

1 EXT. PATROL CAR, SCAMMONDEN ROAD. EVENING 7. 17.15 1

Dusk. KIRSTEN drives along Scammonden road. She can't talk for laughing. She's on her radio to CATHERINE (point to point: that means no-one else can hear their conversation). All fast and daft and over-lapping -

KIRSTEN
(eyes lit up, delighted)
You are *kidding me!*

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

2 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CATHERINE'S DESK. 2
EVENING 7. 17.16

CATHERINE
Not.

KIRSTEN
You're lying.

CATHERINE
Nope.

KIRSTEN
That's disgusting.

CATHERINE's at her desk, staring at her computer screen (which she's bored with), and listening to KIRSTEN (which she's much more amused by -)

CATHERINE
Is it? Why? You think about it. If you're in love with a sheep, surely the most natural thing in the world'd be to want to shag its brains out.

KIRSTEN
No you are, you're winding me up.

CATHERINE
They don't call it animal husbandry for nothing. Why d'you think they wear wellies? Farmers. Forget the mud. It's to slot the sheep's hind legs down -

KIRSTEN
It is not!

CATHERINE

- and keep 'em *rrrrrigid* while
you're giving 'em one up the bee-
hind.

KIRSTEN

Oh -
(posh voice a la Siobhan
Sharpe from 2012)
shut up.

Pron. 'shot op'.

CATHERINE

Do you not know anything about the
countryside? Do you honestly think
they'd waste time legislating
against it if it didn't really
happen?

KIRSTEN

I suppose I'm attracted to Ollie,
and he's a bit of a beast.

CATHERINE

Well there you go, y'see. It takes
all sorts, I rest my case. If
y'didn't want to see the funny side
you should never've joined the
police force. Service. Force.

KIRSTEN

I have to say, Mr.Kershaw was
unusually upset about being told
one of his sheep had been knocked
down at side o' t'road.

CATHERINE

They always are! I'm telling you,
it's a very special relationship
these farmers have with their
sheep. Draw your own conclusions.

KIRSTEN's come to a halt as a T-junction. A white van speeds
past in front of her.

KIRSTEN

Oooh! Gotta go. Schumacher's just
streaked past in a white tranny. I
think he's trying to smash the land
speed record, bless him. *And* he's
got a tail light out. I might give
him a tug.

CATHERINE

Okay, well you be careful - and don't be long - I want to send everyone home in ten minutes. I wanna go home in ten minutes.

CUT TO:

3 INT/EXT. WHITE VAN/SCAMMONDEN ROAD. EVENING 7. 17.17 3

LEWIS drives along nervously when in his wing mirror he sees the blue rotating light, which sends his nerves through the roof.

LEWIS

(a murmur)

Shit.

He tries not to panic, tells himself it might not be him it's after.

CUT TO:

4 INT. KIRSTEN'S CAR. EVENING 7. 17.18 4

KIRSTEN's on her radio -

KIRSTEN

Bravo November nine-five-one-two, could you P.N.C. a vehicle for me please?

RADIO

We're just changing shifts, nine-five-one-two, can you give us two minutes?

KIRSTEN

Thanks.

KIRSTEN flashes her headlights, and issues a quick burst of siren.

CUT TO:

5 INT. VAN. EVENING 7. 17.19 5

LEWIS is further freaked by the headlights and siren, but hopes he's being told to get out of the way, so makes the decision to do the thing you're supposed to do when a police car's trying to get somewhere: he indicates and pulls in.

The police car overtakes him and - much to his terror - slows up and pulls in front of LEWIS. He's gone ashen, his mind's gone into a blind panic, he feels sick, he doesn't have a clue what to do.

CUT TO:

6 INT/EXT. MINI/SCAMMONDEN ROAD. EVENING 7. 17.20 6

Just then TOMMY sails past in ANN's Mini and sees what's happening: LEWIS has been pulled over by the police. Instantly he's on red alert and we can see his brain ticking: dumb arse LEWIS is going to fuck this up.

CUT TO:

7 INT. KIRSTEN'S CAR. EVENING 7. 17.21 7

KIRSTEN

Bravo November nine-five-one-two.

("nearly with you nine-five-one-two". KIRSTEN tuts and groans/murmurs -)

Forget it.

She grabs her torch and gets out of her patrol car.

CUT TO:

8 INT/EXT. VAN/SCAMMONDEN ROAD. EVENING 7. 17.22 8

LEWIS watches nervously as KIRSTEN leaves her vehicle and walks towards him in the white van. Slowly. LEWIS sits where he is in the driver's seat, nervously determining to play it as casually as he can. KIRSTEN goes to the passenger side window and indicates to LEWIS to wind it down. He does. KIRSTEN smiles.

LEWIS

Evening.

KIRSTEN

Is this your van?

LEWIS

(no, it's ASHLEY's)
Yeah.

KIRSTEN

You were going at quite a lick there.

LEWIS

Yeah. Sorry. I'm - I've had a long day, I just wanna get home. To t'girlfriend.

KIRSTEN

Sure. What you done to your eye?

LEWIS

Oh. I had a fight. With me brother.

KIRSTEN

Can I see your docs?

LEWIS

I don't - I haven't - I've not got anything on me.

KIRSTEN

Do you know where they are?

LEWIS

In t'drawer. At home.

KIRSTEN

What's your name?

Conscious of ANN not wanting to hear, he's compelled to lower his voice. Just a jot.

LEWIS

Lewis. Whippey.

KIRSTEN

You've got a light out, Lewis. At the back. Did you know?

LEWIS

No.

KIRSTEN

Driver's side. Come and have a look.

She indicates that she wants him to get out of the van.

LEWIS

No I'll - I'll take your word for it, I'll get it seen to.

KIRSTEN

I just want you to come and look at how dangerous it is. Particularly on your off-side. D'you mind?

HAPPY VALLEY. EPISODE THREE. BY SALLY WAINWRIGHT 5A.

LEWIS hesitates. KIRSTEN gently persists. LEWIS decides to do as he's told.

CUT TO:

9 INT/EXT. MINI/SCAMMONDEN ROAD. EVENING 7. 17.23 9

In his rear-view mirror, TOMMY sees LEWIS getting out of the van. This is bad. He thinks things through, then efficiently, calmly, turns the Mini around in the road.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. SCAMMONDEN ROAD. EVENING 7. 17.24 10

KIRSTEN walks to the back of the van. LEWIS walks to the back of the van.

KIRSTEN

See?

LEWIS nods, manages to murmur "Yup". KIRSTEN looks at him.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

LEWIS

I fink...

(he's aware he's probably
shaking with nerves)

I might be going down with
something. Like 'flu.

KIRSTEN

Okay. Well. You drive safely, okay?

And -

(nods at the light)

Get that seen to. Yeah? Soon.

Otherwise you're gonna be causing
an accident, and you just don't
need that sort of hassle, do you?

LEWIS

No. Yeah. Fanks. Sorry.

Just then TOMMY pulls in behind them in the Mini. KIRSTEN thinks nothing of it; she probably makes the subconscious decision that whoever drives that sort of car isn't going to pose any kind of threat. Just then there's a bump from inside the van, and the van moves. (It's ANN, obviously, trying to draw attention to herself. There may even be a muffled/gagged cry for help).

KIRSTEN

(a smile)

What you got in there? An elephant?

LEWIS

No. Just. My dog.

KIRSTEN's curious. Why would a dog start making a fuss now rather than earlier?

And anyway, it just didn't sound like a dog. A dog would bark. Properly. Surely. Not that KIRSTEN shows LEWIS she's suspicious. She keeps it light -

KIRSTEN

What sort is he?

LEWIS hesitates a split second too long.

LEWIS

Labrador.

KIRSTEN

Nice. What's he called?

First thing that comes into his head -

LEWIS

Tommy.

KIRSTEN

Can I see him?

LEWIS can't help glancing at the Mini, and so KIRSTEN becomes more aware of it too.

We glimpse TOMMY inside the Mini, continuing to watch LEWIS's progress in the rear view mirror, only he's much closer now.

LEWIS

Well you could. Only if I open
t'doors he'll run off.

Just then there's a more sustained attempt on ANN's part to draw attention to herself. More movement, more banging around, more muffled sounds that are distinctly less dog and more human. We glimpse TOMMY again; he clocks the movement of the van.

KIRSTEN

I'd like to see inside the van.

LEWIS

It's locked.

KIRSTEN

Where's the keys?

LEWIS

It's just a dog.

KIRSTEN

I'd like you to open the van.
Lewis. Where are the keys?

LEWIS

He'll go mad. He'll run across
t'moor and I'll never find him.

KIRSTEN

Are they in your pocket?
(he doesn't answer)
Are they in the ignition?

Some subtle unconscious movement of his body indicates that he's left them in the ignition.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Wait here.

KIRSTEN goes to get the keys (she tries to keep an eye on LEWIS as she does this, even though it's not possible for the whole task). LEWIS looks towards the Mini, assuming TOMMY's watching through his rear view mirror. He pulls a face like "What do we do now?" TOMMY puts the car gently into reverse. LEWIS sees the white reverse lights come on. It may or may not mean anything to LEWIS, but TOMMY intends it as a signal: he's going to reverse (I think maybe LEWIS does kind of get it, even if it's only subconsciously). KIRSTEN comes back with the keys. She looks towards the Mini.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

(nods towards Mini)
Do you know that person?

LEWIS

No.

She offers the keys to LEWIS.

KIRSTEN

Open it for me. Please.

LEWIS takes the key gingerly. Just then, TOMMY puts his foot down and the Mini hurtles backwards. LEWIS dives out of the way, but unsuspecting KIRSTEN doesn't. Her legs and lower body are crushed between the back of the Mini and the back of the van. TOMMY puts the Mini into first and moves forward with a lurch. KIRSTEN collapses to the ground, her legs shattered, her face pressed against the mud and gravel on the road. She's in a weird heightened state of consciousness (aka shock) she knows what's happened, but in so much agony she can't even scream. What she does manage to do is fumble for the instant response button on her radio.

CUT TO:

11

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CATHERINE'S OFFICE.
EVENING 7. 17.25

11

CATHERINE's at her desk, still tapping away at the computer (filling in an incident form, sipping tea) when suddenly a beeping sound starts from the radio. Instantly she's on red alert. The sound means one thing; officer in trouble.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. SCAMMONDEN ROAD. EVENING 7. 17.26 12

KIRSTEN manages to whisper -

KIRSTEN
I think they've killed me.

CUT TO:

13 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CATHERINE'S OFFICE. 13
EVENING 7. 17.27

Stunned CATHERINE's just heard KIRSTEN's voice. But did she quite catch what she said?

CUT TO:

14 EXT. SCAMMONDEN ROAD. EVENING 7. 17.28 14

TOMMY puts the Mini into reverse again. KIRSTEN sees the white lights. It's the last thing she will see.

CUT TO:

15 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CATHERINE'S 15
OFFICE/CORRIDOR. EVENING 7. 17.29

CATHERINE hears over the radio as she dives out of her office and along the corridor -

RADIO
Control to all units. Officer
requires urgent assistance,
Scammonden Road, Ripponden.

CATHERINE talks loud and clear -

CATHERINE
Bravo November four-five,
responding.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. SCAMMONDEN ROAD. EVENING 7. 17.30 16

TOMMY puts his foot down and reverses over KIRSTEN. We don't need to see it; we can see it off LEWIS's face. We may hear the noise as well, which will be like so many water melons getting crushed. LEWIS has to look away. He may even get squirted in blood.

CUT TO:

17 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE. EVENING 7. 17
17.31

CATHERINE dives into the other room to see who's around. SHAFIQ and TWIGGY are sitting with their coats on, nowhere near their radios, ready to go home, having a laugh.

SHAFIQ

We're off for a drink Sarg when
Kirsten shows up. Y'coming?

CATHERINE's gone as white as a sheet.

CATHERINE

We've got a code zero, Scammonden
Road, it's Kirsten.

A shiver goes up SHAFIQ and TWIGGY's spines. Instinctively they grab their radios - which, having mentally knocked off for the day, they'd turned off - and dive out of the room after CATHERINE. This is a proper mad frantic scramble. Other officers/units are responding over the radio too (t.b.w.) as CATHERINE heads back through to her office, grabs car keys and heads outside -

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Bravo November four-five, e.t.a.
seven minutes. Have you called an
ambulance?

(then to TWIGGY and SHAFIQ
as they're piling out of
the back door)

Shafiq, you come wi' me, Twiggy,
take the other car.

RADIO

Ambulance is on it's way, four-
five.

SHAFIQ

What's happened?

(The beeping noise continues, which is chilling: if the officer in trouble had pressed the emergency button by accident, she'd have deactivated it by now).

CUT TO:

18 EXT. SCAMMONDEN ROAD. EVENING 7. 17.32

18

TOMMY - having pulled forward again off KIRSTEN - gets out of the Mini. LEWIS can't bring himself to look.

TOMMY

Where's the keys?
(LEWIS holds them up)
Right, well go.

LEWIS

You've - !

" - killed a police officer". He can't speak, he's gone weird, he's in shock.

TOMMY

Go. You get that van off this road fast. Like your arse is on fire.

LEWIS - stunned, nauseous, disbelieving (possibly nearly in tears) - hesitates a moment longer -

LEWIS

You...!

(he can't think of a word
bad enough)

nutter!

He turns and gets in the van, turns the engine over, and drives away. TOMMY does a three point turn - reversing over KIRSTEN again to avoid the risk of her still being alive - and drives off after LEWIS.

CUT TO:

19

EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE. EVENING 7. 17.50

19

The light falls more and more. The police Discovery and police car weave through the last of the Sowerby Bridge rush hour traffic with their insistent blue lights and sirens - driving over pavements and on the wrong side of the road if necessary - then speed off as soon as they're through the jam, the tyres screeching as CATHERINE and TWIGGY really go for it.

CUT TO:

20

INT. DISCOVERY. EVENING 7. 17.51

20

SHAFIQ's next to CATHERINE in the Discovery. CATHERINE's driving.

CATHERINE

She'd seen a white tranny with a light out, she was gonna -

(she gets on radio again)

Bravo November four-five. Had she just P.N.C.d a white transit van?

RADIO

She'd put in a request, but not given the registration.

CATHERINE

I want the helicopter up now - *now*
NOW - looking for a white transit
van.

CATHERINE realises she lost it there for a second, she reins
it in.

SHAFIQ

(for CATHERINE's ears
only)

Why would she do that? Put in a
request but not give the
registration?

CATHERINE doesn't know, but clearly something's gone very
badly wrong.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. SCAMMONDEN ROAD. EVENING 7. 17.52 21

We see KIRSTEN's face in the gloom. The only illumination is
from the rear lights of her patrol car and the revolving bar
lights. She's dead, no question. Silence. Gloom across the
moor as the light continues to fade. We become aware of
headlights. The sound of the two vehicles approaching at
speed. Blue lights, headlights. The Discovery is in front. It
slows up as it approaches the scene.

CUT TO:

22 INT/EXT. DISCOVERY/STREET. EVENING 7. 17.53 22

CATHERINE and SHAFIQ can see what's in the road: someone in
uniform, dead. They both freeze. Just for a second.

SHAFIQ

(a whisper)

That isn't Kirsten.

CATHERINE

Pass me the -

'Torch'. She's pointing at the glove compartment. SHAFIQ
passes it. CATHERINE gets out of the Discovery. SHAFIQ feels
too wobbly to move for another few seconds.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. SCAMMONDEN ROAD. EVENING 7. 17.54 23

TWIGGY's pulled up behind the Discovery. He gets out but is
reluctant to move forward; he's as nervous as SHAFIQ.

And in truth, CATHERINE is. But she's the most senior person here, she has to take control.

TWIGGY

What is there?

CATHERINE heads over to KIRSTEN, horrified, mesmerised by the sight. She's horrified not least because she knows KIRSTEN could still be alive. CATHERINE gets down on the ground right next to KIRSTEN's face. She's barely recognisable, blood coming from her mouth, nose and ears.

CATHERINE

(gently)

Kirsten?

KIRSTEN's so utterly, obviously dead. CATHERINE feels her neck for a pulse.

SHAFIQ

(he's nearly in tears, and
daren't come closer)

Sarg! What's happening?

TWIGGY moves closer: he's older, wiser. But doesn't move any closer than he needs to; he knows there's nothing he can do that CATHERINE can't. CATHERINE continues to feel for a pulse. Painful seconds pass. CATHERINE realises there isn't a pulse, and there was never likely to be one, the state KIRSTEN's in. CATHERINE touches KIRSTEN's face tenderly. She wants to cry, she wants to kiss her. She wants to wrap her up and keep her warm, but she knows it's pointless (and harmful to what is essentially now a murder scene). Moments pass then she stands up; she's on auto-pilot. She goes over to SHAFIQ and TWIGGY.

CATHERINE

We need to close the road.

SHAFIQ

Is she...?

The word 'dead' won't come out. CATHERINE resists the urge to snap: "What am I? A doctor?": she doesn't want to give in to any emotions, she needs to stay in police mode. She gets on her radio.

CATHERINE

Bravo November Four-five to
control, she's dead - I think she's
[dead] -

(her voice fails, she has
to try again)

She's been run over, she's - we
need the on-call D.I., we need CSI,
we need the CIU, we need H-MIT, we
need the whole circus here.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(she goes and opens the back of the Discovery and takes out the tape she needs to make an inner cordon around the body)

Shaf, take the Landy down as far as Wheatcroft Lane and park broadside. Nobody comes through. Twiggy, same up at the top.

(she speaks to the radio)
Control. Did you get me that helicopter?

RADIO

Helicopter's airborne and on route.

TWIGGY and SHAFIQ haven't moved.

CATHERINE

Move it, come on, close this road. We're preserving evidence now.

TWIGGY has to give poor stunned SHAFIQ a nudge. They set off in their respective vehicles, we see the distant blue lights of the ambulance approaching. For a few moments, CATHERINE's alone with dead KIRSTEN. She goes and shines her torch in the road around KIRSTEN. She sees red glass from broken rear lights. She goes and crouches down beside KIRSTEN again, stares at her, mesmerised and horrified. We hear the helicopter. It gets louder and louder.

CUT TO:

24

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 7. 23.30

24

Later. CATHERINE - still in half uniform - is sitting staring at the fire. CLARE - in her dressing gown - is sitting with her. Silence.

CATHERINE

I had to give her a bit of a talking to. Yesterday morning. I said, "I'm not your mother. You're a police officer, nobody bullies you". So she'd be out to prove something. She said, "This is all I wanted to do, all my life, and I'm shit at it", and I should've said "No you're not. You're fantastic, you're lovely", but I didn't. I just let her dwell on it, so she'd be thinking I'd be thinking she was shit at it, and I didn't, I don't think that, she wasn't.

CLARE doesn't know what to say; nothing seems big enough. She knows just how badly CATHERINE'll be taking this, and all she can do is listen.

CUT TO:

25

EXT. SCAMMONDEN ROAD. NIGHT 7. 20.30

25

We're back earlier in the evening. The whole circus has arrived: a helicopter's chopping around overhead. CATHERINE's cordoned off the area around KIRSTEN's body and KIRSTEN's patrol car. A CSI tent's been put up over KIRSTEN. Arc lights on the top of a couple of police Range Rovers illuminate the whole scene, there's a camera on a tripod in the road, someone else is filming the road with a hand-held camera, the place is busy with fluorescent-jacketed CSI officers, CID officers, Collision Investigation Branch officers, H-MIT officers. The DISTRICT COMMANDER - PRAVEEN BADAL (a Chief Superintendent) comes over to CATHERINE, who is just stuffing her fluorescent jacket into a CSI bag which a CSI officer is holding open for her. She's got smudges of blood on her face, she's shivering. PRAVEEN is being blunt to be kind -

PRAVEEN

Catherine. Go home. You've done all you can.

CATHERINE

Who's telling the next of kin? Sir. You?

PRAVEEN

Yes, that's -

...what normally happens.

CSI OFFICER

I need your trousers and your boots as well.

That's all she needs, stripping off here (even though she knew they'd need her trousers and boots as well). She addresses PRAVEEN -

CATHERINE

Would you like me to come with you?

PRAVEEN

Who *is* the next of kin?

CUT TO:

26 INT. KIRSTEN & OLLIE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 7. 26
20.50

CATHERINE (changed into whatever kit she had down at the nick) and PRAVEEN BADAL are with 26-year-old OLLIE. Who is inconsolable. This lad is in love with KIRSTEN. (N.B. CATHERINE's washed the blood off her face).

CATHERINE

Is there someone we can ring to
come and be with you? Ollie?

OLLIE shakes his head and manages through his tears -

OLLIE

Oh my God. Carolyn and Ian.

PRAVEEN

Sorry, who?

He turns to CATHERINE.

CATHERINE

Kirsten's mum and dad.

There's a knock at the door.

OLLIE

Who's this?

CATHERINE

It'll be the Family Liaison
Officer. Do you want to tell
Carolyn and Ian? Or is it something
you'd like me to do?

OLLIE can't make a decision.

OLLIE

Can you do it?

CUT TO:

27 OMITTED

27

28 EXT. KIRSTEN & OLLIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 7. 21.52

28

CATHERINE and PRAVEEN leave KIRSTEN and OLLIE'S house and head for his car.

PRAVEEN

Where do the parents live?

CATHERINE

Five minutes away.

PRAVEEN

Where's your car?

CATHERINE

At the nick.

PRAVEEN

Right, well we'll visit the parents then I'm dropping you off at the nick and then you're going home. You've got to let other people do their jobs now.

CATHERINE

I've got to write a duty statement. The S.I.O.'ll need it.

Course he will.

PRAVEEN

And then you're going home. Oh, and

-

He indicates that they should get into the car before he says the next bit.

CUT TO:

29 INT/EXT. PRAVEEN'S CAR/KIRSTEN & OLLIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 7. 29
21.53

CATHERINE gets in beside him.

PRAVEEN

You arrested Marcus Gascoigne.
Yesterday.

CATHERINE

Yeah.

PRAVEEN

D'you think you might've made a
mistake?

CATHERINE

No. Sir. There was a packet of -
what appeared to be - cocaine.
Slipped down the side of his car
seat. He refused to be
breathalysed, and he stank like a
brewery.

PRAVEEN

Yeah, what I meant was. He does a
lot for us. On the council. How big
was this packet?

CATHERINE

Tiny.

PRAVEEN

Personal use. I'm sure he's had his
fingers burned, so I'm just asking
you to consider. The implications.
Before you take it any further.

CATHERINE

Well... it depends what comes back
from the lab.

PRAVEEN

Has it gone to the lab?

CATHERINE

No, it's gone into the store up at
Halifax to have a field test.

PRAVEEN

Take it out.

She looks at him. She's worried. He shouldn't be asking her
to do that.

CATHERINE

I can't do that.

A moment, then he says in a tone of voice that is entirely
reasonable and gentle and unchallenging -

PRAVEEN

Well do something.

He's looking at her. She's looking at him. She doesn't know what to say. She's not going to say "yes", and right at this moment she hasn't got what it takes to say "no". So she says nothing. She looks out front, like she's thinking about it. He turns the engine over.

CUT TO:

30 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 7. 23.31 30

As before. CATHERINE staring at the fire.

CLARE

D'you want some more tea?

Her voice remains so flat it's almost non-existent -

CATHERINE

No.

CLARE

Could you eat something?

CATHERINE

No.

CLARE

You should try and get some sleep.

She knows she can't sleep.

CATHERINE

What could a man, men, people - they, she said 'they', "they've killed me" - what could they be doing. In a van, with a van. That was so *bad*. That they had to kill a police officer? A kid.

(silence)

What'd she stumbled across?

CLARE takes it in, considers. It's an intriguing question.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 8. 08.00 31

Next morning. Mobile news crews from the BBC and ITV and SKY hover outside the nick. There are already a huge number of bunches of flowers outside, with more arriving by the minute. LIAM HUGHES comes staggering along the street. He's fifty-two states of pissed. He's clutching a really rather nice looking bunch of supermarket flowers. He's shaky-wobbly-stinky drunk (despite the fact that it's 8am), but still conscious and more or less able to function, like a proper dyed-in-the-wool alky.

Entirely unaware of how ridiculous he looks, he nods with appropriate forlorn respect at someone from a news crew and heads into the nick.

CUT TO:

32 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK. DAY 8. 32
08.01

Reception is awash with flowers. JOYCE and SHAFIQ are fussing about where they can all go. JOYCE speaks kindly, gently, she's just being efficient -

JOYCE

I don't mind where they go, Shaf,
but this is a working area. We're a
police station. I don't want people
coming in, throwing up on 'em,
that's the [thing] -

SHAFIQ

I'm - I can - we can take 'em down
to Sunset Boulevard, some of 'em.

JOYCE

That's a lovely idea.

SHAFIQ

Kirsten would've -

JOYCE

- she'd have loved that.

SHAFIQ

And they'll love it, won't they?
The old folk. Then they're not just
sat here wilting.

They see (and probably smell) LIAM as he comes in.

LIAM

I'm - I've -

He indicates his flowers, but can't speak for crying, which comes upon him suddenly.

JOYCE

Aww...

SHAFIQ

(he's touched)
Aw, that's really kind, Liam. Don't
cry.

(SHAF's crying now, and
it's almost like he's
telling himself -)
Don't cry, pal.

SHAFIQ hugs LIAM. Despite the smell. They both have tears in their eyes as, utterly sincerely -

LIAM

I nicked 'em from outside Aldi's
but it's the fort that counts, int
it?

SHAFIQ

Course it is. Course it is.

TWIGGY sticks his head round from behind JOYCE's counter and says to SHAFIQ.

TWIGGY

He's here - the boss.

CUT TO:

33

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE. DAY 8.
08.15

33

PRAVEEN BADAL addresses the assembled team of CATHERINE and six constables: SHAFIQ, TWIGGY, plus the other PC from the ice cream van raid in ep 2, and three other PCs. Also present is a casually dressed DOCTOR and a POLICE CHAPLAIN. But it's CATHERINE we're chiefly interested in and what's going on inside her head.

PRAVEEN

It's going to be tough few days.
It's going to be a tough few weeks.
I can't pretend, an incident like
this - this close to home - you
don't get over it. You learn to
live with it. We never expect it to
be on our own doorstep when these
things happen. But today it is. And
I know from what Catherine's told
me. That no officer could be more
well loved, more well respected,
than Kirsten. I do know what a
close-knit team you are, and I do
know how you're feeling this
morning, because I've lost a close
colleague - a close friend -
myself. In the line of duty. And
it's tough, it's frightening, it's
upsetting. And what I want to say
is, we are here for you. Don't be
too proud or too shy. My door is
always open, Inspector Taylor's
door's always open, Catherine's
door's always open.

Suddenly (at some point during the above) CATHERINE sees her daughter, BECKY, hanged from the back of a chair out through in the next room (maybe at the same time we hear RICHARD'S voice screaming "Becky! Oh my God! Becky!" - just so we realise that this is BECKY). It's like she's really there, hanged as she was from the end of her bed. And it's disturbingly real; what a hanged person really looks like; blue lips, the swollen tongue protruding through the teeth, the glistening pupils dilated through drooped eyelids. CATHERINE blinks and she's gone. It's shocking, because it's so real, it's so vivid. The real feelings so suddenly and terrifyingly re-awakened. Her brain is suddenly invaded with this traumatic image, just for a moment it's like being kicked in the head, and forced to relive that horrible moment of knowing what had happened for the first time. It sends her into a panic; she goes pale, starts sweating, her heart pounds and she has to breathe faster. No-one else in the room has a clue what she's going through, they don't even notice, and PRAVEEN just carries on talking -

PRAVEEN (CONT'D)

If you want to talk to the doctor,
you know where he is. If you want
to talk to the chaplain, you know
where he is. It might not sink in
today, it might not sink in 'til
the funeral, it might be six months
before it sinks in. But if at any
time you feel you're not coping,
please *please* don't keep it to
yourself.

So CATHERINE obviously does need help. She copes with the moment well enough, but to anyone who knows what a panic attack is, she's just quietly having one. She's probably just breathing a bit faster and looking vacant.

PRAVEEN (CONT'D)

Does anybody want to ask me
anything?

SHAFIQ

(hand up)

Sir? Will we all be able to go to
t'funeral?

PRAVEEN

Absolutely you will. We'll get
cover from Halifax, and if
everybody from Halifax wants to go,
we'll get cover from Bradford and
Leeds. We won't be short of
support, we've had messages of
condolence from every force in the
country.

TWIGGY

When. Will it be.

PRAVEEN

Don't know, at this stage. Not for at least two weeks. Because we're treating it as murder there'll have to be a second post-mortem. But I can tell you this much - if it's in keeping with what the family want - this town will close down. The main street'll be shut for the cortege. There'll be news crews everywhere. Now, Inspector Taylor's going to attend the major enquiry team's morning briefings, so you'll get very regular updates as to how the investigation's going, and believe you me, no stone will be left unturned. I have no shadow of a doubt that our colleagues in H-MIT will move heaven and earth to find out who was responsible. In the mean time. Here. For us. It's got to be business as usual. So let's show everybody out there what we're made of. Yeah?

(mumbles of 'Yes sir,
thank you sir')

Thanks. Catherine.

He engages eye contact with her for a second, a little smile, and we know he's thinking about the Marcus Gascoigne thing.

CATHERINE

Sir.

He leaves, and MIKE TAYLOR politely goes with him (indicates to CATHERINE that he'll see the boss out, CATHERINE nods), and the DOCTOR and CHAPLAIN follow. It's CATHERINE's job now to give everyone what it takes to get them out onto the streets and do their job. Again, she seems much flatter than we're used to seeing her (someone who's just experienced something frightening and upsetting, but she's holding it together) -

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Okay. You heard him. We have to go out there and do what we do best. Be patient with people. Everything you have to deal with today is going to seem so trivial, but to anyone out there, if they've had to call the police, it's a big deal. So whatever's going on inside your head, you treat people with the compassion and respect they deserve. At the same time... I want you with your stab proof vests on, I want you with your batons, I want you with your CS gas.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Because sometimes it's easy to forget that we put our lives on the line every time we go out there. So you look after yourselves. And keep in touch. For God's sake keep in touch. With me and with each other. Go on.

The six PCs file out of the room. We linger on CATHERINE: just tired apart from anything else. She hasn't slept a wink and now she's starting an eight hour shift. Is that why she's just had this weird thing going on in her head?

TWIGGY

Sarg? Did you want me to help out wi' that lad that's being sectioned this morning?

CATHERINE

(distracted)
Oh. Yeah. Thanks.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM. DAY 8. 08.20 34

A caravan in the corner of the park. It's an older one, one that looks like it's been abandoned and ready to be towed away.

CUT TO:

35 INT. CARAVAN. CONTINUOUS. DAY 8. 08.21 35

Inside, we find ANN, bound and gagged, perhaps now fastened by a chain to the wall. LEWIS and TOMMY are with her, wearing their balaclavas. They're all wired, none of them have slept, they're all anxiously waiting for the next thing, which they have no control over. The curtains are drawn. They hear footsteps approach, and then a coded *tap tap-tap tap tap* at the door. TOMMY LEE pushes the door open an inch. It's ASHLEY, keeping out of ANN's sight line. He indicates for TOMMY to come out of the caravan. TOMMY does, and shuts the door behind him. We linger on LEWIS: and it's apparent (despite the balaclava??) that *he's* been traumatised by last night's events.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM. DAY 8. 08.22 36

ASHLEY and TOMMY move away from the caravan slightly, and speak quietly. TOMMY pulls his balaclava off.

ASHLEY

Owen Brierley will crush both vehicles. One of you stays here. With her. The other takes the Mini. Gets back here. Then takes the van. With her in it. Dumps her somewhere, middle of nowhere, then takes the van to Owen's. Finito.

TOMMY

Dumps her in the middle of nowhere?
(ASHLEY nods)
Dead?

ASHLEY

No not *dead*. You...
(he can't think of a word
bad enough)
chump. You've done enough damage!
We're gonna get hung drawn and quartered, we're gonna get thrown to the lions, we're going to be crucified. Upside down. In public. You... *wanker*.

TOMMY

Two things. Three things. I. Have not come this far, I have not spent the last three days doing all the *shit* I've been doing. To get so little out of it. That's one. Two. She knows too much. She heard him - *shit* for brains - talk about -
(daft voice)
"ringing ASHLEY up at t'farm".
(ASHLEY's appalled)
And last night. He told the little police lady his name, his own name, and *she* - rich bitch - was two feet away from him in t'back o' t'van. So.

ASHLEY

How d'you know?

TOMMY

He told me.

ASHLEY's taking it in. The implications. The contortions. Eventually -

ASHLEY

What was the third thing?

TOMMY

Oh yeah.
(he gets closer to ASHLEY.
He's taller, bigger)
(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

We don't call me a wanker. She's staying here. And you're ringing Nev. And telling him. We want an undred grand this time. Right? And then... well, we'll see.

ASHLEY

They're onto us! You idiot. Why was she following you last night? The copper. Why did that other one turn up at the house?

TOMMY

I don't think they are. She wasn't following us. She stopped him 'cos he had a light out. And that other one, at the house. If they really knew what we were up to, there'd have been fifteen of 'em and they'd have kicked the door down.

ASHLEY's given pause for thought. He realises TOMMY's right. Which gives him a modicum of relief.

ASHLEY

Okay.

(he pauses and thinks things through again)

All right. So who's staying here and who's taking t'Mini?

TOMMY

He can stay here. He's shitting bricks, he'll be useless out there. I'll tell him.

TOMMY lingers a moment to make sure what he's said has sunk in, then goes back into the caravan. We linger on ASHLEY, who now finds himself in something resembling the compromised position KEVIN's in.

CUT TO:

37

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 8. 08.30

37

KEVIN's making the girls' packed lunches. JENNY's at the breakfast table with the girls. They're in that last frantic five minutes, where if they don't get off to school imminently, they're going to be late.

JENNY

(to MELISSA)

Have you finished?

CATRIONA

I've finished.

JENNY

(the fifteenth time)
Right well can you *both* go and
brush your teeth, please.

MELISSA

(busy reading, she pushes
her magazine away with a
'tch')
All *right*.

They go out of the room and off down the corridor. JENNY watches KEVIN. He's preoccupied, she can tell. Inside, he's panicking, there's just something about the way he's making the sandwiches. Of course she knows what it's about, but has there been a development?

JENNY

(quietly)
What's the matter?

KEVIN struggles. He's done the thing she told him *not* to do.

KEVIN

He made me take some of the money.
Ashley. Yesterday. He split it up.
He gave me two thousand pounds. In
a bag. And what could I do? I
couldn't say "No thanks", he'd have
been suspicious, I couldn't -

JENNY's appalled.

JENNY

What did you do with it?

KEVIN

It's in the car.

JENNY

In the *car*?

KEVIN

Under the - in with the spare
wheel. It's hidden. I -
(struggles)
I don't know what to do with it.

JENNY

Destroy it. Burn it.

KEVIN

No! It's *money*.

JENNY

Leave it somewhere.

KEVIN

No.

JENNY

Don't bring it in the house.

KEVIN

I'm not going to.

JENNY

Put it in a bin.

(KEVIN's shaking his head)

Are your fingerprints on it?

KEVIN

No.

JENNY

On the bag?

KEVIN

I -

Yes, they are. MELISSA heads back in.

MELISSA

I'm ready!

JENNY

(suspicious)

That was quick.

MELISSA

What's in those sandwiches?

KEVIN

Tuna mayonnaise.

MELISSA

How many times do I have to say the same thing?

KEVIN

It's fine.

MELISSA

It's not fine, it's disgusting.

JENNY

Don't go on at dad. Have you brushed your teeth properly?

MELISSA

Nobody listens.

KEVIN has to struggle not to scream at them to shut up, his head's in such turmoil.

KEVIN
(offering MELISSA her
lunch bag)
We need to be in the car.

CUT TO:

38 INT. NEVISON & HELEN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY 8. 09.00 38

The national news is on telly. Images of the police operation up Scammonden Road.

NEWSREADER

(oov)
The road between Blackstone Edge and Mytholmroyd remains closed as crime scene investigators continue to analyse the isolated rural area where the incident took place just after five o'clock yesterday evening. They now have the task of trying to piece together exactly what happened when twenty-three year old police constable Kirsten McAskill was knocked down and killed.

The PRAVEEN BADAL comes on screen, giving an interview.

PRAVEEN

We know that we're looking for a white transit van. Early indications from the scene suggest that a *second* vehicle was involved in the incident. From debris left in the road we're confident that we will be able to identify the make and model and *colour* of that second vehicle. We are treating the incident as murder. We believe it was a deliberate act, not an accident. We're very keen for people to come forward. If they saw a white van in the area around that time. It may have been in Ripponden, Rishworth, it may have been in Mytholmroyd, Hebden Bridge, it may have gone across the border into Lancashire. Please don't assume your information won't be useful to us, please don't assume that someone else will tell us what we need to know.

We discover HELEN watching the news.

NEVISON

Helen?

HELEN

(a murmur)

Awful.

NEVISON

Are you all right?

She flips the telly off.

HELEN

(lost)

Where is she?

NEVISON

She's somewhere.

HELEN

I've got my name on the rosta today. At the Mission. I think I'd like to go. And help out.

NEVISON's a bit surprised that she wants to.

NEVISON

Are you sure?

(on the other hand -)

Perhaps you should. Keep yourself busy.

HELEN

Someone should be here. In case... she could just walk through the door.

NEVISON

Right, well I'll... ring 'em and tell 'em I won't be coming into the office.

They're holding hands.

HELEN

Would you mind? Is that selfish?

NEVISON

No. No. No. God no.

He means it more every time he says it.

CUT TO:

39

INT. NGA, CORRIDOR/KEVIN'S OFFICE. DAY 8. 09.30

39

Preoccupied KEVIN arrives for work. Heads through to his office. Just as he's settling at his desk, JUSTINE appears at the door, looking pale.

JUSTINE

Have you heard the news? Kevin?

KEVIN's terrified. Does everyone know about the kidnap? Has HELEN died? His face goes ashen.

KEVIN

What...? News?

JUSTINE

On the telly, this police woman.

KEVIN

(dismissive, relieved)

Oh - !

(then trying to sound more
equanimous)

Yeah. Terrible.

JUSTINE

She was only twenty-three, and it was just up here! Just up above Ripponden on Scammonden Road.

KEVIN

(nodding, he tries to
reflect a concern he's
too preoccupied to feel)

Yeah. Yeah.

JUSTINE

We wondered about having a whip round. For the family. D'you think that's appropriate? To ask people. For money. Or not? Nevison's not in this morning, otherwise I'd ask him.

KEVIN

Isn't he? Why?

JUSTINE

(between you and me)

I think - Helen.

KEVIN

Why? Is she...?

JUSTINE

No, nothing new, just...

KEVIN

Okay.

JUSTINE

So what d'you think?

KEVIN

Sure.

He's just not that interested. She smiles and leaves him to it. KEVIN gets out his mobile and prods in a quick-dial number. It rings.

JENNY

(oov)

Hello.

KEVIN

Hi. I erm... I don't want to - I can't destroy it. I -

(he knows it's ridiculous and impossible)

- want to give it back. To Nevison.

CUT TO:

40 INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS. DAY 8. 09.31 40

JENNY

You can't. How?

CUT TO:

41 INT. NGA, KEVIN'S OFFICE. DAY 8. 09.32 41

KEVIN

I know I can't. I know that. But I can't *destroy* it. It's *money*.

JENNY

What about...?

KEVIN

What?

She barely dare suggest it, but -

JENNY

If we split it up. Into smaller amounts. Just a few hundred each. And put some in your bank account, and some in mine, and - I don't know - then just... use it. To buy things with. Small things. Over a period of time.

KEVIN

You mean...? *Keep* it?

JENNY can barely believe herself that she's suggesting it.

JENNY

We'd just have to be careful not to look like we suddenly had a lot of money to throw around.

KEVIN's amazed that she's suggesting it.

CUT TO:

42

EXT. ST.JOHN'S CLOSE, RISHWORTH. DAY 8. 11.00

42

A police car and a police van are parked outside a house on a local housing estate. A little gang of three teenage lads are fixing a car across the road from the house, where clearly something is kicking off. A biggish Asian lad in his twenties (KHALID) is brought out of the house in handcuffs, lead by TWIGGY and CATHERINE, who look like they've had a tussle with him. There's another PC with them, who goes and opens the back of the van (there's also a social worker present, and KHALID's mother, who's in tears, pleading with them not to hurt him, even though she's complicit in him being sectioned). KHALID's kicking off, struggling, upset and he's clearly either off his face on something, or just not all there. Despite having to wrestle him to the van, they're trying *not* to be too heavy handed with him -

TWIGGY

Calm down, lad. You're making it a thousand times worse for yourself than it need be.

KHALID shouts across the road at the lads. He's genuine and desperate -

KHALID

Ey - you're witnesses! You've seen this! You're seeing what they're doing to me!

LAD 1

Yay!! It's nutty Khalid.

LAD 2

Y'all right, nutty Khalid!?

KHALID

If I'm never ever seen again - you will know!

(MORE)

KHALID (CONT'D)

(he's struggling so much
he's nearly wriggling out
of his clothes, falling
over so they have to
struggle to keep him
upright)

You will know I've been abducted! I
am being **ABDUCTED!** *That's what this
is!*

CATHERINE

Stand up. Khalid. Get up.

LAD 2

(answering KHALID, amused)
Yeah, really?

KHALID

By t'*government!*

LAD 1

Course you are.

LAD 2

'Cos government have nowt better to
do.

KHALID

Because I *know* things! That's why
they've been *watching* me! That is
why they've been *spying* on me! All
day, every day! For *months!* And
they think I don't know!

(at CATHERINE)

Well I *bloody do!*

CATHERINE

(struggling with him)

Get in, lad. In! Come on.

They have to force him in, but they have techniques.

LAD 1

Is that why you wrap yersen up in
tin foil, you nutty bugger?

LAD 2

Does he?

LAD 1

Yeah, and a pan on his head -
(wiggling his fingers at
the side of his head)
- to stop the radio waves
penetratulating his brainium.

They piss themselves laughing. The other POLICE OFFICER shuts
KHALID in the back of the van.

KHALID continues to shout and bang and make a fuss. BRETT is sitting in the car. A souped up 15-year-old banger.

BRETT

Oy!

(he revs the engine and
sings -)

And another one - and another one -
and another bites the dust! And
another one down and another one
down, and another one bites the
dust!

The three police officers can't believe what they're hearing. CATHERINE's face is like thunder. She really cannot believe it. She spends a few seconds considering the option of ignoring it. But the lads just keep chortling and sniggering and thinking it's highly amusing as BRETT continues to rev the engine. CATHERINE makes a decision and walks across the road. TWIGGY and the other PC tense up. What's she going to do? LADS 1 & 2 instantly know they've made a big mistake, but BRETT doesn't realise until CATHERINE's nearly on top of him.

BRETT (CONT'D)

What?

CATHERINE

Get out of your vehicle.

BRETT

Why?

CATHERINE

Get out of the vehicle.

He's not sure whether to comply or not. So she grabs him by whatever's handy and helps him out. She's strong when she's wound up. She shoves him up against his car and gets right in his face. She's the same height as him. She has one hand firmly round his throat.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

What did you say?

BRETT

Nothing, I -

CATHERINE

No, I heard you. You said
something. I'd like you to repeat
it.

BRETT

I just - I said - I didn't mean it,
I didn't mean anyfin, I was just
sing[ing] -

CATHERINE

What were you singing?

BRETT

Nothing. I -

She gets her baton out, still with her face right in his, still with the other hand firmly on his throat.

CATHERINE

Do you think it's funny?

BRETT

No.

CATHERINE

'Cos I got the distinct impression that you thought it was funny.

BRETT

I don't know what you mean.

CATHERINE

So you think I'm stupid?

BRETT

No.

CATHERINE

Do I look stupid?

BRETT

No.

CATHERINE

Turn round.

BRETT

Why?

CATHERINE

Turn around.

BRETT

(terrified)

I haven't done anything.

CATHERINE

Yes you have -

She grabs his wrist, and using her baton painfully twists his arm up behind his back, so he's forced to turn around and bend forward so he's doubled up and entirely unable to resist what she's doing to him. He exclaims in pain as she shoves him up against his car.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

- you've used abusive words and
behaviour likely to cause a breach
of the peace, contrary to section 5
of the public order act. Which is
why you're under arrest.

BRETT

I was just sing[ing] - !

She frog marches him across the road to the patrol car. He's
in such pain that he has no power to resist being taken
wherever she chooses to steer him.

CATHERINE

You're not obliged to say anything
but it may harm your defence if you
do not mention when questioned
something you later rely on court.

The lad's nearly in tears now, it's all escalated so suddenly
and the pain is crippling -

BRETT

No no no no - !

CATHERINE

Anything you do say may be used in
evidence.

CATHERINE nods to TWIGGY to open the back door of the patrol
car. TWIGGY obliges, and CATHERINE guides the lad into the
seat. No-one can see inside the car except CATHERINE. She
leans in and grabs the lad by his balls - which he didn't
expect - and twists. If he wasn't in tears before, he is now.

BRETT

Ohh - !

(appalled, he can barely
speak -)

You can't do that.

CATHERINE

There's no CCTV cameras in here,
sun beam. It's your word against
mine.

BRETT

(terrified)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I've said I'm
sorry.

CATHERINE

(she gets right in his
face)

Don't you ever.

(she twists his balls
another notch)

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Ever. Make fun of someone's death.
You ignorant rancid infinitesimal
speck of dirt.

BRETT

I'm sorry.

CATHERINE lets it sink in a few seconds longer, then releases his nuts and stands back.

CATHERINE

Get out.

BRETT

(bewildered)
Why? What y'gonna do?

CATHERINE

I just de-arrested you. I'll make a
note of the fact that you
apologised profusely. In tears.
Mind how you go.

He gets out of the car and wanders back across the road.
Angry, silent. Humiliated. TWIGGY and the other PC watch him
disdainfully as he heads back across the road.

LAD 1

What did she say?

BRETT

(subdued)
Nothing.

LAD 1

Eh?

BRETT

Nothing.

LAD 1

(amused)
What did she do to you?

BRETT

(angry, humiliated)
Nothing.

At length the police officers get into their vehicles and
drive off (KHALID still banging and shouting in the back of
the van).

CUT TO:

43

EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM. MORNING. DAY 8. 11.15

43

TOMMY walks up the drive towards the farm. (Down on the road a bus goes past, like he just got a bus back from the scrap yard).

TOMMY comes into the yard, where ASHLEY's there with his coat on, sipping tea, perusing his on-going building work as usual.

TOMMY

Done and dusted.

ASHLEY

Did you stay and watch him crush 'em?

TOMMY

Yes.

ASHLEY

Both of 'em.

TOMMY

Yes. Have you rung Nev?

ASHLEY hesitates. He's nervous.

ASHLEY

I'm not saying I won't. I just. I want to think it through.

TOMMY accepts that. But -

TOMMY

You do realise. Either way. We can't just let her go. Don't you.

ASHLEY does know that. Much as he doesn't want to know it. That's why he wants to dwell on it; he's delaying the moment.

CUT TO:

44

INT. CARAVAN. DAY 8. 11.20

44

LEWIS is with ANN. ANN's gag has been removed, but she's still chained to some of the fixtures. LEWIS is in a similar state of mind to CATHERINE, wired, exhausted, emotionally fucked (none of which we can see - ha ha - because he's wearing a balaclava). He's giving ANN some water, having just removed her gag.

LEWIS

There's no point screaming. There's never anyone here. During t'week.

ANN's been so badly knocked around, so humiliated, and she's so exhausted, she looks like a little wild animal. She looks almost incapable of screaming. Someone who's coming to some sort of terms with being permanently terrified. ANN drinks the water because she needs it.

ANN

When can I go home?

LEWIS

Soon. Maybe. Soon. I don't know.

ANN

Help me.

LEWIS

I can't.

ANN

You're not like that other one.

LEWIS

No. No. No, I'm not like that other one.

ANN

Prove it. Help me. I'll say you helped me, I'll say you stopped him hurting me.

LEWIS

You shouldn't have made that noise. Last night. None of it would've happened if you hadn't.

ANN

What happened? That bang.
(LEWIS shakes his head,
doesn't want to tell her)
What?

LEWIS won't speak. He can't, he can't acknowledge what he's been party to. ANN can see from his inability to respond that it was something big.

LEWIS

You shouldn't've -

He's upset. ANN's terrified. What the hell happened?

ANN

What?

CUT TO:

45 EXT. HUDDERSFIELD CHRISTIAN MISSION, HALIFAX. DAY 8. 45
14.00

Establishing shot. The Methodist Mission is a cafe, attached to a modern-built church, on a busy main street in the middle of Halifax.

CUT TO:

46 INT. HUDDERSFIELD CHRISTIAN MISSION, HALIFAX. DAY 8. 46
14.01

Inside, we appreciate more what the Mission is. It's a bright, cheerful place where alcoholics, drug addicts, people recently out of prison - basically people with chaotic life styles - can get a cheap meal, a cup of tea, advice and a friendly face. We can tell from their appearance (toothless, sunken cheeks) that the general clientele are people with problems. Mostly men, but one or two women. We might over hear a snatch of a conversation (t.b.w.) that the Citizens Advice Bureau visitor is having with one of the customers as they sit at a table together. The place is run by volunteers. CLARE's serving behind the counter with one of her colleagues.

CLARE

I'll have five minutes while we're
quiet if that's - ?

Her COLLEAGUE says "Course it is, love", and CLARE takes her pinny off and heads out of the kitchen area, into the cafe, through into the reception area (we go with her) and down a corridor. She's looking for someone, but she seems to have a pretty clear idea where she's going. She looks through the glass doors into the main church (a big modern room) but the lights are off and there's no-there, so she returns to another door, which she pushes open gently and pops her head in -

CUT TO:

47 INT. HUDDERSFIELD CHRISTIAN MISSION, CHAPEL. DAY 8. 47
14.02

HELEN's sitting in a small, modern chapel, which consists of a very modest altar, and ten chairs set out in a semi-circle. (Maybe HELEN still has her apron on so we know she's a volunteer too). CLARE comes in and unobtrusively goes and sits with HELEN. Says nothing for a few moments.

CLARE

How y'feeling?

She squeezes HELEN's hand affectionately.

HELEN

Not so bad. I'm sorry, I just felt a bit -

CLARE

Ey. You don't have to apologise to me.

HELEN

It's not the -
(she always mouths it)
cancer. It's more just... not being able to cope. In the moment. Some times.

CLARE understands.

CLARE

Have you heard any more about your treatment?

HELEN

Pills. To start with. A whole cocktail of them, three times a day. And then...
(she doesn't want to contemplate the chemo any sooner than she has to)
one step at a time.

CLARE

(a smile)
You'll be rattling.

HELEN looks at CLARE affectionately and smiles.

HELEN

You make me smile.

CLARE

If there's ever anything I can do, you know I'd -

HELEN

I know.

CLARE

You helped me find a way forward. When I didn't think there was one. If there's the smallest, tiniest thing I can do for you, well -

HELEN

I will, Clare. I'll ask.
(an understanding between them. A pause, we see HELEN struggling with something, then -)
(MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)

There was something.

(CLARE'S intrigued)

Your sister - Catherine - she's a police officer. Isn't she?

CLARE

Yeah. Why?

HELEN'S nervous about where this could lead. She's scared that once it's out of the bag there's no going back.

HELEN

I - there's something I'd like to be able to ask. A police officer. About.

CLARE'S bemused, intrigued, discreet -

CLARE

Okay.

HELEN

Is she...?

CLARE

What?

HELEN

A discreet sort of person.

CLARE considers.

CLARE

Yeah, she's - I'd have said so.

HELEN

Is she a good person?

CLARE has to think about that slightly less.

CLARE

Yes.

HELEN

Do you think...? She might have a few minutes. If I...?

(bravely blurting it out)

Could I come to your house?

CLARE'S even more intrigued. But determined to help.

CLARE

Sure.

HELEN

This evening.

CLARE

Yeah.

HELEN

She wouldn't mind?

CLARE

Just to warn you though, she's a bit upset. At the minute. 'Cos of that girl who got killed last night. Up Scammonden Road. Catherine's her sergeant, so she's feeling like it's all her fault - which it isn't, but -

HELEN

Oh, good grief, she won't want to be bothered with [me] -

CLARE

No. Honestly. Helen. Catherine'd do anything for anybody. I would not be a popular person in our house if I'd told somebody she was too busy to listen to 'em.

HELEN smiles. That last piece of information gives her some faith that CATHERINE might well be a good person to talk to. CLARE smiles, intrigued, but too polite to ask.

CUT TO:

48

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, LOCKER ROOM. DAY 8.
14.30

48

This is probably a mini-montage (montage in a good way):

CATHERINE approaches KIRSTEN's locker with a key, and a small empty cardboard box.

She pauses before she opens it. She steels herself and unlocks it, pulls the door open. Inside are various bits of spare uniform, and spare kit; whatever she wasn't wearing when she was killed. CATHERINE rifles through them and makes an inventory on a piece of paper.

Stuck inside the door are a couple of photos of OLLIE, and a couple of photos of their dog and their cat. OLLIE with the dog. OLLIE with the cat. OLLIE with CAROLYN and IAN. KIRSTEN with OLLIE up a mountain in the sun. CATHERINE pulls them off, one by one - rolls the blutac off the back to they don't all stick together - and puts them carefully into the box.

When the inside door's denuded, CATHERINE reaches up into the top of the locker. KIRSTEN's spare P.C.'s hat.

CATHERINE removes various personal belongings from the top of the locker, including KIRSTEN's sandwich box.

An opened, half eaten bag of sweets. A dried-up cardboard coffee cup from Costa. A speckly banana. A folded piece of note paper in elderly handwriting, which she opens and glances over - "Dear Constable McAskill, Thank you for your very kind help - " CATHERINE glances over the rest of the letter, folds it up with the same love and care it was probably folded with originally when it was written, and puts it into the box.

And then CATHERINE finds something else. A copy of the Halifax Evening Courier, opened and folded on page 3, and a big colour photo of KIRSTEN, SHAFIQ and CATHERINE, with about thirty tiny infant school children (approx age 7) in front of a police Landrover in the school playground, everyone smiling broadly, and having a really good, happy day. The children are doing a project - which one of them holds a display board for - "People Who Help Us" and it's about police, fire, ambulance. And that's what threatens to bring tears to CATHERINE's eyes, because that's all KIRSTEN wanted to do: help people.

Just then - entirely out of the blue - she sees BECKY hanging again, this time from the back of the locker room door. Instantly she's gone again, but it triggers another panic attack. CATHERINE's terrified; the combination of fearing she's going a bit weird in the head and the terror of being forced to relive the moment almost decimate her. She gets angry and hisses "Stop it!" to herself.

Just then her mobile bleats with a text message. She checks the screen. It's from Richard: "Can I meet you after work?" It annoys her, upsets her, and hears herself mumble -

CATHERINE

No, you can piss off.

- and sticks her phone back in her pocket, still recovering from the weird moment.

CUT TO:

49

EXT. CANAL BANK, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 8. 14.45

49

We find ASHLEY COWGILL sticking a different SIM card into a phone. He turns it on and dials a number he has written on a scrap of paper. The phone rings.

CUT TO:

50

INT. NEVISON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY 8. 14.46

50

NEVISON's got day time TV on. Not that he's able to pay attention. His mobile rings. He checks out the screen: *Unknown*. He picks it up gingerly.

NEVISON

Hello?

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

51

EXT. CANAL BANK, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 8. 14.47

51

ASHLEY walks along the canal bank as he talks, tries to go into the cocky persona he uses to talk to NEVISON.

ASHLEY

Nev!

(he screws the scrap of paper up and flicks it into the canal)

How are we today?

NEVISON

I want my daughter.

ASHLEY

I am doing my best with these people, Nev. Believe you me. They're asking for another fifty grand.

NEVISON

I want *proof*. That she's *alive*.

ASHLEY

You better not have been talking to the five-oh, Nev.

(NEVISON doesn't know what five-oh means)

The rozzers.

NEVISON

I *haven't*.

ASHLEY weighs things up. He gets a phone out of his pocket.

ASHLEY

Okay. Well as luck would have it, we do have a little photo of Annie that somebody's took.

(he presses a few buttons, and continues to talk)

I'm just sending it just now. I'll be in touch as regards the details tomorrow. And. On the plus side... this could be the last drop.

NEVISON

What d'you mean?

ASHLEY

I think they might have had enough
of her, I think they might be
thinking it's time to let her go.

He hangs up.

Cut back to NEVISON's house. NEVISON realises he's hung up.
Then his phone pings with a text. He opens it quickly and
sees the photo of ANN that TOMMY took.

CUT TO:

52 INT. NGA, KEVIN'S OFFICE. DAY 8. 14.48

52

KEVIN's at his desk when his mobile rings. He checks the
screen and answers.

KEVIN

Nevison.

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

53 INT. NEVISON & HELEN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.
DAY 8. 14.49

53

NEVISON's all over the place; relieved that ANN was alive
when the photo was taken, appalled by the condition she's in.
He stares obsessively at the image, hoping he will see
something that tells him that she's all right, despite
appearances.

NEVISON

They want another fifty grand.
Tomorrow. Then he says they might
start to think about letting go of
her. Will you deliver it again? If
that's what they're asking for?

KEVIN

I -

He so doesn't want to. He can't bring himself to say yes.

NEVISON

Kevin?

KEVIN

Why me?

NEVISON

I don't know! I'm just asking. I
think he meant it. About letting
her go.

KEVIN relieved, and at the same time intrigued by that.

CUT TO:

54 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, RECEPTION. DAY 8. 15.00 54

Reception. JOYCE is busy behind the counter when OLLIE comes in, looking pale and delicate. He sees all the flowers, which have continued to arrive all day.

JOYCE

Ollie! Love.

OLLIE

Joyce. Is Catherine in?

CUT TO:

55 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CATHERINE'S OFFICE. 55
DAY 8. 15.01

CATHERINE's busy at her computer when JOYCE pops her head round the door. CATHERINE's office is now festooned with flowers too.

JOYCE

Catherine. Ollie's here.

CATHERINE wasn't expecting him. She gets up to greet him. There's a moment where they could hug. But it doesn't happen, there's something subtle about OLLIE's body language that suggests it's not something he'd be comfortable with.

CATHERINE

Come in. How are you? Stupid question. Would you like some tea?

OLLIE

No. I'm - no. Thanks.

CATHERINE

D'you want to sit down?

He does.

JOYCE

Can I get you something else?
Coffee. Water. Orange juice.

(OLLIE shakes his head at
each suggestion. JOYCE
addresses CATHERINE -)

I'll -

She indicates that she'll be in reception if CATHERINE wants her. CATHERINE acknowledges that, and then sits down with OLLIE.

CATHERINE

Every room's full of flowers. We've nowhere to put them, there's so many. Shafiq's filled the Landrover twice over and taken 'em to the residential home, and they just keep coming.

OLLIE

She'd have given that the thumbs up. Residential home.

He says it without smiling.

CATHERINE

Yeah.

Silence.

OLLIE

I -

(more silence. CATHERINE waits)

I didn't want to say this. Only it's bugging me. She thought world of you. You know that, don't you?

CATHERINE

Well I thought a lot about her.

OLLIE

Then Wednesday night, night before yesterday. She were crying her eyes out. Because of what you said to her. "I'm not your mother".

CATHERINE's struck, and appalled, but determines not to show it; she has to stand by what she said. It was appropriate at the time.

CATHERINE

I wasn't her mother.

OLLIE

Yeah well, well done. It's probably 'cos o' what you said that she got killed. Trying to prove how tough she was. To some evil bastard.

CATHERINE struggles to know what to say. She could decimate him for saying that to her. If she chose to. She doesn't.

CATHERINE

I'm sorry if you think I made a mistake.

OLLIE

'If I think'?

CATHERINE

It's difficult. Sometimes. And being soft with people - when they've not quite handled something - isn't always what they need. To bring 'em up to scratch. I couldn't have predicted what was going to happen any more than anybody else could've done. And - you know - we don't know what *did* happen. So don't -

(she decides not to go there)

But if you think for a second that I haven't thought about that myself. Ollie. You're wrong. Because I have. I was thinking about it at four o'clock and five o'clock and six o'clock this morning.

Silence. Eventually, in a tone that says "Well I've heard what you've said, but I'm not convinced" -

OLLIE

Right.

He gets up and leaves. We linger on CATHERINE. For ages. Water off a duck's back? No. Of course it isn't, much as she would like it to be. She dwells on it a bit, then gets her phone out and - despite herself - answers RICHARD's text: "Where?"

CUT TO:

56 INT. PUB. NIGHT 8. 19.15

56

CATHERINE sits with RICHARD. RICHARD's got a pint. CATHERINE's on coke and crisps. CATHERINE isn't going to make this easy for RICHARD, even if - deep down - there are reasons why she's just as keen for his company as he is for hers. So she's being a bit arsey in her general manner.

CATHERINE

Did you think about what I said?

RICHARD

About Ryan? Look -

CATHERINE

No. Not about Ryan. About writing about all the drugs that go on round here and how much damage it's doing.

RICHARD

Oh.

(eager to appear keen)
Yeah, well -

CATHERINE

We had to help out this morning with this lad that's been sectioned. Social services were there to persuade him that he might like to go into a secure unit for three months, but guess what, he wasn't too keen, so we had to wade in. He's been beating his mother up. He pulled a knife on her yesterday. He thinks the government are sending messages to her to poison him. Yeah, nuts. Except it isn't. It's cannabis induced psychosis. That's what skunk does. Next time someone tells you cannabis is harmless.

RICHARD

I will. I will. I will look into it.

CATHERINE

And. I arrested Marcus Gascoigne. Wednesday morning. For possession.

RICHARD

(well interested)
He's a councillor.

CATHERINE

Class A drugs. Write about it.
(RICHARD's definitely interested in that)
Did you want to talk about Ryan?

RICHARD

I wanted to...
(delicately)
Talk about us.

CATHERINE

There is no us, you divorced me.

RICHARD

I didn't divorce you. We got divorced.
(a moment)
I'm sorry. I realise this isn't a great day for you.

She makes an effort to be a tad less arsy.

CATHERINE

What about us?

RICHARD

I -

(he struggles)

I don't know.

CATHERINE

Are you feeling bad?

RICHARD

Yes.

CATHERINE

About what you've done to Ros?

("yes" is the answer, but
he can't say it)

But you still want to see me.

He looks into her eyes.

RICHARD

I never stopped wanting to see you.

(they look at one another)

How c[ould] - how could -

He can't say it.

CATHERINE

How could...?

(a guess)

I? Do...? Something? What?

RICHARD

I know what your answer'll be, so -

CATHERINE

You're way ahead of me.

RICHARD

How could you let -

(he always has to pause
before he says the name)

Ryan. Come between us? Then you

say, "How could I -

(meaning himself)

let Ryan come between us". So.

CATHERINE

There's no point going over it,
it's old.

RICHARD

What if - what if [I] - what if I
said I would play football with
him. And -

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(he's terrified he
couldn't see this
through, even with the
best will in the world)
- if I did make an effort. With
him.

CATHERINE
Really?
(RICHARD affirms gingerly)
But you can't even say his name
without looking like you've had
your face slapped.

RICHARD
Maybe if I got to know him. It'd be
different.

CATHERINE mulls. She's not convinced.

CATHERINE
What about Ros?

RICHARD
Oh I don't think she'd mind having
him visit occasion[ally] -

CATHERINE
No. I meant. What about Ros as
regards...

The other thing. The sex they've been having.

RICHARD
Oh.

RICHARD doesn't know. He shakes his head: it's a mess. So
neither of them say anything, they just contemplate their
drinks. CATHERINE's nearly asleep. She checks her watch.

CATHERINE
(weary)
Oh shit.

CUT TO:

57

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 8. 19.45

57

CLARE and RYAN are curled up in front of the TV when
CATHERINE come back in from work (well, the pub).

CATHERINE
I'm sorry I'm late. I had [to] - I
went [to] - I met Richard. For a
drink. In the pub.

CLARE

S'okay. She hasn't turned up.

RYAN

Richard? Me grandad?

She walked into that one.

CATHERINE

Yeah. Yeah.

(to CLARE)

Hasn't turned up?

RYAN

Did y'ask him?

CLARE

I said seven, she said that was fine, she was gonna drive over, but... yeah. She's not turned up.

CATHERINE glances at the clock: it's quarter to eight.

CATHERINE

Well - what was it to do with?

CLARE

I've no idea.

CATHERINE

And she's not rung to say -

CLARE

No.

RYAN

Did y'ask him?

CATHERINE

Yes. I did. And he's - he's - he's thinking about it.

RYAN

(annoyed)

What is the to *think* about?

CATHERINE

He's - he's a busy bloke.

(to CLARE)

Well what was it about?

CLARE

I don't know.

RYAN

I thought he'd lost his job.

CATHERINE

Not yet.

CLARE

But whatever it was, she was... you know. Upset about it.

RYAN

I bet you haven't asked him.

CATHERINE

Well what did she say? I've asked him!

RYAN

(stomping off)

I hate you.

CATHERINE

I have *asked* him.

RYAN

You don't *want* me to play with him.

CATHERINE

That's just -

Bollocks.

CLARE

She said - she just asked if you were discreet. I don't know.

CATHERINE

Why didn't you *ask*?

CLARE

Because she'd have told me if she wanted me to know!

CLARE's lack of nosiness irritates the hell out of CATHERINE.

CATHERINE

Ring her.

CLARE

What?

CATHERINE

Ring her.

CLARE

I can't ring her. At home.

CATHERINE

Why not? You're friends.

CLARE

She's - it's Helen Gallagher. She's Nevison Gallagher's wife. I mean it's fine at the Mission, we all muck in, but -

CATHERINE

She's supposed to be here and she isn't. She was distressed about something and wanted to talk to a police officer. I want to know that she's all right.

(CATHERINE picks up CLARE's mobile and offers it to her)
Ring her.

CLARE's nervous. But she takes CATHERINE's point. She scrolls through her address book as CATHERINE observes casually -

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I met somebody the other day who works for Nevison Gallagher.

CLARE presses HELEN's mobile number. It rings. CATHERINE watches CLARE.

HELEN

(oov)
Hello Clare.

CLARE

Hi! Helen. We were just wondering where you [were] -

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

58

INT. NEVISON & HELEN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 8.
19.46

58

HELEN's sitting with NEVISON. NEVISON is pale. (He's kept the photo of ANN to himself, not wanting to upset HELEN).

HELEN

Sorry, I'm sorry, I should've rung. I'm - I've decided - it's fine. I'm - I'm sorry, I shouldn't've troubled you.

CLARE looks up at CATHERINE.

CLARE

It's fine. You didn't.

CATHERINE
(mouthing it)
Is she all right?

CLARE
Are you all right?

HELEN
I'm fine. I'm fine. Really. I'm
sorry I -

CLARE nods: she's fine.

CATHERINE
Can I speak to her?

CLARE
Catherine says can she speak to
you?

HELEN
If - well - if she wants to.

CLARE
She's just here.
(CLARE passes the phone to
CATHERINE and says
discreetly -)
She says she's sorry, she just
changed her mind, that's all.
(mouthing it)
She's got cancer.

CATHERINE assimilates that fast.

CATHERINE
Helen. It's Catherine. I'm sorry to
hear you've not been well.

HELEN
Oh. That's -

CATHERINE
Are you having a nice evening?

HELEN
Yes. Yes. Yes, thank you.

CATHERINE
Are you all right?

HELEN
I'm fine, I'm fine.

CATHERINE
You wanted some advice.

HELEN

Yes. I did. But...

CATHERINE

But?

(she waits for an answer;
we glimpse HELEN
struggling with her
response at the other
end)

You've changed your mind.

HELEN

Yes, I -

CATHERINE

Is someone stopping you from
speaking to me?

HELEN

No.

(HELEN looks at NEVISON.
He is stopping HELEN from
talking to CATHERINE. But
through persuasion, not
force)

No, nothing like that.

CATHERINE

Has something bad happened?

HELEN

I just - it's fine. Honestly.

CATHERINE

Are you in danger. Right now. Are
you in danger?

HELEN

No. No. Honestly. I'm with my
husband. We're fine, it's fine. I
think I over reacted. I'm sorry
I've troubled you, I'm sorry if
I've inconvenienced you.

As soon as HELEN mentions her husband, it rings alarm bells
for CATHERINE. Is her husband stopping her from speaking? Is
her husband abusing her?

CATHERINE

You haven't.

HELEN

I know you've got a lot on right
now, what with -

CATHERINE

Well I'm here. You know where we are. Me and Clare. You can call our house any time. Day or night.

HELEN

You've been very kind.

CATHERINE hesitates.

CATHERINE

As long as you're all right.

HELEN

I'm very sorry about your colleague.

CATHERINE

Well that's - thank you.

HELEN

Thank you.

CATHERINE

All right.

HELEN

Bye bye then.

CATHERINE

Bye bye.

CATHERINE hangs up. Reluctantly. But what else can she do?

CLARE

Is she all right? D'you think?

CATHERINE

I don't know.

(she's quiet, thoughtful,
troubled)

She said, "I'm with my husband". Like... That's why she couldn't speak. To me.

CLARE

You don't think... Nevison Gallagher, he [wouldn't] -

CATHERINE

It takes all sorts.

CLARE

She always talks about him really affectionately.

CATHERINE

Okay.

CLARE

Especially since she's been ill.

CATHERINE's not sure what to make of it. But knowing only what she does, it does smack of domestic abuse. RYAN's stomped back down stairs again and lobs something at CATHERINE. A cuddly toy. CATHERINE manages to catch it.

RYAN

You're just jealous 'cos I might like him better than I like you.

CATHERINE nods sagely. She's just knackered really, rather than sage.

CATHERINE

Yes. Well. You might like to think that.

RYAN

I wish I lived *there*. With *them*.

CLARE

Ryan. Don't talk to your Granny like that, she's had a very difficult day.

RYAN

I don't care.

He stomps back off upstairs.

CLARE

Y'all right?

CATHERINE wanders into the kitchen pulling her coat off, absent-mindedly still clutching the teddy.

CATHERINE

Yeah. I'm fine. I've got 'punch bag' tattooed across my forehead, but other than that.

CUT TO:

59

INT. NEVISON & HELEN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 8.
19.47

59

Back to NEVISON and HELEN -

HELEN

I think we're making a mistake.

NEVISON remains in a state of anxiety, but is determined to be calm, for HELEN's sake -

NEVISON

No.

HELEN

I should've just gone and not told you where I was going.

NEVISON

I'm glad you told me. And I understand why you wanted to talk to her, but I'm *convinced* this is the right way forward. Helen. I think... after tomorrow. They're gonna let her go. And you know, the police, they can be very good. But sometimes. They just get it really badly wrong. I've done everything they've said. I'm not going to blow it now.

HELEN wants to trust him, wants to trust that he knows best. But she clearly has a doubt that not going to the police isn't the right thing to do.

HELEN

Why don't you want the police around?

NEVISON

That's not - that's just -

NEVISON amazed: that was almost like an accusation.

HELEN

This is our *daughter*.

CUT TO:

60

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT 8. 19.48

60

Back to CATHERINE and CLARE. CATHERINE's just getting food from the oven that CLARE's kept warm for her. CLARE's come in to sit with CATHERINE while she eats supper. At length -

CLARE

On the plus side. Of all...
Kirsten. It's taken your mind off
Tommy Lee Royce.

CATHERINE's struck. CLARE's right, it had. But now she's gone and reminded her of him again.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. MILTON AVENUE. DAY 9. 10.00

61

Next morning. CATHERINE (on duty, in uniform, even though this isn't strictly speaking police business) looks up at the dilapidated house. She goes and knocks on the door again. Nothing. She looks through the windows. Nothing. She goes and tries the door again. She glances unobtrusively around, to make sure no-one's about, then gives the door a damned good kick, right on the lock. It crashes open. She pauses a moment, to make sure she hasn't attracted anyone's attention in the well-populated vicinity. Nothing. She steps inside.

CUT TO:

62 INT. MILTON AVENUE, LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM/HALLWAY. DAY 9. 10.01

62

CATHERINE takes stock: three doors. She looks in the sitting room. Takes in the grunge, although it's nothing she won't have seen a thousand times before in a thousand different chaotic scuzzy households. She looks in the kitchen. Recently abandoned food, including the left-overs of the take-away that TOMMY bought from MICKEY. She looks in the fridge: beer. So it definitely feels like someone's been here. Recently. Yet it also feels abandoned.

She goes upstairs and takes in the bedrooms. Which are pretty bare, and equally sad.

She comes down the stairs, and lingers. There must be something that gives her a clue about something to do with TOMMY. Then she feels a draught. She realises it's coming from a smaller, slightly ajar door that she hadn't registered earlier. The cellar.

She pushes the door open, and flashes her torch down the stairs. She finds the light switch, and goes down. Amidst the junk, she finds several things that intrigue and worry her. A chair, in the middle of the room on it's own, which just seems odd. Because it's not like all the other mildewed stuff down here. And blood - small spatters, but enough - on the floor and whitewashed wall (from when TOMMY duffed LEWIS up). And then - on the floor - she finds ANN's knickers. Which sends a bit of a shiver up her spine. Then she sees fragments of used masking tape. Like you might use to bind or gag some one. The four things on their own - even abandoned knickers - might seem neither here nor there, but collectively - to a suspicious mind (like CATHERINE's), and knowing what she knows about TOMMY - it's troublesome.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. MILTON AVENUE. DAY 9. 10.02

63

CATHERINE walks back to her car (her own car, not a patrol car). She's on her mobile.

CATHERINE

You know that day I came home and said, "Tommy Lee Royce is out of prison" -

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

64

INT. HUDDERSFIELD CHRISTIAN MISSION. DAY 9. 10.03

64

CLARE's busy behind the counter, presently on her mobile -

CLARE

Yeah.

CATHERINE

D'you remember?

CLARE

Yeah.

CATHERINE

And you said, "I know". And I said, "Why didn't you tell me?", and you said, "I didn't want to upset you".

CLARE

Yeah.

CATHERINE

Well... *how* did you know?

Reluctant to admit, because she knows CATHERINE'll be annoyed with her for not letting on -

CLARE

He was here. He came in here once or twice. After he got released. They often come in here. Ex-cons. Til they've sorted themselves out.
(silence)

Are you cross? Because if you are, you needn't be. You know what you get like. I didn't say anything because I care about you. I know you think I bury my head in the sand, but -

CATHERINE

Did you speak to him?

CLARE

I gave him a cup of tea. It's what we do.

(silence)

Are you speaking to me?

CATHERINE

(she's quiet, she gets it,
she understands)

Yeah.

CLARE

(reluctant to ask)

So... have you found anything out?

CATHERINE

Well there's no-one there. I broke
in, and... yeah. I found something.
I don't know what. Exactly. I
knocked on a few doors either side,
but. Nobody seems to know anything.
I think he's had someone in there,
I think he's hurt someone in there.

CLARE

How? Why?

CATHERINE

I found things in the cellar.

CLARE

Well... can't you investigate it?
Properly. If -

CATHERINE

Yeah! How? No crime's been
reported, and I've just broken into
a house. The fact that I'm a police
officer doesn't make it legal.

(she mulls)

I might go knocking on his mother's
door, on Rishworth. She won't know
owt, but. Then I might find out who
owns this house.

CLARE

I still don't know what it is you
think you're going to do to him.

CATHERINE finally realises herself why she wants to catch up
with him, having seen what she's just seen -

CATHERINE

Nothing. Clare. I'm not going to do
anything to him. I just wanna make
sure he's not doing anything to
anybody else.

(a moment)

Is Helen Gallagher working today?

CLARE

Yeah.

(she checks the roster)

Yeah, she's due in this afternoon.

CUT TO:

65

INT. NGA, KEVIN'S OFFICE. DAY 9. 10.04

65

Twitchy KEVIN's busy at his desk when agitated NEVISON comes in. NEVISON's in a bad mood. A scary mood.

NEVISON

Right, he's rung.

(he puts another rucksack
of cash on KEVIN's desk)

He does want you and he wants it left in the toilets. At Birch services. On the M62. West bound services. Men's toilets. The last cubicle on the right handside as you go in. You stuff it behind the toilet. All right? Then you leave, quickly. You don't turn around and look back. All right?

(he sees how nervous,
pale, sick KEVIN looks)

I'm grateful.

KEVIN

(no voice)

It's fine.

NEVISON

It can't be safe. Can it? Leaving it in a toilet. For any length of time. They must be there. They must be there watching, otherwise any bugger could find it.

KEVIN hesitates.

KEVIN

I don't know.

NEVISON

We'll play it by the book. This time. Keep your eyes peeled. Come straight back. Ring me when you've dropped it.

KEVIN takes the money and goes.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM. DAY 9. 10.30

66

KEVIN's BMW drives up to the house/farm. There's an open-back truck, with bags of sand, being unloaded by a couple of lads from the building site just like there was in Episode One (except this time it's not TOMMY and LEWIS). KEVIN steps out of his car, and takes in the sight of the lads unloading the sand with some ironic disdain.

KEVIN heads over to the house and knocks on the door. To KEVIN's surprise, TOMMY opens the door.

CUT TO:

67 INT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM, KITCHEN. DAY 9. 10.31

67

Continuous. KEVIN steps into the kitchen, and TOMMY steps out, off to work (to give LEWIS a break in the caravan), leaving KEVIN with ASHLEY, who's boiling the kettle.

ASHLEY

Look who's here.

KEVIN

Fifty thousand.

ASHLEY

Shut door.

KEVIN

I should get back.

ASHLEY

Not so soon. You're meant to be on the M62. D'you want some tea?

KEVIN

No. Thank you.

ASHLEY finishes squeezing his tea bag, pours milk in, then picks up the rucksack, twice as heavy again as last time.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

He - Nevison - said he got the idea - from you - that you might let her go. Now. After. I'd just like to say... I think perhaps you should, I don't think we need to do this any more, not from my -

"Point of view", he was going to say. ASHLEY's counting five thousand into a bag for KEVIN. He offers the bag, ignores what KEVIN just said.

ASHLEY

That's yours. Five grand, take it.

KEVIN's obliged to take the bag. Again, gingerly.

KEVIN
So... as regards.
(whisper)
Ann.

ASHLEY
I'll be in touch.

KEVIN
Is she all right?

There's a fraction of a second tell-tale pause before ASHLEY answers -

ASHLEY
She's absolutely fine.

KEVIN can tell something's up with ASHLEY. Something in his manner.

KEVIN
Is she?

ASHLEY
Yes.

KEVIN's not convinced, but what can he say?

KEVIN
Okay.

ASHLEY
We just -

KEVIN
What?

ASHLEY
Well I told you. Police - a police woman - knocking on the door. At the house. Where we were keeping her. It was nothing, but. If she'd known we were holding her there, she'd have had the door down. But we still don't know what she was doing there. So.

KEVIN's terrified. Is it the same police woman that spoke to him?

KEVIN
What did she look like? The police woman?

ASHLEY

I don't know. I didn't see her. It was Tommy. Why?

KEVIN

(convincingly casual)
No reason.

ASHLEY

Anyway. We've moved her.

(whisper)

Ann. But.

(he's not going to tell him what happened next, but clearly it's what's informing the way he's thinking)

Yeah. It might be time. To bring the thing to a close. One way or another.

KEVIN nods. Feels some relief.

KEVIN

I better -

'Go'. ASHLEY nods.

ASHLEY

Take your time. You don't want him thinking things.

KEVIN nods, pulls the door open and heads outside.

CUT TO:

68

EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM. DAY 9. 10.32

68

KEVIN comes out into the sun light, glances around to make sure no-one untoward has clocked him, and heads for his car. Just coming the other way is LEWIS. They recognise one another. LEWIS looks terrible. Bewildered, angry, exhausted, pale. His face contorts when he sees KEVIN.

LEWIS

(murmurs)

Stupid wanker.

He keeps walking. KEVIN doesn't get it. Is he mistaking him for someone else?

KEVIN

Do you want to say that a bit louder?

LEWIS comes straight back at KEVIN and gives him a good shove.

LEWIS

All your fault. Genius. Who never gets his hands mucky.

KEVIN

Do I know what you're talking about?

LEWIS

Don't yer?

(KEVIN's blank)

Police woman. On Scammonden Road.

KEVIN

How...? How does that...?

LEWIS

Did he not tell yer? We had to move her. Ann. Only little police woman decides to pull us over. Doesn't she? 'Cos the's a light out on t'van. So that mad bastard, he -

(LEWIS dries up. KEVIN

takes in what he's saying)

Your fault.

Shivering LEWIS heads for the house, for a much-needed cup of tea. We linger on KEVIN, appalled: that cannot be true.

END OF EPISODE THREE