



# 'REUNION'

**Episode One**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

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NOTE: This is a bilingual script,  
in spoken language and British Sign Language.  
*All signed dialogue is in Italics.*  
*Signed and spoken dialogue is in **bold italics**.*

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1/1

DREAM SEQUENCE - DS1

1/1

In darkness, a child's shaking hands fumble a match along the strip on a matchbox -

SKRITCH. The match sparks, but doesn't light.

KEROSENE drips off the edge of an oak desk with green leather surface, dark and thick, like blood.

BROKEN GLASS crunches under adult shoes.

A MAN's bloodied RIGHT HAND, clenched in a fist, smearing dark blood in circles over a white t-shirt, signing SORRY, as blue lights flash, slow and rhythmic.

The blue lights continue to flash as a POLICE OFFICER's hands pull the MAN's bloodied hands together, cuffing them.

Street lights strobe past, illuminating the same BLOODIED HANDS in closeup, handcuffed and resting on his lap in the back of a police car.

The bloodied, handcuffed hands clasp as if in PRAYER -

**MATCH CUT TO:**

1/2

INT. HMP WOODFIELD - BRENNAN'S CELL - DAY 1 - 13.00

1/2

Daylight. The same hands wash each other obsessively in a small metal basin, water dribbling from a metal tap.

The hands cup together, pooling water, splashing it over the back of a shaved head.

He runs his hands over his face, revealing himself -

This is a tiny metal washbasin in a prison cell, and this is DANIEL BRENNAN. Late 40s. A monolith of a man.

Brennan grabs a rag and dries his hands and his face, taking in his surroundings. We hear a tannoy in the background. Brennan does not.

TANNOY (O.S.)

Daniel Brennan to the office.

A simple cell. Two-man bunk bed on one side. Metal toilet under the window. A desk on the other side with a TV, DVD player and games console.

Pinned to the wall alongside classic BMWs cut out from magazines, we glimpse a photograph of a younger BRENNAN with NAOMI (30s) and CARLY (11). All three of them smiling. \*

Brennan squints at the cold morning light streaming into the cell through the filthy glass of the reinforced window.

Through the window - HMP WOODFIELD. West Yorkshire's Alcatraz. Maximum security. A guard tower overlooks Victorian buildings, all soot-grimed red bricks. Razor wire, security cameras, barred windows.

TANNOY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Daniel Brennan to the office.

Brennan turns away from the window, reacts as he sees -

His cell door is now open. PRISON OFFICER 1 enters as PRISON OFFICER 2 waits in the corridor.

TANNOY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Daniel Brennan to the office.

Prison Officer 1 turns to Officer 2 -

PRISON OFFICER 1  
Tell 'em to turn it off.

Prison Officer 2 grabs his radio, calls it in as Prison Officer 1 steps in, hands a CLEAR PLASTIC BAG to Brennan.

PRISON OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)  
Get your things together. \*

Brennan nods, grabs the plastic bag and begins PACKING quickly - his actions urgent, economical.

On the table - A calendar with dates crossed off in red ink. A date circled in red - but we don't see what it says.

Brennan ignores the cuttings of the BMWs, but gently takes the FAMILY PHOTO off the wall, putting it into his WRITING JOURNAL and slipping it into the plastic bag. \*

1/3

INT. HMP WOODFIELD - COMMON AREA - DAY 1 - 13.03

1/3

As BRENNAN walks accompanied by the two OFFICERS, doors BUZZ as they CRASH open and SLAM shut. Inmates CALL OUT to one another. Brennan keeps his head down, plastic bag close. \*

1/4

INT. HMP WOODFIELD - PROCESSING ROOM - DAY 1 - 13.15

1/4

BRENNAN waits third in line behind two other MALE INMATES, WATSON (30s) and BRIGGS (40s). All three wear their prison clothes, clutching their clear plastic bags.

The PROCESSING OFFICER beckons Brennan forward from behind a reinforced glass window.

Brennan signs a release form and slides it across to the Officer, receiving an ENVELOPE and ANOTHER CLEAR PLASTIC BAG of belongings. \*

1/5

**INT. HMP WOODFIELD - CHANGING ROOMS - DAY 1 - 13.18**

1/5

Peeling, flaking paint. Wooden benches. The three inmates change out of their prison clothes into civilian clothes, turning their naked bodies away from the guards. \*

BRENNAN checks his plastic bag: An old SMARTPHONE, its screen spiderwebbed. He tries the ON switch. Nothing. \*

A GOLD WEDDING RING. Modest, slightly scratched. Brennan only hesitates a moment before slipping it on to his left hand.

1/6

**INT. HMP WOODFIELD - EXIT INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 1 - 13.37**

1/6

A sparse interview room. An empty chair at a square table.

A door opens. BRENNAN grabs the chair and sits.

He waits, vibrating with urgency, desperate to leave, fingers drumming on the table, quick glances out of the window -

The door BANGS open and a WOMAN enters, sitting in the chair facing Brennan O.S. We STAY on Brennan as he reacts -

ANNA (O.S.)

Sorry I'm late. I'm Anna. Anna  
Shenford. I know you've already had  
your pre-release interview, but I'm  
taking over from your old probation  
officer - \*

We stay on Brennan watching, face impassive as Anna goes through a stack of folders, pages turning quickly -

ANNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

- wanted to meet before you left.  
Check everything's in order...

Anna finds Brennan's folder. Opens it, carries on talking, still not looking.

ANNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Daniel... Brennan?

We see ANNA (20s) for the first time. Diminutive but tough, and doggedly professional. Smartly dressed in shirt and jacket. SOUTH DALES PROBATION SERVICES LANYARD round her neck. Still looking down at the folder.

ANNA (CONT'D)

In for... murder?

Anna looks up at Brennan, quickly, her professional facade slipping: *Yeah, he looks like one, alright.*

ANNA (CONT'D)

Could you confirm the first line of  
your nominated address for me?

Brennan angles his head to try and initiate eye contact.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I SAID, could you confirm the -

Anna looks up. Brennan shakes his head, points at his ear.

Anna looks down at her folder, leafing through it with a mild panic. Sees it. Reacts to this bombshell: *Brennan's Deaf??*

ANNA (CONT'D)

Would you excuse me a moment?

Anna's chair SCRAPES on the floor as she moves to the doorway, in hushed conversation with Prison Officer 1 and 2.

**BRENNAN POV:** They shoot looks at Brennan, shake their heads.

Brennan's leg begins to bounce up and down again, nervous: *Has there been a mistake, are they putting me back in?* Anna returns, sits back down.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm very sorry. I didn't book an interpreter for this meeting.  
That's my fault. Do you - do you read lips? Could that work?

Anna gestures to her mouth, hopeful -

Brennan nods: *sure, whatever gets me out of here quicker.*

ANNA (CONT'D)

Looks like you're a model prisoner.  
Volunteering, studying.

Anna looks to Brennan to see if he's understanding this -

Brennan nods again. Anna points to Brennan's papers -

ANNA (CONT'D)

You got your money, travel warrant?

Brennan searches the envelopes, finding the standard £46 EXIT PAYMENT in notes and coins, and a RAIL TRAVEL VOUCHER, along with an INFORMATION LEAFLET: BEING OUT ON LICENCE.

Anna taps the leaflet -

ANNA (CONT'D)

You read that yet? Break the law, break any of your licence conditions, I turn you over to the police, and they put you straight back in here. You understand?

Brennan nods, faking understanding. Anna sees through it. Her face falls. *She's screwed up, badly.*

ANNA (CONT'D)

You don't, do you?

Brennan's chair SCRAPES as he stands, points at himself, then at the door, nodding hopefully: *Can I go?*

Anna hesitates. Looks at Brennan's mugshot in the file. Eyes hollow and haunted. Looks back to Brennan, unsure -

ANNA (CONT'D)

Wait. Hang on - um - let me...

Brennan's face falls: *has his chance of freedom gone?!* Brennan looks to the door, desperate: *he's so close -*

Anna is startled by a KNOCK at the door. Prison Officer 1 puts his head round the door.

PRISON OFFICER 1

Ready to go when you are?

Anna looks from the Prison Officer to Brennan -

ANNA

Give me a second, OK?

The Prison Officer shrugs, letting the door close as Anna shows the folder to Brennan, tapping the paper.

ANNA (CONT'D)

That's your nominated address? And your phone number?

Brennan leans in to read. Nods. Anna closes the folder.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'll meet you there tomorrow, not the contact centre. We do all this properly, WITH an interpreter. I'll call to confirm.

Anna mimes a phone handset to the side of her head. Brennan's face flickers in brief amusement, but he covers it, nodding. Anna winces: *Shit.* She opens the door for Brennan.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Don't forget these.

Anna reaches, grabs the information leaflets from the table, holding them up to Brennan.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You've got a second chance here. I hope you'll make the most of it.

Brennan takes them, nodding in thanks as he leaves.

1/7

**EXT. HMP WOODFIELD - EXTERNAL SECURITY GATES - DAY 1 - 13.45**

1/7

BRENNAN squints in daylight as the outer gate RUMBLES open.

WATSON whoops and runs through the widening gap, greeted by his loving FAMILY with tearful hugs.

BRIGGS smiles at Watson, picking up his phone and calling someone.

THERE IS NO-ONE FOR BRENNAN - but he's already walking to the main road. Watson STOPS him with a hand on his chest. Points to his car.

WATSON

Give you a lift?

Brennan shakes his head *no*. Watson nods. Touches his fingers to his forehead, saluting Brennan goodbye, but Brennan's already past him and walking fast, plastic bag over his shoulder. In the background, Watson and Briggs exchange a look -

**ON BRENNAN'S FACE AS HE WALKS:** Cold and determined. A man on a mission. Not even a backwards glance.

**TITLE SEQUENCE: REUNION**

1/8

**EXT. HMP WOODFIELD - CAR PARK - DAY 1 - 14.11**

1/8

ANNA walks through rows of cars, juggling folders and dialling on her phone. We hear a woman's voice -

CHRISTINE (PHONE)

This is Christine. Leave a message and I'll get back to you as soon as I can.

Anna reacts, still on the back foot and unsure what to do -

ANNA

Morning. Um. I'm calling from South Dales probation service.

1/9

**INT/EXT. ESTATE CAR - DAY 1 - 14.12**

1/9

Through the windshield of the car, we can see other parked cars and a TRAIN STATION in the distance.

CHRISTINE's mobile phone sits in its holder, screen lit up as ANNA leaves her voice message.

ANNA (PHONE)

It's - it's about Daniel Brennan...

Through the windshield of Christine's car, we now see -

1/10

**EXT. TRAIN STATION CAR PARK - DAY 1 - 14.13**

1/10

CHRISTINE, 40s-50s, confident and well put together, but something nervous, skittish under the surface.

She waits outside the main entrance of a small suburban commuter station in a Northern town. Think Conisbrough, Mexbrough - two platforms and a bridge.

Christine scans people walking out of the station, looking for a familiar face, smiling ear to ear as she sees -

MIRI, 20s, approaching with an overnight bag slung over her shoulder. A young deaf woman still finding herself, with a smile that lights the darkest room.

CHRISTINE

*Missed you.*

MIRI

*Same.*

They embrace, and walk back to Christine's car, signing in home-baked SPEECH AND SIGN SUPPORTED ENGLISH -

CHRISTINE

*How's the speech going? For the...*

Christine waggles her fingers, unsure. She can't find the right sign. Miri finishes it for her - two hands coming together, fingertips splayed -

MIRI

*Reunion?*

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

*- the reunion.*

Miri nods, sighing - her face telling us it's hard work -

MIRI (CONT'D)

*Been putting it off, don't know what to say...*

As they arrive at the car -

CHRISTINE

**You'll be great! We can have a look  
at it later.**

\*  
\*

Miri smiles, grateful for her mum's unwavering belief in her.

1/11

**INT/EXT. ESTATE CAR - DAY 1 - 14.14**

1/11

They get into the front seats, belting up.

MIRI

**Drop me in town? Need to find a new  
outfit for tomorrow.**

CHRISTINE nods. Signs a quick -

CHRISTINE

*OK.*

She notices her phone - a MISSED CALL. Taps the screen to listen to the voicemail.

MIRI

*What's that?*

Christine shushes her, signing silently so she can hear -

CHRISTINE

*Voicemail.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ANNA (VOICEMAIL)

Morning. Um. I'm calling from South Dales probation service.

Christine's smile fades. She looks to Miri.

Miri stares back at her, still smiling. She can hear a voice on the phone but doesn't understand a word -

ANNA (VOICEMAIL) (CONT'D)

It's - it's about Daniel Brennan.

Christine can hear every word Anna is saying. She stares out of the windshield, gripping the steering wheel.

ANNA (VOICEMAIL) (CONT'D)

Apologies if you've already been made aware, but your Victim Liaison Officer should have informed you that he's being released from prison today...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Anna's voice fades away to silence and white noise as Christine continues to stare out of the windshield.

Miri puts her hand on Christine's arm, signs, silent -

MIRI

Mum? You OK?

\*

Miri's touch snaps Christine out of it. The sound of the train station and traffic rushes back in.

Christine shakes herself out of it. Smiles at Miri.

CHRISTINE

*Boring work stuff.*

Miri nods, looking to her own phone. Christine stares at her, guilt and worry written large on her face. Looks away, wondering what the hell she's gonna do about this.

1/12

**EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY 1 - 14.48**

1/12

BRENNAN fast walks along the pavement. Rows of semi-detached houses with pebble-dashed walls and PVC windows.

As he nears one of the houses, he slows and hesitates. Memories swirling.

Stops to look up the driveway to his CHILDHOOD HOME, his hand resting on the garden wall. Regret and sadness on his face. But he has to do this.

He pushes himself away from the wall, up the driveway, onto the step of the porch, and pushes the BELL.

There is no sound.

He waits.

1/13

**INT. MUM AND DAD'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 1 - 14.49**

1/13

A front door opens, revealing BRENNAN waiting on the step.

A small ELDERLY WOMAN recognises him and steps back.

An ELDERLY MAN arrives, placing his hand on her shoulder. Looks to Brennan.

Neither of them surprised - more disappointed.

DAD

*You actually came here. Didn't think you'd be brave enough.*

Brennan tries to smile - but MUM and DAD's reaction to his arrival is too heavy for him to bear.

1/14

**INT. MUM AND DAD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 1 - 14.58**

1/14

BRENNAN sits at a small table, sipping a cup of tea. His MUM and DAD stand watching him at a safe distance.

Brennan chooses his signs carefully, fluent but hesitant.

BRENNAN

*You both well?*

Mum and Dad exchange a look which speaks volumes: *Ever since their son went to prison, they've lived with the shame and stigma of what he did.*

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*OK. Carly. How's she doing?*

He signs Carly's sign name.

Mum looks at Dad, panicked. Brennan catches this.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*What is it?*

Mum takes a step back, afraid.

MUM

*We've not seen her in a while.*

BRENNAN

*Why's that?*

MUM

*She couldn't stay here. Not after -*

Mum hesitates - about to say more - then stops. Brennan looks from her to Dad, then back -

BRENNAN

*But my little girl's safe, she's alright?*

Dad scoffs at Brennan's use of 'little girl'.

DAD

*Not your little girl any more.*

BRENNAN

*What do you mean?*

Dad shrugs.

DAD

*Out all the time doing I don't know what. Drinking. Drugs.*

Brennan reacts. He doesn't believe them, but no time to get into it right now. Stands and leaves.

1/15

**INT. MUM AND DAD'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY 1 - 14.59**

1/15

Metal shelves. Boxes. A car under a black cover. BRENNAN closes the door behind him, pulling the car cover off.

It's a **1984 BMW 3 Series**. Alloys with white-lettered tyres. \*

He moves to the BMW's boot. Takes a deep breath. Steels himself: *is it still there?* Opens the boot to see -

It is. The boot's fully packed: A two-man tent. Two sleeping bags. A long-handled FIREMAN'S AXE, its blade red and grey. A mechanic's toolbox. He checks it: Everything still in there. Hammer. Wrench. Ratchet spanner.

Brennan quickly closes the boot, moving to the bonnet and releasing it, propping it open. REACTS in surprise.

**BRENNAN POV:** A spotless engine bay. \*

Brennan notices his DAD at the open door, watching.

BRENNAN

*You did this?*

Dad says nothing. Tosses the KEYS to Brennan.

Brennan catches them. Looks at them in his hand. Looks back up. The door is closed. His father is GONE.

Brennan gently lowers the bonnet lid and opens the garage door, daylight flooding in. Tosses his duffel bag through the window onto the passenger seat.

Brennan's hand is on the door handle as Mum enters, pressing a leaflet into Brennan's hand.

MUM

*She's working here.*

**ON LEAFLET: THE ACE CAFE.**

Brennan nods. As he reads the leaflet, Mum digs into her pocket. Presses a roll of cash into his other hand, closing his hand over it. He resists. She shakes her head: *Keep it.*

Brennan nods, shamed but grateful. Mum hugs him tightly, kissing him on the cheek. Loving, tender - and final. She steps away from him. Brennan nods. He understands.

He gets into the car and starts the engine.

The rev counter jumps eagerly towards its redline as he pats the steering wheel like it's an old and faithful pet.

1/16 **INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW / STREET - DAY 1 - 15.01**

1/16

The BMW slowly eases out of the garage, down the driveway, onto the road.

BRENNAN accelerates smoothly, pushed back in his seat by the engine's power. Looks in the rear view mirror.

**BRENNAN'S POV:** MUM watches him, fading into the distance.

1/17 **EXT. BALL STREET BRIDGE - KELHAM ISLAND - DAY 1 - 16.30**

1/17

An old steel bridge painted red and cream in the heart of Sheffield's once bustling industrial district. \*

CHRISTINE waits on the bridge, hands resting on the railing, staring down into the white foam of the weir, the weight of the world on her shoulders. She looks up to see -

STEPHEN RENWORTH (40s, 50s) affable and charming, several decades of life experience under his belt, approaching her.

She breaks out into a wide, beaming smile, standing away from the railing and walking to embrace him. Just from the way she hugs him, you can see he's a place of safety for her. \*

The two of them walk off together. \*

CHRISTINE (PRE LAP)  
My husband. I told you he died a few years back? \*

1/18 **EXT. CAFE - DAY 1 - 16.46**

1/18

A bustling city centre cafe. Customers outside on a paved terrace in the sunshine. CHRISTINE and STEPHEN sit close together. \*

CHRISTINE  
Well, there's more to it than that. \*

Christine hesitates.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)  
He was - he was murdered.

Stephen's genuinely shocked. Recovers -

STEPHEN  
I'm sorry. That's awful.

CHRISTINE  
The man who killed him, I knew he was gonna be coming out at some point.  
(MORE)

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

But I blocked it out of my mind. I  
couldn't - I didn't wanna deal with  
it, you know?

STEPHEN

No, no, I get it.

CHRISTINE

That's why it was a shock when I  
got the call this morning.

STEPHEN

What call?

CHRISTINE

Telling me he's out. Today. Dunno  
where he's going, what he's doing -  
but part of me wants to hunt him  
down, corner him -

Christine's expression turns dark, angry - Stephen reacts -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

- force him to tell me the truth  
about that night. Tell me why he  
thought my husband deserved to die.

Stephen frowns, surprised -

STEPHEN

You don't know why he did it?

Christine shakes her head, sad.

CHRISTINE

I wrote him in prison. No answer.  
Requested visits. Denied. All I  
wanted was an answer to that one  
question: Why? All these years I've  
had this, this gap. Like I'm stuck,  
like I can't move on, 'til I know.

STEPHEN

I'm so sorry. I can't imagine how  
that must feel.

Christine sniffs.

CHRISTINE

I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner,  
I didn't want to -

STEPHEN

No, not at all -

CHRISTINE

- scare you off, with all this -  
this baggage.

They sit in silence for a moment. Christine panics, pulling her hand away from Stephen, shutting herself off from him -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

I've freaked you out, haven't I?  
You came here expecting a coffee  
and a chat, and here I am talking  
about murder, and - and prison -

Stephen can't help but laugh. Christine's confused -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

What?!

STEPHEN

Look. I did my 30 years in the  
police, seen it all. Nothing you  
can do, nothing you can say, is  
gonna "scare me off". Got that?

Christine smiles, her cheeks reddening. She nods. \*

CHRISTINE

So we're OK then - you and me?

STEPHEN

Course we are. \*

Stephen takes Christine's hand with a smile. \*

1/19

EXT. THE SIDINGS CAR REPAIR SHOP - DAY 1 - 17.07

1/19

A series of Railway Arches with different businesses  
underneath - scrap metal, white goods... a garage.

MATTHEW (30s) works on a car engine, trying to prise out a  
stubborn spark plug. A SHADOW falls across him -

BRENNAN silhouetted against the daylight, like an angel of  
death. Matthew instantly grabs a hefty adjustable wrench,  
holding it up in defence. Brennan's hands go out -

BRENNAN

Relax.

Matthew shakes his head, keeping the wrench in front of him.  
Brennan signs Vinay's sign name: A V to his mouth, holding an  
invisible cigar -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Vinay still work here?

Matthew lowers the wrench, confused. Shakes his head -

MATTHEW

Left ages ago.

Matthew drops the wrench back in its tray with a CLANG.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
*Could text him for you?*

Brennan steps closer.

BRENNAN  
*Nah. Wanna surprise him.*

Matthew reacts to this. Unsure. Brennan steps closer. Matthew steps back, bumping up against a set of METAL SHELVING -

MATTHEW  
*I don't know where he is!*

BRENNAN  
*You must have some idea.*

Matthew licks his lips, mouth dry. Wait! Signs DAVID's sign name: *Affair - a hand covering a wedding ring.*

MATTHEW  
*David! It's his birthday tomorrow night. He's having a house party.*

Brennan frowns.

BRENNAN  
*Vinay's gonna be there?*

MATTHEW  
*Yeah. You know what he's like.*

Brennan nods. Vinay's never missed a party if he can help it.

BRENNAN  
*Tomorrow night? Mansfield David?*

Matthew nods, quickly. Brennan nods, satisfied.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)  
*Right. Right, I know where he is.*

Brennan backs away, ready to leave. Matthew relaxes a bit. Gestures to Brennan's BMW -

MATTHEW  
*That for sale?*

Brennan glances at his BMW - struck by the thought that it might have value. Matthew pulls out a BUSINESS CARD and PEN - scribbles a FIVE FIGURE NUMBER on it -

**CU ON BMW REAR BUMPER:** A magnetic sticker. White with black text: **I ❤ YOUR SMILE.**

Brennan turns back to see Matthew holding out the card, stretching his arm out to keep a distance between them.

Brennan's eyebrows go up in reaction: *It's a big number.*

Brennan makes a show of pocketing the card, nodding at Matthew in thanks. He walks away to the BMW, getting in.

We stay on Matthew holding his breath as the BMW drives away. MATTHEW EXHALES - slumps onto a metal stool, shaking. He just had a close encounter with a CONVICTED MURDERER -

1/20

**EXT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - DAY 1 - 17.20**

1/20

A quiet suburban street - much more upmarket than Brennan's parents. Posh cars, well-tended gardens. Christine's car parked in the driveway.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

You gonna be OK?

1/21

**INT. ESTATE CAR - DAY 1 - 17.21**

1/21

CHRISTINE exhales, her handbag on her lap, looking to her house - she's still on edge, shaken by this morning's news -

CHRISTINE

Actually - could you come in?

Off STEPHEN's reaction -

STEPHEN

You sure?

Christine smiles, nods. She trusts him.

CHRISTINE

Seen yours plenty of times. About time you saw mine.

Stephen stifles a smirk. She mock slaps him on the shoulder.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

My place! About time you saw my place, I mean.

They smile at each other, at ease.

1/22

**INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 1 - 17.22**

1/22

A tastefully decorated kitchen. Colours just right.

\*

CHRISTINE walks in, followed by STEPHEN, who shoots appreciative looks at his surroundings.

STEPHEN

Nice.

CHRISTINE

Don't think Miri's home yet. We could have a quick drink?

STEPHEN

Yeah, why not?

CHRISTINE

Grab a couple of glasses from over there?

Stephen looks around, spots a shelf of wine glasses. Grabs two of them, setting them down on the island as Christine goes to the fridge, bringing out a bottle of wine.

As she closes the fridge door behind her, we reveal -

An old FAMILY PHOTO stuck to the fridge door, almost buried under postcards, receipts, shopping vouchers -

The photo shows a HANDSOME MAN in his 40s, tall and strong, holding an 11 year old GIRL in his arms, frozen mid-laugh. This is our FIRST GLIMPSE OF RAY.

Stephen freezes.

This photograph of Christine's dead husband is hitting him HARD - but is there more to it?

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Stephen forces a smile.

STEPHEN

I'm sorry, Christine.

CHRISTINE

What? What is it?

Stephen moves to Christine, taking her hands in his. Struggles with what he's about to say to her -

STEPHEN

Miri's gonna be back soon, isn't she? You should tell her what's going on.

CHRISTINE

What do I even say to her - ?

STEPHEN

I'm sure she'll understand. But you don't need me here for that. Complicating things.

Stephen kisses her. Turns and walks away quickly. \*

CHRISTINE

Wait -

As he turns away from her, we see GUILT and DEVASTATION writ large on his face.

Christine stands alone in her kitchen, stunned. As the door closes, she turns to see what Stephen was looking at -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Oh, God.

1/23

**EXT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - DAY 1 - 17.24**

1/23

STEPHEN walks quickly away from the house, his head down, his earlier enthusiasm and happiness gone. He looks up - sees MIRI a couple of doors down the street, getting out of a taxi with a couple of bags of high end clothes shopping.

Stephen quickly crosses over to the other side of the road, walking away.

1/24

**INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW / TOWN STREETS - DUSK 1 - 21.17**

1/24

**FROM ABOVE:** The sun is setting as Brennan drives through industrial Sheffield - the Steel City.

The inside of the car is SILENT. As we see Brennan's hands GRIP the steering wheel, we HEAR the VIBRATIONS of the engine as we would hear the vibration of a MOBILE PHONE RINGING.

Tyres roll on the tarmac, every grain of tarmac visible under the tyre tread. The vibration of the tyres on the road is FELT in GRANULAR DETAIL.

Brennan smiles, his fingers stroking the wheel, soaking up the vibrations of the BMW's engine.

Brennan digs into the glove box and finds one of his old CDs - WU TANG CLAN: GREATEST HITS.

Slides it into the CD player. Turns the volume up. The bass bins on the rear shelf kick in, windows rattling. We hear what Brennan FEELS - words indistinct, but the bass pulses through him like a HEARTBEAT.

1/25

**INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW / MOTORWAY JUNCTION - NIGHT 1 - 21.18**

1/25

Brennan's BMW waits by a traffic light on a quiet slip road.

The rap music is still THUMPING - now a repetitive drone that irritates him. He impulsively stabs the EJECT button with a finger. The eject mechanism whirs. Coughs.

The CD emerges, then sticks. BRENNAN tries to work it out with his nails, only succeeds in pressing it back in.

Silence. The BMW's windows TREMBLE as Brennan feels VIBRATIONS resume. Looks around in confusion to see -

A tuned Volkswagen Golf stops alongside the BMW. Two TEENAGERS nod their heads in time to BOOMING BASS-HEAVY MUSIC. They admire Brennan's car, then look away from Brennan's unblinking stare, their lips moving, voices drowned out by the music.

The red light turns green and the Golf accelerates straight ahead, tyres SKIDDING, exhaust POPPING and BANGING.

A big boy challenge to Brennan - *is he fast enough to race?*

But Brennan doesn't have time to race. He shifts into first with a CLICK-CLICK. The BMW turns smoothly to the LEFT, driving under the speed limit. \*

1/26

**INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 - 21.25**

1/26 \*

CHRISTINE is in comfy lounge wear, holding a glass of wine as she sits on the sofa, the remains of a TAKE AWAY MEAL visible in the kitchen.

MIRI paces up and down, reading off her notes - the speech she's preparing. Looks to Christine, who nods encouragement.

Miri groans. Puts the notes down - her body language making herself as small as possible. She signs with a mix of familiarity and formality -

MIRI

***Dad would be so happy about this  
bursary...***

She signs bursary as the base of an award on the palm of her hand. Stops herself -

MIRI (CONT'D)

***...how do you sign "bursary"?***

Christine doesn't know. Tries a trophy with handles -

CHRISTINE

*Award?*

MIRI

***No. That's not it.***

Miri tries signing a bag of cash. Christine copies her -

CHRISTINE

***Yeah, that works? (thumbs up)***

\*

Miri nods. Unsure. Christine sips her wine, trying to hide her guilt - *Ray would have known the right sign.*

MIRI

***Should I go voice off when I do the speech?***

CHRISTINE

***They'll have an interpreter?***

MIRI

***Dunno. Don't trust interpreters.***

Miri looks at her speech. Loses what little confidence she had, shakes her head no - folding it up and pocketing it.

MIRI (CONT'D)

***Gonna work on it some more.***

Christine looks disappointed.

CHRISTINE

***You sure?***

Miri nods - catches something in her mum's facial expression -

MIRI

***You OK?***

Christine steels herself. Rips the plaster off quickly before she can lose her nerve -

CHRISTINE

***He's out of prison.***

Miri realises: *Only one man she knows in prison.*

MIRI

***Brennan...?!***

CHRISTINE

***I'm so sorry.***

MIRI

***They let him out?!***

CHRISTINE

***For now. On... licence?***

Christine signs the shape of a driving licence. The wrong sign, but best she can come up with.

MIRI

***What's that mean?***

CHRISTINE

***If he does anything stupid, he goes straight back in.***

Off Miri's look of confusion and disappointment - \*

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

*I'm sorry. I know it's a shock. I only found out today - it brought back so many feelings, questions about why Ray died...*

\*  
\*

MIRI

**Yeah.**

Christine looks to Miri - realises it's about Miri, not her - \*

CHRISTINE

*If you need anything, if you want to talk, I'm here for you. You know that..?*

Christine trails off. Knowing Miri wants the one thing she can't give her: *her Dad back*. Miri smiles. Rueful. Holds up her notes for the speech -

MIRI

**Gonna go work on this some more.**

Christine nods. Watches Miri go with a smile. A smile that fades to anxiety as Miri's feet go up the stairs.

1/27

**EXT. ACE CAFE - NIGHT 1 - 21.30**

1/27 \*

A typical inner city greasy spoon cafe. Floor to ceiling glass windows, perspex backlit sign. All day breakfasts.

BRENNAN leans in, cupping his hands on the glass, trying to get a better look inside, but it's CLOSED, pitch dark inside.

He double checks the leaflet his Mum gave him. Slaps it on the palm of his hand. It's the right place. But it's closed.

Brennan walks away down the street, frustrated.

1/28

**EXT. HILL TOP STREET - NIGHT 1 - 22.04**

1/28

The BMW is parked on a high road. Rows of terraced houses stretch down the hill into the distance.

BRENNAN stands on the edge of the viewpoint, legs planted, facing down the city where he grew up, PISSING INTO THE VOID.

Shakes himself off and zips up.

**ON BRENNAN'S FACE:** All his memories and regrets come crashing in on him at once.

He clenches his fists and SCREAMS: a raw, Deaf, throat-shredding HOWL. He laughs, feeling a bit better.

\*

HOWLS AGAIN - his scream echoing and fading into the dark.

1/29

**INT. BRENNAN'S BMW - NIGHT 1 - 22.06**

1/29

BRENNAN gets in, closing the door. Puts his hand on the keys in the ignition.

Stops. Sits back. He's staying the night here.

He flicks on the ceiling light. It glows, faint.

Tries to turn on his smartphone, plugged into a cigarette adaptor charger. The cracked screen stays dark.

Reaches into the plastic bag, brings out his journal.

Opens it. Takes out the PHOTO from prison for a better look.

A smiling BRENNAN, CARLY AND NAOMI. Brennan slips the photo into the sun visor above the steering wheel and snaps it closed.

He levers his seat back to a reclining position.

Stares up at nothing in particular. Exhales, tired.

His first night of freedom: kipping in his car on the street.

Closes his eyes to sleep.

As a PASSING CAR'S HEADLIGHTS SWEEP ACROSS THE CAR INTERIOR -

1/30

**DREAM SEQUENCE - DS2**

1/30

DUSK. BRENNAN walks, his arm round NAOMI, holding a YOUNG CARLY's hand as they walk. \*

KEROSENE drips off the edge of a green leather desk, pooling on the carpet below. \*

Naomi looks up as a FIREWORK explodes in the sky above as - \*

A FLAME IGNITES the CARPET, BECOMING A ROARING FIRE - \*

1/31

**INT. ACE CAFE - DAY 2 - 09.00**

1/31

A gas hob sputtering and hissing orange flames.

Deep fat fryers bubbling. Bacon rashers sizzling on a hotplate. Formica tables. Tiled floor. Garish photographs of breakfast specials. A typical British greasy spoon.

CARLY (20s) bursts through the door. Tall and rangy, hair scraped up into a ponytail above a makeup-free face flushed with physical exertion, rucksack hanging low on her back, straps loose.

\*

She yanks her earbuds out of her ears as the Ace Cafe's OWNER, a chubby middle aged guy, flipping bacon rashers notices her arrival -

OWNER  
Morning Carly. Y'alright?

She slips her jacket and rucksack off and ties on an apron with a branded Ace Cafe name badge pinned on it - CARLY.

CARLY  
Sorry boss, buses were a nightmare.

Catches her boss' eye with a dazzling wink and a smile -

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Again.

Carly moves to the counter, punches a couple of keys on the till and speaks without looking up at her next customer -

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Right, what can I get you?

A beat of silence. She looks up to see what the problem is, and recognises her customer instantly - it's BRENNAN.

He's trying to reconcile this woman with the 11 year old girl in the photo: *She's so tall. So... adult -*

CARLY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you doing here?!

Brennan recoils at her lack of signing. Reaches into his pocket and brings out a £20 note. Signs slowly and deliberately for her -

BRENNAN  
*All day breakfast. With tea.*

She stares at his £20. Remembers a bit of her signing -

CARLY  
**Not here!**

Brennan doesn't move. Carly glances over her shoulder.

\*

The OWNER watches, curious. Carly snatches the money from Brennan's hand, hitting buttons on the cash register.

\*

Carly tosses the change on the counter and turns away from Brennan, unable to even look at him. Brennan carefully gathers the coins and notes and moves away.

Brennan sits down at a table by himself, facing the counter as the owner loads up an all day breakfast, handing it to Carly.

Carly brings the plate and cup over to Brennan's table, setting them down hard. Tea splashes on the formica. Sausages roll off the plate. Brennan puts them back as Carly sits down opposite. Takes a moment, then -

BRENNAN

*How are you? Been a long time.*

\*

Carly speaks, remembering more of her signs -

CARLY

**Yeah, whose fault was that?**

Brennan sits back: *So that's how this is going to go.*

Carly signs and speaks, her BSL still rusty and floppy, but getting stronger by the minute -

CARLY (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

***How am I...?! Just paid off the mortgage. Bought a new car. I'm in line for a promotion.***

BRENNAN

*OK, OK. I'm here now -*

Carly stares at the gold wedding ring on Brennan's left hand, her face swimming with emotion.

CARLY

**Why you still wearing that?**

Carly's looking at Brennan's left hand. Brennan follows her gaze to his wedding ring - covering it briefly -

BRENNAN

*I have to go away. I have to do something important -*

Carly tries to hide her dismay: *he's leaving already?*

CARLY

*Go where?*

BRENNAN

*- wanted to see you before I go. That's it.*

Carly's stunned. Copies Brennan's last sign, exaggerated -

CARLY

***"That's it?" After all these years?! No explanation, no apology?***

She stares at him. Takes his measure. Finds him wanting. Tears spring to her eyes. Carly stands, her chair clattering.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*See you in a few years, I guess?*

BRENNAN

*Wait -*

Carly walks back to the counter. Brennan watches her in hushed conversation with the Owner. As he picks up his knife and fork to eat - the Owner walks to the table.

OWNER

You're upsetting my staff. Gonna have to ask you to leave.

BRENNAN

(speaking, deaf voice)  
No. I'm eating.

The Owner nods, and walks away.

Brennan has started cutting up his sausage when the Owner returns with a compostable cardboard container and GRABS Brennan's plate, dumping the food into it, closing it and shoving it into Brennan's hands.

OWNER

Dunno who you are, but you can fuck off now!

Brennan stands. Looks to Carly, eyebrows raised -

BRENNAN

(Fuck off..?!)

Brennan stands, slowly approaches the Owner with quiet menace. The Owner backs up a bit - Brennan points at himself - \*

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

(speaking, deaf voice)  
Her FATHER!

The Owner looks to Carly, who struggles to process this - gut punched by her dad's display of raw emotion. \*

Brennan reacts: *That's it, then.* Walks away, eyes on Carly the whole time. Pushes through the cafe door and leaves. \*

CHRISTINE reads through A PRINTOUT, a frown on her face. Her phone rings. It's Stephen. She puts the phone to her ear as she shuffles through the documents -

CHRISTINE

Hey.

CROSS CUT WITH:

1/33

EXT. CITY STREET / INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - DAY 2 - 09.20

1/33 \*

STEPHEN walks through the streets, holding a COMPOSTABLE COFFEE CUP -

STEPHEN

How you doing?

CHRISTINE

Yeah, I'm fine.

STEPHEN

How did it go with Miri?

CHRISTINE

Ha. About as well as you'd expect.

STEPHEN

I'm sorry. What you up to now?

CHRISTINE

Looking at the parole paperwork.  
Seeing if I missed anything.

Christine holds up a sheet of paper -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

It's a summary of the board decision. Nothing on why he did it.

STEPHEN

Tell you what. Why don't you leave it for now - let me go through it for you later, see if there's anything in there we can use -

Christine reacts in SURPRISE as MIRI enters the kitchen - covering her mouth and the phone -

CHRISTINE

Gotta go. Speak later.

1/33A

INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 2 - 09.21

1/33A \*

CHRISTINE quickly ends the call, putting her phone face down, and covers with a smile - but MIRI catches the cover up.

MIRI

**Who you talking to?**

CHRISTINE

*Just a - a friend.*

MIRI

*Which friend?*

\*

As Christine tries to think of a white lie, Miri approaches the island, reaching to get a look at the document -

Christine quickly grabs it, trying to hide it. Miri reacts -

MIRI (CONT'D)

*What's this?*

CHRISTINE

*It's nothing -*

MIRI

*Is it Brennan, has something happened?*

CHRISTINE

*No - nothing's happened -*

MIRI

*Why you being weird with me then?!*

\*

CHRISTINE

*It's his parole paperwork.*

Miri glances at the document. That didn't happen yesterday -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

*Look - I didn't tell you at the time, because -*

Miri grabs the document, looking for a date. Reacts. Looks to Christine, absolutely betrayed.

MIRI

*All this time, and you KNEW he was coming out - ?*

CHRISTINE

*You'd just moved to London - I didn't want to distract you -*

Miri searches Christine's face -

MIRI

*Anything else you wanna tell me?*

Christine considers it - definitely not the right time to tell her about Mum's new boyfriend.

Miri knows there's something else - but Mum's not saying. Miri marches out, full of righteous indignation.

Christine's alone once more - Brennan screwing up her life all over again.

1/34

**INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 2 - 16.00**

1/34

BRENNAN taps the steering wheel. Leans forward as he sees -

1/35

**EXT. ACE CAFE - DAY 2 - 16.01**

1/35

CARLY exits the cafe, rucksack slung over her shoulder, earbuds in her ears, listening to music. She walks down the street, away from BRENNAN.

Brennan's BMW pulls away from the kerb, merging into the traffic - following Carly.

1/36

**INT/EXT. MUM AND DAD'S HOUSE - DAY 2 - 16.15**

1/36

Brennan's MUM answers the door, revealing ANNA and DANNI, a CODA interpreter (30s).

ANNA

Hi. I'm here to see Daniel  
Brennan.

DANNI

*We're here to see Daniel  
Brennan.*

Mum looks from Danni to Anna, shaking her head in surprise and confusion. Anna checks her paperwork.

ANNA (CONT'D)

This is his nominated  
address. You had a visit from  
our team before, didn't you?

DANNI (CONT'D)

*This is his nominated  
address. We visited you  
before, right?*

Mum looks down at the floor in shame. Back at Anna -

MUM

*He's not here. I don't know  
where he is. I'm sorry.*

DANNI (CONT'D)

She doesn't know where he is.

Danni looks at Anna for a reaction, eyebrows raised. Anna's face falls. *Shit. This is bad.*

Mum goes to close the door -

Anna steps in, stopping the door from closing with a hand.

ANNA

Wait.

1/37

**INT. MUM AND DAD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 2 - 16.17**

1/37

DANNI sits at the kitchen table opposite Brennan's MUM and DAD. Danni smiles awkwardly at MUM and DAD as ANNA speaks on her phone, her back to them.

ANNA

He's definitely not at the office?  
Yeah, just thought I'd check.

Anna nods, ending her phone call. Looks to Danni. She nods encouragement for him to go on.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm trying to give your son a chance. There was a... a mix up with interpreters first time we met. But he's supposed to be here.

DANNI

*Trying to give your son a chance. There was no interpreter before. But he should be here.*

Anna shifts in her seat, unsure how to say this next part.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Is there anything you can tell me that might help me find him? Anyone he might be staying with?

DANNI (CONT'D)

*Can you tell me how to find him? Is he with anyone? Staying with anyone?*

Brennan's Mum sighs, says nothing. Kneads her hands in her lap. Anna looks to Danni, questioning: *Does she even understand you?*

ANNA (CONT'D)

If he doesn't show up very \* soon, I have to report him in\* breach of his licence. That means he goes back to prison. You don't want that to happen, yeah?

DANNI (CONT'D)

*Must come soon - if he doesn't come here, I must inform authorities he's broken rules. Means back prison. You want that? No.*

\*

\*

\*

Brennan's Mum smiles, shakes her head, rueful.

\*

Anna stands, frustrated -

ANNA (CONT'D)

Thanks very much for your time.

Anna's halfway out the door when Brennan's mum signs - two fingers in her neck.

DANNI

They're disappointed? No, wait -  
*Sorry, what do you mean -*

Anna stops at the door, noticing they've carried on -

ANNA

What are you talking about?

Danni looks to Anna. Mum stops signing, watching them talk -

DANNI

No, I'm just clarifying. Sometimes the same sign means different things, depending on the context -

Danni turns back to Mum, beckoning with her fingers for her to continue - Mum signs again, two fingers in her neck.

MUM / DANNI (V.O.)

*We regret what happened. But we'll never understand why he did what he did. He never explained. Not once, not to anyone -*

Dad puts a hand on Mum, stopping her from saying any more. Leans forward, signing -

DAD / DANNI (V.O.)

*We said goodbye to our son when he went into prison. Whoever came out, that's not our boy any more.*

On Anna, taking this in. Mum pulls away from Dad, upset with him. Dad sets his chin, determined, continues signing -

1/38

**INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 2 - 17.20**

1/38

BRENNAN drives, leaning forward and peering out of the window, trying to keep CARLY in his sights.

DAD / DANNI (O.S.)

*Whatever that man's doing now, wherever he's going - it's nothing to do with us.*

1/39

**EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - DAY 2 - 17.25**

1/39

CARLY walks through the infamous PARK HILL ESTATE - looming over Sheffield City Centre. Gentrified? Only partly. \*

Two YOUNG TEEN BOYS in SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY kit take turns volleying a football at a goal - three white lines painted on a brick wall. THWACK. THWACK. \*

1/40

**INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 2 - 17.26**

1/40

BRENNAN is parked, watching CARLY walk away. Concern on his face: *This is where she's living now?* He gets out of the BMW, watching her. Debating whether to follow.

1/41

**EXT. CARLY'S FLAT - WALKWAY - DAY 2 - 17.27**

1/41

CARLY looks nervously up and down the first-floor walkway as she fumbles with her key. Lets herself into the flat, shutting the door behind her.

1/42

**INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 2 - 17.28**

1/42

BRENNAN, reassured Carly's at least safe, turns back to his car, hand on the door handle, ready to resume his mission - then he sees -

1/43

**EXT. CARLY'S FLAT - WALKWAY - DAY 2 - 17.30**

1/43

Two rangy, tough men in their 20s, DEXTER and LAWRENCE, both in branded leisurewear and smart white trainers, walking with purpose and intent towards Carly's flat.

1/44

**EXT. CARLY'S FLAT - WALKWAY - DAY 2 - 17.31**

1/44

DEXTER crouches at Carly's letterbox, talking through the flap as LAWRENCE keeps watch, texting on his phone.

DEXTER

We know you're in there.

CARLY (O.S.)

So what?

DEXTER

So, you're short again this month.

CARLY (O.S.)

Oh, will you just... FUCK OFF?!

Dexter looks to Lawrence, shaking his head in disbelief.

Lawrence scans his phone as Dexter steps back, lining up a kick - BANG. The door doesn't budge an inch.

Lawrence straightens up at the sight of something O.S.

LAWRENCE

Hey!

Dexter turns to look at Lawrence -

DEXTER

What?

Dexter follows Lawrence's eyeline to see -

BRENNAN. Looming out of the stairwell, fast walking towards them with his PRISON FACE ON. Face blank, devoid of emotion, eyes heavy-lidded... he is SCARY.

Dexter steadies himself, unbalanced. Lawrence involuntarily takes a step back, bumping against the railing.

Dexter's the first to bottle it - puts his head down and tries to walk past. Brennan SHOOTS OUT AN ARM, pinning Dexter against the wall by his chest. Dexter scrabbles ineffectually with his fingers, but Brennan's too strong.

Carly's front door opens - she steps out onto the walkway -

CARLY  
Let him go!

Brennan blinks, not understanding -

BRENNAN  
*Where's your sign gone?*

Carly folds her arms, sullen. Brennan tries again -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)  
*What do they want?*

Carly says nothing, backs into the doorway -

Lawrence stays where he is, not moving, hands in his pockets, regarding Brennan with detached amusement.

Brennan looks to Dexter, making his face blank. Gestures and mouths, making himself understood -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)  
*What do you want?*

DEXTER  
Money! She owes us money.

Brennan looks at Carly, questioning - signs -

BRENNAN  
*You owe them?*

Carly looks away, ashamed.

LAWRENCE  
You best let him go.

Brennan looks at Lawrence. Back at Dexter.

BRENNAN  
(gestures, thumb and forefinger together)  
How much?

Dexter holds up five fingers. Lawrence steps forward -

LAWRENCE  
C'mon, let him go -

CARLY

He's deaf, he can't hear ya!

Lawrence looks from Carly to Brennan, realising -

Dexter scrabbles at Brennan's arm, trying to free himself -

Lawrence puts a hand in his pocket, pulling something out and enunciating, slow and menacing:

LAWRENCE

I. Said. Let. Go.

Brennan's eyes go from Lawrence to what he's holding - a FLICK KNIFE with a dark black blade and a serrated edge.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

1/45

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT FB1 (FLASHBACK) 21.20**

1/45

BRENNAN holds a large HUNTING KNIFE, knuckles white -

1/46

**EXT. CARLY'S FLAT - WALKWAY - DAY 2 - 17.34**

1/46

BRENNAN can't take his eyes off Lawrence's knife. He knows what it could mean, in a way that LAWRENCE doesn't.

Brennan releases DEXTER, stepping back, bumping into the balcony rail as Dexter pushes himself away from the wall. Smirks as he sees Brennan's fear and shock - makes himself big, arms spread wide, shouting into Brennan's ear.

DEXTER

Not so tough are ya now, ya prick?!

LAWRENCE

Hey. Let's go.

Lawrence pushes Dexter away down the walkway with his left hand, still holding his knife in his right. As Dexter backs away, staring Brennan down, Lawrence turns and points at Brennan and Carly with the knife -

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Shouldn't have done that.

Lawrence folds the knife away in his pocket, turning away from them and leaving with Dexter.

Brennan tries to get a grip of his racing breathing. Looks to Carly for something: *reassurance, sympathy?*

Instead her guard's back up, arms folded, chin jutting out, sullen expression. She turns and walks back into the flat.

Brennan grips the iron rail of the balcony with both hands. Looks around. At the high rise blocks, the bleakness. Exhales deeply, letting the tension of the confrontation leave his body. Rests his forehead on the cool metal rail.

1/47

**INT. CARLY'S FLAT - DAY 2 - 17.36**

1/47

BRENNAN walks through Carly's flat: it's small and dirty, but Carly's made a little oasis for herself in the corner of the living room. A mattress, bedsheets - a stack of clean clothes and a picture of her mum, NAOMI, pinned to the wall.

CARLY stands with her back to Brennan by the floor-to-ceiling windows, charging her phone from a four-socket extension cable hanging down from the flat above, cables snaking through a crack in the door.

Brennan sees something on the shelf. Walks over to pick it up, turning it over in his hands. A tiny and battered Corgi Whizzwheels toy car. **A 1984 BMW 3 Series.**

\*

He moves towards her, instinctively trying to HUG HER, a hug he needs much more than she does. Carly SHOVES him away -

CARLY  
What you doing?!

Brennan steps back, hands raised - placating. Tries again -

BRENNAN  
*Is it drugs? I can help -*

\*

Carly needles him, bitter -

CARLY  
***You can help?! You gonna find the  
money? Fix all my problems?***

Brennan straightens up - nods, defiant -

BRENNAN  
*Maybe I will!*

CARLY  
Ha. Yeah, right.

A moment of impasse. Brennan looks to the door, thinking.

BRENNAN  
*They're coming back?*

CARLY  
***Yeah. Thanks for making it worse -***

BRENNAN  
*You can't stay here. I'll take you  
back to Mum and Dad -*

CARLY

*They don't want me back!*

\*

BRENNAN

*Why? What did you do?*

\*

Carly looks shifty. Brennan wipes his face with his hands.

CARLY

*Thought you had to go?*

Brennan nods. Hesitates. He DOES have to go. But -

CARLY (CONT'D)

*Go on then. Go.*

**ON BRENNAN:** Conflicted. He can't leave her again - can he?

1/48

**EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - DAY 2 - 17.37**

1/48

DEXTER and LAWRENCE speak to a bigger, older LOAN SHARK - heavily built, in a black tracksuit. They converse silently, shooting looks and pointing towards the railing of Carly's flat above, as -

\*

1/49

**EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - DAY 2 - 17.40**

1/49

BRENNAN watches them, peeking round the corner of a stairwell. He's on his OWN - did he really leave Carly?!

Then - Brennan reaches for CARLY, PULLING her with him - she YANKS her arm away at first - he beckons her to follow.

They stride across the rubbish-strewn tarmac at speed, both glancing back to check no-one's following them, Carly's rucksack slipping off her shoulder -

They arrive at Brennan's BMW. A incredulous Carly recognises it immediately - almost laughs -

CARLY

*Still driving that piece of shit?!*

Brennan bristles - turns to her -

\*

BRENNAN

*Worth more than you think!*

Carly isn't convinced. Shoulders her rucksack, unsure -

Brennan looks at their surroundings. Doesn't want to waste any more time arguing here - plays the only card he's got.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*When I've done what I need to do,  
it's yours.*

\*

Brennan indicates to the BMW.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)  
*You can sell it. Start over.*

Carly looks to the BMW. Her tough guy act melting fast. She  
knows what this car means to her Dad.

CARLY  
*Really?!*

BRENNAN  
*But you have to come with me. Now.*

Carly hesitates. Looks around the estate. Brennan motions her  
to get in, there's no time to lose. She gets in.

1/50

**INT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 2 - 17.42**

1/50

CARLY looks around the BMW, taking it in, trying to hide her  
happiness at seeing it again after all this time.

BRENNAN gets in, taking the MODEL BMW out of his coat,  
putting it on the dashboard.

Carly slouches in her seat, shoes up on the dashboard.

Brennan reaches over, knocks her feet off the dashboard -

CARLY  
*Hey!*

Brennan reaches over and pulls the seatbelt across, clicking  
it in, pulling it taut. Carly softens at his show of care -

CARLY (CONT'D)  
*Where we going now?*

BRENNAN  
*Looking for an old friend.*

CARLY  
*You still have those?*

Off Brennan's frown -

CARLY (CONT'D)  
*Friends?*

Brennan brushes the barb away. Turns the key in the ignition -

1/51

**EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - DAY 2 - 17.43**

1/51

The BMW pulls away from the kerb and onto the road.

1/52

**INT. PROBATION OFFICE - DAY 2 - 17.55**

1/52

An empty open plan office with a secure door. ANNA returns, carrying the same stack of probation files as when she left HMP Woodfield. She sets them down on her desk, turning her computer on. Flustered, still playing catch up, Brennan preying on her mind when -

JOE

Hey.

Anna's head whips round to see -

JOE "BIG JOE" SUMMERS (40s) a SENIOR PROBATION OFFICER. Tall, physically imposing, shaved head and stubble, but a soft, caring quality somewhere in there. Well hidden, but there.

Joe moves to his desk, turning off his computer, picking up his jacket from the back of his chair -

JOE (CONT'D)

How's it going?

ANNA

Not so great.

JOE

Not working late again, are you?

Anna checks her watch - caught. She totally is.

JOE (CONT'D)

Like I keep telling you, you gotta work through your cases quicker.

(Off Anna's reaction)

Something happened?

Joe waits. Anna relents -

ANNA

Daniel Brennan. He's Deaf. I missed it. Didn't book an interpreter for our initial interview.

JOE

Right.

ANNA

Booked one for a follow up at his nominated address, thought that'd be easier. No sign of him.

JOE

And...?

ANNA

I did the bloody deaf awareness training, I should know this stuff - but I missed it! I missed it, and now he's missing -

JOE

It's not your fault.

ANNA

You sure about that?

JOE

He knew he was breaking his licence conditions. Whether or not you booked an interpreter, that's irrelevant.

Joe taps the stack of folders on her desk.

JOE (CONT'D)

Time to think about recalling him? \*

ANNA

Put him back in prison?! I can't -

JOE

It's your job.

Anna falls silent. Joe shrugs his jacket on.

JOE (CONT'D)

Don't stay too late, yeah?

Anna watches him leave.

1/53

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY FB2 (HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE) 10.00**

1/53

Grainy 2010s-quality footage. RAY, a handsome DEAF MAN in his mid 30s walking through countryside in the sunshine. He holds the hand of a 7 year old MIRI, signing and pointing to the camera.

The footage cuts to RAY sitting with Miri, signing to her.

RAY

What's my name?

Miri signs Ray's sign name: *Light*

MIRI

*Ray!*

RAY

*Right. Ray!*

\*

\*

\*

1/54

INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 2 - 20.07

1/54 \*

CHRISTINE watches an old home video on her laptop, fluffy dressing gown, makeup scrubbed off. \*

1/55

INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 2 - 20.08

1/55

MIRI, jacket on, waits with TASHA (20s, confident, radiating charisma) in the hall, checking an app on her phone.

MIRI

*Taxi's almost here.*

Tasha nods. Texting a WhatsApp group chat on her phone. Miri watches her text. Tries to strike up a conversation, joking -

MIRI (CONT'D)

*What's the gossip?*

Tasha lowers her phone - gives Miri a funny look.

TASHA

*You tell me!*

MIRI

*Tell you what?*

TASHA

*That man's out of prison. Right?*

Miri's eyes go wide - again, the last to know -

MIRI

*Who told you?*

Tasha shrugs.

TASHA

*There's a link going round. No one sent it to you?*

Miri looks at her phone. Shakes her head, no. Feeling simultaneously isolated, and the focus of everyone's attention.

TASHA (CONT'D)

*Can't imagine how you feel. Must be weird for him too - like, EVERYONE knows who he is, what he did -*

Miri's about to say something, catches herself.

MIRI

*Don't want to talk about it.*

Miri's phone VIBRATES. She stands -

MIRI (CONT'D)  
*Taxi's here. Let's go.*

Tasha hesitates -

1/56

**INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 2 - 20.09**

1/56 \*

CHRISTINE reacts to the sound of the front door CLOSING WITH \*  
A SLAM - \*

Grabs her phone, texting on the sound of a CAR DEPARTING - \*

1/57

**EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - MANSFIELD - NIGHT 2 - 22.06**

1/57

A council house on an estate. People walk inside carrying six \*  
packs of beer as Brennan's BMW pulls up at the pavement. \*

1/58

**INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - NIGHT 2 - 22.07**

1/58

BRENNAN waits, watching the house. A bored CARLY fiddles with \*  
Brennan's phone, trying to get it working. Puts it down on \*  
the central console and noses around the car. \*

Carly digs around in the rear footwell and brings out the \*  
JOURNAL and PEN Brennan had in prison. Holds them up so \*  
Brennan can see. He reacts, angry - \*

BRENNAN

*Put that back.*

Carly opens the journal -

A BETTER ENGLISH WORKSHEET, GLUED INTO THE PAGE - glimpses of \*  
child-like CURSIVE HANDWRITING - \*

*My name is Daniel.*

Brennan SLAPS it shut -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*Put it back.*

Carly puts it back in the rear footwell. Studies her dad, \*  
putting it together. \*

CARLY

*You learned to write in prison?!*

Brennan shrugs, defensive.

BRENNAN

*Your mum did all the reading and  
writing for both of us.*

Carly's face falls at the mention of Mum. Brennan tries to explain it away.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*Signing? Texting? Fine. Reading a newspaper or a book? No.*

Carly processes this. Realises -

CARLY

*You could have written to me?*

Brennan looks away, ashamed. Carly tries to bring it back -

CARLY (CONT'D)

*What was it like?*

BRENNAN

*What was what like?*

CARLY

*Prison.*

So much Brennan could say. So much he wants to say.

Carly feels her dad's pain. A moment where she could press him for more. Instead, she holds out Brennan's smartphone.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*It's working.*

Brennan squints at the spiderwebbed screen. Begins scrolling through his old messages - most of them from unidentified numbers, most of them from ten years ago -

WHY DID YOU DO IT?

YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR THIS

He scrolls further -

A photograph of a SMILING WOMAN IN HER 30s - NAOMI, and a text below: I MISS YOU. X

Brennan pauses. Opens up the CONTACTS. Scrolls down to the name VINAY as the screen goes BLACK again.

Brennan tosses his phone back to Carly. She reacts -

Brennan stares across Carly to the house. Carly follows his eyeline. Recoils to think who might be in that house.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*What you going in there for?*

Brennan answers by getting out of the car, slamming the door behind him. Crouches, signs through the window -

BRENNAN

*I told you -*

CARLY

*- "Looking for an old friend?"*

Brennan points: *Got it in one.* Turns away.

Carly watches Brennan walk away. Looks to Brennan's CASH in the glove box in front of her. At the steering wheel. Keys still in the ignition.

Carly slides across into the driver's seat, running her hands over the wheel. Looks to the house, thinking.

1/59

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 2 - 22.09**

1/59

Bass music, loud and distorted. Lights on bright so everyone can see each other. BRENNAN walks down the hall, glancing into rooms - each room full of people, a melting pot from all walks of life. But everyone is DEAF or using SIGN LANGUAGE.

1/60

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - FRONT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 2 - 22.10**

1/60

A clique of DEAF RAVERS - all branded tracksuits and trainers - on sofas and armchairs. They sign in languid slang sign as they pass around a small mirror with lines of coke on it.

One of the men recognises BRENNAN. Nudges his FRIEND. Brennan quickly turns his face away from them and moves on.

1/61

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 2 - 22.11**

1/61

BRENNAN sees a group of OLDER MEN sitting around the table drinking beers, dealing out cards and laughing. Brennan scans their faces from the door. No sign of his friend. He exits.

One of the Older Men puts his cards face down and stands. DAVID. The birthday boy. A tall, muscular deaf man with a few inches and about 20kg on Brennan. He looks around the table, disbelieving -

DAVID

*You see who that was?!*

1/62

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 2 - 22.12**

1/62

SEVERAL MEN AND WOMEN are gathered at the kitchen counter, pouring wine, laughing and smiling.

As they see BRENNAN, they fall silent, smiles fading. A couple of them stumble back, shocked at the sight of a convicted murderer in this kitchen. Brennan grabs a BEER BOTTLE. Glances around for a bottle opener.

In the background, A WOMAN signs: *What do you want?*

ANOTHER WOMAN signs: *David know you're here?!*

Brennan shrugs: *Never mind.* Holds the edge of the bottle top against the counter and SMASHES the top off.

The Men and Women jump back in fear, some of them audibly gasping.

They watch in confusion as he POURS the beer OUT into the sink, shaking the last drops out.

1/63

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 2 - 22.14**

1/63

BRENNAN moves back through the hall, past DAVID at the table of his card game, arguing with his FRIENDS -

DAVID

*I'm telling you, that's Brennan -  
he's here. In MY house - !*

Past two of the DEAF RAVERS in the door of the living room, watching him, looking to each other, trying to place him.

Brennan takes the stairs two at a time. Time is running out.

1/64

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT 2 - 22.15**

1/64

BRENNAN checks the doors. The first door he opens reveals dark shapes moving on a pile of coats. He closes the door.

The second door: A bathroom with two WOMEN signing to one another via their reflections in a wall mirror.

Brennan opens the third door and sees the man he's looking for: VINAY (40s-50s). A slick, well-dressed man in a suit and open-collared shirt with an expensive-looking fade haircut.

1/65

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 2 - 22.17**

1/65

VINAY sits on the edge of a bed with a WOMAN (30s) in a little black dress, sharing an improvised bong made out of a drinks can. Vinay laughs at her trying to hold the smoke in. Sees -

BRENNAN in the doorway. The smile dies on Vinay's face. Brennan nods hello. Sets his empty beer bottle down on a side table, close by.

The Woman quickly stands, pushes past Brennan and away down the stairs as Vinay stands, retreating to a safe distance.

VINAY

*The fuck are you doing here?!*

Brennan steps closer to Vinay, resolute.

BRENNAN

*Got out yesterday. Remember what we spoke about before? Do you still have it?*

Vinay remembers. He shakes his head -

VINAY

*Ain't giving you nothing. Not after what you did.*

A flash of hurt on Brennan's face at Vinay's hostility -

BRENNAN

*I want what I paid for.*

Whatever Vinay expected Brennan to say, that wasn't it.

VINAY

*After all this time?! They won't -*

BRENNAN

*Sure they will. Where is it?*

Vinay's reply is stopped by something he sees behind Brennan. A hand CLAPS Brennan on the shoulder. Brennan turns to see -

DAVID

*Who let you in?*

BRENNAN

*Just passing by. Door was open. Thought I'd say hello.*

David smiles. Takes a step closer to Brennan. A handful of deaf party guests watch silently from doorways.

SEAN (40s), in a smart suit, lurks behind the other guests. Watching with interest, but not wanting to reveal himself -

Brennan tries to placate David, signing calmly and slowly.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*I'm not staying. I need -*

David steps closer, pushes his forehead against Brennan's, trying to intimidate him. He wants to fight. Instead -

The sound of GLASS BREAKING. A beat. Brennan tenderly presses the sharp end of a BROKEN BEER BOTTLE against David's neck.

David raises his hands in surrender, a hint of a smile as Brennan signs with his left hand, deliberate and calm -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*Told you. I'm. Not. Staying. OK?*

David nods, staying still. Brennan turns to Vinay. The implication clear: *give me what I want, or things get messy.*

Vinay stares for a moment. Sighs - just wants Brennan gone - Looks around the bedroom. A notepad on a table. Grabs a pen and writes down an address. Rips it off, hands it to Brennan.

VINAY

*I'll let them know you're coming.*

Brennan takes the paper with a nod. Stark realisation dawns on Vinay, and what he's just done - But Brennan's done with Vinay. Turns to David. Signs with his left hand, still holding the bottle in his right hand:

BRENNAN

*Happy birthday.*

1/66

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT 2 - 22.18**

1/66

BRENNAN circles around DAVID, backing away from him across the landing, and down the stairs. Halfway down the stairs, he tosses the bottle and breaks into a RUN, the sound of glass breaking. David chases after him.

1/67

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 2 - 22.19**

1/67

BRENNAN skids to a halt at the foot of the stairs as he SEES - MIRI, newly-arrived, still in her jacket -

TASHA behind her, eyes BUGGING OUT with surprise. Other partygoers watch in silence as MIRI signs instinctively -

MIRI

*What are you doing here?!*

A beat of silence and stillness as dozens of deaf eyes look to Brennan. He tries to move past Miri but David GRABS him -

Brennan turns, pulls his arm out of David's grasp - his elbow catches Miri in the FACE -

Miri FALLS, stumbling against the wall -

Brennan instinctively reaches a hand out to her to help -

Brennan sees everyone's reactions - withdraws his hand and -

SPRINTS past Miri and Tasha, out of the house -

1/68

**EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2 - 22.20**

1/68

BRENNAN skids on the wet grass outside. The BMW is GONE. Looks frantically left and right -

Turns to see -

DEAF PARTYGOERS spilling out of the house onto the pavement. A beer bottle comes sailing through the air towards Brennan. \*

Brennan puts his hand up to deflect the bottle. It SMASHES on his hand, nicking his palm. \*

Brennan steps back into the road, holding his hand - \*

A SCREECH OF BRAKES - HEADLIGHTS DAZZLE BRENNAN - he puts his hands out - sees -

CARLY, driving his BMW, now facing the opposite direction. \*

The door swings open. Brennan sees Carly inside, beckoning -

CARLY

Get in!

Brennan dives in -

MIRI RUNS out of the house, towards the BMW -

A look passes between Carly and Miri as the BMW PEELS away, wheels spinning. A beer bottle smashes harmlessly on the road as Miri watches their tail lights fade into the darkness.

Miri signs her own private sign name for Carly -

MIRI

*Carly?*

TASHA runs to her, eyes widening at the mark on her cheek.

TASHA

*You alright?*

Miri nods. Looks back to the crowd outside the house.

MIRI

*Let's get out of here.*

DAVID, VINAY and other partygoers stand outside the house, breath fogging in the cold. SEAN joins them - smartly dressed, but a bit of an outsider - trying to process what he's just seen - looking for confirmation -

SEAN

*That was Brennan?!*

VINAY

*Yeah. Didn't know he was out.*

David and Vinay head back inside with the others.

Sean stays outside. Looks down the road, watching Miri walk away, Tasha's arm round her.

1/69 **EXT. LAYBY - NIGHT 2 - 22.27**

1/69

Articulated lorries and cars ROAR past as BRENNAN stands in front of the BMW's headlights. CARLY dabs blood away from his hand with a balled-up T-shirt. \*

No matter how loud the traffic is, we understand Brennan and Carly's silent conversation perfectly, their signs illuminated by the headlights sweeping past -

BRENNAN

*Thought you were gone.*

Carly tries to stop Brennan signing - \*

CARLY

*Keep still.*

Brennan switches to his other hand - \*

BRENNAN

*Where'd you learn to drive?*

Carly lifts the cloth away from his hand, checking his cut - \*

CARLY

*My girlfriend.*

Brennan reacts, sad: *Another major life event he missed. Carly's coming out.* Carly reaches into her rucksack. Signs a quick X with both forefingers, with a tight smile -

CARLY (CONT'D)

*Ex.*

Off Brennan's look of relief - Carly unwraps two MULTI COLOURED CARTOON plasters and puts them over the cut on Brennan's hand. \*

Brennan holds his hand up. Reacts to the plaster. \*

1/70 **EXT. SHOPPING STREET - NIGHT 2 - 22.45**

1/70

The BMW cruises along a row of dilapidated shops and takeaways. Some closed with metal shutters, some open, signs lit up. Pulls into a parking space opposite a MINI MART.

1/71

**INT. BRENNAN'S BMW / SHOPPING STREET - NIGHT 2 - 22.46**

1/71

BRENNAN turns off the engine, glancing surreptitiously from the NOTE VINAY wrote for him to the Mini Mart outside, confirming the address. Grabs his cash from the glove box, checking it in the dim street light.

BRENNAN

*I'm starving.*

He gets out of the car, closing the door. CARLY follows him.

1/72

**INT. MINI MART - NIGHT 2 - 22.47**

1/72

BRENNAN and CARLY carry shopping baskets down narrow aisles, only wide enough for one person.

BRENNAN

*You OK with soup and bread?*

CARLY

*What?*

Brennan notices SAJAAD (40s, hearing) behind the till - in white T-shirt and puffa gilet. He watches them sign with a smile, next to his younger wife RUKSHANA.

Brennan glances up above Sajaad - a large HD TV with multiple security camera feeds. Brennan quickly looks back to Carly -

BRENNAN

*Got a tent. Thought we could camp somewhere and eat.*

CARLY

*What?!*

BRENNAN

*We can light a fire.*

CARLY

*You're joking me, right?*

Brennan shakes his head no.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*You're serious.*

BRENNAN

*You got any better ideas?*

Carly's face falls: *She really has nowhere else to go.*

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*Can you get the food?*

Carly moves down the aisle. Brennan turns to the counter where Sajaad has watched this exchange with wry amusement, his wife Rukshana scrolling her phone next to him. Sajaad points at Brennan, then to his ear.

SAJAAD

*Deaf?*

Brennan nods. Self-consciously touches the cartoon plaster on his face.

BRENNAN

*Vinay tell you I was coming?*

Sajaad nods. Signs using HOME SIGN LANGUAGE: A mix of British Sign Language and improvised gestures used growing up with a deaf relative.

SAJAAD

*Come in back. We'll have a look.*

Brennan's about to say something else, stopping himself as -

Carly arrives with a wire basket full of items including baked beans, bread, marshmallows, firelighters and matches, CRISPS, TAMPONS - and an EIGHT PACK OF BEER CANS.

As Carly sets the basket down on the counter, Brennan notices the tampons. Another realisation that she's a woman now, and he's missed out. Carly lowers her eyes.

Brennan looks back to the basket. Scoffs, takes the eight pack of beer out, putting it to the side. Carly rolls her eyes. Rukshana begins scanning items as Brennan exchanges a quick look with Sajaad -

BRENNAN

*I'll pay for all this. Wait for me in the car?*

Carly hesitates. Nods, beginning to trust her Dad. Grabs a packet of CRISPS out of the basket, opening them and leaving.

Brennan moves to the back of the shop, Sajaad following -

1/73

**INT. MINI MART / STOCK ROOM - NIGHT 2 - 22.50**

1/73

A stock room. Boxes of crisps, beer and sundries piled high. BRENNAN waits under a naked lightbulb, breath misting.

SAJAAD is speaking with his younger brother RANGZEB.

**BRENNAN'S POV:** The sound fades. We just see closeups of their faces and mouths. Their body language. Mouths moving silently in a language Brennan can't lipread or understand.

Brennan's suddenly paranoid - unsure what they might be saying.

Sajaad pats Rangzeb on the shoulder and gives Brennan a thumbs up as he leaves through the back door with Rangzeb.

Rangzeb returns with boxes and stacks them. Brennan shivers, rubbing his hands together.

Sajaad returns with a CANVAS HOLDALL, dusty and cobwebbed. His face serious. Brennan doesn't like Sajaad's change in demeanour.

SAJAAD

*You wanna check it?*

Brennan shakes his head no - grabs the holdall. Moves towards the door that will take him back into the shop.

Sajaad narrows his eyes at Brennan. Rangzeb comes to stand next to him as they watch Brennan leave. The sound of the door BANGING against the wall as he leaves syncs with -

1/74

**INT. BRENNAN'S BMW - NIGHT 2 - 22.51**

1/74

THUNK - CARLY is startled by the boot opening and closing.

BRENNAN gets in and starts the engine - but he left it in gear. The car lurches, then stalls.

CARLY

*Why the rush?*

Brennan tries the key again, pulling the choke.

The engine sputters, catches.

1/75

**EXT. MINI MART - NIGHT 2 - 22.52**

1/75

The BMW pulls away from the kerb.

1/76

**INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 2 - 00.00**

1/76

CHRISTINE paces back and forth, texting frantically as STEPHEN enters, still in his jacket.

STEPHEN

Hey.

CHRISTINE

Stephen!

STEPHEN

Came as soon as I could -

They embrace.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
Nothing back from her?

CHRISTINE  
She always tells me where she's going when she goes out. Now I can't get hold of her. None of my messages are getting through -

ON STEPHEN: He's worried.

STEPHEN  
OK. When's the last time you saw her?

CHRISTINE  
She went out hours ago. She's so angry with me, but if she'd give me a chance to explain -

Christine and Stephen react to a loud CRASH O.S. -

1/77

**INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 2 - 00.06**

1/77

The lights are off. CHRISTINE and STEPHEN run into the hallway as TASHA picks up the umbrella stand she knocked over. MIRI closes the door behind her.

CHRISTINE  
*What happened?! Where were you?*

Christine hits the light switch -

Miri sees Stephen.

Christine sees streaked mascara and a BRUISE on Miri's face.

Christine steps forward, holding Miri's face to get a better look as she stares at Stephen, in shock.

MIRI  
*Who's that?*

Christine clocks Stephen behind her. Speaks and signs -

CHRISTINE  
***He's - a friend.***

Christine looks to Stephen, quickly. He nods quickly to let her know it's OK. Back to Miri -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)  
*Tell me what happened.*

Miri pulls away from Christine. Glances to Tasha with the tiniest shake of her head, but she blurts it out -

TASHA

***I saw him! It was Brennan.***

Stephen and Christine exchange a shocked, disbelieving look -

Miri stares daggers at Tasha. Christine composes herself. Nods at Tasha, then to the door. Miri switches her voice off -

MIRI

*Mum. I never thought he'd show up  
at David's party -*

CHRISTINE

***You, get out.***

\*

Tasha leaves, sullen. As the glow of her mobile phone lights her face, Stephen moves to the door, closing it behind her.

Christine turns back to Miri, gently touching the bruise on her face. Miri winces in pain.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

***Brennan attacked you?***

Miri switches to voice -

MIRI

*No! He got into a fight with  
someone, that's all - and -*

CHRISTINE

*I can't believe it -*

Stephen steps in, gesturing to Miri's face.

STEPHEN

*Hey. Maybe get some ice on that?*

Miri sees how comfortable Stephen is with Christine, instantly reacts -

MIRI

*What the hell's going on? Brennan's  
out! You've got a boyfriend?! And  
you couldn't tell me?*

CHRISTINE

*Miri -*

MIRI

*What's with all the secrets?*

CHRISTINE

*Not now -*

Christine puts an arm round Miri, trying to usher her into the kitchen - Miri bats her arm away

MIRI

**Get off me.**

Stephen steps back to let Miri pass, exchanging a look with Christine.

CHRISTINE

(I'm sorry.)

Stephen smiles, reassuring her as she follows Miri into the kitchen: *It's OK.*

He stands alone in the hallway, pondering what this all means: *Nothing good.*

He sighs - walks into the -

1/78

**INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 2 - 00.08**

1/78

CHRISTINE ices MIRI's cheek.

CHRISTINE

**We need to tell the police -**

Miri shakes her head, an emphatic *no* - they switch between speech and sign -

MIRI

*It was an accident!*

CHRISTINE

***Don't be ridiculous! He hit you in the face - !***

STEPHEN enters the kitchen, keeping his distance.

Miri GLARES at Stephen, switches BACK to sign language - \*

MIRI

*Mum - I said no, OK? He wasn't looking for me - wherever he is, it's nothing to do with us!*

Christine looks to Stephen for support - he gives a shake of the head: *Don't push it right now.*

CHRISTINE

We'll talk about this again in the morning.

1/79

**EXT. CITY VIEWPOINT - NIGHT 2 - 00.15**

1/79

The BMW is parked in a field high on a hill, trees around them, headlights lighting the ground. In the distance, city lights glitter.

BRENNAN opens the boot. CARLY sees all of Brennan's equipment, neatly organised, along with the Duffel Bag and food shopping. Reaches out to take the food shopping out -

Brennan gently reaches past her - stows the Duffel Bag, quickly bringing the tent bag and sleeping bags out, dumping them on the ground between them. Motions over to the field, holding out a RUBBER MALLET to Carly -

BRENNAN

*Get the tent up. I'll get the fire going.*

Carly takes the mallet, almost dropping it. It's heavy. Brennan takes out a long-handled AXE, slams the boot and moves off into the surrounding trees. Carly watches him go.

1/80

**INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 2 - 00.26**

1/80

MIRI sits on the sofa, holding peas to her bruised cheek, face stripped of makeup, cup of tea in front of her.

She looks over her shoulder at -

1/81

**INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 2 - 00.27**

1/81

CHRISTINE paces the kitchen, anxious, trying to figure out what to do as STEPHEN looks towards the living room - MIRI looks away from him, upset.

Christine sighs. Dials a number on her mobile, holds it to her ear. Stephen looks briefly panicked - \*

STEPHEN

Whoa. Whoa, what you doing?

CHRISTINE

Calling the police - ?

Stephen moves round to Christine, taking the phone away from her and ending the call. Christine's baffled -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

What?!

Stephen looks towards Miri -

STEPHEN

She's not in any shape to give a statement right now. Besides, it's not what she wants. Is it?

CHRISTINE

What about me? What about what I want?!

Stephen picks up the parole paperwork.

\*

STEPHEN

Let me look into this. See if I can get some answers - and make sure he doesn't come anywhere near you or Miri ever again.

Christine smiles. Grateful that she's got him on her side.

Stephen nods. Shoots another look towards Miri -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Better go. Give you two some space.

CHRISTINE

Thank you.

1/82

**INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 2 - 00.28**

1/82

MIRI watches STEPHEN lean in for a goodbye kiss from CHRISTINE.

Miri looks quickly away as Stephen EXITS.

1/83

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT 2 - 00.29**

1/83

STEPHEN walks away from the house, glancing over his shoulder as he brings out his phone. Dials, reading the cover sheet.

ANSWER MACHINE (PHONE)

- South Dales Probation and Offender Management Service. Please leave a message -

Stephen speaks with quiet urgency, rising as he walks -

STEPHEN

Calling about one of your guys.  
Daniel... Brennan.

We're seeing a new side to Stephen. Teeth bared in anger, he can barely control himself, his fury rising as he speaks -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Your man's running around attacking people at parties!  
(MORE)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Hit a woman in the face. That's an arrestable offence. You better recall him first thing in the morning. Let the police do their job. You got all that?!

\*  
\*  
\*

Stephen's at his car. He ends the call, steadying himself.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

(whispers)  
Fuck's sake.

He exhales, trying to get his anger and rage under control as he opens the car door and gets in.

**ON STEPHEN:** One last look at Christine's house.

1/84

**EXT. CITY VIEWPOINT - NIGHT 2 - 00.45**

1/84

Sparks and flames RISE into the darkness as A FIRE crackles. Metal scrapes on metal as CARLY spoons the last baked beans out of the camping pan into her mouth.

BRENNAN watches her eat.

BRENNAN

*You want more?*

Carly shakes her head. Moves closer to the fire, knees hugged to her chest, watching the flames. Brennan holds his hand up, tapping the gaudy cartoon plaster on his hand.

\*  
\*  
\*

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*Where's this from?*

\*

CARLY

*Looks good, right?*

Brennan tilts his head: *come on, now.* Carly relents.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*From the food bank. Can't choose.*

Brennan frowns, working it out. Realises. Shame and despair in his face. He forces a smile. Catches Carly's attention -

BRENNAN

*It's good to see you again.*

\*

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*When I saw you again back in the cafe, I thought - wow, that's Carly. She's so tall. But it's her. Same nose as me.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Carly's hand goes to her nose, involuntarily.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*Then it hit me. How much I've -  
(I've lost) -*

\*

Brennan trails off, his hands heavy. Too much pain to express. Carly smiles with warmth, for the first time - trying out her own sign name for size again -

\*

CARLY

*Carly. Long time since anyone used  
my sign name. Almost forgotten it.*

\*

Carly jerks a thumb over her shoulder at the BMW, smiles.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*Forgot that, too.*

\*

Brennan looks at the BMW.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*The smell. The noise it makes.*

\*

Carly looks back to Brennan -

CARLY (CONT'D)

*You're really giving it to me?*

\*

Brennan nods, firm. Carly nods too, hope rising in her for the first time in years - tentative, but there -

CARLY (CONT'D)

*What about you? After you've done  
what you need to do?*

\*

Brennan looks wrong-footed - as though he hasn't thought that far ahead -

BRENNAN

*I don't know. I -*

Brennan looks into the flames. Back to Carly.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*You saw back at the party. Everyone  
hates me! Because of what I did.*

\*

\*

Carly reacts - worried, unsure. Trying to find something, ANYTHING that she can believe, hold on to -

CARLY

*What actually happened?*

\*

Off Brennan's reaction - Carly shrugs -

CARLY (CONT'D)

*Never got the full story.*

\*

Carly searches Brennan's face, looking for the answer -

BRENNAN

*I've done my time in prison. I'm  
not that man any more -*

Brennan shuffles closer, tries to put his hand on Carly's shoulder to reassure her. The second time he's tried to do this. Once again, Carly shoves him away - stands, unsure -

CARLY

*Gonna get more wood.*

Carly grabs the long-handled axe. Swings it at her side as she walks to another part of the field to gather wood.

1/85

**INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - CITY VIEWPOINT - NIGHT 2 - 00.48**

1/85

BRENNAN checks Carly's out of sight. Pops the boot, and unzips the canvas holdall he got from the Mini Mart.

He brings out a TWIN-BARRELLED SAWN OFF SHOTGUN. A shortened wooden stock, metal barrels gleaming dully in the firelight.

Brennan rummages through the bag. A cardboard box of SHOTGUN SHELLS, the cartridges bright red and shiny brass.

He lets his finger rest on the trigger a moment.

He lowers the shotgun with a sigh. Looks over his shoulder. Sees CARLY in the distance, crouching to gather wood. Torn between revenge and his daughter.

He quickly puts the shotgun away, zipping the bag and slamming the boot, walking back to the campfire.

1/86

**EXT. CITY VIEWPOINT - NIGHT 2 - 00.50**

1/86

BRENNAN crouches by the fire, poking it with a stick, tossing loose branches and twigs onto it.

The fire rises, sparks popping against the black night, the flames FILLING OUR FIELD OF VISION AS -

**MATCH CUT TO:**

1/87

**EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - NIGHT FB3 (FLASHBACK) 21.05**

1/87

1980s. YOUNG BRENNAN (11), wearing a duffel coat with a school crest - HAWTHORNE PARK - looks up and SMILES at someone O.S. - signs a familiar LIGHT sign name in greeting -

YOUNG BRENNAN

*Ray. You good?*

YOUNG RAY (11) joins him, sitting next to him, arms wrapped round himself against the cold, collar of his school coat up.

YOUNG RAY  
*Freezing out here.*

Young Ray holds his hands out, warming them. Young Brennan smiles, looks back into the fire as it rises HIGHER -

1/88

**EXT. CITY VIEWPOINT - NIGHT 2 - 00.50**

1/88

**CLOSE UP OF BRENNAN:** His face wreathed in flames, lost in old memories and regrets.

**END OF EPISODE 1**