

1

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 16. 07.55

1

*Pretty much continuous from last time we saw CATHERINE, CLARE and DANIEL at the end of ep 5...*

CATHERINE'S on her phone, waiting for someone to answer at the other end.

CLARE

You can't go in all guns blazing  
and accuse her of something.

Can't I.

CATHERINE

Why not?

DANIEL

CLARE (CONT'D)

Look I'm not even hundred percent  
it is her. And even if it is...

"...she could have been buying it for someone else", CLARE was about to say, but she realises that - in the context - seems unlikely.

Suddenly at the other end of the line:

MIKE

(oov)  
Catherine.

CATHERINE

Mike! You know that list from the  
DIU? Was there anyone on it called  
Wealand? We think -  
(she consults CLARE with a  
look)  
Cecily Wealand.

CLARE nods.

Cutting as and when with -

CUT TO:

2

INT/EXT. MIKE'S CAR. DAY 16. 07.56

2

MIKE'S driving to work in his BMW.

MIKE

Off top of my head... no. It  
doesn't ring a bell.

CATHERINE

CATHERINE

Can you ask the DIU to prioritise that one?

MIKE

Sure.

CATHERINE

'Cos you know that woman I showed you. On that CCTV. On my phone. Clare thinks it's a teaching assistant at our Ryan's school.

MIKE

Really?

CATHERINE

She's only been there four weeks and she came down from Scotland.

MIKE

What, and we think she visits Tommy Lee Royce in prison?

CATHERINE

God knows.

She can barely believe it, but who knows?

MIKE

I'll get onto it, I'm hanging up, tata.

He hangs up. CATHERINE turns back to CLARE and DANIEL.

CATHERINE

Let's keep him at home today.

CLARE

Yeah, he won't like that. He's got football.

CUT TO:

2A

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 16. 08.15

2A

Breakfast time. AMANDA's loading the dishwasher noisily. JOHN's polishing his shoes. BEN can't find his football boots.

JACK

Nobody's touched 'em!

BEN

I saw you!

JACK

Nobody. Is interested. In touching  
your crap.

BEN

They were *there*, and now they  
aren' t.

JACK

Nobody cares. Li terally. No-one.

Suddenly, anger, emotion, frustrati on spew ing out of him -

JOHN

Just - ! Shut up. Shut -  
(the f\*%k)  
UP. You need. To stop argui ng. You  
need. To start looking after each  
other. All of you!

So that was a bi t shocki ng. Si lence. Eventual ly -

AMBER

You are stoppi ng now dad. Aren' t  
you?

JOHN stares at her. No, he isn' t stoppi ng. He' s goi ng down.  
He knows he is.

JOHN

Yeah.  
(he looks across at  
AMANDA, who he still  
hates)  
I' m stoppi ng.

CUT TO:

3

INT/EXT. CATHERINE' S CAR/ST MARKS JUNI OR SCHOOL. DAY 16. 3  
08.45

CATHERINE pulls up in her car outside RYAN' s school where  
everyone' s arri vi ng for the day incl udi ng CESCO. RYAN' s wi th  
her, wi th hi s sports bag. CATHERINE has a very determi ned  
look in her eye. She fl i ps her seat bel t over her shoul der.

CATHERINE

I' ll just pop in wi th you.

RYAN

Why?

CATHERINE

I just need to have a word wi th  
Mrs. Beresford.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT' D)

She's asked if I can arrange to bring a police dog in again, and I just - I need to run through a few dates with her.

RYAN

(pushes his door open)  
Great.

CUT TO:

4 INT. ST MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL, CORRIDOR. DAY 16. 08.46 4

CATHERINE heads through the corridors towards MRS. BERESFORD's office, keeping a keen eye out for anyone who looks like a possible candidate to be MISS WEALAND. CATHERINE spies MRS. BERESFORD along a corridor.

CATHERINE

Ah.

MRS. BERESFORD can tell by the look on CATHERINE's face that she needs a word and it's urgent.

CUT TO:

5 INT. ST MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL, MRS. BERESFORD'S OFFICE. DAY 16. 08.47 5

MRS. BERESFORD follows CATHERINE into her office and closes the door behind her.

CATHERINE

Right, long story sideways.

(CATHERINE isn't aggressive; she's firm, brisk, clear. There's obvious mutual respect between the two of them)

Our Ryan. Has been coming home from school talking about Tommy Lee Royce as this poor misunderstood fella who we all need to forgive. Someone in this school is putting ideas in his head. Someone left a birthday present - an expensive birthday present - on our doorstep with a card "from dad". He. Is starting to think of that evil twisted murdering -

(she mouths it politely)

bastard as his father because some deluded -

(she wants to swear again)

somebody in this school is filling his head with -

(MORE)

(and again)  
deeply inappropriate ideas.

CATHERINE

It's what it is. If every time they have a one-to-one reading session she's encouraging him to think about his "dad" in some misguided, sentimental way, well then [yes] -

MRS. BERESFORD

Yes, but - hang on, look - we don't know that that *is* what's happening. Why would anyone do that?

CATHERINE

People are weird, people are mad, and they don't always have it tattooed on their forehead.

MRS. BERESFORD

All the staff in this school are *fully* aware -

CATHERINE

Does she work part time?

MRS. BERESFORD

Yes, Mondays, Tuesday and Wednesdays.

CATHERINE

What does she do on her days off?

MRS. BERESFORD

I've - I don't know.

CATHERINE

Where does she live?

MRS. BERESFORD

Catherine.

CATHERINE

Does she talk about her private life?

MRS. BERESFORD

Not to me.

CATHERINE

You see when that present appeared on our doorstep, and we saw that card, my first thought is - this is someone who visits him in prison, -

MRS. BERESFORD

I can't believe she visits anyone in prison.

CATHERINE

- this is someone he's manipulated  
and -

MRS. BERESFORD

Let me introduce you to her! Come  
and meet her, please, come and see  
for yourself. Honestly, Catherine,  
I think you'll be very pleasantly  
[surprised] -

CATHERINE

No. No. No no. We'll know soon  
enough if it's her, the DIU are  
investigating everyone he has any  
contact with. In the mean time if  
you could find someone else to read  
with him. I'd be very grateful.  
Because every second - if it is  
her, and maybe it isn't, but -  
every second he spends with her,  
she - it would appear - is  
encouraging him to think of this  
man as a father. This psychopath,  
this man who's done nothing but  
destroy people's lives. This man  
who threw petrol over him eighteen  
months ago. Someone here - for  
whatever reason - is encouraging  
him to think that he is basically  
an okay guy, and that I am an angry  
nasty bitch for doing my damndest  
to protect him from him.

MRS. BERESFORD

Okay -

CATHERINE

I can't talk to her, I can't get  
involved, I've got to let the DIU  
deal with it, but I need you to be  
aware.

MRS. BERESFORD

Right. Okay. Well - I have to be  
frank, I'll be amazed, but - I'll  
watch her like a hawk. I'll watch  
both of them like a hawk. And today  
I will read with him.

Wound up as she is, CATHERINE feels that she can trust  
MRS. BERESFORD.

CUT TO:

CATHERINE leaves the building. FRANCES is just arriving, just stepping in through the front door, just as CATHERINE'S stepping out of it. The second they clock one another CATHERINE knows it's her, and even though they've never met properly, FRANCES knows this is CATHERINE from the back street the other day. They walk past each other. It's electric: every fibre in CATHERINE'S body wants to slam her up against the wall and say, "What the hell do you think



CLARE

(worried)

Well if you're confident, leaving him there.

CATHERINE

You pop in if you're bothered.

(then to SHAF)

Let's look in on Daryl and Alison Gars if we're driving past. We might get a decent cup o' tea before the community meeting starts.

SHAF

Yeah, if they're speaking to us.

CLARE

Hello?

CATHERINE

(back to CLARE)

I'm starting to wonder - if it is her - that maybe she's just soft. Naive. Wet. Misguided. She didn't look like she could knock the skin off a rice pudding.

CLARE

Yeah. But. Poison comes in little bottles. As you say.

CATHERINE

(ignoring that, interrupting)

And surely - surely - it's too mad, it'd be too much of a coincidence if she really was visiting that bastard in Gravesend.

CLARE

Yeah.

CATHERINE

Surely.

CLARE

Yeah.

CATHERINE

Surely.

But neither of them seem 100% convinced.

CLARE

Yeah.

CUT TO:

10 INT. ST MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL, CLASSROOM. DAY 16. 09.30 10

FRANCES is in a class room full of children. There's a TEACHER conducting the class, and FRANCES is helping a child with the work. MRS. BERESFORD comes into the room, and says quietly to FRANCES -

MRS. BERESFORD

Senco's asked me to gather some pupil feed-back from the one-to-one students in year six, so I'm going to work with them myself today.

FRANCES nods and smiles acknowledgement. We linger on FRANCES and her thoughts as MRS. BERESFORD walks away. If she hadn't seen CATHERINE this morning she'd think nothing of it, but of course she did see her.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. DAY 16. 09.35 11

The patrol car pulls into the yard. CATHERINE's no longer on the phone.

SHAF

Y'all right?

CATHERINE

Yeah.

SHAF

You sure?

(she gives him a look: yes she's sure)

You do know we're not gonna get a cup o' tea, don't you?

CATHERINE

Yeah, well.

(they nudge their car doors open and step out)

I want Alison to be clear that I am still dealing wi' them scrotes. Despite Daryl's sophisticated delicate efforts to take the law into his own hands.

SHAF spots something.

SHAF

Sarg.

He nods across the yard. CATHERINE turns and looks. We see the damaged red Peugeot.

CATHERINE

Was it like that when you arrested him?

SHAF

I dunno. I can't remember. I've an idea it was parked the other way round.

They find the farmhouse door slightly open. CATHERINE knocks. They loiter.

SHAF (CONT'D)

So...

(at the risk of getting his head bitten off for being nosy)

Who's visiting that bastard in Gravesend? Then?

CATHERINE considers giving him a proper response. But she knows it'll wind her up if she starts again.

CATHERINE

That's what I love about you. Mr. Shah. You're a proper, consummate nosy bastard.

\*

SHAF

(he smiles like she just gave him the best compliment ever. Which it kind of is for a copper)

Thank you.

Given that the door's open, CATHERINE ventures to push it further open and have a nosy round inside...

CATHERINE

Hello? Alison? Daryl?

SHAF

(as he follows her in)

I'm only asking cos I care about you.

CUT TO:

12

INT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM, KITCHEN/DINING ROOM. DAY 16.  
09.36

12

CATHERINE and SHAF don't have to step too far into the room to see that something catastrophic has gone on in here. CATHERINE takes in the salient details quickly: DARYL's slumped forward on the table, face down. It's absolutely clear that he's dead: most of his head's missing. The table is covered in blood and brains. The splatter is everywhere;

up the walls, across the ceiling, even on the back of the door where CATHERINE and SHAF have just come in. ALISON is also slumped at the table, and in front of her a vodka bottle (empty), a whisky bottle (empty), a glass (empty) and a couple of packs of Diazepam, with all the pills gone from the 30 x blister packs. The shot gun is abandoned on the sink.

Just then ALISON - who could easily be dead judging by her stillness - makes some kind of odd gurgling noise like she's going to be sick. CATHERINE instantly clicks into action. She goes and feels for a pulse in ALISON's neck.

CATHERINE

Alison? Alison? Can you hear me?

Alison, it's Catherine Cawood.

Sergeant Cawood.

(ALISON is barely conscious and seems unaware of the situation she's in. Her face is streaked with tears, her eyes blood shot)

Alison, listen love, listen to me -

(CATHERINE holds her hand)

- I want you to squeeze my hand if you can hear me.

(nothing. CATHERINE turns to SHAF)

Check upstairs. See if there's anyone else, anyone injured. Be careful!

(SHAF gets his baton out and heads off. We hear him head up the stairs.

CATHERINE gets on her radio and talks as

measuredly as she can - )

Bravo November four-five. Urgent assistance required. Far Sunderland Farm up Wainstalls, on Cold Edge Road. I need an ambulance, there's a forty-something woman - Alison Garrs - suspected overdose.

Diazepam, not sure how many, and it looks like she's washed 'em down with vodka and whisky. Her pulse is weak, she's conscious and breathing. Alison? Alison. There's

also a male. I'm fairly certain it's her son, Daryl Garrs. Fatal shotgun injury to the back of his head. Possible weapon at the scene.

I need F-Sup here to prove. I need the on-call D.I., I need the duty S.I.O., I need a C.S.I., I need any available troops to come and secure the scene.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

God knows what's happened, but...  
(she's seen all sorts has  
CATHERINE, but never  
quite this. Her eyes land  
on the shot gun again at  
the sink)  
it's carnage.

RADIO

(oov)  
I've got all that for the log,  
Sarg. Is there anything else I can  
help you with?

CATHERINE

I'll keep you posted. Alison? Who's  
done this, Alison? Who's done this  
to Daryl? Alison? Alison?

ALISON seems to vaguely understand what CATHERINE's trying to do. Then she sees DARYL and things flood back into her brain -

ALISON

Oh - !

And she becomes tearful, can't cope with the terrible thoughts inside her head, needs to get out of the room, but her body's not functioning properly.

CATHERINE

Alison?  
(it's clear ALISON wants  
to leave the room, even  
though she can't  
articulate it, and can  
barely walk)  
Come on, that's all right, you put  
your arm round me, come on.

SHAF comes back in from upstairs.

SHAF

Upstairs is clear!

CATHERINE

Let's get her out of this.

SHAF

I thought you weren't supposed to  
move [people] -

CATHERINE

Just - !

- fucking get on with it.

SHAF

I don't [know] - where shall I get hold of her?

CATHERINE

(struggling)

Man up, Princess. Use your initiative.

(on her radio again)

Bravo November four-five. Could somebody let Council or Clegg know there'll be two less for tea and biscuits at the community meeting in Illingworth at ten o'clock.

Between them CATHERINE and SHAF manage to get groaning, tearful, helpless ALISON outside...

CUT TO:

13

EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. DAY 16. 09.37

13

RADIO

(oov)

Will do, four-five, and to confirm, you've got an ambulance on its way to you now from Keighley. ETA sixteen minutes.

CATHERINE

Keighley?

RADIO

(oov)

They're all tied up in Halifax.

ALISON collapses once they're outside, but CATHERINE still has hold of her so she doesn't flop over and injure herself.

CATHERINE

(to SHAF)

Get your mobile out, dial 999.

(He does, and we hear -  
emergency, which service  
please?)

Alison!

(she looks like she's  
losing consciousness)

I need a paramedic talking to me,  
I need to know what the latest is  
with an overdose.

SHAF

Hello there, it's Constable Shafiq Shah here, collar number 9242, I've got a lady here, she's taken -

Realises he doesn't know.

CATHERINE

Di azepam, whi sky, vodka.

SHAF

Di azepam, whi sky, vodka. We need advice, ambulance is going to be sixteen minutes.

CATHERINE

Stay with us, Alison! Come on love, you're not gonna fall asleep on me, I need you awake.

SHAF

Conscious, yeah, but she's struggling to stay with us.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Alison, listen to me, Alison. Who shot Daryl? Who did that to Daryl?

When ALISON talks it's like she doesn't quite know what she's talking about, she's so far out of it.

ALISON

I don't know, nobody.

\*

CATHERINE

Who was here? Did you see what happened? Alison. Who was here?

ALISON

Nobody. Nobody was here.

CATHERINE doesn't get it, but ALISON's speech and thoughts are so blurred she simply dismisses it as ALISON not being coherent.

SHAF

(repeating info word for word as he's hearing it at the other of the phone)

Right, you don't walk her round. You need to induce her to vomit - (to the phone) yeah, then what? (he listen)

Then you - then clear the air waves - and you put her in the recovery position.

CATHERINE

Okay...

(she gets a SOCO glove out of her pocket and pulls it on - whilst still keeping ALISON from keeling over)

(MORE)

Tell you what, you go back inside.  
Get some water, no - milk - and a  
blanket! And try not to...  
(she knows it's daft, but)  
Tread on anything. Like the floor.  
Any more than y'ave to.

SHAF heads back inside.

RADIO

(oov)

The request's gone in to F-Sup,  
four-five. CID've been informed and  
they're on the way. I've also put  
the request in for a CSI. Is there  
anything else I can help you with?

CATHERINE

What's the best way to make someone  
sick?

RADIO

(oov)

Stick your fingers down their  
throat?

CATHERINE

Yeah, and get my hand bitten off?  
(that's happening)  
Okay, Alison. Listen to me. I need  
you to be sick.

ALISON

No no no no.

CATHERINE

No. Alison. Listen. I know it's not  
pleasant -

ALISON



CATHERINE  
You're not lying down 'til you've  
been sick, I can't let you go to  
sleep until you've been sick.  
Alison.

ALISON  
Shhh. It's fine. It's fine.

CATHERINE  
Alison! Stay awake. Alison! Who  
shot Daryl?  
(ALISON wants to answer,  
but she's struggling; she  
shakes her head)  
Alison?

ALISON  
I shot Daryl.

CATHERINE  
You...? You shot...? You...?

ALISON  
Mm.

CATHERINE  
You shot Daryl? You [shot]...? You  
shot your own [son] - ? Why?  
Alison, why would you do that?

Suddenly ALISON honks up spontaneously. As CATHERINE clings onto her to steady her, she happens to look up and notice the red Peugeot again. And there of course CATHERINE has her answer: that's why she shot DARYL, the red Peugeot says it all. It's a huge little moment. She allows ALISON to recover from being sick, but then of course ALISON just wants to keel over and sink into unconsciousness on the ground. CATHERINE lets her, but keeps hold of her hand. She gets back on the radio.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Bravo November four-five. Could you

(this has to be the most  
half-hearted arrest  
CATHERINE's ever made;  
she might not even be  
sure she's doing the  
right thing, she's still  
holding ALISON's hand -)

I'm - okay - I'm arresting you. Do  
you understand?

(no response)

I'm arresting you on suspicion of  
murder. Alison? You do not have to  
say anything. But it may harm your  
defence... if you do not mention  
when questioned... something which  
you later rely on in court.  
Anything you do say may be given in  
evidence.

ALISON

(she nods)

I don't feel so good.

She's gone horribly pale. CATHERINE takes her big jacket off  
and wraps it round ALISON. ALISON suddenly has a terrible  
agonising cramp in her stomach: she winces and groans. It's

JODIE (CONT'D)

Apparently. The reason she did it - she's just told Catherine Cawood - is because the son told her about "what he did to those women".

JOHN takes it in. Of all the questions that might flood into his head right now, the uppermost is -

JOHN

Is he dead?

JODIE

Well dead. By the sound of things.

JOHN's daring to hope that he's got away with it. Again.

JOHN

Jesus.

JODIE

I know.

JOHN

Y' going over there?

JODIE

No. He is.

(meaning ANDY)

I need everyone in the briefing room. Apparently - she also said - "he didn't do that Vicky Fleming one".

(we linger on JOHN as JODIE shouts to the rest of the crew)

Can I have everyone in the briefing room, please? Folks. Thank you.

(then back to JOHN)

And. He told his mother he wouldn't have "had to do that last one" if people hadn't "kept thinking he'd done that Vicky Fleming one".

(still on JOHN as that sinks in)

We need to reassess everything we've got on Vicky Fleming. We need to find this mysterious boyfriend that one of her colleagues at work mentioned. The one we thought Vicky must have been making up.

We linger on JOHN as he gets his notebook from his desk and follows JODIE and the others through to the briefing room.

CUT TO:

Several hours later.

CATHERINE puts on clean kit from her locker (she'll have had to bag her clothes up at the scene for forensics). MIKE's passing, puts his head in.

MIKE

How's it going up there?

CATHERINE

Oh, like Piccadilly Circus by the time I left. More detectives than prime time TV. I think they'll be there a while.

MIKE

Are you okay?

No. On so many levels.

CATHERINE

She shot her own child. In the back of the head.

MIKE

Are you still seeing that therapist?

CATHERINE

Yes.

(she realises that sounded a bit rude, so she says it more calmly by way of an apology)

Yeah.

MIKE

I've got some intel for you. Tommy Lee Royce's Scottish visitor. Is a woman called Frances Drummond.

(that means nothing to

CATHERINE)

Forty-five years old, she's a pharmacist from Linlithgow. Well,

16 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MIKE'S OFFICE. DAY 16. 16  
13.32

Two minutes later. CATHERINE and MIKE looking at an image (on MIKE's computer) of the woman CATHERINE knows as Miss Wealand, taken - presumably - as she's passed through security in Gravesend when she's visited TOMMY. CATHERINE's heart's pounding: the effect anything to do with TOMMY LEE ROYCE has on her.

CATHERINE

So if that's Frances Drummond...  
who's 'Miss Wealand' then?

MIKE

Well... she's invented her. Hasn't she.

CATHERINE's not so sure Frances has invented her.

CATHERINE

Mrs. Beresford told me this morning  
"she came to us with an excellent  
CV". Mrs. Beresford isn't somebody  
who wouldn't check out references.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. ALLOTMENT. DAY 16. 13.35 17

CLARE's having a fag. She was digging. Now she's relaxing in the sun on an elderly plastic chair. Her mobile goes off. Klaxon. It makes her spill her tea.

CLARE

Shit. Hello?

CUT TO:

18 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CATHERINE'S OFFICE. 18  
DAY 16. 13.36

CATHERINE's busy at her computer, having accessed info about CECILY WEALAND.

CATHERINE

You're not gonna believe this, it's  
mental. She's mental.

CLARE

Who's mental?

CATHERINE

Well, not Miss Wealand, because  
Miss Wealand, Cecily Wealand - a  
qualified teaching assistant from  
Linlithgow - is dead.

CLARE

What?

CATHERINE

Dead and had her identity stolen.

CLARE

So wh[o's] - ? Is she? So who's

CLARE

So she's - ? Hang on, she's she's  
she's - ?

CATHERINE

She's targeted him. It's properly  
creepy, she's obtained a job she's  
not qualified for, she's stolen a  
dead woman's identity *specifically*  
because this woman had the right  
kind of qualifications to allow her  
to get close to Ryan so she could  
fill his head with *pap* about Tommy  
Lee Royce. Who she - Frances  
Drummond - visits. In Gravesend.

(CATHERINE'S land line  
rings)

Phone, I've gotta go, bye, bye,  
b'bye.

(she hangs up on bemused  
CLARE and answers her  
land line at the same  
time)

Hello?

("Is that Sergeant  
Cawood?")

Yes, it is.

CUT TO:

19

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MIKE'S OFFICE. DAY 16. 19  
13.46

Ten minutes later. CATHERINE'S back with MIKE.

CATHERINE

So Cecily Wealand. Was her sister.  
Forty-eight years old, she had a  
stroke nine months ago. Her  
partner, her husband, thinks when  
she died - he was in pieces, and  
Frances helped with a lot of  
practical stuff - and he *thinks*  
that's when she might have got her  
hands on various bits of personal  
documentati on.

MIKE

Right -

(picks his phone up and  
prods in an extension  
number)

- let's send 'em in to make the  
arrest. Have you got a number for  
this Mrs. Beresford? I'll ring her  
and warn her they're coming.

(MORE)





Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

22 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT OFFICE. DAY 16. 22  
14.02

JODIE'S at her desk with her phone to her ear and a pen in her hand ready to take notes. She's right opposite JOHN, who - along with the rest of the team - has been allocated new tasks in the light of this latest development.

ANDY

Yeah, the minute we're in a position to break the news -  
(interrupting himself)  
did you fast track that DNA swab they took last week?

JODIE

I did, yeah.

ANDY

Good. Yeah, the minute we're in a position to break the news, I want images of Vicky Fleming out there. Big time. On every news channel. I want the date her flat was burnt out seared into people's brains. I want people thinking back to that night, what they were doing that night. We just didn't get that message out there big enough last time, somebody must have seen her. Somebody must have seen or heard something.

JODIE

(she's writing all this down)  
Yep. Yep.

ANDY

They must have. Because if they didn't... God knows. You know -  
(he goes all thoughtful)  
whoever burnt that flat out knew exactly what they were doing. As regards destroying evidence. And whoever mutilated her body knew what this lad was doing to these other women.

A moment of silence: it's a creepy thought that it could be someone close to them.

JODIE

I know.

ANDY

I'm looking at who's here...

(he sees the SOCO people  
coming and going, people  
who are all familiar to  
him)

...all doing their jobs. And I'm  
thinking about everybody there,  
everybody on the team, my team, in

JODIE

You?

ANDY

Let's start with me. In what circumstances might I end up doing that? I haven't, by the way. Although I would say that.

JODIE

Well. You'd do it... if you wanted to get rid of someone and disguise it. Somebody... who'd upset you. Obviously. The way she was strangled it was...  
(unpleasant, is the  
implication from JODIE's

But she doesn't look at JOHN as she says that. It's too big to dismiss completely. We glimpse JOHN wondering who the hell she's talking about.

ANDY

I know. I've known the man twenty-three years, you feel like washing your mouth out, don't you?

(a moment)

But it's someone.

JODIE

Have you passed that on to the review team?

ANDY

Oh, everything gets passed on to the review team.

On JODIE. On JOHN.

CUT TO:

23 INT. ST MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL, CORRIDOR. DAY 16. 14.10 23

MRS. BERESFORD heads back to her office with FRANCES, who she's collected from a lesson. MRS. BERESFORD keeps a couple of paces ahead of FRANCES, to avoid being asked any tricky questions about why she wants to see her in her office. They reach MRS. BERESFORD's office, where the door is slightly open.

MRS. BERESFORD

After you.

FRANCES heads into the office...

CUT TO:

24 INT. ST MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL, MRS. BERESFORD'S OFFICE. DAY 16. 14.11 24

...where she finds two men. Detectives. MRS. BERESFORD comes in behind FRANCES and closes the door.

MRS. BERESFORD

These two gentlemen need to talk to you. This -

(she tries to resist putting the name in inverted commas)

is Miss Wealand.

DETECTIVE

Frances Elizabeth Drummond.

FRANCES

Sorry?

DETECTIVE

(he shows his warrant)

I'm arresting you on suspicion of fraud by false representation, contrary to section 2 of the Fraud Act 2006. You do not have to say anything. But it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

(if FRANCES feels embarrassed, she fights it)

Have you got a mobile phone?

FRANCES turns to MRS. BERESFORD and says -

FRANCES

Ryan Cawood needs to talk about his

MRS. BERESFORD

D'you want me to - ?

DETECTIVE

Would you mind?

The second DETECTIVE goes with MRS. BERESFORD and we linger on FRANCES, terrified but determined: she's on the wrong side of the law, but she absolutely believes in what she's done.

CUT TO:

25 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, BACKYARD/KITCHEN/CONSERVATORY. 25  
DAY 16. 17.30

Early evening. RYAN's booting his football about in the back yard. Free, unfettered, entirely oblivious to the drama that's unfolded around him all day. CATHERINE's sitting on the door step watching him, nursing a cup of tea. CLARE's propping up the doorway into the kitchen. (So they're watching RYAN, but they can talk without him hearing them because the conversation's inside the conservatory). CATHERINE's still in half uniform.

CLARE

So what'll happen?

CATHERINE

They'll charge her. And then they'll bail her.

CLARE

And then what?

CATHERINE

And then -  
(checks her watch)  
somebody might need to pop round to her house on Upper Brunswick Street and have a quiet word with her about taking the high road back to Llanidloes.

CLARE

And will that be you?

Yes. Is the answer. But CATHERINE can't say that. Because if she did pop round it would be illegal. Well, dodgy, anyway.

CATHERINE

Well I wouldn't want her to break her bail conditions. She won't be allowed within five hundred yards of Ryan and or members of his family. So. You know me, I wouldn't want to compromise her.

A moment.

CLARE

Ey, you'll not credit. I looked in on Winnie. She's only gone and got Ilinka a job.

CATHERINE

How?

CLARE

Cleaning at White Lion.

CATHERINE

How?

CLARE

Gordon popped in. Four doors down. And he knows Tanya - I think he's her uncle - she t'manager. So Ilinka went round there with him and Bob's your uncle. I said - "Can you get me a job, Winnie?"

CATHERINE

So...? What? Is she stopping? Ilinka.

CLARE

I know, that's what I said. And Winnie goes, "Well, we've got the alarm now, haven't we? And I have asked Catherine not to bother sleeping in that conservatory any more".

(CATHERINE heaves a sigh: CATHERINE



CATHERINE (CONT'D)

He wanted people to know that wasn't him". Like... "Oh. Okay, that's all right then. As long as he didn't do that one".

(she makes a gesture, like, "What the fuck?")

I'm not normally fast for words. But...

She shakes her head and drifts off into the same speechlessness she experienced this morning.

CLARE

So... who did?

CATHERINE

Well. That's the sixty-four million dollar question. Now. Isn't it.

(she heads inside the kitchen)

I'll start cooking some tea.

On CLARE. Thinking about NEIL. And how his little bit of information about VICKY FLEMING really might be very pertinent now.

CUT TO:

26

EXT. UPPER BRUNSWICK STREET. NIGHT 16. 20.00

26

A taxi pulls up outside one of the houses, and FRANCES steps out. We realise we're seeing it from CATHERINE'S pov; she's parked further down the street in her Ford. The taxi pulls away and FRANCES lets herself into one of the houses. CATHERINE (now dressed in civvies) waits until FRANCES is inside, then gets out of the car, heads along the street and knocks on the door. A few moments pass, and then the door opens. FRANCES and CATHERINE are face to face. FRANCES tries to shut the door, she's clearly terrified, but CATHERINE stops her, by keeping her hand/arm firmly pressed on the open door.

CATHERINE

Frances I'm not here as a police officer, I'm here as Ryan's grandmother. I want to sort this out. I want to understand you, and I want you to understand me. I know you've never had a criminal record. I know you've held down a very responsible, perfectly respectable job for the last fifteen years. I want to understand why you've done what you've done, I want to know what you want. And I want you to know things about me.

(she lets that sink in.

(MORE)

Along with her sincerity  
and lack of threat. She  
takes her arm off the  
door)

Can I come in?

(FRANCES has to make a  
decision. CATHERINE is  
about twice as tall as  
FRANCES, and how does she  
know CATHERINE's not  
going to talk her way in  
and then slam her up  
against the wall?)

Or we can go down the road and get  
a cup of tea somewhere if that's -  
if you'd prefer.

Something in CATHERINE's manner is convincing. And FRANCES  
has things she'd like to say to CATHERINE. After further  
consideration, FRANCES lets CATHERINE in.

CUT TO:

27 INT. FRANCES'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 16. 20.01 27

CATHERINE saunters into the sitting room. She's at pains not  
to appear at all aggressive or bullish. She wants FRANCES to

CATHERINE

Look. I realise. That everything you know about this. Us. You've been told by -

(she struggles to say the name and keep an objective expression on her face)

him. Tommy Lee Royce. And I -  
(she's anxious not to be at all intimidating)

- d'you mind if I sit down?  
(FRANCES makes a 'make yourself at home' gesture)

And I realise that you are in a...  
(desperately trying to avoid sounding sarcastic)

Relationship. Of some sort. With him.

FRANCES touches her engagement ring.

FRANCES

We're getting married.

"Wow. You're fucking mad", we can see the thought flash across CATHERINE's eyes. But she stays calm, gets through the moment.

CATHERINE

Okay, look. I know you're probably not going to accept a lot of the things I'm going to tell you. Right now. But obviously I have a very different perspective on it all. To him. And I want you to hear it. Whether you accept it or not. Okay?  
(FRANCES doesn't object)  
He's a sex offender. He raped my daughter.

FRANCES

He was very fond of your daughter.

CATHERINE

No. No. He took advantage of her. Brutally. Brutally. And then after Ryan was born, [she]... she took her own life.

She never gets used to saying it. If you try and say it casually it hurts even more.

FRANCES

That was nothing to do with him. He was in prison by then.



CATHERINE

So obviously that's his version,  
and clearly that's what you're  
choosing to believe right now.  
Which worries me, Frances, because  
it makes you - a woman who all your  
life appears to have been law-  
abiding, logical, kind, normal - it  
makes you seem a little bit...  
unhinged. And certainly misguided.  
If that's what you're prepared to  
believe.

FRANCES

Do you want to know what I believe?  
I believe that no-one is born evil.  
He may have done things, I know  
he's done things, and yes, he will  
inevitably have put his own slant  
on it all and made it seem not as  
bad as it might really have been.  
But we all do that, we're all  
human. But. He isn't evil. He's a  
product of his childhood, and he  
had an awful childhood. But he  
*isn't intrinsically evil*. We  
condemn the sin, not the sinner.  
With help - and kindness - I  
believe he will become the person  
he was always capable of being.  
Good and kind and gentle and  
thoughtful. That's what I see. When  
I visit him. When I look into his  
eyes. I see no evil. Not a trace of  
it. Surely it would benefit him and  
Ryan. If they could have a good  
relationship.

CATHERINE thinks carefully about her next move.

CATHERINE

Frances. You're old enough to be  
his mother. I think you are  
actually older than his mother was  
when she died. Does that not...?  
Ring any alarm bells? Does it not  
worry you?

FRANCES

Why should it?

CATHERINE

He's using you. He's used you. To  
get close to Ryan. He's groomed  
you. You've been groomed. You've  
been picked, you've been chosen,  
for what he can get out of you.

FRANCES shakes her head: CATHERINE is so wrong.

FRANCES

He could be very fond of Ryan. If you'd let him.

CATHERINE

No. Frances. You can't... begin to imagine how many levels that will never happen on.

FRANCES

Why are you so angry? So negative.

CATHERINE

I'm not. I try not to be. It's you. That's deluded about this *dangerous* man. Because he's pretty.

FRANCES

(realising)  
You're jealous.

CATHERINE

No. Frances. I'm shocked, I'm disappointed. That a woman of your obvious intelligence. And ability. Can allow herself to be fooled by this... tell me this. If he looked like - I don't know - Ian Brady. Or Peter Sutcliffe. Or Jimmy Savile. Or some other twisted bastard. Would you believe a single word he said?

No course she fucking wouldn't, and we see that thought pass very clearly across her face.

FRANCES

But he doesn't. Look like them.

CATHERINE

On the inside... he looks exactly like them. And one day. Maybe not tomorrow, maybe not next week, but soon. The scales will fall away from your eyes. Because they always do. And you'll realise how foolish he's made you look. And how much damage he's inflicted on you. A nice, kind, normal person who this really shouldn't have happened to.

28

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 16. 21.05 28

CLARE and NEIL are huddled up together on the settee sipping tea and watching the news.

We see footage of Far Sunderland Farm with all the emergency vehicles in attendance.

REPORTER

At seventeen miles ET 00q 512 758 19 12re W n /Cs1 cs 0 0

AMANDA'S watching the same news, with JACK, BEN and AMBER.  
(The kids might not all be watching it, one of them might be doing homework at the table).

ANDY

...of Thursday the 12th of  
September. Anyone who lives in  
Ripponden, or visits Ripponden. To  
check their diaries, check their  
calendars. And think about  
anything, anything suspicious they  
might have seen or heard. If anyone  
was out in Ripponden that evening -  
particularly anyone out into the  
small hours. On Thursday. The  
twelfth. Of September. We would be  
very keen to talk to them.

We look into AMANDA'S eyes. She knows what she was doing that  
night. It was the night JOHN came home in the small hours and



30A EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 16. 21.19

30A

CATHERINE'S just locking her car. She heads for the house.

CUT TO:

31 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, HALLWAY/KITCHEN. NIGHT 16. 21.20 31

CATHERINE lets herself in at the front door. She heads through to the kitchen, where she discovers CLARE and NEIL looking rather nervous and solemn, like they've been having a serious chat. The telly's still on in the next room where DANIEL and RYAN might be.

CATHERINE

Everything all right?

CLARE

Yeah. Just - Neil wanted to tell you something.

NEIL doesn't know if he's going to dare to spit it out until he actually says it.

NEIL

Nobody ever believes you've ever actually achieved anything under your own steam. Hell no. They just think you're some light weight noo-noo who's been born with a silver spoon stuck up your backside.

(ANN continues to nod in passionate agreement)

So you've to work twice as hard as any other bugger just to prove that you're not and weren't. AND. If I was a man. Wouldn't happen.

(realising)

Oh, and that's another one! When have you ever heard anyone go, "Oh yeah, he slept his way to the top". No. Obviously no-one ever says that about men because men are intelligent and ambitious and hard-

34

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR. DAY 17.  
08.00

34

CATHERINE's just heading along the first floor corridor when she sees JOHN WADSWORTH coming up the stairs, on his way into work for the day. He looks wretched. He looks very pale, like someone who hasn't slept for a month. CATHERINE's got something written down on a post-it note.

CATHERINE

Morni ng.

JOHN

Morni ng.

CATHERINE

I was just nippi ng through to talk to one of your lot actually. I've got some i nformation. That might be relevant. About Vi cky Fl emi ng.

JOHN

(terri fi ed)

Oh yeah?

CATHERINE

I don't know that it helps. But. It's i nteresting. If you could pass it on to Mr. Shepherd.

JOHN

Sure.

CATHERINE

Friend of [mi ne] - me si ster's, thi s bloke -

(real i si ng)

Are you all ri ght? You look l ike you've got flu.

JOHN

Yeah. I thi nk I'm starti ng wi th i t. Go on.

CATHERINE

He's called Neil Ackroyd, he l ives down Hebden Bridge. He's happy to come i n and be i ntervi ewed al though... well, i t's sensi ti ve. He knew Vi cky Fl emi ng. Thi s i s about four or fi ve years ago. He was ha vi ng a fl i ng wi th her. He was married. And apparently. She tried to blackmail [hi m] - well, she di d blackmail hi m. She must have drugged hi m and then taken photos of hi m. Compromi si ng photos.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT' D)

And then threatened to email them to everyone he knew - all his family and friends - if he didn't pay up. She'd downloaded his contacts. Anyway. He couldn't pay what she was asking, and she ruined his life. He lost his job, lost his family. His dignity. He became an alcoholic.

(obviously this is hugely fascinating to JOHN)

That's his name and number. If you want to pass it on. 'Cos obviously whoever killed her coulda been someone she was blackmailing.

JOHN

Thank you.

CATHERINE

You want to get yourself home to bed.

JOHN

I know. Thanks. Thank you.

CATHERINE leaves him to it and heads downstairs to the briefing room. JOHN looks at the name on the piece of paper, thinking "you poor bloke". And then he realises this could also be his ticket to step into ANDY's office and start the conversation whereby he goes on to explain the rest. About himself.

CUT TO:

35

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRWELL. DAY 17.  
08.01

35

As CATHERINE heads down the stairs, she starts to realise something. About JOHN WADSWORTH. Or thinks she does. JODIE and ANN happen to be heading in from outside, having finished their fags.

JODIE

(in passing as she heads past CATHERINE and upstairs)

Morning.

CATHERINE

(frosty: she still hasn't forgiven JODIE for interviewing her about Lynn's death)

Morning.

(then to ANN, a sort of whimsical discreet smile)

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

That John Wadsworth. He's not this detective you told our Daniel about. Is he?

ANN

(embarrassed)

Why?

ANN's embarrassed because she was stood up, embarrassed because she talked to DANIEL (a lad she hardly knows) about it, and now he's told his mum.

CATHERINE

No, I just - I think you did well to avoid that one.

ANN

Why?

CATHERINE

I gave him some information that I thought might be pertinent to the investigation. About this fella Vicky Fleming blackmailed, years ago. And he has this glazed look in his eye. Like... durr.

ANN

What and you think it's him?

CATHERINE

Who?

ANN

The fella she blackmailed?

CATHERINE

No. No.

(could it be Neil? We see her thinking. No, she dismisses it)

But. I'm thinking whoever did it could be someone else she's blackmailed. Whereas he's -  
(she makes a 'right over his head' gesture)

Really not interested, right over his head. You can do a lot better than that, love.

ANN

I didn't fancy him. If that's what you were thinking.

They've reached the briefing room door.

CATHERINE

After you.

(they head inside. The  
rest oov - )

Good mornin g! You lucky peopl e.

CUT TO:

36 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT OFFICE. DAY 17. 36  
08.02

JOHN' s standing at his desk. He has CATHERINE' s post-it note in his hand. He looks across at ANDY, busy in his office, but alone. He could just walk in. He could just walk in and get it all over with. He makes up his mind to do it, but then another officer just taps on ANDY' s door, walks into his office, and sits down for a chat. JOHN' s lost his moment.

CUT TO:

37 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK. DAY 17. 37  
08.05

GRAHAM TATTERSALL comes into reception. He' s approximately forty-five years old, dressed smartly for work, and his face is bruised (from a few days ago, not injuries he' s sustained just this mornin g).

GRAHAM

Mornin g.

JOYCE looks up from HER desk.

JOYCE

Can I help?

GRAHAM

Yes. I hope so. I' d like to speak to someone. I' ve got some information. That might be

ANDY

Right, so this morning. We've got  
two people who've come forward.

(he's only just got this  
information himself, so  
he's reading it off notes  
he's just made)

We've got a Gary Sugden. Who's the





JOYCE (CONT' D)

He says he's got some information, wants to talk to a detective, but they must still be in the briefing upstairs 'cos nobody's answering the phone and he's itching to get off to work. Could you - ?

CATHERINE

Sure.

(she turns to ANN)

It might be relevant. I'll -

(she's a bit reluctant

because he is after all a colleague, and it's

hardly evidence)

- mention it.

ANN nods and heads off upstairs. CATHERINE goes into whichever room it is that JOYCE has put GRAHAM TATTERSALL in, we go with her...

CUT TO:

40

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, ROOM. DAY 17. 08.26

40

CATHERINE

Mr. Tattersall? I'm Sergeant Cawood. If you want to give me a few brief details I can pass your information on to CID, and then someone'll contact you.

She's got a note pad. She writes his name.

GRAHAM

Oh. Okay. Well. Thing is. It's delicate.

CATHERINE

Can I take an address?

GRAHAM

(impatient)

Yes, it's 27, Lydgate Avenue.

That's L-Y-D, Lydgate. Mirfield.

(he watches her write)

So. The thing is. I've been having - in a - having a - in a -

(embarrassed)

relationship.

CATHERINE

Post code.

GRAHAM

HX2 6BK. Yeah, so I've been having a relationship. With... a lady.

(MORE)

She's married. I'm married. But.  
And her husband was having an  
affair with someone else. But.  
Anyway, he was away from home one  
[night] -

CATHERINE

Have you got a phone number?

GRAHAM

Yes.

(CATHERINE: go on)

It's Halifax. 960441. So...

(he waits for her to  
finish writing the phone  
number down, just in case  
she has any more annoying  
questions up her sleeve)

So he was away from home one night.

CATHERINE

Have I spelt your name properly?

CATHERINE

So... sorry, you think. This bloke  
might have something to do with

JODIE  
(she hasn't time to argue  
with him: she turns to  
another officer)  
Alastair. Can you phone these  
people who've left messages about  
being in Ripponden on that evening?

But we know JOHN's not just going to the chemist. He's  
leaving and he's not coming back.

CUT TO:

42

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, ROOM. DAY 17. 08.45

42

CATHERINE  
I shan't be long.

She's just heading out of the door...

CUT TO:

43

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRWELL. DAY 17.  
08.46

43

...and into the stairwell area (struggling to get away from  
GRAHAM TATTERSALL) just as JOHN's reached the bottom the  
stairs.

GRAHAM



48 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRS. DAY 17. 08.51 48

SHAF, MIKE, SLEDGE and others who heard the message are running down the stairs.

MIKE

You and you, take the vehicles.

MIKE heads for the front door.

CUT TO:

49 EXT/INT. JOHN'S CAR, STATION ROAD. DAY 17. 08.52 49

JOHN's looking in his rear view mirror to see what's happening behind him. He sees the patrol vehicle behind him: the blue lights and siren suddenly kick in.

CUT TO:

50 INT/EXT. STATION ROAD/PATROL CAR. DAY 17. 08.53 50

CATHERINE and GORKEM speed up.

CATHERINE

Once in your life in the right place at the right time, doesn't it feel good? Eh?

(then looking at the road ahead)

God know what his plans are, but this is a dead end.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION. DAY 17. 08.54 51

JOHN approaches the railway station - at speed - and then realises he's going to have to do a swift U-turn to get out of this dead end. As he veers sharply round to the right his path is blocked by a massive lorry just emerging from the industrial unit behind the railway station. He reverses (far too fast) in order to complete the U-turn, and smacks into a parked car: he lurches forward but now it's right into the path of the approaching patrol car that CATHERINE and GORKEM are driving.

CUT TO:

52 INT. JOHN'S CAR, STATION ROAD. DAY 17. 08.55 52

JOHN tries to steer out of CATHERINE and GORKEM's way.

CUT TO:



53 INT. PATROL CAR, STATION ROAD. DAY 17. 08.56

53

CATHERINE  
Throw it broadside!

She grabs the steering wheel and GORKEM brakes at the same time. This blocks the path of JOHN'S BMW, and they're half an inch off a collision. CATHERINE (in the passenger seat of the patrol car) and JOHN (in the driver's seat of the BMW) are face to face, no more than four feet away from one another.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. JOHN'S CAR/SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION. DAY 17. 08.57

54

JOHN dives out of his car and runs. CATHERINE dives out of the patrol vehicle and runs. GORKEM dives out of the driver's side and runs, but then the patrol vehicle starts rolling backwards.

CATHERINE  
Hand brake!  
(GORKEM has to run back,  
CATHERINE'S hot on JOHN'S  
heels, but still has  
enough joy in her soul to  
mumble to herself - )  
That's b - r - a - k - e.

JOHN runs onto the west bound platform, but he's still no idea where he's going. He's mumbling "Shit shit shit" to himself over and over again. He legs it along the platform - in the direction he knows the trains come in - and he keeps running. CATHERINE'S right behind him.

JOHN jumps down onto the tracks and he's running down the tracks, like he's hoping to just run into the next train that comes along. CATHERINE'S still behind him, but pauses at the end of the platform: she knows you don't go on railway lines.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Oh Jesus. John!  
(she gets on her radio)  
He's on the tracks, he's running on  
the tracks towards Sowerby Bridge.

RADIO  
(oov)  
DO NOT follow four-five.

CUT TO:



JOHN  
Fff... pi ss off.

He looks down over the edge. A car shoots out from under the

JOHN  
Everybody! People I work with, my  
my kids, my mother, people I don't  
even know that well! They're just  
people - people you don't even like  
- just people you've had on your  
phone for years!

CUT TO:

57C EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 17. 09.03 57C

ANDY, JODIE, ANN, and others (JOYCE too) pile out of the  
station and look up at JOHN, standing on the bridge.

Oh fff[uck]. JODIE Shi t. ANN

CUT TO:

57D EXT. VIADUCT. DAY 17. 09.04 57D

CATHERINE  
I know! I know. I know how she  
operated. She *ruined people's*  
*lives*. I tell you, this bloke I  
know -

JOHN  
I asked her to just let me go and  
she wouldn't, and I *begged* her! And  
I didn't mean to kill her, I didn't  
go *in there* to kill her, it just -  
(just happened)  
And so I did this *ridiculous thing*.  
To her. And God knows...  
(he looks at his hands,  
his shaking hands, which  
he now knows are capable  
of the most horrendous  
act, he rubs them  
together to clean them)  
That's not me. That's - not what



CATHERINE

Okay. John.

JOHN

You've got to be assertive.

Reassuring. Empathetic. Kind.

(CATHERINE's nodding: yep,  
she's all those things)

And you've... got to listen. You've  
got to be a good listener. And...  
you tell them that even though they  
can't see a way forward. You can.  
There are options other than this  
one. And that in twenty-four hours'  
time, it'll all seem very  
different. To what it might look  
like now.

(CATHERINE takes that in.  
It all makes sense)

But you see... it won't. This can  
only get worse.

CATHERINE

How many people have you talked  
down? Over the years? John?

JOHN

Seventeen.

CATHERINE

Wow.

JOHN

And I never lost one. Not one. One  
I'd jumped before I got there,  
but... apart from him.

CATHERINE

So...? What you gonna do? Mess my  
record up before I've even started?

(she said that to be  
funny. JOHN appreciates  
that. Even if he's  
finding impossible to  
smile right now)

Look. I'll tell you what. John. You  
take your time, and I'll just -  
I'll just stand here. Okay? I'm not  
going anywhere. All right? I'll  
just listen. Or I'll talk.  
Whichever you prefer. John. You  
tell me.

During the above we hear (on GORKEM's radio) a message about  
getting the helicopter up and stopping the trains.

We're looking at JOHN and we get the idea that she's talked him round and that he's lost the impetus to jump. He levers himself into a sitting position, still on the bridge.

JOHN  
I love my kids.

CATHERINE  
Yeah.

And then he just lets himself go. Backwards. Over the edge. CATHERINE goes numb for a second.

We cut to the ground, where JOHN hits a van that's just come through the tunnel a bit too fast. It screeches to a halt and JOHN goes flying. He ends up sprawled in the middle of Station Road.

CATHERINE races over to the parapet and looks down.

Down on the ground JODIE and ANDY are the first ones over to JOHN. JODIE checks his pulse. ANDY's on his radio requesting an ambulance. Someone else goes over to help the poor bloke who was driving the van, and who has no idea what just happened.

ANN GALLAGHER looks on, appalled. It's clear from JODIE's manner that JOHN is dead.

Up aloft, on top of the bridge, CATHERINE looks down: did that just happen? GORKEM appears behind her. CATHERINE's gone pale. She feels dizzy and sick. Obviously as a copper with thirty years experience she's used to some heavy duty stuff, but this is a bit of a new one. She sinks down to the ground and puts her head between her knees to stop herself feeling any more weird.

GORKEM  
Y'all right? Sarg?

CATHERINE  
Yeah. I'm. Yeah. I'm... yeah.

CUT TO:

58

EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 17. 09.15

58

CATHERINE and MIKE walk back to the nick together along Station Road (like MIKE went up to find her and make sure she's okay). Presumably the road has been shut down, and there are blue lights flashing. An ambulance. GORKEM walks way in front of them.

MIKE  
There but for the grace of God.



CATHERINE

Really? He stuck a broken bottle  
inside her and then prayed to God  
someone else'd get copped for it.

(beat)

That isn't what I said to him. By  
the way. I did try and talk him  
down.

MIKE

I'm pleased to hear it.

(a moment)

Y'all right?

CATHERINE

I thought I'd got through to him. I  
thought he was stepping down. Then  
he just went limp. And this odd  
look came over his face. He said he  
loved his kids.

(a moment. She suddenly  
feels emotional,  
frightened she's going to  
cry: who'll tell his kids  
what's happened?)

What a shit week.

MIKE gives it a moment.

MIKE

I've had some more information  
through. From the D.I.U. About some  
of Tommy Lee Royce's other  
visitors.

CATHERINE

Oh yeah?

MIKE

Interesting reading. And I've had a  
message from the prison liaison  
service as well.

CUT TO:

59

INT. GRAVESEND PRISON, CORRIDOR. DAY 17. 09.30

59

The CUSTODIAL OFFICER and another PRISON OFFICER head down  
the corridor and look in on TOMMY. Then one of them unlocks  
the door.

CUT TO:

60

INT. GRAVESEND PRISON, TOMMY'S CELL. DAY 17. 09.31

60

TOMMY stands up as the CUSTODIAL OFFICER comes in. The other OFFICER waits at the door (in case TOMMY kicks off).



CATHERINE

Hello.

FRANCES

(she's nervous; this is the first time she's seen CATHERINE toolled up to the nines like a real copper, and with a real patrol vehicle parked on her doorstep)

What d'you want?

CATHERINE offers her a piece of paper. It looks official, printed off, not something CATHERINE's just composed this morning. And despite all the kit, CATHERINE's as gentle and calm as ever -

CATHERINE

These are some of Tommy Lee Royce's other visitors. That one - Gina Flynn, she's a forty-five year old accountant from Warwick. Turns out he's engaged to her. As well as you. And that one - Justine Niewinski - she's from Essex. A student. Politics and Media. She's twenty-three. He's engaged to her as well. And that one - Lena Dixon - she's a fitness instructor. From Leicestershire. Twenty-seven. Also engaged. To him.

(FRANCES doesn't want to believe this. Obviously. She thinks she alone is the only person who can save TOMMY. But right now she doesn't look happy or optimistic about it)

You look after yourself. Okay?

And this isn't any kind of subtle threat. She simply means it. CATHERINE gets into her patrol vehicle and heads off. We linger on FRANCES. The message may not have sunk in yet, but this is the start of it.

CUT TO:

D'you wanna go get yourself a cup  
of tea?

The P.C. heads off, grateful for some relief from the  
monotony. CATHERINE heads into the room... where we discover  
ALISON GARRS looking pale, ill, dejected, attached to various  
monitors.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Hello Alison.

(her manner is so kind and  
calm and compassionate)

How are you?

(ALISON doesn't yet know  
whether CATHERINE's  
someone she can really  
trust or not)

CATHERINE

I know. But how? I can either spell  
it out to him that he only came  
into the world because his mother  
was raped. By a psychopath.

(MORE)

Or I can try and make out - like Frances did - that he's really not as bad as all that. Which would stick in my gullet. And would be a wrong thing to do. Because he is just as bad as all that.

(a moment)

What would you do?

She thinks about it, and admits sympathetically -

MRS. BERESFORD

I've no idea.

(a moment)

His reading's improved. And his writing.

(she manages a smile)

We'll keep on top of that.

CUT TO:

64

INT. GRAVESEND PRISON, TOMMY'S CELL. DAY 19. 10.30

64

TOMMY in his cell. Alone. In a shitty bit of London, of all delightful places. With no-one to communicate with and nothing to do except smoke and get angrier... and angrier... and angrier. Just then someone unlocks his door. A PRISON OFFICER.

PRISON OFFICER

Post.

He drops it on TOMMY's table, and leaves. TOMMY summons the enthusiasm to go and have a look. Several letters, and they've all been opened. He sorts through them and comes to the one that we saw RYAN go off to post. In a child's handwriting: Tommy Lee Royce, Graves End Prison, London. TOMMY opens the letter and reads: 'Dear Dad. Thankyou for sending me that Scalatrix. I know you are sorry about what happened. You can write to me if you like my address is 29, Hangingroyd Street, Hebden Bridge. HX7 8AC. Granny doesn't know though. I hope you are alright. Love from Ryan'. ('Love' might be an after thought, written above the line, and a line pointing to it).

CUT TO:

65

EXT. HEPTONSTALL GRAVEYARD. DAY 19. 11.00

65

CATHERINE's putting flowers on BECKY's grave. She looks solemn - as you'd expect - but we also feel that she's

Over in another part of the graveyard RYAN and DANIEL are larking about (in a respectful enough way) looking round the graves, commenting on funny surnames, and Sylvia's pens. RYAN clearly delights in DANIEL's company and attention. CLARE's with CATHERINE. She hangs back, gives her a moment, and then ventures -

CLARE

(a smile; we sense they're  
all in a relaxed mood)  
Y' okay?

CATHERINE nods, gives it a moment.

CATHERINE

Odd. The other day. Talking to  
Alison in the hospital.

\*

CLARE

Why?

A moment. We sense it's something CATHERINE's hesitant to talk about.

CATHERINE

She told me her story.  
(she feels tearful. But in  
the way you are when  
you're touched by someone  
else's courage, not  
because she's feeling  
sentimental about BECKY)

You know -

(she feels embarrassed  
telling the story, even  
though it's not hers)

Yet another every day story of  
country folk. Her dad. He  
interfered with her. Daryl was his  
son, not his grandson.

CLARE

Jesus.

CATHERINE

She brought up this kid, this  
child, this aberration. That she  
loved and hated. Because... what  
else could she do. And she was  
terrified of him finding out, so...  
she tried to stop him bothering  
with the local lads. So they picked  
on him. And they knew anyway. They  
knew something. Somehow. So they  
became like... outcasts, pariahs.  
Something to poke fun at. I said,  
"Did he ever know?" And she said  
she thought he'd worked it out.

(MORE)



CATHERINE (CONT' D)

Although they never talked about it. She said. "Because I never had the language". I said, "Yeah".

(she's looking across at RYAN)

"I know".

CLARE looks across at RYAN too. She gives CATHERINE a supportive squeeze.

CUT TO:

66

EXT. NORLAND MOOR. DAY 19. 10.45

66 \*

CATHERINE, CLARE, DANIEL and RYAN walk up onto the tops, where you can see Wainhouse Tower in the distance. Pure bracing West Yorkshire ventilation.

RYAN

Can I get a dog, Granny?

CATHERINE

No.

RYAN

Why?

CATHERINE

Because you wouldn't look after it.

RYAN

No, I would. I will. I'll walk it and feed it and everything.

CLARE

Yeah, for t' first week.

\*

RYAN

Yeah so I'm thinking maybe a Rottweiler.

CLARE

Are yer.

\*

\*

RYAN

An Alsatian then.

\*

DANIEL

A orangutan.

CLARE

Perfect.

\*

\*

RYAN  
Okay, a Doberman.  
(CLARE: yeah right) \*  
A Great Dane.  
(nope)  
A Si ber ian Husky. A St. Bernard!

CLARE laughs: Ha! \*

RYAN (CONT' D)  
Is that a yes? \*

CLARE  
Can' t you get somethi ng small er?

RYAN  
Li ke a Pi t Bul l?

CLARE  
No, I i ke a gold fi sh.

RYAN  
Fi sh are rubbish! You can' t talk to  
a fi sh! I need something wi th some  
personal i ty. Granny. Granny.

DANI EL  
I' d buy him a dog just to shut him  
up i f I was you, mother.

RYAN goes and gives DANI EL a big shove, and they both reckon to fight, but it' s very obvi ously i n fun.

Then RYAN runs off ahead of the others. CATHERINE watches after him, thi nki ng he' s only goi ng to get bi gger, and the probl ems wi th him are only goi ng to get more compl i cated.

END OF SERIES 2