destruction.

Zamir jumps, and looks spooked now for the first time.

ZAMIR

What's all this bloody Indian shite  
doing up here.

His voice seems to attract the attention of the room, changes its atmosphere.

AKIL

Look.

He has found a photograph. Unframed, torn down one edge - it's the other half of the photo of the smiling boy, but we will not see that clearly yet.

Akil looks up. A movement reflected in the mirrored lid of the box. Someone else in the room. He turns, quickly.

He can't see anybody, but the lights are failing, and the fire is dying, and there's something creeping in the corners, something they cannot see...

ZAMIR

Fuck!

AKIL

Zamir!

The empty rocking chair is starting to rock...

There's a rushing, whispering, moaning sound, and suddenly all the drawers of the toy box slam shut.

AKIL (CONT'D)

She doesn't want us.

Zamir grabs his kid brother and flees.

106

INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - OFFICE - NIGHT

106

The red buzzer sounds very loud on the wall, and Shirley jumps out of her skin.

It's coming from room 27. Tom's room. She points her remote, but it doesn't work.

107

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - STAIRS/HALL - NIGHT

107

The boys clatter down the stairs without any care for the noise they are making.

They hurtle out of the front door and shut it hard.

Into the deep silence they leave behind, we begin to hear the faint sound of water dripping.

108

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - STAIRS/HALL - NIGHT

108

Water starts to drip down the stairs.

Then it starts to cascade.

109

INT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

109

The sound of buzzers going off everywhere now, as Shirley stands at the end of the corridor, looking down to the crime scene tape. Too scared to go there.

110

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

110

The tap is dripping in the sink, behind where the photo stands.

111 EXT. MILLTHORPE LODGE - NIGHT 111  
 The sound of the buzzer, the red light winking, as the curtains billow out of the hole which used to be a window.

112 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 112  
 The bright lights of the corridor at night. Silent, empty.  
 The dripping begins to echo here - not physically...

113 INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - NIGHT 113  
 ... but dripping in Tom's mind, louder and louder as he sits on the edge of his hospital bed in his pyjamas, suffering.

114 INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 114  
 Hannah switches the light on, and stares blearily at the bath tap, dripping again.  
 Turns it off.

115 INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - NIGHT 115  
 For Tom, the noise stops abruptly, and to his great relief.  
 He picks up the bag of clothes that Hannah left, and looks inside. Rejects them.  
 He eyes the PATIENT sleeping in the next bed, gets up, and moves with intent to open the man's bedside locker.

116 INT. TOM'S HOUSE - PARLOUR - NIGHT 116  
 The publicity still above the piano. A movement in it.  
 All the sounds in the house, very gently. The drip. The slight movement at the top of the stairs. A piano string, sighing.

117 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR 117  
 Tom hurries down the corridor, finishing pulling on a set of clothes which are not his own and don't fit him properly.

118 EXT. SCARBOROUGH - SEASIDE - NIGHT 118  
 As the lights twinkle along the front, the drowned woman pulls herself upright, swaying.

Water drips from her fingers.

119

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - HANNAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

119

Hannah wakes very suddenly, gasping for breath, and sits straight up in terror.

A glimpse of the drowned woman, looming at the end of her bed.

TO BE CONTINUED