INT. NEWSAGENTS. DAY 1. 10.00

The NEWSAGENT gives a CUSTOMER change as a police car comes to a halt right outside (flashing lights, no siren). SGT. CATHERINE CAWOOD (48, unassailably pleasant) strides into the shop. She’s all tooled up; truncheon and cuffs hanging off her belt, radio, bullet-proof vest. We see the three stripes. She looks like she’s made of gadgets. Robocop. But there’s something calm and reassuring and feminine about her manner, despite her striking no-nonsense appearance. She’s probably smiling politely as she asks -

CATHETERNE
Have you got a fire extinguisher?

NEWSAGENT
(panic)
A f - ?

CATHETERNE
For putting out fires.
(no response: shop keeper still stunned)
I’ve got one in the car, but I may need something bigger.

A robust, breathless 70-YEAR-OLD WOMAN has followed CATHERINE into the shop.

70-YEAR-OLD WOMAN
There’s a fella round t’corner reckoning to set fire to himself!

CATHETERNE
(charming)
Yes, thank you, we’re on top of that.
(she pulls some cheap sun-glasses off a stand)
How much can I give you for these?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE. DAY 1. 10.01

LIAM HUGHES (23) has doused himself in petrol and he’s standing on a bench opposite some flats. He’s drunk so much his coordination’s gone and he’s distressed. His face is grubby and streaked with tears. He’s got a can of beer in one hand, a cigarette lighter in the other. His empty petrol can’s on the ground in front of the bench.

CATHETERNE heads inexorably towards LIAM with her fire extinguisher. She’s wearing her new cheap sunglasses. P.C. KIRSTEN McASKILL (23, but looks 12) is right behind her.
KIRSTEN
Nice glasses.

CATHERINE
He can send himself to paradise - that’s his choice - but he’s not taking my eyebrows with him.

We see a small indifferent crowd made up of two size 20 women in size 14 clothes, both in their late forties, two teenage girls with push chairs, a couple of grubby lads in their early twenties (also with cans of beer), and one or two people standing on their balconies in the flats.

YOUTH 1
Ey! Set fire to yerself nutty boy! It’s freezing ovver here!

YOUTH 2
Ey! Guy Fawkes! (he shakes a box of matches) D’you want a matcher!?

CATHERINE (CONT’D)
Did we call an ambulance?

KIRSTEN
On its way.

40+ WOMAN 1
They want to shut their mouths, them two.

40+ WOMAN 2
They want to shut up.

CATHERINE
Do we know his name?

KIRSTEN
Liam Hughes. Twenty-three. Unemployed. Smack head.

GIRL WITH PUSHCHAIR 1
Yeah, you wanna shuddup, Goggins! It isn’t funny!

YOUTH 1
It is from ovver here, it’s hilarious.

CATHERINE
What’s he upset about?

KIRSTEN
His ex.

CATHERINE
His ex.

Isn’t it always.
KIRSTEN
She finished with him three days ago and now she’s sleeping with his best bud.

GIRL WITH PUSHCHAIR 1
And it’s match! Not matcher. Dozy twat.

CATHERINE
We’ve got a high ranking highly trained specialist expert police negotiator on his way over from Wakefield.

KIRSTEN
(checking her watch)
E.T.A.?

CATHERINE
(checking her watch)
Basically it’s you and me, kid.

YOUTH 2
Who you calling a dozy twat? Who’s she calling a dozy twat?

GIRL WITH PUSHCHAIR 1
You, yer dozy twat!

YOUTH 1
The one and only...! Human barby-cue!

CATHERINE
(flicks her head across at the beer crew, keeps her eyes on LIAM)
Go and close down the comedy department.

KIRSTEN heads off to quell the YOUTHS (who are the same age as herself) as CATHERINE carries on towards LIAM. CATHERINE turns her radio off. KIRSTEN may look 12 years old, but at 23 she in fact has five years’ experience under her belt, and she knows how to saunter in a threatening and intimidating way that shuts people up before she’s even arrived. But like CATHERINE, once she starts talking she has a manner that’s at odds with her appearance.

KIRSTEN
Nice tattoos. My boyfriend has a tattoo. On his sternocleidomastoid.

YOUTH 1
Is that rude?

YOUTH 2
(pleased)
The dirty get.
KIRSTEN (CONT’D)
(she puts her finger to
her neck and considers
how rude your neck is)
No.

YOUTH 2
What’s it say?

KIRSTEN
It’s like...
(she considers, isn’t
entirely certain)
a butterfly?

YOUTH 2
And he’s a man?

KIRSTEN
Maybe it’s a wasp.

YOUTH 1
Y’been going out with him long?

KIRSTEN considers how long she can keep this lie going. Over yonder, CATHERINE’s within ten feet of LIAM.

LIAM
You come any closer an’ I’m setting mesen off!

CATHERINE’s calm.

CATHERINE
What’s happened, Liam?

LIAM
I don’t know what you’ve brought that for.

CATHERINE
Well. If you accidentally fireball yourself -

LIAM
The’ll be nowt accidental about it.

CATHERINE
- you’re gonna get foamed, and believe you me, it’s not a good look.

LIAM
Y’needn’t bovver.

CATHERINE
But it is better than the alternative. How’s it all come to this then, lad?
LIAM
I’ve been humiliated.

CATHERINE
Humiliated.

LIAM
I don’t wanna talk about it.

CATHERINE
Okay –

LIAM
Actions speak louder than words.

CATHERINE
Okay. Can I just say this though, Liam. The lighter’s making me nervous. You’ve had a lot to drink and you’ve got the shakes and you might press it without intending to, and I’d like you to put it down.

LIAM
Leave me alone you stupid bitch.

CATHERINE
(water off a duck’s back)
You’re upset, and I understand that. The point I’m making. Is that with all these fumes – and frankly I don’t know how you’re staying conscious – you could go up any second whether you intend to or not, and once you go up, you won’t just go up a bit, you’ll go up a lot, and the other big thing to say is, it hurts. Three seconds in and you’ll be screaming at me to put you out, seven seconds in and you’ll be begging me to shoot you.

Over by the YOUTHS, KIRSTEN’s radio kicks in.

RADIO
Control to Bravo November nine-five-one-two.

KIRSTEN
Nine-five-one-two.

RADIO
I’ve got a negotiator on his way to you, but he’s stuck in traffic on the A-fifty-eight between Bradford and Halifax.
As they knew he would be.

KIRSTEN
(light)
Okay.

RADIO
He says the big thing. Is to keep
the subject engaged in
conversation.

KIRSTEN
I think we’ve got that covered.

Back to CATHERINE and LIAM.

CATHERINE
I’m Catherine, by the way. I’m
forty-seven, I’m divorced, I live
with my sister – who’s a recovering
heroin addict – I have two grown-up
children. One dead and one who
doesn’t speak to me. And a
grandson! So.

LIAM’s intrigued, but reluctant to ask –

LIAM
Why – ? Why doesn’t he speak to
you?

CATHERINE
Oh, it’s complicated. Let’s talk
about you.

CUT TO:

INT. NEVISON GALLAGHER ASSOCIATES, NEVISON’S OFFICE. DAY 1. 11.30

We see the NGA logo, and in case we’re in any doubt, we also see what it stands for: NEVISON GALLAGHER ASSOCIATES: INDUSTRIAL REFRIGERATION. 42-year-old KEVIN WEATHERILL’s sitting waiting to see his boss. KEVIN’s the firm accountant. He’s nervous.

JUSTINE
Nevison’ll see you now, Kevin.

KEVIN
Oh, terrific. Thank you.

KEVIN goes into NEVISON’s office.

CUT TO:
NEVISON’s busy at his desk as KEVIN appears.

NEVISON

Kevin.

KEVIN

Nevison.

NEVISON

What’s up?

NEVISON’s in his late sixties, but he has the energy and aura of a man half his age. Beneath the bluff exterior you never doubt there lurks a shrewd businessman.

KEVIN

Oh nothing. Nothing’s up. As such.
I - can I...?
("close the door?" he indicates. NEV doesn’t respond one way or the other. KEVIN ventures to close the door)

Can I...?
("Sit down?" he indicates. Unsmiling NEVISON indicates “Go ahead”)

The thing is. Okay. Melissa.

NEVISON

Melissa.

KEVIN

My eldest.

NEVISON

I know who Melissa is, Kevin.

KEVIN

She’s very bright, she’s very clever. We tried to get her in at Salter Hebble High, but it’s outside the catchment area. The thing is. We - Jenny - it was Jenny’s idea. She - Melissa - sat the entrance exam for St.Bartholomew’s.

(NEVISON’s impressed)

They’ve offered her a place. But not a scholarship. There’s a lot of competition. We’d like to be able to send her there. But the thing is. I’d need a pay rise.

(NEVISON doesn’t respond)

If we can’t send her there she’ll have to go to Wellesley Hill.

(MORE)
KEVIN (CONT’D)
Which - you know - it’s - it does its best, but. This is a great opportunity. For her. At St.Bartholomew’s.

NEVISON weighs things up.

NEVISON
I don’t pay you peanuts, Kevin.

KEVIN
No, Nevison, I know that.

NEVISON
How much is it?

KEVIN
Ten thousand pounds a year.

NEVISON
Ten thousand. And what about Catriona?

KEVIN
Catriona’s eight.

NEVISON
Yes but she’s not daft, is she? You can’t send one and not the other.

KEVIN
We’ll cross that bridge when we get there.

NEVISON
Twenty grand a year for... five years, most likely seven. That’s just shy of one hundred and fifty thousand.

KEVIN
One forty, yes.

NEVISON
Wellesley Hill’s not a bad school, Kevin.

KEVIN
Yes, no, I’m not saying it is -

NEVISON
A clever kid’ll do well wherever they go. Look at me!

KEVIN
That’s - yes - you’re a great example to everyone. Of course, Nevison. That’s -
NEVISON
The thing is. I’ve got a hundred
and fifteen permanent staff working
here Kevin.

KEVIN
I know how many people work here,
Nevison. I do their wages.

NEVISON
If they all asked for a rise so
they could send their kids to
St.Bartholomew’s I’d struggle to
make a profit. Wouldn’t I?

KEVIN
I didn’t necessarily mean the whole
amount -

NEVISON
I’ll tell you what I’m going to do.
Kevin.
(he smiles)
I’m going to think about it.

There’s something unsettling about NEVISON even when he
smiles. KEVIN doesn’t feel optimistic. He’s seen NEVISON
neatly sidestep things this way before.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 1. 14.30

CATHERINE leaves work for the day, heading towards her
charmless nondescript 10-year-old car. 48-year-old RICHARD
(tie, big North Face jacket) is just heading across the road
towards her.

RICHARD
Catherine!

CATHERINE turns and sees him but keeps walking; she’s got
somewhere to go.

CATHERINE
Oh hello.

RICHARD
I thought I might catch you! D’you
know anything about this man that
set fire to himself this morning?

CATHERINE
Yes! He didn’t.
RICHARD
No, I meant - the one that was threatening to.

CATHERINE
An incident occurred and it was dealt with swiftly and efficiently by community police officers.

RICHARD
That’s not engaging copy.

CATHERINE
It really wasn’t that exciting.

RICHARD
You doing anything this evening?

CATHERINE’s reached her car.

CATHERINE
Telly.

RICHARD
D’you d’you - you wouldn’t – like to go out for something to eat.
(she hesitates, she knows she should say “No”)
I’m losing my job. We all are. The Gazette’s closing down.

RICHARD isn’t quite sure why he splurged that, except that it’s occupying the No.1 slot in his thoughts today.

CATHERINE
You’re kidding.

RICHARD
Hundred and twenty-eight years in print and now it’s – well it’s not closing down – it’s all going online.

CATHERINE
God, Richard. I’m really sorry.

RICHARD
They’re announcing it officially tomorrow. I’ve got four weeks left.

She lingers sympathetically for a moment, then –

CATHERINE
Listen, I’ve gotta go, I’ve got to pick Ryan up.
RICHARD
You - I assume you know. But. I just heard this morning, I was covering something at court and - Tommy Lee Royce’s been released.
(CATHERINE stares at him)
Did you know?

CATHERINE’s quiet, stunned. She looks like she’s been slapped across the face.

CATHERINE
No.
(a moment)
I mean I knew it’d be around now,
but -

RICHARD
Apparently. Yeah. He’s -
(he hesitates, then mumbles the word: he knows it’ll decimate her each time it’s said)
out.
(CATHERINE’s gone all spaced out. Sunk mentally into her own private place)
Are you all right?
(no response)
Did you - want to do anything? This evening?

CATHERINE
(miles away, a tiny voice)
Can do.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL, HEBDEN BRIDGE. DAY 1. 15.15

CATHERINE’s propped against a wall, waiting outside the school, amongst the mothers. They’re all younger than her, several of them with push chairs and toddlers. CATHERINE’s staring into space. Angry, vulnerable (thinking about Tommy Lee Royce being released). The class 3 door opens, and the 8-year-olds spill out. 8-year-old RYAN CAWOOD appears in a de-mob happy huddle with a load of others. RYAN sees CATHERINE and his face lights up: there’s no-one on the planet he’d rather see. CATHERINE can’t resist a smile back, however bad she feels. He lifts her heart. RYAN races over to her like he’s going to hug her, but then thrusts whatever he’s carrying (lunch box, school bag, a painting) into her hands (like it’s a gift, and she’ll be only too pleased) then races off towards her car.
CATHERINE
(amused, annoyed)

Oy!

Just then -

MRS. MUKHERJEE
Catherine!
(CATHERINE turns and sees
RYAN’s teacher, MRS. MUKHERJEE)
Hello! Sorry, you haven’t got five minutes, have you?

CUT TO:

7  INT. SCHOOL, RYAN’S CLASSROOM. DAY 1. 15.20

CATHERINE and MRS. MUKHERJEE are sitting on little chairs. RYAN’s with them. Silence, initially. Then -

MRS. MUKHERJEE
You’re such a nice little boy, Ryan. Most of the time. But then you let this unpleasant temper get the better of you. And I understand you get frustrated, but we have to find better ways of dealing with it.

CATHERINE’s finding this difficult.

CATHERINE
Did he...? Hurt anyone?

MRS. MUKHERJEE
Well no, he hurt himself.

(we see a tiny blemish on
RYAN’s forehead)
No-one else was hurt, but the point is Ryan. They could’ve been. When you start throwing chairs across the room and using unacceptable language -

(she turns to CATHERINE)
- and you see we do have a responsibility to protect the other children.

CATHERINE hates this but has to take it on the chin. RYAN seems subdued but indifferent.

CUT TO:
EXT. CATHERINE’S HOUSE, BACK DOOR. HEBDEN BRIDGE. DAY 1. 8 15.45

CLARE (45, streaks in her hair, excessive jewellery, exotic clothes, a bit of an aging rock chick, with a bit of the wasted look of an ex-addict) sits on the back door step of CATHERINE’s three-bedroom terrace house. She’s smoking a fag, and she’s wrapped up warm with a steaming hot mug of tea in her hands. She’s soaking up some rare rays of winter sunshine. The back door’s open behind her, and – deep in the narrow house – we’re aware of CATHERINE and RYAN returning home through the front door –

RYAN
I’m watching telly.

CATHERINE
Can you get changed first, please?

RYAN
Ohh! Why?

CATHERINE
Because I said so.

We hear him scramble up the stairs.

RYAN
Can I have some juice then?

CATHERINE
Need you ask.

RYAN
No, I mean are you getting it me?

CATHERINE
Get changed.

CATHERINE drops RYAN’s stuff on the kitchen table then heads outside to see what CLARE’s up to.

CLARE
Lad down Sowerby Bridge set fire to himself this morning.

CATHERINE
No he didn’t.

CLARE
Apparently. Woman in t’shop said.

CATHERINE
D’you want these?

Sunglasses.
CLARE

Oh. Ta.

She puts them on and continues to bask.

CATHERINE

You been busy?

CLARE

I’ve been up the allotment all afternoon, I’ve only just got back. There’s some tea in the pot.

CATHERINE

I saw Richard. He asked me out. For a meal. Tonight. Is that all right? Can you see to Ryan?

CLARE

Sure. That’s a bit mad. Isn’t it? A date with your ex-husband. Won’t the new younger model have something to say?

CATHERINE opens her mouth to say something, but realises she can’t be arsed. She just shrugs. Who cares if the new younger model has something to say? Instead (reluctantly) she says -

CATHERINE

He’s been in bother again. He chucked a chair across the classroom and told Mrs. Mukherjee to eff off.

CLARE groans: “Not again”. But then she wonders -

CLARE

Do you sometimes think they over-react?

CATHERINE

Tommy Lee Royce is out of prison.

CLARE hesitates before answering sensitively -

CLARE


So that’s a bit of a surprise for CATHERINE.

CATHERINE

Why didn’t you tell me?

CLARE

(genuine)

I didn’t want to upset you.

CUT TO:
Kevin’s angry, subdued. He’s sitting at the supper table with his wife, Jenny (40) who’s in a wheelchair. The meal’s finished. Melissa (11) and Catriona (8) are watching TV in the living room. They are laughing, happy. Jenny worries about Kevin when he’s in this mood, because she can’t reach him.

Jenny
You did your best.

Kevin
Well it wasn’t good enough.

Jenny
It doesn’t matter.

Kevin
It matters.

Jenny
At least he thought about it.

Kevin
And then said no.

Jenny
It was always going to be unlikely.

Kevin
I’m not just anyone.
(suddenly)
Jesus Christ!

His temper, when it comes out, is frightening. Disproportionate to what’s gone before. Shocking.

Jenny
No. No. He knows that.

Kevin
Does he? Does he? How does he know that? What does he do that shows he knows that? You tell me one tiny thing he ever does that shows me he knows that.

Jenny can’t think of anything specific in the heat of the moment. She also knows that anything she says right now is likely to make him cross.

CUT TO:
INT. NEVISON GALLAGHER’S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT 1. 18.20

NEVISON eats supper with his wife HELEN (60) and his daughter ANN (24). ANN prods her food gingerly. She doesn’t want to be at this table with these people. She doesn’t really want to be in this house with these people. (In contrast to KEVIN’s perfectly nice, three-bed, detached bungalow, NEV’s house is probably worth just shy of 1.5 million).

HELEN
It isn’t like Kevin’s just anyone. Is it.

NEVISON
Course he isn’t. And I did think about it. It’s more than I’d have done for anyone else. Anyone else, I’d have said on your bike. Fact I’ve mentioned it to you shows it’s not a decision I’ve made lightly. Doesn’t it? Eh?

He looks momentarily to ANN for support, which was a mistake, and he realises that as soon as he’s done it.

ANN
You’re not looking at me. You don’t think I’m going to agree with anything you say. Do you?

NEVISON
How much did we spend on her education?

HELEN
Let’s not go down that route again.

NEVISON
Eh? And what good did that do? I might as well’ve pissed it all up against a wall.

ANN drops her fork noisily on her plate and walks out. All done with an air of massive indifference.

NEVISON (CONT’D)
Yeah, go on. And slam the door. (she does) Clang.

Despite his apparent indifference, ANN’s dramatic exit has put NEVISON momentarily off his food.

HELEN
(calm, quiet, sad)
That was unnecessary.
NEVISON

I’m a nice fella, Helen. I’m a good boss. I can’t do for one what I can’t do for everybody. Even if it is Kevin.

(HELEN appears to be experiencing some discomfort. Not that she parades it. NEV notices)
Have you...?
(nods towards her abdomen)
Had an okay day? Love?

HELEN nods, murmurs “Mmm”, but she’s holding her side, clearly in some discomfort. NEVISON suddenly looks his age. He can’t stand what’s happening to her.

CUT TO:

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT. NIGHT 1. 20.45

CATHARINE and RICHARD share a table. CATHARINE remains preoccupied, but it hasn’t affected her appetite. Perhaps when she’s wound up or upset she eats more. Or faster. I would.

RICHARD
I don’t know what it is she doesn’t get. You don’t move house when you’ve just lost your job. Do you? You’d get it.

CATHARINE
Yeah well. You know. You married her.

RICHARD
She goes, “Oh, something’ll crop up”, so I’m like, “Well what? I’m nearly fifty, I’m not trained to do anything else”.

CATHARINE
No. Well.

RICHARD
Speaking of which. What was the story this morning? With that fella.

CATHARINE
Richard –
(it’s so banal she doesn’t want to think about it)
It was a domestic.
(MORE)
CATHERINE (CONT'D)
He was off his head on booze, he was off his head on skunk. His girlfriend’d dumped him, that’s – it’s the usual everyday story of country folk.

RICHARD
(interrupts)
Where did they take him?

CATHERINE
Where did who take him?

RICHARD
The paramedics. I assume there were paramedics –

CATHERINE
I don’t know, I didn’t ask. Out of sight, out of mind.

RICHARD
How did you talk him down?

CATHERINE
I didn’t. I tried to. But then he got his cigarettes out. He hadn’t made the connection. That trying to light one of his petrol-soaked cigarettes would involve clicking his lighter. So I just foamed him.

RICHARD
What’s his name?

CATHERINE
I’m not - ! [telling you]. Look. You wanna know what you should do next? How about this. Instead of trying to dish the dirt on one poor misguided misinformed numpty, you write a big article. Something you can sell to one of the nationals. About why so much of it goes on round here.

RICHARD
So much - ?

CATHERINE
Drugs! Wasted lives! This valley is awash with every kind of crap you can get your hands on! There’s your story. And you wanna know where they took him?

(MORE)
They probably took him to the psychiatric unit when in fact all he needed was a brief - controlled - demonstration of how petrol behaves when you put it anywhere near a naked flame. Because he had no idea how bad it would be.

(RICHARD’s thinking. Maybe that is the way forward.
CATHERINE goes quiet again before she asks...) Where’s Tommy Lee Royce living?

RICHARD
I’ve no idea.

CATHERINE
Is he living round here?

RICHARD
Catherine. You know as much as me. More, probably. Hasn’t he got a release address?

CATHERINE
Yeah. His mother’s. I went back to the nick and rang probation. She lives in a terrace house on Rishworth, but he won’t be there.

CUT TO:

INT. KEVIN WEATHERILL’S HOUSE, KEVIN AND JENNY’S BEDROOM. 12 NIGHT 1. 22.00

KEVIN’s helping JENNY into bed, as he does every night. KEVIN’s calmer than he was earlier. He’s descended into sadness.

KEVIN
We have no luck.

JENNY
We have a nice house. We have two fantastic children.

KEVIN gives a humourless snigger. Two fantastic children who are going to go to a sub-standard school because he doesn’t earn enough money to send them elsewhere.

KEVIN
Nevison says people make their own luck.

JENNY
Well maybe that’s easy for Nevison to say.
KEVIN
It’s a stupid thing to say. It isn’t like anyone sets out to be unlucky. Is it? We all take opportunities. If we can. If we see them.

JENNY
I think we do very well. All things considered.

KEVIN
All things considered? What does that mean?

JENNY
Nothing. I just meant -

KEVIN
Given how little and dull and ordinary we are.
(JENNY fears where this is going, and she didn’t mean that anyway. She was probably thinking about her illness. We feel the tension rising within him again)
Half that company should be mine. Jenny. And instead. Every day I have to go in there. Smiling. Then bend over and take it up the [back side] -
(JENNY can’t hide her distaste)
I’m sorry. It’s what it feels like. Day after day, week after week, month after month. Year after year.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. RICHARD’S CAR/STREET. NIGHT 1. 22.25
RICHARD’s car pulls up. He’s dropping CATHERINE off. Cut to inside the car.

CATHERINE
Thanks.

RICHARD
Pleasure.

They turn to say goodbye to each other, but end up lingering and studying each another’s faces. They linger long enough, then eventually they kiss. It’s so easy and so familiar. And so inevitable and right. It becomes increasingly passionate.
CATHERINE
What time’s she expecting you back?
From Rotherham.

A lie, obviously.

RICHARD
Midnight?

They kiss again. And then they start fondling. It’s clear they’re both becoming aroused.

CATHERINE
You’ll have to come inside. I’m too old to start shagging in cars.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM, SOYLAND. DAY 2. 12.30 14

Saturday afternoon. KEVIN WEATHERILL’s car pulls into the lane that leads to Upper Lighthazels Farm, right on the top of Soyland Moor. It’s a trailer park for posh static caravans; weekend retreats. The main farmhouse is a beautiful building, beautifully restored. The barn and various outhouses are covered in scaffolding, in the process of being renovated. As they pass near the building itself, KEVIN lets his window down to say hi to ASHLEY COWGILL (37) who owns and manages the place. There’s something charming and personable but narcissistic about ASHLEY COWGILL. His 2013-reg gleaming white Range Rover is parked up by the farm, along with his wife’s Range Rover Evoque. ASHLEY has a strange trait: even at his most charming and pleasant, he never smiles. He has the manner of someone who fears they’re just about to be found out.

KEVIN
Ashley!

ASHLEY
Kevin.
(he peers into the car)
Jenny.
(looks into the back at MELISSA and CATRIONA)
Ladies.

KEVIN
I’ve got a cheque for you.

ASHLEY
No rush.

KEVIN
I’ll pop down later.
ASHLEY
Any time. You know me, I’m not going anywhere. I’ve sorted you out your access, Jenny! Wheelchair access. To the games room. If you fancy playing table tennis.

JENNY
(touched, delighted)
Oh, Ashley.

ASHLEY
You can play table tennis, can’t you? You’re not -

He nods at her legs.

JENNY
I can, I love a game of table tennis.

ASHLEY
Good, well it’s all ready for you then.

(he addresses the girls)
Our Sam and our Ben are about if you’re short of somebody to play with.

MELISSA
Yay! Can we get out, dad?

KEVIN
Sure.

The girls dive out of the back of the car and run towards the farm where two boys - a similar age to themselves - are playing in the yard. KEVIN raises his hand by way of saying a pleasant “see you”, to ASHLEY -

ASHLEY
Enjoy your weekend!

- and drives off towards their holiday trailer. ASHLEY heads off towards the farmhouse after the kids. We stay in the car with KEVIN and JENNY. KEVIN’s pleasant expression slips into sourness.

KEVIN
Take him. Ashley. Prime example.

JENNY
Of what?

KEVIN
What I’m talking about! You see that car he’s driving? Brand new. Fifty-odd thousand.

(MORE)
All that from holiday caravan rentals. I’m in the wrong game. Altogether. I’m in the wrong... God knows. Everything.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEPTONSTALL GRAVEYARD. DAY 2. 12.35

We find CATHERINE lost in her thoughts by her daughter’s grave. It reads: ‘REBECCA CAWOOD “Becky” 1988 - 2006 beloved daughter of Catherine and Richard’, then underneath ‘In God Is My Hope’. CATHERINE stares at that: it does give her a modicum of faith and courage. RYAN’s across the way with CLARE, who’s just as fond and attentive to him as CATHERINE (usually) is, picking their way through the sea of other graves, stopping to read things that interest them. CATHERINE watches RYAN. It looks like intense things are going on inside her head. She looks like she’s either going to kill someone or burst out crying. RYAN calls from across the way (he’s found Sylvia Plath’s grave) –

RYAN
The’s still all pens left on this grave, Granny!

CATHERINE nods, tries to say “yep” but can’t speak.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM. DAY 2. 13.05

Half an hour later. ASHLEY’s sitting on a wall rolling a cigarette.

The four kids (MELISSA, CATRIONA, SAM and BEN) are off playing down the field below the farm house. They’ve got a dog bouncing around with them. It’s the kind of glorious, happy day they’ll remember all their lives.

ASHLEY’s watching the two lads in their twenties unload bags of sand from the back of a builder’s truck, and pile them up neatly against a wall near the old barn that’s covered in scaffolding. ASHLEY lights his rollie, then gets up and starts helping the two lads unload the bags of sand off the back of the truck. There are a lot of bags, maybe sixty. Suddenly an excited voice from down the field –

SAM
Dad! Dad! Dad!

(ASHLEY looks down the field, SAM’s pointing into the sky)

The’s a red kite.
CATRIONA

There!

All four of them are squealing “There! There!” wanting ASHLEY to see it. ASHLEY squints up into the sky at the bird, then shouts down to the kids -

ASHLEY

Beautiful! Lovely.
(addressing the two builders as he still looks up at the Kite)
Look at that lads, eh?

One of the lads, 22-year-old LEWIS suddenly goes -

LEWIS

Ashley.

ASHLEY turns around. KEVIN’s turned up with his cheque.

KEVIN

Four-hundred and seventy-five. Was that the right amount?

ASHLEY

Spot on, Kevin.

Just then the other lad, who is slightly older (perhaps 29) and taller and bigger than LEWIS, lets one of the sandbags slip from his hands.

TALL LAD

Shit.

The bag of sand splits open on the ground, and a couple of blocks of cannabis resin, wrapped in polythene, are clearly exposed amongst the sand.

KEVIN

That’s -

It’s dead obvious what it is. No-one knows what to do for a second. ASHLEY realises pretty swiftly he’s the one who has to take control. Calmly, he prods one of the blocks with the toe of his boot. He looks at it like he can’t imagine what it is.

ASHLEY

What d’you suppose that is, lads?

LEWIS

Search me, boss. No idea. Never seen owt like it.

LEWIS is a shit actor. The other, older lad, is wise enough to keep his gob shut. KEVIN lets out an involuntary nervous snigger. He knows they know damned well what it is.
He knows what it is, so why wouldn’t they? And they know he knows. Silence. Apart from the noise of ASHLEY’s boys and KEVIN’s girls playing happily and noisily together down the field.

KEVIN
Maybe you should ring the police -

He realises he shouldn’t have said that.

ASHLEY
Yeah. Yeah we should. You’re right. I’ll -

(he makes as though to head towards the house)
Can I have a word with you? Kevin?
Regarding your next season’s rental? On t’caravan. Only there’s a few bits and bobs I need to go through wi’ yer, that’s all.

KEVIN doesn’t want to. He’s frightened.

KEVIN
Could...? We do that later? I said I’d help Jenny unload the shopping, she’s -

ASHLEY
Won’t take long.

KEVIN
Ashley. Listen. This is - I’m - you don’t need to ring the police - It’s fine. I’m not - I won’t -

ASHLEY
Would you like a beer?

KEVIN
A b - ? No, no, I’m -

ASHLEY
Come and have a beer.

KEVIN
I -

ASHLEY
What’s the matter? I’m just offering you a beer.

KEVIN
I don’t need a beer.

LEWIS
Go and have a beer. Kevin.
Silence.

KEVIN
Listen. You don’t need to worry.
About me. I haven’t seen anything.

ASHLEY
How d’you mean?

KEVIN
This. I haven’t seen anything.

Silence.

ASHLEY
Well I have. I can see it. It’s cannabis.

KEVIN
I mean -

ASHLEY
I mean I don’t know why there’s bags of camel shit in my bags of sand, but... why? Are you accusing me of something?

KEVIN
No!

ASHLEY
‘Cos I’m just going inside to ring the police, me. Are you accusing me of something?

KEVIN
No.

ASHLEY
What you accusing me of, Kevin? Are you thinking that I knew about this?

KEVIN
No.

ASHLEY
(to LEWIS)
Did you know anything about this?

LEWIS
No, boss. No.

ASHLEY
Did you?

OTHER LAD
No.
KEVIN
Fine, that’s fine.

ASHLEY
Is it? What’s fine Kevin? Can you explain to me how this is fine?

KEVIN
I don’t want any trouble, Ashley, I just want to go back to Jenny and the caravan -

ASHLEY
I’m not happy making threats, Kevin. I like Jenny, I’m fond of the girls, but if you’re accusing me of something, that’s a very serious business.

KEVIN
Ashley. Ashley. This is -

-he’s floundering. When suddenly he has an idea. And suddenly he talks with a confidence and ease that surprises

ASHLEY)
You can trust me. Believe me. I think people have to make money the best way they know how, and yes. Actually. I would like a beer.

ASHLEY’s slightly taken aback. He weighs things up. He indicates towards the farm, “After you”. KEVIN sets off. ASHLEY follows. ASHLEY turns around and mouths angrily at LEWIS – “Pick it up!” We linger with LEWIS and the OTHER LAD just long enough to see LEWIS whisper to the OTHER LAD -

LEWIS
Knob.

LEWIS pulls gloves on then crouches down to stuff the cannabis back into the sand bag. The OTHER LAD looks down at the top of LEWIS’s head. And if looks could kill.

CUT TO:

INT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM, KITCHEN. DAY 2. 13.06

ASHLEY’s fascinated to know where this is leading. He closes the door behind him. So it’s just him and KEVIN. KEVIN’s nervous. But determined.

KEVIN
How would you like to make half a million pounds?
ASHLEY

Sorry?

KEVIN

I -

(he struggles, he’s
shaking with nerves, but
he’s also determined)

It’s not something I could do on my
own. I’ve thought it through, I’ve
thought through most of the
details. But I’d need help.

ASHLEY weighs things up. Never smiles.

ASHLEY

Do you want a beer?

KEVIN

Not really.

A moment.

ASHLEY

Well I’m listening.

KEVIN

Nevison Gallagher. Has a daughter.
Ann. Nevison could afford to lose
half a million pounds. Easily. Any
more and he might go to the police.
It’d take a good few days -
probably a week - to let him get
that kind of money together. In
cash. Without arousing any
suspicion at the bank. And I don’t
know where we’d - you’d - keep her,
there are aspects I haven’t thought
through. Yet. But the basic...

ASHLEY

You’re talking about -

(amused, the closest he
gets to smiling)

kidnapping her?

KEVIN refuses to be ridiculed.

KEVIN

She’s just finished college, she
doesn’t have a job. No-one except
them would miss her. Just for a few
days. That’s all it’d take.

ASHLEY

I thought you liked old Nev.
KEVIN
No. No, Ashley.
(his face hardens)
I don't like old Nev. Did you know. Him and my dad. Were best friends. At school. They grew up in the same street. They cooked the idea up together, they kicked it all off together. Then my dad went off to college. To train to be an accountant. And when he came back. Nevison offered him a job.
(he sneers)
They were partners! And somehow Nevison side stepped that. Like he does side-step things. He'd got the lawyers in. And my dad - being my dad - he just accepted it.

ASHLEY weighs things up. Maybe it isn’t so daft.

ASHLEY
Can I think about it?

KEVIN
Oh, that’s what Nevison said. When I asked him for a rise. So I can get Melissa into a better school. He thought about it and then he said no.

ASHLEY glances out of the window down the field where the kids are playing.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM. DAY 2. 13.10

KEVIN leaves the house. LEWIS and the OTHER LAD see him go. They watch him. They’re puzzled, concerned. Has ASHLEY dealt with it? LEWIS gives KEVIN a hard stare as he heads off, but KEVIN - somehow - manages to give the hard stare right back as he walks away. LEWIS downs tools (well, sand bags) and heads across to the farmhouse.

CUT TO:

19 INT/EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM, FRONT DOOR. DAY 2. 13.11

LEWIS appears at the door, initially full of bluster, but as soon as he opens his mouth to ASHLEY he’s polite, because he’s scared of him.

LEWIS
What did y’say?
ASHLEY’s thoughtful. KEVIN’s given him pause for thought.

ASHLEY
He’s sorted, he’s fine, he’s chicken shit, nobody needs to worry about him.

LEWIS
(confidentially)
I’m not happy wi’ this new fella.

He means the OTHER LAD in the yard.

ASHLEY
He’s fine.

LEWIS
He’s too quiet.

ASHLEY
He comes recommended.

LEWIS
He keeps looking at me funny.

ASHLEY
Give him a break. He’s been inside for eight years, he’s only just got out.

(LEWIS isn’t happy. ASHLEY nods at the kettle)
Get kettle on. Th’se summat I wanna talk through wi’ yer. Both of yer.

(he goes to the door and calls across the yard)
Tommy!

Immediately continuous –

CUT TO:

20  EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM. DAY 2. 13.12

The OTHER LAD looks up, and - as we look into his intense light blue psychopath’s eyes - we realise that this is TOMMY LEE ROYCE. It’s a huge moment.

ASHLEY
D’you wanna a cup o’ tea?

TOMMY downloads the bag he’s dealing with and heads for the house.

CUT TO:
21

EXT. HEPTONSTALL. DAY 2. 13.30

CATHERINE and CLARE wander along the lane away from the graveyard. RYAN’s exploring ahead of them, out of ear-shot.

CLARE
Was that Richard? I heard. Last night.

CATHERINE takes a moment to think of an appropriate answer.

CATHERINE
We didn’t do anything we haven’t done a thousand times before.

CLARE
Ey - I’m not judging anybody.

CATHERINE
I felt sorry for him. Losing his job. And she just goes on at him apparently, and -

CLARE
What?

CATHERINE doesn’t want to lay it all at his door, that isn’t the real reason she slept with him.

CATHERINE
I get lonely. I didn’t want Tommy Lee Royce buzzing round in my head all night, I wanted something else.

CLARE
Did it work?

CATHERINE
No.

She looks tired.Haunted. Fucked off.

CLARE
He might not even be living round here any more, he might’ve -

CATHERINE
Clare. He’s the sort that thinks Manchester is abroad. It wouldn’t occur to him to go anywhere else, he wouldn’t know how to be anywhere else. He’s like a rat, he’ll never be more than three feet away.

CUT TO:
The day’s fading. CATHERINE, CLARE and RYAN arrive home after their afternoon out. RYAN’s headed straight for the house. He finds a wholesome bunch of flowers propped up by the front door.

RYAN
Granny, there’s some flowers.

CUT TO:

CATHERINE opens the little envelope (marked ‘Catherine’) that came with the flowers. She reads the card inside.

CLARE
Who they from?

CATHERINE
(amused, self-conscious)
Richard.

CLARE
You’re playing wi’ fire, y’know that, don’t you?

Just then, from upstairs/over the bannister –

RYAN
(oov)
Y’ gonna read me a story, Gran?

CATHERINE looks weary, and murmurs –

CATHERINE
Five minutes. To myself.
(then loud)
Have you got changed?

RYAN
I will have by t’time y’ get up here!

CATHERINE
(calling up)
And what about running a bath?

CLARE
I’ll bring y’ up a cup of tea.
CATHERINE indicates that that would be very welcome, then sets off upstairs. CLARE’s thoughtful when CATHERINE’s gone: she’s worried about her.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOYLAND MOOR. DAY 3. 15.00

Next day, mid-afternoon. The glorious winter skies across the moors.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM. DAY 3. 15.01

KEVIN’s packing the car up, ready to head off home again. 10-year-old MELISSA - happy, red-cheeked, the wind in her hair, like she’s been happily playing on the moors since the crack of dawn, appears from over near the farm. The other three kids are happily playing further off with the dog.

MELISSA
Dad! Ashley says. Have you got time to pop over to the house for two minutes before we head off home.

MELISSA races off as soon as she’s delivered her message to rejoin the gang. Nervous of what he’s started, but excited by the possibilities, KEVIN heads off towards the farm building.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM, YARD. DAY 3. 15.02

KEVIN heads towards the door, just as ASHLEY emerges. ASHLEY indicates “This way“ and at length murmurs -

ASHLEY
Okay. I need one or two more details off you, but in principle, yeah. It’s a departure, but me and Lewis and Tommy are confident it’s something we can handle.

KEVIN isn’t quite sure how to respond. He feels he ought to be delighted, but in fact he’s terrified.

KEVIN
Well that’s -

He nods, wants to say “Great”, but he’s more stunned than anything.
ASHLEY
Obviously I’ve got overheads, so here’s what I can offer you.
(a pause. He knows this’ll go down badly)
Ten percent.

KEVIN
Ten - ? But. No. Look. This -

ASHLEY
We’re talking fifty grand, Kevin. It’s enough to put the kiddo through school, more or less, that’s what y’wanted, isn’t it?

KEVIN
I want half.

ASHLEY
I can’t justify half, Kevin. I’m the fella taking the risks here. You’re not. Let’s be honest, essentially, when the fun kicks in, you’ll be doing sod all.

KEVIN
I gave you information!

ASHLEY
You did, but the reality is me and the lads could turn the whole job round without you. Now. Couldn’t we? Eh? So in fact you’re lucky I’m offering you anything at all.

KEVIN’s appalled.

KEVIN
You - you can’t do that. I - I - I could -

ASHLEY
What? What could you do? Tell the police about my sand? What sand?
(Kevin realises that the endless bags of sand have gone. He’s amazed. How the hell did Ashley do that?)
I don’t wanna fall out with you, Kevin. I want you to put Melissa through this nice school. It’s what she deserves, it’s what you deserve. Come on, I’m not even expecting you to get your hands dirty.

(MORE)
You’ll be fifty grand better off, and you won’t even know the thing’s happened.

KEVIN
A hundred. A hundred grand. I want Catriona to be able to go too when the time comes.

ASHLEY takes his time. Is he going to get cross? Is he going to slap KEVIN one for pushing his luck? No. Not ASHLEY. He’s too clever.

ASHLEY
Right. Fine. Hundred.

KEVIN’s unsettled. That was too readily agreed to, and this is mad. And he’s also realising how slippery ASHLEY is.

KEVIN
When - when - when’re you...?

ASHLEY
The less you know, Kev.
(a moment)
Tomorrow, probably. Or Tuesday.
(KEVIN’s worried, disturbed. He’d have liked more time to get used to the idea)
You’re a dark horse, you. Aren’t you? Eh?
(for a second, there’s something almost resembling respect that fleets across his face)
So. What’s their address? Where do they live?

CUT TO:

EXT. NO.64, REGAL HOUSE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 4. 09.00

Monday morning. Scuzzy flats that stink of piss (we can tell this just by looking at them). CATHERINE - once more kitted out with all the gadgetry - is with another one of her PCs. 25-year-old SHAFIQ SHAH, who (like KIRSTEN) looks like he’s in his teens, but in fact has seven years’ experience under his belt. He always looks happy, like he’s just having the greatest day ever. They head along an external corridor towards a flat where the glass is bust in the door and some rudimentary attempt to board the place up has been made.
A group of three skulking hoodies with their underpants hanging out of their jailing arses move along uninvited when they see CATHERINE coming. It’s an effortless effect she has.

SHAFIQ
(as they skulk off, SHAFIQ winks at them)
Y’all right, lads!

CATHERINE gets her baton out and raps on the door with it. A distant voice from within goes: “Fuck off”. SHAFIQ reckons to cock his ear.

SHAFIQ (CONT’D)
I think that was – “Come in”. Sarg. In Swahili.

CATHERINE
If I’d said that it’d be racist.

SHAFIQ
(smiling, amused)
Nah...

CATHERINE tries the door. It’s secured by a very loose-fitting Yale lock, and the door itself looks like it’s made of damp balsa wood. CATHERINE puts her shoulder to it, and gives it a good hard sharp nudge. It looks effortless and practised, and the doors fall open first time.

CUT TO:

INT. NO.64, REGAL HOUSE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. CONTINUOUS. DAY 4. 09.01.

CATHERINE and SHAFIQ come into the flat. It’s a shit-hole. It looks like a rubbish tip, full of black bags, most of them spilling their contents. Stuff everywhere – probably all at floor level. Garbage everywhere. CATHERINE puts her baton away and heads through to the next room. We go with her. On the floor, under a grubby duvet, on a grubby mattress, a BOY and a GIRL (both white) in their early twenties, both spaced out and off their heads on something, so they both appear to be not quite with us. Empty vodka bottles everywhere. The only decent things in the room are a telly and a games console.

BOY
Oy. Oy. Where’s yer warrant?

CATHERINE
I haven’t got one, I don’t need one.
SHAFIQ
Somebody rang three nines and said they’d heard screaming coming from this flat.

GIRL
Oh – it were me.

BOY
It were her.

GIRL
He smacked me on the head.

She does indeed appear to have a tiny contusion on her forehead.

BOY
It were an accident.

GIRL
With the thing.
   (she means the games console)

BOY
It were an accident.

GIRL
It wor an accident.

CATHERINE’s just pulled some latex gloves on.

CATHERINE
What’s your name? You. Lad. I’m talking to you.

BOY
Jason Tindall. You can call me Tinner if y’want.

CATHERINE
Right, well can you pull that syringe out of your foot. For me. Please.

We see what CATHERINE’s seen: he’s got a syringe sticking out between the toes on one of his grubby feet where he’s been injecting himself. TINNER groans.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

EXT. REGAL CLOSE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 4. 09.15

CATHERINE and SHAFIQ have arrested JASON TINDALL and walk to get into their patrol car.
CATHERINE
Would you like to hear some jokes?

SHAFIQ
If you’re confident I can handle ’em.

CATHERINE
Liam Hughes. Is threatening to press charges against me for assault.

SHAFIQ
Assault by foam. Yep – that’s – yeah. That’s good, that’s funny.

CATHERINE
And. Steady on, brace yourself. The Newsagent I borrowed the fire extinguisher off. Has invoiced me. Personally. For seventy-five quid. To replace his fire extinguisher. The one he didn’t even know he had.

SHAFIQ
Nice! Nice one. I like them, they’re both good.

CUT TO:

INT. NGA, KEVIN’S OFFICE. DAY 4. 14.45

KEVIN’s in his office. He’s in a permanent state of anxiety, given what he’s set in motion. JUSTINE appears at the door.

JUSTINE
Kevin. Hiya. Nevison wants to see you.

KEVIN’s horrified. Does NEVISON know something? He hides his terror as best he can.

KEVIN
Now? What for?

JUSTINE
(smile)
Dunno.

KEVIN gathers his mental resources and heads off.

CUT TO:
NEVISON is busy at his computer when KEVIN taps at his open door.

NEVISON

Kevin. Come in, sit down, shut door.

He does.

KEVIN

Is something wrong?

NEVISON

No.

(beat)

Well. We’ll come onto that. The good news is. I can’t review your salary, not just at the minute, but what I will do. And I really don’t want this bandying about because I genuinely can’t do it for everyone... I’ll pay their school fees. Both of ‘em.

KEVIN is stunned.

KEVIN

But... you said [no] -

NEVISON

I know what I said. You’ve got Helen to thank. And Ann. One way and another. They both had a go at me.

KEVIN

Ann. Did she?

NEVISON

Mm. So.

KEVIN

I - well - I don’t know what... to say.

KEVIN tries to smile but in fact he’s appalled.

NEVISON

There was something else.

(a pause)

I’ve been thinking about - not retiring, I’d go mad - but just taking a bit of time off. The thing is, you see.

(it’s the first time he’s said it out loud)

(MORE)
Helen’s been diagnosed with liver cancer.

KEVIN

H - ?

NEVISON finds this hard to talk about. He thinks the world of his wife. KEVIN’s stunned all over again.

NEVISON

Four months since. Prognosis isn’t...

(dries up)

anyway. There’s things she wants to do. Places we’ve visited over the years that she wants to go back [to] -

(NEV has a tear in his voice. He gets on top of it)

So.

(he smiles)

Point is. I’d like you to deputize. For me. I know you think I take you for granted sometimes, Kevin. But. Well. Deputy Managing Director. Temporary. Happen, happen not. Is that something...? You feel you could...? Handle. In return for putting ‘em through this school?

KEVIN

I’m - I’m sorry. About Helen.

NEVISON

Yeah. Yeah, it’s shit. There’s no other spin you can put on it.

CUT TO:

INT. NGA, KEVIN’S OFFICE/CORRIDOR. DAY 4. 14.55

KEVIN heads back to his office. What’s he gone and done? How’s he going to get out of the dumb greedy nasty kidnap plan he’s set in motion?

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL, HEBDEN BRIDGE. DAY 4. 15.15

CATHERINE’s waiting for RYAN again. The other kids have been released, but no RYAN. Then MRS.MUKHERJEE emerges and heads over. Once more apologetic.
MRS. MUKHERJEE
Sorry. Catherine. You haven’t got
ten minutes again, have you?

CUT TO:

34 INT. SCHOOL, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HEADTEACHER’S OFFICE. DAY 4. 15.17
RYAN sits alone making shapes with his fingers.

CUT TO:

35 INT. SCHOOL, HEADTEACHER’S OFFICE. DAY 4. 15.20
This time CATHERINE’s with MRS. BERESFORD, the head teacher. She’s very good, very professional, sympathetic but no
nonsense, the same age as CATHERINE. Once again, CATHERINE
finds this difficult.

MRS. BERESFORD
We have someone - an educational
psychologist - who pops in once
every three weeks, and I’d like to
ask her to spend some time with
Ryan.

CATHERINE
He gets frustrated because he
struggles with his reading, I -
(as politely as she can)
- don’t think it’s rocket science.

MRS. BERESFORD remains polite and plausible and delicate too.

MRS. BERESFORD
We can’t keep letting him repeat
these sort of behaviour patterns
and not explore what the root cause
might be.

CATHERINE goes quiet, and thoughtful.

CATHERINE
No, of course, I appreciate [that] -

MRS. BERESFORD
(interrupts - probably
because she’s more
nervous than rude)
You see...
(delicately)
We have had comments from other
parents.
(that touches a nerve for
CATHERINE.
(MORE)
MRS. BERESFORD (CONT’D)
She can only do her job properly if people in the community respect her, and so obviously this is bad.)

It’s simply a matter of finding strategies. For him. To be aware of when he’s getting angry, and how better he might deal with it. In the moment. And then setting targets for him.

A moment, then we realise that CATHERINE’s crying. Not in a big way, it’s like her eyes are just leaking a bit. She tries not to let it show. She feels embarrassed, humiliated. But also at a loss. MRS. BERESFORD’s tone changes. She does genuinely care.

MRS. BERESFORD (CONT’D)
It’s not easy, I know that. Would you like some tea?

CATHERINE
I - no - can I tell you something?

MRS. BERESFORD
Course.

CATHERINE finds this tough. It’s possibly the first time she’s talked about it to someone who didn’t already know.

CATHERINE
Becky. My daughter. Died. Just after Ryan was born.

MRS. BERESFORD
Yes, I think - I knew that.

CATHERINE
He was six weeks old. She never really wanted him. But. Erm. She couldn’t do anything about it. In time. Because. I didn’t know she was pregnant. And she refused to believe that she was. I think - I think that’s what was going on. In there -

(she taps her head)
Tell me if I’m boring you.

MRS. BERESFORD
You’re not boring me.

MRS. BERESFORD may know some of this as hearsay, but she’s never had it from an official source before.
CATHERINE
She was — (she can’t say it)
She was raped. She was — (gives herself another moment)
And she couldn’t tell me because she was frightened. Of how I’d react, of me making her report it. Which — God knows — I wouldn’t’ve done, not if it was something she couldn’t — (dries up: “face up to”, she was going to say)
My husband found her. She — (she zones out for a moment)
She hanged herself. In her bedroom.
I felt sorry for him, I’ve seen dead bodies, he hadn’t. I had to look after Ryan. I didn’t have to. But I didn’t think there was an alternative, and. You know. He didn’t ask to [be]... none of it was his fault. Was it? A complete innocent. In the world. And nobody wants you. I didn’t. Particularly. But. Richard — my husband — he couldn’t stand it. He couldn’t stand being in the same house. Ninety-nine percent of couples split up after they lose a child. Did you know that? I don’t know why I’m telling you this, except... (she’s lost the thread in the emotion of it all, so she winds it up with —)
I do my best. For him. With him. I always have done.

MRS. BERESFORD
(quiet)
I don’t think anybody’s ever questioned that, Catherine.

CATHERINE
Oh hang on, I do know why I’m telling you —

MRS. BERESFORD
The father. (CATHERINE affirms: that’s the one)
Was he ever...?

CATHERINE
Caught. No. And I could never prove anything anyway. Not now. (MORE)
I know who it was. He’s been in prison. For eight years. For supplying drugs, not for what he did to Becky. No, he’s got away with that. And this wasn’t a his-word-against-hers-she-might’ve-given-her-consent-but-who-knows-cos-they-were-both-a-bit-drunk job. It was a brutal. Brutal. Attack. But she knew who he was. She wrote his name down. Before she –
(she looks up at MRS.B)
I’m terrified. If Ryan’s like him. In any way shape or form. Which he’s bound to be. Isn’t he?

MRS.BERESFORD
Not – [necessarily], I –

Catherine
But no, you’re right, ignoring it won’t make it go away. Will it?

CUT TO:

INT. CATHERINE’S HOUSE, HALLWAY/Front Door. Evening 4. 16.45

Catherine’s just arrived home with Ryan, who dumps his stuff then shoots off up the stairs, calling happily –

RYAN
Getting changed then playing on video games!

CLARE shouts through from the kitchen where she’s got some music on –

CLARE
It’s pizzas for tea!

RYAN (happy)  CatherinE (preoccupied but hungry)
Yay! Fantastic.

Catherine comes into the sitting room, prodding a number into her mobile. It rings. A man’s voice (Richard) on the other end goes “Hello?” Catherine checks to see that Clare’s still busy through in the kitchen, then talks quietly –

CatherinE
Hello.

CUT TO:
INT. RICHARD AND ROS’S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN.
EVENING 4. 16.46

ROS (RICHARD’s wife) is busy preparing supper through in the kitchen. RICHARD (on the phone to CATHERINE) glances to make sure he’s not being overheard -

RICHARD
You don’t fancy going to Rotherham. Again. Tonight. Do you?

CUT TO:

INT. CATHERINE’S HOUSE, CATHERINE’S BEDROOM. NIGHT 4.
22.10

CATHERINE and RICHARD in bed. They’ve shagged. RICHARD’s studying her face. She’s off in her own little world, staring at the ceiling.

RICHARD
Are you all right?

At length -

CATHERINE
I’m just. Weighing up the pros and cons. Of what it would mean. To take the law into your own hands.

RICHARD considers that.

RICHARD
The down side. Obviously. Would be if you got caught.

CATHERINE
Mm. Possibly. I dunno. I’d say the down side would be if you didn’t feel much different. Or better. After you’d done the thing. Which - why would you? It isn’t like it would bring her back. Is it?

He thought they were talking abstracts, not specifics. Specifics is worrying and less playful.

RICHARD
Don’t let yourself get obsessed with it. Catherine. He’s low-life, he’s scum, he’ll get what’s coming to him one day, he just will.

CATHERINE
The upside. On the other hand. Would be the exquisite satisfaction you’d get.

(MORE)
CATHERINE (CONT’D)
From grinding his severed scrotum.
Into the mud. With the underside of
your shittiest shoe. And then
burying his worthless carcass in a
shallow grave up on the moors where
it can rot. Undisturbed and
unloved. Until the end of time.
(a pause)
I’m sure that’d make me feel
better.
(she reflects)
Just a bit.
(RICHARD’s gone quiet)
Are you all right?

He nods, can’t speak. It was his daughter whose life this man
wrecked too.

CATHERINE (CONT’D)
Doesn’t it frighten you?
(she actually looks more
excited by the prospect
than frightened)
If ever you came face to face with
him. Not knowing what the hell you
might do to him.

RICHARD takes his time to respond.

RICHARD
You’re not going to actively seek
him out. Are you?

CATHERINE doesn’t know. She doesn’t know what she’s going to
do. It’s one of those decisions you can never finally make
until something forces your hand, because it’s so big and
complex.

CUT TO:

39  INT. KEVIN’S HOUSE, KEVIN AND JENNY’S BEDROOM. NIGHT 4.  39
23.30

JENNY’s asleep. KEVIN’s wide awake and terrified, unable to
settle in his mind on a decisive course of action. He’s
tortured by his thoughts, can’t stop his mind racing.

CUT TO:

40  INT/EXT. KEVIN’S CAR/STREET. DAY 5. 08.14  40

KEVIN drives to work. He’s verging on frantic, he’s
practising what he’s going to say to ASHLEY.
KEVIN
Ashley! Ashley. Ashley, It’s Kevin. Listen, I think - I think I may have [made a mistake] - I - I - shit. Ashley. Hi. It’s Kevin. I think I may have made a mistake with this Nevison business. I think I think we we we need to call the whole thing off. I think - Ashley! Hello, it’s Kevin. I may have miscalculated how much Nevison is worth. Ashley, I’ve miscalculated how much Nevison is worth.

He likes that line. It gives him courage. He pulls up ASHLEY’s number on his bluetooth. It rings. KEVIN’s beside himself with nerves.

ASHLEY
(oov)
Hello?

KEVIN gets tense as soon as he hears ASHLEY’s calm voice.

KEVIN
Ashley? It’s it’s it’s Kevin.
(silence at the other end)
Ashley? It’s Kevin.

ASHLEY
Hello.

KEVIN
Yeah. Look. Okay. I’ve been thinking -

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

41 EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM. CONTINUOUS. DAY 5. 08.15

ASHLEY COWGILL’s sitting on a wall by the farm sipping a mug of tea. Behind him up the scaffolding, there are men at work, this is a real building site.

KEVIN
- I don’t think this business - I don’t think we should do it, I think I’ve bitten off more than I can chew, I think I may have miscalculated -
ASHLEY
Don’t ring me, Kevin. Not on my mobile, not on the landline. I’ll see you on Sat’day.

KEVIN
No, Ashley, listen –

ASHLEY
If this goes tits up. The police can trace calls, any calls, all calls, and they’ll wanna know what business you and me had on the phone at quarter past eight on this particular morning. So you just keep your nerve and you don’t ring me.

He hangs up.

KEVIN
Ashley? Ashley?!
(realises ASHLEY’s gone, and that he’s just compromised himself spectacularly)

Shit! Shit! Shit!

He hits the car’s computer screen – several times, in utter mad frustration – and then has to do an emergency stop, because he’s just about to plough into a zebra crossing, where a couple of tough looking Year 11 boys are crossing the road. Annoyed by KEVIN’s bad driving, and seeing he’s no-one they need to be frightened of, they mouth “Tosser!” “Wanker!” at him, and make gestures. KEVIN mouths “Sorry! Sorry, sorry”, at them.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. KEVIN’S CAR/NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 5. 09.00

KEVIN’s sitting in his car outside the police station, willing himself to make the decision to go in there. He’s terrified. He’s in a mess. This is awful, his world’s disintegrating actively, second by second, right in front of him. He checks his watch: he should be at work in fifteen minutes. It’s now or never; if he doesn’t take action now the decision will be out of his hands. Without warning - even to himself - he pushes the car door open and heads determinedly for the police station.

CUT TO:
24-year-old ANN GALLAGHER drives along in her little brand new Mini. She’s singing along loud and with over-the-top gusto to some music. She pulls up at some traffic lights. It’s in a quiet, rural area, no traffic, very few houses.

A van pulls right up behind her at the lights. Of course it means nothing to her, even though she clocks it fleetingly in her rear view mirror. But we see that it’s LEWIS WHIPPEY and TOMMY driving the van.

CUT TO:

LEWIS is the one driving, and TOMMY is getting irritated by him. TOMMY remains cool, even when he’s annoyed.

TOMMY
That would’ve been an opportunity.

LEWIS
That was not an opportunity.

TOMMY
You don’t know what you’re doing.

LEWIS
I know what I’m doing.

TOMMY
Let me drive.

LEWIS
You’re not driving, I’m driving.

We see TOMMY’s face: he stays calm, but we just know he’s going to get LEWIS one day. The lights change and ANN takes off again. LEWIS follows at a discreet un-pushy distance.

CUT TO:

CATHERINE’s in her office, busy at her computer with her reading glasses on (looking very unlike Robocop). JOYCE (late fifties, the civilian who works at the front desk) taps on CATHERINE’s door.

JOYCE
There’s a fella in reception insisting he wants to talk to ‘a proper police officer’.

(MORE)
JOYCE (CONT'D)
He won’t give me his name, and he
won’t say what it’s about, but he
seems a bit upset.

CATHERINE immediately downs tools and heads through.

CATHERINE
Is he drunk?

JOYCE
No. I don’t think so.

CATHERINE
Is he off his face on anything?

JOYCE
No, he seems perfectly normal
really, apart from being upset.

CUT TO:

46

INT/EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK. DAY 5. 46
09.04

CATHERINE comes to the desk. On the other side of the glass
screen she sees KEVIN.

CATHERINE
Good morning.

KEVIN
Yes. Erm.

He doesn’t know where to start now he’s got a proper police
officer. A proper police officer with reading glasses on.
JOYCE lingers behind CATHERINE, which unsettles KEVIN. This
is something he imagined talking about very privately.

CATHERINE
Can I help you?

KEVIN
Okay. I - er. Where to start. I -
okay. Are you...? Erm...

He seems to be looking at her shoulder, for some indication
of rank.

CATHERINE
I’m a sergeant. Is that...? [an
issue?]  
(KEVIN continues to
hesitate)
It’s the best you’re going to get
unless you want to drive over to
Todmorden.
KEVIN
No, that’s – okay, so. How it started. I asked my boss for a rise – a pay rise – the other day, and – you see the thing is. My daughter, she’s been offered – okay, that’s...

He realises that’s too much peripheral information, and struggles to pick up again.

CATHERINE
Are you here to report a crime? Mr...?

KEVIN
Not not not – it’s not something that –

(sensing KEVIN would open up more if she disappeared, JOYCE wanders discreetly off through to the back)

I know this man. You see. Who – well I’ve always thought he probably was a bit dodgy. If I’m being honest, and –

He zones out. Nods, can’t complete the sentence.

CATHERINE
What’s happened?

KEVIN

CATHERINE
Can I take your name?

KEVIN
I –

He crumples. He knows he’s not going to give her his name. He can’t. Pulls himself together again quickly as best he can.

CATHERINE
Are you taking any medication?

(KEVIN shakes his head)

Would you like some tea? Would you like to go through that door, I’ll come round and unlock it, and then you can come through and sit down and we can have a proper chat, would you like to do that?

(KEVIN looks terrified)

Do you want to make a statement?

(MORE)
Catherine (cont’d)
Do you want to write it down? Would that help?

Kevin
There isn’t [time] – no.

Catherine
Okay. I’ll tell you what –

She was going to let him through to the back, but the door is blocked by a recent delivery of heavy boxes.

Catherine (cont’d)
- if you go out of that door, turn left, walk five yards down the street to the next door, I’ll let you in and you can come through to my office, and you can start at the beginning, all right?

She hesitates, hoping he’ll say “Okay”. But he doesn’t. He’s still not really committed in his own mind to coming clean. Catherine sets off to let him in anyway. We go with her along a little corridor. It takes her no more than four or five seconds, but then when she pulls the door open and steps outside –

CUT TO:

Ext. Norland Road Police Station. Day 5. 09.05

- Kevin’s not there. She sees a car speed off. Kevin’s four-year-old BMW. Catherine squints to get the number plate. She just stands there, intrigued. What was that about, then? Just then Catherine’s radio kicks in.

Radio
Bravo November four-five. Urgent response required to flat twelve, Waterfield House. An anonymous caller saying there’s a lad dangling off a balcony.

Catherine
(nods knowingly)
Acid House.
(heading inside to get her stuff)
Responding.
And so KEVIN is forgotten.

CRASH CUT TO:

INT/EXT. ANN’S CAR/VAN/ROAD. DAY 5. 09.06

Crash. LEWIS and TOMMY’s van smacks into the back of ANN’s little Mini. She’s stopped at another little junction, this time even more remote. It’s just a little nudge, really, but enough to make her get out of her vehicle. ANN is short-tempered. Shocked by the impact, she mumbles viciously as she looks in her rear view mirror -

ANN
Stupid tosser.

She’s like a little whirlwind of venom. She gets out of her car. LEWIS and TOMMY get out of the van. TOMMY goes and slides open the side door of the van. LEWIS goes and talks to ANN with over-the-top politeness.

LEWIS
God, I’m really sorry.

ANN
Idiotic thing to do!

LEWIS
I’m really really sorry.

ANN
You were driving far too close.

LEWIS
Yeah, but -

ANN
You’re probably not even insured properly, are you?

LEWIS
Yeah, no, I am.

ANN
Good!

ANN goes to assess the damage at the back of her vehicle. As she peruses it (standing on the road side of the two vehicles) TOMMY appears opposite her on the kerb side (having opened the back door to the van). TOMMY pulls a face at LEWIS and mouths, “GO ON THEN – DO IT”. But in the heat of the moment, LEWIS doesn’t quite know how to go about the thing. Annoyed, TOMMY sets off round to join them. ANN hasn’t clocked any of this.
ANN (CONT’D)
So I assume we’re accepting that you’re the one that’s at fault?

LEWIS
Er... well. Yes. On the other hand. You were driving kind of a bit all over t’place weren’t you. Speed-wise.

ANN
Oh so it’s my fault that you’re not looking at what’s in front of [you] -

TOMMY comes around the back of the van. He pulls on his balaclava and walks straight up to ANN, who senses him and turns around, and he punches her hard, right in the face. Enough to knock a big bloke out. She groans as her legs go from under her and LEWIS - who’s as shocked as anyone by TOMMY’s decisive action - catches her.

TOMMY
Get the bitch round here!

LEWIS
Shit, man!

TOMMY
Now.

They both struggle round the other side of the van with her. She’s not heavy, she’s tiny, but she’s limp. And she is conscious.

ANN
What’re you doing? What’re you doing? What’re going DOING?

She starts screaming, and lashing out. She manages to wop LEWIS hard in the eye.

LEWIS
Ohh - !

TOMMY puts his hand over her mouth.

TOMMY
Shut yer mouth!
  (she bites his hand)
  Shit!

He smacks her across her face. He struggles to get a strip of duct tape over her gob, then they tie her up with duct tape, then they put a plastic bag over her head (with a hastily made air hole ripped into it). She’s kicking at them, but they sit on her.
TOMMY (CONT’D)
Stop wriggling! Stop - (he punches her in the stomach)
Wriggling!

Whilst she’s incapacitated from the impact of the punch in the stomach, they zip her in a grubby sleeping bag - head first. We glimpse LEWIS; even he finds himself shocked by how decisively vicious TOMMY is. Finally he slides the door shut with ANN inside. LEWIS and TOMMY take a second to recover from what they’ve done; they’re both a bit breathless, and both have sustained a few cuts and bruises. LEWIS’s eye is particularly sore. Then TOMMY heads round to the Mini. He finds ANN’s handbag, tips out the contents on the passenger seat, and gets her iPhone, which is in a distinctive pink case. The keys are still in the ignition. He shows LEWIS the phone, then tosses it to him. LEWIS catches it.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
Shall I...?

He indicates the Mini.

LEWIS
Yeah. Yeah.

TOMMY
I’ll see you there.

A car drives past at speed, but the show’s over, so there’s nothing to be alarmed by. TOMMY gets into the Mini and drives off. LEWIS lingers another moment, still a bit stunned by the extremity of TOMMY’s violence, gives a bit of a humourless snigger in his wake (respect?), then gets into the van and turns the engine over. He glances into the back of the van. The sleeping bag is pretty motionless.

LEWIS
You do what we tell you, and we won’t hurt you any more than we have to! And it’ll all be over soon enough. All right? (he waits for an answer. Even though he knows he’s not gonna get one)

All right.

LEWIS isn’t soft. He’s just isn’t a psychopath like TOMMY LEE ROYCE. He flips his indicator to show he’s pulling out again (even though there are no other vehicles on the road) and sets off.

CUT TO:
ASHLEY’s allowing himself to become slightly anxious, given that this latest stunt is a bit of a departure for him. He’ll be pleased when he knows the deed’s been done, and no-one been seen doing it. Checks his watch, lights another fag, as he continues to watch the builders. His mobile bleats. This time it’s a number he doesn’t recognise, which is promising. It could be the lads.

ASHLEY

Hello.

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

KEVIN’s in a phone box, his car parked right next to it.

KEVIN

Ashley. It’s me. Don’t hang up on me, I’m calling from a call box.

KEVIN’s developed a modicum of defiance, given that the decision’s past: he’s in whether he likes it or not.

ASHLEY

Right, whaddaya want? And I’m not kidding, this is the last time you ring me.

KEVIN

Just to say. Just to say. Those boys of yours, they won’t hurt her, will they? You know she’s not a bad kid, and - they will treat her with respect. Won’t they?

ASHLEY’s like... what planet does this man live on?? To the phone he manages a measured -

ASHLEY

If Nevison plays ball, Kevin. They will treat her with every courtesy. Okay?

KEVIN nods, accepts it.

KEVIN

I should be at work.
ASHLEY
Yeah, good, right, well. I’ll see you Sat’day. Business as usual.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILTON AVENUE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 5. 09.30

TOMMY pulls the Mini into a little driveway in front of a garage, beside a small semi-detached house in poor repair. It’s the kind of area that’s a maze of streets and houses, predominantly run down.

He goes and opens the garage, drives the car in, gets out and covers it.

As he’s shutting and locking the garage, LEWIS pulls up in the van, and starts reversing into the tiny drive. TOMMY watches LEWIS in, then goes and shuts the crappy gates.

Once the van’s stationary, TOMMY slides the side door open as LEWIS unlocks the house. TOMMY tugs at the sleeping bag and slides it out of the van, murmuring -

TOMMY
Don’t give me any shit you little bastard or I’ll chop your tits off.

He carries the sleeping bag into the house. LEWIS slides the van door shut and follows TOMMY into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON AVENUE, CELLAR. DAY 5. 09.31

TOMMY carries ANN in the sleeping bag down into the cellar. It’s cold, damp, white washed. There’s a thin, grilled window at street level, letting in limited light. We see what preparations they’ve made. Six 6-packs of lager. A six-pack of water, a couple of 9-packs of chocolate bars and some giant-sized packets of Doritos. There’s also a bucket and some toilet paper. And a couple of chairs. There’s also a huge load of other junk down there as well.

TOMMY sits ANN in an upright chair, still clad in her grubby upside down sleeping bag. Inside the bag, ANN’s wimpering.

LEWIS
Let’s get that bag off her.

TOMMY
Nar. Leave her.

LEWIS
She won’t b’able to breathe.
LEWIS isn’t inclined to argue with TOMMY, even though he’s genuinely concerned about ANN’s ability to breathe.

LEWIS
I’ve gotta get this phone ovver to Ashley at farm.

TOMMY looks at him. Does he realise what he’s just said? Has he any fucking idea? TOMMY casually indicates “Up the stairs”, and gives LEWIS a small nudge in the right direction. LEWIS still doesn’t realise he’s done anything wrong, and does as he’s bid.

LEWIS (CONT’D)
What?

CUT TO:

EXT. MILTON AVENUE, GARDEN. DAY 5. 09.32

LEWIS and TOMMY comes out of the house. TOMMY shuts the door behind him and talks hush-hush.

TOMMY
D’you know what you’ve just said?

A moment on LEWIS’s blank little face, then the penny drops.

LEWIS
Shit!

(then, quick as a flash)
She couldn’t hear me, she had t’bag on, she were whimpering, she won’t have heard owt.

TOMMY
I. Am not going back inside because of a shit-for-brains little twat like you. So you just think. Every time. Every time. Before you open your mouth down there. In future. Or I’ll rip your cock off and shove it up your arse.

LEWIS daren’t say anything back even though he’s incensed enough to want to. He’s now officially frightened of TOMMY. He just mumbles pathetically -

LEWIS
She didn’t hear anyfin.

TOMMY
Mind how y’go.
LEWIS hesitates, then heads for the van.

LEWIS
You...? Open the gates for me?

TOMMY hesitates then goes and opens the gates for him. He sees him out. LEWIS drives out, gives TOMMY the thumbs up, then drives off. TOMMY calmly looks up and down the road to make sure no-one’s seen anything untoward, but apart from the inevitable crowed of parked cars, and possibly a cat, the street’s entirely deserted. He gets out his fags and calmly lights up. He sucks on the fag as he lights up. We enjoy it with him. So this will be his neighbourhood for the next week or so. He sees a Chinese Takeaway at the end of the street. He saunters down and reads the menu in the window.

CUT TO:

54 INT/EXT. CATHERINE’S PATROL CAR/STREET. DAY 5. 09.33

CATHERINE’s on her bluetooth, driving back from the 999 incident she was called out to earlier.

CATHERINE
Yeah, so - he owes his dealer fifty-odd quid, right. Can’t pay up. There’s three lads knocking on his door, who’s plan it is to put him in hospital. He’s inside shitting himself -

Cut as and when necessary with:

CUT TO:

55 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, KIRSTEN’S DESK. DAY 5. 09.34

KIRSTEN’s examining her finger nails, half way through filling in an incident form on the computer, and listening to CATHERINE down the other end of the phone.

CATHERINE
(oov)
- thinking there’s no way out.
Then. He remembers this thing he does with his mates when he’s high as a kite on amphetamines, right - he plays Spiderman down the side of the building. They drop from one balcony to the next -

KIRSTEN smiles, shakes her head and nods in the appropriate places, concentrates on the form she’s filling in.
CATHERINE (CONT’D)
- all the way down. For fun! So! He
sets off, only he’s stone cold...
whatever, right, so - he sets off
over the edge, manages one balcony.
Then he freezes. Realises if you’re
not off your face on chemicals,
this is a pretty bloody silly thing
to be doing.

KIRSTEN
Bless.

SHAFIQ comes and puts a mug of tea down on the desk for
KIRSTEN. She gives him a very manly (she isn’t really very
manly at all) thumbs up. SHAFIQ pouts a kiss at her.

CATHERINE
Meanwhile the Chipping Norton set
kick the door in, right, they
quickly work out what he’s gone and
done. They see him, they start
lobbing his worldly goods - the
telly, the Wii, the play station,
his X-box, his gameboy - over the
balcony. Hoping to knock him off
his perch. Course by the time I
arrive -

We’re back with CATHERINE in her patrol car. It’s at this
point -

N.B. CATHERINE’s a trained police driver, so she’s one of
those people who drives like they’ve got eyes in their
backside. Mirrors, dashboard, mirrors, out front, her head
never stops working/moving. She’s trained to LOOK.

- it’s at this point, driving down Rawson Lane, past Milton
Avenue on the left, that CATHERINE sees TOMMY, just finishing
perusing the menu in the window at the Chinese take-away, and
flicking his fag onto the pavement. CATHERINE doesn’t realise
what she’s seen for a moment.

CATHERINE (CONT’D)
- they’re well gone, and there’s
just him dangling there - with his
trousers round his ankles because
obviously he’s wearing those sort
of jeans that come up to just below
your arse -

She goes silent as the penny drops: that was TOMMY. She lets
her car sail on for another few seconds. In shock, she
indicates and pulls in up another side street, parallel to
Milton Avenue.

KIRSTEN
Sarg?
CATHERINE prods her bluetooth off as she mumbles simultaneously -

CATHERINE
I’ll catch y’later.

We stay with CATHERINE. This is huge. She gets out of her car, locks it, and - like with KEVIN at the nick earlier - she hesitates a moment too long before she decides to pursue it.

She heads the couple of yards to the end of the street then turns right up Rawson Lane. There’s no-one outside the Chinese.

She walks up to the Chinese on the corner of Rawson Lane/Milton Avenue. She sees the fag end - still smouldering.

She looks right along Milton Avenue. There’s no-one.

She heads along Milton Avenue. There’s nothing.

She sees the cars and the cat, but nothing else.

She looks into people’s gardens. Nothing. Over walls. Into back yards. She’s thorough.

She looks into the drive/garden of no.6. Nothing.

But she knows. She knows what she saw. She lingers. Just in case. But nothing happens. No-one emerges from any houses.

CUT TO:

INT. NGA, NEVISON’S OFFICE. DAY 5. 10.10

NEVISON’s busy at his computer terminal when his mobile rings. He looks at the screen: Ann’s mobile.

NEVISON
(dry)
Hello, my little chickadee.

Cutting as and when necessary with:

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. ASHLEY’S CAR/STREET. DAY 5. 10.11

ASHLEY’s driving in his car making a phone call. ASHLEY’s using the pink iPhone we recognise as ANN’s.

ASHLEY
Is that Nev?
NEVISON
(curious)
It might be.

ASHLEY
Nevison Gallagher.

NEVISON
Yes.

ASHLEY
How you doing, Nevison Gallagher?

NEVISON
Who am I speaking to?

ASHLEY
Oh, you can call me...
(he muses, he’s enjoying this)
God.

NEVISON
So what you doing with my daughter’s telephone? Then. God.

ASHLEY
Well I’ve just borrowed it off her, y’see. Me and my friends.

NEVISON
What’s going on?

ASHLEY
Right, listen very carefully, Nevison. ‘Cos I’m not repeating meself. We appear to have got your lovely little daughter. In a very vulnerable position. And we’re not going to involve any police, okay? You do just like you’re told, Nevison, like a good little lad, and nothing nasty will happen to her, all right? You ring me straight back. Now. On this phone.

He hangs up.

NEVISON - in shock - looks at his phone. Did that just happen? He hesitates before ringing back. He considers not ringing back. In case it’s a hoax. But what if it isn’t? He prods in ANN’s number. It rings. Someone picks up at the other end.

NEVISON
Hello.
(silence)
Hello!? 
ASHLEY
Hello God.

NEVISON
Hello God.

ASHLEY
Well you managed to do that without any problems, didn’t you, Nevison.

NEVISON
Who are you?

ASHLEY
I’m the one that ensures nothing unpleasant happens to your little Annie.

NEVISON
Where is she?

ASHLEY
I want you to get your car keys, and I want you to walk outside to your car. Slowly. Don’t rush. Don’t speak to anyone. I’m gonna ring you again. In twenty minutes. You’ll know Dewsbury Moor Services. East bound on the M62. Phone booths. Two of ‘em. Just outside the front door. The one on the left. You’ve got twenty minutes. I want you on your own. I see any police, anything that makes me suspicious – even for a second – and you’ll regret it. For the rest of your life. Do you understand me?

NEVISON
What do you want?

ASHLEY
Only money.

ASHLEY hangs up. NEVISON stares at the phone. He picks up his keys and heads outside to his Bentley. KEVIN – from his office – sees NEVISON. NEVISON’s gone ashen. KEVIN watches as NEVISON heads outside, dives into his Bentley Continental GT and speeds off.

CUT TO:

EXT. M62 DEWSBURY MOOR SERVICES. DAY 5. 10.31

NEVISON’s Bentley pulls up in the car park. He races over to the phone, which is already ringing. He grabs it, he’s breathless and frantic by the time he reaches it.
NEVISON

Hello? Hello!

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY 5. 10.32

ASHLEY is in a remote part of the countryside, on the phone.

ASHLEY
So here’s the situation, Nev. The people who’ve got your Annie. Are after one million pounds. In cash. They’re giving us two days, you and me. To get that money together. What d’you think?

NEVISON
I can’t get hold of a million pounds. Not in cash, not in two days.

ASHLEY
I don’t think they’re gonna believe that. You’re Nevison Gallagher. You live in a big house and you drive a Bentley.

NEVISON
Yes. I know, but –

ASHLEY
Don’t tell me it’s all on tick. Don’t tell me you’ve got cash flow issues.

NEVISON
It’s not about cash flow –

ASHLEY
I’ll leave you to sort out the details. And remember, Nev. Any hint, any suspicion you’ve spoke to anyone you shouldn’t have, and... how can I put this? They’re not nice. These people. They will start cutting bits off her. And they might even film it as well and text it to yer. Or to yer wife, even. Y’know. So... They’re evil, I’m telling you, believe me, y’don’t want them to feel you’re not concentrating.
NEVISON
You do not hurt that girl!

ASHLEY
I won’t meself personally, but.
I’ll do what I can for yer, Nev.
I’ll be in touch.

ASHLEY hangs up. NEVISON’s beside himself with panic, anger, bewilderment, powerlessness. Ashley removes the sim card from Ann’s iPhone and crushes it underfoot. He then reaches for a stone from a wall and smashes the iPhone to bits.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON AVENUE, CELLAR. DAY 5. 10.35

TOMMY unzips the sleeping bag and takes it off. The transparent plastic bag covering ANN’s face is all steamed up, and moves in and out as she frantically struggles for air. TOMMY rips the plastic bag off. ANN’s hair’s all damp and stuck to her face with sweat and steam. Her face is bright red. She’s still got the tape across her mouth. TOMMY looks at her closely.

TOMMY
Are you a virgin?

She tries to scream.

CUT TO:

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CATHERINE’S DESK. DAY 5. 10.36

CATHERINE’s P.N.C.ing KEVIN’s registration number. The details pop up on screen. The car’s registered to Kevin Stephen Weatherill. Address: ‘Fairview, Upper Kebroyd Drive, Kebroyd, Triangle, Sowerby Bridge, West Yorkshire. HX6 3HW’. That intrigues her more than we might expect (for reasons that aren’t clear yet).

CUT TO:

INT. NGA, KEVIN’S OFFICE. DAY 5. 10.37

KEVIN’s busy at his computer. The phone on his desk rings.

KEVIN
Hello?

NEVISON
Kevin. It’s me. Nevison.
Cut as and when with:

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. NEVISON’S BENTLEY/STREET. DAY 5. 10.38

NEVISON’s driving back to Ripponden.

NEVISON
You not gonna believe this. Some arse-hole toe-rag shit-for-brains - !

(MORE)
NEVISON (CONT'D)

(he can’t find words bad enough)

*bastard’s* got our Annie, and he wants a million quid.

KEVIN

A m[illion] - ?

So KEVIN’s been shafted and screwed and ignored yet again.

NEVISON

It’s for real, it’s serious.

KEVIN

I - well - okay.

NEVISON

Can we raise that? Can we raise that much? In two days?

KEVIN

Two [days] - ?

NEVISON

In *cash*. Without the bank thinking we’re laundering money?

KEVIN

I - I can - we can - I can look into the accounts -

NEVISON

We’ve got to get it, because we’ve got to raise it! Because this nasty bastard means business! And what am I gonna tell Helen?

(he becomes upset)

What the hell am I going to tell Helen, Kevin?

We end on KEVIN: what the hell’s he gone and done?

END OF EPISODE ONE