

1 EXT. NGA. DAY 9. 10.45 1

Terrified KEVIN pulls up in his car. He's mumbling to himself, he's practising -

KEVIN
The thing is, Nevison. The thing is. I may be wrong, but - I *may* be wrong, but - the thing is...
(dare he say it?)
I think I might know who these people are.

CUT TO:

2 INT. NGA, OPEN PLAN OFFICE/NEVISON'S OFFICE. DAY 9. 10.46 2

Terrified but determined, KEVIN heads into the general office area, and straight through to NEVISON's office.

CUT TO:

3 INT. NGA, NEVISON'S OFFICE. DAY 9. 10.47 3

KEVIN comes into NEVISON's office, uninvited. NEV's been waiting. KEVIN's pale, he's shaking, he's just about to say, "The thing is, Nevison - "

NEVISON
Did you see anything?

KEVIN
I - no. No. No, I didn't. The thing is, Nevison...
(he so wants to say it.
But he can't)
Will you let me know? If - when - when they let go of her? Just so I know, even if it's in the middle of the night, I'd -

NEVISON
Yeah.

KEVIN
- like [to know] -

NEVISON
Yeah.

KEVIN
- to know. I know you'll have a lot of other things to think about when it happens, but -

NEVISON
Course I will, Kevin.
(NEVISON's touched by how
wound up and upset KEVIN
is. They're both as
nervous and terrified as
each other, albeit for
different reasons)
Go back to your desk. There's
nothing else we can do.

KEVIN nods, but doesn't go.

KEVIN
The thing is.

He hesitates. And hesitates some more.

NEVISON
What?

KEVIN
I...
(will he say it??)
I get frightened. Going there, and -

NEVISON
I understand that, Kevin, I
[appreciate] -

KEVIN
(interrupts)
And it's fine! It's for Ann, I get
that! But -

NEVISON
I appreciate what you're doing for
me, believe me.

KEVIN
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, I know you do.

He lingers longer. He could still say it: *The thing is, I think I might know who they are.* But he can't. He leaves the office. Then we linger on NEVISON, still stuck with his thoughts in this tortuous limbo.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 9. 11.00 5

The place is still festooned with flowers. BBC, ITV and SKY news vans still parked in the road. CATHERINE pulls into the yard at the back in a patrol car.

CUT TO:

6 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRS. DAY 9. CONTINUOUS. 11.01 6

CATHERINE comes in and heads upstairs.

CUT TO:

7 INT. NORLAND POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE. DAY 9. CONTINUOUS. 11.02 7

CATHERINE's agitated; she's made a decision.

CATHERINE

Shaf, can you get onto the council and find out who owns number sixty two, Milton Avenue?

SHAFIQ

Sowerby Bridge?

She affirms with a preoccupied nod, then she heads out and along to the INSPECTOR's office. We go with her. She taps on his door and puts her head in.

CUT TO:

8 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, INSPECTOR'S OFFICE. DAY 9. CONTINUOUS. 11.03 8

CATHERINE

Boss?

MIKE TAYLOR's busy at his computer too, engrossed. He doesn't even glance up.

MIKE TAYLOR

Catherine.

CATHERINE

Have you got a minute?

MIKE TAYLOR

(no)
Sure.

CATHERINE

Okay. So I saw this lad, Tommy Lee Royce, I've been trying to catch up with him for a few days, he's just done eight years - drugs -

(the INSPECTOR nods; he knows all the recent releases)

and I was hoping to give him the welcome home speech. So anyway, I knocked on at this house where I know he's been dossing. No answer but I had reason to believe - y'know - so. I. Accessed. The property. Via... ways and means -

(MIKE doesn't react, still engrossed with his computer, which is what she was hoping for)

- and I found blood. In the cellar. And a chair covered in gaffer tape. Like somebody'd been tied to it. And a pair of knickers. On the floor. So. That and knowing what a -

(she stops herself using an expletive)

charming young man Tommy Lee Royce is, makes me want to get a CSI - SOCO - CSI - whatever we're calling 'em this week - get one of 'em in there to take a few photos and a few swabs and find out what's going on.

MIKE TAYLOR

Okay.

He hasn't looked away from his computer once while she's been talking.

CATHERINE

Is that - ?

All right?

MIKE TAYLOR

Yup.

CATHERINE's delighted; she can officially pursue TOMMY LEE ROYCE. She knew he'd accept it, but just wanted to say she'd done it: entered illegally. And see him officially turn a blind eye. Which is what he's just done. And while she's here

-

CATHERINE

Did you go to the H-MIT briefing in Halifax this morning?

MIKE TAYLOR

I did! Yes.

(suddenly he's more
interested in CATHERINE
than in his computer)

M-CET's worked out there were two
vehicles involved. Pathologist says
she was crushed to death. Run over.
More than once.

(CATHERINE knew she'd been
run over, but not more
than once)

There was plenty of debris on the
road, paint fragments, fragments
from the number plate, tyre marks,
they'll soon identify what make,
model, year of manufacture. *Endless*
phone calls from the public. They
won't get far, you watch this
space. How is everyone?

He means on the shift.

CATHERINE

They're gutted, they're in shock.

MIKE TAYLOR

Are you all right?

CATHERINE

I'm fine.

(she becomes emotional as
it hits her: little

KIRSTEN crushed to death)

Effed off, Insecure, Neurotic and
Emotional, but other than that.
Yeah.

MIKE TAYLOR

You better get onto the CSI then,
see what this Tommy Lee Jones's
been up to.

So it didn't go entirely over his head, even if it looked
like he wasn't listening.

CATHERINE

Royce. Tommy Lee Royce.

MIKE nods and goes back to his computer. (*MIKE may know about
CATHERINE's daughter dying after giving birth eight years
ago, but like almost everyone else, he doesn't know what part
TOMMY LEE ROYCE played in that*).

MIKE TAYLOR

They'll want to talk to you. H-MIT.
They'll want to go through your
Duty Statement with you.

CATHERINE nods and retreats.

CUT TO:

9 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, COMPUTER ROOM. DAY 9. 9
CONTINUOUS. 11.04

SHAF's tapping away at his computer when CATHERINE comes back in.

SHAFIQ

Julie Mulligan. Registered
freeholder of sixty two Milton
Avenue. Her address... is Upper
Lighthazels Farm. Thornton Clough
Lane, Soyland. Her mobile number...
d'you wannit?

He nods at the screen. CATHERINE's already got her mobile out; she prods the number into her mobile off the screen, and presses the call button.

CATHERINE

Put a request in for a CSI to meet
us at Milton Avenue as soon as.
(he'll do that the second
she's got the number she
wants off the screen)
Then I want you to get up there and
tape it off and wait for 'em, okay?

SHAFIQ

I was going off on the house-to-
house with this lot. For Kirsten.

CATHERINE

Do this first. Oh, and knock on a
few doors. See if anyone's seen any
comings and goings. Or heard
anything. Oh, and -
(nods at the computer)
- trawl the box and see if we've
got anything on the address.

SHAFIQ

(he prods his key board
efficiently as he asks -)
Did the boss go to the H-MIT
briefing this morning?

CATHERINE

She was run over. More than once.
She was crushed to death.
(SHAFIQ's like ... *what?*
Suddenly someone answers
the phone at the other
end)

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Hello. Am I speaking to Julie Mulligan?

(yes)

Hi, it's Sergeant Cawood here, down at Norland Road police station. There's something you might be able to help me with, and I'm just wondering if I could pop in and have a chat?

(she suddenly notices how deathly pale SHAF's gone, like he's going to faint)

Are you all right?

The rest of the exchange is incidental as we stay on SHAF and see what he's going through -

JULIE

(OOV)

Er... yeah. Yeah. Sure. When?

CATHERINE

(looking at SHAF)

Any time. Soon. Now.

JULIE

What's it to do with?

CATHERINE

(to SHAF, a whisper)

Put your head between your knees.

CUT TO:

10 INT. HAIR SALON. DAY 9. 11.30

10

CATHERINE's with JULIE MULLIGAN, a tanned (well actually she's been tangoed, she's bright orange), well made-up woman in her early forties, like something off TOWIE (eyelashes you could slash open a tin of beans with) except with a thick Sowerby Bridge accent. CATHERINE looks pale next to JULIE (but then again most people would).

JULIE

Look, I have to be honest wi' yer. It's in my name for tax reasons, and I don't actually have a lot to do with it, so...

CATHERINE

That's all right, who does it have something to do with?

JULIE

I don't mean anything illegal. It's literally 'cos I pay less tax than he does - my husband - so...

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

Plan was he'd do it up and rent it out, only - surprise surprise - he's never got his backside into gear, so -

CATHERINE

What's your husband's name? Where can I find him?

JULIE

What's happened?

CATHERINE

I need to talk to him about one of his tenants.

JULIE

He has no tenants, there are no tenants, there's never been any tenants. Not there.

(a moment)

Well not that I know of. It's been stood empty.

CATHERINE

(she nods, takes it on board)

What's his name?

Cut to five minutes later...

CUT TO:

11 EXT. HAIR SALON. DAY 9. 11.35 11

CATHERINE turns her patrol car round in the road and pulls away.

CUT TO:

12 INT. HAIR SALON. DAY 9. 11.36 12

Keeping away from the window, JULIE watches CATHERINE's car leave, then she scrolls through her address book. She makes a call. Ring ring. Eventually -

VOICE

(it's ASHLEY COWGILL)

Hello my little orange blossom.

JULIE

You better not be up to anything.

Cutting as and when with -

CUT TO:

13 EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM. DAY 9. 11.37

13

ASHLEY loves arguing with his wife. It's one of his favourite pastimes; keeping calm and watching/hearing her get more and more wound up gives him pleasure like nothing else. Even when he's got a lot on his mind like he has now.

ASHLEY

Who, me?

JULIE

You've got a copper coming to see you.

Suddenly not so funny. ASHLEY was helping LEWIS unload sandbags off the back of a wagon and onto the building site. He moves away from LEWIS.

ASHLEY

What copper?

JULIE

A police woman.

ASHLEY

How d'you know?

JULIE

She's just been in here, just now.

LEWIS

Shit!

He's picked up a sandbag on the back of the truck and it's split open at the bottom: a couple of blocks of cannabis have dropped out. LEWIS looks at ASHLEY for an opinion, but ASHLEY's preoccupied (although he sees with some irritation what's happened) -

ASHLEY

So - well - what did she want?

JULIE

Summat about the house on Milton Avenue. It's been broken into.

ASHLEY

Br - ?

He dries up. LEWIS collects up the blocks of cannabis.

JULIE

Have you been doing summat dodgy in there?

ASHLEY

No. What did she say?

JULIE
The's no tenants, is the?

ASHLEY
No. No. No tenants.

JULIE
Somebody's broken in and she needs
to talk to you.

ASHLEY
Nobody's br -

He shuts up. It bothers him. *She's* broken in, this police woman, he suddenly realises that. She's been noseing around and now she's broken in. But why? What does she know?

JULIE
Right, well she's coming. And
you're in *bother* y'bastard, if
you've been up to something.

Silence, then they speak together -

ASHLEY
I -

JULIE
I am not. *Not.* Visiting you
in prison.

ASHLEY
I don't even know what you're on
about! Why am I 'up to something'
just 'cos some toe rag's decided to
break into some property?

LEWIS is interested in ASHLEY's conversation now he's heard that (even though he doesn't know what it refers to).

JULIE
Yeah, that's right Ashley, you're
talking to the woman that was born
last week. She'll be there in ten
minutes.

ASHLEY realises she's hung up.

LEWIS
(angry)
These bags. Are *shit*.

ASHLEY
Give it here.

LEWIS passes the cannabis blocks to ASHLEY.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Okay, I want you to go stay in
t'caravan wi' Tommy and -
(MORE)

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

(he can't say ANN's name,
knowing they're probably
going to kill her)
Her. And keep it down.

LEWIS

Why?

ASHLEY

(reluctant)
There's a police woman coming
ovver, I'll deal with her.

LEWIS

(red alert)
What police woman?

ASHLEY

You both stay in - *how the hell do
I know?* - you both stay in there
'til I come and tell you she's been
and gone. All right? I don't want
to hear a *peep* out of *anyone*. No
noise, no movement.

LEWIS hesitates - he hates this, he *hates* what they've gone
and got themselves involved in -

LEWIS

If that little chicken-shit rat-
faced...
(trying to think of words
bad enough)
turd's been to t'police -

ASHLEY

He hasn't, he won't have, d'you
think they'd send *one woman* if they
knew owt?

Oh yeah. But then LEWIS realises -

LEWIS

Well she must know *summat*.

Despite his logic, ASHLEY himself remains jittery.

ASHLEY

He hasn't *been* to the *police!*
Right? He's in this just as deep as
anyone.

LEWIS

No. He isn't. *He* hasn't got his
hands mucky. He doesn't have to
sit. In that *caravan*.

ASHLEY

She's coming from Halifax, she'll
be here in ten minutes.

There's no arguing with that: LEWIS heads off. ASHLEY's well agitated; he knows he has to calm himself down, he has to look as calm and cool as a cucumber when this policewoman gets here. And him with his sandbags full of drugs in plain sight. He heads off into the out house with the cannabis blocks.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CARAVAN. DAY 9. 11.38

14

ANN's curled up in a corner, on the floor, still tied up but not gagged. We see evidence that she's been injected with heroin to make her docile; a grungy brown spoon, a lighter, citric acid, a needle. She looks catatonic, and her skin is grey, pale, moist (and she's dribbling saliva and she's probably vomited). She also looks increasingly dishevelled, smelly and wretched. There's some annoying (aggressive) music on (not too loud). We discover TOMMY, who's just having a wee in the little bathroom, whilst checking his hair in the mirror. He's wearing nothing but his boxers and a T-shirt (no balaclava). He's got into the habit of treating ANN like she's not really there, except when he wants her, so he'll burp and fart and scratch himself whenever. Suddenly the door opens, light floods in (the curtains are permanently drawn). LEWIS appears - not that ANN can see him from the angle she's at - and he silently beckons TOMMY outside. We linger on ANN for a few moments as TOMMY follows LEWIS outside. Despite the state she's in, we get a dim flicker of her terror and frustration at not being able to discern what they're saying out there...

CUT TO:

15 EXT. CARAVAN. DAY 9. CONTINUOUS. 11.39

15

All whispered -

LEWIS

There's a police woman coming to
t'farm, so we've to keep quiet 'til
she's gone.

TOMMY

What *police woman*? Not that one I
saw?

LEWIS

How the hell do I know? Where's yer
balaclava?

HAPPY VALLEY. EPISODE FOUR. BY SALLY WAINWRIGHT. 12A.

TOMMY hesitates and says very quietly right in LEWIS's face
(still so ANN can't hear) -

TOMMY

We don't really need 'em any more.
Do we? Little numpty-brain.

LEWIS takes in his meaning: *because we're going to kill her.*
LEWIS follows TOMMY back inside the caravan -

CUT TO:

16 INT. CARAVAN. DAY 9. CONTINUOUS. 11.40 16

- but gingerly tries to keep his face away from ANN, still not even half way reconciled to that idea that they're going to kill her. He pulls the door shut. Locks it. TOMMY turns the music off. Then LEWIS sees the state ANN's in.

LEWIS

What you done to her?

TOMMY

I've give her a bit of smack. Keep her docile.

LEWIS

She needs a gag on.

TOMMY

(shakes his head)
She keeps being sick. Unless yer want her to choke? She won't scream. She can't.

ANN dimly senses something's going on. But what? And we know just looking at her that she can't scream.

CUT TO:

17 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S PATROL CAR/ROAD. DAY 9. 11.41 17

CATHERINE's listening to RICHARD on the hands-free as she drives towards ASHLEY's farm.

RICHARD

(oov)
Right, so I've got some information for you. About drugs. In the valley, and you're right -

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

18 INT. CAFE. DAY 9. 11.42

18

RICHARD
- it would make a fantastic
article, and it does need writing
about.

RICHARD's on his phone, his laptop open.

CATHERINE
(oov)
Good.

RICHARD
You wouldn't believe the chain
there is before it gets onto the
streets.

CATHERINE
Oh, I would.

RICHARD
Heroin. Is imported pure, one
hundred percent. Then they all cut
it, everyone who handles it, all
the way down the chain. To maximise
their profits as they go. By the
time it reaches the streets, street
heroin, it's probably no more than
two percent pure.

CATHERINE
(she knows all this)
No, really?

RICHARD
And they'll cut it with anything.
Brick dust. Brick dust! Face
powder, talcum powder, bicarbonate
of soda, so when they've been
injecting for long enough, if the
veins haven't collapsed, they get
blocked. Then they start having to
have their legs amputated.

CATHERINE
Yup.

RICHARD
Oh and up and down this chain,
they're all frightened of the
person above. However high up they
are -

CATHERINE's just pulling up in front of ASHLEY's house.
CATHERINE can see ASHLEY unloading sandbags by himself down
near the scaffolded end of the house. He's seen her.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM. DAY 9. 11.43

19

RICHARD

(oov)

- there's always someone above
pushing them to take more and more
and more. So they have to push
those under them to *take* more and
more and more. And you know, your
big regional dealers - and the
people further down the chain -
they'll be people who appear to be
perfectly respectable, with
perfectly respectable businesses.
It's all very slick, it's all very
well organised.

CATHERINE

I've gotta go, can I ring you
later? I'm glad you're doing this.

RICHARD

Sure.

CATHERINE

Seeya.

RICHARD

Bye.

CATHERINE hangs up and steps out of her car and approaches
ASHLEY. She's aware that as the owner of the property he may
well have been up to no good in it; however, she doesn't want
to necessarily give him that impression.

ASHLEY

Morning.

CATHERINE

Ashley Cowgill?

ASHLEY

Yep.

CATHERINE

I've just spoken to your wife
regarding your property on Milton
Avenue.

ASHLEY
(he nods, he knows)
She's just rung me.

CATHERINE
I need to inform you that we've had
reason to enter the property -

ASHLEY
(a bit of a challenge)
Why?

CATHERINE
- and I need to ask you a couple of
questions. Is that all right?

ASHLEY
Yeah but why why why did you have
to - ?

He's nervous. Understandably.

CATHERINE
Someone's broken in.

ASHLEY
When?

CATHERINE
Were you aware the property was
insecure?

ASHLEY
No.

His tone of voice implies that it wasn't insecure.

CATHERINE
When did you last visit the
property yourself?

ASHLEY
Well... it'll be two or three
months since now.

So in fact he can't argue that it wasn't insecure.

CATHERINE
And your wife says you've no
tenants? At the minute.

ASHLEY
We've never had any, I've not got
round to sorting it out.

CATHERINE

Who has keys to the property besides yourself?

ASHLEY

No-one. Should have. Have they damaged it? Have they nicked the boiler? Has it been flooded? Have they left shit everywhere?

CATHERINE

So - no, not that I know of - so no-one - that you know of, no-one officially - was in there? Yeah?

ASHLEY

Yeah. No. They weren't.

CATHERINE

Okay. Well. I have to be frank with you, Mr.Cowgill. We've got reason to believe something a bit sinister's gone on in there. In your house, in this house that you - your wife - own.

ASHLEY

What d'you mean? What sort o' sinister?

CATHERINE

I don't know. I've got a scene of crime officer in there right now taking a few swabs and a few photographs.

(she's interested in his reaction. Of course he looks suitably shocked and worried)

What it looks like to me. Is that someone's been held in there. Against their will. And treated rather unpleasantly.

ASHLEY

(a mumble)

Bloody hell.

CATHERINE

Yeah. So. We've had a couple of releases from prison in the area over the last few weeks, and I was wondering if any of these names were familiar to you. Zak Midgeley?

(ASHLEY shakes his head)

Jamie Monkford.

(ASHLEY shakes his head)

Usman Farah.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(ASHLEY shakes his head.
He's starting to feel
optimistic; she's barking
up the wrong tree)
Tommy Lee Royce.

ASHLEY
Should they be familiar to me?

CATHERINE
Are they? Any of 'em?

ASHLEY
No.

CATHERINE
These lads are all in their
twenties. Do you employ anyone or
had contact with anyone that age
who might associate with lads like
that? Newly released from prison?

ASHLEY
No. No.

CATHERINE nods, takes it in, takes her time.

CATHERINE
We'll have finished at the property
in an hour or so. You might want to
go in when we've done and make sure
it's secure.

(ASHLEY nods. He looks
suitably solemn and
shaken)
If anything occurs to you. That
might be relevant. Will you ring
me?

She gives him a card with her number on.

ASHLEY
Sure.

CATHERINE
Thanks for your time.

ASHLEY
Well thanks for telling me.

CATHERINE pauses and looks at the sand bags.

CATHERINE
What you building?

ASHLEY

Just renovating this barn. It's been going on months, it's 'cos part of it's listed, they make you jump through hoops.

CATHERINE seems to accept that.

CATHERINE

I'll be in touch.

CATHERINE heads back to her car. She has a definite instinct that he's dodgy, and that there was a flicker of something different when she mentioned TOMMY's name. Then we glimpse ASHLEY; he's terrified. He's angry as well. And he's confused. How much does she know? How much more will she know when the CSI's done his stuff? The mess just got bigger.

CUT TO:

20 INT. CARAVAN. DAY 9. 11.44 20

ANN and TOMMY and LEWIS sit in silence. They hear ASHLEY pull up on the quad bike outside. TOMMY peers cautiously through the curtain to make sure ASHLEY's alone. He goes and pushes the door open. ASHLEY beckons him out. And LEWIS.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. CARAVAN. DAY 9. 11.45 21

TOMMY

Has she gone?

LEWIS

What does she know?

ASHLEY doesn't raise his voice, but no-one's in any doubt about how angry he is.

ASHLEY

Why didn't you tidy up?

TOMMY

There wasn't time. And you never told us to.

ASHLEY

She's found stuff -
(realising what TOMMY just said)
Do I have to tell you everything?

TOMMY

What stuff?

ASHLEY

Whatever you left!

TOMMY
In the cellar?

ASHLEY
I don't know! She didn't go into details!

TOMMY
There wasn't *time* to tidy up. We had to get out fast, didn't we, in case she came back. Was it her? Same one? What did she look like?

ASHLEY
Just... I don't know! Does it *matter*? I need to think.

TOMMY
Why?

ASHLEY
(noticing)
Where's your balaclavas?

LEWIS glances not quite at TOMMY. He's not saying it.

TOMMY
(he's a bit less cocky
this time)
Well... we don't need 'em. Any more. Do we.

ASHLEY looks weary. And as if he didn't know it before... this is going rapidly from bad to worse.

CUT TO:

22 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S PATROL CAR/ROAD. DAY 9. 11.50 22
CATHERINE's talking on her radio, point-to-point.

CATHERINE
How we doing?

CUT TO:

23 EXT. MILTON AVENUE. DAY 9. 11.51 23
There's a CSI van parked outside the house. The gateway has been taped off. SHAFIQ's on the radio to CATHERINE.

SHAFIQ
CSI's here. He's just gone in, just now, I've told him what you want doing, and I've filmed all the upstairs with the headcam.

CATHERINE
Kitchen, sitting room -

SHAFIQ
Yeah, *and* the upstairs upstairs -

CATHERINE
Good lad.

SHAFIQ
- so I'm just gonna knock on a few doors now.

CATHERINE
Great. I'll be there in half an hour. Ish. I've just got another house call to make. I'm popping in on Tommy Lee Royce's mother, okay?

SHAFIQ
Who?

CATHERINE
Newly released. Then I'll be with you. Are you all right?

We know he's still struggling, just like they all are, but -

SHAFIQ
Yeah, I'm good, thanks.

CATHERINE
(murmurs to herself)
Bless.
(then louder)
See y'in a bit!

CUT TO:

24 EXT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE. DAY 9. 12.15

24

CATHERINE's knocking on the door of a row of Edwardian terraces. Most of them look perfectly respectable, except one, which looks distinctly crappier than the rest, and has stuff strewn about in the tiny front yard that really should be in a skip.

CATHERINE waits. She taps again, this time with her car keys against the glass to make a sharper noise. She looks through the letter box, and sees some shuffling movement inside. Another moment, then the door's pulled open gingerly. We see 45-year-old Lynn Dewhurst. She has the scrawny sunken features of a heroin addict.

CATHERINE

Hello Lynn. I'm Catherine Cawood.
Have you got a few minutes?

CUT TO:

25

INT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 9. 12.16

25

LYNN's house is the worst kind of dump. CATHERINE follows LYNN through to the kitchen. So this is how TOMMY grew up. LYNN sits at the kitchen table, too pissed to stand up for long. She's at that half asleep shaky rambling phase, where they've got lazy verbal diarrhoea.

LYNN

I'll be honest we' yer, if it's
about our Tommy I've not seen him,
all right?

CATHERINE

This is his registered release
addr[ess] -

LYNN

(she interrupts)
I mean I've seen him, y'know what I
mean, but -
(she lights a cigarette)
Sit down - he doesn't live here. I
don't know where he lives.

CATHERINE doesn't fancy the only available chair, so she remains standing.

CATHERINE

When did you last see him?

LYNN

(shakes her head)
Three weeks ago. When he come out.
He stayed like one night 'ere but
then he were off. Gone. I don't
know where.

CATHERINE

Have you got a mobile number for
him?

LYNN

Nope. No. He's not got one. I mean
he's probably got one, y'know what
I mean, but I don't know owt about
it if he has.

CATHERINE

Who does he hang about with?

LYNN

Nobody. I don't know. People. I don't know. Has he done summat?

CATHERINE

If you see him -

LYNN

Stupid question. And he's not been out three weeks.

CATHERINE

If you see him. Can you tell him. That I need to see him. Sergeant Cawood. Catherine Cawood.

(she gives her one of her cards)

And to pop down to Norland road nick in Sowerby Bridge. At his earliest convenience.

LYNN

Okay. It's unlikely. That I'll see him. But. Y'know. If I do. I will.

CATHERINE

Okay.

LYNN

Right.

CATHERINE

You'll remember?

LYNN

I'll try.

CATHERINE

And tell him. It'll be much better for him. If he pops in to see me. Without me having to go looking for him next time he has a meeting with his parole officer. Okay?

LYNN

(she nods)

He'll be here when he wants summat, d'y'know what I mean. But y'never know when that's gonna be, d'y'know what I mean.

CATHERINE

So you'll pass on that message for me, Lynn?

LYNN

Yep.

CATHERINE

All right. You look after yourself.

LYNN

And you, love.

CATHERINE

I'll see myself out.

CATHERINE sets off.

LYNN

Are you...?

CATHERINE

What? Am I what?

LYNN's struggling to formulate the question.

LYNN

Catherine Cawood? Is it you that's -
your grandson - is that him that's
our Tommy's lad?

(CATHERINE stares, words
escape her)

You live in Hebden Bridge, don't
yer?

CATHERINE

Who's told you that?

LYNN

Is he called Ryan?

CATHERINE

Who's told you that?

LYNN

Somebody mentioned it. Other day. I
were down in Hebden.

CATHERINE

Who?

LYNN

Friend of a friend. I dunno.
Somebody.

CATHERINE

Who.

LYNN

I don't know, I can't remember.

CATHERINE takes it in. She can't decide if LYNN genuinely
can't remember or if she's prevaricating.

CATHERINE
Well who were you with?

LYNN
I don't think you'd know 'em.

CATHERINE
Try me.

LYNN
Well you would. The usual smack-
heads. Sorry. They don't like being
called smack-heads, but they are.

CATHERINE weighs things up. She's rattled, but she keeps
calm.

CATHERINE
Your Tommy. Has got nothing. To do
with my grandson. All right?

LYNN
(she nods dopily, shrugs)
I were only saying.

LYNN suddenly looks like a victim: someone who's quickly
intimidated. CATHERINE's as gentle as she can be (well,
gentle but firm given how shaken she feels) -

CATHERINE
You need to get that idea right out
of your head.

LYNN
Right.

CATHERINE
Right.

CATHERINE lingers a moment longer, and then goes.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE. DAY 9. 12.17

26

CATHERINE gets into her patrol car. We linger on her
thoughts: that's really really shaken her. She's spent eight
years thinking no-one outside her very immediate family had
an *inkling* who RYAN's dad was.

Then - SUDDENLY - she sees hanged BECKY through the rear view
mirror, sitting in the back of the patrol car. It's shocking,
it's frightening. CATHERINE turns around quickly. But there
is no BECKY.

CATHERINE
Shit! SHIT.

And CATHERINE's left reeling from the horror of her mad brain pulling stunts on her again, and the complex feelings that are aroused; she could've *touch*ed BECKY. She has to stop herself from crying. This is getting ridiculous, she's got to get help (except she knows she won't).

CUT TO:

27 EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM. DAY 9. 12.18 27

ASHLEY, TOMMY and LEWIS are sitting on the back of the wagon with the sandbags. They smoke, they ponder. Silence. Eventually -

TOMMY

Why don't we draw straws?

LEWIS

Because *I'm* not *doing* it, that's why not.

TOMMY

Why not? It's your turn.

TOMMY's trying to provoke a reaction from LEWIS, and he knows it.

LEWIS

(he turns to ASHLEY)
You must know somebody. Higher up. Somebody who can make people disappear.

ASHLEY

(sarcasm)
D'you think?

LEWIS

Gary Gaggoski. He disappeared. Tony Stead says he's sat at t'bottom of Scammonden dam in concrete underpants.

TOMMY gives a noiseless snigger/sneer. ASHLEY's not amused.

ASHLEY

Nobody "higher up" -
(air bunnies)
Is gonna know a single damned thing about this stupid business. Because the second they do, it's me they'll...
(he goes quiet and pale for a second. What they'll do to him scares him)

(MORE)

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

We were moonlighting, we were out of our depth, it shouldn't have happened. D'you think I want people "higher up" thinking we're a *liability*?

LEWIS

(a mumble)

It were your idea.

ASHLEY

All **right!**

(he tries to resist saying the next thing, but he can't help it)

It wasn't my idea to *murder* a *police woman*. Was it?

LEWIS

Y'should get *him* round here! Little Kevin shitty-arse twat-face! Make him do it, let *him* get his hands all covered in blood and -

ASHLEY

(interrupts)

Yeah, well I'm tempted.

LEWIS

Rub his stupid nose in it.

TOMMY

Have you ever killed anybody?

ASHLEY realises TOMMY's addressing him. In that low-key challenging manner.

ASHLEY

Me? Sod off, have I 'ell.

TOMMY's thinking.

TOMMY

If you both. Give me five grand. Each. From that stash Kevin brought over yesterday. I'll do it.

ASHLEY

How?

TOMMY

Doesn't matter how.
(he watches them)
Deal or no deal?

LEWIS

You're not gonna do to her what you did to that police woman.

TOMMY
(bored with LEWIS)
Aren't I.

Silence. LEWIS struggles to say it. He doesn't want ANN dead, but what's the alternative? At least this way he doesn't have to do it himself.

LEWIS
(quiet, reluctant)
Deal.

ASHLEY needs to think about it more. But he knows there is only one viable way out of this.

ASHLEY
Yeah. Okay. Deal.

TOMMY
I'll need a van. Not a white one. I don't want pulling over.

ASHLEY
Okay. And then. When it's done. You two. You need to disappear. All right?

LEWIS looks worried. He has nowhere to disappear to.

LEWIS
Are you sacking us?

ASHLEY

I'm advising you to move on. You've got your stash. From Kevin. So move on.

LEWIS

(shocked, hurt)
You're sacking us.

CUT TO:

28

EXT. MILTON AVENUE. DAY 9. 12.30

28

The CSI van is still outside as CATHERINE pulls up in her patrol car. She still looks pale and shaken, but she's just getting on with things; she has no choice. Autopilot. SHAF appears along the street. He's got his day book in his hand, he's been doing house-to-house and taking notes.

CATHERINE

What d'you know?

She opens the boot of her patrol car and takes some blue CSI over shoes from a big plastic container.

SHAFIQ

Fella said he saw a white transit van parked down here, outside the property like... four days ago. And that's about it.

CATHERINE

(significantly)
A white transit van?

SHAFIQ

Yeah. Then again how many white transit vans are there in Halifax? It'd be a bit of a coincidence, wouldn't it?

CATHERINE agrees: yes, it would be.

CATHERINE

I'll flag it up to H-MIT, they might want to check any CCTV.

SHAFIQ

D'you want me to knock on a few more doors?

CATHERINE

No. I'll just pop down the cellar and have a word with the CSI, then we'll leave it at that.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(and now her phone's
ringing. She's weary: who
the hell's this? She
checks the screen:
CLARE's mobile)
Hiya.

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

29 INT. HUDDERSFIELD CHRISTIAN MISSION. DAY 9. 12.31 29

CLARE's gathering used plates from a table. She glances [not quite] at HELEN, who's just pulling her overalls on and chatting to someone at the counter.

CLARE
You said to let you know if Helen
turned up. Well she's just got
here, just now.

CATHERINE
I've got another three hours on
duty. Will she still be there at
half four. Ish?

CLARE
Yeah, I'd have thought so. She
sometimes gets tired, but yeah.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. SCHOOL. DAY 9. 15.15 30

Three hours later... preoccupied CATHERINE's waiting for RYAN, along with the mums. Then the children start to emerge and he's amongst the first rush of kids, a happy, speedy exit. He sees CATHERINE and heads straight for her, and in a very jolly, robust, unsentimental way -

RYAN
I'm sorry I was horrible to you
last night, Granny!

So that's a pleasant surprise. And no MRS.MUKHERJEE coming out to say he's been in bother again.

CATHERINE
That's all right.

She squeezes him tight. He squeezes her back. Then he's happily away and off, chasing another kid, one who wants to be chased, both of them squealing with the joy of being released from school.

CATHERINE's heart lifts for a moment, but then of course she's reminded that LYNN DEWHURST knows things about RYAN. About his existence.

CUT TO:

31 INT. HUDDERSFIELD CHRISTIAN MISSION. DAY 9. 16.30 31

CATHERINE - changed, showered, off-duty - heads into the busy canteen with RYAN. (RYAN has been here before, it's where Auntie Clare works, he accepts it). CLARE(who's behind the counter) is having a laugh with/giving a kind word to one of the drop-outs as CATHERINE heads in. Prompted by CATHERINE, RYAN goes and gets a jigsaw or a board game out of the cupboard and sets up at an empty table (like it's something he's done before, and knows the protocol). CATHERINE goes to the counter.

CLARE
(winks at RYAN)
Y'shoulda taken him round to
Janina's, he could've played with
Cesco.

CATHERINE nods, doesn't want to explain, but she wanted to keep him with her.

CATHERINE
Where is she?

CLARE
(she nods across the way)
Talking to Jonno.
(the lad - JONNO, a wobbly
drunk - who HELEN's with,
has stood up like he's
about to leave)
He's got a meeting with social
services at ten to five. If you
want to grab her I'll bring y'over
a cup of tea.

CATHERINE heads over to HELEN. HELEN's just about to stand up and get back to work as JONNO heads off, but CATHERINE stops her by sitting opposite.

CATHERINE
Helen? Hello. I'm Catherine, I'm
Clare's sister. We spoke. On the
phone. Last night.

HELEN's a little taken aback. And - as ever - she's an on-going bag of nerves.

HELEN

Oh yes. Yes, she said you were coming to pick her up. I'm sorry I -

CATHERINE

I hope you don't mind. Only. I was worried. About you. And. Sorry, I know this is awkward. But. And I know you're not well. But.

(delicately)

Is your husband hurting you?

HELEN

(amazed)

My husband?

CATHERINE

Look, I don't want to over step the mark. And I'm sorry if I've got the wrong end of the stick, but last night. When you said, "I'm with my husband" it occurred to me that maybe you *couldn't* speak, and maybe that was your way of telling me, and I wouldn't be doing my job properly if I didn't *ask*, and -

HELEN

No. My husband isn't hurting me.

CATHERINE

Are you sure?

HELEN

I know people think he's a bit of a rough diamond - and he is!

(she manages a smile)

- but not like that. He'd never do something like that.

CATHERINE

It takes all sorts.

HELEN

You really have got the wrong end of the stick.

CATHERINE

It's not always easy to acknowledge things sometimes, it's not something that it's easy to face up to, and -

HELEN

It's very kind of you to be concerned. But you really have got the wrong end of the stick.

CATHERINE's not convinced.

CATHERINE

Okay.

Silence. They're looking straight at one another. CATHERINE's giving her a chance to tell her the truth; that he is hurting her. CATHERINE's just about to speak again when -

HELEN

My daughter's been kidnapped.

HELEN can't believe she's said it. CATHERINE can't quite believe she's heard it. CLARE comes over and puts a mug down in front of CATHERINE.

CLARE

Tea.

HELEN

I wanted to tell the police but Nevison won't. He wants to do exactly what they tell him - *and* - they have said they'd let go of her. After the last lot of money he gave them. Just this morning. But we've not heard anything, not yet.

CLARE

What's happened?

HELEN

Ann's been taken, she's been abducted, she's been kidnapped.

CLARE's appalled. Stunned CATHERINE's having to think fast.

CATHERINE

How long's she been missing?

HELEN

Four nights.

CATHERINE

When did you last see her?

HELEN

Tuesday morning, she was driving into Huddersfield. She set off - she has a little Mini, it's very distinctive - she had a dental appointment only I know she didn't get there because I rang up. After all this emerged. To see if she'd been.

CATHERINE

He's been giving them money?

HELEN

Yes.

CATHERINE

How?

HELEN

How much?

CATHERINE

No, *how*.

HELEN

I don't know. Do you think I should tell the police?

CATHERINE

You have told the police, Helen.

I'm sorry, but -

(delicately)

I'm obliged to report something like this, I can't just [let it go]

-

HELEN

(interrupting)

No. No. He spoke to a friend who was in the CID, and he said -

CATHERINE

Retired? Yeah well he should've known better.

HELEN

No, look, Nevison *really doesn't* want the police involved, I think he's terrified they'd wade in and -

CATHERINE

I don't know how to put this.

Except bluntly.

(except of course she does it very delicately)

Most times. When something like this happens. The outcome isn't... it's not good. You have a much *much* - I can't tell you how much - better chance of getting her back, safe, all in one piece, with the police on board. Nobody will wade in, we have techniques, we have highly trained people. Helen. Are you going to let me make a phone call?

HELEN's terrified. CATHERINE picks her phone up and prods in a number.

HELEN
(worried, upset)
Oh good Lord...

CLARE has sat down next to HELEN.

CLARE
Don't you think this is the right way forward, Helen?

HELEN
Yes. I don't know. I just - I don't want him to think I've gone behind his back.

CATHERINE
I'll talk to him. If something did happen to her, and you hadn't acted on your instinct, you'd never forgive yourself. Would you?
(HELEN knows that's true.
Phone: *hello?*)
Could you give me the number for the NCA, please?
(*yes, have you got a pen?*)
Hang on.
(to CLARE)
Pen, pen, have you got a pen?
(CLARE looks around frantically and grabs a biro that happens to be sitting on another table)
Go on.

She scribbles down the number on a newspaper.

HELEN
(a mumble, to CLARE)
What's the NCA?

CLARE
National Crime Agency. I think. Is it?

CATHERINE
Thanks, tata.

HELEN
Do things like this happen all the time?

CATHERINE
(as she prods in the NCA number)
You'd be surprised.

CLARE

Helen, you must be going out of your mind.

HELEN

I don't know how I get from one moment to the next. Except what choice do you have?

CATHERINE

(hello?)

Yes, hello. It's Sergeant Cawood from Norland Road police station in Sowerby Bridge, Calderdale District. Can I speak to the on-call Detective Superintendent?

(I'm sorry, he's just in a meeting)

In a meeting? Is he. Can you knock on his door for me? I need to talk to him about a kidnap, a tiger kidnap, it's live, it's on-going, it's happening now.

CUT TO:

32

EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT 9. 17.00

32

Half an hour later. HELEN and CATHERINE loitering at Sowerby Bridge railway station. There's no-one else here.

CATHERINE

Are you warm enough?

HELEN nods, although we get the idea she's being brave. A Vauxhall pulls up. A smart bloke in his mid-forties steps out. He heads over to them. CATHERINE stands up to greet him. She recognises him. He recognises her.

MAN

Catherine?

CATHERINE

Phil.

We sense something between them. A fling, many moons ago.

PHIL CRABTREE

How're you?

CATHERINE moves swiftly on: this isn't a time to reminisce.

CATHERINE

This is Helen.

PHIL CRABTREE

Hello, Helen. I'm Phil Crabtree.

(he offers his hand. His
manner is pleasant,
reassuring, low-key,
professional, calm,
swift)

I'm a detective inspector with the
National Crime Agency. I need you
to stay calm, and I need you to
tell me everything you know.

HELEN

I know very little. I've been
saying to Catherine. I'm not really
the person you need to be talking
to. The person you need to be
talking to is going to be very
cross when he finds out I've spoken
to you.

CUT TO:

33 INT. NGA, NEVISON'S OFFICE. NIGHT 9. 17.05

33

NEVISON's sitting staring into space when his mobile bleats.
He grabs it. On screen: HELEN. He answers quickly, hoping ANN
is back -

NEVISON

Has she turned up?

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

34 EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT 9. 17.06

34

CATHERINE and PHIL keep an eye on nervous HELEN as she talks
to NEVISON. We get the idea HELEN's been told not just what
to say, but the manner to say it in too. Calm, clear -

HELEN

No, love. No, she hasn't. You need
to meet me. Down at the railway
station in Sowerby Bridge.

NEVISON

What?

HELEN

Don't tell anyone where you're
going. Are you still at work?

NEVISON

Yeah, I'm -

HELEN
Are you in a meeting?

NEVISON
No, I'm -

HELEN
Don't tell Justine, don't tell anyone. Just get your car keys, stand up calmly. Don't draw attention to yourself. Get in your car. And drive straight here. Now.

NEVISON
What's going on?

HELEN
Everything's going to be fine.

NEVISON
What's going on?

HELEN
I'm with a detective inspector from the National Crime Agency. They know exactly what to do, and they can help us. But they need to know everything that you know, and they need to know it quickly.

NEVISON's shocked. And he's cross.

CATHERINE
(concerned about HELEN's health)
Tell him we'll be in the cafe.

HELEN
We'll be in the cafe.

NEVISON
(quiet)
Right.

He hangs up, grabs his car keys, leaves the office.

CUT TO:

35 INT. NGA, MAIN OFFICE. NIGHT 9. 17.07

35

Despite being cross, NEV does exactly what he's told. He walks out, with his car keys. But there's nothing exactly casual about it;

he may think he's being casual, but in fact he looks tense and preoccupied, and he moves swiftly. KEVIN sees him. It worries KEVIN.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT 9. 17.30 36
NEVISON's Bentley pulls in.

CUT TO:

37 INT. SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION, CAFE. NIGHT 9. 17.35 37
NEVISON comes in. He sees HELEN sitting at a table with CATHERINE and PHIL. PHIL stands up to intercept him. PHIL can see that NEVISON's potentially angry, and not a man to be messed with. PHIL remains calm, and he's a big bloke; someone equally not to be messed with.

PHIL CRABTREE

Mr. Gallagher? I know you didn't want us involved, but I'm going to tell you the same thing Sergeant Cawood's told your wife.

(NEV glares daggers at CATHERINE, realising she's the interfering bitch who was on the phone last night. PHIL lowers his voice, he's going to be slightly more blunt than they've been with HELEN, because NEV needs a wake-up call)

Four days in. Your daughter is likely to know a lot. About the people who've taken her. They've got your money, and the reality is, they've got things to lose now by releasing her alive, whatever they've been telling you. Have you heard any more from them since this morning?

NEVISON

No.

PHIL CRABTREE

Okay, well we need to work quickly. All we need now is information - from you - and we'll have the ball rolling.

NEVISON

I know very little.

PHIL CRABTREE
You'll be surprised.

Cut to a few minutes later. NEVISON sits at the table with PHIL, HELEN and CATHERINE. The conversation is very swift, very focussed.

PHIL CRABTREE (CONT'D)
Does he always ring you on your mobile?

NEVISON
Yeah.

PHIL CRABTREE
What comes up on the screen when he rings?

NEVISON
Ann's mobile, first time. Then since then it's said 'blocked'. It's all on there.

PHIL's got NEV's phone.

PHIL CRABTREE
Is it the same man every time?

NEVISON
Yes.

PHIL CRABTREE
When does he ring?

NEVISON
Any time.

PHIL CRABTREE
There's no pattern?

NEVISON
No.
(he considers)
No.

PHIL CRABTREE
And Helen said the last phone call was this morning?

NEVISON
This morning, yeah. Ten past eight. Saying where he wanted the money dropped. They tell me how much, then they'll ring a few hours later to say where they want it. They rang yesterday afternoon then again this morning.

PHIL CRABTREE

They?

NEVISON

He.

PHIL CRABTREE

Has he got an accent?

NEVISON

(a shrug)

Round here.

PHIL CRABTREE

How old does he sound?

NEVISON

I couldn't say. Not old.

PHIL CRABTREE

What kind of language does he use?

NEVISON

He's cocky. He's clever. He thinks he's funny. He says "You can call me God". He reckons like he's helping. He says, "I'll do what I can for you, Nev, but these people, they're nasty", like he's got nowt to do with 'em.

PHIL CRABTREE

He calls you Nev.

NEVISON

Everyone calls me Nev.

PHIL CRABTREE

Do you think it's someone you've met? Someone you know?

NEVISON

Well it could be. But it's not struck me. I didn't recognise the voice. It's someone who knows me. Obviously.

PHIL CRABTREE

How many times have you delivered money?

NEVISON

Twice.

PHIL CRABTREE

How do you do it?

NEVISON

They asked for my accountant to take it.

PHIL CRABTREE

Who's your accountant?

NEVISON

Kevin. He's called. Kevin Weatherill.

We see CATHERINE take this in: she knows KEVIN WEATHERILL.

PHIL CRABTREE

Why d'you think they ask for him?

NEVISON

He's little, they'll be thinking he's easily intimidated.

PHIL CRABTREE

So they know Kevin? I mean, they know of him. Did they ask for him by name?

NEVISON

No. I think he just said "That little -".

(remembering)

No, he said, "that irritating little twat of an accountant you've got".

PHIL takes that in. The kidnappers *do* know KEVIN. Of him, at least.

PHIL CRABTREE

And where does Kevin go? When he takes the money?

NEVISON

McDonalds. Off Huddersfield ring road. First time. Then Birch Services, this morning, on the M62.

PHIL CRABTREE

So Kevin went to Birch Services this morning. With... how much money?

NEVISON

Fifty thousand pounds. Cash.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 9. 17.40 38

TOMMY jumps over the wall, on his way into LYNN'S house.

CUT TO:

39 INT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 9. 17.41 39

LYNN's swigging a can of Special Brew in front of the telly in a haze of blue cigarette smoke. Then she hears a noise. From the kitchen. Someone letting themselves in through the back door.

LYNN
(a murmur)
Shit.

TOMMY comes through to the sitting room, taking his coat off. He's got a little blue plastic bag with something from a DIY store in it. We get the idea that LYNN's scared of TOMMY, even though verbally she can give as good as she gets.

LYNN (CONT'D)
What you doing here.

TOMMY
I come to see you.

LYNN
Yeah, that's likely.

TOMMY
D'you want to earn a few quid?

LYNN
Doing what?

TOMMY
Noffin.

LYNN
(suspicious, but -)
All right.

TOMMY
I just need to borrow your cellar
just for a few days.

LYNN
How much?

TOMMY
Hundred.

LYNN
Two.

TOMMY

Two quid? Okay. You're cheap, still we knew that.

LYNN

Two hundred.

TOMMY's about to object, but then -

TOMMY

Whatever.

LYNN

I shoulda said three.

TOMMY

Yeah but you didn't.

LYNN

Nothing illegal.

TOMMY

Oh shut up.

He heads through to the cellar door. She follows him.

LYNN

Where've you been stopping?

TOMMY

Up your arse.

LYNN

You're so funny.

TOMMY

(testing the door)

This is a pile of shite. I'll be putting a padlock on here.

LYNN

Will you.

He gets his brand new padlock etc out of his plastic bag. And a screw driver.

TOMMY

It's a dog. It's been trained up. For a fight. I said I'd look after it. Just for a few days. So when it's here I'll keep it muzzled, but it might make a bit o' noise, but I wouldn't go down there, all right? Cos it'll have your leg off.

LYNN

What, with a muzzle on?

TOMMY

I can't keep it muzzled all t'time,
can I? It'd be inhuman.

LYNN

I'll want t'cash up front.

TOMMY takes a wodge of cash from his back pocket. He counts out five twenties, twice. And still has loads left.

TOMMY

Make sure you stick it all up your
nose, mother.

LYNN

(a mumble, she takes the
lolly)
Piss off.

TOMMY

(light)
And you.

LYNN's setting off back to the comfort and security of the couch and the tv, when she remembers -

LYNN

Oh aye. There were this woman here.
This morning.

TOMMY

What woman?

LYNN

Catherine. Cawood. She's a police
sergeant. Down at Sowerby Bridge.
She said she wants to see you.
You've to pop in. At nick. Next
time you're passing, she said.

TOMMY

Why?

LYNN

(shakes her head, can't
remember, doesn't know)
She were Becky Cawood's mother.
(that interests TOMMY)
And you know she had a kid. Before
she died.

That interests him even more.

TOMMY

Who did, who died?

LYNN

Becky Cawood.

This is news to TOMMY. It clearly bothers him.

TOMMY

How?

LYNN

I don't know. Anyway, he's called Ryan. T'kid. He lives with her, t'police woman, she's his granny.

(she can see TOMMY's engaged)

Is it yours? One o' t'smack-heads down Hebden were saying it's yours.

(TOMMY's amazed: he has a son? A little kid)

Anyway, you've to go see her.

CUT TO:

40 OMITTED

40

41 INT. SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION, CAFE. NIGHT 9. 17.45 41

As before, NEVISON, HELEN, CATHERINE and PHIL CRABTREE.

PHIL CRABTREE

In the next hour. We'll send someone into your home. And into your work place. They'll be under cover, disguised as a telecoms worker or something of that sort. We'll duplicate the phone, I've got the number.

(he gives NEV his phone back)

If he rings you in the next half hour or so before we've got that up and running, whatever he wants, try and stall him. If he asks for more money, say you're happy to do that, but you just need an hour or so to get it together.

NEVISON

And should I? Get money together.

PHIL CRABTREE

Yes. If you can. Everything as normal. Don't give 'em any reason to imagine anything different's happened. Don't tell anyone. Anyone. What's going on. That does include Kevin. I know you trust him

-

NEVISON

I don't trust anyone, pal.

PHIL CRABTREE

- but from our point of view, at the minute, until we can eliminate him, he'll be treated as a suspect.

(we know CATHERINE's still thinking about KEVIN WEATHERILL)

One last one. Have you asked for proof that she's not been hurt?

Reluctantly, gingerly, NEVISON admits -

NEVISON

He sent... yesterday, he sent this.

NEVISON accesses the photo on his phone that ASHLEY sent. He intends to pass it to PHIL, but inevitably HELEN intercepts it. It has the same effect on her that it had on NEVISON; relief that she's alive, horror at the state she's in. And she has a compulsion to study the image carefully now she's seen it.

PHIL CRABTREE

Can I...?

(he takes the phone from her gently, and looks)

Okay. Go home. Carry on as normal. I'll be in touch.

PHIL gives the phone back to NEVISON.

PHIL CRABTREE (CONT'D)

(to CATHERINE)

Have you got a minute?

CATHERINE follows PHIL outside. HELEN and NEVISON stay where they are.

HELEN

I didn't plan this. She turned up at the Mission. Only because she was worried about me and even then -

NEVISON

(interrupts)

I keep thinking about Kevin. Why Kevin? Why did they ask for Kevin to deliver the money?

It must have crossed HELEN's mind too that KEVIN could be involved.

HELEN

I don't know.

NEVISON

He asked for that money. To put his kids through school. Four days before it happened.

HELEN

But then you offered it to him.

NEVISON's remembering that KEVIN looked more worried than pleased when he offered the money.

CUT TO:

42

EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT 9. 17.46

42

CATHERINE and PHIL walk slightly away from the cafe door.

PHIL CRABTREE

How well d'you know them?

CATHERINE

I don't. She's a friend of my sisters. Why?

PHIL CRABTREE

She might've been alive when that picture was taken, but. If they said they're not asking for any more money, and that was this morning...

(he lets her draw her own conclusions)

The red centre's been activated. Don't hang round with them any longer than necessary, say tata. Nothing out of the ordinary.

CATHERINE

Kevin Weatherill came into my nick four days ago. He was agitated. He wanted to tell me something and then before he could, he disappeared.

PHIL nods, takes it in. That could mean KEVIN's involved or it could mean he was going to try and report it because he knew NEVISON was too frightened to.

PHIL CRABTREE

We'll have obs on him within an hour.

(he was going to head off, but hesitates)

How long've you been back in uniform?

CATHERINE

Oh, nearly nine years. I had a bit
of a...

(she was going to say
"break-down", but it's
not something she readily
admits to)

My daughter died.

PHIL CRABTREE

(he'd no idea)

God, I'm sorry.

CATHERINE

And then I had a grandson to look
after, and being a detective didn't
fit the lifestyle any more, so.

NEVISON and HELEN emerge from the cafe.

PHIL CRABTREE

(a smile)

It's nice to see you.

She smiles: "and you". He heads off. HELEN and NEVISON
approach CATHERINE.

HELEN

(heartfelt)

Thank you. Catherine.

CATHERINE

No problem.

But NEVISON's looking daggers at her. If this goes wrong, he
knows who he's blaming.

HELEN

Do you need a lift?

CATHERINE

No, you're fine, I'll ring our
Clare.

NEVISON

(to HELEN)

Come on.

(they go; we hear the next
two lines oov as we
linger on CATHERINE)

Where's your car?

HELEN

Car park.

We linger on CATHERINE in the dark as she watches after them.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, BACK STREET. HEBDEN BRIDGE. 43
NIGHT 9. 17.47

RYAN's kicking a ball about in the street in the dark, and CLARE's loitering in the conservatory doorway smoking a fag when RICHARD comes along.

RICHARD

Hello.

CLARE's intrigued that RICHARD doesn't appear to be recoiling at the sight of RYAN. In fact he seems to be trying to smile at him.

CLARE

Oh hello. Fancy seeing you here.
She's not in.

RICHARD

Is she not? Well that's all right.
I was coming to see Ryan. I heard
you wanted to play football with
me?

CLARE

In t'dark?

RYAN

D'you want to?

RICHARD

I would. Only the thing is. I've
never been very good at it.

RYAN

It's easy.

RICHARD

I've got two left feet.

RYAN

(worried, he looks)
Have yer?

RICHARD

Who d'you support?

RYAN

Man City.

RICHARD

That's bad.

RYAN

(boots the ball at him)
Edin Dzeko.

RICHARD

It's all going right over my head,
kid.

CLARE

Striker.

RICHARD

Really? What else d'you like doing?

Not much. He nods at his bike.

RYAN

Me bike.

CLARE

He likes next door's cat.

RICHARD

Do you?

RYAN

I feed it when they go on holiday.

RICHARD

Very good.

RYAN

He likes me best, doesn't he Auntie
Clare?

CLARE

(dry, amused)

So you say.

(suddenly)

Ooh -

(her mobile's bleating)

Hello?

We stay with RICHARD and RYAN.

RICHARD

So... Edin Dzeko? Where's he from
then? Not Manchester.

RYAN

Bosnia.

RICHARD

(he boots the ball back to

RYAN)

D'you know where Bosnia is? On a
map?

RYAN

(like... *stupid* question)

Yeah.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

(beat)
Do you?

CLARE

(to the phone)
Hang on.
(to RICHARD)
I've got to go pick our Catherine up, she's stuck down in Sowerby Bridge without a car. Are you all right with him if I nip out?

RICHARD

Well I could [go and] -
(go and fetch CATHERINE,
he was about to say. But
then, actually...)
Yeah. Yeah, you go, he's all right here wi' me.

CLARE's pleased. That's an interesting and welcome development. CLARE heads into the house telling CATHERINE she'll be there in five minutes. We linger on RICHARD and RYAN, assessing one another in a different light.

CUT TO:

44

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT 9. 18.00

44

KEVIN sets the table for supper. JENNY's watching the news on the tv, and it's all about Kirsten (images of her in uniform etc) -

REPORTER

One colleague described P.C. McAskill as fun-loving and outgoing, and another as someone for whom nothing was too much trouble. A family member said since the age of seven she'd talked about wanting to be a police officer, and after securing a place at university in 2009 to study history, instead enrolled as a PCSO. The funeral is expected to take place in two weeks' time, and Wharf Street, the main thoroughfare through Sowerby Bridge, here in West Yorkshire, is expected to be closed down as the cortege passes through.

KEVIN - who's nearly permanently off his head with worry now - can't stand hearing it.

KEVIN

Can I turn this off?

He already has.

JENNY

What's the matter? What's happened?

We hear the TV in another room, so we assume that's where MELISSA and CATRIONA are. KEVIN goes and closes the door.

KEVIN

I've thought of a way out of... the mess.

JENNY

How?

KEVIN

I nearly - this morning - said something. To Nevison. But -

JENNY

Said something?

KEVIN

Yeah. Look. If I said, "I think I know who these people are", and persuaded him to go to the police, and -

JENNY

And to say Ashley? To say Ashley's name?

KEVIN

Yes. And to say we rent the caravan up there, and I talk about work occasionally, and Nevison, and the family, and he must've picked up on that. On what I said. And then when Ashley says it was me, it was my idea, I just say that's a lie. Who're they going to believe? It's my word against his.

JENNY's shaking her head.

JENNY

You'd never keep your nerve.

KEVIN

It was them that - !

He's struggling.

JENNY

What?

He can barely bring himself to say it.

KEVIN

It was them. That killed that police woman.

(JENNY stares at him:
what?)

Those two yobs, those two idiots that work for Ashley. They were moving her. Ann. In a van, and -

JENNY

(amazed, appalled)
That's -

KEVIN

- they got pulled over - yeah - by *her*, the police officer, the one that's dead, and - only because they had a rear light out, and -

JENNY

My God.

KEVIN

And they killed her, they killed - they *murdered* a police officer, Jenny! That was not part of the plan, that was *never* part of the plan! I'm not - if things come out - I am not being blamed for that.

JENNY

Jesus.

KEVIN

So. I go to Nevison, I say, "I think I know who these people are", and I persuade him that we should go to the police.

JENNY's not convinced this is a great idea.

JENNY

What about the money? The money you've already got.

KEVIN

I just - I bury it somewhere.

JENNY

I don't know.

KEVIN wanted her support. He wanted to be told it's the right way forward.

KEVIN

Why?

JENNY

Why don't you just go there and
tell them the truth?

KEVIN

The truth?

JENNY

That you - did what you did - but
you had nothing to do with
murdering this girl.

KEVIN's appalled. He thought JENNY was on his side.

KEVIN

No. No. No. Jenny. No.

JENNY can't think straight. Then an explosion -

JENNY

Why did you *do* it? Any of it! Why?

KEVIN

You *know* why, I've *explained* why.
If he'd chosen to give me just a
little bit more money when I asked
[for it] - !

JENNY

The girls, the girls, the girls!
What use will you be to them in
prison? I'm probably not going to
live long enough to see them
becomes adults -

(KEVIN reacts to this, he
doesn't want to hear it)
- and what use will *you* be to them
in prison?

KEVIN

Which is why if I tell Nevison this
thing and go to the police and say
"I think I know who these people
are"... it's a way out of it!
Jenny.

JENNY's not comfortable with it.

JENNY

There'll be something you haven't
thought of.

CUT TO:

46 EXT/INT. CATHERINE'S CAR/SOWERBY BRIDGE. NIGHT 9. 18.06 46

CATHERINE gets into the car.

CATHERINE

Thanks.

They set off.

CLARE

You'll never believe who I've left
our Ryan with.

(CATHERINE's instant
shocking rogue thought is
TOMMY LEE ROYCE)

Richard. Sauntered down t'back
yard, did he want to play football?

CATHERINE

Wow.

CLARE

Yep.

CATHERINE

Okay.

CLARE

So what's happening?

CATHERINE

It's being dealt with.

CLARE gets the idea CATHERINE can't talk about it.

CLARE

Fair enough.

CATHERINE hesitates before saying this. She doesn't want to
acknowledge it by saying it out loud, but -

CATHERINE

I went to see Tommy Lee Royce's
mother this morning. And she knows.
She knows that that...

(she resists all the vile
expletives that crowd her
brain whenever she thinks
of TOMMY)

moron is Ryan's dad.

CLARE

(appalled)

How?

CATHERINE

Eyes on the road.

CLARE
(eyes on the road)
How?

CUT TO:

47 EXT. CARAVAN. NIGHT 9. 19.00 47

A hire van (not white) is parked next to the caravan.

CUT TO:

48 INT. CARAVAN. NIGHT 9. 19.01 48

ANN's struggling. TOMMY's tightened a tourniquet around ANN's upper arm to make her veins stick out, and he's got a needle full of heroin which he's about to inject into her arm. He talks to her in a babyish voice -

TOMMY
The more you struggle, the more
it's going to hurt. Surely you know
that by now.

ANN
(terrified, she mumbles)
It makes me sick.

TOMMY
Only the first time. You'll soon be
getting used to it.

So she kind of has to let him do it as gently as he can.
Because he's going to do it one way or another, whatever.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE. NIGHT 9. 19.30 49

The van pulls up outside LYNN's house.

CUT TO:

50 INT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 9. 19.31 50

TOMMY comes into the sitting room. He sees that LYNN is utterly out for the count (in front of the telly), then heads out again.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE. NIGHT 9. 19.32 51

TOMMY comes out of the house, leaves the front door wide open. He checks no-one's about, opens the van, pulls the sleeping bag out (with comatose ANN in it), and swiftly and efficiently carries her into the house.

CUT TO:

52 INT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE, CELLAR. NIGHT 9. 19.33 52

TOMMY dumps ANN on the floor. He unzips the sleeping bag. There's a dim electric light that illuminates the place coldly. He's got a chair ready, and gaffer tape. But before he does that, he puts his face close to ANN's (she remains bound and gagged). We get the idea that her body's limp, but somehow her brain's taking in what he's saying.

TOMMY

They wanted me to kill you, but I thought we could have a bit of recreational activity first. Mm?

(he taps the side of his head)

I have this thing. On my mind. So weird. I have a son. I never knew. Eight years old. A boy, a lad. How about that? Just found out, just this morning.

(we get the idea he's going to rape her, but he talks like it's pillow talk)

What d'you think about that?

CUT TO:

53 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT 9. 19.45 53

CATHERINE's making tea. CLARE and RICHARD are sitting at the table. There's a children's board game on the table that RICHARD's been playing with RYAN. The telly's on in the other room, so we know RYAN's through there. RICHARD's enthused by what he's found out lately -

RICHARD

And. I spoke to a mate of mine who works for the Met, and he said they're less worried about crystal meth now and more worried about this new one. From Russia. Krokodil. Have you heard of it?

(CATHERINE nods: yup, she's heard of it)

It's on it's way, and it's evil.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

It's more addictive than crystal meth, it's stronger and cheaper than heroin. You have *one year* life expectancy once you start injecting. It's cooked with paint thinner or petrol and it's injected like heroin, and it's so addictive, no-one's been known to survive. There is no rehab.

CLARE's looking sick.

CLARE

Jesus.

RICHARD

It eats flesh. From the inside out. It looks like leprosy! You can see it on the internet, kids with their bones and their tendons hanging out of their arms.

(RICHARD becomes aware of the effect he's had on CLARE)

Sorry.

CATHERINE

Yeah and there's a thousand and one unscrupulous gits round here who won't think twice about peddling it, and thousands more who won't think twice about shooting it up.

RICHARD

Round here, it's an epidemic! You talk to people on the streets -

CATHERINE

Yeah. I do. Every day. What amazes me is you're a journalist and it's like you had no idea.

RICHARD

I did know. I *did* know. I just hadn't -

CATHERINE

Engaged.

CLARE

Happy Valley.

RICHARD

Who calls it that?

CLARE

They do. The boys in blue.

RICHARD

Tell me some more about Marcus Gascoigne.

CATHERINE

There's nothing to tell. Yet. 'Til I get the results from the lab.

RICHARD

Do you think he's a dealer?

CATHERINE

Doesn't matter what I *think*. The only thing that matters is evidence.

CUT TO:

54 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE. 54
DAY 10. 08.01

CATHERINE's at her desk when JOYCE appears with a folded envelope stapled to a sheet of A4.

JOYCE

This's just come into the store for you.

The sheet of A4 reads: 'F.A.O. PS 9675 CAWOOD'. JOYCE heads off back to the front desk. CATHERINE pulls the stapled, folded envelope off and opens it. Inside she finds an empty, damaged, tiny little plastic bag, and a letter which reads:

To: PS 9675 Cawood

From: PC 9209 Griffiths

Subject: Damaged exhibit

In relation to exhibit CC1 in respect of the arrest of Marcus Gascoigne DOB 27.11.67 on 15.04.14.

The contents give a clear reading showing that it is Cocaine a class 'A' drug.

This cannot be used as evidence.

For intelligence **only** due to the fact that the packaging was damaged, allowing possible contamination making this exhibit unsafe to issue process.

The packaging is attached for your information only. The damage is readily visible.

The drugs have been destroyed.

PC 9209 Griffiths

Obviously we focus on the salient points: *This cannot be used as evidence, and The drugs have been destroyed.* And we watch CATHERINE's face fall as she reads the pertinent bits. She's livid, she's incensed. She heads out of the office and along the corridor -

CUT TO:

55 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR. DAY 10. 55
CONTINUOUS. 08.02

- and straight for the INSPECTOR's office. His door's open.

CUT TO:

56 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, INSPECTOR'S OFFICE. 56
DAY 10. CONTINUOUS. 08.03

MIKE TAYLOR's busy at his computer.

CATHERINE

Boss. That cocaine I took off
Marcus Gascoigne when I arrested
him. It's unusable. As an exhibit.
The packaging's been damaged.
Apparently. It wasn't damaged when
I took it off him.

MIKE remains calm. He can see she's wound up.

MIKE TAYLOR

These things happen.

CATHERINE

Yeah. All right. Okay. So this is
the thing.

(inevitably she's
reluctant to say this,
because she knows she
could get drubbed,
ridiculed, taken off at
the knees)

The night Kirsten died.

(still reluctant)

The District Commander. Told me not
to send it. He brought the subject
up, not me. "You arrested Marcus
Gascoigne, drop it". I said I
couldn't, the stuff I took off
him'd gone straight into the store
at Halifax nick. He said take it
out. I said I couldn't do that.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

And now. I've got the results back saying the packaging was damaged and it's unusable as evidence. And I know that it wasn't.

MIKE TAYLOR

He told you to drop it?

CATHERINE

Yes.

He weighs things up.

MIKE TAYLOR

Well then I suggest that's what you do.

Silence.

CATHERINE

But -

MIKE TAYLOR

Things get damaged in transit. He told you to drop it. So drop it.

CATHERINE

That's -

MIKE TAYLOR

It's like you telling me you've entered an address by "ways and means", and me reckoning I haven't heard. Sometimes we turn a blind eye. Don't we.

(so that hurts)

Drop it.

And as far as he's concerned that's the end of it. He goes back to his computer. CATHERINE's really angry.

CATHERINE

If his bloods come back tampered with, I'm not dropping that. And he was well over the limit.

MIKE TAYLOR

It wasn't tampered with. It was damaged. D'you think you're letting this get a bit personal?

No, she doesn't. She thinks there are things going on that it's clearly very difficult to speak up about. And it makes her cross.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. SCHOOL. DAY 10. 15.15

57

Home time. CATHERINE's waiting for RYAN. However many hours this is since the last scene, she's still cross, she's still got it rankling away inside her brain. She checks her watch; the kids are late out and she's tired.

We cut to a little way off. TOMMY LEE ROYCE is watching CATHERINE, careful not to be seen by her. He's identified her because he's seen her before when she came to Milton Avenue, and even though she's taken her stripes off and got a civvies coat on, she's still wearing black trousers and black police boots. He's biding his time. He wants to see which kid runs over to CATHERINE.

RYAN emerges from the building along with a bunch of others, and heads over to CATHERINE. As ever, she can always manage a smile for RYAN however bad she's feeling inside. They head off towards CATHERINE's car together -

CATHERINE

What did you have for your dinner?

RYAN

I can't remember.

CATHERINE

Think.

RYAN

Oh yeah, chips.

CATHERINE

Chips.

RYAN

And custard.

CATHERINE

Nice. Nutritious. Not.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. STREET NEAR SCHOOL. DAY 10. 15.16

58

Just as they turn into another street where CATHERINE's parked her car, TOMMY LEE ROYCE appears, right in front of them.

TOMMY

You wanted to see me.

He's talking to CATHERINE obviously, but it's RYAN he's looking at. CATHERINE pulls the car door open and bundles RYAN in. She presses the lock and shuts him in, then turns to TOMMY.

CATHERINE
Where're you living?

TOMMY
Is that my son?

CATHERINE
I know you're not at your release
address. Which is where you should
be living, so where you living?

TOMMY
I am living there. Is that my son?

CATHERINE
No no. Not according to your mother
you're not. What were doing at
number sixty two Milton Avenue?

TOMMY shakes his head, manages to look suitably convincing
and bemused.

TOMMY
What?

CATHERINE
Number sixty two Milton Avenue,
Sowerby Bridge. What were you doing
there?

TOMMY
Not me.

CATHERINE
You were seen.

TOMMY
Not me.

CATHERINE
I saw you.

TOMMY
Must be somebody who looks like me.

CATHERINE
What were you doing in there?

TOMMY
I wasn't in there.

CATHERINE
Okay. Well we'll see. When I get
the swabs and prints back from the
lab.

There might be a flicker of panic from TOMMY, but he remains
unflapped: she could be lying.

TOMMY

How come Becky's dead?

CATHERINE

(amazed)

I'm not talking to you about my daughter.

TOMMY

That's my lad.

CATHERINE heads for the driver's door.

CATHERINE

He's got nothing to do with you.

TOMMY

You know me and your Becky had a thing going on.

She comes back and gets right in his face.

CATHERINE

A 'thing going on'? You twisted little bastard. You raped her.

TOMMY

I didn't.

CATHERINE

Yes you did.

TOMMY

That's not - that's -

In his head, TOMMY genuinely did not rape BECKY, despite what CATHERINE thinks she knows.

CATHERINE

I know what you did to her because she told me. You better not cross me, arse-hole. Because if you do, I'll chop your dick off and then I'll make you swallow it. Is there anything I've said you'd like me to repeat more slowly?

TOMMY doesn't like being spoken to like that. And certainly not by someone who's not quite as tall as he is. But CATHERINE's used to standing her ground with people who others might be scared of. CATHERINE gives it a moment to sink in, then heads for the car. TOMMY goes and bangs on the window.

TOMMY

You're my son! I'm your dad! You're my son, Ryan! I knew your mum!

CATHERINE gets in and drives off, a bit too fast, doesn't pause to put her seat belt on.

CUT TO:

59 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S CAR/STREET. DAY 10. 15.17 59

RYAN
Who's that?

CATHERINE
(she's panicking)
No-one.

RYAN
Who?

CATHERINE
A scrote, a nutter, he's off his head on drugs, these people say the first damned silly thing that comes into their heads. Put your seat belt on.

CUT TO:

60 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 10. 16.00 60

CATHERINE's sitting at the table with CLARE. RYAN's off in the sitting room watching telly.

CLARE
Did he believe you?

CATHERINE
I don't know. I don't know. He seemed to, but...

Her brain won't go there: if RYAN *did* believe him.

CLARE
Can he get access? I mean if he proves - if he can prove he is his -
Doesn't like saying 'dad', it sounds too nice.

CATHERINE
God knows, probably.

CLARE
Really?

CATHERINE
It won't happen. I won't let it.

CLARE

But legally, he might -

CATHERINE

I couldn't give a toss, legally.

CLARE

- if he's saying he didn't -
(they're whispering
anyway, but she lowers
her voice further)
rape her, it's his word against
yours. It's not even his word
against *hers*.

CATHERINE

She killed herself because of him.

CLARE

That's - it's not proof. It's not
like that's what he was convicted
of! If he can prove he is his -
(*'dad'*)
- he will have rights.

CATHERINE

Yeah well he's not gonna prove it,
is he? I'm not gonna let him get
anywhere near him.

A moment, then CLARE suddenly has a light bulb moment. It's momentous.

CLARE

Are we being thick?

CATHERINE

Who?

CLARE

That cellar. In that house by
t'Chinese, all t'stuff you found in
there. Is that not like... how you
might keep someone you'd kidnapped?
(CLARE's certain she's
latched onto something)
And raped.

CATHERINE

That's -

CATHERINE was just about to say it'd be a mad coincidence. But then again, it's not something she can ignore, even if it is unlikely. She picks up her phone.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I can flag it up. They could fast track the prints and swabs I had taken, and if she was in there with him, we can - hopefully - we could prove it.

CLARE

Well. He was in there with someone. Based on what you found there. Surely? They should pick him up.

CATHERINE

No. God no. If they think he's got anything to do with Ann Gallagher that's last thing they'll do. They'll follow him. If they can find him. 'Cos he sure as hell won't be anywhere he's supposed to be.

She accesses PHIL CRABTREE's number. CLARE's irritated by CATHERINE's lack of excitement.

CLARE

Don't you think we're onto something?

CATHERINE

Clare. The first thing you learn in this job. Is not to make assumptions. Because it's the short route to a cock-up. It can take your eye off what's really going on.

(phone: hello?)

Hi. Phil. It's Catherine. This might be something and nothing, but I just thought I'd flag it up.

CUT TO:

61 INT/EXT. NEVISON'S CAR/NGA. DAY 11. 08.30

61

Establisher: a new day.

NEVISON arrives for work in his Bentley.

We cut to the interior of NEVISON's car. He's listening to the news on the radio.

NEWSREADER

In West Yorkshire, detectives investigating the murder of P.C.Kirsten McAskill have said that as well as looking for a white Ford transit van, they're also now looking for a yellow Mini, and continue to appeal to members of the public for information. Martin Schofield reports from West Yorkshire.

Another voice kicks in, talking about KIRSTEN's murder (things we already know), but it's NEVISON we're looking at. A yellow Mini. Like ANN's. NEVISON finds his mobile and scrolls to find a number. He presses dial. Ring ring.

NEVISON

Hello? Phil? It's Nevison Gallagher. Have you heard this on t'news? About Kirsten McAskill? A yellow Mini. That's what our Ann was driving.

CUT TO:

62 INT. NGA, NEVISON'S OFFICE. DAY 11. 08.31

62

KEVIN's sitting in NEVISON's office as NEVISON heads in. NEVISON's taken aback to see KEVIN sitting here. Looking just as grim as NEVISON feels. NEVISON has to fight the urge not to scream at KEVIN: "*what do you know?*"

NEVISON

Morning.

KEVIN

Nevison.

(he looks at him
carefully)

I... I think I might know who these people are.

NEVISON gawks at him.

CUT TO:

63 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MAIN OFFICE. DAY 11.
08.53

63

SHAFIQ's at a desk filling in a form on the computer, when he hears CATHERINE's voice on his radio.

CATHERINE

(v.o.)

Shaf.

SHAFIQ
Y'all right Sarg?

CUT TO:

64 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S CAR/ RISHWORTH. DAY 11. 08.54 64

CATHERINE's driving back from a community meeting. She's wearing a white shirt rather than the more usual navy blue (it looks more formal at community meetings).

CATHERINE
What have I missed?

SHAFIQ
Oh, just three million phone calls from people whose neighbours've got a yeller mini. How was the community meeting?

CATHERINE
Oh, the usual suspects. Out in force. We've got a dead police officer, and they're still more bothered about the amount of dog dirt up Smithy Clough Lane. Listen, I'm just gonna look in on Tommy Lee Royce's mother again, all right? I shan't be long.

SHAFIQ
Okay. What for?

CATHERINE
Fun.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR. DAY 11. 08.55 65

Cut to a minute later. CATHERINE knocking on TOMMY LEE ROYCE's mother's door. The usual wait. The necessary second, louder knock. CATHERINE gets to the stage of looking through the letter box. Once more, she senses movement inside the house, and waits. Eventually LYNN comes and opens the door. She's got a black eye. And drunk, like last time.

CATHERINE
Who did that?

LYNN
What d'you want?

CATHERINE has to decide whether she wants to pursue the black eye or not. It's certainly interesting. Who did it? Tommy?

CATHERINE

He's been here. 'Cos you gave him
my message. I know that.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(LYNN affirms, vaguely,
but doesn't confirm
anything verbally, like
she's ashamed of how she
looks)

So here's another one I want you to
give him. Ryan is not his son. Ryan
has nothing to do with him. I would
not waste my life dragging up
something he'd spawned. All right?

LYNN

(nods)
Right.

CATHERINE

So you tell him. If he comes
anywhere near our Ryan there'll be
bother. More bother than he knows
how to handle. Right?

LYNN

Yeah.

She looks defeated.

CATHERINE

Did he do that?
(LYNN doesn't answer.
CATHERINE takes it as a
'yes')
Why? Why did he do it?

LYNN

'Cos it's Tuesday. 'Cos the sun's
shining. 'Cos he feels like it,
there is no why.

CATHERINE

D'you want me to arrest him?

LYNN

No.

CATHERINE

Lynn, if he's knocking you about,
I'll arrest him.

LYNN

Yeah. And then he'll come back and
do it worse. I don't see him for
ffff -
(ucking)
weeks, and then...
(she dries up, then -)
I'll let his fff - dog out, that'll
learn him.

(MORE)

LYNN (CONT'D)

I don't see him for weeks, then he brings a dog, and I'm not allowed in my own cellar. Not that I ever go in there like.

CATHERINE was just about to get bored with LYNN, but the last sentence brings her up short.

CATHERINE

What dog?

LYNN

(dismissive)

Ohh -

CATHERINE

Why's he got a dog in a cellar.

LYNN

It's -

(she realises she shouldn't have opened her gob)

It's -

She wants to dismiss it as something and nothing, but clearly it's too late: CATHERINE's buzzing.

CATHERINE

(insinuates herself past LYNN and into the house)

Show me, Lynn.

LYNN

It's [just] -

CATHERINE

Show me.

CUT TO:

66

INT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE, HALLWAY. DAY 11. 08.56

66

LYNN

He's just looking after it. I'll be in trouble now!

CATHERINE

Is Tommy here?

LYNN

No.

CATHERINE

Where's the cellar.

LYNN

Here. It's only a dog.

Right next to them.

CATHERINE

Why's it padlocked?

LYNN

He put that on. It's -

(she whispers, implying
that he'll kill her for
telling a copper)

They're training it up. For a
fight.

(CATHERINE gets her baton
out: she's going to bust
the padlock off)

What you doing?

CATHERINE

Have you heard this dog bark?

LYNN

It's muzzled.

CATHERINE

Have you *seen* the dog?

LYNN

He'll go mad!

CATHERINE struggles to lever the padlock off -

CATHERINE

I don't think that's a dog in
there, Lynn.

The lock pops off. CATHERINE gets her torch out and looks for
the light switch.

LYNN

What y'talking about? What d'you
mean?

CUT TO:

67

EXT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE. DAY 11. 08.57

67

TOMMY LEE ROYCE appears from over a wall, and heads along to
his mother's house. He's heading along the back lane, and
hasn't been down on the main road, and so hasn't seen
CATHERINE's patrol car.

CUT TO:

68 INT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE, CELLAR. DAY 11. 08.58 68

CATHERINE heads cautiously down the stairs into the damp, grotty cellar. Then she sees ANN GALLAGHER, bound and gagged, grubby, wretched and dishevelled, flopped on the chair. CATHERINE should get on her radio now, really, but the urge to release ANN overwhelms her.

CATHERINE

Ann? Ann?

(despite the horror and shock of what she's seeing, CATHERINE gets straight to work ripping off the gag, then the gaffer tape)

You're all right! You're going to be fine! You're going to be absolutely fine!

ANN

(off her head/cold turkey)
Get me out of here, get me out of here, get me out of here!

CATHERINE

You are out of here. It's over, it's done with, it's finished, you're going to be absolutely fine.

CATHERINE tries to reassure her, and hug her, as well as frantically trying to get the stupid cling-y gaffer tape off.

CUT TO:

69 INT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE, HALLWAY/CELLAR. DAY 11. 08.59 69

TOMMY comes into the house the back way, and sees his mother in the hallway with the cellar door wide open.

TOMMY

What you doing? What you *fucking* doing?

LYNN

It wasn't me!

He headbutts LYNN who collapses.

CUT TO:

70 INT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE, CELLAR. DAY 11. 09.00 70

TOMMY flies down the cellar steps. ANN screams when she sees him. He lunges straight for CATHERINE. They fight. It's spectacular. She gives as good as she gets for a while;

this is the man that killed her daughter as far as she's concerned. But physically he's much stronger. He lands her one good smack in the mouth, and she goes flying into a wall. She staggers back for another go at TOMMY, but he lands her another smack in the mouth, and she's on the floor. ANN can't help; she's still fastened to the chair. All she can do is try and release herself. TOMMY kicks CATHERINE in the stomach repeatedly. It's vicious and horrible; she's paralysed with pain and can do nothing to stop it.

TOMMY

You bitch.

(as he kicks her)

Bitch. You're gonna be eating food through a straw for the rest of your life, you *bitch*, you're gonna -

(he stamps on one of her hands)

- need someone to wipe your arse for yer. Oh yes - !

(then he kicks her between the legs)

D'you like that?

(and again)

D'you like that, you slag? D'you want some more?

CATHERINE's wrecked. Just as TOMMY's about to land another kick, he gets whopped round the side of the head. It's ANN with a dumbbell; she's managed to get free, and we never saw it coming. He reels for a moment, but recovers, then sets on ANN. CATHERINE gathers what tiny resources she's got left, takes her CS spray off her belt, and gets TOMMY, right in the face. He collapses to his knees and lets out a roar of pain. CATHERINE would love to kick him one, but she hasn't got the strength. ANN lays into TOMMY. CATHERINE barely has the strength to speak -

CATHERINE

Get out of here. Get out of here!

She pushes ANN in the direction of the stairs. ANN has to help CATHERINE, who is now in a much worse state - physically - than ANN is.

CUT TO:

71

EXT. LYNN DEWHURST'S HOUSE/STREET. DAY 11. 09.01

71

CATHERINE staggers outside - covered in blood - and it's not clear whether CATHERINE's supporting ANN, or ANN's supporting CATHERINE. CATHERINE presses her emergency button and gets on her radio.

CATHERINE

I need an ambulance.

CATHERINE gets ANN into the back seat of the car, shuts the door so ANN's safe, then she can feel herself going. She collapses, and we see her realise the moment: so this is death.

ANN

Don't do that! Don't *do that!* Don't
DO THAT!

Despite the mild reluctance, CATHERINE's gone.

END OF EPISODE FOUR