

# “UNDENIABLE”

a two-part drama for ITV  
written by  
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Episode One

READTHROUGH DRAFT

Locked 30/10/13

1 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - ANNE'S CAR - DAY 1

A car driving across a pass bisecting two tors, a zesty sun shining down on an ancient landscape that is at once both beautiful and brutal. As the car passes us we hear the sound of singing from within. Caption **May 23rd, 1991. The Long Mynd, Shropshire.**

2 EXT.COUNTRY ROAD / INT. ANNE'S CAR - DAY 2

Inside the car are the driver, ANNE PHILIPS (29) and her seven year old daughter, JANE. ANNE giving it serious welly to Bon Jovi on the radio. \*

ANNE  
...woh, we're half way there-  
ere...wo-oh, livin' on prayer....

JANE grinning and singing along (sort of to the tune) as her mum pulls in to an otherwise empty car park.

3 EXT. THE LONG MYND - TARN CAR PARK - DAY 3

ANNE grabbing her bag and a blanket and flask and various bits of kid's stuff.

JANE  
Are we going to our spot mum?

ANNE  
Already booked it sweetpea,  
anyone else sitting there will  
have to skidaddle...  
(locking the car up and  
taking her hand)  
....we'll say 's'cuse me but this  
is our spot, me and Janey's, so  
you've got to move or we're  
calling the police...

And JANE giggles as they head off down a path towards a tarn in the far distance. And as they disappear out of view heading downward, they don't see a second car pulling slowly in to the car park behind them.

4 EXT. THE LONG MYND - TARN PICNIC SPOT - DAY 4

ANNE and JANE sitting by the tarn now, a blanket spread out, picnic food being retrieved from the bag. Hula Hoops, cheese sandwiches, Tunnocks Tea Cakes etc.

JANE  
...will we bring baby here too  
mum?

And for the first time we notice the slightest of bumps under ANNE's dress.

ANNE  
Would you like to?

JANE  
No.

ANNE's involuntary laugh at the simple brutal selfishness.

ANNE  
Really? 'Cos I'm sure baby would like it here.

JANE  
Daddy can bring it.

ANNE  
But you could be in charge, show them all the special things we do, paddling, and picking flowers and collecting tadpoles....

But still it doesn't seem to appeal.

JANE  
...can I use my net now?

ANNE  
(smiles)  
'Course. Go on....

And JANE picks up her net, and a jam jar, and totters off down the path, towards the edge of the water a hundred yards or so away. ANNE watching her go, smiling with simple love, one hand resting instinctively, protectively, on the new addition. And then -

THE MAN (O.S.)  
Hello.

And she swings round to see a man standing over her (we will have switched to his P.O.V of her from behind him so we do not see him front on). And understandably she is unnerved.

ANNE  
Hello.

He doesn't move, her instinct kicking in, she's scared, no-one else around for miles.

ANNE (CONT'D)  
Sorry, do I know you?

Still he doesn't move, and then -

THE MAN  
Let's not play games, Anne.

And then he starts to advance.

5 EXT. THE LONG MYND - TARN BANKS - DAY

5

JANE is standing in the shallows in her wellies, swishing around in the water with her net, when she hears a cry in the distance. To an adult, it would be recognised as a cry of panic and fear, to a seven year old child it is simply confusing.

She looks over to where her mummy is, but the picnic spot is just out of view, over the lip of the tarn bank.

So she starts to climb back up towards the path where she came down from. It is slow hard work for such little legs, and several times she slips, but always she pushes on. She is, we sense, a determined little girl.

6 EXT. THE LONG MYND - TARN PICNIC SPOT - DAY

6

Close (from behind) of the man, breathing very heavily, standing over the picnic rug and ANNE's figure, lying now, unmoving, on her front, on the grass.

JANE (O.S.)  
This is *our* spot.

He tightens. A beat. And then slowly he turns, even as we switch to his P.O.V, to see JANE standing a few yards away from him, looking at him first, then at the rock in his bloodied hand, and then at her mother, lying still, face down on the grass. Tears pricking her eyes, she knows something is very wrong as she starts to fidget nervously with a simple silver locket around her neck.

JANE (CONT'D)  
We'll call the police.

And we stay on her. And then he advances. And then walks right past her, and away in to the distance. JANE stands rooted to the spot for a moment, before.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Mummy?

Black. Titles.

**undeniable**

\*

7 EXT. DOVEWOOD SCHOOL - STREET - DAY 7 \*

**Caption. 'Twenty three years later. Alderbourne, the Peak district'.** \*

Close on the same silver locket, now round the neck of a woman (JANE PHILIPS, 30) who is pulling up outside a nursery. She jumps out of her car, and then snatches a quick glance at her watch as she runs in. \*

8 INT. DOVEWOOD SCHOOL- DAY 8 \*

JANE enters breathlessly and spots her daughter, amongst the chaos of twenty other kids, quietly reading a book. \*

JANE  
....hey sweetpea.... \*

ANNIE  
...mummy.... \*

And her daughter runs to her and hugs her tight as MS MACLEAN her teacher, stands. \*

JANE  
...grab your coat darling..  
(to Ms Maclean)  
...sorry in a bit of a rush, she  
been alright? \*

MS MACLEAN  
(grins)  
Always. \*

JANE  
(as she grabs Annie's  
coat)  
Ahh, thank you, see you tomorrow. \*

MS MACLEAN  
Yup, see you tomorrow, bye Annie. \*

ANNIE  
Byeee.... \*

And they exit quickly together. \*

9 EXT. DOVEWOOD SCHOOL / INT JANE'S CAR - DAY 9 \*

JANE strapping ANNIE in to a car seat. Lots of shopping bags on the back seat, the tell tale neck foil of a bottle of champagne poking out of one. \*

ANNIE  
Why we in a rush mum? \*

JANE  
Because, lucky you, you're having a  
special treat, you're going to  
grandad's for the night!

ANNIE  
Why am I having a special treat?

JANE  
(kissing her nose and face  
just 'cos she can)  
'Cos you are, 'cos you're gorgeous  
and 'cos I love you.

And she shuts the door, a tiny beat as ANNIE looks at the  
shopping and the champagne and puts two and two together. As  
her mum gets in the driver seat.

ANNIE  
Are you and daddy going to drink  
wine and do hard kissing?

Which makes JANE suppress a snort of laughter.

JANE  
(to herself)  
Busted.

And she sticks the key in the ignition, pulls away and is  
gone.

10 EXT. PETE'S HOUSE - EVENING 10

JANE and ANNIE walking towards the front door of a house. We  
will hear background dialogue as they do. JANE reaching for a  
key

11 INT. PETE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING 11

A large family kitchen diner. Snapshots. At the table  
eating their tea are ELIOT (17) and a girl ZOE (15) who are  
talking to their dad, PETE (JANE's father, 58). PAM (49)  
the kids' mum, is at the cooker.

They all look up as JANE and ANNIE enter, we play JANE's  
dialogue over the tail end of ZOE's.

JANE  
Hi all.

ZOE  
(jumping up)  
Annie!!!

PETE  
(standing, smiling)  
Hey love.

ZOE  
Oh my God Annie I have the most  
sick nail varnish I have been  
saving just for you....

\*

And ANNIE is immediately spirited off.

JANE  
(walking over)  
Hey dad.

\*

PETE  
(and he hugs her  
affectionately)  
How you doing, you alright?

JANE  
Yeah, great, hi Els.

And ELIOT offers up a grunt from behind his i-Pad, not at all interested in JANE, but it is as she turns to PAM that we see it, a tension.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Hey Pam.

PAM turns from the sink. Smiles too brightly, too tightly.

PAM  
Hello Jane, how are you, are you well?

JANE  
Yeah, all good. Thanks so much for taking Annie tonight, she loves spending time with you and her granddad.

PAM tightens.

PAM  
And we love spending time with our granddaughter.

PETE  
(smiles, quickly)  
Doing anything special?

JANE  
(a tiny beat, then)  
Nope. Just feel Rob needs a bit of spoiling. Shall I take Annie's bag up?

And out she goes, and we stay on PAM, the smile fading. Fast. A placatory look from PETE, which doesn't placate, and then she turns back to the dishes.

12 INT. PETE'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - EVENING 12

JANE entering a spare room, decorated in neutral colours, a box of kid's toys in the corner, the concession to ANNIE's stays.

She puts ANNIE's bag on the bed, and is about to turn and go when she stops. A beat, and then she edges a bedside table away from the wall.

And there, painted around many times, a collage of photos, pasted directly on to the wall, of the woman we recognise from the opening scenes. Her mum.

She reaches a hand out to touch....and then hears footsteps on the stairs.

PETE (O.S.)  
You want a cuppa, love?

And she quickly stands, pushes the table back in to its rightful place and exits.

JANE  
No thanks, should head back.

And she is out.

13 INT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 13

Close on the pop of a cork. Pull back to see a meal cooking on a stove, and ROB, JANE's husband looking on with genuine puzzlement as JANE, grinning, pours two glasses of champagne.

ROB  
...okay, you win, I *am* now  
officially worried...  
(racking his brains)  
...our first date, our first  
*snog*? Come on baby you've got to  
help me here....

Which is when he sees, as she hands him his glass, that in hers there is only an inch of champagne. And he 'gets it' in an instant.

ROB (CONT'D)  
Oh my God....

And he looks back at her, and her face says yes.

ROB (CONT'D)

....oh my God you're pregnant?

And she is full of trepidation when she says -

JANE

Yes.

And he is clearly stunned, and he finds a half smile.

ROB

Oh my God.

JANE

Rob stop saying 'oh my God'....  
and tell me you're happy.

A beat, and then slowly a proper smile starts to form on his face, as he realises that despite the shock, yes he *is* happy, and then he walks over to her and wraps his arms around her.

ROB

Baby, of course I'm happy...  
(enveloping her)  
...I am just.....fairly surprised  
as well, I didn't even know we  
were trying.

JANE

Nor did I. I must have missed a  
couple of days of my pill and....

She shrugs and she pulls back and they look at each other, both sort of grinning loopily.

JANE (CONT'D)

...I know it wasn't planned, and  
I know it's a shock, and we  
haven't got any money but...now  
it's happened, for me, it feels  
so right and....I just want to  
know it does for you too...

On him, and then he shrugs and leans in to kiss her.

ROB

....hey, how could it *not* feel  
right, to have another child with  
you.

And now she sinks in to him, the relief and happiness coursing through her.

JANE

Oh God Rob, I've been so nervous  
about telling you.

ROB  
When did you know?

JANE  
I did a test this morning.

ROB  
You know how many weeks?

JANE  
I've got an appointment at the  
hospital tomorrow afternoon, but  
about five or six I reckon. \*

ROB  
Wow.

And her face is nestled in to his shoulder, an ear to ear  
smile on her face.

JANE  
You know my Mum was carrying a  
boy when she died.

And for the first time ROB's smile tightens slightly.

ROB  
Er....yes I think I did know  
that.

JANE  
Be lovely for Annie wouldn't it,  
to have the little brother I  
never did.

A beat.

ROB  
Hey, as long as it's got two arms  
two legs....

JANE  
...a brother would just feel....  
*right* though, wouldn't it.

A beat, and then he pulls her tighter.

ROB  
As long as it's healthy. 'Cos  
this is about the future, Jane,  
isn't it....this is all about the  
*future*.

On ROB, the words chosen carefully, some definite concern  
in his eyes. Back on her, and her eyes are sparkling.

14 INT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE - BEDROOM/FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 14

ROB asleep, JANE lying next to him, cannot sleep. And so she gently rises and pads out of the bedroom, past ANNIE's room, and to a small spare room at the end.

15 INT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 15

And she kneels by a cupboard and opens the door, and rummages inside under linen and table mats, and then finds an old blue box, which she pulls out.

It is well worn, about eighteen inches by twelve, and on the front is a picture of her mum.

And she opens it now, to reveal it is a memory box, with the most precious things inside, made by her father for her when she was a small child.

And she gently pulls out the things and arranges them on the bed sheet (she does this in a way she has clearly done many hundreds of times before, indeed there is something almost religious about the ceremonial nature of what she does)

A hairbrush, with her mum's hair still in it.

A passport with the corner cut off.

Some jewellery.

A perfume bottle with half an inch of scent still in it.

Some special photos.

A pair of slippers.

A lock of hair in a brooch.

A scarf.

A shopping list written on the back of an envelope.

And now she picks up the scarf and sprays it with a single puff of the perfume, and then presses the scarf to her nose and inhales. Back with her mum...

JANE

We're gonna have another baby  
mum.

...and out.

**New day**

16 EXT. CITY SCAPE - DERBY CITY CENTRE - DAY 16

Establisher

17 INT. JANE'S CAR - NEAR DERBYSHIRE HOSPITAL - DAY 17

A tired looking JANE driving through the town centre, stifling a yawn as she goes to open the window, even as she suddenly sees the sign for the hospital.

JANE

Arse.

She is in the wrong lane, and so quickly checks her rear view and then swings the car across in to the right lane to turn right.....

....thus cutting right in front of a car coming from the opposite direction already turning in. The other driver slams on his brakes (as does she) to avoid a serious collision.

And for a brief moment, they are eyeball to eyeball, assimilating a very very near miss, then the other driver starts cursing at her in his car, and she raises a hand in apology and mouths a -

JANE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Before pulling in to the hospital.

18 INT. DERBYSHIRE HOSPITAL - ANTE-NATAL ROOM - DAY 18

JANE in with an ante-natal nurse.

NURSE

....no, there's no reason to stop taking your antidepressants.

A beat, JANE nods, clearly unconvinced.

JANE

It's just I've read lots of stuff about foetal abnormalities and..

NURSE

...not with Venlaflaxine, and even if you *did* want to stop taking them, you'd need to stop slowly, there are some very unpleasant side effects if you just stop outright.

\*  
\*  
\*

JANE

Like?

The nurse looks at her.

NURSE  
Have you just stopped?

JANE  
No.  
(she clearly has)  
Like what?

NURSE  
(giving it to her  
straight)  
Anxiety, confusion, impaired  
cognitive abilities, dizziness,  
the list is *long*...

A beat. Then the nurse softens.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
...baby needs you to be happy and  
well, Jane. Keep taking your  
antidepressants. Please...

But JANE looks far from convinced.

19

INT. DERBYSHIRE HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

19

JANE walking away down a hospital corridor, and actually, she seems any number of the things that the nurse had described, anxious, a little confused, disassociated.

Which is when it happens.

A man turns a corner, with a colleague, and starts to walk towards her. (He is suited, in his late fifties/early sixties and has an identifying I.D. tag round his neck.)

As he approaches, JANE looks up at him, and her eyes lock on to his face.

At which point time seems to slow, whatever she has seen in *him*, is causing a fairly profound reaction in *her*. She slows, stops, her breath coming faster. And then the nearer he gets, the faster her breath comes, she is having some sort of panic attack.

And then he and his colleague see *her*, looking extremely distressed, and understandably, they are concerned and the man slows and turns toward her....

....at which she almost flinches, puts her hands up to stop him touching her. She looks terrified, and then quite simply she turns and runs.

Out on the man and his colleague, more than a little non-plussed.

19A EXT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE. EVE 19A \*  
ROB's car pulling up fast. \*

20 SCENE DELETED 20 \*

21 INT JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE. EVE 21 \*  
ROB walking quickly in to the house, to find JANE sitting at  
the kitchen table, hands shaking, face ashen. \*

ROB  
Sweetheart, what is it, what's  
happened? \*

JANE  
Oh God Rob... \*

ROB  
(fear growing)  
What is it, love, what's the  
matter, is it the baby?

JANE  
(can hardly speak)  
...I saw him... \*

ROB  
(frowns, what?)  
Saw him? Saw who?

JANE  
...at the hospital, I saw  
him.....

ROB  
Saw *who* Jane?

And then she looks up at him.

JANE  
The man that killed my mum.

On him. WTF? And then out on her, eyes wild with fear.

**End of part one**

**Part two**

22 INT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. EVE 22 \*  
JANE, sitting at a table, staring at an un-drunk cup of  
coffee. Opposite her, PETE and ROB. JANE looks at her own  
hand, it is still shaking.

ROB

So.

JANE looks up.

ROB (CONT'D)

What are we going to do?

On JANE, confused.

JANE

What do you mean, 'what are we going to do?'

ROB nods.

ROB

We're going to the police?

She frowns, disbelief, confusion, hurt.

JANE

Rob, I've just seen the man that murdered my mother...

ROB

....absolutely, I understand that, I'm just saying....

JANE

....what are you saying?

And of course it is incredibly hard for him to say it. But he knows he has to.

ROB

...love...it was twenty three years ago, you were seven years old, you saw him for a few seconds...how can you be sure it was him...

A beat.

JANE

...because when I last saw him....

And she is back there.

JANE (CONT'D)

...he was ten feet away from me, holding the rock he'd just....

She stops, can hardly continue, ROB puts a hand to her.

JANE (CONT'D)  
...he was close enough to smell  
the blood on his hands, my  
mother's blood...

\*

On them. Fuck.

JANE (CONT'D)  
...it was the same man I saw this  
morning.

A beat, and then ROB leans forward and puts his arms around her.

ROB  
(whispered, privately)  
I'm sorry.

He turns to PETE, waiting for his affirmation, but PETE is not looking at him. Not looking at JANE. Something is up.

PETE  
(almost reluctantly)  
And what about the other times  
Jane. The other times you swore  
you'd seen him.

Oh. ROB turns to JANE.

ROB  
What other times?

JANE  
They were *years* ago....

ROB  
What other times?

JANE  
(at her father)  
...I was a *child* for chrissakes!

Her shout making the silence that follows all the more loud.

PETE  
(gently)  
You were eighteen the last time,  
that's not a child, and you were  
as convinced as you are now.

And then she turns to ROB

\*

JANE  
I did say I'd seen him before,  
once when I was nine, and once  
when I was a very confused and  
disturbed teenager.

\*

\*

PETE

And you caused the man you  
accused a week from hell.

JANE

Before *I* accepted I had got it  
wrong, before *I* did that,  
independently!

PETE

(nods)  
Which was followed by your  
complete breakdown.

A beat.

PETE (CONT'D)

Which *we*, Pam and I, had to help  
you slowly out of. And which I  
would do again, of course, a  
billion times over, because you  
are my daughter...

And *his* voice catches.

PETE (CONT'D)

....but if I see you doing  
something that I know will end up  
hurting you Jane.....isn't it my  
job, as your dad, to try and stop  
you?

A beat.

PETE (CONT'D)

You have a wonderful husband, a  
beautiful child, another one on  
the way Rob tells me.....we can't  
change what happened, Janey, but  
surely we *do* have to learn to  
accept it...and let mum go.

\*

Affecting words, and ROB looks to JANE. And she will not  
look at her father when she says to ROB.

JANE

It was him Rob. This is not like  
the other times, I need you to  
believe me, it was him.

And she looks at her husband, waiting for a sign that he  
does. And hey - he nods.

ROB

Let's go.

And he stands, grabs his coat, she does the same, and they walk to the door, she is out first, without looking back at her father. But ROB does.

ROB (CONT'D)  
I'll call you Pete.

The words deliberate, he is keeping feet in both camps. And then he exits. Out on PETE, deeply worried.

23 EXT. ALDERBOURNE POLICE STATION - EVENING 23 \*

Establisher of the station.

RENWICK (O.S.)  
And you think he works there?

24 INT. ALDERBOURNE POLICE STATION-INTERVIEW ROOM # 1- EVE 24 \*

A mug of tea sitting on a table in front of JANE and ROB. Opposite her is D.S MARK RENWICK (34). JANE is calmer now, more composed.

ROB  
His names's Andrew Rawlins, we  
looked him up on the hospital web  
site when we first got back.

RENWICK taking notes.

RENWICK  
So he's ...admin or...

ROB  
...he's a consultant oncologist.

Right. Fuck. A beat as RENWICK digests, nods, then

RENWICK  
Okay, Jane, what you've told us  
today is obviously going to kick  
off....quite a process.

A beat as he considers how best to put this.

RENWICK (CONT'D)  
So just before we press ahead, I  
do need to know....that you are  
sure. One hundred percent sure  
this was the man.

And we are on her, and all her own doubts, her father's doubts, ROB's questions, all running through her head as she asks herself that very question. And then finally she looks up.

JANE

I am. One hundred percent.

25 INT. DERBYSHIRE HOSPITAL - ANDREW'S CONSULTING ROOM - 25  
EVENING \*

And now we are with ANDREW RAWLINS (56) the man she identified, at the hospital. Sitting opposite him are a middle aged couple, the man (JOHN DELGADO) with his hand in his wife's (SUSAN) both their knuckles white with fear. \*

RAWLINS wears a slightly scruffy suit, and has a warm, open, lived in face. \*

ANDREW

...but yes, all the tests tell us the growth *is* malign.

On DELGADO as his head falls and his wife grabs him tighter.

DELGADO

Right.

ANDREW

So that's the bad news. The good news is this. This is not the end of anything. I have delivered this very difficult news to many hundreds of people over the last twenty five years, the vast majority of whom still send me Christmas cards.... \*

Which raises a smile, even as a his phone on his desk chirrup. Which irritates. \*

ANDREW (CONT'D)

...this is just the *beginning*. Of some undoubtedly exacting treatment, but most importantly, of the rest of your life, which all the stats would suggest, will be a long and happy one, I'm so sorry..... \*

(picks the phone up, irritably) \*

...I'm with a patient... \*

(he listens, frowns, then) \*

...one second... \*

(and he replaces the receiver. A moment, then he looks up, smiles) \*

...okay I'm going to get us all a cup of tea, and then we're going to talk through the next months protocol. Be right back. \*

And now we are following ANDREW as he walks out of the consulting room, and in to the outer room, to see his secretary, ELIZABETH standing behind her desk looking distinctly unsettled as MARK RENWICK turn towards us.

\*  
\*  
\*

RENWICK  
Mr Rawlins, Detective Sergeant Mark  
Renwick.

\*  
\*  
\*

Out on ANDREW.

\*

27 INT. ROB'S CAR. OUTSIDE ROB AND JANE'S HOUSE - EVENING 27

\*

ROB pulling up outside their house. And for a second they just sit there. Shell shocked, both of them.

\*

JANE  
I'm sorry, Rob.

ROB  
Hey...

JANE  
...you've had to deal with so  
much crap with me and my past and  
...all you've probably ever  
wanted is a....normal life....

ROB  
Janey...

JANE  
....but so have I.

And she looks at him, nakedly vulnerable.

JANE (CONT'D)  
And now maybe this will give us  
one.

A beat.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Because it's hard to...to  
describe what it does to  
you....waking up every day,  
knowing that the man who did  
something so... evil.....could be  
out there, living that....  
normal, ordinary life himself.

A beat.

JANE (CONT'D)

It sits inside you, that  
injustice, and you try to  
distract yourself, and sometimes,  
you succeed, for months, maybe  
even years at a time, you  
succeed, but then always...

She shakes her head, the sheer exhaustion of it.

JANE (CONT'D)

....always you come back to it,  
to the simple truth that the man  
who ...crushed the life out of my  
lovely mum...is out there. Happy.  
Well. And unpunished.

What can you say to that. He nods, leans over and kisses  
her cheek tenderly, and then they start to get out. \*

28 INT. DERBYSHIRE HOSPITAL - ANDREW'S OFFICE - EVENING 28 \*

And here is ANDREW with RENWICK in his office (the  
DELGADO's gone). And the allegation has obviously just been  
put to him. And ANDREW looks understandably stunned. \*

ANDREW

...I'm not quite sure what you  
want me to say. \*

RENWICK holds his eye. Waits.

ANDREW (CONT'D) \*

I mean....

He shrugs in a slightly futile gesture.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

...do I even need to say it  
wasn't me?

RENWICK holds his eye. Watching.

RENWICK

Might be a good place to start. \*

And he means it. ANDREW tightening. Can't quite believe this.

ANDREW

Well it wasn't, of course it  
wasn't. She's made a mistake. \*

Obviously.

He sits, the shock kicking in. RENWICK still watching him,  
then.

RENWICK

Well, you'll understand this is a very serious allegation, Mr Rawlins, which we take very seriously, so we'll need to interview you formally, under caution, as soon as possible.

\*  
\*  
\*

At which ANDREW looks up. And sees.

ANDREW

You mean now?

RENWICK

Is that a problem?

\*

ANDREW

(he wilts)

It's my son's eighteenth birthday party tonight, we've got...fifty guests arriving in just over an hour.

\*  
\*  
\*

A beat. RENWICK does not seem to be moved.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Please, I can do it first thing tomorrow or whenever else you want but....

He shrugs, appealing to his good nature.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

...I'm not going anywhere, you have my address.

A judgement call for RENWICK. A long beat. Then

RENWICK

Nine o'clock tomorrow morning then.

He picks up his coat.

RENWICK (CONT'D)

Don't be late please.....

A beat, and then -

RENWICK (CONT'D)

....hope you enjoy the party.

\*

And their eyes meet, not smart arse, a genuine entreaty from RENWICK. And then he's gone. On ANDREW, struggling to process what has just happened.

\*

30 EXT. BIRMINGHAM CITY SCAPe - NIGHT 30

Establisher

31 INT. NEWBRIDGE INN - NIGHT 31

And now we are at a party, (a retirement bash for D.I ALISON HALL, 46) in a slightly shitey pub in Birmingham, a motley group of maybe two dozen men and women, eating cheap finger food, and drinking pints and white wine, as a fellow D.C.I. MAURICE JONES, makes a slightly stilted speech.

D.C.I. JONES  
...and so in conclusion, I'm sure everyone here tonight would like to join me in wishing you a very happy.....retirement...

\*

On ALISON's face, pissed off, she is clearly not retiring.

D.C.I. JONES (CONT'D)  
...and we sincerely hope that you and D....  
( 'was about to say 'Dave but corrects himself off a look from a colleague)  
.....er...that you... enjoy some well earned rest and finally manage to put your feet up a bit as you embark on the next phase of your life. So ladies and gentlemen, raise your glasses please, to D.I. Alison Hall.

And glasses are raised and then someone rather tentatively starts singing 'For she's a jolly good fellow', which the rest sing, with absolutely the requisite enthusiasm, and no more, as JONES presents her with her leaving gift. On ALISON. Hating every minute.

31A INT. ANDREW'S OFFICE - NIGHT 31A \*

A slow pan in on ANDREW BOLTON, now alone in his office. \*

And he is Googling the name JANE FIELDING, looking at the numerous web sites and Wiki entries around it and pictures of JANE as a seven year old. And it is clearly appalling and clearly deeply upsetting. \*

What the hell is he being pulled in to? \*

And then photos of JANE taken over the years in various follow up articles. 'The Scars That Do Not Heal'. 'Tragic Jane readmitted to hospital'. 'Victim of Unsolved Crime in Overdose Shock'. \*

And now he is looking at the photos intently. Something...  
bothering him about her, he looks closer, what is it....

\*  
\*

...and then he sees the time, damn, he's late, he stands,  
grabs his coat, and exits. We stay on a screen, on a tabloid  
long lens photo of JANE, aged twenty, walking in the grounds  
of a private clinic.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

32 INT. NEWBRIDGE INN - NIGHT

32 \*

ALISON grabbing a plate of food from the buffet.

VIKRAM  
Sorry about Maurice.

She turns, smiles, D.Spt VIKRAM SINGH, her boss.

ALISON  
S'fine, still do it myself  
sometimes - set the table for  
two, book two cinema tickets.  
Nineteen years is a long time.

VIKRAM  
You heard from the wanker?

ALISON  
He calls to arrange when he's  
picking up the next lot of his  
stuff.

Ouch. VIK picks up a soggy chicken nugget from a platter.

VIKRAM  
Bloody cutbacks. I hope you know  
I fought for you Ali, tooth and  
claw.

ALISON  
I know, guv.

VIKRAM  
So when you actually off then?

ALISON  
Eighteenth.

VIKRAM  
(nods)  
Drop in before you go, got some  
really good contacts in the  
security game...

ALISON  
...yup, will do.  
(she won't)

And he goes to walk off when a thought strikes him. He turns.

VIKRAM  
You worked on the Philips case  
didn't you?

\*

We go close in on her, powerful memories suddenly evoked.

ALISON  
(nods)  
My first murder - spent three years  
on it, on and off. Why?

\*

VIKRAM  
The little girl turned up at a nick  
in Aldebourne this morning - what  
was her name...  
(almost rueful)  
...reckoned she'd seen the killer  
again....  
(at which he sees a  
colleague, he grins)  
...William Allard, long time, how  
we doing big man...  
(and he is walking off)

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

And we are on ALISON, left alone. Again.

\*

ALISON  
Her name was Jane.

\*  
\*

33 EXT. ANDREW RAWLINS'S HOUSE - FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT 33 \*

Another party in progress

34 SCENE DELETED 34 \*

35 INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - NIGHT 35 \*

A woman, ANDREW's wife BETH, banging a knife against a glass to silence about fifty guests for ANDREW to speak.

(The guests are mainly MAX's mates from college, but we are watching from the P.O.V of a twenty seven year old woman (who we will later know as EMMA, ANDREW's daughter).

\*

And ANDREW steps in to the middle of the room as everyone quietens and turns to look at him. BETH by his side, her arm in his. And for a few seconds he says nothing, struggling for reasons only we understand. And then just as it is about to get embarrassing, he finally finds his voice.

\*  
\*

ANDREW

Well, good evening everyone, and welcome. We're here tonight to celebrate Max's eighteenth. I remember when I was eighteen, thinking my dad was actually a bit of an idiot. And then, when I was twenty one, I came back from college for my birthday, and I was pleasantly surprised at how much he'd learned in those three years.

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

Which gets a good laugh, of relief mainly, that MAX's dad is not having a melt down.

\*

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Well, I don't always quite know what you think of me Max, but I know for sure what I think of you. Indeed I was reminded today at work...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

On him, struggling again.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

...I often am, of how lucky we are, as a family - we're healthy, we're happy, we have a bit of money...

\*

MAX

Wait till you see the drinks bill.

Which gets a good laugh.

ANDREW

(smiles tightly)

....but most importantly of all, we have each other, and undoubtedly what Beth and I are most proud of, is that we can't think of anyone we would rather spend time with, than you.

(raising a glass)

So to our son, and our *friend*, Max, we think you're fantastic, and we love you very much.

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

Raucous cries of 'Hip hip'. On EMMA, watching her dad, and she knows something is wrong.

\*  
\*

36 INT. ALISON HALL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY / STUDY AREA - NIGHT 36

A cat waiting by the front door of a suburban house. It has heard hurried footsteps down a front path, and now hears the key in the lock. It is meowing for food as the door opens... and a breathless ALISON HALL enters.

She plonks her retirement present (a rather unpleasant inlaid wooden jewellery box) on a hall shelf, and then walks quickly towards a small home office at the back of the house.

She flicks the light on and goes to a shelf above a desk where a row of box files sits, she goes immediately to one in the middle and takes it down, it's marked 'Philips'.

\*

The cat is still meowing and distracting her so ALISON quickly takes a napkin from her overcoat pocket, in which are wrapped a load of cocktail sausages from the buffet, which she now scatters on the hall floor. The cat starts to eat, she shuts the door behind it and sits down at her desk to open the first file, breathless, but now undisturbed.

37 INT. ROB AND JANE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 37

Low light, JANE and ROB in the kitchen, ANNIE in bed, ROB finishing washing up, JANE at a kitchen table, deep in thought, wine glass in hand. On ROB. A sense he needs to say something. He walks over, sits down, and reaches for her hand across the table.

ROB

Like I said, I'm going to support you every step of the way in this. You do know that don't you.

She nods, smiles, but she knows there's a 'but' coming.

ROB (CONT'D)

But I just....I guess I do just need to know you understand how hard it could be. The next year. Or longer, you know, the press will get involved, probably make your life hell...and then a trial. ...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A beat, no easy way to say it.

ROB (CONT'D)

...and that you're sure enough it is him...to make it worth going through all that.... all these years later.

JANE

Oh Rob....

She shakes her head, distraught.

JANE (CONT'D)  
...everyone wants me to say I'm  
one hundred percent sure, as if  
that were the only basis on which  
I could do this...

A beat, ROB looking fairly worried now.

JANE (CONT'D)  
...but of course I'm not...

Fuck.

JANE (CONT'D)  
...how could anybody be?

ROB  
Then...

JANE  
But I'm ninety nine percent sure.  
And actually, you know what, even  
if I were only ninety five, or  
eighty, maybe even fifty .....I'd  
*still* have to do this.

A beat.

JANE (CONT'D)  
I couldn't take the chance that I  
could let that man go.

A beat.

JANE (CONT'D)  
And if it were *your* mum, I think  
you would do exactly the same.

Not quite the answer he expected to hear.

**End of part two**

**Part three**

38	SCENE DELETED	38	*
39	EXT. ANDREW RAWLINS'S HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT	39	*
	EMMA walking out of the party, where her dad, ANDREW is sitting alone, smoking a roll up.		* *
	EMMA So come on then, what's up?		*

And she sits next to him.

\*

ANDREW

What do you mean what's up,  
nothing's 'up'.

EMMA

Dad, normally by this stage of  
the evening you'd have at least  
made a *start* on flirting with  
Max's girlfriends.

He half smiles, his heart not in the joke.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Seriously, what is it?

A beat, clearly debating whether or not to tell her. And  
then.

ANDREW

Something... very upsetting  
happened at work today.

40 INT. ALISON HALL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY / STUDY AREA - NIGHT 40

A track across a desk, papers from the files are scattered  
all over it, dog eared suspect's photos, their rap sheets  
paper clipped to them, with red lines through them. As we  
digest these we hear...

ALISON (O.S.)

...but I know the case better  
than anyone Sir...

(walking in with fresh  
coffee)

...I could share that with D.S.  
Renwick, and I'd be happy to go  
up to Alderbourne...

\*

VIKRAM (O.S.)

...and you finish in two weeks...

ALISON

...exactly - it's all probably  
something and nothing anyway, so  
why waste another busy copper's  
time on it.

VIKRAM (O.S.)

Why waste yours?

\*

Indeed. On her, then -

ALISON

It was one of those cases guv, we never even had a credible suspect. Not one. Please?

A long beat, she waits, she waits, and then -

VIKRAM (O.S.)

I'll make a call.

On ALISON, a grim smile of victory.

ALISON

Good night Sir. And thanks.

And she puts the phone down, the smile fading. Battle conjoined.

41

EXT. ANDREW RAWLINS'S HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT

41 \*

ANDREW with EMMA. He has obviously just told her.

EMMA

Have you told Beth?

ANDREW

No. I didn't want to spoil her evening. I'll tell her tomorrow.

A beat as she tries to digest it.

EMMA

I don't quite know what to say.

A beat, he draws on his fag bleakly.

EMMA (CONT'D)

If I couldn't see how upset you were I'd almost ...laugh, it's so absurd.

He nods. It is.

EMMA (CONT'D)

So what time are you in at the police station tomorrow?

ANDREW

Nine.

EMMA

Right.

(thinks, then)

Okay, I can shift some things, I can come with you.

ANDREW

Oh. No. Em that's very sweet but I rang Dave Russell, he was going to come down and.....

EMMA

(not taking no for an answer)  
...dad, I'm doing it, I'll cancel David, you're mine.

ANDREW

(secretly pleased)  
Are lawyers even allowed to represent their fathers?

EMMA

You're not going to *need* representation. No sane person is ever going to believe that my kind, lovely, fabulous dad is actually some kind of... monster.

He nods. She finds a smile for him.

EMMA (CONT'D)

In at nine, fifty quid we'll be done and dusted by nine thirty.

She offers a hand, and almost reluctantly, he takes it and shakes, even as BETH sticks her head out.

BETH

They're about to do the cake.

ANDREW

(standing)  
We're coming.  
(kissing EMMA)  
I love you my darling and I am very very proud of you.

And then he follows BETH in, leaving EMMA to watch him go, and just for a moment we stay with her.

And just for a nano second now, we see the momentary doubt, the fleeting internal asking of the question, before she buttons it down and follows her dad in to the party.

**New day**

42 INT. ANDREW RAWLINS'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - EARLY MORNING 42 \*

The dawn light pushing through the curtains to illuminate the detritus of the party.

43 EXT. ALISON HALL'S HOUSE - DAY 43

ALISON shuts the front door and sets off, overnight bag in hand.

44 INT. ANDREW RAWLINS' HOUSE - STUDY - DAY 44 \*

ANDREW at his desk in his home office, online, looking again at the stories around JANE FIELDING, and again at her photo. \*

And then he gets it, the light bulb moment. He looks at his watch, 6.15. He thinks a moment, then reaches for his phone and dials a number. It rings and then a voice answers. \*

EMMA (O.S.)

Hello?

ANDREW

Emma I'm really sorry to wake you, sweetheart...

EMMA (O.S.)

...I was already up.

ANDREW

There's something you need to know before this morning.

45 SCENE DELETED 45 \*

46 INT. WILDEBERRY CAFE - DAY 46 \*

ALISON HALL sitting at a corner table in a cafe, the files open in front of her as she pores once more over dupes of old statements, autopsy reports etc. \*

She flicks a look at her watch, 7.52. and looks up at the door, she is clearly waiting for someone, but they are late, so she returns to flicking through the file, when -

JANE

Hello Alison.

And ALISON starts as she looks up to see JANE PHILIPS standing right in front of her. ALISON suppresses her surprise, smiles and stands. \*

ALISON

Hello Jane...

(extending a hand)

...how lovely to see you again.

JANE

And you, how are you, long time.

ALISON

Indeed, very.

They sit. A slightly awkward silence.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I suppose it's customary to say  
you haven't changed but...you  
have, you're all grown up.

JANE

On the *outside* maybe.  
(she finds a smile)

A beat, awkwardness still. Then.

ALISON

Well, first up, thank you for  
meeting so early.

JANE

I've got a four year old  
daughter, this isn't early. \*

ALISON

Wow. So you're married?

JANE

Yup, also four years.

ALISON

Well congratulations, I'm really  
pleased for you.

JANE

So thanks for your call last  
night. You said you have to be at  
the station at nine?

ALISON

Yes, and then D.S. Renwick and I  
will do the interview together.

JANE

And what are you going to ask  
him?

ALISON

Well, I'm going to keep it quite  
general to start, I wouldn't  
expect him to be able to provide  
an alibi for the actual day, it  
was nearly a quarter of a century  
ago, but it *would* be useful to  
know what he was up to at that  
time, where he was living and  
working for example. \*

JANE

And then?

ALISON

And then, if D.S. Renwick and I feel there are grounds for taking things forward, we'll get the original files and take it from there.

JANE nods, a beat, then.

JANE

Do you know the last time I saw you?

ALISON

Well, I was trying to work it out myself, it must have been the mid nineties?

JANE

It was at my tenth birthday, you bought me a Beanie Baby. Twenty years ago.

ALISON

Wow.

JANE

And I picked you out just now without a second glance.

ALISON knows what she is saying. A beat.

ALISON

You know I wanted to write to you, all those years ago, tell you why I stopped visiting.

A beat, this is hard, the guilt palpable.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Because I wanted to keep seeing you, it was just that...well your dad felt it wasn't very helpful.

A beat. She looks up.

ALISON (CONT'D)

But I always thought about you, Janey. And I want you to know ...I'm on your side.

And JANE's face almost melts with gratitude. She slides a hand across the table and takes ALISON's.

JANE

Thank you Alison, thank you so much.

Out on the pair of them, still connected even now.

47 SCENE DELETED 47 \*

48 INT. ALDERBOURNE POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM # 2 DAY 48 \*

ALISON HALL and RENWICK, in with EMMA and ANDREW. Recording in progress, ANDREW looks pretty scared, dry mouth, and faltering speech.

ANDREW

...so...er.....in order to help you as much as I could, I went back over my personal diaries yesterday, to see if I could...er...give you as clear a picture as possible of where I was when the murder took place. I mean I can't tell you where I was on that actual day I'm afraid....

ALISON

Okay.

ANDREW

...but I can tell you I was working in Cardiff at the time, about a hundred miles away, at the City General, and I was based there for six years, starting in 1988.

ALISON

Okay, thank you for that. And so to the best of your knowledge, yesterday's encounter with Ms Philips, was the first you had ever had.

\*

ANDREW

Actually no it wasn't.

Which is not what ALISON was expecting at all.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I believe I had an encounter with Ms Philips, about fifteen minutes before she saw me in the corridor, when she nearly crashed her car in to mine, outside the hospital.

\*

On RENWICK. Fuck. EMMA removes a DVD from her bag.

EMMA

This is a copy of the hospital's  
CCTV from the carpark entrance...

She hands HALL the DVD

EMMA (CONT'D)

....I think you'll find it shows  
footage of an incident, between  
two cars, one of which is my  
father's, one of which we believe  
will be shown to be Ms Philips's.

\*

RENWICK

Right. Thank you. And so...in  
this earlier encounter...did you  
speak to her?

ANDREW

At her might be more accurate, I  
was pretty cross.

RENWICK

But she would have seen your  
face?

ANDREW

We were facing each other, she  
actually said 'sorry' to me.

EMMA

And fifteen minutes after this  
rather bruising encounter, this  
young lady, who from what I have  
read online, has faced a number  
of... 'challenges' over the  
years, decides my father is the  
man who killed her mother twenty  
three years ago. My father, who  
has never so much as had a  
speeding ticket, let alone a  
conviction for any serious  
criminal offence, has thirty  
years' exemplary service in the  
NHS and who last year was awarded  
an OBE for his services to  
Oncology.

A beat.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Mr Rawlins feels very sad for Ms  
Philips and everything she has  
gone through, but she is mistaken  
in her belief that my father had  
anything to do with it.

\*

\*

49 INT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 49

JANE at home with ALISON.

JANE  
I didn't see his face.

ALISON  
But you do remember the incident.

JANE  
(bristling)  
Of course I remember it, it was  
yesterday but I didn't see his  
face ....

JANE turns to see ROB, standing in the doorway.

JANE (CONT'D)  
...it had nothing to do with what  
happened inside the hospital.

To both of them.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Absolutely nothing.

On JANE, sensing the prize slip away before she has even  
had a chance to hold it.

ALISON  
I also spoke to the ante natal  
clinic you visited when I was at  
the hospital.....is it true  
you've stopped taking your  
antidepressants?

On ROB. Clearly news to him and he is *not* happy.

50 EXT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE / INT. KITCHEN - DAY 50

ALISON driving away, JANE watching her from the kitchen  
window.

ROB (O.S.)  
...seven weeks ago?

51 INT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 51

JANE and ROB in their kitchen, talking in hushed voices so  
ANNIE can't hear. A beat, then she nods.

ROB  
...so before you 'missed' taking  
your pill?

A beat, the implication clear.

ROB (CONT'D)  
...Jesus.

JANE  
It's *my* body, Rob...

ROB  
...and it's *our* marriage,  
Jane....

She looks at him, full of fear.

JANE  
What does *that* mean?

And he clearly almost regrets saying it. But.

ROB  
We're meant to be a unit. Meant  
to decide stuff together. And  
right now, it seems I don't  
really matter....

JANE  
Of course you matter...

ROB  
...well clearly not enough to  
consult me on whether we have  
another child.

On her (clearly he's right)

JANE  
I'm the same age as her, Rob,  
when she conceived her second, it  
just felt....it was something I  
had to do.

And she is in tears and his heart is almost breaking for  
her.

ROB  
And I get that, the timing, how  
important that is to you, of  
course I do.....

A beat.

ROB (CONT'D)  
...but don't you ask yourself  
about the timing of everything  
*else*? About the fact that you've  
seen this man *now*?

A beat. On her. Has she?

ROB (CONT'D)  
When you're feeling so...  
vulnerable and ...when you've  
come off your meds and  
are....maybe not seeing things as  
straight as you could? Don't you?

On her. Are his words speaking to her.

ROB (CONT'D)  
Please Jane, this is going to  
affect us *all*. Please make sure  
you're making the right decision.

Out on her.

52 INT. ANDREW RAWLINS' HOUSE - LIVING AREA - DAY

52 \*

ANDREW at home with BETH, and she is holding him tight,  
EMMA watching. (The home ANDREW and BETH have made together  
is homely and relaxed, full of photos of their kids, just  
very normal looking)

BETH  
I can't believe you didn't tell  
me.

ANDREW  
I didn't want to spoil last  
night.

BETH  
(hugging him tighter)  
Oh love, I'm so sorry you had to  
go through that on your own, it  
must have been awful.

And she is nearly in tears for the man she clearly adores.

EMMA  
It's going to be fine, Beth. I'd  
imagine they'll have to be seen  
to jump through a few hoops - but  
if I don't get a call from them  
before the end of the week saying  
they're not pursuing this any  
further, I would be very  
surprised.

BETH  
Well if you don't, I'm going down  
to the police station myself.  
Right, tea?

\*  
\*

And ANDREW nods, and she exits, grateful to be busy.

\*

EMMA

Will you go back in today?

On him, as he thinks. And then he shrugs

ANDREW

My patients can't take the day off  
can they.

53 EXT. THE LONG MYND - TARN - DAY

53

JANE, standing at the scene of her mother's murder, looking out across the water as she is buffeted by a brutal winter wind. A sense she is looking for some sort of guidance.

JANE

Help me.

54 INT. ALDERBOURNE POLICE STATION - TEMPORARY OFFICE - DAY 54

ALISON sitting at her desk, toying with the hospital cctv dvd clearly deeply conflicted about what to do. Files litter her desk, but one box file is open at the stack of old cut out newspaper photos, the top one, a long lens shot of JANE, her face taut and haunted. She looks at it for a long time, and then -

ALISON

A couple more days. And then see  
where we are.

And we pull back to see RENWICK sitting at his desk just off. ALISON does not meet his eye, obviously aware she is going against all logic.

55 INT. ANDREW'S OFFICE - DAY

55

ANDREW standing, shell shocked, with CLIVE RADLEIGH, the general hospital manager.

RADLEIGH

...no-one's more upset about it  
than I am Andrew, but I'm sure you  
understand the Trust could be  
vulnerable to all sorts of issues.

On ANDREW. This is a real body blow.

ANDREW

Can I see my list this afternoon?

RADLEIGH

('no')

We've arranged excellent cover,  
your list will be very well looked  
after. And I'm sure it'll only be  
for a few days - I should say the  
board have every confidence in you.

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

And then he smiles and walks out, offering Elizabeth the hint  
of a nod, it was she that told of RENWICK's visit. Out on  
ANDREW, rocked.

\*  
\*  
\*

55A INT. DERBYSHIRE HOSPITAL - RECEPTION / CORRIDORS - DAY 55A

ANDREW walking out of the hospital, along a corridor. And  
is it his imagination, or as he passes, are people  
snatching looks at him? As he passes a kiosk, does the  
assistant surreptitiously point him out to her colleague?  
And does a friend from radiology turn down a corridor to  
avoid meeting him?

\*  
\*  
\*

56 SCENE DELETED 56

\*

57 SCENE DELETED 57

\*

58 EXT. ALDERBOURNE POLICE STATION - YARD - DAY 58

\*

ALISON signing for a trolley load of boxes of files and  
evidence as it is off loaded from a delivery truck.

59 EXT/INT JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE - SHED - DAY 59

\*

JANE standing outside a garden shed.

\*

A sense this is a massive decision, in light of all the  
doubts that have been expressed. And then she takes a deep  
breath and opens the door and walks in.

\*

Inside she flicks a switch, a bare bulb illuminates the  
interior. Garden tools, kids toys, and some storage boxes  
on shelves. A last moment of doubt, and then she buttons it  
down, and walks to the first box and lifts it down.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

60 INT. ALDERBOURNE POLICE STATION - TEMPORARY OFFICE - DAY 60

ALISON in a room, with her stack of evidence boxes, taking  
an initial look in them to check what is labelled as being  
in them, actually *is* in them.

And then she comes to a last box, labelled 'clothes', which  
she seems almost reluctant to open.

But then she does.

And pulls out a number of polythene evidence bags, which one by one, she lays (in a deliberate echo of JANE's scene with the memory box) very gently on a separate table.

A light blue summer dress, heavily stained with blood.

A cream bra, heavily stained with blood.

A scrunchy, heavily stained with blood.

And for a moment, she just looks at the clothes, this woman, who, we know has clearly been having some serious doubts about the wisdom of helping JANE.

And as she touches this tangible evidence of the brutal ending of her life, we see a shift in her eyes, and we know her intent is sharpening, she will not let ANNE down again. \*

And she pulls out her mobile and starts to dial a number, a new resolve in her bearing.

ALISON  
Profiling please. Bloods.

61 SCENE DELETED 61 \*

62 SCENE DELETED 62 \*

63 INT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK 63 \*

The light beginning to go, as night draws in. The contents of the boxes spread all over the table and all over the floor. And here is JANE, her eyes scanning a document she holds in front of her with a shaky hand. \*

She reads it again, her lips moving slightly, a strong sense in her expression that this is significant, very significant. She walks to the phone even as a bored looking ANNIE walks in.

ANNIE  
Are we going swimming mummy?

JANE  
Not now sweetheart.

And she starts to dial a number.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Alison, it's me....I think I might have found something.

**End of montage**

64 INT. ALDERBOURNE POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM # 2 - DAY 64

EMMA sitting with her dad again, ALISON and RENWICK opposite them, recording in progress. Between them the letter that JANE dug out. \*

ALISON

...the letter, is to Anne Philips, from her GP, dated April 1991, detailing a visit Anne made during her pregnancy, to a walk in clinic in Leominster, for some anti-sickness medication, and the name of the doctor who saw her was recorded in the GP's letter as a locum called Dr A Rawlins. \*

Could that have been you? \*

And this is clearly a bolt from the blue for ANDREW and EMMA.

ANDREW

Are you seriously asking me if I remember treating one patient for ten minutes twenty three years ago?

ALISON

No.

EMMA

What exactly are you asking him then?

ALISON

I'm asking if you remember taking locum work in this clinic, something you failed to mention the last time we talked. Leominster of course, much nearer to where Ms Philips lived. And died. \*

A beat. And EMMA is looking at her dad, clearly hoping that he is going to give an explanation, that this is not him, it is an 'Alan or an Alex Rawlins'. \*

ANDREW

Well, yes, I *do* remember now. I didn't mention it before because I *had* just forgotten. As I recall it was for a week or so. I probably just needed the extra money...

ALISON

...it was on and off for nine weeks.

A beat.

ANDREW

Well as I say, it was a very long time ago and if you look at her medical files, I'm sure you'll find several dozen *other* medical professionals that engaged with her at that time - as you say, she was pregnant.

ALISON

I'm sure you're right.

A beat.

EMMA

Is that it?

ALISON

Just one more thing. The victim's dress had minute traces of what we believe to be the attacker's blood on it. In 1991 DNA capture techniques were pretty basic, the blood was mixed with Anne's and it wasn't possible to get a single genotype profile. Even six years ago, when this evidence was last reviewed, we still weren't able to accurately separate them.

She holds his eye.

ALISON (CONT'D)

But we can now. Which I think is good news for you, Mr Rawlins. It means all you have to do, to quickly eliminate yourself from our enquiries, is give us a blood sample.

\*  
\*

And she looks at him. And ANDREW looks at her. And EMMA looks at her dad. Out.

**End of part three**

**Part four**

65

EXT. ALDERBOURNE POLICE STATION - YARD - DAY

65

EMMA and ANDREW walk towards their cars.

ANDREW

Why the hell *should* I make it easy for them?

EMMA

Because it'll make it easier for you, it's such a simple way to prove it wasn't you.

ANDREW

I don't need any proof, I *know* it wasn't....

EMMA

I know that dad but...

ANDREW

...really, Emma, because I'm beginning to wonder - maybe a part of you thinks it *could* have been me.

EMMA

(appalled)  
That's completely not true...

ANDREW

Really Emma, really?

And she is trying to hold his eye and convince him. But in the end, she can't. And he sees, and the anger evaporates and his face crumples.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Oh Em, how could you think that?

\*

EMMA

I don't.

But he turns away, deeply wounded.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I don't, dad, *please*.

\*

And she puts her hand to him but he angrily shakes it off.

ANDREW

You know I don't think anyone has the first idea what this actually feels like. To see people avoiding my eye at work, walking out of the way of me, like I was...contaminated....it's just...awful.

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

EMMA

And I get that dad, I really do, and it is so unfair.....but the truth is there is absolutely nothing we can do about it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

And in the end, the fact is that  
if you refuse to take a test, at  
some point they could *compel* you  
to, by arresting you.

\*

A beat, on him, and we might suspect he is going to  
capitulate...but then actually he shakes his head defiantly  
and starts to walk towards his car.

\*  
\*  
\*

ANDREW

Fine. Let them bloody well arrest  
me then.

\*  
\*

And he gets in and slams the door behind him and then pulls  
him away. EMMA watching, real fear in her eyes, is this an  
angry proud man being stupidly obstinate, or a man hiding  
some terrible dark secret.

\*

And then she turns and walks towards her own car.

66

EXT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE - DAY

66

JANE coming out of her house with ANNIE, to take her to  
school.

Out of the corner of her eye, she sees a woman parked in a  
car opposite, the window down. JANE strapping ANNIE in, and  
then as she looks over at the woman properly, she suddenly  
gets out of the car and walks across the road towards her.

(the following dialogue is messy and overlapping)

EMMA

Leave him alone....

JANE

(wtf)  
....I'm sorry?

EMMA

...my father is not who you think  
he is, he didn't kill your  
mother....

JANE

...Oh Jesus....

EMMA

...you've made a mistake...

JANE

...how did you find out where I  
live?

EMMA

...and you are ....ruining his  
life with what you are doing.....

JANE  
(rob coming out)  
I am calling the police....

EMMA  
(backing off)  
...just leave him alone he is a  
*good* man....

JANE  
...he is *not* a good man...!!

EMMA  
(and she is in tears)  
...he is a good man and he is my  
father....

JANE  
...he is *not* a good man he is  
evil, your father is a....  
*monster*....

And the violence of the response shake EMMA, and she almost  
reels back. Then, quietly, and very determined.

EMMA  
...just....leave him alone you  
....mad bitch.

And she gets in to her car and lurches away, speeding down  
the road. Leaving JANE shaking, and ANNIE, still strapped  
in to the back seat, howling.

ROB  
(getting ANNIE out)  
It's okay Annie, it's okay...

And JANE turns to see ROB, and he is clearly deeply  
unhappy.

67 SCENE DELETED 67 \*

68 INT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 68 \*

JANE and ROB in the kitchen (ANNIE now watching TV). ROB is  
obviously speaking quietly so as not to disturb her, but he  
is clearly pretty cross.

ROB  
...did you not see how scared she  
was, does that not bother you?

JANE  
Of course it bothers me but it  
was a one off..

ROB

...Oh Jane, get *real!* There's all sorts of... weirdos out there who will have an opinion on you once this gets out, not to mention the papers...

\*

JANE

We can handle it.

ROB

...of course we bloody can, I'm talking about Annie, I'm talking what it's going to be like for her to see you put through the wringer of a trial for months on end, I'm talking about our daughter being exposed to people like *that* for the next god knows how long...

JANE

...okay, I get it, Rob!, But what exactly do you want me to do....?

ROB

(placatory)

...all I'm saying, is it *really* worth all that... when you're not even certain love...

And then the phone rings, JANE turns to it

ROB (CONT'D)

....oh leave the bloody phone, Jane...

But she has seen who it is on the caller display.

JANE

It's Alison...

And he shakes his head in disbelief but she still answers it.

69

INT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN / INT. ALDERBOURNE POLICE STATION - TEMPORARY OFFICE (INTERCUT SCENE) - DAY

69

JANE

Alison.

ALISON

He's going to do the test....

And she turns to ROB, who is glaring at her to get off.

ALISON (CONT'D)  
...he just rang me ten minutes ago.

And JANE is kind of stunned.

JANE  
When?

ALISON  
He's coming down now.

JANE  
How long before you get a result?

ALISON  
End of play the lab said. I've asked for it to be fast tracked.

JANE's breath coming a little quicker.

JANE  
Right, well that's...great news, thank you - call me, obviously, as soon as you hear anything.

ALISON  
I will. Speak later.

And JANE puts the phone down. She turns to ROB.

JANE  
He's going to do it, a blood test, we'll hear end of play today.

On ROB. Clearly not relishing the result which ever way it goes. He nods, turns and walks out to be with ANNIE. Out on JANE. Kind of terrified now.

70

INT. ALDERBOURNE POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

70

EMMA waiting with ANDREW in a corridor at the police station, she has his hand in hers and suddenly she squeezes it tight and looks him in the eye.

EMMA  
In a few hours this is all going to seem like a bad dream, dad. I want you to know I know that.

And she holds his eye to let him know she believes in him completely.

- 71 INT. ALDERBOURNE POLICE STATION - M.I. - DAY 71  
ANDREW in a medical room with a police doctor and ALISON.  
ANDREW is rolling up his sleeve as the doctor prepares a  
cannula. On the wall a clock showing ten past ten a.m.  
  
Close on the needle as it goes in and the doctor pulls back  
the syringe and we see the tube slowly filling with blood.  
ALISON watching.
- Montage**
- 72 INT. OFFICE - DAY 72 \*
- ROB at a desk in an open plan office, at his computer, his  
eye drawn to the clock, still only mid day. \*
- 73 INT. ALDERBOURNE POLICE STATION - TEMPORARY OFFICE - DAY 73  
ALISON at her desk now, nothing else to do, looks up at the  
clock on the wall, one thirty. Time passing glacially  
slowly.
- 74 INT. MAGISTRATE'S COURT - DAY 74  
EMMA in a meeting with a client, she is nodding and  
smiling, but as she also flicks a look at her watch, four  
o'clock, it is pretty clear her mind is also understandably  
elsewhere.
- 75 INT. PETE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 75  
PETE serving up his kids' supper, the noise and chatter of  
a school day tea, five thirty, but he is mentally absent,  
he flicks a look at his watch, nervous, agitated.
- 76 INT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 76  
Six o'clock, JANE bathing ANNIE, she looks impossibly  
tense, and her jollity with her daughter is strained and  
forced as she compels herself not to look at the clock, and  
fails, it's quarter past six, out of office hours, she  
surely won't hear today.
- 77 INT. ALDERBOURNE POLICE STATION - TEMPORARY OFFICE - NIGHT 77  
Six thirty eight, ALISON also giving up and getting ready  
to leave, with her coat on when ...the door opens and in  
comes a slightly breathless RENWICK.

RENWICK

Got it.

ALISON

And?

And he hands her the print out of the email he has just been sent from the science lab. And she reads.

78

INT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT.

78

ALISON standing in front of JANE. A beat.

ALISON

It wasn't him.

JANE frowns, simply doesn't comprehend.

JANE

What d'you mean it wasn't him?

ALISON

It wasn't Andrew Rawlins.

\*

A beat. Nothing has equipped her for this eventuality.

JANE

But it *was*.

ALISON

I'm sorry Jane.

ROB

How sure are you?

ALISON

Completely. Andrew Rawlins' blood is not the blood on the dress.

\*

And ROB turns to JANE, who looks utterly disbelieving.

JANE

But...it was *him*, Rob, I swear.

ROB

No love, it wasn't.

JANE

It *was*, I know it was....

(turning to Alison)

...I want a re-test, he must have tricked you somehow, I want a...

ROB

....Jane stop this, it *wasn't* him!

And she is silenced by the vehemence of his response.

ROB (CONT'D)  
You need to let it go!

A tearful ANNIE appearing in the doorway, woken by the noise.

ROB (CONT'D)  
(calmer, but no less  
vehement)  
You need to let it go and start  
thinking about your family now.  
You made a mistake, it wasn't  
him.

And he turns and picks ANNIE up and walks out. JANE turns to ALISON, hoping for some sort of succour. But.

ALISON  
I'm so sorry Jane, but he's  
right, it's time to move on now.

On JANE, her last ally gone. ALISON awkward and uncomfortable in the house now.

ALISON (CONT'D)  
I'll call you tomorrow. I *am*  
sorry, I really am.

And we follow ALISON as she walks out and leaves JANE on her own in the kitchen.

79 EXT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT 79

ALISON walking out to her car, and as she gets to the gate, she looks back at the house.

And there, through the kitchen window, she sees JANE, still standing where she left her. She looks as if she could break in to a thousand pieces. But what can she do? And she turns and walks away to her car.

80 INT. JANE AND ROB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 80

And back inside, we are slowly tracking in on JANE, closer and closer, as she stands rooted to the spot.

And here's the thing, her eyes are not the eyes of a defeated woman at all. Her eyes are *defiant*.

JANE  
(quietly, to herself)  
It was him.

JANE clearly has absolutely no intention of giving up at all.

**End**  
**End of ep one**

\*  
\*