

1 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S CAR/LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE. DAY 11. 1
09.01

CATHERINE's flopped, out cold on the pavement. She could be dead.

Inside the car ANN screams at the radio. Police officers' voices from the radio respond to CATHERINE's emergency call.

ANN
Help me! Help me!
(shouts at the radio)
*Can you **hear me!**? You've got to*
***HELP ME!** He's going to kill me!*
*He's going to **kill me!!!!***

ANN's frantic eyes are fixed on the open front door of LYNN's house, terrified that TOMMY LEE ROYCE will fly out at any second and get her.

CUT TO:

2 INT. NGA, KEVIN'S OFFICE. DAY 11. 09.02 2

KEVIN at his desk. He's nervous. Through the glass walls of the open plan offices, he can see two men in suits in NEVISON's office (it's PHIL CRABTREE and a DETECTIVE CONSTABLE from NCA. They've just arrived).

CUT TO:

3 INT. NGA, NEVISON'S OFFICE. DAY 11. 09.03 3

NEVISON with PHIL CRABTREE and the DETECTIVE CONSTABLE.

PHIL
Don't tell him I already know
what's going on. Just introduce us
as being from CID.

NEVISON looks murderous; he's decided that KEVIN must be involved.

CUT TO:

4 INT. NGA, KEVIN'S OFFICE. DAY 11. 09.04 4

KEVIN becomes aware of NEVISON heading towards his office with the two men in suits. NEVISON shows admirable constraint addressing KEVIN -

NEVISON
Kevin. These two fellas are from
CID, they want to talk to you.

KEVIN

Hi.

PHIL

How d'you do.

(he shakes KEVIN's hand,
then turns to NEVISON)

Could you give us a few minutes?

NEV realises he's expected to leave. He hesitates then leaves. PHIL shuts the door.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Mr. Weatherill. Can I call you
Kevin?

KEVIN's terrified.

KEVIN

Er yes. Yes. Yes of course.

PHIL

Nevison says you think you know who
these people are who've kidnapped
his daughter.

KEVIN

It's - I may be wrong - but. You
know. You do rack your brain. When
something like this happens, and...

PHIL

Sure. Have you got names?

KEVIN

Okay. One. Is...

(he knows the second he
says the name his life's
in danger, but what
choice does he have now?)

Ashley. Ashley C[ow] -

(his voice fails)

Ashley Cowgill. You see we - me and
my wife -

(KEVIN's troubled to see
the DETECTIVE CONSTABLE
instantly type the name
into an Ipad)

we rent a caravan. On this site, up
at Soyland, on Soyland Moor, and he
owns it, and he's very friendly,
and we chat. Occasionally. And I
may have - well I have - mentioned
where I work, and of course
everyone knows who Nevison is
anyway and the fact that he's...
well. A very wealthy man, and you
see. Ashley.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

He's - he's - as I say, he's friendly, but he's dodgy. Too. I would say. And. The thing is. The thing is, I...

(struggling)

...have reason to believe he's some kind of drug dealer. I mean... organised.

PHIL takes that in. Interesting, but slightly beside the point in the present crisis.

PHIL

Who else? You said *these people*.

KEVIN

Okay, well he has these two boys. Men. In their twenties. Who work for him. I don't - I don't know their names, but they're... they're not... they're not the kind of people you'd want to mix with.

CUT TO:

5

INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S CAR/LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE. DAY 11.
09.05

5

Inside the car ANN mutters to herself, like someone not in their right mind.

ANN

He's not touching me, he's not touching me again, I'll gouge his eyes out, I'll tear his hair out by its roots, I'll -

(she screams, four days of terror and anger exploding out of her)

AAAAAARGH!

- and smashes her fist into the car seat. Then ANN hears sirens, and sees flashing blue lights.

Outside the car CATHERINE lies still, collapsed, deathly pale, as a police 4x4 pulls up. Two PATROL OFFICERS dive out of the vehicle. More flashing blue lights approach, two more police vehicles and an ambulance.

PATROL OFFICER 1

(he sees CATHERINE)

Shit!

(he's straight over to her)

Sarg! Sarg? Can you hear me? Sarg?

PATROL OFFICER 2 pulls open the door of CATHERINE's patrol car.

PATROL OFFICER 2
What've you *done to her*?

ANN
Me? I - it's him! It's *him!*
(she's pointing at the
house, the open front
door)
He's done it! Not me!

PATROL OFFICER 2
Who's he? Who're you?

ANN
Who am I?

PATROL OFFICER 2
What's happened? What's happening?
Tell me what's happened.

He puts his arm out to try and calm her, realising he's got the wrong end of the stick; she's not a prisoner sitting in the back of the patrol car, she's a victim.

ANN
Don't you bloody *touch me! Where've you bloody well been?*

PATROL OFFICER 2
I'm not touching you, but I *need to know* what's happened!

The ambulance pulls up. And hot on its heels, two patrol cars. The PARAMEDICS are straight over to CATHERINE. MIKE TAYLOR, SHAF, TWIGGY and OTHER OFFICERS pile out of the patrol cars.

MIKE TAYLOR
(he sees CATHERINE)
What the hell's happened?

PATROL OFFICER 2 emerges from the car where he's been talking to ANN. He can't talk fast enough -

PATROL OFFICER 2
Sir. Girl in the car she says she's been held in a cellar and assaulted for the last four days.

The INSPECTOR takes that in. He sticks his head in the car and addresses ANN.

MIKE TAYLOR
Hello love. You're going to be all right now. What's your name?

ANN

Ann. Gallagher.

MIKE TAYLOR

And who's done this to my sergeant?

ANN

I don't know his name, but he's
still in there, he's in the cellar,
she sprayed him with something.

MIKE ducks out of the car.

MIKE TAYLOR

(to the troops)

You and you, round the back. Shaf,
you're going in the ambulance with
Catherine. If she speaks, I want to
know what she's saying. You -

(PATROL OFFICER 2)

- stay wi' t'lass. Everyone else -
(he nods - through the
front door. They pile in,
no questions asked)

Check the cellar first! And be
careful!

(he gets on his radio)

I want the on-call D.I., I want H-
MIT, I want CSI. This is the
attempted murder. Of a *police*
officer.

With a pained glance back at CATHERINE (who's now in safe
hands) he dives into the house after his troops.

CUT TO:

6

INT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE, CELLAR. DAY 11. 09.06

6

PATROL OFFICER 1 and TWIGGY pile down the stairs into the
cellar with torches and batons. There's nothing. No-one.
TOMMY's gone. This is a big moment: last time we saw him he
was totally incapacitated, how can he have gone? The OFFICERS
check out all the possible nooks and crannies, but there's
nothing.

TWIGGY

(shouts up the stairs)

There's nobody down here, Sir!

MIKE TAYLOR

She sprayed him! She gassed him!

CUT TO:

7 EXT. STREET. DAY 11. 09.07 7

We discover TOMMY hiding behind an old coal hole. His eyes are streaming, and it's an effort of will not to give into the pain and start howling. He gets his mobile phone out of his back pocket, and struggles to access his numbers. His vision is so impaired it's almost impossible. TOMMY will never in his life have felt so incapacitated. He finds the number he's looking for and it rings. Eventually -

VOICE
(it's ASHLEY, oov)
Hello?

TOMMY
Ashley. It's Tommy.

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

8 EXT. LIGHT HAZELS FARM. DAY 11. CONTINUOUS. 09.08 8

ASHLEY
Hello?

TOMMY
It's *Tommy*.

ASHLEY can hear that TOMMY isn't himself.

ASHLEY
Are you all right?

TOMMY
She's escaped.

ASHLEY
What?

TOMMY
She *escaped*. That bastard police woman! They've got her. You've got to pick me up, you've got to help me, [they've] - !

ASHLEY assesses things quickly.

ASHLEY
You're on your own, pal.

He hangs up.

TOMMY
Ashley? Ashley!

Cut back to ASHLEY. He turns his phone off and takes out the sim card, drops it on the floor and grinds it into the gravel, then kicks it in all different directions as he mutters angrily to himself -

ASHLEY

Shit. *Shit!*

Cut back to TOMMY, howling/muttering about what a bastard ASHLEY is. He accesses another number. It rings. And rings. Eventually, cautiously -

VOICE

(LEWIS)

Hello?

TOMMY

Lewis?

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

9

INT. BRETT'S FLAT, SITTING ROOM, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 11. 9
CONTINUOUS. 09.09

LEWIS is sitting on the floor in a scuzzy, stinking flat, surrounded by empty take-away containers, empty cans, rubbish of many varieties. He's with another 22-year-old lad, a smack head, who's crashed out on a smelly old settee looking well out of it. (This is BRETT, who we met in episode 3; it's the lad CATHERINE taught a lesson when him and his mates were taking the piss out of KIRSTEN's death).

LEWIS

Yeah. Might be.

TOMMY

It's Tommy. I need a lift. I need picking up. Have y'got a car y'can use?

(LEWIS isn't sure he wants to help TOMMY. Why should he?)

I'll pay yer.

LEWIS

(turns to BRETT)

D'yer know anyone who's got a car I can borrer?

(BRETT takes a moment to assess the question, then vaguely nods his head and makes a pointy gesture.)

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)
(LEWIS addresses TOMMY)
Where are yer?

CUT TO:

10 INT. NGA, KEVIN'S OFFICE. DAY 11. 09.10 10

KEVIN, PHIL and the DETECTIVE CONSTABLE, as before.

PHIL
Where did you drop the money off,
Kevin? Where did they tell you to
drop the money off?

PHIL's manner remains calm and friendly. KEVIN has no reason to imagine PHIL thinks of him as anything other than keen to help.

KEVIN
McDonalds on the Huddersfield ring
road, and then Birch Services. On
the M62.

PHIL
Whose car did you drive there in?

KEVIN's cautious. Is this a question to catch him out?

KEVIN
Mine.

PHIL
Both times.

KEVIN
(he hesitates)
Yes.

PHIL
You're absolutely certain about
that? You didn't take Nevison's,
or...? Anyone else's.

KEVIN
No. No. No.

PHIL
Was anyone with you?

KEVIN
No.

PHIL
What's your registration number?

KEVIN
(hesitates)
VE56 CHX.

The DETECTIVE CONSTABLE types it into his Ipad, much to KEVIN's silent worry.

PHIL
Can you give me - as near as you
can - specific times when those
drops were made?

KEVIN can only keep moving forward with the lies (because he was never at the service station, obviously).

KEVIN
The first time. Huddersfield ring
road. That was Thursday. This last
Thursday. Around lunch time.
Probably... five past, ten past
twelve?

The DETECTIVE CONSTABLE types.

PHIL
And the other time?

KEVIN
That was - that was Birch Services.
Half past ten, quarter to eleven.
This Monday.

PHIL
Where did you put it? The money.

KEVIN
In in in a [bin] - not *in* a bin,
next to a bin.

PHIL
Is this Huddersfield ring road, or
Birch Services?

KEVIN
Huddersfield. The second time, it
was the mens toilets.

PHIL
Can you describe to me where the
bins and these toilets are? Where
you left money?

(KEVIN doesn't respond.
His mind's gone blank
because he doesn't have a
genuine image, and his
imagination's frozen)
Approximately. You can draw a map
or a diagram if it's easier.

KEVIN's terrified. He has no idea where the bins are at either of these places. Just then PHIL's mobile bleats. He checks the screen and answers.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Phil Crabtree.

(he listens. And listens.

His face changes, but
it's subtle. He's keen to
give nothing away to
KEVIN. Maybe a quick
glance at his D.C.)

Okay. Thanks. Thank you. Bye bye.

(he hangs up)

Can you just give me a minute,
Kevin?

KEVIN

Has something happened?

But PHIL's left the room. KEVIN's terrified, he's paranoid. He's squirming; he knows they're going to ask things he can't give satisfactory answers to.

CUT TO:

11 INT. NGA, NEVISON'S OFFICE. DAY 11. 09.11

11

PHIL comes in. NEV's at his desk. NEV can tell by PHIL's manner that something's happened.

PHIL

Nev. We've got her. She's safe.

NEV takes a second to get over the moment: the terror that PHIL could have said just the opposite when the moment came.

NEVISON

Jesus.

(he grabs his phone to
ring HELEN, and then
realises -)

So *he* knew where she was?

We glimpse KEVIN: he can see through to NEV's office and he can interpret what's going on.

PHIL

No, I've just had a phone call.
D'you want to ring Helen? She's
asking for her mother apparently.

NEVISON

(he dials)

Where is she?

PHIL

Local. They're taking her to hospital. In Halifax. For a check up. It's routine.

NEVISON

And have they caught the bastards?

PHIL

That's as much as I know at the minute.

NEVISON

So he *didn't* know?

PHIL

We're still having the conversation.

NEVISON

(suddenly)

Helen! They've found her! She's safe!

CUT TO:

12 INT. NGA, MAIN OFFICE. DAY 11. 09.12

12

A minute later: NEV races out of his office with his car keys to go and meet HELEN at the hospital. PHIL goes back to KEVIN's office. As he does so, the D.C. emerges from KEVIN's office (with his Ipad) and says discreetly -

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE

Boss. There's no ANPR on this fella's vehicle at either of the two drop off points he's mentioned, at any point over the last four days.

PHIL takes that in and goes into KEVIN's office. The D.C. follows.

CUT TO:

13 INT. NGA, KEVIN'S OFFICE. DAY 11. 09.13

13

PHIL remains calm and friendly with KEVIN.

PHIL

You were telling me which bins you put the money next to.

KEVIN

Yeah. I. It's. Difficult to explain.

PHIL

Okay. Well the thing is, Kevin -
 (he says it almost
 confidentially, he's not
 here to make a scene)
 I'm arresting you. On suspicion of
 abduction and demanding money with
 menaces.

KEVIN

No. That's - why? You're - you're
 wrong. You've got the wrong end of
 the stick.

PHIL

You don't have to say anything, but
 it may harm your defence if you do
 not mention when questioned
 something you later rely on in
 court. Anything you do say may be
 used in evidence. Do you understand
 what I'm saying to you Kevin?

KEVIN

Yes but -

PHIL

Is this your mobile phone?

He slips the phone into an evidence bag. KEVIN can't believe
 the speed at which it's all happening. PHIL takes out
 handcuffs.

CUT TO:

14 OMITTED 14

15 INT. HOSPITAL, FAMILY ROOM. DAY 11. 09.31 15

DANIEL's shown into the little family room where CLARE sits
 alone. Like him, she's ashen with worry, and fidgety.

DANIEL

What do we know?

CLARE

No more than I told you on the
 phone. She's still in theatre. I
 don't know where she is. They
 showed me in here. They said it
 could be hours.

DANIEL

Why?

CLARE
They're having to remove her
spleen.

DANIEL
Why?

CLARE
She's - somebody beat her up.

DANIEL
Who?

CLARE
I don't know.

DANIEL
What does that mean? Your spleen.
What does that do?

CLARE
I don't - I've no - you know as
much as me.

DANIEL
What was she doing?

CLARE
Just what I've said. That's [all I
know] -

DANIEL
Is there someone to talk to?

CLARE
They keep popping in.

DANIEL
Are you all right?

CLARE
Yeah!
(welling up)
I'm just. I don't know what to do
with meself.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. MOORS. DAY A. 09.50

16

An atmosphere unnaturally beautiful and unnaturally light and clear and clean. Basically we're in CATHERINE's subconscious/heaven. 7 year-old BECKY (looking happy and full of beans) is trying to lure us (well, CATHERINE) across the moors. She's so happy, she has a compelling lively smile and in a distant sweet, happy voice that we can barely hear, she's going -

BECKY

Come on! You'll love it. It's
beautiful, it's perfect! Just let
go Mummy!

Everything feels bright and happy, it feels like a wedding.
And then suddenly BECKY's very real, and her voice is clear,
and she's still just as happy (as though CATHERINE really has
gone over to the other side, and needs no more persuasion) -

BECKY (CONT'D)

Mummy?

CUT TO:

17

INT. HOSPITAL, OPERATING THEATRE. DAY 11. 09.51

17

The ANAESTHETIST and the O.D.A. (the ANAESTHETIST'S
assistant) look on as the SURGEON and his ASSISTANT have
their hands inside CATHERINE's abdomen as they operate.
There's also a SCRUB NURSE present.

ANAESTHETIST

She's become very tachycardic,
what're you doing down there?
(no response from the
SURGEON who is busily
working on CATHERINE'S
abdomen)
She *is* becoming very unstable.

An alarm from the anaesthetic machine sounds.

SURGEON

Packs. Quickly.
(to the ANAESTHETIST)
Her abdomen's full of blood, she's
bleeding out, the spleen's gone.

The SCRUB NURSE hands the packs to the SURGEON and he pushes
them into the abdomen.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

(to his ASSISTANT)
Get the suction. I need straight
arterial clamps, a three O nylon
stitch and keep them coming. I need
more packs.

As the SURGEON pulls out some of the packs, blood can be seen
dribbling down either side of CATHERINE's abdomen.

CUT TO:

18

INT/EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM, KITCHEN/FRONTDOOR.
DAY 11. 10.00

18

ASHLEY's smoking. His hands are shaking. He's trying/pretending to read his Daily Express. JULIE's clattering about with the juicer (and juggling a fag). She's just stepped out of the shower, and is wrapped in a bathrobe and a turban (it's probably about 10am by now). Her clattering irritates ASHLEY.

ASHLEY

Are you not in t'salon today?

JULIE

Yeah. I'm down there now. This is a hologram.

(she can tell he's not
himself)

What's up?

ASHLEY

I might. I might pop out. For a bit.

She wants to ask "What's matter?" again, but then something catches her eye out of the window. A black Vauxhall Insignia, a patrol car and a police van coming (sedately, there's pot-holes) up the lane towards the farm house. JULIE keeps quiet. Her heart's suddenly racing and sinking.

JULIE

(a murmur; she's sickened)
You've been at it again. After everything that's been said.

ASHLEY looks up at her and realises she's seen something outside.

Cut to moments later. A sharp tap-tap-tap at the door. ASHLEY pulls the door open, ready to be the congenial innocent. There's an impressive young woman standing in front of him (behind her we see that the van has POLICE DOGS written on it).

WOMAN

Ashley Cowgill? I'm Detective
Constable Christine Whittaker. Can
I come in?

ASHLEY

(he hears his own voice in
the distance)
What's it to do with?

She insinuates herself past him.

CHRISTINE

Y'all right if I come in?

Several members of her syndicate follow her in. The UNIFORMS hang fire outside.

CUT TO:

19 INT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM, KITCHEN. DAY 11. 10.01 19

CHRISTINE insinuates her way through to the kitchen, where JULIE's gone pale.

CHRISTINE
Is this your wife?

ASHLEY
Yeah, yeah, she's -

JULIE
What's matter, what's going on?

CHRISTINE
Okay Ashley.
(she's measured, no-nonsense)
I'm arresting you on suspicion of abduction and demanding money with menaces.

JULIE
WHAT?

CHRISTINE
You don't have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something you later rely on in court.

JULIE
That's - you can't - that's -

CHRISTINE
Anything you do say may be given in evidence.
(kind, no-nonsense)
Are you with me Ashley, have you taken that in?

ASHLEY's kind of gone to pieces. He can't speak. Another D.C. smoothly cuffs ASHLEY.

ASHLEY
(weakly, to JULIE)
I haven't, I didn't, this isn't me.

Of all the stupid things he could've been up to, JULIE really doesn't believe this one about ASHLEY.

JULIE

Why would he do something like
that? We've got caravans! We've got
a games room that caters for people
in wheelchairs!

CUT TO:

20 OMITTED

20

21 INT. RYAN'S SCHOOL, MRS.BERESFORD'S OFFICE, DAY 11. 15.01 21

RYAN comes into MRS.BERESFORD's office. Unusually,
MRS.BERESFORD is looking compassionate (as opposed to
worried).

MRS.BERESFORD

Ryan.

(RYAN sees RICHARD)

Your grandad's here.

RICHARD's smiling.

RICHARD

Hiya Ryan.

MRS.BERESFORD

And your step-gran, Ros.

ROS is smiling too. Both so kind.

ROS

Hello!

MRS.BERESFORD

You're going to go home with them
today because your granny's had to
go into hospital, and Auntie
Clare's with her, so...

RYAN

Okay.

RYAN accepts it. Without question. He's still young enough to
do that. Somehow. Because MRS.BERESFORD and RICHARD and ROS
are kind.

RICHARD

D'you wanna have another go at
football in t'back garden? See if
you can teach me a few new moves?

RYAN

Why's she in hospital?

RICHARD isn't sure if it's appropriate to say "She got beaten up". ROS knows it isn't -

ROS
She's had a bit of an accident at work.

RYAN
Is she all right?

Again, RICHARD knows (and is terrified) that things are touch and go at the moment. So ROS gets in quickly with -

ROS
She's going to be absolutely fine, love!

She knows they can cross any other bridges when they have to.

CUT TO:

22

INT. HOSPITAL, FAMILY ROOM. NIGHT 11. 17.17

22

We see the clock: seventeen minutes past five. CLARE and DANIEL have been here all day. Silence. The NURSE pops her head in.

NURSE
She's out of theatre.
(CLARE nearly collapses with relief)
She's in the recovery room. We'll leave her in there for an hour or so, then you can wait for her on the ward. She'll be very groggy, she'll be very nauseous, she'll barely be aware you're there. But... you might want to be.

CLARE
Yeah, yeah, course.

DANIEL
Is she going to be...? You know.

NURSE
They've stopped the bleeding. They've stitched her up. It's a matter of time now. And you need to talk to the doctor. I'll pop back in a few minutes and take you up to the ward.

She smiles kindly and leaves them to it. CLARE looks and sees that DANIEL is even more overcome with emotion and relief than she is. She hugs him.

CUT TO:

22A INT. HOSPITAL, HIGH DEPENDENCY WARD. NIGHT 11. 17.30. 22A

CATHERINE has various tubes and wires attached, recording her vital signs. Her face is bruised (a fractured cheek bone) and her right hand is in a plaster cast (broken bones in her hand). She's asleep. CLARE and DANIEL are with her.

CUT TO:

23 INT. GALLAGHERS' HOUSE, SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 11. 17.45 23

The GALLAGHERS arrive home. ANN will have been in hospital, and then giving evidence. ANN sits down. NEVISON and HELEN are all over her. She's shaking. She's got withdrawal symptoms from the heroin TOMMY injected her with.

HELEN

Could you eat something?

ANN

No. I don't know. Should I?

HELEN

You need to take the Subutex.

ANN

Yeah. Yeah.

HELEN gets it out of her bag.

NEVISON

What were they asking you?

ANN

(a mumble, she addresses
her mother -)

I don't want to go through it all
again.

NEVISON

That's fine.

ANN

I want to go and see Clare's
sister.

NEVISON

She's going to let us know. When
you can visit.

(MORE)

NEVISON (CONT'D)

(ANN snuggles up to her
mother like a child, as
HELEN tries to read the
instructions that come
with the Subutex)

I'll - I'll put the kettle on.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. NIGHT 11. 19.00 24

Establisher.

CUT TO:

25 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM. 25
NIGHT 11. 19.01

KEVIN's with his SOLICITOR, and two DETECTIVE CONSTABLES.

KEVIN

The weekend before last. I went to
give Ashley my cheque. For the
rental. On the caravan. His boys -
these two -

(there are photos of TOMMY
and LEWIS on the table in
front of him)

were unloading sand. From the back
of a truck. One of the bags split
open. There. Right in front of me,
and there was a block of - what I
assumed - was cannabis. I was
frightened. They knew I'd seen it.
I pretended I hadn't. But... they
made threats. Ashley. Made threats.
Well no, first of all he pretended
he didn't know what it was, and I -
stupidly - said, "We should call
the police", and then. That's when
things got weird and strange and
ugly. He asked me - asked, ha - he
asked me inside the farm, and he
made threats. Against me and
against my family. If I even
thought about going to the police.
He could see how frightened I was,
and maybe that's when he got the
idea. You see, I'd talked about
Nevison. Just in passing, just that
I worked there. He knew I was an
accountant, so. Then the next
morning. He said he knew he could
trust me. What he meant was he
could see how easily intimidated I
was.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

He said they needed a man on the inside. Because they were planning this thing. This...

(he hesitates to say
'kidnap')

To get money out of Nevison. Extortion. I said they couldn't do that, I explained that Helen was ill, and...

(he dries up)

I was frightened. I thought if I did what they said, and got it over with, Ann would be all right, and then I could tell the police everything. I tried to! I went to a police station! On the morning I knew they were going to grab her, I walked into the police station in Sowerby Bridge, and I - I nearly told someone. A woman, a sergeant. But then I left. I was a coward, I couldn't. Then. After the first time, they gave me some of the money. I didn't want it! But they made me, they put it in my car, and they made me drive away, and I didn't know what to do with it! I couldn't just dump it somewhere, it was money! It was Nevison's money. And then - oh God -

(he becomes upset, he
whispers, he's so
terrified of what's
happened)

- they told me it was them that'd killed Kirsten McAskill.

KEVIN's story is convincing.

CUT TO:

26 INT. BRETT'S FLAT, SITTING ROOM. SOWERBY BRIDGE. 26
NIGHT 11. 21.03

We're watching telly. The 9 o'clock news on BBC1.

NEWREADER

The two wanted men have been named as Tommy Lee Royce and Lewis Whippey. Abduh Rehman reports from West Yorkshire.

ABDUH REHMAN is a polite, educated 30-something bloke in glasses, who stands outside LYNN DEWHURST's house, which has been cordoned off as a crime scene. As he speaks, we find TOMMY sitting on the floor with his back against the wall in the empty, squalid flat we found LEWIS in earlier.

The only thing of any value here is the telly. TOMMY's bruised, and his eyes are bloodshot, but he's over the worst. Also here are LEWIS, and BRETT. BRETT's well out of it. We see the paraphernalia; he's been injecting.

ABDUH REHMAN

Within an hour of the discovery of Ann Gallagher - who'd been abducted and held hostage for more than four days - it became apparent to detectives that the same men who had abducted the 24-year-old were also responsible for the murder of police constable Kirsten McAskill. Two arrests were made this morning, and two more men are wanted for questioning: twenty eight-year old Tommy Lee Royce -

(police photos of TOMMY
and LEWIS appear on
screen)

- and twenty-two-year-old Lewis Whippley, both with previous convictions for car theft and drugs offences. A man-hunt was launched this morning involving over two hundred officers from The Yorkshire Police. A spokesman warned that both men may be armed and dangerous, and should not be approached.

LEWIS

I'm not armed. I'm not dangerous!
Oy! You! Specky-four-eyes! Are yer listening?

TOMMY

(anxious to hear what's
been said on telly)

Shhh - !

MIKE TAYLOR - CATHERINE's Inspector - appears on screen, being filmed and photographed by the national media. The report cuts to him well into his appeal (otherwise he's repeating info we already know). His manner is calm and measured. He leaves pauses for his information to sink in.

MIKE TAYLOR

All forces across the country have been alerted, as well as all ports and airports. However, we have reason to believe that the two men have not left the locality. I would ask the community to be vigilant. And not to hesitate before reporting anything even slightly suspicious.

(MORE)

MIKE TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Anyone helping these two men* through some misguided sense of loyalty, should be in no doubt as to the seriousness of the crimes they've committed. The brutal murder of P.C. Kirsten McAskill, the attempted murder of Sergeant Catherine Cawood, who this evening remains in a critical condition in hospital, and the abduction of Ann Gallagher.

*We might want to glimpse BRETT, spaced out on the couch. Conscious, taking it in (-ish), but off his face on something.

LEWIS

They're gonna do door-to-door, house-to-house, then what?

TOMMY looks carefully at LEWIS. He's quiet, still suffering, still keen not to alienate LEWIS, he needs him on side.

TOMMY

I'll think of something.

And we believe him.

MIKE TAYLOR

To Tommy Lee Royce and Lewis Whippet I would like to say. There is no safe haven, you will not escape justice.

LEWIS is worried. TOMMY's more angry than anything else.

TOMMY

(a murmur)
Twat.

CUT TO:

27 OMITTED

27

28 INT. HOSPITAL, HIGH DEPENDENCY WARD/CORRIDOR. NIGHT 11.
22.54.

28

A corridor outside the ward. PHIL CRABTREE has arrived to interview CATHERINE he's pacing the corridor. We can see into the ward, where CATHERINE is still unconscious. CLARE and DANIEL with their heads in their hands, that restless combination of anxious and bored. PHIL's restless too: he needs to talk to CATHERINE just as soon as she is able to maintain any kind of conversation.

CUT TO:

29 INT. HOSPITAL, HIGH DEPENDENCY WARD. NIGHT 11. 23.55 29

CATHERINE's regaining consciousness/awareness. CLARE touches CATHERINE -

CLARE
Catherine? Catherine?

CATHERINE's sleepy: somewhere between this world and the unconscious.

CATHERINE
Oh hello.

CLARE
Daniel's here. There's a detective needs to talk to you. About what happened.

CATHERINE
No shit.

CLARE
We've been here all day.

CATHERINE
All day? Why, what time is it?

CLARE
Knocking on for midnight. You've been asleep, you've had an anaesthetic.

It's taking CATHERINE so many seconds more than normal to process things.

CATHERINE
Why?

CLARE
She said the doctor's going to come and explain everything to you.

CATHERINE
Explain everything to me? Why? Have I died?

CLARE
No! You just need to take things steady for a few days, that's all. Can you remember what happened?
(CATHERINE looks vague)
You got Ann Gallagher out alive. You saved her life.

CATHERINE
Is she all right?

CLARE

Yeah. Physically, she's - and oh my God do Helen and Nevison love you! I had a phone call, he said, "If ever there's anything we can do", I said, "Well if you fancied paying off the mortgage"!

CLARE tries for a smile, but it looks like CATHERINE doesn't quite get it. She's miles away, thinking how vivid it was when she saw BECKY, and lost in the anaesthetic.

CLARE (CONT'D)

They said you were losing blood. Internally. That's why they had to take you into the operating theatre, you were in there for five hours. More. They've all been very kind.

DANIEL appears on the other side of CATHERINE, all tender and soft.

DANIEL

Mum? How you feeling?

CATHERINE

Hello love.

DANIEL

How're you feeling?

CATHERINE

What do I look like?

CLARE

You're -
(delicately, fondly)
Bruised.

DANIEL

Mum, there's a detective from H-MIT outside, he wants to talk to you. About what happened.

CATHERINE nods. Suddenly she looks upset, thoughtful, vulnerable. The idea of having been in surgery for so long has upset her.

CLARE

Y'all right?

CATHERINE nods, can't speak for a moment, overwhelmed with such a confusion of emotions. She becomes aware that her right hand is in plaster. Flash back (either visual or sound) to TOMMY kicking her in the arse, going, "Do you like that?" It makes CATHERINE cringe inwardly; something she can never tell anyone, it's too humiliating.

CATHERINE

I got him though, eh? I got the
bastard.

CLARE and DANIEL both know she didn't, but they don't want to
inflict that on her just yet.

CUT TO:

30

INT. HOSPITAL, HIGH DEPENDENCY WARD/CORRIDOR. NIGHT 11. 30
02.00.

PHIL and his D.C. are with CATHERINE. DANIEL and CLARE have
been asked to wait in the corridor. Perhaps we see them
through an internal window. CATHERINE's still half asleep,
but she's gaining some kind of awareness.

PHIL

The big news. Is that we're this
close to proving that the people
who abducted Ann Gallagher were the
same people who murdered Kirsten
McAskill.

So that's big. Not entirely unexpected from CATHERINE's pov,
but the confirmation is shocking.

CATHERINE

God almighty.

PHIL

You were right about Milton Avenue.
We picked Ashley Cowgill up around
lunch time. Ann's told us she was
held in a caravan for two nights
after they removed her from Milton
Avenue. She *was in* Milton Avenue. I
fast-tracked the swabs you
authorised. We found DNA from Ann,
Tommy Lee Royce, and the blood...
is from a lad called Lewis Whippey.

CATHERINE

Lewis Whippey. I collared him for
nicking a motor when he was
fifteen.

PHIL

Ann Gallagher's identified them
both in the viper suite as the men
who abducted her. Back to Cowgill.
He's the registered owner of a
white van.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

The same make, model and year
that'd been at the scene where
Kirsten died. Course, he had an
excuse.

CUT TO:

31 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY 11. 31
14.20.

Earlier this afternoon. ASHLEY's with his LAWYER and
D.C. CHRISTINE WHITTAKER.

ASHLEY

It was stolen. The van. Last week.

CHRISTINE

Did you report it to the police?

ASHLEY

No. What'd have been t'point? You'd
not do owt about it.

CHRISTINE

Well for the insurance, at least.

ASHLEY

Wasn't worth owt, wasn't worth the
hassle. It was a shit heap.

CUT TO:

32 INT. HOSPITAL, HIGH DEPENDENCY WARD. NIGHT 11 02.01. 32

CATHERINE, PHIL and the D.C.

PHIL

He's denying everything of course.
Doesn't know Tommy or Lewis from
adam. But we've got telecoms
analysing his phone, it's only a
matter of time. And we took the
dogs in. They sniffed out twenty
kilos of cannabis stashed in one of
his caravans. He didn't know
anything about that either.

CATHERINE

Wow.

PHIL

Yup. There is some less good news,
however. I'm afraid.

(he hesitates. He knows
it's going to hit her.)

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

He has no idea just how
much though)
Tommy Lee Royce is still on his
toes. So is Lewis Whippey.

CATHERINE has a very bad reaction to this. Obviously.

CATHERINE

B[ut]...? What d'you mean, [he's
still]...? I *sprayed* him, I *blinded*
him! He was *in the cellar*, he was
helpless!

PHIL

Polsa's pulled that house apart.
Believe me. They've been in there
all day. He must've managed to slip
out before the first emergency
vehicles'd pulled up.

(CATHERINE's devastated,
disbelieving)

We will get him, Catherine, he
can't have got far.

Cut to a few moments later. We're still looking at CATHERINE,
still devastated, still disbelieving. The more she thinks
about it the worse it gets. PHIL and his D.C. are out in the
corridor leaving, just shaking hands with and saying goodbye
to CLARE and DANIEL.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. HALIFAX ROYAL INFIRMARY. DAY 12. 08.30 33

A shiny new day over Halifax.

CUT TO:

34 INT. HOSPITAL, HIGH DEPENDENCY WARD. DAY 12. 08.31 34

ANN's alone with CATHERINE. CATHERINE's properly awake now,
but still clearly very weak. Clearly the big thank yous have
been said. ANN grips onto CATHERINE's hand (her good one):
she's so grateful to her.

ANN

I won't become addicted, I refuse.

CATHERINE

Good.

ANN

I wanted. To ask you. To do something for me.

CATHERINE

What?

ANN

I don't want my mother to know. She's - I want her to die not knowing.

CATHERINE

Not knowing...?

(this is difficult for ANN to say. But of course CATHERINE realises, she found the knickers)

He raped you.

ANN nods. She fights the tears that well up.

ANN

I don't want her to know. Ever. Ever. Ever. And I can't tell my dad that. I wanted to, last night, but I couldn't. I tried, but I don't want him picturing - I don't want to see him picturing -

(she dries up)

But he'll need to know. Eventually. When it goes to court and it will go to court, I *will see those people in court*. My mother...

(she hates saying it)

I think they think it's unlikely she'll live that long. They said it could be eight months before it gets to court, and if she never needs to know, that's - that's how I'd like it. But my dad... he will need to know. Before. And -

CATHERINE realises -

CATHERINE

You want me to tell him?

(ANN nods)

Okay.

ANN

Really?

CATHERINE

Yeah.

(ANN becomes tearful.

Tears of gratitude)

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

When I get out of here. Can you wait that long?

ANN nods.

ANN

They took swabs, the police doctor did. Before they let me see mum and dad, they got everything they needed. They will get him.

CATHERINE's biggest fear is that this man will never pay for the things he's done.

CATHERINE

Yeah. I hope so.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. HEBDEN BRIDGE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 13 09.00 35

The scuzzy flats, the hills, time passing.

CUT TO:

36 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 13. 09.05 36

Three weeks later. 9:05am. CATHERINE's sitting in the kitchen. Sipping tea. She's smoking. We have a good look at her: she's depressed. Properly, seriously depressed. The bruising may have gone, but her hand's still in plaster, and she avoids sudden movement; her broken ribs aren't healed. But the biggest thing is the depression, the overwhelming apathy and indifference. CLARE's taken RYAN to school and the house is silent. We share the silence with her for a few moments, and then there's a knock at the front door. The knock is unwelcome. She reluctantly considers going to answer it, but the urge doesn't last long. There's a second knock, but by now she's made a definite choice not to answer it.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE. DAY 13. 09.06 37

CLARE's just stepping out of the car, right outside the house. She finds Inspector MIKE TAYLOR at the door, wearing half uniform and his over coat (like he's on his way to work).

CLARE

Hi Mike!

MIKE TAYLOR

Clare. How're you?

CLARE

Not so bad.

MIKE TAYLOR

Is Catherine not up?

CLARE's not unaware that CATHERINE's in the habit of avoiding people since the attack.

CLARE

Yeah! She should be. I took her up a cup of tea before I left, and she's under strict instructions not to wallow in bed all day.

CUT TO:

38

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 13. 09.07

38

CATHERINE hears CLARE and MIKE come in. It irritates her. Why can't people just *stay away*? CLARE comes into the kitchen. And sees CATHERINE. MIKE's right behind CLARE.

CLARE

Oh you're up!

CATHERINE looks sullen. CLARE knows she doesn't like seeing people.

MIKE TAYLOR

Catherine! I was knocking on the door.

(CATHERINE doesn't respond. MIKE keeps it light -)

You've not started smoking again?

CLARE

No, it's me. She just has the odd one.

MIKE TAYLOR

How're you feeling?

CATHERINE doesn't respond, hoping CLARE will answer for her. CLARE doesn't.

CATHERINE

I'm all right.

She clearly isn't. She's clearly in a very dark/apathetic/nihilistic place.

MIKE TAYLOR

I was just popping in to say...
(delicately)
(MORE)

MIKE TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You've probably seen what's on the front of a couple of the tabloids?

Reluctantly MIKE shows them the cover of the *Express: Police Killer Seen In Spain*. CATHERINE looks at it. And looks. It affects CLARE too: a police photo of TOMMY, and a grainy image of someone who bears a resemblance to TOMMY. CLARE becomes angry, but it's unclear what CATHERINE's thinking because she remains expressionless.

MIKE TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I've spoken to the District Commander, and he wanted me to assure you there's no intelligence whatsoever to suggest that he's got out of the [country] -

CLARE

Yeah. But if the twisted bastard'd done it successfully, there wouldn't be. Would there?

MIKE TAYLOR

(trying to keep it objective)

You think the press'd know that and we wouldn't?

CLARE

Well. It wouldn't be the first time.

MIKE TAYLOR

We will get him.

CLARE

Yeah, d'you know how many...
(she tries to resist using an emotive word, but -)
tossers in uniform've said that to her over the last three weeks?

MIKE takes it on the chin.

MIKE TAYLOR

Did you make an appointment with the psychologist?

An indifferent snort of derision from CATHERINE.

CLARE

She told her to put all her troubles in little envelopes. And to put all the little envelopes in a little box. And to put it in the attic until she felt strong enough to open it up again.

(pause for laughter.

(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)

Not that anyone's
laughing. CLARE adds
warily -)
She meant well.

MIKE absorbs that, then gives himself a moment before he embarks upon the other news.

MIKE TAYLOR

Kevin Weatherill's having a bad time on remand. His cell mate took a shine to him. You know what it's like inside wi' some of these Neanderthals. Every hole's a goal. He's been hospitalised with his injuries, apparently.

CLARE

Jesus.

MIKE was telling CATHERINE. He'd overlooked the fact that CLARE's a civilian and not as inured to the reality of the filth and horror that goes on in these places the same as a police officer would be.

MIKE TAYLOR

Sorry. But the other thing. Is that Ashley Cowgill's up for Judge and Chambers bail this week and the rumour is he's going to get it.

That jolts CATHERINE into a reaction. An irritable one.

CATHERINE

How come? Has he done a deal?

MIKE TAYLOR

That's... yeah. More than likely what's happened.

CLARE

What's that mean?

MIKE TAYLOR

It means he has information that could be useful. To the NCA, I'd imagine.

CATHERINE

In return for a reduced sentence. Probably. And bail.

CLARE

Does that really happen?

MIKE TAYLOR

Well. We're speculating. But yes. It really happens.

(MORE)

MIKE TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(a moment)

There is some good news. You wouldn't normally be told this in advance, normally the first you'd hear is when you got a royal warrant. From the Palace. But the District Commander's asked me to let you know, he thought it might give you a boost.

(and he really hopes it does)

He's put your name forward for the Queen's Police Medal for bravery.

(disappointingly for MIKE, CATHERINE has very little response to it)

That's big, Catherine. There's only two other serving officers in the whole of West Yorkshire who've got it. You'll have to go and shake hands and curtsey.

CATHERINE lights another fag. The indifference is stunning.

CATHERINE

Right.

MIKE TAYLOR

I think he's holed up, Tommy Lee Royce. Right under our noses. I think - when we find him - he'll have been holed up in the same spot all along. It is only a matter of time.

(he lingers a bit longer, hoping for something from CATHERINE)

I'll see myself out. Tata.

He goes. CLARE waits for the outer door to close behind him, then she sits down with CATHERINE and really tries to make her engage.

CLARE

Will you pick Ryan up at tea time?

He asked again this morning.

"When's Granny going to start picking me up again?" He just wants everything to get back to normal.

CATHERINE nods thoughtfully (the truth is she's reluctant to pick RYAN up for reasons that will become apparent later) but the thing she's more interested in (the only thing she's interested in) right now -

CATHERINE

Can you drive me up to Heptonstall?

CLARE
(gentle)
Not again.

CATHERINE
Fine. I'll walk.

CLARE
I'll drive you.

CATHERINE
I'll walk.

CLARE
You can't walk. You can't walk that
far.

CUT TO:

39

EXT. HEPTONSTALL GRAVE YARD. DAY 13. 09.30

39

CATHERINE's at BECKY's grave. Just crouching there, staring at the inscription. *In God Is My Hope*. CLARE's watching CATHERINE from a distance, huddled in the doorway of the church, out of the way of the wind and the overcast steely-grey sky. We get the idea that CATHERINE can stare at BECKY's grave for lengthy periods of time. CLARE has tears in her eyes watching her sister. CLARE stubs her fag out, finds somewhere sensible to put the butt (after considering chucking it behind a head stone) and saunters over to CATHERINE.

CLARE
It's your birthday next week.
(no response)
D'you fancy doing something?

CATHERINE
No, not really.

CLARE
We could have a little do. Just
family. A few friends. Or we could
go out. For a meal. Just a few of
us, somewhere nice.
(no response)
Hm?

Moments pass. And then CATHERINE shakes her head.

CATHERINE
(a mumble)
I can't believe I wasn't at
Kirsten's funeral.

CLARE

Catherine. You were poorly. You couldn't stand up.

CATHERINE

She'd be wondering why I wasn't there.

CLARE

Who would?

CATHERINE

Kirsten.

CLARE lets that bit of madness pass into the ether.

CUT TO:

40

EXT. DEWSBURY PRISON. DAY 13. 11.00

40

Establishing shot. Grim prison noises. Grim prison laughter.

CUT TO:

41

INT. DEWSBURY PRISON, VISITING AREA. DAY 13. 11.01

41

KEVIN and JENNY sit together. KEVIN looks haunted. And in pain. JENNY looks frightened, tired, bewildered.

JENNY

I don't think I'd be able to do it again. On the bus. I think in future if I can't get a lift, I'll just have to stay at home.

It takes KEVIN a moment to answer; it's like he's not quite taking it in, he's so distracted by his inner turmoil.

KEVIN

Okay.

Silence.

JENNY

We've had more nonsense. Through the letterbox. A dead bird. Crawling with maggots. As well as the other filth. I haven't been back. My dad went round. To pick up a few more bits and pieces. I think I'm going to stay there now. At their house. With the girls. I think that's best.

KEVIN

Could your dad not...? Drive you
over here?

JENNY

He won't. Kevin. He doesn't want me
to come.

KEVIN stares at her. He looks a bit mad.

KEVIN

That's... but you've got to make it
clear to him that it wasn't my
fault. Any of it.

JENNY doesn't get it. Is he saying that in case any screws
are listening? They don't appear to be, they're yards away.

JENNY

(gently)
What d'you mean?

KEVIN

Think about it.
(he talks fast, engaging
with the idea more the
more he talks)
If I hadn't seen that block of
cannabis - whatever - drop out of
that sandbag, none of it would've
[happened] - it would never've
occurred to me. Would it? And if -
if Nevison - had done the decent
thing in the first place. When I
asked him for a rise... none of it -
again, *none of it* - would've
happened. I made a mistake, maybe,
I flipped, God knows, but...
(a moment)
and then *you*.

JENNY

Me?

KEVIN

Oh, come on! You encouraged me.

JENNY

I - ?

KEVIN

Not to start with. But you did. You
did!

(recalling JENNY's
words...)

"Let's split it up. Into smaller
amounts. Just a few hundred pounds
each, in different bank accounts".

JENNY

I was just trying to make some sense of the -

(whisper)

mess you'd made! Don't you blame me, don't you dare blame me!

KEVIN

You have to explain to people that it wasn't entirely - these things don't happen in isolation. That's the point. Surely. Isn't it? Surely. Any of us [could] - any one of us - could find ourselves in a situation not entirely of our own [doing], and - I shouldn't have to explain this! You know what I'm saying!

He's mad, desperate for sympathy from someone he's half blaming. JENNY feels just as disturbed by him as she does angry with him.

CUT TO:

42

INT. BRETT'S FLAT, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 13. 13.15

42

We're watching the lunch time news on BBC1. A NEWSREADER in the studio is interviewing a detective who's name is on the screen below him: DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDENT GRAHAM REID, YORKSHIRE POLICE HOMICIDE & MAJOR INCIDENT TEAM.

NEWSREADER

It's been almost four weeks, Superintendent, and these two men are still out there. A number of newspapers ran a front page story this morning suggesting Tommy Lee Royce had been seen in Spain. What can you say to assure the people of West Yorkshire - and beyond - that these violent criminals will be brought to justice?

We discover LEWIS flopped on the floor in front of the tv. He's not shaved. He looks pale and wasted and grubby. He's sipping special brew and smoking a fag. He's huddled in a sleeping bag, struggling to keep warm. TOMMY'S watching the news too, standing in the doorway, sipping milk from a carton. He looks like he's been keeping himself fit and disciplined, but he's wrapped up warm too because they've got no heating. He's grown a beard, and razored his hair short (*N.B. the telly won't be on loud, and they will never raise their voices in this place, they know the walls are thin, and they don't want the neighbours to know they're here*).

GRAHAM REID

Well first I'd like to assure people that we remain confident that they will be caught, and that it is simply a matter of time. What you do have to appreciate with an inquiry of this nature is just how much work goes on behind the scenes. In the last three to four weeks we've gathered over two thousand exhibits, we've taken statements from over two hundred and fifty people, we've visited and searched over five hundred houses and outbuildings -

NEWSREADER

And yet they're still out there.

GRAHAM REID

(interrupts)

- and the search goes on, and it'll *continue* to go on. Our intelligence suggests overwhelmingly that both men are still in the Calder Valley area. It's a big place, the upper valley alone is over a hundred square miles, and it may take some time, but the determination of *every officer* out there - knocking on doors, following up leads, searching, interviewing, will not diminish. No stone - almost literally no stone - will be left unturned. The heart break and sorrow following Kirsten McAskill's brutal murder - you saw the images from her funeral two weeks ago - and similarly Catherine Cawood, who is now thankfully on the mend - the respect and affection for these two officers amongst their colleagues is breath-taking, it's humbling actually, and believe you me, however long it takes, *however long*, no-one here will rest until these two men are where they belong.

It's TOMMY and LEWIS we should be looking at most during the above. The madness, the stir-craziness, the quiet desperation they're both experiencing in their two different ways: TOMMY handling it, LEWIS less so. The outer door opens and shuts and BRETT appears with shopping bags. BRETT's in one of his more sober moments, though he has the manner of someone who's brain's permanently damaged. Right now he's buzzing, he's nervous, but he seems excited about it too, he hates the police -

BRETT

They're doing *this* block. Right now, knocking on doors.

LEWIS

(panic)
Shit. *Shit*.

TOMMY's determined to keep calm -

TOMMY

We knew this would happen. Just calm right down!

He grabs a couple of LEWIS's empty tins and squashes them in the already over flowing bin. He grabs the sleeping bags: they've got to disappear.

BRETT

They're on the first coupla floors, the cocky bastards, and there's a fair good few of 'em.

They're all whispering, remember -

LEWIS

I need a piss.

TOMMY

So go then! It'll take 'em a while to get up here.

(LEWIS dives off into the bathroom, TOMMY turns to

BRETT)

Won't it?

BRETT

Probably. I dunno.

TOMMY

Why've you got so much shopping?

BRETT

Well 'cos - didn't you ask me [to] -
?

TOMMY

No. I mean. When the idiots are in here asking stupid little questions. Why've you got so much shopping?

BRETT

Oh!

(we see that he's bought endless four-packs of Special Brew)

It's for me mum.

(MORE)

BRETT (CONT'D)

She can't get out and about. So much. These days, what with her legs...

He sounds very plausible.

TOMMY

Good lad.

BRETT

Yeah.

TOMMY LEE ROYCE hands BRETT a screw driver.

TOMMY

You know what to do.

CUT TO:

43

EXT. SCHOOL. DAY 13. 15.15

43

CATHERINE waits outside the school. She keeps a low profile, she keeps herself to herself, and - consciously or unconsciously - gives out vibes to people not to come over and talk to her, but one MUM does so without thinking; we see her touch CATHERINE on the arm, and with a concerned, good-natured smile asks, "How are you?" CATHERINE does her best to smile back and look normal -

CATHERINE

I'm fine, I'm fine.

The MUM tells her it's nice to see her back, CATHERINE thanks her, and then the woman moves on, respecting CATHERINE's privacy. The kids start to pile out of the building. No RYAN. Eventually - when most people have gone - MRS.MUKHERJEE appears, and looks around. She sees CATHERINE, and indicates/mouths "Have you got a few minutes?" MRS.MUKHERJEE's trying to smile, but it's clear that she's concerned about something. CATHERINE's heart sinks.

CUT TO:

44

OMITTED

44

45

INT. BRETT'S FLAT, HALLWAY. DAY 13. 15.20

45

BRETT's sitting, waiting. Consciously waiting. Smoking a fag. He's edgy, nervous. And most importantly, he's alone. Just then a tap-tap-tap at the door. Now it's come to it, he's frightened, for all his bravado, for all his police-hate. He gives himself a second, then goes and opens the door. Two UNIFORMS.

UNIFORM 1

Afternoon. Is it all right if we step inside for a few minutes? We're doing house-to-house in the area, and I'd just like to ask you one or two questions.

BRETT

Yeah yeah yeah, course you can. Come in.

Both UNIFORMS step inside.

UNIFORM 1

And is it all right if my colleague has a little look round while we're just having a chat?

BRETT is plausible and obliging -

BRETT

Yep. Yup. No problem.

CUT TO:

46

INT. BRETT'S FLAT, BATHROOM. DAY 13. 15.21

46

UNIFORM 2 comes into the bathroom and looks around. It's a dump, it's a complete mess. There's nothing here of any comfort. The floor's covered in junk, clothes are kicked up against the side of the bath tub, the shower curtain's hanging off, there's no toilet seat etc etc. Off in the other room, we hear BRETT and UNIFORM 1:

UNIFORM 1

(oov)

How many people live in the property besides yourself?

BRETT

(oov)

None.

UNIFORM 1

(oov)

How long have you lived here?

BRETT

(oov)

Probably... like... eighteen munfs?

UNIFORM 1

(oov)

And the tenancy's registered in your name.

BRETT

(oov)

Yep.

UNIFORM 1

(oov)

Do you know your neighbours? On either side.

UNIFORM 2 takes it all in, but essentially a). there's nothing here he hasn't seen before in terms of its squalor, and b). there's nothing actually suspicious here. He leaves the room. We linger - at floor level - on the bath panel for a few moments longer than necessary. A bath panel that's screwed on (hence the screw driver).

BRETT

(oov)

Yeah.

UNIFORM 1

(oov)

Who lives on this side?

Continuous -

CUT TO:

47

INT. BRETT'S FLAT, SITTING ROOM. DAY 13. CONTINUOUS.
15.22

47

UNIFORM 2 comes into the sitting room, and we come in with him. BRETT's sitting on the settee. UNIFORM 1's standing up to ask his questions; this isn't the kind of flat a copper likes to sit down in because it's basically disgusting.

BRETT

Oh, they're weird. Mucky as well, and it stinks. I mean I know I could do with a bit of a tidy up, but at least I can flush my toilet. Have you not been in there then?

UNIFORM 1

They're not answering their door at the minute.

BRETT

What's point of an 'ouse to 'ouse if half of 'em don't answer their doors?

UNIFORM 1

Oh, we just have to keep coming back 'til they do.

And just as we lingered on the bath panel at floor level, our focus is now guided to the base of the settee that BRETT's sitting on. *(The conversation's incidental, really, it's the images of the hiding places we're focussed on).*

BRETT

You'd fink they didn't want to help yer, wouldn't yer?

UNIFORM 1

No, they're just not all in when we call, but like I say, we'll be back. So who lives there, next door. How many of 'em?

CUT TO:

48

EXT. STREET, HEBDEN BRIDGE. DAY 13. 15.30

48

CATHERINE and RYAN walk home. CATHERINE walks ahead of him, and slightly too fast (even though it's painful for her to do so). He's having to jog to keep up. She's angry.

RYAN

It wouldn't of happened if she hadn't called me a loser.

(CATHERINE doesn't appear to be listening)

Granny?

(still not listening)

She goes -

(silly girly voice)

"You're a loser, Ryan", and I told Mrs. Mukherjee, and she never takes any notice, so -

CATHERINE

So?

(CATHERINE turns around suddenly and gets right in his face)

So you're admitting now that it was you that ripped up this kid's painting?

He considers the question.

RYAN

It wasn't reight good.

CATHERINE

Did you. Rip up the painting.

RYAN

I might of.

So CATHERINE takes that as a yes. Her manner is frightening; it's measured, but she's seething with anger -

CATHERINE

I might *have*. Not of. You couldn't of done anything, of isn't a verb. And don't blame. Other people. For decisions that you *make*. You made the decision to rip up the painting, whatever the hell else'd happened, whatever *she* called you, you *made* that decision. When. *When*. When can I ever pick you up from that bloody place without the *constant threat* of being hauled in and made to feel *this big*. And like a *rubbish parent*? Because I am not a rubbish parent! You are lucky to have me! And you better start showing me some respect. By behaving properly. Or -
(she stops herself saying something even nastier)
- or there'll be consequences. And you won't like them.

She lets that sink in then walks off. We look at RYAN; he's angry.

RYAN

What consequences?
(no reply)
What consequences?
(CATHERINE just keeps walking)
Granny!!

CUT TO:

49 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 13. 15.31

49

CATHERINE comes steaming in with bad energy and puts the kettle on.

CLARE

Where is he?

CATHERINE

I've no idea.

CLARE

What's up?

CATHERINE

Oh, the usual. Behaving like an idiot and then lying.

RYAN follows CATHERINE in, breathless and angry.

RYAN

I *hate* you.

CATHERINE

Yes, I know, I'm under no illusions, you keep telling me.

RYAN

You're a -

(he lobs his lunch bag at her)

Bitch. You're an *old bitch!* You're an *ugly old bitch!*

CATHERINE

(calmly to CLARE)

You better do something with him, 'cos I'll just kill him.

CLARE

I think you both need to calm down.

RYAN

I don't even wanna live here!

CLARE

What's happened?

CATHERINE

Good. Move out. See if anyone else is daft enough to have you. Please, feel free. 'Cos you've ruined me and your Auntie Clare's life long enough.

CLARE can't believe what CATHERINE's saying.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm ringing Childline.

CATHERINE

Yeah, they'll be interested.

RYAN

I'm reporting you!

CATHERINE

D'you want the number?

RYAN heads out of the room, and upstairs. With purpose. He's angry and he's tearful.

RYAN

(oov as he goes up the stairs)

COW! BITCH! WANKER!

CATHERINE
Wanker. That's new.

CLARE's not happy with CATHERINE.

CLARE
Perhaps it was a bit soon for you
to go picking him up.

CATHERINE keeps busy making tea.

CATHERINE
Looks like it.

CLARE
You can't - you can't talk to him
like that.

CATHERINE
I've had enough. I had enough *years*
ago. I mean it's *not normal*. Is it?

CLARE
I don't know! I don't know what's
happened!

CATHERINE
What have I done wrong? Eh? I've
done everything, we both have, and
look at him.

CLARE
Shhh!

CATHERINE
Why did I do it?

CLARE
Shut up, Catherine.

CATHERINE
Why? Eh? Why? Richard. My marriage.
Everything. And for what? A
(big whisper)
fff psychopath.

CLARE gives CATHERINE a shove. One that means business.

CLARE
Stop it!

CATHERINE looks like she's thinking about smacking CLARE one back. And CATHERINE's trained not to respond when people are trying to wind her up, but we see the flicker where it could happen. But then the banging and clattering starts from upstairs.

CATHERINE

Right, well there you go. He's trashing his bedroom, he's wrecking *our house*.

(a murmur)

My house.

CLARE hesitates, then heads off upstairs. We linger on CATHERINE, who manically carries on making tea, like you do when you're desperately trying to look calm and in control and basically you've lost it. Eventually, from upstairs -

CLARE

(oov)

What *y'doing?*

RYAN

(oov)

I'm trashing me bedroom!

CLARE

(oov)

You're not trashing your bedroom!

RYAN

(oov)

I hate her!

CLARE

(oov)

No you don't.

CATHERINE suddenly loses it: she lobs something across the kitchen. Something frightening, like the kettle.

CUT TO:

50

INT. BRETT'S FLAT, SITTING ROOM. DAY 13 15.45

50

LEWIS is flustered, angry, suffocated; he thought he was going to die under there. BRETT's helping him out from under the settee. Still, whispering, despite the tension -

LEWIS

I thought they'd bloody moved in! I thought they'd *never leave!*

(suddenly)

And why did you *sit on me?*

BRETT's pleased: they've gone!

BRETT

I fort it'd look convincing!

LEWIS

You knob! I couldn't *breathe!*
You've dislocated me shoulder! And
I'm *friggin freezin!*

BRETT

I gotta get Tommy out.

LEWIS

Leave him!

BRETT

Eh?

LEWIS

Leave him a bit longer.

BRETT

Don't be stupid.

LEWIS

No, Brett. Listen to me. *Listen!*

LEWIS talks really quietly, little above a mime; he does not want TOMMY to hear this. He's desperate.

Perhaps we glimpse TOMMY, wedged under the bath and sealed in. He can hear them whispering.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I did not kill that police woman, I
did not rape Ann Gallagher, I did
not beat up that other one! I am
not going down for those things,
let's go and get the police now,
let's tell 'em [what's really
happened] -

BRETT

You mean grass him up?

LEWIS

It's not about grassing him up!
It's about you and me being in deep
shit because we're *hiding him!* And
we don't *need to be!* HE'S a nutter.

BRETT

Not happening.

LEWIS

You're not even *his friend*, you're
my friend!

BRETT

Not happening.

BRETT gives it a moment, then heads through to the bathroom. We go with him.

LEWIS

Why? *Why?*

CUT TO:

51 INT. BRETT'S FLAT, BATHROOM. DAY 13. CONTINUOUS. 15.46 51

BRETT pulls the jumble of clothes and accumulated trash away from the bath panel, then starts unscrewing it.

BRETT

(taps on the panel)
They've gone. Big fella.

We go back for a glimpse of LEWIS looking longingly at the outer door: he could just run out and shout for the police. It could be so simple. But he can't. He just can't. Truly stuck between a rock and a hard place.

CUT TO:

52 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, RYAN'S BEDROOM. DAY 13. 16.46 52

An hour or so later. CLARE's calmed RYAN down. The bedroom's still trashed. He's lying on his bed, post-tearful, but still a bit moist. CLARE strokes his hair.

CLARE

She does love you. She loves you more than you could ever begin to imagine. But what you've got to try and get your head round - and you're only eight, and it's difficult, and that's fine, but what you've got to understand - is that Granny's... she's still poorly, and she's going to get better, she's going to be absolutely fine. But. Sometimes. You can be poorly in your head as well as in your body, and -

RYAN

You mean like... mental?

CLARE

(a smile)
No. Ryan. She's not mental, she's...
(there's only one way of saying it)
She's depressed.
(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)

And that sometimes means someone isn't quite themselves, and I think we just have to be kind to her, like she's kind to you. Normally. When you get angry and upset. And that's what's going to help her get better.

RYAN's quiet. He seems to accept it. But then he moves on -

RYAN

Am I adopted?

So that's a bit of a digression.

CLARE

Well, not... No. I mean... she's your real Granny, and I'm your real Auntie. What d'you mean?

RYAN

Who was that man? Who said he was my dad?

CLARE doesn't answer quickly enough. So when she does come up with a response, it doesn't ring true. Especially to the acute ear of an 8-year-old.

CLARE

No-one. No-one. He's not your dad, your dad's dead.

(she doesn't like lying, even when it's for good reasons. A moment. She kisses him. He's calm)

What about tidying up this room?
Hm?

He nods gingerly. But we suspect the question isn't going to go away.

CUT TO:

53

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM. DAY 13. 16.47

53

CATHERINE's crashed on the settee. She's calmed down as well. CLARE comes to look at her. CLARE's calm, kind.

CLARE

D'you want some tea?

CATHERINE

I've broken the kettle.

CATHERINE's not unaware of how pathetic and childish and ridiculous that sounds.

CLARE

Well.

(she sits down next to her, perhaps she strokes CATHERINE's hair fondly too, like she's just stroked RYAN's)

I can heat some water up in a pan. Then you can go out and buy a new one tomorrow, it'll give you something to do.

CATHERINE

Is he all right?

CLARE

Are you?

CATHERINE wishes she could say yes. But she can't: she shakes her head and stares at the skirting board.

CUT TO:

54

EXT. COURT, LEEDS. DAY 14. 09.30

54

A new day. JULIE MULLIGAN's sitting in her Range Rover Evoque outside the prison. ASHLEY emerges (suit, tie, smart over coat, he's carrying a clear plastic bag). He heads over to JULIE's car. He doesn't look himself. He's not cocky, he's more chastened than that, and he's pale, although he's relieved to be out (even if it is only a short reprieve). He heads over to the Evoque, and grabs at the passenger door handle to pull the door open, but it's locked. The window goes down half way. JULIE's in the driver's seat.

ASHLEY

Open it.

JULIE

Is the incorrect response.

ASHLEY

I'm not in the mood, Julie.

JULIE

Join the club, pal.

ASHLEY

All right, thank you for coming to pick me up. I'm sorry I've... I'm sorry. I am sorry. I'm sorry for everything.

(he is sorry. Genuinely. He's mainly sorry he's been caught out, but he is sorry.)

(MORE)

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
JULIE's still going to
let him dangle there a
few moments longer)
How're the boys?

JULIE presses the button to release the central locking.
ASHLEY gets in. JULIE doesn't turn the engine over.

JULIE
You smell like a lag.

ASHLEY
Let's go home.

JULIE
Have you done a deal?

He doesn't want to go into it now.

ASHLEY
Can we just go home?

JULIE takes that as a yes. She knows there'll be implications, but perhaps she doesn't want to face them just yet. She shakes her head slowly, sadly. Trust her to have married a useless twat.

JULIE
Me dad got me a couple of
Alsations. I've got 'em chained up
in t'yard. They're as soft as shit,
pair on 'em, but they bark loud
enough whenever t'police turn up.
Which makes me laugh.

ASHLEY
Let's go home.

JULIE
I want to know. If you've sold us
down the river.

ASHLEY
I'll explain it all to you when we
get home.

ASHLEY's manner worries JULIE. She turns the engine over. She pulls out and heads off. Behind them - calmly, and at a discreet distance - another car pulls out and follows them.

CUT TO:

Lunch time. A nice pub. CATHERINE's met RICHARD for lunch. We meet them during a lapse in the conversation. They've got drinks, the food hasn't arrived yet.

RICHARD

It's nice to see you.

CATHERINE's quiet. And she looks a bit dishevelled, like she's not overly bothered about what she looks like.

CATHERINE

Thank you for helping Clare. With Ryan. When I was in hospital.

RICHARD nods thoughtfully. He even looks close to smiling.

RICHARD

He's all right.

CATHERINE takes a moment to consider whether to bother saying the next thing or not.

CATHERINE

I can't stand him.

RICHARD

Sorry?

CATHERINE

I can't stand him.

RICHARD

(carefully)
What y'talking about?

CATHERINE

Ryan. I can't stand looking at him.

RICHARD

What're - why're you saying that?

CATHERINE

I understand. I get it. I get what it was. I get why you couldn't live in the same house. I get it. I get it. Believe me, I get it.

RICHARD

You can't -
(a whisper, this is
dreadful)
You can't say that.

CATHERINE

Can't I? Why?

RICHARD

Because you made the choice.

CATHERINE

Why didn't I listen to you?

RICHARD

You can't say that Catherine.

CATHERINE

D'you want him?

RICHARD

No.

(silence)

I mean I *would*, but you can't just -
you don't mean this.

CATHERINE

The *times*. I've had to sit. And
listen. To the stupid, mindless,
idiotic things he's done at that
school. Daniel was never like that!
Becky was never like that! Where
does he get it from? Hm?

(RICHARD doesn't respond)

It's not rocket science.

RICHARD

Yeah, and it's still not his fault.
Either. Is it. Like you told me.

(a moment)

I thought you said he's dyslexic.

CATHERINE

He's daft.

RICHARD

Catherine. If he's dyslexic he will
get angry and frustrated. It
doesn't mean he's -

(he hesitates, then
whispers -)

Like his dad.

CATHERINE

But -

RICHARD

What? But what?

She still hates saying it, even when she's angry with him and
it should (in theory) be easier.

CATHERINE

He's bound to be. At some level.
He's just bound to be. Isn't he?

RICHARD

Tommy Lee Royce - I don't even
think he is a psychopath, not a
real one. I think.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

He's this little twisted thing who grew up - unloved, more than unloved, despised probably, treated like... dirt on a daily basis - in squalor and chaos. Ryan is loved. Cared for. He has not grown up in either squalor or chaos. Thanks to you. There's a massive *massive* difference, and yeah - part of him will always inevitably be Tommy Lee bloody Royce - but part of him will always be Becky. And a bigger part of him will be you. And Clare. Because you're the people who've had most influence on him! And I understand it's tough from time to time. But... kids are a nightmare, all kids, any kid, they all have their moments. You know this! Blimey! Becky, she used to drive us up the flaming [walls] - !

CATHERINE

Don't.

(seriously, she means it;
don't say anything bad
about BECKY. Silence.
Eventually -)

It's kind of interesting. To hear you defending him.

RICHARD

(reluctantly)

Daniel rang me. Last night. Clare'd rung him, she was worried. About you. That's [why] - that's why I asked you out.

(CATHERINE nods: she kind
of knew something like
that'd gone on)

What're you doing for your birthday next week?

CATHERINE

Same as I do every year. Nothing.

RICHARD

That's not true, we used to do [all sorts of] -

She interrupts, she's dismissive, he so doesn't understand her -

CATHERINE

Why am I even here?

RICHARD

Sorry?

CATHERINE

For the last eight years I have not celebrated my birthday. Course you wouldn't know that because you divorced me. Ever since Becky died, do you know how - you must, she was your daughter too, but maybe it's different for men, I've got no idea - but do you not know how *perverse* it is? That people think you want to celebrate your own existence, when you've got a child who's dead? No offence, but I carried her. For nine months. *In here*. Her flesh was my flesh, and she's dead, part of me is dead. Physically. Dead. I thought I'd come to terms with it, but I haven't, I never will, and why the hell Clare's got this obsession with celebrating my birthday, I [do not know] -

RICHARD

Catherine, it's not an obsession, she's just trying to focus on it to -

CATHERINE

Cheer me up!

A moment. That was a bit mad. Shouting in a pub. Well, not shouting, but a bit loud. Silence.

RICHARD

People are trying to help you. 'Cos they love you. And at the moment it feels like they're hitting a brick wall.

A WAITRESS comes and puts plates of nosh down in front of them. RICHARD murmurs "thanks". CATHERINE realises how not hungry she is when she sees the food. A long pause, and then eventually -

CATHERINE

(she's gone quiet again)
I have to go.

RICHARD

We just... got food.

CATHERINE

I don't want you to ring me up any more. We should never've got back into bed together, it was stupid.

She gets a couple of tenners out and drops them on the table.

RICHARD

You don't have to do that.

(she leaves. In a kind of measured way, so it doesn't look like she's walking out, even though that's exactly what she's doing)

Catherine.

(he doesn't want to raise his voice)

Catherine.

But she's gone.

CUT TO:

56

EXT. MOORLAND. DAY 14. 13.10

56

CATHERINE sits alone. The moorland, the sky. She has tears streaming down her face. She's not blubbering, she's not giving into the tears, she's just not stopping them. She's in that place (mental place) where you just have to be on your own, because you're so sorrowful you just can't inflict it on other people. And maybe only when she's this alone can she still feel close to BECKY (on her own terms, without the panic attacks). Just then CATHERINE feels her phone buzzing in her pocket. She gets it out and checks the screen. A number she doesn't recognise. The usual toss-up about whether to bother answering or not.

CATHERINE

Hello?

VOICE

Catherine? It's Phil. Crabtree.

CATHERINE

Oh hello.

PHIL

How are you?

CATHERINE

Fine. I'm fine.

Liar. But so what.

PHIL

I wondered if you wanted to be brought up to speed. With where we're at. I think you might find it interesting.

CUT TO:

57 INT. CAFE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 14. 13.30

57

CATHERINE's with PHIL in a very ordinary little cafe, sipping mugs of tea. They've got the pleasantries over, so -

PHIL

Ashley Cowgill was let out on bail this morning.

CATHERINE

(she nods: she'd heard. It sickens her, but -)
What's the story?

PHIL

Can I trust you?

CATHERINE

I dunno. What d'you think?

PHIL hesitates before saying it, because strictly speaking he shouldn't be telling her (but he knows she's worked for H-MIT, and he knows she's someone who cares, so...)

PHIL

While he was on remand. He indicated that he had information that'd make National Crime Agency wet themselves with excitement.

CATHERINE

Well. Yeah. I assumed it'd be something of that sort.

PHIL

He wasn't exaggerating. If he's telling the truth - if he's telling only *half* the truth - it's big. He's thrown a light on a drugs operation our lot knew nothing about. I can't tell you everything, I don't know everything myself. What I do know...

(this is hush hush)

Cowgill, many moons ago, worked on the importation side. Have you heard of Gathercoles? Pharmaceuticals. They have factories in the north east and Scotland. Legitimate. Completely legitimate.

CATHERINE

Okay.

PHIL

They import all sorts of refined chemicals from all over, and one thing they do import. Is paracetamol. From a Spanish company - based in Almeria. The hauliers bring the product up through Spain, up through France, into Holland - in trucks - the trucks go from Rotterdam into Hull, and then up to the north east and Scotland. Eight or nine of them, every week, carrying up to five hundred kilos of paracetamol each.

CATHERINE has some broad notion of where this is heading -

CATHERINE

Yeah.

PHIL

- totally legitimate, the hauliers, everything, all the paperwork. But. Before they leave Rotterdam. Every other lorry visits another factory. In Dordrecht. South of Rotterdam. On a daily basis, a number of lorries pull in at this place and the driver is paid... twenty five pound a kilo? To wander over there for half an hour and have a fag.

(CATHERINE isn't exactly certain where this is heading now...)

One drum. In every load. Is taken out. Partially emptied. Refilled with *exactly* the same weight in cocaine. In sterile conditions. Re-sealed as per the exact factory seal in Almeria. Replaced in the load. And shipped to England. In England, the reverse happens. As soon as the lorry's away from the docks, the cocaine's taken out, and the paracetamol's put back in. The full contingent of paracetamol arrives at its destination in the north east and Scotland, and no-one's any the wiser. That's *twenty five kilos* of cocaine coming into the UK up to four times a week.

CATHERINE takes it in. It's big if it's true, but -

CATHERINE

And how do you know this isn't all tales from the Arabian nights?

PHIL

(a shrug)

We're confident he hasn't made the whole thing up. It'll take months to infiltrate it properly, but we'll know soon enough if it's actually true.

CATHERINE

So if it is true... that's -

PHIL

(he's smiling)

Catherine. It's huge. It's international. You've facilitated a link to a team of drug dealers with a distribution network in the UK that's worth millions. Like I say, it'll take months to work up and down the chain, but ultimately some serious players are going to get their assets frozen. And they're gonna wanna know who's opened their mouth. Ashley Cowgill might have bought himself a reduced sentence, but him and his family'll be on the witness protection programme forever. He'll be looking over his shoulder for the rest of his life.

CUT TO:

58

INT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 14. 14.00

58

ASHLEY's with JULIE. JULIE's stunned. ASHLEY's subdued. His life has become a tragedy. The boys are playing on the X-Box through in another room. The Alsations are barking outside.

JULIE

I don't believe what you're telling me.

ASHLEY

We'll be fine.

ASHLEY doesn't look convinced. He looks pale and terrified. Like someone who's not sure they've made the right decision; someone whose life is now different forever.

JULIE

What about the salon?

ASHLEY

There'll be other salons.

JULIE

What about me mum and dad? My family. *Everything.*

(ASHLEY has no response.

JULIE's upset)

God, you really have sold us down the river.

Yup.

CUT TO:

59

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 14. 17.30

59

CATHERINE arrives home. CLARE's setting the table for supper. CLARE's just about to launch into "Where the hell've you been?" when CATHERINE puts her arms around CLARE and squeezes her tight.

CATHERINE

I'm sorry I've been an arse.

CLARE hugs her back.

CLARE

You're not an arse. Where've you been? Richard rang.

CATHERINE

(dismissive)

Oh -

(a moment)

That was a mistake, I should never have got back into that.

CLARE

But you're all right?

CATHERINE

Yup.

CLARE

Sure?

CATHERINE nods.

CATHERINE

I was thinking...

(she's not convinced, but for harmony's sake, and the sake of thinking perhaps she should try and move on)

Maybe I should, maybe we should. For my birthday. Do - nothing big, but -

CLARE

Okay. Okay. And...?

(tentatively)

What about Helen. And Nevison. And Ann.

CATHERINE nods. It's a bit half hearted, but -

CATHERINE

Yeah. If. Yeah.

CLARE

And when are you gonna tell Nevison about Ann?

About ANN being raped: clearly CATHERINE's told CLARE.

CATHERINE

When - when - whenev[er] -

(instead of putting it

off, she resolves to deal

with it -)

I'll do it tomorrow. Where's Ryan?

CLARE points: upstairs.

CUT TO:

60

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, RYAN'S BEDROOM. DAY 14. 17.31

60

RYAN's drawing a very nice detailed strip cartoon with speech bubbles and action, and all sorts. CATHERINE appears at the door. She goes and hugs him tight, and kisses him. He hugs back. A tacit understanding that they're both sorry, and they both love each other. CATHERINE has a look at his picture.

CATHERINE

What's this?

RYAN

Zombies.

CATHERINE

Nice.

They're still hugging. She kisses the top of his head.

CUT TO:

61

EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 15. 08.30

61

A shiny new morning. The flats, the hills. The shops, people, kids going to school.

CUT TO:

62 INT. BRETT'S FLAT, SITTING ROOM. DAY 15. 08.31

62

The telly's on. A breakfast time kids' show. LEWIS is huddled in his sleeping bag, facing the other way. BRETT comes in carrying a supermarket bag. No TOMMY.

BRETT

Have you been warm enough?

(no response)

You see this is why I spend half my time round at our Marie's. Just to keep warm. Although... with all this cash you've got -

(assumes he's in the loo)

Tommy!? - if you wanted me to get it switched on again. The heating.

(BRETT wanders into the kitchen, and finds TOMMY sitting on the floor.

He's wounded, he's covered in blood)

What's happened?

TOMMY's lost a significant amount of blood, and he's pale. He's angry too. The side of his hands and his lower arms are lacerated (defence wounds).

TOMMY

Where've you been?

BRETT

What's *happened*?

TOMMY

He come at me with a knife!

BRETT

When?

TOMMY

Last night. *Shit. Shit.* The ungrateful *bastard*. They'd have caught him by now, they'd have had him if it hadn't been for me!

TOMMY's spitting out anger.

BRETT

(seeing the extent of TOMMY's wounds)

Shit...

TOMMY

I need some pills.

BRETT

What pills?

TOMMY

Painkiller pills.

BRETT

Okay. But. Tommy. That's - you're gonna die, man! You need to get to an hospital.

TOMMY knows he does, and it's killing him, he still believes very keenly that he could have got away with this.

TOMMY

Shit.

BRETT

What am I gonna do?

TOMMY

I need some... like bandages, or -

BRETT

No. Okay. But the thing is. That's not bandages, that's - you gotta - I think - Tommy, it's the end of the road. Mate. Buddy. You gotta hand yourself in, this - that's -

TOMMY

We coulda got away with this. All we had to do was bide our time, the dopey twats were clueless.

BRETT

You've done really well, Tommy.

TOMMY

Can't believe it. Just 'cos o' that dozy feckless *streak of shite*.

(these are big whispers
still, no raised voices)

What a way to go. Eh?

BRETT

You'll be fine. You're not going nowhere Tommy, you're -

TOMMY

I'm not going to an hospital, I'm not... I'm not handing myself in.

BRETT

But -

TOMMY

It's over. It's over. I know that, but - no way - am I handing myself in.

BRETT doesn't know what to do.

BRETT
D'you wanna beer?

TOMMY nods. BRETT grabs one from the new carrier bag, and opens one for him.

TOMMY
I coulda been someone, me. I coulda done stuff.

BRETT
You still can. Tommy.

TOMMY
(shakes his head)
Ashley Cowgill. He's nothing. Compared to what I coulda done. I had ideas, I had plans, I coulda rocked the world. He's chicken shit, he's small fry, he doesn't even *think* straight.

BRETT
Why don't you let me go ring for an ambulance?

TOMMY
No no no. I want you to go get me some pain killers. That's all, that's all I need.

BRETT
Why?

TOMMY
Just. That. And maybe a bottle of whisky. Two. Bottles of whisky.

BRETT
You're not gonna...?

Kill yourself. TOMMY doesn't confirm or deny. He just sits there looking weird. BRETT shakes his head. He loves TOMMY, he thinks he's dead cool. He doesn't want him to die.

TOMMY
You know where the money is, you can have it. Take it. Just get me what I want and then...
(BRETT looks sad and worried and upset. Then, out of nowhere -)
I've got a kid. Did you know that? A boy. He doesn't know me. He lives in Hebden Bridge. With that bitch. That gassed me. She's his granny.
(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

How mad is that? Eh? What kind of life is that for a lad? Living with an old woman. And no dad. It's not... that's not...

(he's crying now)

Shit. It's shit. It's no life, not for a lad.

TOMMY might be feeling sad for himself, and his own fatherless childhood as much as RYAN's. BRETT's struggling, way out of his depth.

BRETT

What d'you want me to do about *him*?

TOMMY

Who?

BRETT

Him.

(he means LEWIS)

D'you want me to give him a good kicking? Before he wakes up.

TOMMY realises thick BRETT doesn't know LEWIS is dead.

TOMMY

No. Brett. You don't need to give him a good kicking.

BRETT realises from TOMMY's manner that something's up. Then when he looks through to the the room, it occurs to him that LEWIS has been oddly still, even for someone who's asleep.

BRETT

Is he - ? He isn't -

TOMMY

You didn't really think he was asleep?

BRETT stands up and walks slowly over to LEWIS. He's terrified. It hadn't occurred to him that LEWIS was dead. Cautiously, he steps over him, and only when he sees him from the other side, does he see just how dead he is. He's white, waxen, and the blood's soaked into his sleeping bag. The Hoobs (or something) on telly right next to him.

BRETT

You've slit his [throat] - !

(BRETT goes weird)

Oh Jesus...

(he staggers away from the body, he's suddenly gone shockingly pale)

Oh my [fucking]... Jesus.

He crouches down, like someone who really doesn't know how to cope.

TOMMY

You gonna get me that whisky and them pills? Brett?

BRETT isn't recovering. TOMMY prizes himself up off the floor. He finds the knife (which was on the draining board). He goes into the room and stands over BRETT.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You're not gonna go weird. On me. Brett. Are yer? Come on, you're not chicken shit like him. Are yer?

BRETT suddenly gets hysterical: he needs out, fast. He jumps up, and he's clucking like Stan Laurel when he panics, only in BRETT's case it's not funny. TOMMY has no choice; he has to silence him. He drops the knife and strangles him. BRETT fights back, but even incapacitated as he is, TOMMY's much stronger than weedy BRETT. It's hard work, strangling someone (apparently) so it may take some time, and it might be touch and go as to whether TOMMY can sustain this amount of effort for long enough, given how injured he is. It might even be a bit of a macabre battle. But TOMMY has to win; he isn't going to get handed in.

CUT TO:

63

EXT. MAIN STREET, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 15. 09.31

63

An hour or so later. TOMMY - now dressed in BRETT's unbloodied clothes, and BRETT's coat and scarf, leaves a shop with two bottles of whiskey. He walks along the street. He looks pale. But with his beard, and his cropped hair, he looks nothing like he did four weeks ago. He's looking for an off-license, and a chemist. He feels weak, and overwhelmed by the cold and the air, and has to sit down a moment on a low wall. He keeps his hands in his coat pockets, where he's keeping pressure on one of his stab wounds. There are people all around, going about their daily business. He sees a young man sitting further along the wall, reading, waiting for a bus. The man looks like a student; glasses, a lap-top bag, a book. Across the road is a charity shop. And that's when TOMMY gets a different idea in his head, a different plan. He has this overwhelming urge to see RYAN. His future is so uncertain, but this is something he can latch onto. He pulls himself up off the wall, hiding his pain as best he can, and heads for the charity shop.

CUT TO:

64

EXT. CHARITY SHOP, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 15. 09.34

64

A few minutes later TOMMY re-emerges. He's bought reading glasses and a book - War and Peace, and a bag.

He looks different. He certainly looks more like someone you'd imagine was at college than someone who you'd assume was a killer.

CUT TO:

65 INT. BRETT'S FLAT, SITTING ROOM. DAY 15. 09.45 65

The flat with two dead men: LEWIS still in his sleeping bag, and BRETT, with half his clothes missing. And the telly still on. Jeremy Kyle.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. RAWSON LANE. DAY 15. 10.00 66

TOMMY walks up Rawson Lane. It's tough, but perhaps he isn't as weak as he thought he was. He's coping, anyway. He walks past the Chinese take away and Milton Avenue.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. BURNLEY ROAD. DAY 15. 10.15 67

TOMMY waiting at a bus stop, pretending to (or actually) reading his book. A ELDERLY WOMAN comes and stands at the bus stop too, and says a casual "Morning", to him.

TOMMY
(a murmur)
Morning.
(then he thinks to say -)
A bit milder today.

The ELDERLY LADY agrees with him, yes it is. The bus comes. It has 'Hebden Bridge' on the front. So we know where TOMMY's going.

END OF EPISODE