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:

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

CUT TO:

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:

OMITTED
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:

CATHERINE comes in and heads upstairs.

CUT TO:

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:

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:

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, COMPUTER ROOM. DAY 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
(hes 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:

INT. HAIR SALON. DAY 9. 11.30

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

CUT TO:

12 INT. HAIR SALON. DAY 9. 11.36
Keeping away from the window, JULIE watches CATHARINE’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:
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 noseying 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

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)
(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

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

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?
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
- 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
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:
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:

Ext. Upper Lighthazels Farm. Day 9. 11.43

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)
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

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

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
CATHERINE’s talking on her radio, point-to-point.

CATHERINE
How we doing?

CUT TO:

23 EXT. MILTON AVENUE. DAY 9. 11.51
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:

EXT. LYNN DEWHURST’S HOUSE. DAY 9. 12.15

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

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.

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

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:

EXT. LYNN DEWHURST’S HOUSE. DAY 9. 12.17

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 touched 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:

EXT. UPPER LIGHTHAZELS FARM. DAY 9. 12.18

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:

EXT. MILTON AVENUE. DAY 9. 12.30

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)
CATHÉRINE (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

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.

CATHÉRINE
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

Three hours later... preoccupied CATHÉRINE’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 CATHÉRINE 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.

CATHÉRINE
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:

INT. HUDDERSFIELD CHRISTIAN MISSION. DAY 9. 16.30

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

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

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

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:

INT. NGA, MAIN OFFICE. NIGHT 9. 17.07

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:

EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT 9. 17.30

NEVISON’s Bentley pulls in.

CUT TO:

INT. SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION, CAFE. NIGHT 9. 17.35

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.

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:
EXT. LYNN DEWHURST’S HOUSE. NIGHT. 9. 17.40

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

CUT TO:

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

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:

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

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:

EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT 9. 17.46

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:
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... stoopid question)
Yeah.

(MORE)
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] -
(to 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:

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

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. McAAskill 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

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
ting 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:

EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE. NIGHT 9. 18.05

CATHERINE’s waiting at a bus stop as CLARE pulls in.
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:

EXT. CARAVAN. NIGHT 9. 19.00
A hire van (not white) is parked next to the caravan.

CUT TO:

INT. CARAVAN. NIGHT 9. 19.01
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:

EXT. LYNN DEWHURST’S HOUSE. NIGHT 9. 19.30
The van pulls up outside LYNN’s house.

CUT TO:

INT. LYNN DEWHURST’S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 9. 19.31
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:
EXT. LYNN DEWHURST’S HOUSE. NIGHT 9. 19.32

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:

INT. LYNN DEWHURST’S HOUSE, CELLAR. NIGHT 9. 19.33

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:

INT. CATHERINE’S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT 9. 19.45

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 its way, and it’s evil.
   (MORE)
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:

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 CCl 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.
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. 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. 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)
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.

(drop 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:
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

CUT TO:

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:

INT/EXT. CATHERINE’S CAR/STREET. DAY 10. 15.17

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:

INT. CATHERINE’S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 10. 16.00

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:

INT/EXT. NEVISON’S CAR/NGA. DAY 11. 08.30

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

CUT TO:

INT. NGA, NEVISON’S OFFICE. DAY 11. 08.31

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 gawps at him.

CUT TO:

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

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.
CUT TO:

INT/EXT. CATHERINE’S CAR/ RISHWORTH. DAY 11. 08.54

CUT TO:

EXT. LYNN DEWHURST’S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR. DAY 11. 08.55
CATHERINE
He’s been here. ‘Cos you gave him
my message. I know that.
(MORE)
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 fffff -

(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

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:

EXT. LYNN DEWHURST’S HOUSE. DAY 11. 08.57
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:
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:

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:

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 stagers 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:

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

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.
CATHHERINE 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, CATHHERINE’s gone.

END OF EPISODE FOUR