

INNOCENT

Episode Two

Shooting Script

15th September 2020

Written by

Matt Arlidge

© TXTV Limited 2019

1 EXT. HIGH STREET. KESWICK. DAY. 1

A bright, crisp morning. Sally Wright walks purposefully down the high street. Smartly dressed and carefully made up in neutral colours, she ignores the furtive glances that accompany her progress. She's got her game face on today.

2 EXT. ST LUKE'S SCHOOL. KESWICK. DAY. 2

Sally marches past the sign for St Luke's school, crossing the empty playground, before disappearing inside.

3 INT. EMILY'S OFFICE. ST LUKE'S SCHOOL. DAY. 3

MAGGIE WEBB (45), is at her desk, as Sally approaches.

SALLY

I'm here to interview for the supply teacher post.

Maggie barely looks up, as she finds Sally's name on her list, drawing a definitive line straight through it.

MAGGIE

Take a seat with the others.

Now Sally becomes aware of her rivals, who are seated nearby. Sally sits down, smile still in tact, determined, focused.

4 INT. STUDY. KAREN'S HOUSE. DAY. 4

Dressed for work, Sam rummages through a desk drawer. It's messy, disorganised, letters piled on top of each other.

KAREN

Are you even listening to me?

SAM

Wedding photographer, 3pm, tomorrow.

KAREN

3.30pm.

SAM

3.30pm, got it.

And now he finds what he's looking for. Pulling out a crumpled A4 envelope, he removes the contents - an invoice from U-Store and a key.

(CONTINUED)

4

KAREN

I still don't understand why you
can't just *post* it to her.

SAM

I'm driving right past her house.

KAREN

And why have you even kept her
stuff anyway?

SAM

(looking up)

Because it's *hers*. Stuff her Mum
and Dad gave her. You think I
should just have thrown it all
away?

Karen's face suggests that's *exactly* what she thinks.

SAM (CONT'D)

Look, I'd better go.

But Karen puts a gentle hand on his arm, stopping him.

KAREN

She *did* get the message, last
night, didn't she? She will leave
us alone now?

There's vulnerability there, but steel too.

SAM

She's just trying to make a new
life for herself. And after
everything she's been through, I
think she deserves that, don't you?

A bit of steel from him *too*. Karen says nothing. Sam leans
in, kisses her on the forehead.

SAM (CONT'D)

Love you.

He goes, but we stay on Karen. She looks deeply uneasy.

5

EXT. BUILDING SITE. DAY.

5

John Taylor is back on the building site with Kelsey.

(CONTINUED)

KELSEY

How many different ways can I say
it? The answer's "no".

JOHN

I'll apologise to the lads, work
late, do whatever I have to...

KELSEY

No, no way...You *destroyed* an
entire morning's work...

JOHN

....please Jack, you know what I'm
going through, I *need* a job....

KELSEY

(cutting across)
...and so you turn up stinking of
booze? I mean what am I meant to
do, John....

John stares at him. There's anger there, but shame too. Deep,
deep shame. Which Kelsey sees.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

...listen, I've already hired a new
brickie, but I might be able to get
you a couple of days graft next
week. It'd be labourer's rates mind
but..

JOHN

...don't bother.

He turns on his heel and walks off. The last thing he needs
is pity.

INT. EMILY'S OFFICE. DAY.

Sally faces the interview panel - Emily, plus her deputy
head, LUCY, and a school governor, MIKE.

LUCY

There's no question you've got an
incredibly impressive CV, Sally.

Sally nods her thanks, but seems wary.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Which makes me wonder if you're
overqualified for a supply post?

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

For me, it's about getting back into teaching. It was, *is*, my life.

MIKE

And you're convinced that St Luke's is the right school for you?

SALLY

I did my probationary period here, became Head of Department here. I know every *inch* of this school.

Mike is about to interrupt, but Sally carries on.

SALLY (CONT'D)

And more than that, I know the kids. I grew up down the road, did my teacher training in Keswick. I know how the children think, what they like, what *inspires* them.

Mike relents, but Lucy takes up the baton once more.

LUCY

And you don't worry that you're rushing into this? Perhaps it would be better to target a permanent position in the autumn? I know that St Mary's has a vacancy for-

SALLY

No, it has to be *here*.

Which shuts Lucy up.

SALLY (CONT'D)

When I arrived this place was in Special Measures, a couple of months away from being shut down.

She shoots a look at Emily.

SALLY (CONT'D)

And I worked nights, and weekends, and *fought*, to help turn things around. Teaching was my passion, my vocation, and I had it taken away from me *for no good reason*.

Sally stares at them, challenging them to come back at her.

(CONTINUED)

6

SALLY (CONT'D)
I'm owed this job.

7

EXT. STREET. KESWICK. DAY.

7

John Taylor marches along the street. His face is set, fury and frustration writ large.

He is moving fast, oblivious to those around him. But as he nears the end of the road, he pauses. Up ahead, a strapping bloke is supervising the unloading of barrels outside the Stonemason's Arms pub. As John approaches, GARY WALKER (42) looks up, the two men clocking each other.

A moment's pause, then John crosses the road, carrying on down the other side of the street. Nothing has happened, no words have been spoken, but we can't miss it.

Something is *off* here.

8

INT. INTERVIEW SUITE. POLICE STATION. DAY.

8

Anna Stamp is being interviewed by D.I. Braithwaite and Jones. A duty lawyer sits beside Anna.

BRAITHWAITE
(consulting notes)
At the original trial, Anna, you testified that you'd seen Sally Wright and Matty Taylor kissing in her car, whilst parked up near Heaton Tor.

ANNA
Yes.

BRAITHWAITE
And so five years on, I just want to double check, that you're *still* sure it was *them*?

ANNA
One hundred percent.

BRAITHWAITE
Okay, thank you.

He makes a note.

(CONTINUED)

JONES

And you said that this encounter
took place on 16th April?

ANNA

Yes.

JONES

And you knew that for sure because?

ANNA

Because it was the first night of
the school play.

BRAITHWAITE

(consulting his notes)

'Much Ado about Nothing'.

ANNA

(nodding)

They'd gone to Heaton Tor after the
final rehearsal, but before the
start of the show.

BRAITHWAITE

Absolutely sure of that timing?

ANNA

Completely.

BRAITHWAITE

Okay, thank you.

(makes further notes. Then
look up)

So here's the thing. The lane to
Heaton Tor was closed that day.

Anna stares at him, blank faced. Did not see *that* coming.

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)

The council had shut it because
they were pollarding the trees.
There was no access for any
vehicles.

A beat. The blood draining from her face.

ANNA

(rattled)

Maybe it was the second night then.

(CONTINUED)

JONES

The road was closed for two weeks
either side of the 16th.

WTF?? Completely cornered.

ANNA

No, you've made a mistake.

JONES

We have the council records
confirming it.

On Anna. Not clever enough to get out of this credibly. The
following dialogue is messy and overlapping.

ANNA

Actually...it was the week of
Sport's Day.

BRAITHWAITE

(frowns)

You just told us you were
completely convinced it was during
the school play...

ANNA

...I was wrong, it was sports
day...

BRAITHWAITE

...I don't believe you, Anna.

ANNA

...It's the truth...

BRAITHWAITE

...I think you fabricated the whole
encounter.

ANNA

...no..

BRAITHWAITE

...and if you *did*...

ANNA

...I didn't...

BRAITHWAITE

...I have to ask myself *why*?

And her eyes are down now.

(CONTINUED)

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)

Why would you deliberately point
the finger at an innocent woman?
Unless it was to deflect attention
...away from *yourself*?

On her. Can see the wheels are coming off now.

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)

Where were you when Matty Taylor
was murdered, Anna?

And eyes down, she shakes her head slowly.

ANNA

I didn't kill him.

BRAITHWAITE

Where were you?

A beat. A long beat. Then -

ANNA

(quiet)
Leeds.

BRAITHWAITE

(frowns)
On a school day?

ANNA

I went to see a band there, left
straight after school.

BRAITHWAITE

Which band?

ANNA

(a beat, then)
I can't remember. But I went with
Melanie Benson, she was in my
class. Ask her.

Braithwaite trying to work out if there is any possibility
this could actually be true.

BRAITHWAITE

And where can we find Melanie? Is
she local?

ANNA

I dunno. But I went with her. I
swear.

(CONTINUED)

8

And finally she looks up.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I never killed him.

9

INT. CORRIDOR. POLICE STATION. DAY

9

Jones and Braithwaite walking away.

BRAITHWAITE
So my guess is Sally Wright and
Matty Taylor had a perfectly normal
pupil teacher friendship...

JONES
Agreed.

BRAITHWAITE
...meaning the only question now is
how big a part the *rumours* of an
affair, might have played in his
murder?

JONES
And Stamp?

BRAITHWAITE
Let's start with fingerprinting,
but lets also get the ball rolling
on perjury charges.

And on they walk.

10

INT. CORRIDOR. ST LUKE'S SCHOOL. DAY.

10

Sally walks swiftly towards the exit. She's glad the
interview's over and now just wants to be away.

As she nears the end of the corridor, however, she slows. A
wall display has caught her eye. It's a memory wall for
Matty, with a large photo of his beaming face in the centre.

Sally is stunned, had no idea the school had erected a shrine
to him. Hold on her, as she stares at the photo, taking in
the boy's handsome features, real sadness in her eyes.

11

EXT. ST LUKE'S SCHOOL. KESWICK. DAY.

11

Karen and Bethany are parked up outside the school. It's
early and there's only a couple of people in the playground.

(CONTINUED)

11

KAREN
I'll pick you up normal time, ok?

BETHANY
(irked)
I've said you don't need to.

KAREN
I think it's best.

Shaking her head, an irritated Bethany yanks at the handle.

KAREN (CONT'D)
And Beth...

Despite her annoyance, Bethany pauses.

KAREN (CONT'D)
...I'm not sure what went on with
that girl yesterday, what she might
have said or done to provoke you...

Bethany looks at her Mum, her expression giving nothing away.

KAREN (CONT'D)
...but please, no more trouble.

It may be a warning shot, but her vulnerability shines through. A moment, then Bethany shrugs begrudging agreement.

KAREN (CONT'D)
(bright)
See you later, love.

Bethany departs, meeting up with a mate by the gates and heading towards the sixth form block. Karen watches her go, wondering if she's got through to her, but as she does so, she spots something else.

Sally striding confidently, purposefully, out of the main school building.

Close on Karen. What the fuck?

12

INT. CORRIDOR. ST LUKE'S SCHOOL. DAY.

12

A flustered Emily walks down the corridor, pursued by Karen.

KAREN
Was she here to see you?

(CONTINUED)

EMILY
Myself and others.

KAREN
Why?

They are nearing the staff room. A knot of teachers stand outside, clearly intrigued by this encounter.

EMILY
(turning, quiet)
She was interviewing for the supply teacher post.

KAREN
(aghast)
Please tell me you're not thinking of giving her the job.

EMILY
Nothing's been decided yet.

KAREN
Well the governors will need to discuss this.

EMILY
It's a *supply* position.

KAREN
Even so. Sally Wright is someone with a history of offending, someone's who's a clear danger to-

EMILY
Karen, can we discuss this-

KAREN
At an emergency meeting of the governing body, yes. I'll make the calls.

And with that, she's off. Game on.

INT. CORRIDOR. STORAGE FACILITY. DAY.

Sally and Sam walk through a storage facility. Arriving at a padlocked door, Sam hands Sally the key. She flashes him a nervous smile, then unlocks the padlock and enters.

14 INT. UNIT. STORAGE FACILITY. DAY. 14

Strip lights flicker on - we now discover what's inside. A dozen storage boxes, neatly taped up and stowed.

Sally hesitates, seems almost nervous to approach them, then steps forwards, pulling the tape off the first one.

Removing the packing paper, she discovers a jewellery box. An instant reaction - recognition - then she opens it. She pulls out a pair of earrings - pretty jade ones she'd forgotten she owned.

Next out is a framed photo in tisSuzy paper. Removing it, she discovers it's a photo of her and Sam on their honeymoon, raising glasses of bubbly to the camera.

She continues to delve, pulling out photo albums, a box of trinkets, then suddenly, surprisingly, she starts laughing.

SALLY

I can't believe you kept this.

She removes a souvenir plate - a replica of the Diana Spencer/Prince Charles wedding memorabilia, except with Sam and Sally's faces superimposed on the royals' bodies.

SAM

I nearly didn't.

He mimes dropping it. Sally hugs it to her chest.

SALLY

You always were heartless.

She laughs again, as she puts the plate back. She seems happy, even carefree, for the first time. Sam watches her, pleased by her evident enjoyment, but oddly troubled too.

SAM

Sal?

She looks up, surprised by his serious tone.

SAM (CONT'D)

I want you to know that it was...*hard*. So hard, turning my back on you, on *us*.

SALLY

You don't need to explain.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

It was the last thing I ever thought I'd do. In fact, when they gave me the divorce papers...I just wanted to tear them up, pretend none of it had ever happened.

SALLY

Except it *had*. I was in prison - a convicted murderer.

Even now, years on, it still seems totally surreal.

SAM

And even then I didn't want to believe it. How could I? But the police, the lawyers, they all seemed... so sure. And I had the press on my doorstep, colleagues making jokes, strangers asking me what you got from a sixteen year old boy that you weren't getting from me...

On Sally, a sense now of what Sam went through.

SAM (CONT'D)

....and in the end, I let them wear me down. I let them convince me...

SALLY

Sam...

SAM

...and I gave up on you, when you were at your lowest ebb.

His shame, his anguish, is clear.

SALLY

This is *not* our fault. We never asked for *any* of this.

He looks up at her, amazed, moved, by her magnanimity.

SAM

I'm so sorry. That's all.

And he pulls her to him, hugging her tight.

Hold on Sally, feeling his warmth, his heart against hers. Happy, for a moment at least.

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

15

The team gathered.

BRAITHWAITE

So no fingerprint match for Anna Stamp on the remainder of the murder weapon...but she absolutely remains a suspect.

(pinning a photo of her to the board)

She lied about Sally and Matty's relationship, she stood up in court and deliberately pointed the finger at an innocent woman. And I want to know *why*.

End of Part One.

16 INT. SITTING ROOM. TAYLOR HOUSE. DAY.

16

John and Maria Taylor sit side by side on the sofa. Dave Green perches opposite them.

GREEN

So the original investigation detailed that Matty was briefly under the care of Keswick Social Services, following some issues at home?

MARIA

(irritated)

We went through all this back then.

GREEN

And I'm sure you understand that we *have* to review everything again, given Sally Wright's acquittal.

MARIA

It was a fuss over nothing. The case officer at the time *agreed* there was no need for further action. Matty was out the house for two nights, no more.

GREEN

According to the file, he was found sleeping on a park bench. A temporary foster home had to be found for him and then-

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

We'd had a falling out, that's all.

Green says nothing, wanting more.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'd had a few issues, to do with the army, which I'd recently left, I had PTSD, and...I found it hard, being back. And me and Matty, well, we were arguing, more than we should have really, he was a good lad.

GREEN

And what were these arguments about?

MARIA

Teenage stuff. Hormones and attitude.

JOHN

And one night...it got a bit out of hand. I'd had a skinful, he was acting up so...so I threw him out.

The memory clearly still deeply troubles him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I mean I called him straight after, asked him to come home...but it took a few days to sort it out.

GREEN

And this was roughly...four months before his death?

John nods.

GREEN (CONT'D)

And after that, how were things?

JOHN

Fine.

GREEN

No more rows?

JOHN AND MARIA

No.

A beat. Green takes in their united front.

(CONTINUED)

GREEN
(sceptical)
And was there any particular reason
why things suddenly improved?

MARIA
DC Green, I understand why you need
to ask these questions, but please
don't sit here, in our home,
implying we had anything to do with
our son's death.

Green says nothing, aware that battle has been engaged now.

MARIA (CONT'D)
We loved him dearly. We would *never*
have harmed him.

Grief writ large in the worry lines on her face.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Now, you tell us that Sally Wright
had nothing to do with his death,
but we'll never believe it. She was
the problem.
(glaring at Green)
She was *always* the problem.

EXT. GARDEN. JENNY'S HOUSE. DAY.

Sally and Braithwaite stand by the lake at the bottom of
Jenny's garden.

BRAITHWAITE
I know it's no consolation, but the
CPS will be charging her with
perjury *and* conspiracy to pervert
the course of justice.

A stunned Sally digests this.

SALLY
And did you get any sense from Anna
of *why* she lied?

BRAITHWAITE
Not yet...And I'm sure you've asked
yourself this many times...but did
you ever come up with any reasons
as to why Anna might have targeted
you specifically?

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

No, and trust me, I thought about it a lot.

BRAITHWAITE

I know you never actually taught her, but I understand you directed the school plays?

SALLY

Yes.

BRAITHWAITE

Did she ever get involved in any of that, in any drama projects?

SALLY

(thinks)

I don't remember her being in any of our productions but... I can certainly check.

BRAITHWAITE

I'd appreciate it....

(standing, grabbing his coat)

...and, once again, I'm sorry this wasn't discovered sooner.

SALLY

Listen, I'm not the one who has to go through another trial, I mean his poor parents - as if it weren't bad enough losing their only child, now they'll have to dredge it all up again. How they're even standing, I don't know.

And Braithwaite's face tightens slightly, his eyes drop, and he turns quickly to walk out.

BRAITHWAITE

Thanks for your time.

And he walks out and we stay on her. What was *that*?

INT. EMILY'S OFFICE. ST LUKE'S SCHOOL. DAY.

A spirited meeting of the full governing body is in progress.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

Normally we'd appoint the most experienced candidate, but these are *exceptional* circumstances.

KAREN

That's an understatement.

MIKE

So we should *deliberately* choose a less well qualified candidate, just because of public opinion?

KAREN

It's nothing to do with public opinion. Sally Wright had an inappropriate relationship with a pupil. Why we're even...

EMILY

(stopping her)

...you should be aware that Sally Wright rang the school earlier, informing me it's been proven Anna Stamp made *up* the rumours about Matty and Sally.

KAREN

I wouldn't take anything that woman says at face value. Of course she's going to say that.

EMILY

Which is why I rang the police, spoke to the SIO on the investigation, who *confirmed* that they're pursuing charges of perjury against Anna Stamp.

Stunned silence. Karen looks poleaxed by this news - the last remaining stain on her rival's character now expunged.

LUCY

Even so, I'm not sure it's down to us to resurrect her career.

EMILY

Even though she's a fine teacher, who's been very badly wronged?

MIKE

Who will *sue* the school if we don't reinstate her.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

Think about the parents. Think how *they'll* react.

EMILY

It's our job - *all* of our jobs - to explain our decisions to the parents, to help them *understand*.

LUCY

I just think employing her would be incredibly provocative.

MIKE

Since when has it been provocative to admit you made a mistake?

Karen is about to jump on that one, but Emily steps in.

EMILY

Look, we could go round the houses on this, but I think we all agree we need to get on top of this fast.

Murmurs of agreement.

EMILY (CONT'D)

So can I suggest we vote on it. All those in favour of employing Sally?

Emily and Mike put their hands up straightaway. Close on Karen, watching - daring - others to follow suit.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE. PROBATION SERVICE. DAY.

Sam sits with DC Hollins. His office has glass on three sides and he's acutely aware that this conversation is visible to all. Even now, colleagues can be glimpsed, stealing glances.

SAM

Like I've always said, I was with a probationer, a lad called Aaron Holmes, at his flat in Castleton.

HOLLINS

Okay, thank you, and if you could just remind me of the timings?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

I left Keswick at five fifteen.
Takes twenty minutes to get there,
twenty to get back, and I was with
him for about fifteen minutes. So I
was gone just under an hour.

HOLLINS

And he'll confirm that?

SAM

He's *already* confirmed it, but
you're welcome to ask him again.

HOLLINS

Anyone else present?

SAM

No, just us.

HOLLINS

And was this a regular appointment?
Or a one-off?

SAM

Regular. It's all there in my
client log, feel free to take a
look.

Hollins clocks the irritation, but doesn't react, making a
note instead.

HOLLINS

And did you have any contact with
Matty Taylor on the day he was
killed?

SAM

Nope.

HOLLINS

What about in the days or weeks
before his death?

SAM

No.

HOLLINS

But he *had* come to your house?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

He'd turned up a few times, when things were bad at home. But it was to see Sally, not me.

HOLLINS

Right. And can I ask when you became aware of the rumours about him and Sally?

SAM

Only after her arrest.

HOLLINS

Nothing at all before that?

SAM

No.

HOLLINS

It's just that we believe Anna Stamp started those rumours up to two months before Matty's death.

SAM

Well, I hadn't heard them.

HOLLINS

Right.

SAM

And if I had, I wouldn't have believed them.

Hollins takes this in, but says nothing.

SAM (CONT'D)

To be honest, I didn't really believe them during the trial.

HOLLINS

And afterwards?

SAM

(short)

Well, then I didn't have much choice, *did I?*

Except, of course, he did. Which is why it cuts deep.

20 INT. BEDROOM. ANNA'S FLAT. DAY. 20

Anna is back in her flat, sitting on her bed. Next to her is a cardboard box of school memorabilia. She's clearly been sifting through the contents, several items lying next to her on the bed - a school play programme for Much Ado, a school magazine, a boy's rugby sock, exercise books, a scattering of photos(which we can't see clearly) and more besides.

But Anna's attention is not on them, it's on her battered old i-pad. She's navigating her recordings and now finds what she's looking for, hitting play. The recording buffers for a second, then starts. It's a recording of Matty rehearsing for Much Ado about Nothing. Other voices can be heard, but the camera is zoomed in close on Matty, as he recites his lines. He's in full flow, a handsome, charismatic Benedict.

It's an arresting sight, the dead boy brought back to life, vital, passionate, charismatic.

And Anna's eyes are glued to him.

21 INT. KITCHEN. JENNY'S HOUSE. DAY. 21

Sally stares at her laptop. She looks shocked, upset.

TRAGIC DEATH OF MOTHER AND CHILD.

Beneath the banner headline, we see a photo of a pretty, smiling blonde woman cuddling her young daughter. Then the photo of a horribly wrecked VW Polo.

Now another headline: **FUNERAL FOR CRASH PAIR.**

Beneath this, a photo. It's Braithwaite in his funeral suit. He looks gaunt, hollow.

Hold on Sally, intensely moved. She had no idea.

Then the door bell rings, loud and long, making her jump. Gathering herself, she rises and heads to the door.

22 EXT. DOORSTEP. JENNY'S HOUSE. DAY. 22

SALLY opens the door to find...Emily outside.

EMILY

I'm sorry to bother you at home,
Sal...but I thought it was best we
talk away from school.

(CONTINUED)

22

Sally says nothing, doesn't like the sound of that.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I wanted to let you know that the governing body discussed your application and you've got the job.

Sally stares at her.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I thought it was important we told you straightaway.

Tears fill Sally's eyes now, but still she says nothing, unable to process this sudden change in her fortune.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Perhaps we could go for that pint of Pinot sometime? To celebrate?

And now Sally breaks, stepping forward and hugging Emily.

SALLY
Thank you, thank you so much.

Her relief, her emotion is clear. One small, but vital step on the road to redemption.

23

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

23

GREEN
According to the Taylors, it was a storm in a tea cup.

The team are back together in the C.I.D. room.

BRAITHWAITE
But you're not convinced?

GREEN
Maria Taylor was working full time back then. John wasn't, so he was the main carer. Prior to the bust up, he helped out with Matty's football coaching at school, drove the team bus. After the bust up, all that stopped. Staff had to fill in - Taylor refused to do it. Also, I checked with the school about the play.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GREEN (CONT'D)

According to their records, the Taylors only requested one ticket, despite Matty having the lead role.

BRAITHWAITE

Ok, talk to members of staff, Matty's old school friends, see if we can find any concrete evidence of estrangement within the family. Also, apply for a warrant to access Taylor's medical records, let's see how his PTSD affected him.

GREEN

On it.

BRAITHWAITE

(to Hollins)

What about Sam Wright?

HOLLINS

Seems kosher enough. Exemplary work record, no priors. He denies seeing Matty Taylor on the day and any knowledge of the rumours about the boy and his wife. That said, he wasn't very welcoming and seemed keen to get rid of me.

Braithwaite digests this.

HOLLINS (CONT'D)

I've spoken to the probation service - his work schedule does put him in Castleton at the time of the murder, though we've no independent verification of that currently.

BRAITHWAITE

So we need to speak to his alibi and double check those timings. Also, run the rule over site CCTV, vehicle movements, other witnesses - see if we can definitively place him in Castleton. Also, talk to the Wrights' former neighbours - see if they were aware of any tension between Matty and Sam Wright - do I fully buy he wasn't aware of any rumours? Not sure. Suzy?

(CONTINUED)

JONES

Chasing down Anna's alibi. There was a Melanie Benson at school but we're still trying to locate her. The school confirmed that Anna was never formally disciplined by Sally, no specific flash points, but didn't have much else. Anna didn't shine academically, didn't participate in clubs or sports. She was a bit of nobody really.

Braithwaite digests this, then:

BRAITHWAITE

And what about her relationship with Matty?

JONES

They didn't appear to have one. I've only done the three months before his death so far, but no social media contact at all in that time frame.

BRAITHWAITE

Okay, well go back further, odds on Anna lied to the police because she had a things for Matty or a grudge against Sally. I'd like to know which.

EXT. ROSSDALE PIKE - DAY

Sally cresting the top of a fell, an energy in her stride as she heaves in great gulps of fresh air.

And as she hits the top, and surveys the world around her, there is a new look in her eye. A looks that speak, finally, of hope.

INT. KITCHEN. KAREN'S HOUSE. DAY.

KAREN

Not one person there had the balls to stand up to her.

Karen and Sam are alone, laying the table for dinner.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN (CONT'D)
And of course we all know Sally and
Emily were best friends...

SAM
I'm sure she's only doing her-

KAREN
...it's guilt, that's all. A pity
appointment. But if she thinks I'm
done with this...

SAM
Why are you getting involved,
Karen?

KAREN
Because I'm the chair of governors.

But Sam just looks at her.

KAREN (CONT'D)
And because I don't want her
teaching my daughter.

There it is. Out in the open.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Doesn't it bother you that Bethany
will have to share a classroom with
your ex-wife?

SAM
I know it's not ideal but..

KAREN
...or perhaps you're more worried
about Sally's wellbeing?

SAM
I think that's unfair.

KAREN
Do you? You seem very concerned
about her all of a sudden. But what
about us? What about your *own* step
daughter?

SAM
Don't you *dare* question my
commitment to you, or Bethany.

It comes out loud and harsh, taking Karen aback.

(CONTINUED)

SAM (CONT'D)

Have I ever let you down, let Beth down, in spite of all the...shit we've had to deal with?

KAREN

(quickly backing down)
No, of course not.

SAM

...I've lied to school - *numerous times* - when Beth hasn't bothered to turn up, it was *me* that got them to agree to her repeating a year...

On Karen, the truth hurts.

SAM (CONT'D)

...I've ferried her to endless counselling sessions - and what's been my reward? Hostility and suspicion. She's never made me feel welcome in this house.

KAREN

Sam, please, don't.

SAM

Others would have walked away. They would have run a bloody mile, but I didn't. I *stayed*.

KAREN

(crossing to him)
And I'm *grateful*, we both are.

She wraps her arms around him, desperate, anguished.

KAREN (CONT'D)

We know we're lucky to have you.

And in the face of her patent vulnerability, Sam can't help but soften. Knows he's gone too far, said too much.

SAM

I'm sorry.

KAREN

No, I completely understand, I just get scared that's all.

(CONTINUED)

25

SAM

There's nothing to be scared of,
love. Nothing at all, I promise.

But neither really believe this.

26

INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM. DAY.

26

Sally, back down from her walk, now composed and purposeful, stands by a couple of storage boxes. One of them is open and she's leafing through paperwork to do with her life as a teacher. We glimpse lesson plans, school timetables, even Christmas cards from former pupils.

It's odd, emotional, for Sally, but she ploughs on, until she finds what she's looking for - a file marked "Drama". She opens it to reveal an A4 mock up of a poster for "Much Ado about Nothing", portions of the text and, at the back, a list of names, with notes scribbled next to them.

Sally takes a closer look - it's a list of people who auditioned for the play. She runs her finger down the list, pausing as she reaches Matty's name, next to which she's scribbled a big tick and "lead?". It's sad to see his name in print, but she moves on, running her finger down the list until she comes to a halt next to Anna Stamp's name. Next to which is a simple, but definitive "X".

Close on Sally, troubled by this discovery.

27

EXT. GRAVEYARD. KESWICK. DAY.

27

Soft murmurings. Half-audible sounds.

And here's Anna, kneeling down by Matty's grave.

Her forehead is resting against the cold stone, as her fingers run along the grooves of Matty's name. It's fevered, intense...and intensely odd.

MARK

(OOV, angry)

Anna?

Anna jumps, turning to find her boyfriend approaching.

ANNA

(rising, falsely bright)

Hi, sweetheart.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

I've been trying to get hold of you
for *two days*.

ANNA

My phone's been off.

MARK

I was worried, I thought you might
be ill. Then Esther told me you'd
been questioned by the police,
about Matty Taylor's death?

He looks at her, at the gravestone.

MARK (CONT'D)

What was he to you, Anna?

She can't meet his gaze.

MARK (CONT'D)

(louder)

Answer me.

ANNA

Matty was a dear friend who was
brutally murdered by that piece of
sh...

She can't get the words out, and turns away, sobbing. And
Mark looks at her, cross, confused, but moved.

MARK

...hey....

But she doesn't hear him, emitting small, sharp sobs.

MARK (CONT'D)

...please Anna...

And then he takes her arm, and turns her round to face him,
wiping her tears away.

MARK (CONT'D)

...don't cry.

And then he kisses her forehead.

MARK (CONT'D)

Whatever's happened, it'll be ok.

She looks up at him, grateful, to see kind, trusting Mark
gazing down at her.

(CONTINUED)

Craning up, she kisses him gently on the lips. Instantly he responds, hooking his hand around her neck, pulling her to him.

ANNA
(trying to disengage)
Mark, no, please.....

MARK
(pressing against her)
...come on, baby...

ANNA
...no, Mark, stop!

And she pushes him away roughly.

MARK
(angering again)
Why won't you let me touch you? Why
won't you ever let me touch you?

ANNA
We've talked about this. I want to
wait till we're married.

MARK
And what if I don't want to wait?
(grabbing her)

ANNA
Mark, stop it...

MARK
(trying to kiss her)
...what if I want you, right here,
right now.

ANNA
No.

And she's struggling, but he continues nevertheless, kissing her neck, clumsily unbuttoning her shirt. She tries to stop him, resists, but he won't be denied, pulling her shirt open now to reveal the top of her chest.

And now he recoils, starting at her skin in horror.

Above her heart, the word '**Matty**' carved into her flesh.

Anna tugs her shirt across to cover up, but it's too late.

(CONTINUED)

27

Mark can now see the full extent of her lies - her *obsession* - and he looks utterly horrified.

28

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY. RECEPTION. DAY.

28

DC Green paces back and forth. He seems stressed. Now he spots Braithwaite approaching and opens the door for his boss and they hurry upstairs.

29

INT. SURGERY OFFICE. DOCTOR'S SURGERY. DAY.

29

DR. PAUL ROBINS sits with Green and Braithwaite.

ROBINS

DC Green asked me for information about John Taylor's PTSD, but as I was going through his file, I came across this.

He points at something in Taylor's lengthy medical file, prompting Braithwaite to crane forward.

ROBINS (CONT'D)

Mr Taylor visited the surgery and consulted one of my colleagues about a lesion on his right testicle. It turned out to be a cyst...so they ran more tests and that's when they discovered that Mr Taylor was infertile. Always had been.

On Braithwaite, has he heard that right?

BRAITHWAITE

Hold on, you're saying that there's no way...

ROBINS

(nods)

...that Matty Taylor could have been his biological son, no.

On Braithwaite. Now they know what caused the explosion in the Taylor household.

End of Part Two.

30 INT. HAIR SALON. DAY.

30

ANNA
You can't do this!

Anna faces off with her boss, salon owner LAURA STONE.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I need this job.

LAURA
To do what? Nearly all your clients
have *cancelled*.

A huge blow for Anna - she had no idea word had got around.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I'll give you a week's wages, but I
want you gone *today*.

ANNA
But I've got debts to pay...

LAURA
You should've thought of that
before you started spreading those
awful lies. People don't want their
hair cut by someone who'd do *that*.

On Anna, realizing now the full extent of her disgrace.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Shout and scream if you want, but
it won't cut any ice round here.
It's a small town, Anna.

31 EXT. ST LUKE'S SCHOOL. KESWICK. DAY.

31

Sally marches across the busy playground. She keeps her eyes
dead ahead, ignoring the looks and comments that accompany
her progress.

Amongst the crowd, we pick out Karen, talking to other Mums.
We sense she is bad-mouthing Sally, organizing resistance.
But Sally strides on, disappearing inside.

32 INT. CORRIDOR. SCHOOL. DAY.

32

Sally walks down the corridor, smiling, positive. She is
nervous, but determined not to show it. Faces pass by as she
walks on. Then Sally spots two teenage boys.

(CONTINUED)

32

They're leaning against the lockers, blatantly eyeing her up, running their gaze up and down her body. As she passes, one whispers to the other and they laugh earthily.

Sally walks on, determined not to react.

33

INT. INTERVIEW SUITE. POLICE STATION. DAY.

33

Maria sits in the interview suite, opposite Braithwaite.

BRAITHWAITE

Were you aware that John *wasn't* Matty's biological father, prior to his visit to the GP?

MARIA

No.

BRAITHWAITE

But obviously you knew it was a possibility?

Maria doesn't react, giving nothing away.

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)

How did John react to the news?

Nothing.

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)

Must have been *hard* for him. I mean was the father a local man?

Close on her. Seems to want to give nothing away. But then -

MARIA

No.

He waits.

MARIA (CONT'D)

He was a one night stand, a drunken mistake, on a girls weekend in Blackpool. I never even knew his name.

And it's delivered casually, but she looks up and holds his eye, and it is a pretty clear "fuck you".

34

INT. INTERVIEW SUITE. POLICE STATION. DAY.

34

JOHN

It was just some guy she met one night in Blackpool. A mistake, after we'd rowed, but it meant nothing. She never even knew his name.

GREEN doesn't believe it.

GREEN

Look, John, I understand why you don't want to talk about this. But if there *was* someone else in Matty's life, someone who thought he had a claim on him-

JOHN

There *was* nobody else. I was Matty's Dad. End of.

GREEN

Except you *weren't*. And that must have been *devastating* for you.

John says nothing, eyeing Green with real hostility.

GREEN (CONT'D)

You go abroad, you risk your life to put food on the table, you bring up your boy, giving him *sixteen* years of love and affection, only to discover that he's *not* yours.

Still John doesn't react.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Your life - your *whole* life - was a lie. Because she never told you, because she let you bring up someone else's kid.

A flicker of emotion from John.

GREEN (CONT'D)

You must have been humiliated, *angry*. And I have to wonder, John, if you took that out on Maria? On the boy's father? On Matty himself?

A long, hard, stony beat, then:

(CONTINUED)

34

JOHN

Like I said, it didn't mean anything.

35

INT. CLASSROOM. ST LUKE'S SCHOOL. DAY.

35

Back with Sally, who now stands in front of her small sixth form English set. She's nervy, but trying to push through.

SALLY

Anybody? Anybody at all?

The class sit, copies of Twelfth Night in hand, looking blank. Sally searches the faces desperately for something - anything - then slowly a hand goes up in the front row.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Yes, Hardeep?

HARDEEP

Is it about...identity?

SALLY

Exactly right. One of the key themes in the play is the fluidity of gender and identity.

Sally's getting into it, but now notices two boys - those same two boys - giggling.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Shakespeare suggests that maleness and femaleness are just *roles*, qualities that can be learned, rather than innate...sorry Jack and Ellis, am I boring you?

Surprised, the boys look up.

JACK AND ELLIS

No, Miss.

But their disinterest, their amusement is clear. Sally marches to the back of the class, spotting now that they are looking at something on Jack's phone.

SALLY

Can I ask what's so interesting that you're prepared to break school rules on phones in class?

(CONTINUED)

35

Before Jack can stop her, Sally scoops up his phone. She looks at the screen - only to find a crude Gif of *her* playing out, her face superimposed onto the body of a lingerie model.

Close on Sally, shocked, angry. Then, as calmly as she can, she walks back to the front, clutching the phone.

JACK
(protesting)
Aw, Miss...

SALLY
We're doing English, Jack, *not*
Biology.

She tosses the phone on the desk.

HARDEEP
Those idiots wouldn't understand
either, Miss.

Laughter from the class, which makes Sally feel a bit better.

SALLY
Then let's see if we can educate
them, shall we? Ellis, perhaps you
could read the highlighted passage
from Act 2, Scene 4?

Reluctantly Ellis starts to read, mumbling the lines.

ELLIS
Our fancies are more giddy and
unfirm, more longing, wavering,
sooner lost and worn...

But no-one's paying him any attention.

All eyes are instead *glued* to Sally.

36

INT. EMILY'S OFFICE. DAY.

36

KAREN
Is that all you've got to say?

Karen faces off with Emily in her office.

EMILY
Karen, we preached a collective
decision.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

Well the parents aren't happy. I had dozens come up to me today-

EMILY

Send them to me. I'll talk to them.

KAREN

You know, as Chair, I expect to have my concerns *addressed*. If I feel I'm being ignored, then I'll have no choice but to consider my position.

EMILY

Which would obviously be a shame, but that's a decision for you.

As clear a "fuck you" as you could wish to see.

EMILY (CONT'D)

As for Sally Wright, she stays.

On Karen, anger, in her eyes, as she moves in close.

KAREN

When did you grow a fucking backbone?

Then she marches out, slamming the door behind her.

INT. INTERVIEW SUITE. POLICE STATION. DAY.

Back with Braithwaite and Maria. The latter is tired, but defiant, the former visibly frustrated.

BRAITHWAITE

Your son was murdered, Maria. Stabbed with a broken bottle. It wasn't pre-meditated, it was messy, ugly, maybe even accidental. It was the act of someone who was angry, desperate, vengeful.

Maria looks away, utterly crushed by these details.

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)

Now I'm guessing that John was in a bad place. Devastated by the news about Matty's paternity, drinking too much, angry with you, and perhaps angry with Matty?

(CONTINUED)

MARIA
(emotional)
No.

BRAITHWAITE
He'd stopped coaching him, refused
to come to the school play...

MARIA
...John would *never* have hurt
Matty.

BRAITHWAITE
Or perhaps his *real* father did?
Maybe Matty rejected him. Maybe he
wanted to hurt *you*, by killing your
boy?

This is meant to land. And it does.

MARIA
(whispered, struggling)
No.

BRAITHWAITE
Who is he? Who's Matty's real
father?

MARIA
I've said it was a one night stand,
ok? It had nothing to do with
Matty's dea-

BRAITHWAITE
Why are you protecting him? If he
had a motive to harm Matty-

MARIA
He didn't. It wasn't like that...

BRAITHWAITE
So why won't you give me his name?

But now Maria drops her eyes, refusing to answer.

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)
Maria, this is a *murder* enquiry. If
you are deliberately shielding a
suspect, then I can and *will* charge
you, with obstruction, withholding
information and-

(CONTINUED)

37

MARIA
(cutting across, decisive)
You do what you have to, D.I.
Braithwaite.

And even as she says it, Braithwaite can see her withdrawing into herself. This conversation is over.

38

INT. CORRIDOR. ST LUKE'S SCHOOL. DAY.

38

Sally emerges from the classroom. Breathing a sigh of relief, she heads off to her next lesson, only to see Karen marching down the corridor directly towards her.

The two women lock eyes, then Karen's past her, heading fast towards the exit. A moment's hesitation, then Sally makes an instinctive decision.

SALLY
(running after her)
Karen?

But Karen keeps on walking.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Karen, please...

She catches up with her, laying a hand on her arm to stop her. Karen slows, then stops, slowly turning to Sally.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Look, we haven't had a chance to talk...but I wanted to say that I appreciate how difficult this is for you and to reassure you that I'm not here to cause you or your family any trou-

KAREN
(hissed)
If you had an ounce of decency, you'd never have come back here.

And she's on the move again. Hold on Sally, stunned, slapped. And do we now sense a slight hardening in her attitude?

39

INT. CHURCH. KESWICK. DAY.

39

The quiet interior of Anna's local church. Mark and Suzy Jones sit together in the pews.

(CONTINUED)

JONES

You're saying the letters are
actually carved into her skin?

MARK

Yes.

JONES

And you saw them clearly? They
spelt out Matty's name?

MARK

Clear as day.

Jones takes this in, then:

JONES

You and Anna have been dating for
nearly two years now?

Now Mark looks abashed, like she's taking the piss.

JONES (CONT'D)

I only ask because I'm curious as
to *why* you're telling me this? Why
you decided to contact us?

Close on him. Clearly tormented.

MARK

Well it wasn't an easy decision.
But in the end...I felt it was my
duty.

But we might very well suspect it's revenge.

INT. HALLWAY. ANNA'S FLAT. DAY

The door bell rings insistently, as a harassed looking Anna
hurries down the corridor to the front door.

ANNA

I'm coming.

She opens the door to find Suzy Jones outside, flanked by a
pair of search officers.

JONES

D.S Jones...
(handing her a copy of the
search warrant)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40

JONES (CONT'D)

...we have a warrant to search your premises.

And she doesn't wait to be invited in, moving past Anna and into the house.

Hold on Anna, as the search officers push into the living room, opening cupboards, pulling out drawers etc, invading every corner of her life.

41

OMITTED

41

42

INT. CLASSROOM. ST LUKE'S SCHOOL. DAY.

42

Sally sits with Braithwaite. *The audition list Sally found earlier sits on a desk between them.*

SALLY

I knew there were problems at home and tried to find out the cause, but Matty would never discuss it.

Braithwaite digests this.

SALLY (CONT'D)

That's what we argued about the day he died. He'd been acting up in class, worse than ever, so I held him back afterwards. I tried to get him to talk, to open up about what was bothering him, but he wouldn't say a word. He wanted to leave, I tried to stop him - I was *worried* - but he just lashed out at me, clawing at my face, my neck, before running off. It was horrible...

Braithwaite nods, then:

BRAITHWAITE

(rising)

Well, thanks for your time, Sally.

(picking up audition list)

And for this.

Clutching the list, he turns and heads to the door.

SALLY

D.I. Braithwaite?

(CONTINUED)

BRAITHWAITE
(stop, turns)
Mike, please.

SALLY
Mike, I...I just wanted to say how
sorry I was to learn about Grace
and Ellie....

On him. Still not got used to knowing how to deal with this.

SALLY (CONT'D)
...how you are even putting one
foot in front of the other I don't
know but...you have my profound
respect and my deepest sympathy.

Braithwaite sees her emotion, sees these are not empty words.

BRAITHWAITE
I'm not sure I have much choice,
you just have to keep moving
forward, don't you?

Sally nods, moved. She knows this better than most.

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)
But thank you, I appreciate that.

And she smiles, a moment of communion between them, and then
his phone starts ringing - Suzy Jones.

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)
Sorry, I need to take this.

Sally nods her goodbye, thoughtful, sad, watches him hurry
from the room into the corridor outside.

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Suzie?

INT. C.I.D. ROOM/INT. CORRIDOR. SCHOOL. DAY.

Suzie Jones stands by her desk. Arrayed in front of her are a
series of dog-eared photos - all of which seem to be of a
teenage Anna Stamp at a party, with her arms around Matty.

JONES
I've just arrested Anna Stamp.

(CONTINUED)

43

Her eyes stray to the photo - a smiling Anna with her arm round Matty, Anna kissing Matty plum on the lips.

JONES (CONT'D)
We need you back here, boss.

44

INT. SITTING ROOM. TAYLOR HOUSE. DAY.

44

John and Maria are back in the family home. He stands by the window, staring out onto the street, whilst she hovers in the doorway. A heavy, ominous atmosphere in the quiet house.

JOHN
They will find out, you know.
They'll get his name...

On Maria, the nightmare she's always dreaded.

JOHN (CONT'D)
...and then everyone will know.

We can sense his deep shame. But also his growing fury.
And we should fear for Maria.

End of Part Three.

45

INT. INTERVIEW SUITE. POLICE STATION. DAY.

45

Anna is back in the interview, opposite Braithwaite and Jones.

BRAITHWAITE
So this is a list of pupils who auditioned to be in 'Much Ado about Nothing' the summer Matty died...

Anna glances at the list in front of her, by her name a big X:

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)
...which, sadly, you didn't get a part in.

ANNA
It was just a stupid play, why should I care?

BRAITHWAITE
Oh because you were obsessed with him...

(CONTINUED)

ANNA
(indignantly)
No, I wasn't.

BRAITHWAITE
In fact I think you only
auditioned, so you could get close
to him.

ANNA
Not true.

BRAITHWAITE
So why have you got his name carved
on your chest?

On Anna, stunned. How the fuck does he know about *that*?

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)
Did you do it before or after he
died?

On her. Cogs whirring, what is the less incriminating answer?

ANNA
Before.

BRAITHWAITE
Was it Matty's idea?

ANNA
No. He never even knew about it.

Braithwaite digest this, as Jones pulls an evidence bag
towards him, retrieving the snatched party photos from
inside.

JONES
I'm showing Miss Stamp a series of
photos that were recovered from her
flat earlier today.

Jones places them down one by one. Anna with her arm round
Matty. Anna clutching a can of lager, as she plants a cheeky
kiss on his cheek. Anna and Matty kissing properly, the
former virtually eating the boy's face.

JONES (CONT'D)
Tell us about these, Anna.

On her. Really struggling now.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

Ok, so we went out for a bit at the start of Year Eleven, it was no big deal...

JONES

Except it *was*, wasn't it, to you.

Anna says nothing, her eyes glued to the photos.

JONES (CONT'D)

Done a bit of research on you at that time, Anna. Your Dad was away a lot, your Mum was working nights, I'm guessing you spent a lot of time on your own. At school you've got friends, but not *mates*. No crew as such, always on the fringes of things.

BRAITHWAITE

And then one night you bag Matty.

Braithwaite nods at the photo of them kissing.

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)

The coolest, best looking, most *desirable* kid in your year.

Close on Anna, memories of that night strong now.

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)

You must have felt like you were walking on air? That finally you had someone, had *something*. Except to Matty, it was *just* a kiss wasn't it. Nothing more, a fleeting moment. He wasn't interested in *you*, was he?

Anna says nothing, wrapping her arms around herself.

JONES

We've gone over your phone history from that time, and turns out you were messaging Matty *constantly* after this kiss. And for a day or so he responded, but then very quickly his replies stopped. By the time of his death, almost a year after this...

(gestures to the kiss)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JONES (CONT'D)

...he'd not contacted you in over nine months. You'd become completely invisible to him.

ANNA

(shrugs angrily)
We were doing different subjects, had different interests.

BRAITHWAITE

Indeed - he'd got the drama bug, hadn't he? Had a big role in the school play. Which meant he spent a lot of time with Sally Wright.

ANNA

Her choice, not his - she was obsessed with him, always gave him the best parts, always doing one on one rehearsals with him....

BRAITHWAITE

...and that's why you spread the rumours about them isn't it, because you were *jealous*.

ANNA

(insistent)
There was something going on, I could see it. She'd deliberately keep him back after school so they could be together, *and* he went to her house, *loads* of times.

BRAITHWAITE

And you know that how? Because you followed him there?

ANNA

(yes)
I was looking out for him.

BRAITHWAITE

You were *spying* on him. And because you were angry and lonely and hurt, you decided that she was sleeping with him.

ANNA

She *was* sleeping with him. Why else would he ignore me, when it was obvious we were meant to be togeth-

(CONTINUED)

BRAITHWAITE
(talking over)
To make yourself feel better, you
spread lies about them, lies which
grew and grew...

ANNA
No.

BRAITHWAITE
...and which ultimately landed
Sally Wright in the dock and you in
the witness box.

ANNA
(weak)
They were together. I *still* believe
that...

BRAITHWAITE
No, you don't. You never did.

Close on Anna, exposed now as a pathetic, vindictive liar.

BRAITHWAITE (CONT'D)
So I have to ask myself, what *else*
your obsession with Matty might
have made you do?

And she will not meet his eye.

INT. KITCHEN. KAREN'S HOUSE. DAY.

Karen and Sam are clearing away dinner.

KAREN
It was completely inappropriate.
Collaring me in the corridor...

Sam says nothing, dumping some food waste in the bin.

KAREN (CONT'D)
...talking to me as if we know each
other, as if we're *friends*.

SAM
How long are you going to keep this
up?

KAREN
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

SAM
This...vendetta against Sally.

KAREN
It's not a vendetta.

SAM
That's *exactly* what it is.

Karen stares at him, shocked at his tone.

KAREN
Why are you taking her side? Why
are you *always* taking *her* side?

SAM
Because she's been wronged, very
badly wronged.

KAREN
She brought it on herself.

SAM
And because she's suffered. More
than you can *possibly* imagine.

KAREN
What do you mean?

On Sam. Knows he's said too much.

SAM
Nothing. Forget I said i-

KAREN
(hard)
What do you mean, Sam?

A long, awkward silence, then:

SAM
Sally miscarried whilst awaiting
trial.

KAREN
(stunned)
She lost a baby?

Sam nods.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Your baby?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Of course...

KAREN

When did she tell you this?

SAM

The other night.

On Karen, doing the maths.

KAREN

When you went round to talk to her?

SAM

Yes.

KAREN

Why on earth didn't you say something afterwards?

SAM

I wanted to, but...

KAREN

So all the time that we were...you were thinking about *that*?

Sam says nothing, doesn't need to. Close on Karen, her world slowly collapsing now.

INT. BEDROOM. JENNY'S HOUSE. DAY.

Sally leafs thoughtfully through a box of her possessions. She removes a teddy bear, a programme for a 2014 Coldplay concert, a key ring in the shape of Blackpool Tower. The latter seems to give her pause for thought, but she puts it aside, turning her attention to a photo album beneath.

Picking it up, she flicks through the pages. Sadness on her face, as she takes in the images of Sam and her - at a rugby club do, at a school quiz night, at a BBQ in their garden. So much happiness, so much hope, gone.

She continues flicking, then pauses, doubling back to the earlier images. She looks at them again, but now we see - Karen in the background at the rugby do, gazing at Sam, Karen handing Sam first prize at the quiz night, Karen smiling at Sam at the BBQ, as they chat.

Always Karen. There or thereabouts.

48 INT. BEDROOM. KAREN'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 48

Karen sits in her bedroom, her eyes red from crying. Hearing footsteps, she stiffens, but it's just Bethany. She sits down next to her Mum, slipping her arms around her.

BETHANY
(awkward)
It'll be ok, Mum. Won't it?

She wants to comfort her Mum, but there's fear there too.

KAREN
Course, love.

Karen wraps her arms round Bethany and pulls her close. A tight little unit against the world.

But neither looks happy tonight.

49 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 49

A bone weary BRAITHWAITE getting his coat in his office when -

HOLLINS (O.S.)
Boss?
(off Braithwaite's turn)
We found Melanie Benson.

BRAITHWAITE
And?

HOLLINS
She confirms she was with Anna that afternoon, in Leeds, at a Bastille gig. They left straight after school, got home around midnight.

And she hands him a sheet of A4.

HOLLINS (CONT'D)
She kept the ticket stubs as souvenirs and just scanned them over.

On Braithwaite looking at the scanned stubs, the palpable evidence of massive dead end.

50 INT. SITTING ROOM. TAYLOR HOUSE. NIGHT. 50

John opens another can of beer, taking a deep draft from it. Three empties already sit in front of him.

MARIA
Come to bed, John.

Maria is in the doorway but John ignores her, taking another long swig from the can. She crosses to him.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Please, love. That isn't going to h-

JOHN
(shrugging her off)
Don't touch me.

He moves away, doesn't even want to look at her.

JOHN (CONT'D)
The whole town's going to know.

MARIA
No, they won't.

JOHN
And all because you couldn't keep
your fucking legs together!

MARIA
John, please...

She approaches once more, laying an arm on him, but this time he shoves her violently away. She connects hard with the wooden dresser, the wind knocked from her.

She's shocked, stunned, hurting - he's never been violent with her before - but John's on the move, hurrying past her towards the door.

MARIA (CONT'D)
John! Where are you going?
(he doesn't stop)
John!

But he's gone, the front door slamming shut behind him.

51 INT. KITCHEN. KAREN'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 51

Sam is alone in the kitchen, distractedly wiping the table, when he spots something out the window.

(CONTINUED)

51

Sally walking up the path towards the front door. Darting a wary look upstairs, he hurries out to intercept her.

52

EXT. FRONT DOOR. KAREN'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

52

Sam opens the door to reveal Sally.

SALLY

Me again.

SAM

Hi.

He's friendly, but can't resist another glance upstairs.

SALLY

I won't keep you. I just wanted to give you this.

She places something in his hand - the Blackpool key ring.

SALLY (CONT'D)

It was with my stuff. But actually it's yours.

On Sam, memories stirring.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I bought it for you on our first date.

SAM

(smiling)

I remember.

Sally steps forward, wrapping her hand round his.

SALLY

Don't throw away the past, Sam.

A brief moment of intimacy - a flash of what they used to have - then Sally releases his hand and heads off down the path. Hold on Sam, his emotions in turmoil.

53

EXT. STREETS. KESWICK. NIGHT.

53

John Taylor stalks the darkened streets. He is oblivious to all around him, a dark fire in his eyes.

Spotting the Stonemason's Arms pub, he pushes inside.

54 INT. STONEMASON'S ARMS PUB. NIGHT. 54

The pub isn't busy, half a dozen drinkers at most, but John barely notices, his eyes raking the pub, until he spots who he's looking for.

Now he's on the move. Gary Walker is chatting happily to a customer, realizing too late that he is in danger.

At the last moment, he senses John's approach. He turns, but a fist slams into his chin, sending him crashing to the ground. Now John is on top of him, one punch, then another..

...before a punter hauls John off. For a second, John's off balance, stumbling, but then he throws the punter off, and in the same instant, spies a bottle on a table, grabs it, and smashes it, raising it to strike Walker.

BARMAID

John!

John turns to see the terrified barmaid staring at him.

BARMAID (CONT'D)

What are you...?

And the sight of her seems to bring him to his senses, and shocked at where he finds himself, he turns and walks out.

55 INT. STUDY. KAREN'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 55

Sam is in his study. Sliding open the desk drawer, he drops the key ring inside, concealing it under some letters.

KAREN (O.S.)

Who was at the door?

Sam momentarily freezes - did she see him secreting the key ring in the drawer? - then forces himself to be casual.

SAM

(without turning)

Just Mel, dropping off some files.

But we're on Karen. And we know *she* knows he's lying.

56 EXT. STREETS. NIGHT. 56

John hares through the streets, desperate, sweating, but even as he does so, he hears police sirens growing louder.

(CONTINUED)

56

For a moment, he's frozen, unsure which direction to run in, what to do. And only now does he realize that he is still holding the broken bottle in his hand.

Panicking, he tosses it away and runs. But we stay where we are, zooming in on the discarded weapon to reveal that it is a broken *Buckworth bottle*. The same as the murder weapon.

57

INT. KITCHEN. JENNY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

57

Sally is alone in the kitchen, deep in thought. She opens the fridge, pulls out a bottle of wine. Then turns...and virtually jumps out of her skin.

Karen is standing directly in front of her.

KAREN

Sorry, didn't mean to scare you.

Sally's eyes dart to the back door, which lies ajar.

SALLY

You shouldn't be here, Karen.

KAREN

I just want a word.

SALLY

You need to leave.

KAREN

I'll be brief. Stay away from Sam.

SALLY

What do you mean?

KAREN

I know exactly what you're up to and it's going to *stop*.

She shoves the Blackpool key ring into Sally's hand. And, of course, Sally could back down, 'fess up, but -

SALLY

Oh that would suit you down to the ground, wouldn't it? Now that you've got him, the man you *mooned* over for years and years..

Karen glares at her.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY (CONT'D)
...but here's the thing, Karen.
He's *not* yours. He never was.

A moment of shocked anger, then Karen slaps Sally hard in the face. It's quick, brutal, rocking Sally back on her heels. But Karen's not finished yet, moving in close.

KAREN
You come near Sam, or my family
again...

Sally can feel Karen's hot breath on her face, can sense the violence beneath the surface.

KAREN (CONT'D)
(hissed)
...and I will *destroy* you.

Karen stares at Sally, dead-eyed.

Then suddenly she turns and goes, leaving Sally alone once more, her heart pounding.

End of Ep Two.