



1

1

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Evening on a modern estate. Sleepy. Suburban. Safe.

We cross the sodium lit street, move towards one of the houses, it's neat and perfect, head up the garden path, creep up the wall and peer in through the window of the kitchen where -

2

2

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- GEMMA, (22) prepares dinner. She reads from a cookery book. There's a deliberateness, a precision about the way she lays out the ingredients - careful to get things right, double checking the amounts -

We catch glimpses of the kitchen, immaculate.

Pull back to reveal that Gemma's pregnant. About five months. Not a whale but a definite bump - neat, controlled - like everything about her. This is a young woman who's created her own doll's house - a carefully constructed domestic sanctuary - something she's never had before.

We hear a key in the door. Gemma looks up - an immediate, genuine smile. He's home!

JUMP CUT TO:

3

3

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And there he is, STEVE, Gemma's husband coming through the front door. Attractive, animated.

STEVE

Hey you!

Gemma smiles. A loved up, married couple who are still pleased to see each other.

GEMMA

Hey...

STEVE

Good day?

STEVE

Look inside.

Gemma unzips the bag, inside it, a piece of paper, a handwritten note, it reads - 'GIVE UP YOUR JOB - I WILL LOOK AFTER YOU FOR-EVER.' Gemma smiles - clearly an ongoing conversation -

STEVE (CONT'D)

Why wait? Do it now. Write the letter.

He looks at her, playfully -

STEVE (CONT'D)

Full time mum, feet up on the sofa...

Gemma beams - this is the dream, then -

GEMMA

(teasing)

You'll get bored of me.

STEVE

You're right...

He moves in as they kiss, laugh.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Look at me, look how I bored I am.

Kissing behind her ear now, her neck, whispering.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Bored, bored, bored.

- something curiously old fashioned about them. Gemma, young, pure, unsullied. Steve, handsome, protective. He pulls her closer -

STEVE (CONT'D)

(joking)

Told you, stick with me, I'm your dream ticket...

GEMMA

(laughing)

Is that right?

STEVE

That's right...

(then, kissing her neck)

The full... package.

Their playful passion escalating, they're kissing in front of the sink now. The night sky dark behind them, through the window.

Suddenly Gemma notices something on Steve's face -

GEMMA  
What's that?

STEVE  
What?

GEMMA  
That? Red...there...what is it?

We see it, a red mark, right on Steve's forehead, Gemma tries to brush it off. It jumps a little, an inch to the right, but doesn't wipe off. It's not a mark, some kind of light.

And now Gemma's got one on her forehead, right between the eyes -

On Steve, he glances at Gemma; a split second beat of confusion, incomprehension - but before they can even move, breathe -

- CRASH, the sound of splintering wood and we go tight on Gemma as -

CUT TO:

4

4

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- the shock and chaos hits. First the sound of heavy footsteps in the hall, then the SHOUTING, over and over - we hear them before we see them -

COPS (O.C.)  
ARMED POLICE! ARMED POLICE!

Gemma turns to Steve - fear, bewilderment -

COPS (CONT'D)  
ARMED POLICE!

- but they're already crashing into the kitchen, ARMED, MASKED COPS. Six, seven of them, C019, hardcore, military headgear, MP5 submachine guns drawn, stormtroopers -

GEMMA  
What are you doing? It's  
the...wrong house! You've got the  
wrong house!



GEMMA

GEMMA (CONT'D)

(harder)

What are you staring at? Close the door!

The police officer doesn't move. CLOSE on Gemma now, still urinating, everything painfully amplified - the noise of her pee on the bowl, her legs shaking, feet tapping uncontrollably on the lino.

Unlike the rest of the house, the bathroom still undergoing renovations...exposed pipes, tiling half finished.

And still the officer watches her. As Gemma wipes herself, stands up, flushes the toilet.

She moves towards the sink, going through the motions. Pumps the liquid soap, turns on the tap, washes her hands carefully, rinsing, drying them.

In the bathroom mirror, she catches sight of herself. Stops. There's a blankness in her eyes, the shock almost too much to register. Behind her, in the reflection, the police woman still watching.

Then -

FEMALE OFFICER

Gemma?

Gemma turns -

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

Gemma doesn't reply, instead takes a little pink sparkling brush from the side of the sink and begins to brush her hair. Up and down, smoothing the stray hairs away from her face, making it as neat, as nice as she can.

Then she turns back to the police woman. Nods.

JUMP CUT TO:

7

7

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Minutes later, Gemma's contained in the dining room as the policewoman hands her over to DS DAVID HUNTER, Murder Squad.

In the background a TROJAN DOG enters. Gemma flinches -

DAVID

Gemma, I'm David Hunter, I'm one of the detectives.

Lots of eye contact, gentle manner -

7

CONTINUED:

7

DAVID (CONT'D)

I know this must be very confusing  
for you...

Confusion doesn't even come close. A sense of complete  
dislocation on Gemma's face.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Gemma, look at me. I need to ask  
you if you know if there are any  
firearms or illegal drugs in your  
house?

GEMMA

What?

DAVID

Any weapons, apart from the kitchen  
knives?

Gemma stares at DAVID, wide-eyed, almost laughing -

JUMP CUT TO:

7A

7A

A series of QUICK CUTS: PLAIN CLOTHES COPS pulling on plastic  
gloves, bagging up Steve's phone, clothes -

They're picking over the intimacies of Gemma and Steve's  
life, looking through their post, removing her address book,  
emptying out her handbag.

JUMP CUT TO:

7B

7B

In the bathroom, a police officer takes the toilet apart,  
peers in the cistern, a pipe is carelessly knocked, begins to  
DRIP - whilst back on the landing -

7C

7C

- another cop heads up into the attic.

Over which David's questions continue - as we INTERCUT with  
Gemma's bewilderment -

7D

7D

DAVID

Can you tell me where Steve was on  
Thursday?

(CONTINUED)



Distressed Gemma reaches out as a COP knocks over a framed WEDDING PHOTO, picks it up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Thursday? Where was Steve?

She suddenly snaps to, as if this was the most ridiculous question -

GEMMA

Work.

DAVID

Sure about that? What time did he leave?

Gemma stares.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What did he wear to work that day?  
What shoes?

Cut to an officer bagging up Steve's TRAINERS. Move closer and closer on Gemma. Utter confusion. Small voice as she looks towards another DETECTIVE who has emptied a rubbish bin and is putting it back under a table.

GEMMA

That...that doesn't go there...

DAVID

We need your phone.

GEMMA

You've already taken it...

Points to a detective who's wrapping up her home phone.

DAVID

Have you got a mobile?

JUMP CUT TO:

Seconds later. Gemma distraught as her mobile phone disappears into an evidence bag, as -

DAVID (O.C) (CONT'D)

Gemma, we found a body.

His voice almost distorting, from a distance. Too much information - overload -

DAVID (CONT'D)

A young man's body in a pub car park and it appears they can put Steve at the scene....

(CONTINUED)

Gemma's shaking her head, almost smiling. A child out of her depth. Disconcerting.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Where does Steve keep his gun?

GEMMA

He sells drinks. Soft drinks.

Looks at him - what is he talking about?

DAVID

Where does he hide it?

Gemma simply stares at David. He's harder now, bit more pressure.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We will find it, Gemma. So if you want to help Steve, you need to tell us anything you know...

Then Gemma snaps. Clear. Defiant. Truthful.

GEMMA

I. Don't. Know. Anything.

Stay on Gemma - as she looks around, her pristine little house, her sanctuary, opened up, defiled.

CUT TO:

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A long corridor, the magistrates court. From a distance, we pick out Gemma, sat alone on a wooden bench. We move towards her, slowly, slowly.

Around her - an impressionist blur of people passing by: solicitors, police officers, court officials, clients. Almost a dream-cape - the wrong end of the telescope, the bottom of the sea -

We catch glimpses of dialogue - muffled, through the walls -

CPS LAWYER

...strong circumstantial evidence...

SOLICITOR

...good character...

CPS LAWYER

...danger to the public...

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

But it's just words, too faded, too far away to make any sense.

Then, almost a tilting, a sense of drowning as the Judge makes his verdict -

JUDGE

... the bail application is denied,  
the defendant is to be remanded in  
custody.

On Gemma, a flash of utter bewilderment as the words and images bleed away -

CUT TO:

9

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Time has elapsed. On Gemma, lost and alone still in the empty corridor. Ahead of her, a lone CLEANER, an old lady, afro-Caribbean, dragging a mop. They meet eyes, then -

9

CLEANER

"I, the Lord, have called you in  
righteousness; I will hold... your  
hand. I will... open eyes that are  
blind..."

PLAY AS  
CONTINUOUS:

10

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CLEANER (V.O.)  
... free captives from prison and  
release from the dungeon those who  
sit in darkness."

10

On Gemma's POV as she looks up at the high stone wall, the barbed wire. A sudden shocking beat of reality. This is it. A prison. HMP Highcross.

As we pull back we get a sense of scale, of contrast. Gemma, small and soft against the harsh, stone exterior.

Amongst the visitors, an air of excitement:

SINGLE MUMS as they get off the bus, juggling buggies and TODDLERS, extended BLACK FAMILIES, all dressed up as if heading for Church and then there's a woman -

- , (39) who speeds towards the prison in her Mercedes SLK 200 convertible.

(CONTINUED)

Her car is sleek, sexy, all cream and black leather and Francesca's own immaculate appearance is equally classy. But what you notice most is her attitude - been there, done that, seen it all before.

We cut to Gemma and we stay with her, experiencing it all for the first time, not sure where she's going.

She passes an old Volvo, inside another woman, (48), sits in the driver's seat, stares up at the razor wire. Beside her, fast asleep, COCO her aged chocolate Labrador snoozes on the passenger seat.

Gemma knocks on the glass, Harriet lets down the window -

GEMMA  
'Scuse me, I'm looking for the  
visitors' centre?

Harriet stares straight through her. Then, louder -

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
The visitors centre? Am I going  
(the right way?)

Before she can finish, Harriet does up the window. On Gemma, fear and confusion in equal measure.

CUT TO:

11

11

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A busy no-nonsense space - the visitors centre run by the charity, Partners of Prisoners and Families Support Group (POPS): front desk manned by smiling KANEEZ, (33), the POPS woman, small red lockers down the side of one wall, queues of VISITORS, weak tea, chirpy VOLUNTEERS -

- and in the doorway, Gemma, almost too frightened to cross the threshold.

We follow her gaze to the desk, where (20) a pretty, no-nonsense young mum checks in with her son, MASON, (5), who's looking big eyed, thumb in mouth, chubby fingers clutching his cuddly polar bear.

KANEEZ  
And this must be Mason? Heard all  
about you, young man. Your dad'll  
be pleased to see you.  
(hands Lou a locker key)  
There you go, love.

Stay on Lou and Mason as they cross to the locker, begin to put their possessions in. Mason panics as Lou takes his

MASON

I don't want him to be locked up...

LOU

He'll be fine. Mr Poley's a brave bear.

Lou drops to Mason's eye-level, soothing, soft as she spins him a story.

LOU (CONT'D)

Look out the window, Mase, see those big stone walls, that's the palace. A football stadium, for United...

Mason looks out of the window, at the looming stone walls, eyes widening.

LOU (CONT'D)

Better than Bramhall Lane, even bigger than Wembley. And your dad is helping to build it. Isn't that great? That they chose Daddy?

MASON

Yeah.

He smiles, proud and she nods, ruffles his hair.

LOU

That's right. But remember what I said, we don't tell anyone. Micky Adams wants it to be a big, big secret.

Back to Gemma, watching, wanting to be sucked into Lou's fantasy. She snaps back to reality as she reaches the desk. Kaneez looks up - immediately sensitive to Gemma's situation -

KANEEZ

First time?

A barely perceptible nod from Gemma. Kaneez looks down at her printed list.

KANEEZ (CONT'D)

And who are you here to see, love?

GEMMA

Steven Ridley.

She hands over her ID - nervous, over prepared.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I've got my ID. Is this... okay? It said I could use my (passport...)

KANEEZ

(cuts in, soothing)

It's fine.

(ticks a name off the list, hands her a key)

Right, that's for your locker, you have to put everything in, coat, mobile, bag, jewelry...

Gemma's fingers instinctively go to her wedding ring, Kaneez notices, smiles -

KANEEZ (CONT'D)

You can keep that one on.

(then)

Have you got any change?

GEMMA

Sorry?

KANEEZ

For the snack bar. You can buy stuff in the hall but he has to eat it in there, he's not allowed to take it back to his cell.

GEMMA

Oh. Right.

She opens her bag, pulls a fiver, her last note, out of her purse. As Kaneez exchanges it for coins, she notices Gemma's hands are shaking.

KANEEZ

You'll feel better once you've seen him.

(then)

Right, now you have to register for the biometric security.

She might as well be talking Greek. Francesca's in the background, applying her make up, leaning into the locker. She nods at Gemma -

FRANCESCA

Thumb scan. They can't get enough of the big words here, makes them feel important.

KANEEZ

She loves us really.

As Francesca and Kaneez smile playfully at each other, Gemma stares at them in incomprehension: laughter in this place?

And we stay on Gemma as she moves towards her locker. She glances again at Francesca, who's now bending down, changing her shoes.





Cut back to Gemma with rising tension - where is he? Where's Steve? Looks around again, the details jarring - the chairs bolted on to the floor, the constant JANGLE of the staff's key chains. In the corner, an incongruously chirpy sign reads:

HMP HIGHCROSS - WE HOPE YOU HAVE AN ENJOYABLE VISIT.

And then, at last, she sees him - Steve. He walks towards her, looks straight at her, tries to smile, fails. He looks grey, the colour of the concrete walls -

Close on Gemma, an instant visceral punch to the guts at the sight of him -

He reaches out towards her. She begins to tremble, cry, can't stop, a sudden, instant outpouring.

She's shaking her head, breathing hard, trying to keep control and still the tears flow, streaming down her face. Gradually, slowly, they move towards the chairs, sit, knees touching, without breaking eye contact.

CLOSE on them as Gemma reaches out, takes Steve's face in her hands. She strokes his skin. Tender...wretched. Then, she whispers -

GEMMA

Tell me this is a mistake...

STEVE

You know it is...

Disintegrate into tears again.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Gem... please... please...

Hold on them until it's almost too painful to watch.

JUMP CUT:

Minutes later, Gemma glances around the visits hall. Busy, noisy. No interaction between the tables, prisoners and visitors engaged in their own groups.

We follow her gaze, there, a few tables down, Lou and Mason sit across from Sean, with his cheeky face, big mechanics hands. They all have a piece of cake from the snack bar in front of them. Almost a tea party - except they're in prison. Sean's looking proudly at Mason -

SEAN

Can't believe the size of him! My little man! I have missed you so much...

(CONTINUED)

Mason whispers in Lou's ear.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
What's he saying?

MASON  
Cuddle Monster! I want the Cuddle  
Monster!

SEAN  
(soft, tender)  
I can't, Mase. I've got to stay in  
my seat...

MASON  
I want to sit on your lap, Daddy...

LOU  
Hey come on, remember what I said,  
funny rules in here...

SEAN  
Your mum's right. Like musical  
chairs...

Mason looks on the point of tears. Lou's tense, looks  
around, tries to distract him -

LOU  
Look, there's a nice lady over  
there. Why don't you go and have a  
play?

Follow Lou's gaze, over in the corner, a kids' play area, a  
VOLUNTEER, few tatty board games, lot of cutting and  
sticking.

SEAN  
Draw us one of your pictures of  
Ched Evans?

MASON  
With glitter?

SEAN  
Shinier the better. Go on...

Mason looks over, clearly tempted, then wimps out, snuggles  
in to Lou. Stay on Sean and Lou, bit frustrated - hard to  
talk with Mason there -

LOU  
See, this is why I haven't brought

SEAN  
(under his breath)  
Well maybe we should tell (him)...

LOU  
No.

They share a look, a hint of conflict. Then, softer -

LOU (CONT'D)  
He'll be right.

SEAN  
What about you? Still coping?

Gives her a searching look, then -

LOU  
Course.

They share another loaded look - some secret here. Then Lou looks away, can't keep eye contact as Mason interrupts -

MASON  
Why you wearing that?

Points at Sean's bib. Sean and Lou share another tense look, then, a lie -

SEAN  
Playing five-a-side after this.  
I'm on orange team.

LOU  
(brightly)  
That's right. You wear them for  
PE, don't you Mase?

Mason nods placated. But we feel the strain from Sean and Lou. Tricky.

As we cut back to Gemma and Steve, their hands still clinging to each other across the table.

Gemma's tear-stained - trying desperately to make sense of it -

GEMMA  
This man they say they...can put  
you at the scene? What does that  
mean?

STEVE  
I don't know.

GEMMA  
Do you know him? Do you know who  
they're talking about?

STEVE  
Gem... I swear... I don't know  
anything...

GEMMA  
What did the solicitor say?

STEVE  
They'll set a trial date... then  
it'll... it'll get thrown out...

Steve's crumbling, visibly distressed -

GEMMA  
But that's good, isn't it?  
They'll fix it. Sort it out?

STEVE  
Gem... this is a nightmare.

Whispers shakily, tearfully -

STEVE (CONT'D)  
They've got the wrong man...

GEMMA  
They've got T'D) What

She extends her legs, shows off her shoes.

FRANCESCA (CONT' D)  
Fuck Me Stilettoes.

PAUL  
Would if I could Babes. You know that.

He grins. Dirty. Sexy. Then -

PAUL (CONT' D)  
Hey, listen. I spoke to Nick. He said he could sort out that head gasket for you. Saturday.

FRANCESCA  
I can't Saturday. Matt's got his football tournament. I told you, I need the car this weekend.

PAUL  
Shit. Alright. I'll ring him. You just be careful you don't overheat.

Francesca leans back, deliberately exposes a bit of bosom - suggestive -

FRANCESCA  
Can't guarantee that!

They smile. All jokes with these two. Meanwhile Paul nods at a nearby PRISONER.

PAUL  
New lad on my wing, used to commis at the Criterion.

FRANCESCA  
No lumps in the custard then?

PAUL  
Custard? Creme brulee when he's on kitchen...

Playful, his eyes roaming approvingly over Francesca's face. She smiles back.

PAUL (CONT' D)  
So how did Matt do in his Mocks? You heard anything yet?

FRANCESCA  
He got a A in English, Maths, a B in history. Physics results by Friday.

PAUL

Well you check his grade. Don't want his science slipping...

FRANCESCA

I will. I'm all over it.

They look at each other, proud but there's a hint of the strain... the sacrifice. Francesca tries to lighten the mood.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

(whispers seductively)

Oh, before I forget, I've got you a little treat.

Cut back to Gemma as she watches amazed as Francesca slowly unzips the front of her dress from the bottom up, flashes Paul the results of a recent bikini wax.

We're behind Francesca, so no full frontal but a guard gets an eyeful, blushes like a beetroot. Paul's chuffed to bits.

But the humiliated prison guard has had enough, approaches Francesca.

VISITS HALL GUARD

Right, that's enough. You. Out.

FRANCESCA

Oh! I think I'm being invited to leave?

(THEN, ENJOYING HERSELF)

One moment, officer.

She leans forward, kisses Paul full on the mouth. People nearby are starting to look and then slowly, without any urgency Francesca pulls down the zip.

As she allows herself to be led away, the remaining prison officers smile. But there's a hint on Francesca's face, the cost, it's an act - she's not enjoying it as much as everyone else -

- and we cut to incredulous Gemma as she turns to Steve -

GEMMA

You'd better get out of here 'cos I am never doing that!

A beat as she rubs her finger along his arm, then quietly -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I had to lie to work. Told them I had the flu.

She looks at him, uncomfortable at the memory.

STEVE

GEMMA (CONT' D)  
What's the food like?

STEVE  
(with a grin)  
Better than yours.

STEVE (CONT' D)  
Only joking.

GEMMA  
No you're not.

STEVE  
No I'm not.

Another smile - clearly familiar shtick. As we hear in the background -

VISITS HALL GUARD  
Ladies and gentlemen, time's up.

A painful look between them.

Then there's a sudden disturbance across the hall, as a group of prison officers swoop in on a table, pull a protesting VISITOR to his feet, drag him out of the hall - a drugs bust. A violent energy in the room.

Stay on startled Gemma and Steve as they glance over at the altercation. Intimidating, frightening. They look at each other and we sense their disorientation - how the hell did they end up in here?

CUT TO:



LOU (CONT'D)  
Stop staring! It's rude!  
(then, to Gemma)  
Sorry. First time, he's a bit  
freaked out...

On Gemma, not listening, not even registering Lou and Mason's presence. Utterly alone.

We stay on Gemma as she heads out -

17

17

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- of the visitors centre, past the small group of visitors already waiting for the next visit, heads for the bus stop. A massive queue snaking down the pavement.

She looks tiny, out of scale against the vast prison behind her. Suddenly she looks up -

Francesca has pulled up to the kerb beside her, Mercedes purring.

In the background, Harriet, still in her Volvo, Coco panting out of the window, watching Francesca and Gemma -

FRANCESCA  
Haven't you had enough queueing for  
one day?

Gemma looks at Francesca, at her m 90w (0 Tj 1 0 0 1 162.96 45 4.16

FRANCESCA (CONT' D)

It really does...

GEMMA

(hard, cuts in)

I don't want it to get easier.

(then)

My husband shouldn't be here... he hasn't done anything wrong...

A tiny sceptical beat from Francesca, then -

GEMMA (CONT' D)

He's not like that... them...

A little bristle from Francesca.

FRANCESCA

He's on remand?

GEMMA

Yes.

FRANCESCA

So... they didn't let him out on bail.

Gemma's confused, not following -

GEMMA

What are you saying?

On Francesca, gentle but clear - a reality check.

FRANCESCA

Someone... somewhere thinks he's done something wrong.

She looks over at Gemma who's struggling to process this. Then -

FRANCESCA (CONT' D)

Seatbelt.

Gemma buckles up, in a daze.

CUT TO:

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En-route. On Gemma, uncomfortable under Francesca's scrutiny.

FRANCESCA

You've people to help... talk to?

(CONTINUED)

GEMMA  
(defensive)  
Yes I've got... people. Lots... of  
people.

We can hear the lie in Gemma's voice.

FRANCESCA  
Good, you'll need them.

Francesca can sense it - a real pulse of loneliness suddenly coming from Gemma. She gives her another look.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)  
And are you eating?

GEMMA  
Can't.

FRANCESCA  
You need to eat.

Gemma pulls her coat around her self-consciously, then looks at Francesca -

GEMMA



DONNA (CONT' D)  
You al ri ght?

Suddenl y a noi se, a shout from i nside, up the stai rs -

TODDLER  
Auntie Donna! Auntie Donna!

DONNA  
(yelling)  
I'm coming! Don't touch the hot  
tap...  
(then, to Gemma)  
Come in then.

JUMP CUT TO:

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Smiling hugely at Gemma, who's struggling to hold it together. Then -

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Darren! This is Gemma, one of my babies. And this...  
(pats the bump)  
This is... number... seven. Seven foster grand-kids. How old does that make me sound!

Then, tentatively -

DONNA (CONT'D)  
You told your mum?

GEMMA  
Don't know where she is.

Gives Donna a look, shrugs -

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
Glasgow? The moon?

Donna nods, expected that. Years of pain.

DONNA  
(changing the subject)  
We'll have to clear a space.

GEMMA  
What?

DONNA  
The Wall of Shame!

Follow Gemma's gaze. There, up on the wall, a massive display of old SCHOOL PORTRAITS. Years of foster kids, in a seemingly endless collage of polyester uniforms, toothy grins and bad skin.

We focus in on a picture of a very young Gemma, a vulnerable stare to camera.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Always like that. Used to have to give you a sweet to make you smile...

She looks at Gemma. We move close on Gemma, as she tries again -

GEMMA  
Donna...

Donna's not listening, distracted by Darren who heads out.

DONNA  
(to Darren)  
Hey you! Ring if you're gonna be  
late.

Amused, raises her eyes at Gemma.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
A.D.D. So full of ritalin, rattles  
when he walks...

She stops, looks at Gemma, senses something's up -

DONNA (CONT'D)  
You alright?

Gemma shakes her head -

GEMMA  
Something's... something's...

She seems paralysed, words stuck in her throat, then -

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
Oh my god!

Suddenly Gemma's up on her feet, rushing across the room,  
pulling the toddler's chubby fingers away from the door  
frame, then -

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
He nearly shut them in, I  
swear... thought he was gonna lose  
his fingers.

She cradles the kid -

DONNA  
Little bugger... keeps doing that.

To the toddler -

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Love playing with the door, don't  
you? Doors and keys, little Harry  
Houdini...

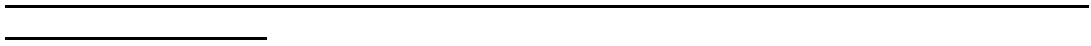
Donna takes the toddler out of Gemma's hands, weary,  
distracted.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Right you, let's get your jammies  
on.

As Donna heads for the pile of ironing, starts looking for  
pyjamas -







24A

24A

---

Francesca sits alone at the breakfast bar, mindlessly flicking through celebrity magazines. In front of her, a wineglass and a half empty bottle of Pinot.

CUT TO:

24B

24B

---

Lou, as she sits on Mason's bed. She leans in towards her sleeping boy, sniffs his sweet little head.

CUT TO:

24C

24C

---

From above, Harriet, flat on her back, rigid, like a corpse. At the end of her bed, on her feet, a brown furry lump - Coco. Harriet stares at the ceiling, eyes wide open.

CUT TO:

25

25

---

Early morning. Teachers still arriving. Few eager kids spinning round in the playground. Through the Assembly Hall window, the distant strains of RECORDER PRACTICE.

JUMP CUT TO:

26

26

---

On NICKI, 45, administration assistant, round, owlsh, gossipy, looks up as Gemma enters. Gemma launches in, nervously overcompensating by being a little too bright -

GEMMA

Hello! I'm back!

NICKI

Hello stranger! Weren't expecting you today.

GEMMA

I know, I should've rung... I just... I felt so much better this morning, I thought I'd come in.

See the strain on Gemma, not a good liar. Then -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I've had really, really bad flu...

NICKI

I know. We got your message.

Gives Gemma a searching look, lowers her voice.

NICKI (CONT'D)

Not the baby, is it? Nothing's happened?

GEMMA

No. No... the baby's fine.

NICKI

Really? I just had an awful feeling, y' know, when you were off like that. Not like you...

Gives Gemma another look, clearly unconvinced -

GEMMA

Really. Everything's fine. I just had a very...very upset...tummy.

NICKI

Thought you said it was flu?

GEMMA

It was. Flu and...and vomiting and...a fever...and...

On Nicki's face, increasingly sceptical - something's not ringing true here - as Gemma cracks under the pressure -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

DIARRHOEA!

As appalled Nicki backs out the office, mortified Gemma turns round to see four INFANTS, including Mason peering at her through the office hatch.

Hold on Gemma, a beat of recognition as she stares at Mason in horror. Mason turns away, then, as he goes -

MASON

It comes out your bum like a bullet from a gun...diarrhoea, diarrhoea.

Stay on Gemma, dying inside as the kids head off, their charming ditty echoes down the corridor -

INFANTS (O.S.)

I was climbing up a tree and it ran down my knee...diarrhoea, diarrhoea.

The BELL rings. School's about to start. Gemma closes her eyes, then -

JUMP CUT TO:

27

27

---

- opens them, to see -

ANGRY MUM

And I want to know why he's not allowed to use his inhaler...

GEMMA

As I explained, you just need to fill in one of these forms...

ANGRY MUM

---

JAMIE, aged 7, cute as a button, face covered in BLOOD. Nose bleed.

JAMIE  
Miss... miss I'm bleeding...

On Gemma, this is a nightmare.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
I need a tissue, miss? Miss...?

Another gush of blood. Bright red. Fresh. Gemma sways.

GEMMA  
Please... I can't... no...

She's spinning out - panic attack - heart racing, room swimming - the blood, the kids, the angry mums, all too much for her. She begins to cry.

JAMIE  
Miss, what's the matter? Miss?

As Gemma crumbles -

JUMP CUT TO:

Not expecting that.

GEMMA

They came to the house, took him away.

WILL

I'm sorry. That must've been a terrible... a shock...

Pause. Then -

WILL (CONT'D)

So what was he arrested for? If you don't mind me...

GEMMA

Murder.

The word hangs in the air, then -

GEMMA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I can't even... I can't believe I'm actually saying it.

She stops, tears threatening again -

WILL

Do you... let me get you a drink. Do you want some water or...

GEMMA

No. Thank you.

WILL

I don't know what to say except... to... offer my...

He looks at her, concerned, shocked -

WILL (CONT'D)

I just... I can't imagine what you must be going through.

A beat, then, gently -

WILL (CONT'D)

So what... what actually happened?

GEMMA

What do you mean?

WILL

Was it a fight?

GEMMA

What?

WILL

Was it someone Steve knew?

GEMMA

I...I don't know.

There's something else coming from Will now, a hint of excitement.

WILL

Yes, I think I might've read about it in the local paper...a shooting...point blank. Is that the one?

Gemma's looking at him in incomprehension.

WILL (CONT'D)

Father of two. I think his youngest is at Saint Bede's. Awful business.

Stops himself, glances at Gemma -

WILL (CONT'D)

For everyone.

JUMP CUT TO:

---

Gemma in the living room, as she stares at the front page of the SHEFFIELD STAR. The headline reads, 'SHOOTING - LOCAL MAN HELD IN MURDER PROBE.'

CUT TO:

---

Close on the photo of the victim - a twenty-something guy, smiling proudly, his arms around his two identically dressed young daughters.

Pull out to REVEAL Francesca, on the other side of town, also reading it -

CUT TO:

---

Close on Gemma, still holding the paper, eyes full of tension. She jumps as the door bell RINGS. Stay on Gemma as she goes into the hall, to answer it -

29C

29C

She glances at the dark shape through the glass front door, a beat of anxiety - who is it? Police again? Journalist?

She opens the door to reveal ANDY - smiling, benign type.

ANDY

Hi, Gemma...

Stares at him, numb -

GEMMA

Andy...

ANDY

(gently)

Hey come on...

GEMMA

Do you know? Steve... has he...

ANDY

He rang me. From prison.

(then)

Why don't we... go and sit down?

Gestures towards the living room. We follow them in -

29D

29D

- Andy sits down - looks around - Gemma hovers, we feel her waves of anxiety -

GEMMA

I don't know what he told you but  
...he...it's all a mistake...

ANDY

'Course it is.

GEMMA

Nobody will tell us anything. How  
long he'll be in there  
or...or...when they're gonna...

Lost for words.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

Andy pulls Gemma in for a hug, holds her, soothing -

ANDY

Hey come on...

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



29D

CONTINUED:

29D

ANDY (CONT'D)

Steve asked me to pop in...he's worried about you...the little one.

Gemma nods. Trying to be brave.

GEMMA

I'm fine...I am...

ANDY

Still can't believe it, poor Steve.

GEMMA

It was like...a movie or something. They just...burst in, shouting...asking me about Steve's gun? Can you believe it?

ANDY

I know. I don't know what to say...

GEMMA

I feel sick all the time...got this awful feeling...

ANDY

Do you want a drink or...

Then, gesturing at her pregnant stomach -

ANDY (CONT'D)

Oh god, you can't, can you?

Then -

ANDY (CONT'D)

Look Gemma, I don't know what to say...how to make this better...all I can do is tell you don't have to worry about the business. Told Steve, I'll keep everything going. Keep it afloat while this is sorted out.

GEMMA

Thank you.

ANDY

He's my partner. What else am I gonna do?

Pause. Andy stands up.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Right, I'll...I'll leave you to it then. It's okay. You stay there.

(CONTINUED)

As he reaches the door, Gemma looks up, can't help herself -

GEMMA

I told the police that Steve was at work that night...Thursday.

He looks at her. We feel Gemma's desperation, her need for reassurance -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

He was...wasn't he?

ANDY

Look, I'll tell you what I told them. Steve came to work. Picked up the van, did a delivery, came back couple of hours later...

On Gemma, she hears it in Andy's words. Non-committal. Not an alibi. Andy smiles, not unkindly -

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry, Gemma. I had to tell them the truth.

CUT TO:

30

30

---

Close on a pair of perfectly manicured nails arranging biscuits on a plate. Pull back to reveal Francesca in her expensive designer kitchen.

She glances up at the clock - half past three. On cue, the sound of a key in the door, followed seconds later by the arrival of MATT, (17), in mud spattered football kit, big-built like his old man but his privately educated voice is nothing like his dad's pure Yorkshire tones.

SASKIA  
Hello Mrs (Miller)...

FRANCESCA  
Francesca please.

SASKIA  
Oh. Okay.

She smiles, really sweet. Francesca approves.

FRANCESCA  
Can I get anyone a drink?

SASKIA  
Yes please.

FRANCESCA  
What would you like?

SASKIA  
Anything please.

MATT  
(with a grin)  
Might want to narrow your choices.

He opens an immense cupboard. Any drink/snack you could imagine - a teenager's dream. Meanwhile Francesca proffers the biscuits.

FRANCESCA  
(joking)  
And no, before you ask, they're not home made.

SASKIA  
S'okay. My mum doesn't bake either.

MATT  
Saskia's mum's a lawyer.

SASKIA  
Human Rights.

FRANCESCA  
Right.

On Francesca, not quite sure what to say. Out of her depth. Meanwhile Saskia's looking round.

SASKIA  
You have a really lovely house.

FRANCESCA  
Thank you.

Beaming. Back on safe ground. Meanwhile LAUREN, (13), trails into the kitchen. Even on first glance, she's visibly less confident than her brother, violin case over her shoulder - an awkward age.

Francesca smiles, the perfect mum, welcoming home the last of her brood.

FRANCESCA (CONT' D)

And how was your day?

As Lauren shrugs, chucks her school gear on the floor, Francesca's smile tightens - here we go again. Matt and Saskia trade looks.

MATT

Wanna go upstairs?

SASKIA

Thanks for the drink  
Mrs... Francesca.

As they go, Francesca turns to Lauren.

FRANCESCA

So how was Chamber?

LAUREN

Crap.

FRANCESCA

Why do you always say things like that?

LAUREN

'Cos it's true. Everyone's been asked to audition for County. Everyone. 'Cept me. Might as well just give up now.

FRANCESCA

You can't give up. You know how your dad loves to hear you play.

Lauren gives her mum a look as if she's really, really dumb.

LAUREN

Y' know how stupid that makes you sound?

Subject closed.

CUT TO:

---

Close in on Lou and Mason as they begin to cross the estate, heading home, Mason burbling on about his football stickers -

MASON

Kyle said he's got two Theo  
Walcotts so I can have one of his.

LOU

That's nice of him, Mase.

In the background, ESTATE LAD 1 watches them with interest from a stairwell. Young, good-looking, he begins to approach them. Lou notices him, keeps walking, talking to Mason.

LOU (CONT'D)

I was thinking dippy egg and  
soldiers for tea? How would that  
do you?

ESTATE LAD 1 is now right in front of Mason and Lou. It could be, should be almost threatening but somehow it seems that Lou's the one in control.

She stops, makes eye contact with him, and then nods almost imperceptibly at Mason who's looking at his sticker album, oblivious to the undercurrents.

It's difficult to know what's going on, what the exchange is here - something sexual maybe? An affair? Only Lou's body language is clear - not in front of the boy.

LOU (CONT'D)

Later.

The Lad nods, heads off as Lou and Mason go inside.

CUT TO:

MATT

Few weeks. Couple of months.

FRANCESCA

You've kept her quiet.

MATT

Yeah well, her old man's a bit weird about her coming back here.

An anxious look at Francesca but it's too late, she's already bristling.

FRANCESCA

Right.

Beat.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

And what does Saskia's father do?

MATT

He's a banker...

FRANCESCA

A banker? There's a surprise.

MATT

Mum, stop it....

FRANCESCA

Another morally upright citizen...

MATT

Behave.

Anxiously checking the door.

FRANCESCA

Free double standards with every Savile Row suit....

Matt's silently imploring Francesca to stop. Francesca turns to see Saskia coming back through the doorway - but she simply smiles her way through any embarrassment -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Right, better go and tell Lauren to do her violin practice.

Turn, with a bright smile to Saskia -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Help yourself to another drink!

CUT TO:

---

Soft dusk light. We watch Gemma from a distance as she walks across the caravan park. Regimental rows and rows of little boxes on a hillside.

We can almost feel it, that real sense of bleakness and isolation of an off season holiday park. The Club House closed, shutters down; kids' playground, sad and empty.

CLOSE on Gemma as she heads towards one of the caravans. With little expectation, she tries the door, rattles the handle. Locked.

Follow her as she walks around, peers in through the window. Dark and empty.

She looks around, then bends down, picks up a large stone from the ditch under the caravan, bashes in a little side window.

She walks gingerly across the windows in the glass, of 1 0 0

A GUN.

CRASH ZOOM on Gemma. Into SLOW MOTION. Oh God. No. Heart racing. Breathless. Shaking.

Her certainties crashing to the floor. Steve is part of this. Steve did this.

As Sean's Storybook Dad - a precious recording made inside prison of Sean reading Mason a bedtime story - begins to play over:

SEAN (V.O.)  
....and the little monkey looked up  
at his mummy and daddy and  
smiled...

CUT TO



As Gemma, with shaking hands, wraps the gun up in its oily rag, puts it back in the tin, pushes the tin back under the sink -

SEAN (V. O.) (CONT'D)  
Tomorrow will be a brand new day.'

- Leaves the caravan, heads out into the darkness.

CUT TO:

39

39

---

Close on Lou as she pauses the DVD, smiles at the frozen image of Sean on the screen, switches it off. Mason's already asleep, hugging his cuddly polar bear.

She switches off the main light, bends down, turns on a night light. It spins, sending shadows of moons and stars onto the ceiling.

A beat as she stands in the doorway, then she heads -

GERALD

I'm here to pick up Saskia. Is she ready?

FRANCESCA

Just coming. Would you like to come in?

GERALD

No thank you, I've got to...

Holds up his BlackBerry, but can't think of an excuse fast enough.

FRANCESCA

(smiles at his suit)  
Pin stripes? They say they're making a come back.

GERALD

Sorry?

FRANCESCA

Your suit. Very nice.

He's chilly, no eye contact, clearly very uncomfortable.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

So was there anything in particular you wanted to know?

GERALD

I'm just here to pick up my daughter.

FRANCESCA

....'cos I'm sure you've heard all the rumours, surfed the internet.

Gerald looks at the ground, so Francesca continues, very matter of fact -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

My husband is serving an eighteen year sentence for drug trafficking. So you can imagine what that involved.

Pause. Little smile. Teasing him now.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Speed boats. Sawn off shot-guns. All very Ross Kemp.

GERALD

(uncomfortable)  
I never said anything.

In the background, a scooter pulls up, the rider dismounts, approaches them -

FRANCESCA

You said it with your eyes. And the fact that you don't want to step over my threshold...

Then -

FRANCESCA (CONT' D)

We are a respectable family. Not so very different from (yours)...

The scooter rider is now at her doorstep, holding an official looking ENVELOPE. See a flash of recognition from Francesca - she knows who this is - a PROCESS SERVER.

PROCESS SERVER

Mrs Francesca Miller?

FRANCESCA

(Spanish accent)

No.

PROCESS SERVER

Are you Francesca Miller?

FRANCESCA

No. You soy el mas limpio.

Gerald looks at her, confused. Why is she talking like that?

FRANCESCA (CONT' D)

Senora Miller esta en la peluqueria. I... am... cleaner.

The process server stares at her - heard every excuse in the book.

PROCESS SERVER

There you go.

Tries to give her the envelope. Francesca backs away like it's on fire. Gerald steps in, takes the envelope, passes it to Francesca who - without thinking - takes it from him, panics, throws it on the ground. Mental. Like Pass-the-Parcel.

PROCESS SERVER (CONT' D)

(to Gerald)

Thanks.

(then, to Francesca)

Buenas Noches.

As the guy speeds off, we stay on Francesca and Gerald. Really awkward.

GERALD

As you were saying...?

Feel Francesca's discomfort, struggling to regain status as Saskia joins them.

SASKIA

Hi dad.

(then)

Thanks for having me, Francesca.

FRANCESCA

My pleasure.

She smiles, a big bright smile at Gerald. But as she turns, heads back towards her house, we see the effort, the strain of putting on a brave face. Her foot stepping deliberately on to the envelope on the ground.

But it's only fleeting and as she reaches her front door, Francesca's mask is back on. She smiles, calls out -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Lauren? Matt? Who's going to help me with dinner?

CUT TO:

---

On Gemma, body brittle with tension - as she heads home. Across the street, a car, a family estate, safe and ordinary - baby seat and a booster seat in the back. A couple, we can't get a close look yet, watch her from it.

As Gemma reaches her front door. The man exits the car, then we see him. It's Will, the Head teacher, foil wrapped baking tray in his hand. He approaches Gemma on the doorstep, she's oblivious to him, lost in thoughts of the gun.

WILL

Gemma!

She turns, alarmed.

GEMMA

What?

WILL

Sorry, didn't mean to make you jump.

(then)

Aubergine and ricotta lasagne. We didn't know if you were vegetarian.

(CONTINUED)

GEMMA

No. I'm... I'm not.

Meanwhile Will takes a scrap of paper out of his pocket, hands it to Gemma.

WILL

My wife wrote it down. Medium hot oven. Takes about forty minutes.

GEMMA

Thanks, thank you. It's... it's very kind.

A movement in Will's car attracts Gemma's attention, we follow her gaze. A woman, WILL'S WIFE is sticky beaking from the passenger seat, straining to catch a glimpse of Gemma. She moves back suddenly - embarrassed, caught out, pretends not to be looking but it's too late. Gemma has seen her.

Close on Gemma, stung, suddenly the object of gossip. She turns back to Will, then, harder -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I don't mean to be rude but... I was... I was about to go to bed.

WILL

Right, sorry, should've rung. I'm sorry. Listen Gemma, I don't want to add any more pressure on you... I just wanted to give you a heads up...

GEMMA

What is it?

WILL

There may be some child protection issues with Steve's arrest that could affect your position.

GEMMA

I don't understand...

Can't believe it -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

But... I... I haven't done anything.

WILL

Absolutely. It's just... y' know what the governors are like on this kind of thing. There may be a push to offer you compassionate leave.

GEMMA

I...I really need my job now.

WILL

Of course...I understand.

(then, gently)

And I just want you to know that  
whatever happens I'll do my utmost  
to support you.

He smiles, mawkish - enjoying this all a little bit too much.  
Makes Gemma's skin crawl.

She starts to retreat into the house, desperate to get rid of  
him.

GEMMA

Thank you. For this.

Holds up the lasagne.

WILL

Right. Good night Gemma.

GEMMA

Good night.

She closes the door on him. Stay on Gemma, as she -



HARRIET (CONT'D)

I'm fine... and you're fine... we're  
all fine...

She stops. Follow her gaze, there's Francesca, parking her car. She gets out, long, tanned legs, short skirt, as Harriet nods at Coco -

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Oh... that's... interesting... look  
...very bold...

We switch to Francesca's POV as she strides towards the Visitors Centre, encounters Lou and Mason who have just got off the bus. They nod at each - a beat of recognition -

LOU

Alright?

- then join the queue.

There's a growing tension in the line, fractious toddlers, tense mothers, tired from travelling, tired of waiting. On the street, nowhere to sit. Gemma's oblivious.

A sudden noise as the Visitors Centre opens, a jostle and bustle as the queue surges forward, Gemma seemingly glued to the spot as the women push past her.

She's joined by Lou and Mason, with Francesca. Lou grabs Mason, continues in - but there's concern from Francesca.

FRANCESCA

Coming in?

CUT TO:

---

On Gemma, as she waits to check in.

We follow her gaze. Over at the locker, Lou spits on a tissue, wipes Mason's face, the little boy resplendent in his Blades red and white striped shirt. We move towards them.

MASON

Mum...

He twists away.

LOU

Stop making a fuss. We might bump  
into Michael Doyle. What would he  
say if he saw you with a chocolate  
moustache?



Back to Gemma as she looks to the front of the queue, where Francesca is receiving her locker key.

KANEEZ

(mock stern)

Now you, you keep yourself decent today, alright? It's amazing they haven't banned you. That poor officer...

Francesca smiles.

FRANCESCA

Highlight of his miserable life!

Turns away, immediately whips out her make up bag, starts putting on her face.

Now it's Gemma's turn, already there with her ID, hands over her passport, knows the drill.

KANEEZ

Thank you.

(then)

Now if you could put your thumb on there please.

Gemma puts her thumb on the scanner whilst Kaneez checks the list.

KANEEZ (CONT'D)

Visiting Steven Ridley, is that right?

Gemma nods.

KANEEZ (CONT'D)

Lovely.

JUMP CUT TO:

---

Close on Gemma, as she sits across the table from Steve. So different from the first visit. Utterly focused - controlled anger.

GEMMA

What are you involved in?

STEVE

What are you talking about?

GEMMA

Why is there a gun in our caravan?

A flash of alarm across Steve's face.

STEVE

GEMMA

Stop. Lying.

Very loud, very powerful. Suddenly everyone's looking.  
Gemma's about to get up -

He pulls her back down again. In the background, Francesca  
clocks another look at Gemma. Then -

STEVE

Alright, I'll tell you but it  
wasn't my fault.

(sotto, urgent)

I...I got mixed up in something...

GEMMA

What sort of thing?

STEVE

Driving. Moving cars around for  
this bloke. No questions asked...

GEMMA

What?

As he talks, move closer and closer on Gemma -

STEVE

I knew...I knew that they were  
probably hot but I...I thought I'll  
do it. Ten cars...enough to pay  
for the kitchen and then I'll get  
out...but he wouldn't let me  
stop...

Hold on Gemma, incomprehension, fear -

GEMMA

What do you mean?

STEVE

That's why I went to the pub. To  
meet up with him, tell him I wanted  
out. But he wasn't having it, went  
nuts, pushing and shoving me...I  
tried to leave but he followed me  
out the pub, attacked me...pulled  
out a gun...

On Steve as he stares desperately at Gemma.

STEVE (CONT'D)

He said he's gonna shoot me, Gem.  
Said he's gonna kill me. And I  
remember thinking I don't want to  
die.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

I want you and the baby and I grab him and the gun...it just goes off...

Steve, eyes filled with tears.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I panicked. I still had the gun in my hand. I ran to the car, drove back to work...

She's staring at him - her world has stopped making sense -

GEMMA

You idiot.

STEVE

Look, I didn't realise...that's all...I got involved and it...it got out of control.

GEMMA

You fucking idiot.  
(then)  
You lied to me.

STEVE

I had to...

GEMMA

But we don't do that. We never lie to each other.

STEVE

I wanted to protect you. The baby...Gemma?

She stares at him, starts to get up again.

STEVE (CONT'D (CONT'D))

Gem...please...

GEMMA

Leave me alone.

STEVE

I don't know what to do...

He takes her hand, grips it desperately.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Help me...

Looks into her eyes, still connected, still together. He takes her hands, she lets him hold her, we see the matching GOLD BANDS, then she slowly pulls her hand away.

GEMMA

I don't want you to touch me.

She begins to walk away from Steve, crossing the Visits Hall -

STEVE

Gemma? Gemma!

49

CONTINUED:

49

Tension building in Gemma, as the car inches forward, this is going to take forever.

CLOSER and CLOSER on Gemma, feel the pressure cooker...her anger...her distress...magnified by the traffic jam, the radio, the cars hooting -

Inside and outside, the pressure building and building -

The pain, the ache in Gemma's throat, barely keeping it together -

JUMP CUT TO:

50

50

---

Francesca parks outside Gemma's house. Gemma looks at her, can barely talk.

GEMMA

Thank you.

Francesca smiles, nods gently at Gemma's little bump.

FRANCESCA

How many weeks are you?

On Gemma, surprised at the question.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

You are...aren't you?

GEMMA

Twenty two weeks.

FRANCESCA

Over the worst, then?

Gemma can't reply.

JUMP CUT TO:

51

51

---

Pick up Gemma as she enters the house, closes the door, leans against it. CLOSE in on her - all the tension of the police raid, the sleepless night, the stress - everything she has held in, she is about to let out -

Suddenly a drop of water falls on her nose. Then another. She looks up. There's a dark stain on the ceiling. Water dripping through -

Follow Gemma upstairs, we hear the HISS before we see it.

51A

51A

---

The bathroom's flooding, water spraying out uncontrollably from the pipe the police dislodged in the search, all over the floor, inches deep already -

Panicking Gemma goes inside, spins, confused, at a loss. Within seconds, she's drenched -

51B

51B

---

She runs downstairs. Looks up, the wet stain on the ceiling spreading -

All the time the water getting worse, beginning to stream down the stairs, the ceiling bulging dangerously -

Gemma's really sobbing now. Water, water everywhere. Stay on her as she runs outside -

52

52

---

- to find Francesca is still there, executing a tricky three point turn in a crowded cul-de-sac.

She looks up, surprised as Gemma runs desperately towards her, water running down her face.

GEMMA

I need your help.

JUMP CUT TO:

53

53

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FRANCESCA

Italian calf skin. They don't do dm -0.1om

FRANCESCA (CONT' D)

That one. Says they do  
emergencies...

Gemma rings the number. We hear the engaged tone. Beep beep  
beep.

GEMMA

(desperately)

Nothing.

The water now beginning to pour out of the light socket. On  
Francesca, decisive - takes her phone out her bag. Top of the  
range BlackBerry.

FRANCESCA

I'll call Paul.

GEMMA

(utterly confused)

You can't!

Francesca raises an amused eyebrow.

JUMP CUT TO:

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On Paul, locked up, cell door closed, sat on the bottom bunk,  
playing on his Playstation.

Suddenly a barely audible BUZZING. Follow Paul's gaze up to  
his bookshelf where a tub of margarine is vibrating. Weird.

Without taking his eyes off the screen, Paul reaches up,  
takes the marg off the shelf, removes the false bottom, takes  
out a MOBILE PHONE.

PAUL

(whispers into phone)

Frannie, can you call back? I'm  
just about to blow some bastard's  
head off...

Thumbs frantically pressing the controller as he pumps  
virtual bullets into his enemy. Then - as he listens -

PAUL (CONT' D)

(into phone)

Pumping?

JUMP CUT TO:



55

55

---

On Francesca as she listens to Paul's plumbing advice. She looks up at the ceiling - bulging so badly, there's a crack in the plaster. Swollen. Dripping.

FRANCESCA  
(to Gemma)  
Right then Harry Potter...

GEMMA  
What...?

FRANCESCA  
Get yourself a broom...

JUMP CUT TO:

Gemma hands a broom to Francesca. Francesca lifts it, fiercely pierces the bulging ceiling with the handle. Water POURS through, a sudden torrent, drenching them both. They SCREAM.

GEMMA  
(incredulous)  
Why did you do that?

Gemma shakes her head, water flies off her.

FRANCESCA  
(into phone)  
Now what?

JUMP CUT TO:

56

56

---

In the middle of the bathroom with Francesca. Water still spraying everywhere, can't really see what's going on.

Gemma is just outside the open door, on the phone to Paul, shouting through to Francesca.

GEMMA  
Sticky ball valve?

FRANCESCA  
WHAT?

PAUL  
(into phone)  
Check the overflow... probably backed up...

(CONTINUED)

Back to Gemma.

GEMMA  
(to Francesca)  
The overflow...

On Francesca, up to her arms in the cistern, shakes her head,

FRANCESCA

Open the windows, chuck out the carpet, let it all dry out.

On Gemma, she wasn't asking about the house - and Francesca knows it.

GEMMA

I can't. I can't do this...

FRANCESCA

You don't have to. You can walk away.

GEMMA

But I love him.

Francesca looks at Gemma, utterly matter of fact, shrugs -

FRANCESCA

Then you'll find a way to live with it.

And she sits down next to Gemma on the stairs. Two drowned rats.

We pull back away from them, out of the front door, down the garden path, up over Gemma's house, the estate... faster, higher... and into...

---

... the next day.

FRANCESCA (V.O.)

Every day, the first thing when you wake up -

On Harriet, in her car again, ready to drive to the prison. On the passenger seat, her flask of milky coffee, her ham sandwich and Coco -

CUT TO:

---

FRANCESCA (V.O.)

You forget and reach out and there's no one there...

59

CONTINUED:

59

Move in on Lou as she fills in a form for the social. We see the heading, stark black text - LONE PARENT APPLICATION - INCOME SUPPORT. She looks over to see Mason, inches from the screen, glued to Spongebob.

CUT TO:

60

60

---

FRANCESCA (V.O.)  
... to share, to hold your hand, to  
be there...

Pick up Gemma as she embraces Steve. He's so delighted to see her - clings to her -

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)  
...and the questions...the doubts.  
Does this count? Is this still  
love?

CLOSE on Gemma, a resolve, a new strength in her for the journey ahead - a Prisoner's wife - as we -

CUT TO:

60A

60A

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FRANCESCA (V.O.)  
Nobody out there knows what it's  
like. But we do.

Pick up Harriet still waiting in her car, as Lou walks past - followed by Gemma and Francesca leaving together.

The prison looming behind them.

61

61

SCENE CUT.