

THERAPIST

All what?

CATHERINE

Sordid. Ridiculous. And anyway. I don't want to be on a slab. I've seen what they do to people.

THERAPIST

(consulting the notes)

Did you have counselling after your daughter took her own life?

CATHERINE

No. I had a break down.

She says it like it's a viable alternative.

THERAPIST

What happened?

CATHERINE

Nothing. I just... screamed at people a lot and smashed a few things in the sink and drank too much and pissed everyone off within a ten mile radius for about a year, eighteen months, and then... you know. You've still got to pay the mortgage at the end of it all, haven't you?

THERAPIST

Your marriage broke down.

CATHERINE

Yeah. Well. Most marriages don't survive something like that. Do they. Losing a child.

THERAPIST

An experience like that changes people. Permanently.

She looks at him steadily. Like... duh. Is he properly qualified?

CATHERINE

I'da said so.

THERAPIST

How did it change you?

The answer that pops up surprises her a little. It's like a reflex.

CATHERINE

I'm sad.

(she thinks about that now she's said it. And she continues like she's talking to herself, cos she sure as hell ain't talking to)

I never used to be sad. I mean I could be sad. But it wasn't like it was a permanent state [of] - it didn't define who I am.

THERAPIST

You don't appear sad. Sorry I'm not contradicting the fact that you are sad. You know how you feel. But your colleagues. Your friends at work. I get the idea they think of you as the life and soul of the party.

CATHERINE

Good.

THERAPIST

Do you cover things up?

CATHERINE

No. They all know about Becky, they all know what happened.

THERAPIST

No, I meant do you - are you conscious of feeling sad but still trying to put on a brave face, a happy face, at work?

CATHERINE

No. I love work.

THERAPIST

Do you think you're angry? As well as sad.

She considers that.

CATHERINE

Sometimes.

THERAPIST

You have an edge. People are a bit scared of you, aren't they?

CATHERINE

Who's said that?

THERAPIST

It's an observation.

(he waits for CATHERINE to
respond. She doesn't)

How do you feel about that? People
being scared of you.

The question makes her feel uneasy. Is he calling her a
bully?

CATHERINE

Well. It's useful. Occasionally. If
I'm dealing with something. At
work. I often have to deal with
people who're a lot bigger than me.

(a moment)

Are scared of me?

THERAPIST

Should I be?

CATHERINE

Well. Day before yesterday I
could've merrily strung my grandson
up for setting off a fire
extinguisher in a corridor at
school because someone bet him a
bag of crisps he couldn't. So
that's me hauled in and being made
to feel this big.

(she demonstrates: one
inch tall)

Again. Then last Thursday I
could've happily throttled my son.
Who - after persistently denying
anything - finally admitted he'd
had a fling with his nasty little
bitch of an ex-girlfriend while his
perfectly lovely wife was in
hospital giving birth to their
first child. So. He's a liar. Then -
when was it? Two weeks ago. I
could've cheerfully strangled my
sister. Clare.

(she hesitates before
admitting this)

She's an alcoholic. A recovering
alcoholic and heroin addict. She's
been dry and clean - apart from one
or two blips with alcohol - for

THERAPIST

So language like, "I could've merrily strung Ryan up", "happily throttled Daniel", "cheerfully strangled Clare". There are two points there. On one level you don't mean it, these are people you love, unquestionably, it's an expression of frustration, and ironically

CLARE

I thought you were stopping! I thought we were , and suddenly not! And I'm on my own, and I don't anybody! Except like , and two of Nev and Ann, and busy to people. And you were . You said "I shan't be so long". Or whatever. And there's no buses up there where they live. Well, there [are] - might be, but... I don't know where they go. So what am I supposed to do? Walk home? Hitch a lift? Call a f[uck]ing taxi? F ?

Just then this bloke comes along, he's a wobbly drunk with an inane grin, eyes that struggle to focus and the verbal diarrhoea of the well-oiled. This is SPIKE (47). He has a creased, leathery face and little brown teeth. It's CLARE he's spotted. He's obviously very fond of her -

SPIKE

Clare! Well if it isn't our Clare!
(this bloke stinks of stale alcohol. We pick that up from the look on CATHERINE's face)
How's yersel f? Where've yer been, eh? I've not seen you foh years.

CLARE

Spike.
(he embraces her, she's pissed enough to be sentimental with him, even though he smells bad)

Aww!

SPIKE

Am I interrupting?

CLARE

No, we were just -

SPIKE

(interrupts)
I'm not interrupting, only I just saw yer and I fort I'll say hello, cos - bloody 'ell - how y'keepin'?

CLARE

Yeah, I'm -

She nods, implying that she's okay.

SPIKE

D'you see anyone? Eh? The old crew.
Eh? All di sbanded, man. Eh? I'm
telling yer.

(he turns to CATHERINE, no
idea who she is)

Good times. But I'll tell yer what
though, shit happens. It's good to
see yer though. Eh?

(he turns to CATHERINE)

Do I know you?

(CATHERINE's shaking her
head like: I've got no
idea whether you think
you know me or not)

You look familiar.

CLARE

This is me sister.

SPIKE

Ah! That's it, that'll be it.

He offers his hand.

CLARE

Catherine.

SPIKE

Spike. How d'you do.

(CATHERINE shakes, trying
to touch him as little as
possible)

I fort I knew yer. I fort you were
this - the's this copper round
here, she has a look o' you, she's
a right b[itch] - pardon my French,
she finks she's well hard, she
did our Aaron for possessi on and
she nearly brock his bloody arm.
you obvious[ly] -

CATHERINE

Yeah well happen if he'd gone
quietly she woul dn'ta needed to
show him who's in charge.

So SPIKE's realising he's just put his foot in it there.

CUT TO:

4

EXT. STREET, HEBDEN BRIDGE. NIGHT 6. 00.30

4

Later. CLARE's throwng up by a wall in the car park where
they have the market on Tuesdays.

CATHERINE' s loitering, half protectively, half looking around hoping no-one' s seeing this or indeed been woken up by it. CLARE comes up from the deluge groaning.

CATHERINE

It was Tommy Lee Royce' s mother' s funeral. An hour after Helen' s. Same crematorium. That' s why I left. I went back. I' m sorry. I' m sorry. I shouldn' t have left you. I knew you were vulnerable and I shouldn' t have gone. But that' s why. So. I' m sorry.

CLARE stares at her. Still very pissed and ill, but well able to take in the importance of what that means.

CLARE

You' re joking.
(CATHERINE: nope)
Well... you coulda . That I would' ve understood.
(a moment)
Was he there? Did they let him outa prison?

CATHERINE

Yeah.

In her pissed state, the implications in CLARE' s brain are vast and endless.

CLARE

Wow. . .

CUT TO:

5 INT. CATHERINE' S HOUSE, CLARE' S BEDROOM. NIGHT 6. 03.27 5

CLARE collapses on the bed. She' s already more or less comatose the second she hits the deck. CATHERINE comes in with a bucket and a glass of water. She puts the bucket by the bed, and the glass of water on the bedside table. CLARE' s radio alarm tells us that it' s 3.27am. CATHERINE pulls CLARE' s shoes off, puts her into the recovery position, and covers her up as best she can so CLARE doesn' t wake up shivering. CATHERINE looks at oblivious CLARE, and has an idea. Cut to a minute or so later as CATHERINE comes back in and puts a note by the glass of water. 'Ring me. I' m not cross. C x'

CUT TO:

6 EXT. HEBDEN BRIDGE. DAY 7. 07.00

6

Sun rise over Hebden Bridge.

CUT TO:

7 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, ATTIC. DAY 7. 07.01

7

CATHERINE (dressed for work) brings a cup of tea upstairs for DANIEL, who's asleep in his make-shift bedroom in the attic.

CATHERINE

Daniel?

(she gives him a nudge)

D

(he wakes up, all sleepy)

Sorry. Can you do me a favour, love? Sorry. Can you get Ryan off to school on time? I've got to get off to work and Clare's -

DANIEL

Is she all right?

CATHERINE

God knows. Either way, I can't see her surfacing much before dinner time.

DANIEL

Okay.

CATHERINE

MIKE

Chief Super's coming in to see you.
One thirty this aft, it'll be in my
office.

(despite the bravado that
she might normally
display, that puts the
wind up CATHERINE. This
is serious. And she's
looking pale cos she's
had less than three hours
sleep)

Pillock. Are you all right?

CUT TO:

10 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MIKE'S OFFICE. DAY 7. 10
13.30

CATHERINE's with PRAVEEN.

PRAVEEN

Have you thought about retirement?

CATHERINE

No. Sir.

PRAVEEN

Medical retirement.

CATHERINE

Why? What's wrong with me?

PRAVEEN

Eighteen months ago you nearly
died.

CATHERINE

My wrist aches when the temperature
drops below zero.

(she flexes her right
hand, the one TOMMY
crushed. Then clenches it
into a fist. Her joints
crack, and she flexes it
again)

But other than that.

PRAVEEN

A thing like that takes its toll
mentally as well as physically,
Catherine. We did go some way down
the medical retirement route last
time -

CATHERINE

Yeah, and it wasn't what I wanted then, and it isn't what I want now. Sir.

PRAVEEN

It would appear to me. That you have unresolved issues. Which is why you turned up at that funeral yesterday, a funeral which - you and me both know for a thousand and one reasons - you shouldn't have been anywhere near.

(she offers no response)

You were offered counselling. When you left hospital. Eighteen months ago.

CATHERINE

Yes.

PRAVEEN

Did you go?

CATHERINE

Yup.

PRAVEEN

Did you complete the course of treatment?

(nope. Silence)

Okay. I'm giving you options. Catherine. Two options. I'd like you to see the force psychologist.

(CATHERINE reacts. Badly)

I'd like you to complete whatever course of treatment he suggests. Or. The alternative, and I do think it's something you should consider. Seriously, you've had a long and distinguished career, you are a highly respected officer who's suffered a major trauma. Why don't I have a case conference with HR to take things forward down the medical retirement route.

CATHERINE

You're not gonna do that to me.

PRAVEEN

There is no stigma attached. You'd retire on a full pension, you'd -

CATHERINE

(interrupts)

Yeah, and I'd miss the next three years' salary.

CATHERINE

No more than most people my age. I suspect.

THERAPIST

You did something very selfless. When you took Ryan on. There must have been times when you've struggled. With it.

CATHERINE

I don't dwell on it. I've always focused on the fact that it isn't his fault.

THERAPIST

Tell me about Tommy Lee Royce.

CATHERINE

What about him?

THERAPIST

(pause)

What took you to the funeral.

CATHERINE searches for something that won't sound glib.

CATHERINE

I have a friend. Who's scared of birds. A proper phobia. And one day. This peacock. Came and sat just outside her front door. No idea where it came from. And it just sat there. For hours. And she didn't dare go out, and her husband was at work, and she said she felt too stupid to ring anyone. So she just stared at it. Through the sitting room window. For two hours. 'Til it left. And I said why? And she said, "So I knew where it was".
(she's still thinking, and who knows, maybe she has touched on something)
Maybe that's it, maybe that's all it was. I just wanted to make sure I knew where he was. 'Til he went back inside.

That sounds convincing enough. And it's true. It's part of the truth, anyway. And whatever, it sounds like something a therapist would lap up.

THERAPIST

Going back to the question. Have you ever contemplated killing yourself or others. What about him? Tommy Lee Royce.

JOYCE

D' you fancy a drink? Tonight. D' you fancy going for something to eat?

CATHERINE's just about to say "No", automatically assuming she'll be too busy, or too tired, but she realises -

CATHERINE

Yeah. Actually. That'd be nice.

JOYCE

My treat.

CATHERINE

Why?

Because she cares about her. Not that she's going to be sentimental about it.

JOYCE

'Cos I feel like chucking my brass about.

CATHERINE

(touched, happy)

Okay.

JOYCE

And in other news.

She leaves a tantalising pause.

CATHERINE

What?

JOYCE

They think they've found another body.

So that's big.

CATHERINE

Where?

JOYCE

Going over to Bri ghouse. Again. Same as first one.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. WASTE GROUND/ABANDONED BUILDING SITE. DAY 8. 10.45

13

From a small distance we see a woman's body, which has been obscured by stuff piled on top of it. We get the idea - hopefully without being too graphic and horrible - that something bloody and unpleasant has been done to her.

(Is it something like having a grubby broken bottle somewhere in the foreground?). Inner and outer cordons have been established. Outside the outer cordon UNIFORM OFFICERS mill about, and a couple of stationary police vehicles with their silent revolving blue lights. In the inner cordon we discover ANDY SHEPHERD (in a blue CSI suit) and other CSIs studying the scene and taking photos. As we cut to a closer image of the body, we move round and see the victim's face. She's already decomposing: the flesh is a greenish/blue/grey colour, the eyes have gone and the tongue is protruding and there's been skin slippage, but... we can see that it's VICKY FLEMING.

CUT TO:

14 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT BRIEFING ROOM. 14
DAY 8 14. 20.

We see a subliminal flash of a beer bottle being smashed in a sink; the bottom end broken off so the bottle becomes a weapon. Then we see JOHN's face. He's in VICKY's flat, smashing the bottle in the sink to mutilate her corpse with. Then suddenly we're in the H-MIT briefing -

We're looking at JOHN. MIKE's also present, as usual, but of course it's JOHN we're looking at as he reacts to the news that VICKY's body has finally been discovered.

ANDY

There's been nothing found at the scene to identify who she is. What we know at the moment is: she's white. She's five foot four. Slight build. She's got blond shoulder-length hair. Shoe size five. She's between thirty and sixty years old. So -

(he addresses JODIE)
we need to check all the mispers locally, force wide, and then moving out force by force. Going back I'd say four weeks. Initially. CCTV in the area. May be limited.

Let's visit the bus garage those numbers drive out of, find out if they have specific drivers who drive those routes regularly. Any regular passengers who travel upstairs. I'll include in the press release an appeal to anyone who uses either of those two buses, as well as anyone who travels up and down that road regularly.

(we're still looking at JOHN as we hear one of the other DETECTIVES ask, "Are we looking at the

ANN GALLAGHER' s j ust heading back toward the nick when the door opens and JOHN heads out with preoccupied ANDY SHEPHERD, who' s tal king to someone on hi s mobi le.

ANN
(i n passi ng)
Hi ya.

JOHN
Hi ya.

ANDY
(on hi s mobi le)
Now? No, no probl em -
(checks hi s watch)
I' ll pop back upstairs.
(to JOHN)
I' ll be two minutes. Get car
started.

ANDY di sappears back i nside the bui ldi ng.

ANN
Is i s true another body' s turned
up?

JOHN
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah i t i s.

ANN
Is i t the same? Another
pr[ostitute] - someone who' s been .0 1 Tf (ANN) Tj ET Q c

JOHN

Yeah! Yeah, no. Not really.

(he debates whether to
tell her, then,
confidentially -)

Turns out my wife's been having it
off with this bastard she works
with. For months.

(ANN's a bit stunned at
being confided in about
something so big, so
suddenly, from someone
she doesn't know hugely
well)

Just walked in, and...

We see what John saw. He walks up the stairs in his house -
having just murdered VICKY - and heads into the bedroom,

*

*

JOHN
Not your fault.
(a moment)
Do you wanna go for a drink? Some
time.

So that's a bit sudden.

ANN
Erm -

JOHN
Sorry. Is that inappropriate?

ANN
Going for a drink?

JOHN
Aski ng.

ANN
Oh. Is it? I don' t [know] -

JOHN
Sorry.

ANN
When?

JOHN
Any ti me.

ANN
Okay.

JOHN
Real l y?

ANN
Not toni ght.

JOHN
No.

ANN
But -

JOHN
Yeah.

ANN
Maybe -

JOHN
Whenever.

ANN
Later in the -

JOHN
Yeah.

ANN
Week.

(awkward pause)
Where y' off? Anywhere exci ti ng?

JOHN
Post mortem.

CAROL

Asphyxi ation.

(she presses her fingers
into the front of her
neck)

Hyoid bone's broken. I'll show you
when we open her up.

JOHN can't hear what CAROL is saying. He can only guess.

Suddenly we see a flashback to when JOHN was strangling VICKY in her flat. The fight she put up. Banging and scraping her knee against something in the fight, clutching at the cable with her fingers, her nails digging into her own neck in the attempt to stop this freaky thing happening to her.

ASSI STANT

John? John.

JOHN realises the LAB ASSI STANT is offering him another exhibit through the hatch to bag up. Maybe the broken shoe.

Back in the lab, CAROL has got onto VICKY's other injuries. With the help of his ASSI STANT, VICKY's been rolled onto her side, and they're looking at her back and bottom. Photographs are taken. Again, CAROL just mumbles to ANDY (we don't need to see this) -

CAROL

So we're looking at vaginal
bruising and...

(looking closer: the real
damage is internal)

Lacerations.

JOHN has another flashback to that fateful night: smashing a beer bottle in VICKY's sink to turn it into a weapon. Knowing he has to do this terrible thing to her body if he's going to make it look like the work of the serial killer. JOHN comes into the sitting room where VICKY is dead on the floor. He has the broken bottle in his hand. How's he going to do this?

ASSI STANT

Are you all right?

JOHN realises he's being spoken to again.

JOHN

Yeah! Yeah. It's just it's a while
since I've done one of these.

CAROL picks up her scalpel for the Y-incision: it's time for the autopsy.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. ANGELIKI RESTAURANT. NIGHT 8. 20.45

18

Busy Hebden at night. An establishing shot of the restaurant, with a board outside that reads 'Jackson Live here tonight at 9pm'.

CUT TO:

19 INT. ANGELIKI RESTAURANT. NIGHT 8. 20.46

19

CATHERINE and JOYCE are knocking back the ole vino. They're on a second bottle, so CATHERINE's more fluent than ever. She's just generously refilling JOYCE's glass, then her own. Beside them there's a little stage set with big amps and a mic. The restaurant's quiet (only one or two other couples here) so they talk hush hush -

JOYCE

So how many times d'you have to go?

CATHERINE

Look. If I'd really wanted to kill him, I could've done. I had him on the floor, he was helpless, and I coulda kicked the stuffing out of him. But I didn't. What I actually did was douse him in foam so he couldn't set fire to himself.

THERAPIST

Do you regret that?

CATHERINE

No.

Then back in the restaurant -

CUT TO:

JOYCE

Okay.

The WAITRESS finishes gathering their plates and heads off.

CUT TO:

22

EXT. ANGELIKI RESTAURANT. NIGHT 8. 20.50

22

JOYCE and CATHERINE have left the building. We glimpse/hear MICHAEL JACKSON singing/squealing through the open door as they leave and walk down the street together.

CATHERINE

D'you know what really pissed me off. When I saw him.

(she hates admitting this and it takes her a moment to spit it out. They walk in silence for a few seconds)

Was how well he looked. He's obviously been looking after himself. Inside. Narcissistic twat. I think maybe I was hoping he'd gone down the Swanny and that he was getting beaten up and... bugged around.

JOYCE

Maybe he is.

(CATHERINE's shaking her head)

You don't know.

CATHERINE

He'll have 'em all wrapped round his little finger.

JOYCE

Why would he?

CATHERINE

Running round in little circles wetting themselves.

JOYCE

Why would he?

CATHERINE

Oh just...

(she knows it's a fear
based on nothing
concrete, but -)

I bet he gets letters. I bet
there's a string of deluded mad
bitches in love with him who want
to introduce him to Jesus.

JOYCE

Right, well, either way, there's
nothing cushy about Gravesend
Prison. Every day of his life,
he'll be told when to sleep, when
to eat, when to shit. If ever he
does get out - which... why would
he? - he'll be fit for nothing.
He'll be institutionalised. He'll
be hopeless and helpless. He'll be
how old? Earliest. Fifty-seven? And
he'll look ninety. He might look
chipper now, but they'll wear him

CATHERINE

Because! I can't. I've checked everything. My calendar, my smart book, my day book, the rosters. I mean I don't care, I don't give a toss, know I didn't do it.

JOYCE

Have you asked everyone else to check all their doings?

CATHERINE

JOYCE
(just then a Skoda floats
past that JOYCE
recognises)
Ooh there he is! My knight in
shining armour.
(she waves at the driver
as he floats past)
B ! Has he seen me? Big nelly.
He's lost his glasses again.

He pulls in further up the road, where CATHERINE and JOYCE
have just come from. ~~BY JOYCE~~

CATHERINE
He's got a tail-light out.

JOYCE
I'll tell him. Come here.
(JOYCE gives CATHERINE a
big hug)
Night night sweetheart.

CATHERINE
Night.

JOYCE
(heading off)
Text me! Soon as you get in.

Just then CATHERINE realises something, just as they were
about to part so fondly -

CATHERINE
Why are you so bothered about me
alibi-ing myself?

JOYCE
'Cos I care about you.

CATHERINE
Has Mike Taylor been on at you?

JOYCE
No.

CATHERINE

CATHERINE

I know he's been canvassing opinion about me and passing it on to Praveen. Because of things this therapist said. About what my think about me.

JOYCE

Like the high esteem everyone holds you in.

CATHERINE

You better not go telling him stuff I've said. This evening. About that twat. 'Cos I'll know if you have.

JOYCE is toying with getting offended by this. She'll forgive CATHERINE a lot because of everything she's been through, and because they're old friends, but she would hope CATHERINE knew her better.

JOYCE

Do you think I would? Do you think 'd do that?

CATHERINE

No. I'm just saying.

JOYCE

Right.

(a moment)

So - sorry - are you threatening me?

CATHERINE

No. I'm [just] - . I'm just

JOYCE thinks about that. About what being said.

JOYCE

(quiet)

You don't have to text me those dates. I was only trying to help.

CATHERINE realises she needs to apologise. Really. The problem is she still thinks JOYCE may have been sent on a fact-finding mission. And however well meant, it still seems devious. And of course they've both had slightly too much to drink, and so are both more inclined towards being emotional rather than rational.

CATHERINE

(quiet)

Right.

CAROL

Yeah.

(we should be looking at
JOHN for his private
silent reactions to all
this)

I mean it's very similar. Not as
frenzied, not as extensive.
Internally. But yeah, broken glass -
a broken bottle - used again to
inflict the wounds. So... I don't
know, maybe he was disturbed before
he'd done what he wanted to do.
It's essentially the same. Just
less of it.

ANDY

Can you be any more specific about
her age?

CAROL

The internal organs are healthy
enough. She wasn't a drinker, she
didn't smoke. Never given birth.
Teeth are in good condition, so -

ANDY

So not...? What you'd think of as a

CAROL

(shakes her head, can't say)

There was very little blood. At the scene. But. It's rained. And the ground's porous. We've lost any post-mortem hyper-statis because of the skin discolouration. So. I couldn't really tell you.

ANDY's thoughtful.

We end on JOHN. He's got through it. And ANDY appears to have learned very little of any devastating significance.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. HANGINGROYD STREET. NIGHT 8. 21.00 24

CATHERINE heads along the street (possibly mumbling to herself about what's just passed with JOYCE) and up to the front door.

CUT TO:

25 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 8. 21.01 25

Irritable DANIEL's watching telly by himself as CATHERINE heads into the room. Everyone on telly's laughing, DANIEL isn't. CATHERINE's a bit cool with DANIEL.

CATHERINE

Where is everyone?

DANIEL

Ryan's in bed. Clare and Neil are in t' kitchen with Winnie and Ilinka and why can't all these people just ?

CATHERINE heads out and through to the kitchen to see what's going on, then pops her head back in again.

CATHERINE

Are all right?

DANIEL

(reluctant to make it real by talking about it)
I've had a letter from a solicitor. About divorce proceedings.

CATHERINE takes that in, lingers/dwells on it for a moment (realising he probably needs some sympathy and an ear) then heads through to the kitchen to sort out the other thing first. We go with her.

CUT TO:

26

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT 8. 21.02

26

CATHERINE walks in and finds WINNIE and ILINKA sitting at the table, and CLARE and NEIL busy making tea and biscuits. (NEIL is all tactile/protective with CLARE, like he's looking after her since her lapse).

CLARE

They think they've found another one. It's been on t' news. National news on t' telly.

CATHERINE

Have they announced it? Officially?

CLARE

Well, they're saying everything
it's another one. I don't
know how official it is.

WINNIE

WINNIE

'People trafficking for purposes of prostitution'.

CLARE

- and then they've let him out on bail.

CATHERINE

Wow.

We see CATHERINE go a bit thoughtful.

CLARE

Are they mental?

CATHERINE

It doesn't mean you're in any more danger. Tell her.

WINNIE's not entirely convinced, but -

WINNIE

Catherine kase to ne znaci da ste u opasnosti.

CATHERINE

(she addresses I LINKA)

He might be out but he still doesn't know where you are.

WINNIE

On bi mogao biti iz zatvora. Ali on ne zna gdje ste.

But then the reason she went a bit thoughtful -

CATHERINE

It just means he knows somebody with enough money to pay his bail for him.

WINNIE

The Knezevi cs?

CATHERINE

God knows. On the plus side, he won't be going anywhere, 'cos we'll have taken his passport off him.

(on reflection -)

If that is a plus.

WINNIE

There was something else as well.

This is news to CLARE and NEIL as well as CATHERINE.

CATHERINE/CLARE

What?

WINNIE knows instinctively that this is a bad idea -

WINNIE

She wants to go back to work at the biscuit factory.

CATHERINE

(a quick, decisive response)

She can't do that.

WINNIE

don't think it's a great idea, but she keeps going on about how they were all very nice to her. The other people, and them that ran it, I mean they are a legitimate bus[iness] -

CATHERINE

It doesn't matter -

CLARE

What, employing trafficked women?

CATHERINE

(to CLARE)

No, that's - the people who own it probably don't even realise they are trafficked, they probably perfectly nice to her.

(then to WINNIE)

The problem [is] -

CLARE

How could they know? They don't 'em!

CATHERINE

No, they do! The biscuit factory does. What happens the traffickers set themselves up as a legitimate employment agency. They don't go round advertising the fact that they're criminal scum, it's not written on their foreheads.

They provide staff, women, employees, then the biscuit factory pays the money to them, the -

(air bunnies)

'Employment agency' stroke criminal scum, then it's them that don't pass the wages on to the women. That's how they make their money. However -

CATHERINE turns back to WINNIE

CLARE
(realising)
Devious bastards.

CATHERINE
(to WINNIE)
- she still can't go back [there] -
(realising what CLARE just
said)
Yeah.
(then back to WINNIE)
She still can't go back there
it's not impossible that
the Knezevics'll still have people
who go in there every day. Then
they see her, and they might
well follow her. She really can't
do that, Winnie. Seriously. You've
got to spell that out to her.

CUT TO:

27 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, CONSERVATORY. NIGHT 8. 22.15 27

CATHERINE's sleeping in the conservatory again (with her thermal s and her cricket bat) to keep an eye on WINNIE's house. CLARE comes in with some tea for CATHERINE.

CLARE
You can't keep sleeping in here.

CATHERINE
Have you kept yourself busy today?

CLARE
Yeah, I've been fine.

But we should sense a vulnerability in CLARE since her lapse. CATHERINE takes the tea from her.

CATHERINE
Y'all right?

CLARE
I just...
(she's upset, vulnerable,
needs to talk. We sense
that she could burst out
crying. She sits on
CATHERINE's bed/settee)
can't get my head round what that
woman's been through. Ilinka.
(she becomes tearful)
I mean where do they get the idea
from that they can that to
people?

CATHERINE gives CLARE a reassuring squeeze/hug/whatever she needs. CLARE's anxiety might be as much about her own vulnerability as ILINKA's, but she's obviously upset.

CATHERINE
Is Neil stopping?

CLARE
(she nods affirmation)
You are good you know. The things
you do for people. I've just wasted
my life doing...
(she hates saying it, but)
bugger all, but you... you really
help people.

CATHERINE
You help people. At the Mission.

CLARE
We make tea.

CATHERINE
You listen to people, it's
important.

CLARE
Sorry.

She means for crying. For feeling sorry for herself.

CATHERINE
You're bereaved. You're allowed to
be upset. But you've just got to
make sure you look after yourself.
Mm?

By 'look after yourself' of course she means

CLARE
Yep. I am doing. I will.
(a moment between them,
CLARE manages to pull
herself together a
little, and then)
Neil thinks you don't like him.

CATHERINE
Why?

CLARE

Yeah. I know, I said that, but. You know. He's...

(mouths it, just in case)

I think he's frightened of you.

That jars with CATHERINE. Because of what the therapist said.

CATHERINE

There's only one kind of person who needs to be frightened of me, Clare. You know that.

CLARE

Yeah, I know you like to think that. But. You know. Some people are just sensitive.

CATHERINE

As in over-sensitive.

Yup.

CLARE

Have you been up to kiss Ryan?

CATHERINE

He was asleep.

CLARE

He said summat today. Odd.

CATHERINE

What?

CLARE

Miss Wealand. This new one that reads with him. I've met her, she seems right enough. But. He said they were talking about things he likes and things he doesn't like. He doesn't like reading. For instance. And he does like chips. And custard. And football. That kind of thing. Anyway, apparently she said, "What about your dad? Do you like your dad?" And he says he just said, "We don't talk about me dad". And that was it. But. Why's she asking him about his dad? Doesn't she know not to do that? Haven't they told her?

CATHERINE's intrigued. She's toying with being cross as well.

CATHERINE

Ask her. Next time you see her.

CLARE nods, she will ask her.

CLARE
She won't be there again 'til next
Monday, she only works Monday
Tuesday Wednesday.

CUT TO:

28

EXT. GRAVESEND PRISON. DAY 9. 07.30

28

AMANDA

And I know for a fact you weren't out on obs that night because I rang Clifford.

JOHN

Just pack your shit and move out, Amanda, that's all I've got to say to you, and I'm just gonna keep repeating it.

AMANDA

For years I've put up with you coming in at all hours.

JOHN

I can't really believe you're still here to be absolutely honest with you.

AMANDA

You need to be the one that moves out, John. Not me. You were never here. You neglected us. There's no wonder things've happened. These kids don't know who you are.

JOHN

Whore. Slapper.

AMANDA

They prefer Graham to you.

JOHN

Slag.

AMANDA

He helps 'em with their homework.

JOHN

Troll op.

AMANDA

He talks to them.

JOHN

Filthy bitch. Pox merchant.

AMANDA

You weren't on obs. You're a liar.

JOHN

Oh really? And what would Clifford know? He never gets sent on obs cos of his sciatica.

AMANDA

Yeah well maybe I'll ask Andy Shepherd.

JOHN

Yeah course you will, Amanda, that's right, you've got a hot line to the superintendent.

AMANDA

Yeah well maybe I have.

JOHN

Yeah? Really? D' you want his number?

CUT TO:

32

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK. DAY 9.
10.00

32

JOYCE is busy at her desk just beyond the counter when she hears CATHERINE heading down the stairs shouting at her favourite P.C. -

CATHERINE

(oov)

Mr. Tekeli! I read your statement for that assault. I see we're still struggling with the i before e except after c concept, and can you get someone with more time and patience than I have to explain to you the difference when you spell "he threatened to my arm", and "I applied the foot"?
Thank you.

CATHERINE's voice irritates the hell out of JOYCE.
, we can see JOYCE thinking,

. A fraction of a second before CATHERINE's finished shouting at GORKEM, she appears and puts a cactus down on JOYCE's desk. Right in front of her. In a tiny plant pot. With a ribbon round it. One of those tiny cactuses that cost about 50p but that you hope in about thirty years' time might get a bit bigger.

CATHERINE

I got you this.

(JOYCE regards it like
CATHERINE just dumped a
bucket load of hoss muck
on her desk)

To say sorry. I was... you know.
Tired and emotional. And out of
order. And I'm sorry.

(JOYCE isn't thawing, she
just gazes steadily at
CATHERINE like she's a
particular kind of idiot)

I thought it'd remind you of me.
Because it's prickly. And I'm
prickly. And in fact you could call
it Catherine. And then next time
you get cross with me, you could...

JOYCE

Throw it at you.

CATHERINE

Yeah! Or... yeah. That'd work.

JOYCE

Or I could call it by your nick-
name. That might make me happy.

CATHERINE

Sure! Absolutely. Except I haven't
got one.

JOYCE

Oh you do.

CATHERINE

No, [I] - do I?

JOYCE

Obviously not one we use to your
face.

CATHERINE

What is it?

JOYCE

Well it's a secret. From you. I
mean obviously everyone else knows.
And everybody upstairs. And up at
head quarters. And that lot down at
t'cafe that do us butties.

CATHERINE

Well what is it then?

JOYCE

It's - I can't say. It's - you know. Not very flattering.

CATHERINE wonders if JOYCE is winding her up.

CATHERINE

I haven't got a nick-name.

JOYCE

No. Good. Okay.

CATHERINE

What is it then?

JOYCE

I accept your apology.

CATHERINE

What's my nick-name?

JOYCE

You haven't got one.

CATHERINE

How long have I had this nick-name?

JOYCE

I shouldn't have said anything.

CATHERINE

What you gonna call the cactus then?

JOYCE

Nothing.

CATHERINE

Tell me. Or I'm taking it back.

JOYCE

(pushing the cactus back towards CATHERINE)

Okay.

CATHERINE

(pushing the cactus back to JOYCE)

No tell me.

JOYCE

I didn't invent it.

CATHERINE

What is it?

JOYCE looks around to make sure no-one's around, then indicates for CATHERINE to bring her ear close so she can whisper -

JOYCE
I'm not telling you.

CATHERINE
Right!
(she's leaving)
Whatever. Keep the cactus.
(she comes back with a post-it note that she's been wielding all this time, the thing she really came down for)
These are those dates when I was out murdering prostitutes. If you still want to check your diary.

JOYCE
(taking the note)
There's nothing I'd rather do.

CATHERINE leaves then comes back again.

CATHERINE
Come on, what is it?

JOYCE
You used to be a detective. Find out.

CATHERINE
I will.

JOYCE
Good luck.

CATHERINE
Right.

JOYCE is smiling happily to herself once CATHERINE's disappeared: that was fun. Winding the sergeant up, best game there is. And JOYCE quite likes the little cactus too. It's cute. Win win. CATHERINE come back.

CATHERINE
Are you lying? Are you ?

Just then CATHERINE's radio starts talking to her -

RADIO

Bravo November four-five. Could you look at log one-three-four of today, at Crow Wood Park?

(JOYCE prods a key on her desk top to bring up the screen allowing CATHERINE to instantly access log 134)

We've had a phone call from a nun about a suspected suicide.

CATHERINE

(reading the log)

A ?

RADIO

Paramedics are on their way, can you get someone round there?

CATHERINE

A real nun?

RADIO

You know as much as me, four-five.

JOYCE

(well dry)
No, a pretend one.

CATHERINE

Responding.

(to JOYCE)

They could be dressed up going to a hen party.

CATHERINE's prodding ANN's number into her radio.

JOYCE

At ten o'clock in t'morning?

CATHERINE's on her radio again.

CATHERINE

Charlie Oscar nine-six-five.

(then to Joyce)

Okay, so they might still be out from t'night before.

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

33

EXT. STREET, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 9. 10.01

33

ANN and another PSCO are chatting to a little old couple at a bus stop who aren't sure which bus to get on. ANN hears CATHERINE's voice.

ANN

Charlie Oscar nine-six-five.

CATHERINE

It's baptism of fire time kid,
we've got a suicide up Crow Wood
Park. I'm gonna pick you up, you're
coming wi' me.

ANN does a silent ! She's thrilled.

CUT TO:

34

INT. GRAVESEND PRISON, VISITING AREA. DAY 9. 10.15

34

FRANCES is with TOMMY. They have to talk hush hush because obviously if anyone official knew that FRANCES was seeing RYAN there'd be trouble. TOMMY's angry and hurt.

TOMMY

?

FRANCES

Yeah, but listen, don't get cross!
He said that, but then nothing
could be further from the truth!
Once he started it was like he
could talk about nothing else.

TOMMY

(suspicious, anxious)
What did he say?

FRANCES

He said how much he liked you. When
he met you. Outside the shop, and
on the boat. And how he still
thinks about you.

TOMMY

Did he say that? He actually said
that? That he still thinks about
me?

FRANCES

Every day. Yes. He said it.

TOMMY

Yeah, in a bad way.

FRANCES

No! He talked about bringing you
milk. And how he upset you by
bringing his friend, and how much
he wishes he hadn't done that now
because that seemed to spoil
everything.

TOMMY

Di d he - ?

(embarrassed)

Say owt about me chucking petrol
all over him?

FRANCES

He did. Yes. And that was really
interesting. Because. He says all
he can think of now is how ill you
were when that happened.

TOMMY

I was! I had septicaemia! I was off
my head, I nearly died!

FRANCES

He thinks it's his fault.

TOMMY

Eh?

FRANCES

He said if he hadn't brought his
friend there, you wouldn't have got
upset that day and done that.

TOMMY

It wasn't his friend. He
were a nice enough little lad, I
was just frightened about 'em
telling people where I was 'cos I
knew they'd hurt me. I wouldn't
have hurt him. Frances. Never. Not
in a million years. I was just off
me head.

FRANCES

You see, I think he knows that.

TOMMY dare hardly hope that's true.

TOMMY

Di d he say that?

FRANCES

No. No, but I could see. In his
eyes. That he still thinks
about you. In a good way.

TOMMY's daring to feel happy, but inevitably feelings of
happiness bring anger and frustration to him.

(he puts two fingers to
his temple, like a gun, a
gun he's reluctant to
use, but -)
she needs putting out of her misery
that one.

FRANCES lets that wash over her. She keeps calm and keeps
smiling.

FRANCES
He's been talking about things at
home. His Auntie Clare drinks.
I've met her. She's a nice woman.
But between the grandmother's
anger, and his auntie's problem...
yes. We could ask for better
things.

FRANCES

TOMMY

ANN

Well. Yeah. He is. But. He's just found out his wife's been having it off with someone else. So...?

CATHERINE

Is he old enough to be your dad?

ANN

Not -

(realising)

Yeah actually. He probably is. He's not my dad, but. Yeah. Technically.

CATHERINE

D'you believe him? About his wife?

She knows she'd be daft to, even though he was convincing.

ANN

I don't fancy him. We're just... mates.

CATHERINE

Yeah but is that what thinks?
(that's kind of what ANN's worried about)

It's not really ethics, is it love? It's about whether it's wise or not. I'll leave that with you.

(she pulls up at the park gates, and then the thing she's been itching to ask, but daren't -)

You know at work?

ANN

Yeah.

CATHERINE

Have I got a nick-name?

thinks ANN. But in the heat of the moment she's wise enough to know that she's never going to get a lie past CATHERINE.

ANN

One or two.

CATHERINE can't believe her ears: one or ? ANN decides it might be expedient to get out of the vehicle. Quickly.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. CROW WOOD PARK. DAY 9. 10.36

36

CATHERINE gets out of the car too. She's parked right by the entrance to the park. The ambulance is already here.

CATHERINE
One or two?

ANN
don't use them.

CATHERINE
(pulling her hat and
gloves on)
Oh, that bad?

Yeah.

ANN
So you think maybe I could just go
for a drink with him, yeah? You see
I'm interested in the possibility
of becoming a detective,
eventually, [so] -

CATHERINE
So what are they then, these nick-
names?

They head into the park as they talk. One pale elderly NUN is sitting on a bench being attended by a PARAMEDIC. A second more robust NUN looks on with concern. In the distance a second PARAMEDIC walks away from a wooded area (and back towards us/CATHERINE and ANN/the ambulance).

ANN
Why're you putting me on the spot?

CATHERINE
Because you're here.

ANN
(confidentially as they
approach the bench)
I've never met a nun.

CATHERINE
The way you changed the subject
just then was I barely
noticed it.

ANN
Me dad says it's a compliment when
people have a nick-name, he says
people never bother giving a nick-
name to someone they're not
bothered about.

CATHERINE

So - well - what are they then?

ANN

I wouldn't worry about it.

CATHERINE

I'm not worried. I'm delighted. I didn't know I had a nick-name. nick-names.

ANN

(saved by the bell)

!

CATHERINE realises she's going to have to put it on pause. She bends down and addresses the pale elderly NUN like she's six years old and deaf.

CATHERINE

Are you all right, love?

PARAMEDIC

Just a bit of shock, she's going to be absolutely fine.

CATHERINE

Right, so where is it?

The pale elderly NUN has the presence of mind to say very firmly -

NUN*1

a human being. Constable.

CATHERINE resists the urge to point out that she has stripes emblazoned all over her kit.

NUN*2

(apologetic)

He's in the trees. Sergeant.

CATHERINE

Who found i[t] him? You?

NUN*2

Yes, it was us that phoned.

She flashes her iPhone 6 at CATHERINE. Nice.

NUN*1

Vodka bottles everywhere. He must've got tanked up to do it.

CATHERINE

Okay.

(she flicks her head at ANN to come with her. They walk towards the wooded area and when they're out of ear shot of the NUNS -)

Can you get a first account out of those two for me? Who they are, what they're doing here, where they're from.

ANN

They're nuns, I shouldn't think they're up to much.

The second PARAMEDIC is just walking past them.

PARAMEDIC

He's dead.

CATHERINE

Thanks, love.

PARAMEDIC

(calling back)

It's on the left. Careful as you go down, it's slippery.

CATHERINE

(to ANN)

They'll be from St. Werberg's. Find out if they walk through here regularly, and if they do, at what times, and if they're familiar with anybody else who walks through here.

(she gets on her radio)

Bravo November four-five, I'm in Crow Wood Park, suspected suicide confirmed dead by the paramedic. We need a CSI here and somebody from CID if anyone's available.

We cut to the hanging body (nothing gruesome, just the legs) as CATHERINE and ANN approach. The trousers damp where the dead man has wet himself. It's slightly off the main drag through the park (which could account for other people having missed it earlier in the day). CATHERINE and ANN come and look at it. ANN's mesmerised. It's the peacock thing again. CATHERINE's more interested in the scene: a couple of empty vodka bottles at the foot of the tree, an old jacket.

ANN

(awed, subdued, shocked, fascinated)

Wow. . .

CATHERINE

Yup.

ANN

How y' gonna get hi m down?

CATHERINE

Oh that's easy. I'm gonna wait for CID to turn up and let them do it.

(at length as ANN continues to gawp at the body -)

So. Come on. These names.

(ANN groans)

Just spit them out quickly then it's done with.

ANN

I don't wanna be like the messenger that gets shot.

CATHERINE

Do you think I'm that small minded?

, we can see ANN thinking.

ANN

Shall I go and take those first accounts?

CATHERINE

I'll tell you what -
(getting her day book out, and a pen)
you can write them down if it's easier.

ANN

I'm not sure I should.

CATHERINE

No love, I'm not asking you.

ANN

I think - going back to ethics - you shouldn't use your rank to make me tell you something like that.

CATHERINE

Rank? We're friends.

ANN

Not at work! You said that.

CATHERINE's not sure whether she should resort to this or not, but it flies out anyway -

CATHERINE
I saved your life. From that

(ANN' s shocked, that' s
below the belt. CATHERINE
might be shocked too that
she' s resorted to that,
but it' s out there now)
! Yes! Go on, lady. Get round
that one.

ANN
D' you really want to know that
badly? Catherine.

CATHERINE pauses: maybe she doesn' t. Actually.

CATHERINE
Are they really shit?

ANN
No.
(well, yes)
They' re affectionate. But. You
know. Not - not - not what you
might choose. For yourself. That' s
all.
(CATHERINE' s Looking
worried. Suddenly -)
If you want to know, I will
tell you.

CATHERINE' s bothered now. Once she knows, that' s it, she' s
never going to know. It' ll be something she has to live

A poor area, similar to where LYNN DEWHURST lived. CATHERINE's knocking on a door. She knocks gently, it's not a keys on the window job. She's got SHAF with her.

CATHERINE

D'you want to do the talking?

(SHAF's nervous: he hoped
and assumed CATHERINE

would do the heavy stuff)

It's good practise for you. And
anyway - look - it was me that
tasered him, if we weren't so
understaffed and underresourced I
wouldn't even be here. This is
bordering on -

(back to unethical)

Awkward.

The door opens. A 24-year-old woman, poorly dressed. She looks deeply suspicious when she sees two police officers. In her culture the police are the enemy: they're unpleasant, difficult people. As soon as she sees them all she wants to do is shut the door.

SHAF

C , he means, whilst making it clear with his body language that he's coming in anyway. And CATHERINE's right behind him.

CUT TO:

38 INT. DRAGOVIC HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY 9. 11.41 38

SHAF and CATHERINE step inside. There's a baby and a toddler. CATHERINE takes her hat off and makes a fuss of the toddler so it's not frightened of her and SHAF. The toddler has a single toy to play with. It's clear from the state of the room that the family have very little money.

SHAF

You might want to sit down.

Beneath the stoical exterior, we sense that MRS. DRAGOVIC is terrified.

CUT TO:

39 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT OFFICES. DAY 9. 12.15 39

JOHN's busy with his head in his computer screen, opposite D.I. JODIE SHACKLETON, also busy with her head in her computer. A number of other detectives are similarly quietly busy. The office has a quiet, intense feel. JOHN doesn't notice ANN walk in. He's in a world of his own.

ANN

Hi ya.

JOHN

Oh. Hello.

ANN

I saw a dead body this morning.
This fella hanged himself.

JOHN

You'll get used to it.

ANN
Sergeant Cawood.

JOHN
(taking it)
I'll put it on his desk.

ANN
You still wanna go for a drink?

We might see what JODIE privately thinks about this: it's not like JOHN to be up to no good with a naive, eager PCSO.

JOHN
Well yeah. Yeah. If [you] -

ANN
I would! Tonight? Moorings? Seven?
Half past?

JOHN
Great. Seven.

ANN
Where's all the boards?

JOHN
What boards?

ANN
On telly they have all glass boards
with photos of the deceased and
clues and... y' know.

JOHN
Yeah. Well. In real life we have
these.

He demonstrates/flips quickly through one of the boring looking little photo booklets that they use.

ANN
Can I look?

She means at the booklet. JOHN's not sure he should. For a whole host of reasons, some professional, some to do with his own horror of what he's done. But ANN's so keen.

JOHN
It's - there's - some pretty
graphic stuff [in there] -

ANN
I wanna be a detective.
(she blurted that out
spontaneously)
I've not told anyone else that. I
wanna do what you lot do.

JOHN isn't sure whether ANN should be allowed to look or not, so consults JODIE.

JOHN

Ma'am?

ANN's surprised and embarrassed: it hadn't occurred to her that JODIE might be a ma'am, she thought she was JOHN's secretary or something. JODIE passes ANN the book. ANN's delighted. She flips through.

ANN

Is this the most recent victim?

JOHN

Yeah.

ANN

ANN

Is this her?

(she's found a photo of
dead VICKY's face in the
photo book. It's so
changed that's it's
almost impossible to
tell, but -)

Blond shoulder length hair, slim
build. I've got a photo of her on a
file, me and Shaf went to talk to
H.R. at the department store where
she works. We made a copy, shall I
email it to you?

Inside JOHN's head he's screaming ! We see it in his eyes.

JOHN

Well that's that's -

JODIE

That'd be really helpful if you
could.

(ANN thrilled, delighted.
She heads off. We linger
with JOHN)

Joined-up thinking. Why didn't we
know about this?

CUT TO:

42 EXT. DRAGOVI CS' HOUSE, SOWERBY BRIDGE. DAY 9. 12.20 42

CATHERINE's on her radio point-to-point with JOYCE as she and
SHAF return to the patrol car from GORAN's house. CATHERINE's
smiling.

CATHERINE

You're kidding.

JOYCE

(vo)

Nope.

CATHERINE

Well done. Fantastic! Thank you.
Joyce. Thank you.

CUT TO:

43 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK. DAY 9. 43
12.21

JOYCE

Yeah. Well. That's what friends are
f[or] -

JOYCE realises that CATHERINE's hung up, and consults the cactus for an opinion. Shows the cactus the phone -

.

CUT TO:

CLARE

Neil's coming for tea.

CATHERINE

Okay.

CLARE

You won't frighten him, will you?

CATHERINE could get sick of this.

CATHERINE

I will do my best.

CLARE

And can you ask Daniel not to be
weird with him?

That's new to CATHERINE.

CATHERINE

(what the fuck?)

Sure.

CUT TO:

46

EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, BACK YARD. DAY 9. 18.36.

46

RYAN's kicking his ball around in the back yard as CATHERINE
comes out of her house and heads across to WINNIE's.

CATHERINE

How was school?

RYAN

Boring.

CATHERINE

Oy, what's this about this Miss
Wealand asking you about -
(air bunnies)
"your dad"?

RYAN

Nothing. I told her, I said, "We
don't talk about my dad".

CATHERINE

Yeah? Good. Well keep it that way.

CATHERINE knocks on WINNIE's door and goes in shouting "Only
me!" We linger for a moment on RYAN. Is he lying? *D* he say
all those other things to Miss Wealand that she told TOMMY?

CUT TO:

47

INT. WINNIE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 9. 18.37

47

ILINKA's rolling cigarettes at the table. WINNIE's chopping
vegetables, making a casserole.

CATHERINE

I've got good news. Well. Macabre
news. Goran Dragovic is dead.

WINNIE takes it in and tells ILINKA -

WINNIE

Goran Dragovic je mrtav.

ILINKA takes it in.

CATHERINE

Suicide. He hanged himself from a

49 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY 9. 18.55

49

JOHN' s driving home when his phone rings. JODIE SHACKLETON' s name comes up. His bluetooth' s not connected and he makes the mistake of answering it manually.

JOHN

Hello.

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

50 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT OFFICES. DAY 9. 18.56

50

JODIE' s still at her desk. She has a number of photos on her desk that ANN' s provided her with.

JODIE

Bloody hell, John, it' s definitely Vicky Fleming. I' ve spoken to the O.I.C. on Districts and I' ve given the lab a bell to chassey them along for any DNA matches they might find from the personal stuff they got from her work place, but... it' s her, you can see it' s her from the photos. She' s even - in one of these photos - wearing that same dress she was wearing when she died.

(silence)

John?

JOHN

Great.

JODIE

Yup.

JOHN

Have you told the boss?

JODIE

Yeah.

CUT TO: