

(Name of Project)

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EXT. BEACH - DAY 1

1

Music. Young at Heart by the Bluebells.

We are high on the dunes, looking down on a long sandy beach on a perfect English summer's day. The beach crowded with happy holiday makers, kites being flown, ball games being played. And as we look, we see a family picking their way through the holiday makers.

Down on the beach the family pass kids making sand castles, a dad reading a copy of 'Today' a mum reading 'Hello'. The music fades into what is coming out of a small transistor wedged into the hard flat sand near a sunbathing couple.

A buggy, with a sleeping baby - SEAN - inside, is being pushed by dad, DAVID, floppy haired early thirties, who is followed by mum, SARAH, late twenties, jet black hair, holding the hand of a three year old toddler, JASMINE, hat on and suncreamed up. ALICE - nearly four, black hair and pretty ruby lips, like her mother, dawdles in a world of her own, a few yards behind.

SARAH  
(turning, smiling)  
Come on Ali, keep up....

DAVID  
How about here ?

SARAH looks around, dunes nearish, a bit of space, ice cream van and cafe only a hundred yards away.

SARAH  
Yeah. Looks good.

\*\*\*

ALICE  
Can I go and paddle mum ?

DAVID  
Just give us a minute sweetheart.

SARAH quickly yanks a blanket out of a bag and spreads it out even as SEAN starts to whimper.

SARAH  
He's hungry.

DAVID  
I'll go grab the rest of the stuff.

ALICE  
Can I go and paddle now mum ?

SARAH  
Maybe wait for the tide to come in a bit yet Ali 'cos I've got to stay with baby Sean and your sister.

1

ALICE

Ohhhhhh !

SARAH

Why don't you build me a nice sand castle.

ALICE

I want to paddle !

SARAH

Oh Ali please - don't start *whinging!*

DAVID

Okay everyone, look at me.

SARAH turns just as DAVID snaps a polaroid of everyone, SARAH startled, JASMINE blank, SEAN on the blanket and ALICE scowling.

DAVID grins at SARAH at ALI's 'theatricals' as she picks up her bucket and spade and stomps off twenty yards away to set up her own little camp.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Back in a sec.

And off he walks.

A montage of scenes. SARAH whispering to SEAN as she holds his bottle to his mouth, she is clearly besotted with her new born.

JASMINE playing quietly on the blanket, with a doll.

DAVID unloading more stuff from a battered Golf, the boot not shutting.

SEAN trying to crawl off down the beach

ALICE digging a trench around herself, maybe forty yards away now.

SEAN screaming as SARAH struggles to change his nappy.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(walking back with more stuff)

Okay who wants an ice cream ?

JASMINE

(leaping up)

Yes yes yes yes yes.

DAVID

Love ?

SARAH

Hang on.....

JASMINE

Come on daddy !

DAVID

Ali ?

A way off ALICE doesn't look up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Aa-al ?

But she's still sulking.

JASMINE

Daddy !!!

DAVID

Ali okay with you love ?

SEAN still wriggling, SARAH struggling not to get crap all over the blanket.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Sarah ?

SARAH

Yes ! Whatever, anything !

And DAVID pulls a joke grimace at JASMINE as SARAH struggles to get the wriggler under control.

DAVID

(taking JASMINE's hand and  
walking toward the van)

Come on then.

SARAH

Seany stop it !

And finally she manages to keep him still long enough to get the nappy fastened.

She looks up. DAVID disappearing over a dune.

SARAH (CONT'D)

....a Zoom !

His hand goes up without him turning in recognition of having heard. She smiles, then looks back down at SEAN.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What are you like ?

And then he grins at her, which melts her heart.

2

EXT. BEACH - DAY 1

2

DAVID walking back with JASMINE and ice creams for everyone.  
SEAN happily gurgling in his buggy now.

DAVID

One zoom.

SARAH

(she takes)

Oh. Ta.

DAVID

And I got a Fab for Ali.

She turns to look up at JASMINE. Then one eighties, slight  
confusion in her eyes.

SARAH

Ali's with you.

He is chomping on a strawberry Mivvi.

DAVID

I left her with you.

SARAH

No....

(looking over to where she  
was playing)

...you called her over.

As does he, but she is not there now.

DAVID

She didn't want to come, so I said  
was it alright if I left her with  
you you said yes.....

SARAH

(standing, concern rising)

I said yes to an ice cream....

DAVID

(three sixtying, eyes  
searching)

Well, whatever, where is she....

Because the fact is they *can't* see her anywhere.

SARAH

Well she can't have gone far,  
you've only been gone a couple of  
minutes.

DAVID puts his ice lolly down on the blanket and starts to  
walk down towards in the direction she was playing.

DAVID  
(calling)  
Ali?

SARAH  
(doing the same)  
Al ? Ali ?

But they can't see her.

DAVID  
(trying and failing to  
sound calm.)  
Could she have gone for a paddle?

They look at the sea, two hundred yards away.

SARAH  
Maybe, I mean it's not like her  
but.....

DAVID looks around where they are again, no sign.

DAVID  
I'll go down there, you stay with  
the kids.

And he starts to walk, and then very quickly, breaks in to a  
trot.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(calling, looking, as he  
runs)  
Ali ? Alice ! Alice !

3 EXT. BEACH - DAY 1

3

SARAH approaching a woman with her family a little way off.

SARAH  
Could you just keep an eye on my  
kids a second, just lost my little  
girl.

And as the woman nods, SARAH runs this way and that, looking  
for ALICE

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Ali ?

4 EXT. BEACH - DAY 1

4

DAVID running along the shallows now, can't see her anywhere,  
blind panic in his eyes now.

DAVID

Ali !

A life guard running toward him from his gantry.

GUARD

You need some help mate ?

DAVID

I've lost my daughter.

GUARD

Was she in the water ?

DAVID

She might be. I'm not sure.

GUARD

Can she swim ?

DAVID

No, she might be on the beach  
but...

GUARD

Okay don't worry mate we'll find  
her, where did you last see her ?

\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

DAVID

(pointing)  
Up there ?

GUARD

And what's she look like ?

DAVID

(controlled panic in his  
eyes)  
She's nearly four. She's a little  
girl. Black hair. Pretty little  
girl..and...she's my daughter...

\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

GUARD

Okay....  
(into his radio)  
...central section we got a missing  
girl urgent assistance required  
please.

\*\*\*  
\*\*\*  
\*\*\*  
\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

5

EXT. BEACH - DAY 1

5

SARAH running through the seated families as the woman holds  
on to the kids.

SARAH

Ali ? Alice ?

Her foots steps on the Mivvi as she runs past a terrified JASMINE and an oblivious SEAN.

Close on the crushed ice lolly, as the red bleeds in to the sand and all sound fades away till there is only a lone seagull cawing and then a mother's last desperate cry.

SARAH (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Aliiiiiiii!

Fade to black.

**Titles**

6	OMITTED	6
6A	OMITTED	6A
7	INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 2	7 ***
	INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY	***
	Close on a table being set. Four plates, four knives, four forks, four spoons.	*** ***
	We pull back to see SARAH, older, grey threading her once black hair, she is dressed (smart casual) and made up.	*** ***
	We are in a huge kitchen diner. Pogempohl units, ceramic floors, design beautiful. Whatever DAVID or SARAH have worked at in the last few years, they have made serious money from it.	*** *** *** ***
	JASMINE, thirteen years old, walks in, in school uniform, hair pulled back into a high pony tail.	*** ***
	JASMINE	***
	Hi mum.	***
	(going to flick the radio on)	*** ***
	SARAH	***
	(giving her a kiss)	***
	Hi hon. Sleep well ?	***
	JASMINE	***
	Yeah, good thanks.	***
	As JASMINE upends a bag of homework on to one end of the kitchen table, SARAH walks to the kitchen door and shouts up the stairs.	*** *** ***
	SARAH	***
	Sean ! Come on.	***

She walks back in to the kitchen diner.

\*\*\*

SARAH (CONT'D)

\*\*\*

Hair looks so much nicer like that  
Jaz.

JASMINE

(grins shyly)  
D'you think so ?

SARAH

Suits the shape of your face so  
much better...  
(whispers, conspiratorial,  
girls together)  
...and it'll help with your skin  
too - keeping it off your face.

DAVID

Morning.

DAVID walking in, older, greyer, cropped hair now, wears a  
very well cut suit.

SARAH

Hiya.

JASMINE

Hi dad.

\*\*\*

DAVID

How you doing.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

He kisses JASMINE briefly as he walks over to a pot of coffee  
and starts to pour himself a cup.

DAVID (CONT'D)

\*\*\*

(quietly)  
Bad night again.

SARAH

I'm fine.

She busies herself at the fridge, he's watching her.

DAVID

Maybe you should speak to Dr.  
Meath, you know this time of year's  
always bad for....

SARAH

David, I'm fine. I've got that  
interview this afternoon and....

DAVID

Oh yes. I forgot about 'the  
interview'.

SARAH  
(ignoring the implicit  
negativity)  
.....and I'm just a little nervous  
about it okay ? Toast Jaz, or  
cereal ?

JASMINE  
Toast no butter please.

SARAH  
David ?

DAVID  
(grabbing some fruit)  
I'm fine with this.

She shoots him a look of surprise.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(pats his belly)  
Bikini diet.

He grins. She doesn't, why's he on a diet ?

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(grabbing his coat)  
I got to shoot love.

SARAH  
What time you back ?

DAVID  
Late tonight.  
(doesn't quite meet her  
eye)  
Got a dinner meeting remember.

SARAH  
Oh. Yeah. Right.

DAVID  
But er.....

He turns to her, meets her eye now.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
...good luck today.

SARAH  
(slightly surprised)  
Thanks.

A beat, then he kisses her economically on the cheek and  
walks out, mussing JASMINE's hair as he goes.

DAVID  
Seeya monkey.

SARAH watching him.

JASMINE  
Mum, I've decided, I'm going to  
take Ems.

SARAH doesn't respond. We hear the sound of the front door  
shutting. \*\*\*

\*\*\*

JASMINE (CONT'D)  
Mum ?

She turns, smiles.

SARAH  
Mmmm ?

JASMINE  
When we go shopping Saturday for my  
birthday ?

SARAH  
Yeah ?

JASMINE  
You said I could bring someone, I  
want Ems to come.

SARAH  
Oh okay...  
(then a thought)  
....I thought Ems was the one who  
didn't invite you to her party ?

On JASMINE. Embarrassed by that. She colours.

JASMINE  
I know but....

And SARAH suddenly feels bad for mentioning it.

SARAH  
Anyway, fine, I'm sure she's a  
lovely girl.

At which a sleepy looking half dressed SEAN (12) appears at  
the kitchen door. \*\*\*

\*\*\*

SEAN  
What time is it ?

\*\*\*

She looks over, smiles at her 'little' boy. \*\*\*

\*\*\*

SARAH  
Time you shaved that thing off your  
lip, trust me. \*\*\*

\*\*\*

8 INT. MAIN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY 2 8

SARAH seeing SEAN and JASMINE off at the door.

SARAH  
Have a good day.

JASMINE  
Seeya. And good luck.

And she shuts the door. Quiet. She looks at her watch. Half eight. Her time.

9 INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 2 9

SARAH sat at the kitchen table, the detritus of breakfast all cleaned away, just a sole cup of coffee in front of her.

She drains the last of the coffee from the cup. Puts it down. Is still a moment longer. And then stands.

10 OMITTED 10

11 INT. MAIN HOUSE - SPARE/ ALICE'S ROOM - DAY 2 11

SARAH walking in into what looks like a spare room and walking to a large chest of drawers.

She bends down, hesitates a second, a moment of thought, should she be doing this? Then she opens the drawer. Sheets, duvet covers, pillow cases, packed tightly in, but her hands go to the back of the drawer, and there, behind and below the tightly packed bed clothes she pulls out a carrier bag with something in it. Something secret.

She shuts the drawer and walks out of the room.

12 OMITTED 12

13 INT. MAIN HOUSE - LOFT - DAY 2 13

SARAH walking into the loft (or garage or shed or some sort of storage room) with the carrier bag in her hand. She switches on a light which flickers and then dies. She debates going to get a new bulb but there is enough light for her needs.

And she treads gently past an old football table game, a rolled up length of carpet, an old picnic hamper and beach blanket sticking out of it, which we may recognise, and then, in the far corner, three removal boxes. Two are sealed with tape, one is not.

And now she sits by the one that is not sealed, and opens it.

And we see a box half full of childish things. A Furbie, videos like Toy Story II, CD's of the Spice Girls, of East Seventeen, Justin Timberlake.

And now she opens her carrier bag, and pulls out Robbie's new CD and some No 7 makeup from Boots and lastly a DVD of the latest Harry Potter.

SARAH

You might be a bit old for this now  
but...

She smiles.

SARAH (CONT'D)

...well I still like 'em and I'm  
forty so...

Then she places them carefully in the box, arranging them so they fit and take up as little space as possible, so more stuff can be put in next time.

Then she gently pulls the flaps of the box down, so it is sealed, and then she rests her head down on top of it, one arm around it, the other acting as a cushion, and here, on the hard floor, holding on to what she has left of her baby, she finds a sweeter sleep than she ever finds in her warm bed.

14 EXT. BEACH - CAR PARK - DAY 2 14

DAVID's car pulling into a car park we may recognise. It flanks the beach we saw in the first scene.

He turns off the ignition. Stares out of the window at the sea.

15 EXT. BEACH - DAY 2 15

DAVID, coat pulled around his ears against a bracing wind, walking along the weekday deserted beach, he seems to know where he is headed.

And there, set into a rock face that rises up behind the beach, a simple stone plaque.

'In memory of Alice Bethan Hooper. 1992 - 1996. Beloved daughter and sister. You will never be forgotten.'

On DAVID, a hand out, fingers connecting with the cold stone.

- 16 EXT. MAIN HOUSE - DAY 16 \*\*\*
- SARAH emerging from the house in a smart business suit now. \*\*\*  
 She walks to her car, falters a moment - doubt in her eyes, \*\*\*  
 should she be doing this. Then she opens it, gets in and \*\*\*  
 drives off slowly. \*\*\*
- 17 MOVED TO 19A 17
- 18 EXT. HOME HALL - SCHOOL - DAY 2 18
- SARAH walking through a gated school entrance toward a small modern facility called 'HOME HALL'
- 19 INT. HOME HALL - SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY 2 19
- SARAH being shown around by the head teacher of the school EMILY WEST. And it is quickly apparent this is a special school for kids with severe learning difficulties.
- SARAH stops to watch a teacher take a fourteen year old lad through the process of trying to hold a colouring crayon so he can draw a scribble on a piece of paper.
- EMILY  
 I don't want you to be under any illusions about the work we do here Sarah. It can be very satisfying, very rewarding. But it can also be very hard. Progress is painfully slow and....well it takes a certain sort of person to cope with that.
- On SARAH watching a young teenage girl in the corner struggling to do up a cardigan.
- SARAH  
 How many people are you seeing ?
- EMILY looks at her, surprised,
- EMILY  
 People aren't queuing up to do this. You're more than qualified, \*\*\*  
 if you want the job, it's yours.
- She looks back at the room. Her punishment.
- 19A INT. PENTHOUSE - DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY 2 19A
- DAVID at his desk, a penthouse office, overlooking the city, lost in thought.

GABBY

What time we meeting tonight ?

He swivels round to see his p.a. GABBY. Mid twenties, looks young on it though. Unfussily pretty. Got a crush on her boss.

DAVID

Eight, if that's okay.

GABBY

Fine.

DAVID'S mobile rings

DAVID

I know it'll be deathly dull, but it'd really help me you being there.

A beat, she holds his eye.

GABBY

That's my job isn't it.  
(she smiles)  
Looking forward to it.

And she exits, and he watches her.

20 EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE - STREET - DAY 2 20

SARAH on her mobile, talking to DAVID as she walks in to a shopping centre.

SARAH

So I am now a working woman again.

DAVID (O.C.)

When d'you start ?

21 INT. PENTHOUSE - DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY 2 21

GABBY in background in office. Intercut with above scene during phone call.

SARAH

A month.

DAVID

Right.

A beat

SARAH

You could sound a little more enthusiastic.

A beat.

DAVID  
Lets talk about it later.

SARAH  
It's not a discussion David, I'm  
doing it.

Silence.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
So listen, I'm just checking out  
the town, having a bit of a wander,  
I'll be back about four.

DAVID  
I'll see you tonight then.

SARAH  
David, I really don't know why  
you're being so....

But he's gone. A moment, she's hacked off with him. But.  
She's not going to let him ruin her moment.

21A INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - MALL - DAY

21A

A cackle of laughter catches her attention.

A group of school kids, in uniform, coming out of a coffee  
shop. One of them in particular, with her back to SARAH, the  
focus of the other girls attention, the alpha girl, the one  
(perhaps so unlike JASMINE) that is invited to every party.

SARAH watching them, enjoying their fun, vicariously.

And then the girl turns.

And in that instant the world seems to stop revolving.  
Everything slows almost to a stop. All sound leaves her ears.  
All vision but for the sight of the exceptionally pretty  
raven haired girl walking towards her now.

All blood drains from SARAH's face, her eyes begin to roll as  
she finds just enough air in her lungs to let the word -

SARAH  
Alice.....

- hiss from her constricted throat.

And the last thing she sees is the girl walk right past her  
and then it all goes black.

**End of part one.**

**Part two.**

22 INT. HOTEL - MEN'S LOO - NIGHT 2 22

DAVID in the loo, washing hands. Looks at himself in the mirror. He looks tired as hell.

23 INT. HOTEL - RESTAURANT - NIGHT 2 23

DAVID walks in to a restaurant from the loos. He looks over at his table where his business meeting is coming to an end, GABBY shaking hands with two men at the table, who are stood up with coats on and briefcases ready, they are laughing at something she has just said. \*\*\*

He looks at her for a little longer than he needs to, then walks over.

DAVID  
You off guys ?

PETE  
We're off.

DAVID  
Thanks for coming, I thought that was very productive, we'll speak next week.

PETE  
We will indeed, and a word of advice - hold on to this one, David - a very capable young lady.

DAVID  
I intend to. Thanks guys. Speak soon.

Hands are shaken and off they go.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Christ I hate it when blokes call women 'ladies'.

GABBY  
(she grins)  
Yeah, if only they knew....  
(that she 'ain't no lady')

He laughs.

DAVID  
Well listen thanks for tonight. You were a star.

GABBY

I enjoyed it.

DAVID

You need a cab don't you?

GABBY

Yeah great. You mean now or...did you want to have another drink.

He looks at her, the slightest hint of an 'implication'. He hesitates a second or two before he says.

DAVID

I'd better make tracks actually.

She nods. Understands.

24 INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 2 24

SARAH at home wiping down an already spotless kitchen. The kids upstairs in their rooms, the clock showing ten fifteen.

She looks down at her hand, shaking. She bunches it into a fist, like she could stop it. But she knows she can't.

The sound of the front door opening. Close on her, steeling herself.

DAVID walks in.

DAVID

Hey.

SARAH

Hiya. How was your meeting ?

DAVID

Yeah good...

And then she turns to face him and as she does we see on the other side of her face, a livid graze on her cheek.

DAVID (CONT'D)

..., think we're going to get the contra....Jesus...

(he sees it too now)

....what happened ?

On SARAH. Clearly had resolved to tell him. But something in his eye, something in the tiredness, the irritability in his voice tells her not to yet.

SARAH

(she smiles, a little too brightly)

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

I tripped. When I was getting off  
the train.

He looks at her. Senses some deceit.

DAVID

You tripped ?

SARAH

Got the handle of my bag caught and  
I tripped. Must have looked like a  
complete idiot.

He nods.

DAVID

Right.

SARAH

Looks worse than it is anyway.  
(turning away)  
Cup of tea ?

He watches her as she goes to fill the kettle.

DAVID

You're not up to this.

She stops.

SARAH

Not up to what ?

DAVID

A forty mile round trip three days  
a week.

\*\*\*

She steels herself.

SARAH

I'm not a child, David.

DAVID

I'm not saying you are.

SARAH

Well you're treating me like one.  
I'm perfectly capable of making a  
decision about whether 'I am up to  
it' on my own.

DAVID

Really.

SARAH

Yes.

A beat, he doesn't want to play hardball, but

DAVID

Did you have a drink Sarah ?

SARAH

No.

DAVID

Sarah...

SARAH

You think I was pissed ?

DAVID

Were you ?

SARAH

I *tripped*. It was an accident.

DAVID

I wouldn't blame you, I know it never goes away....

SARAH

My problems in the past were a fairly understandable reaction to a major fucking *tragedy* in our lives..... !

A beat, tears wanting to come but she won't let them.

SARAH (CONT'D)

...personally I think you'd have to be insane *not* to have gone a bit mad....

Pointed. At him, he clearly didn't.

SARAH (CONT'D)

...but this is now. This is me, getting a job, and how you connect that to the past, I really don't know.

DAVID

You don't see how getting an unbelievably demanding unpaid job in one of the... saddest schools in the country is connected to the past.

SARAH

No !

DAVID

Then you really are losing it.

SARAH

Oh for...

DAVID

You're punishing yourself Sarah !

The words reverberate through the sad house.

25 INT. MAIN HOUSE - JASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 2 25

JASMINE drying still greasy hair, turns the hair drier down, so she can hear better.

26 INT. MAIN HOUSE - SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 2 26

SEAN turning the music on his Ipod, *up*, so he *can't* hear.

27 INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 2 27

DAVID looking suddenly exhausted.

DAVID

Eleven years on and you're still punishing yourself.

He shakes his head, genuinely confused.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Why can't you just be happy with what we *do* have. A beautiful home, two lovely children. Isn't that enough for you ?

A cruel question. He walks out, we stay on her guilt.

28 INT. MAIN HOUSE - JASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 2 28

On JASMINE sitting on the bed, hairdryer in her hands, listening to the silence, the unanswered question.

**New day**

29 INT. MAIN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY 3 29

DAVID at the door, SARAH in her dressing gown, JASMINE in her school uniform, grabs her school bag and gives her mum a big hug.

JASMINE

Love you.

SARAH

Love you too sweetie.

And she walks out to join SEAN by their dad's car. DAVID turns to SARAH.

DAVID  
You will think about what we  
discussed won't you.

SARAH  
I said I would didn't I.

Too sharp and she regrets it immediately and softens.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
And thanks for taking the kids to  
school. Just feeling a bit...

DAVID  
No problem.

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
It's your decision of course it is.  
I just want....to help you make the  
right one.

SARAH  
I know.

A beat.

DAVID  
I'll try and get back early  
tonight.

And he walks out as she shuts the door behind him.

She watches as they get in to the car, she is waiting for  
them to leave. SEAN dicking around with JASMINE about who  
gets in the front of dad's car

SARAH  
(to herself)  
Just get in.

And eventually he does. She watches as the car pulls out of  
the driveway and then certain they have left, she turns and  
runs up the stairs.

30 EXT. MAIN HOUSE- DAY 3 30 \*\*\*  
SARAH running out of the house, no hesitation now as she \*\*\*  
yanks the door of her car open, turns the ignition on and \*\*\*  
screeches away. \*\*\*

31 EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE - STREET - DAY 3 31  
Walking, half running, through HAWLEY town centre.

32

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - MALL - DAY 3

32

Arriving at the same coffee shop inside the same shopping centre, breathless. The clock in the atrium reads nine forty. She looks around, more in hope than in expectation.

SECURITY GUARD  
Feeling better today Mrs. Hooper ?

She wheels round to see a security guard smiling at her. Momentarily blank.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
I helped you yesterday. When you fainted ?

And now she remembers.

SARAH  
Oh. Sorry, yes, feeling much better, thank you.

SECURITY GUARD  
Good. Have a nice day.

SARAH  
Yes. And you.

And he walks off. She takes a moment, to catch her breath, to calm herself. Then she scouts around to find a bench where she can sit and wait, unobtrusively.

She spots one behind an ornamental flower bed, shaded by the palm tree growing up toward the glass shopping centre ceiling.

And she walks over to it, and checks the view of the coffee shop. It's good. So she sits. And she starts to wait.

And wait.

And wait.

The day passes, busy periods, mid morning rush, lunch time custom, and still SARAH sits and waits.

And one time she catches the security guard looking over at her, at about two o'clock. He smiles again, but she knows he is a little uneasy about her.

The clock shows three forty five now, SARAH eating a bagel bought from a stall ten yards away.

And then a noise, school kids, a bunch of eight or nine girls approaching the coffee shop, same uniform as yesterday. SARAH sits up, looks, scans frantically, but can't see clearly - too many shoppers in the way.

She drops the bagel and starts to walk towards the girls as they go to enter the coffee shop, pushing past people in her eagerness to get there quickly.

And just as she gets there she hears a ripple of laughter from one dark haired girl at the front of the pack, she pushes past the other girls violently, to their annoyance.

But SARAH is not hearing, she gets to the front of the bunch and pulls the laughing girl round.

LEONI

Oi !

And it's not the girl she saw yesterday.

LEONI (CONT'D)

You got a fuckin' problem ?

And now all of them are looking at her like she is insane (a question she is obviously asking herself too)

SARAH

Sorry....I...thought you were someone else.

LEONI

Well I ain't am I.

And for a second we fear for SARAH as this is clearly the sort of girl who would not think twice about hitting her for the 'disrespect' she has been shown. But even as she advances, the security guard appears.

SECURITY GUARD

Alright Leoni, that's enough, it was a misunderstanding, go home.

A beat. Then LEONI turns her ire on the security guard.

LEONI

Piss off Postman Pat.

Which gets a good laugh from her mates, and on that high she turns one more time to SARAH and pulls a 'mental' face at her. And then she leads the others away, leaving a shaken SARAH.

SARAH

Sorry.

The guard looks at her warily.

SECURITY GUARD

Maybe it's time you went home too.

And she wilts a little, suddenly weary.

SARAH  
Yes, maybe it is.

And she turns and walks out.

33 EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY 3 33

SARAH walking out into the street. A moment to herself, maybe the girl was right, maybe everyone is right, she *is* going mad.

Her eye caught by a wine bar across the road, a drink would be just what she needs right now. A moment of weakness when she nearly crosses the road. But then she doesn't, instead she heads back towards a sign pointing in the direction of the station.

34 EXT. STREET - NEAR STATION - DAY 3 34

A tired and demoralised SARAH approaching the station, and then on the other side of the street, that laugh again.

And this time she refuses to look, this time she won't be drawn.

But it sounds again.

She stops, a fellow pedestrian almost bumping in to her. We stay on her, close on her face, willing herself not to look. But then she cannot stop herself.

And she turns her head.

And there she is. The girl we saw yesterday.

Her ALICE.

Except the glimpse is even more fleeting than yesterday because she is waiting at a bus stop and even as SARAH looks, a bus pulls up obscuring her view.

And in that instant SARAH knows she cannot lose her again, and she runs out in to heavy traffic to get across the road (n.b - this is not a stunt) but as she gets to the other side the bus starts to pull away.

She quickly scans the crowd of people left at the bus stop, but 'ALICE' is not amongst them.

She starts to run after the bus.

Like a woman possessed she runs along the road after it. But every time the slow traffic allows her to catch up, a break in the congestion then allows the bus to put distance between her and it again.

And finally some road works and an old woman crossing a zebra crossing, allow a now totally exhausted SARAH to get up to the bus, and she hammers on the door frantically.

The driver looks at her, is about to pull away again, but she bangs again.

SARAH

Please ! Please let me on.

And reluctantly he opens the doors.

35

INT. BUS - DAY 3

35

A breathless SARAH stepping on.

SARAH

Thank you.

And she hands a coin to the driver before pushing through the staring crowded bus toward the back

SARAH (CONT'D)

Excuse me, sorry, thanks, excuse me.

And then she is near the back, where she can see the group of friends 'ALICE' was standing with.

She pushes a little further up, until she is four or five seats away, and can fleetingly see 'ALICE' through gaps in the sardine packed passengers.

And as the bus trundles on, she just watches, mesmerized by the glimpses of the young woman she believes is her daughter.

Close on 'ALICE's' mouth as she talks animatedly.

Close on her eyes, laughing.

Close on her hair, flicked back off her face

Close on her face as she listens to a lad in her group.

Close on SARAH, watching.

And then suddenly the bus stops and almost before SARAH has realised, 'ALICE' is getting off. SARAH pushes to get through the crowded bus to get off too.

36

EXT. STREET - NEAR HOUSING ESTATE - DAY 3

36

SARAH just squeezing through closing doors to step down on the pavement. 'ALICE' walking towards two lads, a little way off, one of whom sees her now and smiles as she walks over. This is NATHAN (her boyfriend)

NATHAN  
 Alright. \*\*\*

LORI  
 Alright. \*\*\*

NATHAN  
 (back to his friend) \*\*\*  
 Like I said - it was *lean*, man - I  
 mean I fell asleep half an hour  
 after taking it...

They all find this hysterical.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
 ...it ain't right, y'know what I'm  
 sayin'. \*\*\*  
 (to Lori)  
 Listen I got to go, babes.

LORI  
 Am I seeing you tonight?

NATHAN  
 I'll call you yeah ?

LORI  
 Later.

NATHAN  
 Later babes.

He kisses her and he and his friend head off in the opposite  
 direction.

ALICE heads for a very rough looking estate, a hundred yards  
 ahead.

And SARAH follows, from a distance.

37 EXT. TAYLOR'S FLAT - LIFT - DAY 3 37

The girl getting in to a lift and pressing eight. SARAH  
 running up just as the doors shut.

38 EXT. TAYLOR'S FLAT - STAIRS/ LANDING - DAY 3 38

SARAH running full pelt up the stairs, stopping at each  
 landing to see if the girl has got out, but she hasn't.  
 Second floor, third, fourth, SARAH exhausted from all her  
 exertions, fifth floor, sixth, seventh. And just when she  
 cannot put one leg in front of another, SARAH steps out on to  
 a landing to see the girl having come out of the lift,  
 walking along a gangway towards her flat.

Four doors down, she sticks her key in the door, opens it and walks in shutting the door behind her.

Silence but for the rasping of SARAH's breath in her throat.

She walks slowly up to the door, her chest still heaving.

Frosted glass, last year's Christmas decoration snow still framing the panes.

She listens. Silence. Then the opening bars of some Robbie bleeding through the windows. Close on SARAH. On something new in her eyes. Happiness ?

She looks at the bell on the door. Clearly thinking of pressing it. She even gets as far as raising her hand.

But just as she does, she hears footsteps coming up the stairs. She turns. A middle aged man walking towards her, walking towards the door. She turns to face him, is this the man, the one that stole her baby ?

But he walks past, he walks right past her and on to a flat three doors down. And her shaking hand tells her she's not ready to do this just yet.

She's not ready yet. But another day.

She turns and walks away.

**End of part two**

**Part three**

39

INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 3

39

DAVID at the kitchen table with some work papers, JASMINE also there, finishing some homework. SARAH, cleaning glasses in the kitchen, wound as tight as a drum, she drops one. She curses silently. DAVID watching her.

DAVID  
Come on Jaz, bed please.

And, compliancy personified, she closes her books and goes to give her mum a kiss.

JASMINE  
Mum, tomorrow, Emma thinks Covent Garden might be better than Oxford Street.

SARAH  
(sweeping up)  
Does she ?

JASMINE

So could we go there instead ?

SARAH

If that's what you want.

JASMINE

Yeah.

SARAH

Then fine.

She grins and gives her mum a kiss.

JASMINE

Night. Night dad.

DAVID

Night love.

And she exits and they are left alone. SARAH empties the shards of glass in to the bin.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Sean asleep ?

She nods. So he has been waiting for this. Deep breath

DAVID (CONT'D)

Okay...

SARAH

Forget the job.

She looks up at him.

SARAH (CONT'D)

If that's what we were waiting to discuss, forget it, it's not important because something's happened David, something extraordinary.

On DAVID, wary, doesn't like the look in her eyes.

DAVID

What 'something' ?

A beat, she knows how it's going to sound. She knows the reaction she is going to get. But what choice does she have?

SARAH

I've seen Alice.

His hand, raising his wine glass to his lips stops in mid air.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I've seen her. Twice now. First yesterday, just after I spoke to you I caught a glimpse of her. And then again today.

Her eyes strangely emotionless, like she is trying to contain the well of emotion. Like this will make it more believable.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Today I stood next to her for ten or fifteen minutes. On a bus.

She waits for his reaction. Still silence.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And then I followed her back to her home.

Still he doesn't speak.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And it *was* her, David. *Is* her. I saw our baby.

And she looks up at him now, for the first time. Wants to gauge his reaction. He is staring in to his wine glass.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And she has your laugh David, it's the weirdest thing it's exactly the same as you and your dad's.....

And slowly she walks over.

SARAH (CONT'D)

...and her eyes haven't changed, still the same, hair still as black as mine was.

\*\*\*

The words sounding less and less certain now in the face of his total silence.

SARAH (CONT'D)

It *was* her. I know it.

A beat.

DAVID

Like you knew the last time ?

So this has happened before.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And the time before that ?

Several times. She shakes her head in denial.

SARAH  
This is different.

DAVID  
Why ?

How does she explain ?

SARAH  
I don't know. I just know it is.

He nods. A long beat. Then he finally looks at her. And there is real pity in his eyes.

DAVID  
Our daughter drowned, Sarah. Alice  
drowned eleven years ago. You  
didn't see her today. You won't  
ever see her again.

And the pain in her eyes is almost touchable. He stands,  
weary.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Our daughter is dead.

And she watches him walk out.

SARAH  
(quietly)  
I saw her.

But he leaves. Then she turns away from the door.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
(a steel in her eyes)  
I saw her.

### **New day**

40 EXT. MAIN HOUSE - FRONT DRIVE - DAY 4 40

EMMA's mum, LUCY, in a 4x4 dropping off EMMA at JASMINE's.  
EMMA running up to the door, JASMINE's present in her hands.

LUCY waits for the front door to open, and when it is, she offers a quick wave to DAVID and is about to pull away when she sees that DAVID is running down the drive toward her.

She lets down the electric window.

DAVID  
Hiya. Got a bit of a problem I'm  
afraid....

Behind him we see JASMINE at the door in tears.

41

EXT. TAYLOR'S FLAT - FRONT/ CARPARK - DAY 4

41

SARAH sitting in her car outside the high rise. Looks at her watch for the five hundredth time. Ten fifteen.

SARAH

Come on, for chrissakes, come on.

And then suddenly there she is, 'ALICE', coming out of the stairwell. On SARAH. Her breath catching again, still it shocks her, just to see her. And then she opens the door.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Alice ?

The girl doesn't turn, but walks towards a rust bucket of a car, parked up nearby.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Alice ?

The girl flicks a look behind her now, to see a woman she doesn't recognise walking towards her.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Alice baby it's me, its mummy....

And now the girl looks understandably slightly unnerved.

SARAH (CONT'D)

...don't be scared darling.

LORI

(her real name)

Dad ?

STEPHEN

Excuse me ?

SARAH turns. A middle aged unshaven man walking towards her now. The exchange escalates incredibly quickly into a very volatile one.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Can I help you love ?

SARAH

(continuing to head for  
Alice)

That's my daughter.

STEPHEN

You what ?

SARAH

That's my daughter Ali.

STEPHEN  
(realising she's serious  
and quickening his step  
toward her)  
Your daughter ? No....

SARAH  
Yes...

STEPHEN  
..that's not your daughter love....

SARAH  
(running toward her now)  
Alice ?

STEPHEN  
(going after her but she  
has twenty yards on him)  
Hey !

SARAH  
I'm going to take you home baby...

STEPHEN  
...get in the car Lori !

SARAH  
Ali !

But LORI gets in the car

STEPHEN  
Lock the door babes.

And she does just as SARAH gets there.

SARAH  
Let me in Ali !

STEPHEN  
Get away !

SARAH  
Ali, please...

STEPHEN  
(pulling her away)  
What the hell d'you think you're  
doing ?

SARAH  
That's my daughter.

STEPHEN  
That is *not* your bloody daughter!

SARAH  
(turning on him)  
Was it you ?

STEPHEN  
What ?

SARAH  
Who took her ?

STEPHEN  
What are you talking about you  
nutcase ?

SARAH  
(attacking him)  
You bastard you stole my baby !

STEPHEN  
(trying to restrain her)  
Call the police Lori.

And SARAH turns back to the car and starts hammering on the window, terrifying LORI.

SARAH  
Alice please.....

STEPHEN  
(dragging her away from  
the car)  
Call the police Lori. Now !

Out on a freaked out LORI pulling her mobile from her bag

42 INT. POLICE STATION - HARD INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 4 42

SARAH sitting in an interview room. Red puffy eyes from crying.

The door opens. A female copper (DS SALLY BRIDGES) bringing in a cup of tea. SARAH looks dead eyed.

BRIDGES  
There you go.

SARAH  
(barely audible)  
Thank you.

BRIDGES  
(sitting)  
Your husband just rang again, he's  
about twenty minutes away now.

She nods. SARAH looks at the tea. Doesn't move toward it. A long beat.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)  
You want to talk yet ?

Her face crumples just a little at BRIDGES's innate kindness. She seems to be trying to make sense of what *has* just happened.

SARAH  
I lost my eldest daughter eleven years ago.

A beat.

BRIDGES  
I'm so sorry.

SARAH  
She was nearly four. It was on a beach and...they said she drowned.

A beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Except they never found her body.

A beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
And something in me, I don't know why, told me she was alive. That she hadn't drowned. She'd been...taken. Stolen from us.

A beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
And that's never gone away. I mean I wish it had. I wish I *could* have got on with my life. But I can't.

A beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
And I've seen girls before. That I thought might be her. *Thought* might be her.

A beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
But this girl.....

She looks up at her.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
.....I was so sure.

A beat.

BRIDGES  
Why ? What was it ?

A beat.

SARAH  
Do you have children?

BRIDGES  
(she nods)  
Little boy.

SARAH  
How old?

A beat, almost apologetic.

BRIDGES  
Nearly four.

The resonance for SARAH. She smiles.

SARAH  
What's his name ?

BRIDGES  
Jamie.

She hold her eye.

SARAH  
Do you think you could ever *not*  
recognise Jamie.

On BRIDGES. And it is clear the answer is startlingly obvious.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
D'you think you could ever look in  
to your child's eyes, and *not* know  
that he was yours ?

Out on BRIDGES.

**End of part three**

**Part four**

43

INT. POLICE STATION - CUSTODY AREA - DAY 4

43

A slightly harassed and overworked custody sergeant, MATT HENDY, walks in with BRIDGES. SARAH is waiting, sitting on a bench. HENDY walks over, he smiles sort of sympathetically but speaks to her just ever so slightly like she's mad.

HENDY  
Right then...

He sits down next to her.

HENDY (CONT'D)

....I've spoken to Mr. Taylor. I've explained that you've been under a lot of emotional stress recently, to be honest with you Mrs. Hooper he's been very understanding about it and bottom line is, he's happy for me to offer you a caution.

SARAH

Right.

HENDY

If you did bother them *again* though, you would be charged, okay?

SARAH

Yes.

HENDY

Okay. You do understand that?

SARAH

Yes.

HENDY

Fine. I'll get the paperwork sorted.

She nods her thanks as he walks away, and the door opens and DAVID walks in.

44 INT/EXT. ROAD - DAVID'S CAR - DAY 4 44

SARAH and DAVID driving home in silence.

45 INT. POLICE STATION - CUSTODY AREA - DAY 4 45

BRIDGES walks up to HENDY in the custody suite.

BRIDGES

She said they never found the little girl's body.

HENDY turns. Sees it's her.

HENDY

Did she ?

She nods.

HENDY (CONT'D)  
(he shrugs)  
Some times they wash up, sometimes  
they don't.

He knows where she's heading.

HENDY (CONT'D)  
It was a 'tragic accident' Sal.  
Nothing more.

He turns back to his desk. On BRIDGES. Does she buy that ?

46 INT. MAIN HOUSE - SPARE/ ALICE'S ROOM - DAY 4 46

JASMINE watching DAVID's car pull up outside. Betrayal in her eyes.

47 EXT. MAIN HOUSE - FRONT DRIVE - DAY 4 47

SARAH about to get out.

DAVID  
You need to speak to someone,  
Sarah, you need to get some help.  
And I will support you in whatever  
way you want but you need to get  
some help 'cos I can't deal with  
this any more.

A beat. His quiet anger.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I won't deal with it.

No great surprise perhaps.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
It's just not fair on the kids.

And he gets out and walks in to the house as she remains where she is, alone.

48 INT. TAYLOR'S FLAT - ROOM - DAY 4 48

STEPHEN TAYLOR showing BRIDGES in.

BRIDGES  
....just a courtesy call really, to  
let you know what's happened with  
the woman. And to see how you were,  
how Lori was - it must have been  
very upsetting for you both.

She walks into a small sitting room. The flat is very humble - slightly tatty, with a few Indian type hangings on the walls - it looks a bit hippy-ish.

STEPHEN

Yeah, was a bit. But she's a tough old cookie Lol.

BRIDGES

Right. She in or...

STEPHEN

No - out with her mum.

BRIDGES

Right.

She spots a collage of photos on a wall, of a woman with a young baby.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

That your wife ?

STEPHEN

Jo, yeah. Lori must have been about six months there.

BRIDGES smiles, lots of other photos around of the family all together at various stages of LORI's life. The flat is humble, but it feels like a home.

BRIDGES

Nice place.

STEPHEN

Thanks. Small but... 'home' - you know.

She nods, a slight awkwardness in the air as STEPHEN suspects this is *not* 'just a courtesy call.'

BRIDGES

So anyway, just to confirm, the lady accepted a caution and she knows she'd be in serious trouble if she came here again. We feel pretty confident this won't go any further.

STEPHEN

Right.

A beat.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I mean your colleague told me what had happened to her and you know....

BRIDGES turns to him

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

.....I feel more sorry for the woman than anything else.

BRIDGES

Yes. It's....a very sad situation.

STEPHEN

Can't imagine anything worse can you. Think I'd top myself if I lost Lori.

BRIDGES nods, knows she's made a mistake coming - there is nothing bad in this house.

BRIDGES

Yeah, we should count our blessings shouldn't we. I'll leave you in peace Mr. Taylor.

49

EXT. TAYLOR'S FLAT - FRONT/ CARPARK - DAY 4

49

BRIDGES walking toward her car, when she sees the girl and woman in the photos she has just looked at, walking toward the lifts. They are laughing and joking and clearly good mates, carrier bags in their hands. BRIDGES watches for a second, enjoying their enjoyment of each other. And then turns to get into the car, when -

LORI

Sally ?

She turns, LORI walking towards her. She smiles.

BRIDGES

Hiya Lori.

LORI

Mum this is Sally, she was one of the officers here this morning.

And LORI's mum, JOANNA walks over, slightly less comfortable in her skin than her husband.

JOANNA

Oh, hi, thanks for this morning - Lol said you was very sweet to her.

BRIDGES

No problem. Just saw your husband, wanted to check they were both okay.

JOANNA

Yeah they're fine thanks.

BRIDGES

So you been shopping then ?

JOANNA

(grins)

Bleeding me dry.

BRIDGES

I got teenage nieces, I know what  
it's like....

And then she spots something on LORI's upper arm, a gauze  
bandage dressing. She frowns.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

...that's not from this morning is  
it, she didn't hurt you did she ?

LORI

(she smiles sheepishly)

No. Late birthday present, was my  
sixteenth last week.

BRIDGES

(smiles, confused)

I'm sorry ?

LORI

It's a tattoo.

BRIDGES

(grinning)

You're joking.

LORI

Been badgering mum for months.

JOANNA

You know what they're like.

LORI

Thought it was a losing battle but  
she finally caved in today.

JOANNA

Well, after this morning, thought  
she deserved a treat eh ?

BRIDGES

Yeah, fair enough.

JOANNA looks strangely guilty that she should have done this  
for her daughter.

JOANNA

Anyway, we better be going. Nice to  
meet you.

BRIDGES  
And you. Bye now.

LORI  
Bye.

And they walk off. On BRIDGES, watching LORI a little longer, a sense that some tiny seed of doubt has been sown.

50 INT. MAIN HOUSE - JASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 4 50

SARAH in JASMINE's room, stroking her daughter to sleep.

SARAH  
...and I'm just...so sorry  
sweetheart. And I'll make it up to  
you, I promise.

JASMINE nods, happy in her mother's undivided attention.  
SARAH leans forward and kisses her forehead.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Forgive me ?

And JASMINE nods, smiles.

JASMINE  
'Course.

SARAH  
Thank you.

She kisses her again, then stands to go.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Night.

And she walks to the door.

JASMINE  
Mum ?

She stops, turns, smiles

SARAH  
Yeah ?

JASMINE  
Why are there no pictures of her?

A beat.

SARAH  
Of who ?

JASMINE  
Alice ?

A beat. Tears pricking SARAH's eyes.

SARAH  
There were. For a long time. But  
then ....your dad decided maybe it  
was a bad idea...

A beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
...to be reminded every day...

'of what we lost'. And now she does turn.

JASMINE  
Don't the gaps remind you more?

On SARAH. JASMINE on the money.

SARAH  
Time to go to sleep darling.

JASMINE  
Louise Farley told me her mum said  
your first child is always special  
to you. Different from the ones  
that follow.

The pain in SARAH's face, that she should have made her child  
feel like this. She walks over and hugs her tight.

SARAH  
You love them all the same sweetie.  
I promise you. I *promise*.

But we are on SARAH as she holds her. And we should guess she  
is not as certain as she is trying to sound.

50A INT. TAYLOR'S FLAT - NIGHT

50A \*\*\*

JOANNA TAYLOR, at a bedroom door, watching her daughter,  
LORI, asleep in her bed. Her husband STEPHEN appears behind  
her. \*\*\*

STEPHEN  
(whispered)  
Alright ? \*\*\*

She nods, then nods at LORI. \*\*\*

JOANNA  
Can you believe that ? \*\*\*  
(she looks at her watch) \*\*\*  
Not even ten. \*\*\*

'And she's asleep.' \*\*\*

STEPHEN \*\*\*  
 Bit of a day eh ? Must be \*\*\*  
 knackered. \*\*\*

JOANNA nods, upset we sense, by events. \*\*\*

JOANNA \*\*\*  
 Didn't think it would get to me - \*\*\*  
 wasn't even there but....affects \*\*\*  
 you doesn't it. \*\*\*

He looks at her. \*\*\*

STEPHEN \*\*\*  
 Forget about it, it's nothing. \*\*\*  
 History. \*\*\*

JOANNA \*\*\*  
 Yeah. \*\*\*

A beat, then. \*\*\*

STEPHEN \*\*\*  
 Come on, Millionaire's on. \*\*\*

And he turns to go but she stops him. \*\*\*

STEPHEN (CONT'D) \*\*\*  
 What ? \*\*\*

And then she plants a kiss on his lips. He grins. \*\*\*

STEPHEN (CONT'D) \*\*\*  
 What's that for ? \*\*\*

JOANNA \*\*\*  
 (smiling) \*\*\*  
 'That's for nothing, so watch your \*\*\*  
 step.' \*\*\*  
 (walking in to the \*\*\*  
 kitchen) \*\*\*  
 Cuppa ? \*\*\*

And we stay on STEPHEN's grin, and then he follows her in. \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*

51 INT. BRIDGES HOUSE - JAMIE'S ROOM - NIGHT 4

51

WPC BRIDGES kneeling by the bed of her son, JAMIE.

He lies asleep in a loony position, head pressed against the wall, on his front, knees pulled up under him like a supplicant prostrate at the feet of Pu Yi, a chewed up cloth rabbit clutched to his cheek. She wipes a sweaty lock of hair from his forehead.

She looks at his face.

She looks at it.

52 INT. MAIN HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT 4 52

DAVID watching T.V., SARAH walks in. He turns.

SARAH  
I'll see someone. Whoever you want.  
I don't want to lose this.

On DAVID. He smiles. Then walks over to her and puts his arms round her.

DAVID  
And I don't want to lose you.

We stay on them for a quiet, still moment and then it is punctured by the sound of a phone ringing. He breaks away and walks to it, picks it up.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
David Hooper.

BRIDGES (O.C.)  
Mr. Hooper, D.S. Bridges, we met earlier today.

DAVID  
Oh. Yes, hello.

BRIDGES (O.C.)  
Hi, sorry to disturb you so late, I was just wondering if I could have a quick word with your wife please ?

A beat, he considers this, at this fragile moment, but then.

DAVID  
Sure.

He hands SARAH the phone

DAVID (CONT'D)  
The policewoman, from this morning.

SARAH  
(she takes it)  
Hello ?

BRIDGES (O.C.)  
Sarah, Hi.....

53

INT. BRIDGES HOUSE - KITCHEN/ CORRIDOR - NIGHT 4

53

BRIDGES standing in a corridor, behind her in the kitchen, her bloke cooks supper.

BRIDGES  
 (hesitating, should she be  
 doing this)  
 ....look, this is almost certainly  
 nothing, but...I just wanted to ask  
 you something. About Alice.

A beat.

SARAH (O.C.)  
 Go on.

She hesitates, still unsure, but then she says it.

BRIDGES  
 Did she have any...distinguishing  
 marks on her. Any moles or scars or  
 birthmarks or....anything like that  
 ?

A beat, silence, the sound of BRIDGES breathing. Then -

SARAH (O.C.)  
 She had a small scar on her knee,  
 banged it on the steps when we went  
 swimming once...  
 \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*

BRIDGES  
 ...right, okay....and...anything  
 else you can remember ?  
 \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*

A beat.

SARAH  
 (remembering now)  
 Yes. She had a little birthmark.  
 \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*

BRIDGES  
 A birthmark.  
 \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*

SARAH  
 Yes. Only a small one, bout the  
 size of ...I dunno - twenty pence  
 piece ?  
 \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*

BRIDGES  
 Okay. And where was that ?  
 \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*

SARAH  
 On her arm.  
 \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*

Close on BRIDGES. Her skin tightening.

BRIDGES

\*\*\*

Which arm ?

SARAH (O.C.)

Left. At the top. About where you'd  
have your TB jab. Why ?

On BRIDGES. Oh God.

**New Day**

54

INT. TAYLOR'S FLAT - ROOM - DAY 5

54

JOANNA and STEPHEN with BRIDGES in her flat.

JOANNA

Her *birth* certificate ?

BRIDGES

Or her hospital book, or health  
records or N.I. card.....

STEPHEN

You are winding me up. I mean Jesus  
- if we'd known this was going to  
happen we *would* have pressed bloody  
charges.

BRIDGES

I know it's a pain, it's just  
procedural, I mean any of 'em will  
do.

JOANNA

Well I've *no* idea where they are -  
packed away somewhere so....

BRIDGES

Right. But you have got them ?

JOANNA

Of course I've got them.

STEPHEN

Of course she's got them what *is*  
this ?! You told me this was  
finished this morning, what's  
changed ?

BRIDGES deeply uncomfortable, but sticking with her instinct.

BRIDGES

As I say, just...belt and braces  
so, if you could dig 'em out, it'd  
make my life a lot easier.

And STEPHEN can see she is not going to back down. He turns to JOANNA.

STEPHEN

Oh just get them, Jo, it'll be easier, I just want her out of here.

JOANNA

This is ridiculous ! Jesus !

A beat, she is really mad, but it looks like she has no choice.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Fine. But you'll have to come back. Like I said - I've no idea where they are so I'll have to find them.

BRIDGES

Right.

BRIDGES looks around at the tiny flat.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

Right, well, s'not a huge flat Jo, d'you want to have a quick look now, I don't mind waiting.

JOANNA

Well I do, so...no...I don't want to have a quick look now.

And JOANNA looks at STEPHEN, almost like for help, in a way that unnerves him slightly. STEPHEN turns back to BRIDGES.

STEPHEN

Look, have you got any legal right to be doing this ?

BRIDGES

No. Not yet anyway.

STEPHEN

What d'you mean 'not yet ?'

BRIDGES

Well, it would obviously worry us if you *couldn't* provide any of these documents. Then...

She has to play this just right.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

...then I think we might be asking you to come and have a chat with us.

\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

On JOANNA.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

Then I think.... well I think we  
might be talking about DNA tests.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

STEPHEN

DNA tests ?  
(he laughs)  
Now you are joking.

BRIDGES

But if you just show us the doc....

STEPHEN

We're not doing a bloody DNA test  
because some... mentally unbalanced  
woman says our daughter's hers !  
And I can tell you now there is no  
way on God's earth I would put Lori  
through that !

He looks to JOANNA, waits for *her* explosion of righteous  
anger. But she is oddly quiet. BRIDGES seeing the first  
chink.

BRIDGES

And how do you feel about that  
Joanna ?

She nods, her expression absent. And then JOANNA sits down at  
the kitchen table and is staring at the ground. Which is  
confusing STEPHEN.

STEPHEN

She feels the same as me....

He looks at her. Just as a big fat tear lands on the table in  
front of JOANNA.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

....Jo ? You feel the same don't  
you. Tell her.

And she nods, but she is not really listening.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Jo ? Tell her !

And then slowly her head rises. Her eyes full of tears. And  
then she turns to STEPHEN.

JOANNA

I'm sorry babes. I'm .....so sorry.

On STEPHEN, he frowns. What the hell does that mean.

STEPHEN

Sorry ? What do you have to be  
sorry about ?

But even as he asks the question, we see the seeds of an  
unthinkable answer beginning to find purchase in his eyes.

55 INT. POLICE STATION - LONG CORRIDOR - DAY 5 55

SARAH and a frankly stunned looking DAVID walking along a  
corridor with a uniformed officer in the police station.

And as they are about to enter a waiting room, at the far end  
of the corridor, SARAH sees STEPHEN TAYLOR and the woman she  
guesses must be JOANNA being led somewhere themselves. Their  
eyes meet for a terrible second and then they are gone.

The officer ushers DAVID and SARAH in to the waiting room

56 INT. POLICE STATION - SOFT INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 5 56

BRIDGES waiting, she stands, white as a sheet.

BRIDGES

Have a seat.

They sit. She takes a moment to compose herself. Then she  
gets the words out.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

Joanna Taylor is about to undergo a  
formal interview under caution. But  
just over an hour ago, *informally*,  
she told us that in 1996, a year  
before she met Stephen Taylor.....

BRIDGES voice catches. She steadies herself. Continues.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

...she abducted a four year old  
child from a beach in Sussex.

On DAVID and SARAH.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

And that that child is Lori.

A slow track in on SARAH and DAVID. The implication clear  
enough, the implication understood by both. And slowly SARAH  
allows herself to nod. To tell BRIDGES she understands, to  
tell herself. And then the nod turns in to a gentle rocking  
motion, the movement necessary to comfort her against the  
tears which now begin to come, and then the sobs of joy and  
anguish which begin to rack her body.

And DAVID is weeping now too, a mixture of joy and utter astonishment, that a moment he never in his wildest dreams imagined would happen, has happened.

He puts his arms around SARAH, and we stay on the pair of them as long as we dare, clinging to each other, re-united for now, as the emotion pours out.

**End of Episode 1**