

INNOCENT

Episode One

Shooting Script

15th September 2010

Written by

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1 INT. CELL - DAY 1

Close on a woman, SALLY WRIGHT (37) pacing a tiny holding cell. She looks drawn and a thin, a trouser suit that we might guess once hung elegantly on her small frame, now appearing tent like.

2 INT. JURY ROOM - DAY 2

Twelve men and women in a room, some pacing, some sitting, we are hearing fragments of messy interjected debate.

JUROR 4  
(heatedly)  
...maybe she *did* have sex with him,  
maybe she didn't, it's irrelevant,  
she's not on trial for that and...

Hard cut to -

3 INT. CELL - DAY 3

SALLY sat still now, staring at the wall, even as she nervously turns a loose wedding band on her finger.

4 INT. JURY ROOM. DAY 4

As before.

JUROR 6  
...why are we even discussing this,  
you cannot argue with a time coded  
bloody *photo* for....

Hard cut to -

5 INT. CELL - DAY 5

Her pacing again.

6 INT. JURY ROOM - DAY 6

As before.

JUROR 1  
...they found *her* skin under *his*  
*finger*nails. I mean for me that  
is...

(CONTINUED)

Hard cut to -

7 INT. CELL - DAY 7

SALLY's forehead pressed against the cold brick. Still. Quiet. Broken by the sudden sound of fast approaching footsteps.

Then the footsteps slow. And stop. We hear the sound of a door being unlocked. Then it opens.

OFFICER  
You have a verdict.

Close on SALLY.

8 EXT. CORRIDOR - DAY 8

SALLY being walked down a long corridor. She reaches a door, turns back to the security officer (for him to unlock it) to see him checking out her arse.

He smiles at her, enjoying her discomfort. She keeps her eyes down, and stands aside for him to unlock the door and then they walk on.

9 INT. COURTOOM - DAY 9

Inside the courtroom. And here we might pick out a couple of characters.

A man and a woman, JOHN and MARIA TAYLOR (mid forties) both haggard looking, and holding each other's hands tightly.

A woman, mid thirties (JENNY MILLS, 34, six months pregnant)

And then the door opening to the cells below, and here is SALLY WRIGHT being led in, and in to the dock.

She clocks JENNY (who offers her a brief smile of encouragement) but actually SALLY is looking for someone else, who she does not see. Her fingers go instinctively once more to her wedding band, and then we hear.

CLERK  
All rise.

And then the judge enters and sits and the room settles, as the judge turns to the waiting jury.

(CONTINUED)

CLERK (CONT'D)  
Will the forewoman of the jury  
please stand.

And a woman stands.

JUDGE  
Have you reached a verdict on which  
you all agree?

FOREWOMAN  
We have.

JUDGE  
On the charge of murder, do you  
find the defendant guilty or not  
guilty?

And the forewoman flicks a look towards SALLY, who is looking  
straight back at her now. And then -

FOREWOMAN  
Not guilty.

And there is a nano-second of total silence, before loud  
cries of shock and anger from the public gallery (MARIA and  
JOHN just crumple in to one another), which fade down as we  
track in on SALLY, and the sound fades away.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

As we track in a woman who is finally, perhaps even  
unexpectedly, closing the book on five years of hell.

\*  
\*

**Titles. 'INNOCENT'**

10 EXT. PRESTON CROWN COURT - DAY 10  
Establisher of the building and press trucks etc.

11 EXT. COURTYARD. COURT HOUSE - DAY 11  
Cameras flashing and clicking as SALLY is led out to the quad  
by her lawyer and JENNY. (We should be looking for maybe a  
dozen reporters)

And now SALLY starts to unfold a piece of paper to read. Her  
eyes remain down throughout. Her voice is quiet, but  
determined. Scared, but strong. (**As she reads, we will cut  
away to various significant parties**).

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

I would like to read a brief statement. I will not be answering any questions today, and I would ask that in the coming weeks and months, you please respect my privacy, and my attempts to return to a normal life.

(reading)

Five years ago, I was convicted of a dreadful crime that I did not commit. In the space of just a few days, I lost my freedom, my career, my marriage....

(a tiny catch)

...and a lot more besides.

THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE FROM SALLY TO BE SHOT WITH THIS SCENE  
BUT STILL FORMS PART OF SCENES 13,15,17,19,21:

SALLY (CONT'D)

And all of that is as *nothing*, when compared to the loss Maria and John Taylor suffered. Today *I* have finally been proved innocent, but their sixteen year old boy, a young man who had his whole *life* ahead of him, still lies in his grave. And that is why my thoughts right now are only with them. Not a day has gone by that I have not wept for their son...  
...and I pray that true justice can now finally be delivered for both him and them...  
...and that the *real* killer can at last be found and punished for Matthew's brutal murder. Thank you.

CUT TO

INT. CAR - DAY

And we are with a 50 year old woman, KAREN MOSS, driving a car, listening to the press conference on the radio news, looking ashen.

CUT TO:

13 INT. COURT HALLWAY - DAY (TO BE SHOT WITH SCENE 11) 13

As before

SALLY

And all of that is as *nothing*, when compared to the loss Maria and John Taylor suffered. Today *I* have finally been proved innocent, but their sixteen year old boy, a young man who had his whole *life* ahead of him, still lies in his grave.

CUT TO:

14 INT. SCHOOL - DAY 14

And here is a drawn and scared looking sixth former, (we are in a sixth form block) listening on ear buds, in a school corridor, to the conference. She is BETHANY MOSS (19, repeated a year).

CUT TO:

15 INT. COURT HALLWAY - DAY (TO BE SHOT WITH SCENE 11) 15

As before

SALLY

And that is why my thoughts right now are only with them.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. JOHN AND MARIA TAYLOR'S HOUSE - DAY 16

And here are JOHN and MARIA driving in a taxi away from the court, desolate, eyes red from crying.

CUT TO:

17 INT COURT HALL WAY - DAY (TO BE SHOT WITH SCENE 11) 17

As before

(CONTINUED)

17

SALLY

Not a day has gone by that I have  
not wept for their son...

CUT TO:

18

INT. HAIRDRESSER'S DAY

18

And we are on a young woman (ANNA, 20) in a hairdresser's,  
sweeping hair on the floor, a TV on above her head, live  
feeding the statement, which she watches surreptitiously.

CUT TO:

19

INT. COURT HALLWAY - DAY (TO BE SHOT WITH SCENE 11)

19

As before

SALLY

...and I pray that true justice can  
now finally be delivered for both  
him and them...

CUT TO:

20

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

20

And here is a man, SAM WRIGHT (39) who we will learn is  
SALLY's ex, watching the conference on his computer in his  
office.

CUT TO:

21

INT. COURT HALLWAY - DAY (PART TO BE SHOT WITH SCENE 11)

21

As before

SALLY

...and that the *real* killer can at  
last be found and punished for  
Matthew's brutal murder. Thank you.

(SALLY'S DIALOGUE ABOVE TO BE SHOT WITH SCENE 11)

And SALLY turns to JENNY, to indicate she is done, and then  
all three start to walk away (we must assume towards a  
carpark)

(CONTINUED)

And of course further questions are coming at her from the press, and as we follow her and JENNY and her lawyer, we will pick out some of them -

**'Sally will you be suing?' 'Ms Wright are you angry with the police?' 'Will you be returning to teaching, Sally?' 'Have you spoken to your ex, Sally?' 'Will you go back to Keswick, Miss Wright?'**

And she manages to ignore them all until a last question comes, just as she reaches the end of the quad -

REPORTER

Do you still deny you had sex with Matthew, Sally?

SALLY

(wheeling round)  
What did you say?

JENNY

(trying to stop her)  
Sal...

REPORTER

...do you....

SALLY

(advancing on him, a shock and fury in her eyes)  
...yes of course I deny it....  
(her voice catching)  
...my relationship with Matthew was never anything but *entirely* proper and I will prove that just like I proved I was innocent of his murder...

JENNY

...okay let's go...

SALLY

...and when I *have*, I will collect every single little grubby front page pun that liars like you printed...  
(in his face)  
...and I will shove them down your nasty sexist throat.

And then she turns to go, but this man isn't finished.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER

And what d'you think about your ex  
getting married again then?

And her legs nearly go, 'cos that fucking *kills* her, clearly  
she had no idea, and the press go nuts for that, shouting and  
flashes popping.

JENNY

(above the din in to her  
ear)

Let's go, Sal, come on, quickly,  
this way.

And she is half holding her up, and half ushering her away,  
as fast as she can go, when they are blind sided by JOHN and  
MARIA TAYLOR standing at the far end of a  
quad/capark/whatever.

And all freeze momentarily. Before.

JOHN

(screamed across the quad)  
He was a *child*, you dirty bitch, he  
was a *child!!!*

And then MARIA grabs her husband's hand, and ushers him away  
as we stay on SALLY. And out.

22 INT. COFFEE BAR/INT POLICE STAMAU RITIUS 01TION - DAY 22 \*

A man, MIKE BRAITHWAITE (39) waiting for his flat white in a  
coffee bar in the centre of Keswick, listening to a message  
on his phone.

GRACE (O.S.)

Oh hey love, just to remind you I'm  
taking Ellie swimming this  
afternoon? So the spag bol's in the  
fridge and I just need you to have  
it ready for seven. Ta. 'Love you  
want you need you'.

And he smiles to himself as the woman behind the counter  
hands him his coffee, and as his phone then actually rings.  
We cut between the two locations

BRAITHWAITE

(answering)  
Braithwaite.

(CONTINUED)

DENHAM

Michael it's Spt Denham, I'm guessing you've already heard but the Wright re-trial went not guilty.

BRAITHWAITE

I hadn't, Ma'am, but no great surprise.

DENHAM

So can you drop by first thing and we can discuss next steps?

(CONTINUED)

BRAITHWAITE  
Eight thirty okay?

DENHAM  
Perfect, see you then.

And she signs off. And we stay on him, as he processes that conversation, and then heads for his car.

INT. CAR - DAY

JENNY and SALLY driving away from the courthouse, the throng disappearing behind them. SALLY still in shock at what just happened. JENNY also pretty distraught.

JENNY  
I was going to tell you, Sal, it just didn't seem the right time before the verdict.

SALLY nods, dazed.

SALLY  
D'you know *when*?

Thinks about being vague but really - what's the point.

JENNY  
A couple of months apparently, Alf vaguely knows the woman.

SALLY  
Who is she?

JENNY  
Karen someone?

SALLY  
(a beat, then)  
Not Moss?

JENNY  
(frowns)  
I think it was 'Moss'.

SALLY  
Jesus - her daughter was at St Luke's, they lived a few doors down from us. The mum used to blush like fuck whenever Sam said hello.....  
(baffled)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SALLY (CONT'D)

...Jesus she's *old*, must be nearly fifty?

JENNY

I'm sorry, you shouldn't have had to find out like that.

And she shakes her as her head as if to say 'it's fine', but of course, it isn't at all fine, its heartbreaking. And we stay on her still processing.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You still okay to pop in to the office, do the photo?

SALLY

(a tiny beat, then)  
Sure.

JENNY

And it *is* one picture, after that, I leave you alone, cross my heart.

And she turns to JENNY, finds a smile

SALLY

I owe you *so* much more, Jen, and I hope you know I wasn't for a nano second talking about you or The Post back there.

JENNY

Of course.

SALLY

What you do and what that scum do - there's no comparison.

JENNY

(smiles)  
Well, maybe we can finally call it quits for letting me see your answers in physics GCSE - it's haunted me for years.

SALLY

(finds a smile)  
Quits then.

And on they drive. Both deep in thought.

24

INT. CAR/INT OFFICE - DAY

24

A woman we will recognise from earlier, who *is* KAREN MOSS, pulling up outside a secondary school as her phone rings. Caller I.D. has it as SAM. We cut between her and him, in a corridor of an office in Keswick.

SAM  
(quietly)  
Hey it's me.

KAREN  
Hey.

SAM  
You at work?

KAREN  
(tiny beat)  
Outside the school.

SAM  
(frowns)  
Kaz, I though we'd agreed, she's an adult, this is...

KAREN  
...don't Sam, not today.

SAM  
(nods, fair enough)  
Which was obviously why I was calling - I presume you've heard.

KAREN  
Yes.

SAM  
So I just wanted to check you were okay?

KAREN  
Why *wouldn't* I be?

SAM  
Sure, just...nothing's changed, that's all I wanted to say. I love you, very much, and I cannot wait to be married to you.

And she softens in the face of his unalloyed kindness.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

Thank you. And sorry for being grouchy.

SAM

Not a problem, I know we knew it was probably coming but...it's still quite surreal isn't it.

KAREN

It is. But maybe we can talk tonight?

SAM

Of course.

KAREN

And I love you. See you later.

And they sign off, as kids start coming out of the school. And we stay on KAREN. A world of fear in her eyes.

25

INT. PROBATIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

25

And then we cut to SAM walking back in to a small interview room, where a young woman sits in a chair. She is early 20s, and dressed like a sex worker, which is what she is.

SAM

(sitting opposite her)  
Okay Seema, this is your third license violation in as many months. So tell me...  
(looks up, smiles)  
...how are you going to convince me not to send you back to prison?

Hmm. Interesting choice of words.

26

INT. JENNY'S CAR - DAY

26

JENNY's car driving in to Keswick, down the high street. SALLY looking out, has not been here for five years, culture shock mixed with trepidation - what, if any, welcome will greet her.

27

INT. CAR - DAY

27

And here is BETHANY, the girl we saw earlier in the school sixth form block corridor, now in her mum's car. So she is KAREN's daughter.

BETHANY

So who d'you think *did* do it then,  
if it wasn't her?

And her mum looks over at her as she drives. BETHANY looking resolutely out of the window.

KAREN

No idea. Who d'you think?

Close on BETHANY.

BETHANY

Same.

But she's lying. They both are. Suspicions almost touchable. On they drive.

28

INT. THE CUMBRIA POST OFFICES - DAY

28

JENNY looking over the shoulder of a guy (ROD) as he sets a headline up on a Macbook. The headline reads '**FREE AT LAST!**' and then underneath '**Sally Wright found 'Not Guilty' in retrial**'.

JENNY

...actually lets's go *six* point on  
the splash...

ROD

Sure.

JENNY

...and then let's blow some smoke  
up *our* arse in the stand first.  
'Post Campaign Frees Innocent  
Woman' or whatever, try a few out,  
but *we* found that evidence, Rod, *we*  
found that photo, I want people to  
know.

And he starts to re-work it even as she looks over toward her office, where SALLY sits, being photographed. Hating it.

Out on JENNY watching her. And what is *she* thinking?

29 EXT. JOHN AND MARIA'S HOUSE - DUSK 29

JOHN and MARIA getting out of their taxi outside their tiny back street terrace, a gaggle of three or four journos waiting for them as they head for the front door.

JOURNOS

...how do you feel about her being released, Mrs Taylor, d'you still think she killed him, are you angry Mr Taylor...

30 INT. JOHN AND MARIA TAYLOR'S HOUSE - DUSK 30

And they shut the door behind them. Awful awful awful.

MARIA

I'll put the kettle on.

31 EXT. TERRACED COTTAGE - DUSK 31

A small house, in a street off one of the main streets in Keswick.

32 INT. ALF AND JENNY'S HOUSE - DUSK 32

A man, ALF (34) JENNY's husband, making three mugs of tea in a small cottage kitchen. And do we get the sense he is less than delighted with the chatter we can hear upstairs? Which we now head up to.

To see JENNY showing SALLY (with a depressingly small case in her hand) a small room, which has been part decorated as a nursery, and is obviously going to be her temporary accommodation.

A flat pack cot still in its packaging sits against one wall, clearly designed to go where a blow up mattress now lies.

JENNY

I know it's a bit cluttered...

SALLY

...please, it's lovely...

(quietly)

...and are you sure Alf's okay about this?

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

He does what I tell him or he appears in my weekly column.

SALLY

(smiles)

He seems lovely.

JENNY

He is.

SALLY

I'm so happy for you, Jen, you were such a singleton last time I saw you, and now look, you've got it all...

Which was meant affectionately, but slightly came out wrong.

SALLY (CONT'D)

...and listen, it really *will* be for just for a few days, I promise.

JENNY

Stay as long as you need.

And SALLY turns to the window. The house is on a hill, that looks out over the rooftops and eventually down to Windermere.

JENNY (CONT'D)

And so...what *is* your plan then?

SALLY

My plan?

JENNY

Here, in Keswick, are you really planning on staying?

And SALLY frowns, confused, because it is not even a question.

SALLY

Oh I'm staying, Jen - this is my *home*.

And then she turns to her.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I was born here, I was raised here, I worked here, I got *married* here.

(CONTINUED)

And she turns back to the window and looks out at her community. And we are close on her.

SALLY (CONT'D)

And I want it back. What they stole from me. I want it all *back*.

Oh. And out.

**End of part one**

**Part two**

EXT. MIKE BRAITHWAITES HOUSE - DUSK

An ordinary modern semi on a nice estate. Lights on up and down.

INT. MICHAEL BRAITHWAITES HOUSE - DUSK

And here is D.C.I. BRAITHWAITE, in a small box room home office, going through the case files, the door firmly closed.

And we should pick out various pages he turns. Images might include:

The murder weapon - *or part of* - which was a broken cider bottle. We see a photo of the broken off bottom half (*so its neck is completely missing*) in situ.

And then also a photo of the bottle in a clinical setting.

The murder scene - a local beauty spot.

Details of DNA testing on skin samples found underneath fingernails.

Then a sheaf of newspaper front pages copies.

**'JURY CONVICTS MISS *WRONG*'**

**'TEACHER GAVE PRIVATE LESSONS'**

**'TEACHER'S SEXY LOVE POEMS'**

**'TEACHER CAR TRYST WITH 16 YR OLD'**

Then normal photos of MATTHEW. At home, at school, in a school play. He is a darkly handsome 'young man', over six foot, with a shock of dyed black hair, given to wearing Gothly clothes. He is 'cool'.

(CONTINUED)

Then a photo of a slightly younger MATTHEW (13) with his dad, both in Blackburn Rovers F.C shirts, unself-consciously smiling to camera.

And then he ends on a photo of the lad on the slab, and a close up of the murder wound. A single surprisingly small (maybe two inch) cut on a neck.

And it is as he looks at that grimmest of moments, that BRAITHWAITE hears the sound of a toddler and mum laughing in a sitting room downstairs.

And he shuts the file, stands and walks out, taking care to lock the door behind him. And then goes to find a happier way to spend the evening.

INT. JOHN AND MARIA TAYLOR'S HOUSE - DUSK

JOHN TAYLOR sitting in a sparsely furnished peeling walled sitting room. Jaw tight.

MARIA walks in and places a mug of tea in front of him and sits. A beat. And then -

MARIA

You have to let the police do their job, John...

JOHN

...like they did the first time round you mean..

MARIA

...you cannot get involved.

And he nods, and nods, but -

JOHN

Whatever she did or didn't do, one thing we do know, Maria. It all turned to shit the day he walked in to her classroom.

MARIA

Maybe, but we can't blame her for everything. Can we.

On him. Knows she is right.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(and she moves closer,  
quietly)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35

MARIA (CONT'D)

So if the police want to speak to us again, we tell them the same as last time, you understand? We tell them *nothing*.

And then she walks out. And we stay on him. What are they hiding?

36

EXT. SAM AND KAREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

36

Establisher of a very ordinary house on the outskirts of town.

37

INT. SAM AND KAREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

37

KAREN at a cooker, making dinner. SAM drinking a glass of red. Him and KAREN talking quietly (BETHANY is upstairs studying).

KAREN

So you do believe it then? You do think they got it right this time?

On him. This is a mine field.

SAM

I don't know. I mean....I guess. I think it's quite hard to argue with a timed photo placing her three miles away.

KAREN

So you think she's innocent.

SAM

Kaz, I'm not sure what the point of...

KAREN

(turning)  
...the point, Sam, is that if she *didn't* kill him, you divorced her for no reason. She did nothing wrong.

Oh okay. He wasn't expecting that angle from *her*.

SAM

She still slept with a pupil though didn't she, she still did *that*.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

Not according to her press  
conference today.

And she sees from his expression that he has watched it too.

SAM

Well obviously she's going to *have*  
to say that, she's coming *back* here  
so...

On KAREN's face falling.

KAREN

(stunned)

...she's coming back *here*?

And he falters, he's messed up.

SAM

I'm guessing.

KAREN

(frowns)

No, you said that like you *knew* it.

SAM

No, I just...her mum's still here  
and..

KAREN

...have you been in contact with  
her?

SAM

(indignantly)

Absolutely not, I just...

KAREN

...then how do you know?

And his mouth flaps.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Sam, please, we have to be honest  
with each other, we *have* to.

A beat. And then finally -

(CONTINUED)

SAM

A friend of a friend at the rugby club is the husband of the Post editor, who Sal was at school with....

KAREN

'Sal'?

SAM

...apparently she's letting her stay with them for a few days.

And then he stands and walks over.

SAM (CONT'D)

Sweetheart, I cannot pretend, neither of us can, that this is not ...a complete mind fuck, and that it's going to take some getting used to...

And he moves closer, takes her hands in his, looks in to her eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)

...but my marriage to her ended over five years ago. It feels like ...a life time ago to me. I do not know that woman any more, and whatever the truth of what actually happened is....that was then, this is now. And I am in love with you now. I am marrying you now.

And then he pulls her towards him and hugs her hard. And we go in close on both of them, over the others' shoulder.

And despite it being a convincing enough speech, we can see for both, this is indeed a minefield.

INT. SAM AND KAREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

And sitting on the stairs, BETHANY, listening to every word. And we should be scared for this kid. And of this kid?

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Close on ANNA STAMP, in a church, singing with some gusto, the second verse of 'Lift up your hearts'.

(CONTINUED)

We pull back to reveal she is one of a very small congregation (less than a dozen).

ANNA

...above the swamps, of subterfuge  
and shame; the deeds, the thoughts  
that honour may not name; the  
halting tongue that dares not name  
the whole; oh Lord of truth lift  
every Christian soul.

And she turns to a very clean cut young lad (her boyfriend, MARK, 24) beside her, and she takes his hand, and smiles the smile of someone who believes only God can judge her now.

INT. JENNY AND ALF'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

SALLY, sitting on the edge of her blow up bed, a land line phone cradled in her lap.

And then she picks up the receiver, hears a dialing tone, and now slowly dials a number she clearly remembers by heart. And it rings, and rings, and rings, and then -

SAM (O.S.)

Hi this is Sam, please leave a message.

A small beat, and then she puts the phone down.

Never intended to speak to him or leave a message, just wanted to hear his voice, to know what it felt like.

And then she lies back on the bed, in a room meant for a new born. And shuts her eyes. But she will not cry.

**New day**

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

BRAITHWAITE with SPT LUCY DENHAM, his boss. BRAITHWAITE flicking through a file she has obviously just given him.

BRAITHWAITE

And why didn't we find the photo?

She smiles, this is why she chose him.

DENHAM

We had a suspect who was the last person to see the boy alive.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DENHAM (CONT'D)

At that encounter, a detention, they rowed so badly that he clawed her face before then running away from her - with her pursuing him. And this is his *teacher* remember. We then find out she was having *sex* with him, and she is then unable to prove her whereabouts at the time of his murder. We weren't really looking for a photo.

BRAITHWAITE

(nods, good answer, then)  
So why were The Post ?

DENHAM

(shrugs)  
The editor was a friend from school. I mean to be fair Wright had always admitted she'd followed him after the altercation, and ended up in town, we just never found any witnesses, cctv or mobile phone data that corroborated that. Three years later, she was *still* saying that, but maybe the political climate was different. I guess Jenny Mills just spotted an angle.

BRAITHWAITE

And started her campaign.

DENHAM

(nods)  
And then one day, bingo, a mum brings in a picture of her toddler playing in a water fountain in the town centre. And in the background, timecoded at 17.42, there's Sally Wright. The photo was tested to buggery, face recognition software, software checking it hadn't been tampered with, but it was her, proving she couldn't have been three miles away, at the murder scene, at the same time.

And he looks up from the file. Smiles.

BRAITHWAITE

Okay. Happy to get going.

(CONTINUED)

And he stands to shake her hand, which she holds on to.

DENHAM

And you feel okay, Mike, you  
definitely feel you're ready?

BRAITHWAITE

As I'll ever be.

DENHAM

Call me if you need anything. Good  
to have you back.

And he turns and walks out. Out on DENHAM. A degree of  
concern, has she made the right decision with him?

EXT. ALF AND JENNY'S HOUSE - DAY

JENNY knocking on the door of the nursery.

SALLY (O.S.)

Yep.

And JENNY pops her round the door, to see SALLY finishing  
dressing.

JENNY

(smiles)  
Heya.

SALLY

Hi.

JENNY

Sleep okay?

SALLY

(she didn't)  
Great thanks. And thanks so much  
for this.  
(the dress she is putting  
on)

JENNY

(smiles)  
It's pretty isn't it, and very  
'you' I thought. So listen, I'm  
heading off to work now, I've left  
a key on the kitchen table  
but...yeah, 'mi casa es su casa'.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

Thank you.

JENNY

I'll ring my insurance see if I can get you on my car, and are you okay for money?

SALLY

(wincing)

I might be a bit short on actual cash....

JENNY

(getting it out of her wallet)

...course...

SALLY

...I do have money it just might take a few days to get my accounts back up and...

JENNY

(handing her some notes)

...that's two hundred, now go out and treat yourself, 'hair and nails sweedie....'

SALLY

...oh my God yes...

JENNY

...and just let me know if you need more - you still going to see your mum today?

SALLY

(nods)

Really looking forward to it.

JENNY

Great. Oh and listen, the guy heading up the new investigation called me? He'd love to speak to you when you have time, I've left his number next to the phone downstairs okay? Have a good day.

SALLY

Where do they live then?

And JENNY stops, half way out the door.

(CONTINUED)

42

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Sam and Karen. I mean I'm sure I  
can find out myself but...

And JENNY hesitates.

JENNY  
...don't do this to yourself, Sal.

But she wants to know.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Last house on High Trees I think.

And she walks out. And we stay on SALLY.

43

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

43

KAREN dropping off BETHANY, and as she gets out and heads for the gates, a teacher spots KAREN and quickly trots over.

TEACHER  
Hi Mrs Moss, have you got two  
minutes?

Something wrong. Again.

44

EXT. STREET - DAY

44

And here now is SAM, a hood up against a squally rain, head down, walking fast somewhere. And then, without slowing, his head turns left, he is scoping something.

And as we go wide, we see he is actually walking right past ALF and JENNY's house, where we know SALLY is inside.

But he doesn't slow, he doesn't miss a beat, just walks right on and in to the distance. Interesting.

45

INT. JENNY AND ALF'S HOUSE - DAY

45

SALLY, in a coat, ready to go out, but standing by a land line phone, a name and number on a post it. 'MIKE BRAITHWAITE'. A long beat, and then, deep breath, and she picks the phone up.

46

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

46

KAREN, THE TEACHER and BETHANY in a meeting.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

...I'm sorry but I think you simply have to start taking a firmer stand on these kids and....

TEACHER

(stopping her)

...sorry, sorry, Mrs Moss, I think you're misunderstanding. Bethany wasn't *being* bullied, the incident yesterday - it was her *doing* the bullying. Again.

On KAREN. Stunned, disbelieving even, she turns to BETH. Whose eyes are down. So this is clearly true. WTF?

EXT. KESWICK. DAY

SALLY walking down Keswick High Street, and she is attracting a surprisingly large amount of looks from passers-by, which are pretty hostile. If she thought she could return to any kind of anonymity, she is clearly wrong.

So she is very grateful when she sees the bank and is able to duck quickly inside.

INT. BUILDING SOCIETY - DAY

And as she walks in she sees there is a cashier that is free, and so walks quickly over. The cashier (mid forties, so prob a mum of teenagers) looks up with a smile, which instantly disappears as she recognises SALLY. She offers no greeting.

SALLY

Morning.

(gets nothing)

I believe I have the proceeds of a property sale in a deposit account here, and I need to open a current account and move some of that money *in* to it please.

And the cashier absorbs this and then leans forward, and speaking very quietly (and with a saccharine smile to disguise her words) offers up -

CASHIER

If it was down to me, you'd be made to pay every single penny you own to that poor family you filthy whore...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48

CASHIER (CONT'D)

(then big smile)

...do take a seat and I'll get  
someone out to help you.

On SALLY. Jaw tightening, does she respond. No buttons it  
down, keep her powder dry, and goes and sits and waits.

And then she turns and goes and sits as other customers look  
toward her Out on her. Fuck this is *awful*.

49

INT. PORTACABIN. BUILDING SITE - DAY

49

And here now is JOHN TAYLOR, on a break from his building  
site job, making a coffee in a portacabin.

Which is where he sees it, a copy of today's edition of The  
Cumbria Post, on a work surface. The headline '**POST FREES  
INNOCENT**'.

And he picks it up, and in the top corner, a photo of a newly  
freed SALLY, *smiling*. And we know a piece of him is dying  
inside. He opens it to a page inside, where a further photo  
shows SALLY outside the courtroom, her arm held aloft by JENNY  
in 'victory'.

Fellow workers walk in to the portacabin, and he quickly  
pushes past them and out, his rage and pain palpable.

50

INT. BUS DAY

50

SALLY at the back of an otherwise unoccupied bus, heading out  
of town on a road flanking a lake. Still holding it together.  
Just.

51

EXT. CARE HOME - DAY

51

SALLY now walking up a gravel drive, past a sign saying  
'**Springview: A home from home**'. So this is a residential home  
for the elderly.

52

INT. CARE HOME - DAY

52

A woman walking towards us, down a long polished floor  
corridor. She is DEBBIE ORAM, the manager of the facility.  
SALLY waits in a reception area.

DEBBIE

Ms Wright?

(CONTINUED)

SALLY  
(looking up)  
Hello.

DEBBIE  
(offering her hand)  
Hello there, I'm Debbie Oram, I'm  
the Home Manager?

SALLY  
(shaking her hand)  
Hi, nice to meet you.

DEBBIE  
(sitting)  
Just before I take you down to see  
mum, there *is* something I needed to  
talk to you about.

SALLY  
Okay.

DEBBIE  
You wrote to her fairly regularly I  
believe, during your time away?

SALLY  
Twice a month?

DEBBIE  
And she replied regularly?

SALLY  
If I wrote, she'd write back.

DEBBIE  
Never spoke on the phone?

SALLY  
(shakes her head)  
Pretty much from the beginning she  
said she found phone calls too  
upsetting, said she was better 'on  
the page'.

DEBBIE  
Right.

And clearly something incredibly shit has happened.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

So, as you know, about eighteen months ago, she was diagnosed with the first signs of dementia?

SALLY

Yes.

DEBBIE

She'd been here about a year already at that point, and she'd made some good friends, but one in particular, a gentleman called Harold, they struck up a very close bond and....he took it upon himself to help her, as her condition deteriorated.

SALLY waiting, what the fuck is she going to tell her.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Ms Wright he genuinely never meant to do *harm*, he thought, we *all* did, that you'd not be released before she died so...he believed it was an act of kindness.

SALLY

He believed *what* was an act of kindness?

DEBBIE

For the past year or so, the letters you received were written by *him*. I should say I've only just learned this myself.

SALLY

(struggling to absorb this)

Sorry, you mean....she dictated them to him?

DEBBIE

No. I mean he made them up himself, pretending to be her.

On SALLY, utterly stunned.

SALLY

Why would someone do that?

Indeed. Deep breath and then she finally says it.

(CONTINUED)

52

DEBBIE

Your mum hasn't meaningfully spoken for well over nine months, she certainly hasn't been able to write....and I'm so sorry to have to tell you this, but we don't believe she now remembers she *has* a daughter.

On SALLY's utter devastation, almost unable to process this new body blow.

53

INT. DAY ROOM. CARE HOME. DAY

53

SALLY sitting in front of her mum who sits in a chair in front of the windows, a shell of a creature, thin and hollow eyed, no sign of any life in her eyes at all.

SALLY

Mum, it's me, it's Sal, mum...  
(but nothing)  
...mum please? Mum I need you,  
*please?*

But there is no flicker of anything and we go out on SALLY's utter devastation.

54

INT. BUS. - DAY

54

A shell shocked SALLY sitting at the back of an otherwise empty bus heading back toward Keswick.

And finally now she is crying, head down, hidden tears, the blow of the loss of her mum, almost too much to take.

**End of part two**

**Part three**

55

OMITTED

55

56

INT. PUB - DAY

56

BRAITHWAITE walking in, looking round (it's mid afternoon, the pub is virtually empty) and in a far corner, her back to the room, spots a woman.

He walks over, and then as he nears, offers up a quiet -

(CONTINUED)

BRAITHWAITE

Sally?

SALLY

Leave me alone please.

BRAITHWAITE

(oh, a beat, then)

Sally it's D.C.I. Braithwaite?

SALLY

(turning, remembering)

Oh. I'm so sorry, I was miles  
away....

(offers a hand)

...difficult day.

BRAITHWAITE

(sympathetically)

Not a problem - I mean if you'd  
prefer to re-arrange....

Touched by that small gesture.

SALLY

No. I mean 'thank you'  
but...please, have a seat.

And we cut out as he moves to sit down.

INT. PORTACABIN. DAY

JOHN TAYLOR walking in to a portacabin.

JOHN

You wanted to see me, boss?

And his foreman, JACK KELSEY turns.

KELSEY

Oh, yeah, listen, your work this  
morning, I just had a gander at it,  
and it's gotta come down fella.

And JOHN, already at a pitch, tightens.

JOHN

What you talking about, there's  
nothing wrong with it.

(CONTINUED)

KELSEY

It's not a discussion, John, take the wall down please and do it again, I'll be generous and still pay you for the whole day.

JOHN

Oh you'll be generous will you? Tell you what, how about you stick your wall up your arse instead.

And he walks out and slams the door hard behind him. Out on KELSEY.

INT. PUB - DAY

BRAITHWAITE sitting with SALLY. The pub is nearly empty, but he keeps the talk as quiet as he can.

BRAITHWAITE

...we let you down, Sally. Catastrophically, and I want you to know that we acknowledge that, that we are truly sorry, and that we will assist you in whatever way we can if you choose to seek redress.

On her. Clearly appreciating this unequivocal approach.

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)

But right now, I think you'd agree, the most important thing is that there's a killer out there, a very dangerous man or woman, who needs to be put behind bars. And as someone who was very close to Matthew, it's likely you'll have useful information. So what I wanted to say to you, in person, is if you felt you'd be willing to help us, we would be incredibly grateful.

Which unapologetic entreaty seems to allow her to soften a little further.

SALLY

He was a one off, you know, Matty. The sort of student you only get every few years. So smart, and funny, and odd.

(CONTINUED)

A beat, as she is momentarily back there. The she looks up.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I'm not interested in wrongful conviction claims, or compensation, or *money*. And I will give you whatever help I can, make myself available to you whenever you need, to find Matty's real killer. But I have also lost...

And her voice catches. The pain of her mum really hitting home now.

SALLY (CONT'D)

...more than you can imagine. And so in return, all I *do* ask, is that you help me *fully* clear my name.

A kind of desperation in her eyes.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Because I can't do *anything*, I can't repair *anything*, if people still believe I abused a sixteen year old.

Looks up at him.

SALLY (CONT'D)

So find out why Anna Stamp said she saw us together when she did *not*. Find out why that girl lied, D.C.I. Braithwaite. Please?

Out on BRAITHWAITE.

OMITTED

INT. C.I.D ROOM. POLICE STATION - DAY

And here is BRAITHWAITE addressing the team, which includes D.S. SUZY JONES, D.C. DAVE GREEN, and D.S. MIA HOLLINS.

This incident room is already up and running, with various bits of information pinned to the board which BRAITHWAITE now stands in front of.

**(On the board, we should clock photos of MATTY, of the murder weapon -**

(CONTINUED)

AGAIN, A CLOSE UP OF THE BOTTOM HALF OF A BROKEN BUCKWORTH  
CIDER BOTTLE.

**A C.U of the fatal wound,**

**a B.C.U. of tiny fragments of brown glass in a wound,**

**A C.U. of a three DIFFERENT fingerprints.**

**And various photos of gifts, books etc)**

BRAITHWAITE

So the *original* investigation,  
identified Sally Wright, fairly  
early on, as a possible suspect.

(turning)

A narrative then quickly emerges,  
of an illicit relationship with  
Matthew, they find some good  
supporting evidence, good forensics  
and some good circumstantial stuff.  
But here's the thing. I think they  
were so seduced by the *simplicity*  
of this narrative, that I'm not  
sure if they ever *really*, properly,  
examined it. Because if they *had*,  
my gut instinct is that they would  
have found it wanting. And if that  
*is* the case, it begs a number of  
questions. Firstly...

(and he starts to write on  
a board)

...why would the witness, Anna  
Stamp...

(attaching the first  
photo, Anna as a mousey  
fourteen year old)

...have said she saw them together  
in a car, kissing, if, as Sally  
claims, it never happened?

Secondly, if Sally *wasn't* having a  
relationship with Matthew, who  
might nevertheless have *thought* she  
was? And lastly, if the real motive  
was actually *nothing* to do a pupil  
teacher relationship, what else  
starts to come in to focus?

(turning back to them)

GREEN

I'd like to have a look at the  
parents again, Guv.

(CONTINUED)

BRAITHWAITE

Okay.

GREEN

We know from the original investigation that the lad was briefly under social services care, there's not a lot of detail in the files, but I'd like to link in with MASH to see what they can turn up for me.

BRAITHWAITE

Good, go for it.

HOLLINS

I think we have to look at the husband again.

BRAITHWAITE

Ex now. Had a pretty rock solid alibi didn't he?

HOLLINS

But worth double checking, you think your missus is having a relationship with a sixteen year old, can't do a lot for your self esteem.

BRAITHWAITE

Yep, indeed, double check it. Anything else?

JONES

Anna Stamp's sighting of them kissing was in a parked car up at Heaton Tor. It was the 16th of April, at approximately five thirty, so still broad daylight at that time of year, which feels odd to me, if you're having a thing with a pupil, why would you do anything in a public place like that?

BRAITHWAITE

Yeah I picked that up as well, good, anything else?

(nada)

Okay, thank you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

60

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)

So I will be working through the Anna Stamp stuff, Suze can you retrace all of Matthew's movements in the days leading up to his death?

JONES

Guv.

BRAITHWAITE

Mia, as well as the alibi, there were three unidentified finger prints on our partial murder weapon - the neck of the bottle was never found...

(pointing out the photo of the base of the Buckworth bottle)

...those needs to be run through all our databases again....

(off Mia's nod)

...and Dave, go through all witness statements again please, see what jumps out, okay, thank you guys.

And the meeting breaks up as he heads back in to his office.

61

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

61

And here is SALLY walking away from having got off a bus, heading down towards JENNY's house.

And we might sense a million thoughts are running through her head, and that it is thus not such good timing, as she turns down a back street, that she sees her.

ANNA STAMP, coming out of a coffee shop, takeaway in hand (as the owner locks up).

Or at least she thinks it is her, it is five years since she last saw her. And she watches as the young woman starts to lock up and in the end, is unable to stop herself calling -

SALLY

Anna?

And ANNA turns, a half smile on her face, which fades quickly when she sees who it is, to be replaced by fear.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA  
(locking up fast)  
Leave me alone or I'll call the  
police.

And in the face of such naked aggressions SALLY hardens.

SALLY  
Be my guest, then maybe we can cut  
to the chase.

ANNA  
What chase?

SALLY  
Well it can only be a matter of  
time, Anna. Til they see you for  
what you really are..  
(advancing now)  
...a messed up little girl, who  
told a dreadful lie, for reasons I  
cannot even begin to fathom.

ANNA  
I did *not* lie.

SALLY  
Except we both know you did and I  
am going to prove that Anna.

ANNA  
I did not lie, in fact there's  
*other* stuff I know that I never  
even *mentioned* to the police...

And SALLY falters a moment.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
...so you better back off, 'Miss',  
or I *will* give them a call.

And with that, she pushes past her. And we stay on SALLY. And  
for whatever reason, that parting shot has deeply unsettled  
her. She watches as the young woman starts to walk away.

KAREN and SAM with BETHANY.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

...we're not angry with you,  
sweetheart, we're just trying to  
understand what might have made you  
do such a thing, particularly given  
you know more than most...how  
horrible it is.

And she remains head down, hot tears rolling down her cheeks,  
silent.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Beth?

Still nothing.

SAM

Don't just ignore your mum, Beth.

Bad move, she looks up.

BETHANY

You're not my father, you can't  
tell me what to do.

KAREN

Beth please do not...  
(and now Beth stands)  
...sit down...  
(walks out)  
...Beth come back here now!!!  
(Karen rising)

SAM

(stopping her)  
Let her go, love, just let her...

And for now she does, and we stay on the pair of them. And  
then -

KAREN

This was her. Your ex. You do *know*  
that don't you, fucking everything  
up, this was *her*.

And she walks out, heading up after her daughter. Out on SAM.  
And truth is, he knows she is right.

ALF and JENNY in the kitchen, talking quietly.

(CONTINUED)

ALF  
...all I'm saying is...there's  
still a lot of anger out there.

JENNY  
Which is misplaced.

ALF  
I'm sure, but a misplaced brick  
through the window is still a brick  
through the window and my priority,  
Jesus our priority....  
(and he puts a gentle hand  
to her belly)  
...has to be him.

And she kind of knows he is right.

INT. JENNY AND ALF'S COTTAGE. NURSERY - NIGHT

SALLY, sitting on her blow up bed, the low hum of the  
conversation below, amplified by the wooden floorboards in  
her room.

She can hear everything.

And that cuts. Cos right now she has *no-one*.

**New day**

OMITTED

INT. JOHN AND MARIA TAYLOR'S HOUSE - DAY

MARIA TAYLOR, in a dressing gown, walking in to the sitting  
room, and is very surprised to see JOHN, asleep on the sofa,  
in his clothes.

MARIA  
John, what are you doing, it's  
nearly 8.30?

And he stirs, blurry eyes opening to see MARIA, even as *she*  
spots cans of Special Brew on the carpet.

JOHN  
(blearily)  
There was no work today.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA

(frowns)

You said it was a three week contract.

And as he tries to sit up, he does not meet her eye and she realises.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Oh John, you didn't walk out again.

JOHN

It was shit money anyway.

MARIA

Any money's better than no money!

And she starts to cry and walks out. And we stay on him. Listening to the thump of his own raging heart.

INT. HAIRDRESSER'S - DAY

ANNA cutting hair, when the door opens, and in walks D.C.I. BRAITHWAITE.

BRAITHWAITE

(badging the nearest)

D.C.I. Braithwaite. Looking for Anna Stamp?

And two heads turn to her at the far end of the room.

INT. JENNY'S CAR - DAY

SALLY driving JENNY's car along a road on the outskirts of town. And she parks up and gets out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

And walks up to the gates of a *school*. *Her* school. Which moves her more than she perhaps expected as she pauses at the gates. Happy, happy memories.

And then she starts to walk down the drive, a look of steely determination on her face.

70

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

70

ANNA and BRAITHWAITE sitting in a back room of the salon.

ANNA

(shrugs)

...well maybe she was so in to him she just didn't care, all I know is, I saw them kissing in her car.

BRAITHWAITE

(making notes, friendly as you like)

And what were you doing up there at that time, Anna?

ANNA

What I said five years ago, on a run.

BRAITHWAITE

And was it just the one time you saw them?

ANNA

Yes.

BRAITHWAITE

And who did you tell?

ANNA

This is all in my original statement - my friends, Jane, Nadine and Issy.

BRAITHWAITE

And the news got around pretty fast?

ANNA

Did it?

BRAITHWAITE

And all this was how long before he died?

ANNA

(shrugs)

I dunno - a couple of months, maybe.

(CONTINUED)

BRAITHWAITE

(making notes)

And Matthew was in the same year as you?

ANNA

Yes.

BRAITHWAITE

Did you know him at all?

ANNA

No, I mean I knew who he was but I didn't 'know' him.

BRAITHWAITE

And how did you and Ms Wright get on?

ANNA

(frowns)

What's that got to do with anything?

BRAITHWAITE

Did she ever teach you?

ANNA

No, and I'll tell you what, instead of asking *me* a million questions I already answered first time round, how about you speak to *her* and tell her to stop harassing me.

BRAITHWAITE

Speak to who?

ANNA

Miss Wright. She's been following me, *threatening* me.

BRAITHWAITE

(frowns)

Threatening you?

ANNA

(nods)

If I didn't 'tell the truth'. She said she'd find out where I lived, climb in to my flat at night and stick a pillow over my head.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

70

ANNA (CONT'D)

So maybe she *didn't* kill Matty, but  
I promise you this, she is still a  
very dangerous woman.

Out on BRAITHWAITE. Unsettled by that.

71

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

71

SALLY standing at the window of an office in a school,  
watching kids play in the playground. Again, the look is one  
of deep affection for what she used to do and be.

And then the door opens and a woman walks in, EMILY NORTH  
(the headmistress, 42).

SALLY turns, smiles, a little too brightly if truth be told.

SALLY

Hey Em. Wow - how about this? The  
head. Congrats, babe.

But EMILY looks supremely uncomfortable.

EMILY

You really shouldn't be here,  
Sally...

(walking over for a quick  
hug)

...but it's lovely to see you, how  
are you?

SALLY

Oh, you know - in unbearable pain?

EMILY

And I'm so sorry for what you've  
been through. I hope you know I  
never believed a word of it.

(and she sits)

So.

SALLY

Straight to the point, I like that,  
well, first up, I was wondering if  
you fancied a drink some time? Half  
a pint of Pinot down The Grapes?

Obviously a thing they used to do together, SALLY clearly  
using it as a canary in the coal mine.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Sal I am beyond delighted that you've been released, and I really hope you can start to rebuild your life, I really do...but if a governor or a parent saw me with you - I'm sure you understand.

So there we have it. Rejected here too. And SALLY smiles.

SALLY

Not a problem, I'm beginning to get the lay of the land now. Okay, so, 'second up'....  
(she smiles brightly)  
....I want my fucking job back.

And EMILY's rictus smile freezes further.

EMILY

I'm sorry?

SALLY

I mean I'm not unreasonable, I don't expect *head* of English, but Lower Sixth English? Yes please.

And EMILY looks at her in utter disbelief.

EMILY

Sal, that's not going to be possible...

SALLY

...yeah it is, you're recruiting for a supply right now - nice new website by the way.

On EMILY. Fuck.

EMILY

You slept with a student.

SALLY

Except I didn't.

EMILY

Sally....

SALLY

...and not only was I not *tried* for that offence, I was never even *charged* with it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71

SALLY (CONT'D)

Which means when the police *prove*  
Anna Stamp lied, which they *will*,  
I'll also be able to show I was  
unfairly dismissed....

(standing)

...I was *good* at my job, Emily, in  
fact I was bloody brilliant at it,  
and I am so *done* with people taking  
shit away from me they had no *right*  
to. So you think on. I want it *back*  
or I am going to get seriously  
legal on your arse.

And then she is out the door which she shuts with a chunky  
slam. Out on EMILY. Rattled.

**End of part three**

**Part four.**

72

INT. JENNY'S CAR - DAY

72

And now here is SALLY in JENNY's car, driving through the  
back streets of Keswick. Knows exactly where she is headed.

And then she slows as she nears the end of a particular road.

Slows almost to a crawl, deep pain in her eyes as she stops  
outside a house, the 'last one on High Trees' the house SAM  
now shares with KAREN.

And Jesus it hurts.

And then finally she drives on.

And as she heads away, we see another car passing hers, which  
then pulls up outside the same house.

The car is KAREN's (she is dropping BETH home from school  
again).

And as BETH gets out, we stay with KAREN, and we know she saw  
SALLY and that a million thoughts are turning in *her* head.

73

EXT. ROAD - DAY

73

BRAITHWAITE driving up a small hillside road, and spotting a  
sign left for local beauty spot, 'Heaton Tor', but a red  
temporary A frame 'Route closed' sign sits in the middle of  
the turning, so he drives on a little, pulls over by the side  
of the road, parks up, and gets out.

74 EXT. CAR PARK - DAY 74

BRAITHWAITE walking up a small lane, which ends with a small area of flattened earth giving on to woodland, where maybe half a dozen cars could park - although right now it is empty.

75 EXT. ROAD - DAY 75

Walking back towards his car, when he passes a works truck heading up past him. He squeezes in to the edge of the lane and as the truck passes, the drivers window open, he has time for a -

BRAITHWAITE  
Why's the road shut please?

DRIVER  
Pollarding, mate.

BRAITHWAITE  
Ah. Thanks.

And the truck moves on, and BRAITHWAITE walks down towards his car, and do we get a sense a little thought is forming in his head?

76 EXT. GRAVEYARD. DAY 76

And here is JOHN, on his knees, trimming the grass on his son's grave with a small pair of shears.

A radio quietly plays a commentary of a football match, and over the head stone, is draped a Blackburn Rovers F.C. scarf

A flask of coffee and a small fold up chair just off. A sense this 'communion' has given JOHN much solace over the years.

But as we stay on his face, we sense that solace is *hard* to find right now, and that this man is still hollowed out by grief.

77 INT. SAM'S OFFICE/INT SAM AND KAREN'S HOUSE - DAY 77

KAREN in her bedroom, talking quietly to SAM in his office, obviously discussing SALLY's little visit. We cut between the two.

SAM  
And did she get out?

(CONTINUED)

KAREN  
No, the car didn't actually stop.

SAM  
But you're sure it was her?

KAREN  
She had her window down, I know her face, Sam, it's fairly indelibly imprinted in my brain.

SAM  
Fair enough.

KAREN  
But look, I wasn't actually scared, what I actually felt....was sorry for her. And so what I wanted to suggest...

A beat.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
...well I wonder if you shouldn't reach out to her?

Which is definitely not what he was expecting.

SAM  
What do you mean reach out?

KAREN  
Make contact, see her, speak to her.

On him, is this is a trick, a trap?

SAM  
Why would I do that?

KAREN  
Because the problem's not going to go away is it, she's obviously come back here to live and....it feels to me like it's a boil that needs to be lanced.

On him. No idea how to play this.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN (CONT'D)

I think you need to meet her, tell her where you are in your life, wish her well, and then ask her to respect our privacy, just as she's asked others to respect hers.

On him. Wow.

KAREN (CONT'D)

But let's maybe discuss tonight, I have to go, speak later.

And she clicks off. And we stay with her momentarily, and for all her confidence and breeziness, she actually looks petrified.

And then here is SAM at his desk, clearly wrong footed by that. Looks at his watch, nearly five.

Cogs whirring. And then he makes a decision, stands, grabs his coat, and walks out.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

BRAITHWAITE walking up the driveway to the school. On the phone to D.C. GREEN.

BRAITHWAITE

...yeah just ask 'em if they pollard the trees on that road same time every year, cheers, Dave.

And he hangs up and walks on and in through the school entrance.

INT. SAM'S CAR - DAY

SAM driving. Where? Hands free plugged in to his ear, and then we hear.

KAREN

Hi this is Karen please leave a message.

SAM

Listen I think you're right so.....I'm actually going to try to go and see her now. Get it over and done with. I'll call you.

(CONTINUED)

And now indeed we see he is pulling in to JENNY and ALF's road. And he pulls up thirty yards away. Turns off the ignition.

But then does not get out.

He is clearly scared as hell, too much of a head fuck. So will he just drive away?

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

BRAITHWAITE with EMILY, the headmistress.

EMILY

...I mean she was actually quite scary, quite intimidating.

BRAITHWAITE

Well I'll certainly speak to her, she's obviously in a bit of a strange place right now.

EMILY

I'm sure. But really, the notion of her working here, indeed of her ever being allowed to work with children again, it's not going to happen.

And he nods.

BRAITHWAITE

You do know she was never actually *charged* with any sex offences.

EMILY

But I also read what Anna Stamp said in the witness box. As did the board of Governors.

BRAITHWAITE

On which subject, Anna Stamp, did you know her?

EMILY

(nods)

I was her form teacher for two years.

BRAITHWAITE

And what was she like?

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Quiet, unobtrusive, bit... bland  
being brutally honest. One of those  
kids you didn't really notice.

BRAITHWAITE

Never had any run ins with Sally?

EMILY

That was looked in to originally,  
they had no connections, no.

BRAITHWAITE

(makes notes)

Sporty?

EMILY

You mean because of the run thing?

BRAITHWAITE

Yes.

EMILY

I did find that a little  
surprising, because she was known  
as a smoker - but she told your  
officers she'd quit and was trying  
to get fit.

BRAITHWAITE

Okay. And the friends she told  
about the kiss...

(reading)

...Jane Kempton, Nadine James and  
Issy Ryan, what were they like?

EMILY

Was Issy one of the ones she said  
she told?

BRAITHWAITE

Yes.

EMILY

Okay I didn't know that. The other  
two were like Anna, quiet, wouldn't  
say boo to a goose. Issy was the  
opposite, a little bundle of  
energy. Funny, clever, mischievous,  
never stopped talking.

BRAITHWAITE

Oh okay, bit of a gossip maybe?

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Er...yeah maybe, I dunno, more importantly though, Issy was never her friend, Issy was an alpha, Anna wasn't even an inbetweener.

Oh. Interesting. BRAITHWAITE making notes. Then -

EMILY (CONT'D)

I mean Anna....

And he looks up to see real fear in EMILY's eyes now.

EMILY (CONT'D)

...is there an actual chance that she *did* lie?

And out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

SAM still in the car, but now the door finally opens and palpably nervous, he walks across the road and towards ALF and JENNY's house.

He walks up to the front door. Hesitating for an age. And then finally knocks.

And he waits. And he waits. And he waits. And nothing. No-one in? He knocks again. And again waits, and again nothing.

Some relief? And then he turns to walk back to his car when -

SALLY (O.S.)

Sam?

And he swings round to see SALLY (who has had her hair done, 'thank fuck') fifty yards away.

And the pair of them stand there. Stunned and silent, first time this ex husband and wife have set eyes on each other for over five years. A deeply emotional moment for both.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

BRAITHWAITE walking in to the office. GREEN looks up, sees him.

GREEN

Oh, boss...  
(and Braithwaite turns)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GREEN (CONT'D)

...in 2015 they pollarded from the  
9th to the 23rd.

BRAITHWAITE

Of?

GREEN

April that year. It can be any  
month between April and June  
apparently.

BRAITHWAITE

(absorbing, a half smile)  
Thanks.

And he starts to head to his office, when -

HOLLINS

Few of us are going for a pint at  
the Stag if you fancy it, guv.

And he/we might clock a couple of nervous faces in the office  
waiting for a response.

BRAITHWAITE

I'd love to Mia, but it's actually  
my wife's birthday today so..

HOLLINS

...oh, shit, sorry...

BRAITHWAITE

(smiles)  
....not at all, and thanks for the  
invite, another time definitely.

And as he walks in to his office we see MIA throw a look at  
GREEN as if to say 'fuuuuuuuuk'.

And of course we will wonder what she got so wrong.

SALLY and SAM stood opposite each other in the hall.

SALLY

Alf gets back about now, Jenny at  
about seven so...

SAM  
...well I'll try and...be quick  
then, I'm sure you don't want to do  
this with them listening...

SALLY  
...do what?

SAM  
Or we could arrange a meet in a pub  
or....

SALLY  
...why are you here, Sam?

Indeed.

SAM  
I guess...to say...I'm sorry.

A beat. And then he looks up.

SAM (CONT'D)  
For not believing in you, Sal. I'm  
here to say....I'm so, so, sorry.

And so this is a start.

84 INT/EXT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

84

BRAITHWAITE, coat on, walking down a corridor and out of the  
station, his phone at his ear, waiting for it to answer. Then

ANNA (O.S.)  
Hello?

BRAITHWAITE  
Hello is that Ms Stamp?

85 EXT. CHURCH - EVENING

85

ANNA about to walk in to church with her boyfriend, MARK.

ANNA  
Yes.

BRAITHWAITE (O.S.)  
It's D.C.I. Braithwaite. I need to  
talk to you again so can you be at  
the station tomorrow at mid day  
please.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

85

BRAITHWAITE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And you'll be interviewed under  
caution, so will have the right to  
be accompanied by a lawyer.

On her as she slows, and fear suffuses her face.

86

INT. ALF AND JENNY'S HOUSE - EVENING

86

SAL and SAM sat across a scrubbed pine table in the kitchen.  
Lights low.

SALLY

What killed me more than anything,  
what was worse even than being in  
prison for something I didn't do,  
or being considered a sex offender,  
in a prison with male prison  
officers...

And we are close on her as we now see the horrors that she  
must have suffered writ in every line on her face.

SALLY (CONT'D)

...was thinking that you believed  
I'd betrayed you.

A beat.

SALLY (CONT'D)

That I would ever have been  
unfaithful to you.

A beat.

SALLY (CONT'D)

And that you should think that when  
we were trying for a baby?

A baby.

SALLY (CONT'D)

A baby we should have had.

And he lifts his eyes. She nods.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I found out I was pregnant when I  
was on remand. I miscarried three  
months before the trial, I was  
fifteen weeks.

And instinctively his hands go out to hers.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Oh Sal.

On her shocking and very present grief, her eyes pricking with tears.

SALLY

He was perfect, Sam.

A son.

SALLY (CONT'D)

So all I've ever wanted, is for you to know this. I understand you have a new life now, and I accept that, I do ...

Close on her. Like hell she does.

SALLY (CONT'D)

...but what I could never accept, is you thinking I'd betrayed you. Because I hadn't. I never would...

Tracking in on their hands, he is still holding hers from earlier.

SALLY (CONT'D)

...there was only ever one man for me. Only ever you.

Close on their hands. Then hard cut to -

87

KAREN AND SAM'S HOUSE - EVENING

87

- KAREN'S hands, clasped together in her lap, in the sitting room, waiting by the window for her man.

Alone.

88

INT. MIKE BRAITHWAITES HOUSE - EVENING

88

The sound of a child's laughter and a mum playing with the child.

And we are tracking through an otherwise dark house, from a dark kitchen, along a dark corridor, to a dark sitting room.

89 INT. MIKE BRAITHWAITES HOUSE. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT 89

Where a TV flickers, playing phone footage (shot by MICHAEL, dated 22nd April 2019) of a pretty woman in her early thirties (his wife) and a little toddler, his daughter.

And a half bottle of champagne sits on a table, undrunk, in front of MICHAEL. Who smiles through tears rolling down his cheeks.

MICHAEL

Happy birthday, sweetheart...

Even as the little girl turns to camera and says 'love you want you need you, daddy'.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

...'love you want you need you.'

And we must guess they are both dead (we will learn more about this in later eps).

90 EXT. SAM AND KAREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 90

And here is SAM, pulling up outside his house. Taking a moment to compose himself, before getting out of the car, and walking to the front door, unlocking it, and walking in -

91 INT. SAM AND KAREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 91

To find KAREN behind the door waiting for him. Woah.

SAM

Wow. Hi.

KAREN

How was it?

SAM

Er...yeah...fine.

KAREN

Did you tell her about us?

SAM

Of course.

KAREN

And she's okay about everything?

(CONTINUED)

91

SAM

Yes she's...she completely gets it  
and it's all....yeah it's all good.

And KAREN smiles, slightly madly if truth be told, and then walks to him and hugs him tight. And he hugs *her* tight, and then she starts to kiss him, his neck, and kiss him, and kiss him.

And in the end, he starts to respond, kissing her back equally passionately, and then grabs her hand and starts to lead her quickly upstairs.

92

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

92

SAM and KAREN, in bed together, fucking like it is the end of the world. And then she whispers feverishly in to his ear.

KAREN

I'd always forgive you, you know.  
Whatever you'd done, I'd always  
forgive you.

And her arms go round his back, and pull him tighter toward her. Out on her, owning her man.

93

INT. ALF AND JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

93

And then here is SALLY in her room, removing from between the pages of a book in her suitcase, a battered photo of her and SAM on their wedding day.

Which she now places on the windowsill.

And then she looks out into the night, her fingers once again fiddling with her wedding band. And we go out on a look of absolute steely determination in her eyes, as she looks out at the lights of Keswick twinkling below.

94

EXT. ALF AND JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

94

If only she knew that JOHN TAYLOR was standing outside, in the shadows, looking up at that very same window.

**End of ep one.**

94B

INT. JURY ROOM - DAY

94B

EXTRA LINES FOR JURY SCENE

(CONTINUED)

Twelve men and women in a room, some pacing, some sitting, we are hearing fragments of messy interjected debate.

JUROR 4

(heatedly)

...you're missing the point, Susan, maybe she *did* have sex with him, maybe she didn't, it's irrelevant, she's not on trial for that crime...

JUROR 1

...yes I do *know* that..

JUROR 4

...well good because we really do need to stop confusing the two things, it's getting in the way.

JUROR 6

I completely agree, and in fact, why are we even discussing *any* of this, you cannot argue with a time coded bloody *photo* for Christ sakes, it's irrefutable, we're just wasting our time, the courts time....

JUROR 1

...well we're discussing it because notwithstanding the photo, they found *her* skin under *his fingernails*. I mean for me that remains a serious problem, now they say the photo could not have been doctored, but how do we know, how do we really know.....

Hard cut to -