

RED RIDING #1

1974

by
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Based on the novel "1974" by David Peace

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"This is the North. We do what we want!"

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1 OMITTED 1

2 EXT. LEEDS - DUSK 2

Blue blue skies. Fluffy white clouds drift... Down through the clouds to the dusk over the doleful city. The red sun sinks. Darkness draws in.

RED RIDING

NINETEEN SEVENTY FOUR

3 EXT. DAWSON CONSTRUCTION SITE, DEVIL'S DITCH - NIGHT 3

A silent, frozen night. We are drawn as in a nightmare - down a lane signposted to: **DEVIL'S DITCH**... Past half-built houses and dormant earth moving vehicles. Everything iced over... A white feather flutters on the ground... Down into the building site...

To the black trough of the foundations. We glimpse: in the very bottom amongst the rusting rods embedded in concrete - the lovely head, shoulders and wing of A DEAD ANGEL.

WAKEFIELD

The Year of Our Lord 1974

The image scratches. The colour bleeds.

4 OMITTED 4

5 INT/EXT. VIVA / M1 MOTORWAY - DAY 5

Rain sluices across the windscreen. Sparks on the radio: "This town ain't big enough for the both of us..."

A stuffed holdall on the back seat. A black jacket sways from a hook. 5 inch lapels. An old wrist watch on the dash. Fag smoked down to the tip - used to light a fresh one.

EDDIE DUNFORD - youthful, ambitious, libidinous. Elongated shirt collar and kipper tie. Booming down the M1. Headed North. Singing along.

He checks the time.

EDDIE

Fuck.

Fucked and he's only just started. He drives like a demon.

6

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, WAKEFIELD POLICE STATION - DAY

6

Eddie, late and sweating. Editor, BILL HADLEY, grey beard, grey eyes, is talking to an owlish, bespectacled man - DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDENT MAURICE JOBSON. Hadley looks pointedly at his watch.

HADLEY

Sorry to hear about your father,
Edward.

EDDIE

Thanks, Mr. Hadley. He had a good
innings.

HADLEY

(to Jobson)

This is Detective Superintendent
Jobson. Mr. Dunford's hoping to be
the Post's new Crime Correspondent.

They shake hands.

MAURICE JOBSON

I've always got along very well
with Jack Whitehead...

EDDIE

(gritted teeth)

Good old Jack.

HADLEY

Mr. Dunford'll be standing in.
Trial period.

Jobson watches Eddie head through the smoky room packed with beery JURNOS. TV lights, notebooks, memo recorders.

MAURICE JOBSON

Local man?

HADLEY

Cut his teeth at our Yorkshire
Post. Been down South.

MAURICE JOBSON

Young Turk, then.

HADLEY

Made a pig's ear of it down there
as I understand.

Eddie shoves his way down a row of chairs. Faces he knows and who we'll meet later. An old girlfriend mouths 'hello' - spaniel eyes - KATHRYN TYLER.

EDDIE

Kath.

Eddie sits beside BARRY GANNON - skinny, single, obsessed.

BARRY
She's serious. Sad eyes never lie.

EDDIE
Fuck off, Barry. That's history.

BARRY
Here, funeral's in 2 hours. It's going to be tight.

EDDIE
We'll make it.

BARRY
How's your mother?

EDDIE
You know, bearing up.

BARRY
Yorkshire lass through and through.

EDDIE
(checks round)
Where's Whitehead?

BARRY
Jack? On the piss probably. Don't worry, son, you got your legs well under the table. Just do the job.

EDDIE
Yeah. Fuck him. He's not getting in on this one.

BARRY
Aye up, the Owl's on.

Up front, Maurice Jobson takes the stage with DETECTIVE CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT BILL MOLLOY - late 50s, a big man, a dangerous man. They flank a POLICE WOMAN and a crumpled couple: MR. and MRS. KEMPLAY.

Beside them is an enlarged school photograph of a smiling 10 year old girl against a backdrop of a blue sky with fluffy white clouds. We recognise her as the Dead Angel. Eddie switches on his memo recorder.

MAURICE JOBSON
Gentlemen, it's been a long night for everyone, especially Mr. and Mrs. Kemplay. So we'll keep this brief. At about 4 p.m.
(MORE)

MAURICE JOBSON (cont'd)
 yesterday evening, 3rd September,
 Clare Kemplay disappeared on her
 way home from Morley Grange Junior
 and Infants. Clare is ten years
 old. She was wearing an red kagool,
 a dark blue turtleneck sweater,
 pale blue denim trousers and red
 Wellington boots. When Clare left
 school, she was carrying a plastic
 Co-op carrier bag containing a pair
 of black gym shoes... Mrs. Kemplay
 would now like to read a short
 statement. Thank you.

Jobson turns the mic towards MRS. KEMPLAY. Camera flashes.

BARRY

Poor cow.

EDDIE

"If it bleeds, it leads," right?
 (a nasty thought)
 Reckon dad did it?

MRS. KEMPLAY

I would like to appeal to anybody
 who knows where my Clare is or who
 saw her after yesterday teatime to
 please telephone the police. Clare
 is a very happy girl and I know she
 would never just run off without
 telling me. Please, if you know
 where she is or if you've seen her,
 please... please... please...

Chokes. Can't go on. The POLICEWOMAN comforts her.

Eddie is transfixed by Mrs. Kemplay's distress.

7 INT. VIVA, M1 MOTORWAY - DAY 7 *

Eddie's watch ticks away the seconds on the dash. Back on the
 M1. Barry alongside him. He works out his copy aloud: *

EDDIE *

"The mother of missing ten year old
 Clare Kemplay made an emotional
 plea..." *

Barry stills him with a brotherly hand. *

BARRY *

"As fears grew, a mother made an
 emotional plea..." *

8 OMITTED 8 *

9 INT. DEWSBURY CREMATORIUM, CREMATOR - DAY 9 *

A coffin slides into the incinerator. Gas ignites. Everything is turned to smoke and ash.

10 OMITTED 10

10A OMITTED 10A

11 INT. EDDIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE, HALL - LATE DAY 11

Eddie and Barry are let in by ANCIENT AUNTY WIN. They get out of their coats.

EDDIE
Aunty Win.

AUNTY WIN
Eddie. We were worried about you,
love.

BARRY
Traffic was appalling, Win.

AUNTY WIN
Let's get you both a cup of tea.
Come on through.

Barry goes with Aunty Win. Eddie is left alone for a brief moment. There's the sound of the MOURNERS chatting from the front room.

Eddie checks his watch - looks back down the hall to see...

HIS FATHER. Impeccably suited. Standing in the coloured light filtering from the front door window. Winding his watch. The same watch Eddie now wears.

EDDIE'S MOTHER O/S
Edward?

EDDIE'S MOTHER, care worn, bearing up. His tight-lipped sister, SUSAN, beside her. Eddie kisses his mother.

EDDIE
Mum. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry
I'm late.

EDDIE'S MOTHER
"Business before pleasure" he
always said...

SUSAN
She means dad. You remember dad.

No dad in the hall. Just notes. Eddie's mother holds him. *

EDDIE'S MOTHER
It's good you're home, son.

12 INT. EDDIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - EVENING 12

UNCLE ERIC holds court amongst the GROUP OF RELATIONS AND FRIENDS. Cups of tea, slices of cake.

UNCLE ERIC
...So, then Southern bloke asks Old farmer if he knows the way to town. *
Old farmer says he don't know. So *
Southerner says, you don't know bloody much, do you? Old farmer says... *

EDDIE *
...that's as may be, but am not the one that's lost! *

UNCLE ERIC *
One of your father's. He was a good man, your father. You knew where you were with him. Reliable. *

A chill... Aunty Win waves the evening paper. *

AUNTY WIN
Well now, would everyone look at this! Edward Dunford, North of England Crime Correspondent.
(reading)
"Mrs Sandra Kemplay made an emotional plea this morning..."

EDDIE'S MOTHER
Did you write that, son?

BARRY
Our new Byline Boy, is Eddie.

SUSAN
We'll be asking for his autograph next.

AUNTY WIN
He'll always be Little Eddie to me.

EDDIE
Thanks Aunty Win.

UNCLE ERIC

It's a step up. Pity your father's not here to see it. He'd've been proud.

EDDIE

(not so sure)
Thinks so?

Uncle Eric looks inside Eddie's jacket.

UNCLE ERIC

That's not one of his, is it?

EDDIE

Lord John, this. Carnaby Street.

SUSAN

Oh, aye.

Aunty Win's shaking her head over the newspaper report.

AUNTY WIN

It doesn't look good, does it? This Kemplay lass.

BARRY

24 hours and not a thing...

AUNTY WIN

There's been a couple now, haven't there?

EDDIE

Have there?

EDDIE'S MOTHER

Going back. Wasn't there a little lass, in Rochdale?

AUNTY WIN

That *is* going back. There was one not long ago. In Castleford. Jeanette, was it?

BARRY

Jeanette Garland. Never found her neither.

EDDIE

Didn't they?

Eddie is suddenly interested.

BARRY

Hear them wheels...

AUNTY WIN
Never caught no one.

BARRY
Never do, though, do they?

13 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, RECORDS - EVENING

13

Microfische flashes from reel to reel. Opened boxes at his elbow, Eddie stares at the screen. Stops. Flashes forward. Too far. Forward. Names and events from the past flash: BERNADETTE DEVLIN - HAROLD WILSON - THE MOON SHOT. Then:

APRIL 1969.
JACK WHITEHEAD, NORTH OF ENGLAND CRIME CORRESPONDENT.

"Susan Louise Ridyard, aged 10, has been missing since 20th March. She was last seen outside Trinity Grange Junior and Infants School, Rochdale..."

Eddie spins on. A photograph of **"Detective Chief Superintendent Bill Molloy"**. Eddie makes notes. The Microfische flashes forward in time.

JULY 1972.
JACK WHITEHEAD, NORTH OF ENGLAND CRIME CORRESPONDENT.

A school photograph of another smiling 9 year old - again against a sky of fluffy white clouds...

"Jeanette Garland from Castleford went missing yesterday..."

A photo of the mother - PAULA GARLAND - blonde, hard-beautiful. Dark glasses. Head down.

14 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, OPEN PLAN OFFICE - EVENING

14

Eddie comes through the busy open plan office. Clatter of typewriters and chatter. GEORGE GREAVES - an old hand - gossips with GAZ FROM SPORT. He nods at Eddie.

GEORGE GREAVES
It's the Prodigal returned.

Eddie juggles 'V' signs at George.

15 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, OUTSIDE HADLEY'S OFFICE - EVENING

15

From behind her desk, FAT STEPH gives Eddie a sour face.

EDDIE
Here to see the old man, Mish
Moneypenny...

STEPH

Didn't cut it down South, then.

16 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, HADLEY'S OFFICE - EVENING

16

A magnifying glass moves over a black and white photo of footballers. Gordon McQueen goes for a cross. No ball in the photo. Editor, Bill Hadley studies 'Spot the Ball' photos. Eddie sits opposite - ambitious, impatient.

EDDIE

Three missing girls. Aged between eight and ten. 1969, 1972 - and then day before yesterday. All of them go missing within miles of one another. It's the A34 Murders all over again.

HADLEY

Oh, let's hope so, Mr. Dunford.

EDDIE

Fingers crossed, eh.

HADLEY

I was being sarcastic, Edward.

EDDIE

Sorry.

HADLEY

Did you talk to Jack Whitehead about this?

EDDIE

This is my story, isn't it, Mr. Hadley.

HADLEY

"Spot the Ball' is the reason 39% of working-class males buy this paper...

EDDIE

(wants to kill him)

Interesting...

HADLEY

What do you honestly think?

EDDIE

About working class males?

HADLEY

Do you think it could be the same man?

EDDIE

Yeah. Yes, I do.

Hadley appraises Eddie - seen that ambition before.

HADLEY

All right. I'll arrange for you to have a one to one with DCS Molloy first thing.

EDDIE

(set to go)

Thank you, sir...

HADLEY

He'll ask you not to write the story. You'll agree, And he'll appear grateful.

EDDIE

Mr. Hadley...

HADLEY

But you'll go ahead and do all the background work anyway. Human Interest. Five Years On or whatever. So if you're right, we won't be left in the starting stalls.

EDDIE

Right...

HADLEY

Might as well tell you, Bill Molloy suspects itinerants.

EDDIE

Itinerants?

HADLEY

Gypsies.

EDDIE

There's a surprise.

HADLEY

Don't push him. This paper has an excellent relationship with our newly amalgamated Police Force. I'd like to keep it that way.

EDDIE

(fuck that)

Of course, sir.

Eddie heads for the door.

HADLEY

You really ought to have a go at these. Right up your street.

EDDIE

Thank you, sir, I will.

Eddie's bright face. Murder in his heart.

17 INT. THE PRESS CLUB - NIGHT

17

Eddie - Jumping Jack Flash - heads through the red darkness of a bar in hell. Genuine Formica veneer, booze, fag smoke, a small stage where A WOMAN IN A FEATHERED DRESS belts out "We've Only Just Begun".

A table of CRONIES: Barry Gannon, George Greaves, Gaz. Snatches of journo chat:

GEORGE GREAVES

They'd hacked fucking swan's wings off. Clean off! Left poor bastard lying there...

GAZ

You're joking!

GEORGE GREAVES

Still alive apparently. Kids, they think...

Eddie glad-hands as he passes. Doesn't veer off True North: the bar decked in fairy lights. Barry tags along with Eddie. They shove through the CROWD.

BARRY

How'd it go with Hadley?

EDDIE

He doesn't want me pushing the unsolveds with Molloy.

BARRY

Right. Background shit. Interview the families. Mr. and Mrs. Parents of the Missing, Presumed Dead.

EDDIE

They'll be following Clare Kemplay. Be back there anyway.

BARRY

And you'll help them. Catharsis.

EDDIE

Fuck off.

The bar-woman, BET, has Eddie's drink ready for him. Pint and a whisky. Eddie downs the scotch, quenches it with the beer.

EDDIE

Same again for me, Bet. And a...?

BARRY

Scotch and water.

EDDIE

Large scotch and water.

BARRY

One thing is for sure - they're linked all right. I know it.

EDDIE

Yeah...? Linked to what?

BARRY

How long have you got? Everything's linked, Eddie. Show me two things that aren't.

EDDIE

Stoke City and fucking Championship?

BARRY

Eddie, it's a conspiracy. We've got MI5 keeping an eye on our Harold. And Mountbatten waiting in the wings with a military junta...

EDDIE

Bollocks.

BARRY

There are Death Squads out there. They give them a taste in Northern Ireland, then bring 'em back home hungry.

EDDIE

Fuck off. Death Squads.

BARRY

That shit isn't just for the Redskins. Every city has its Death Squads. Sentence first, evidence after.

EDDIE

Yeah, well I'll steer well clear of Wake County Council Death Squad, then...

BARRY
You can laugh...

EDDIE
Why not work Watergate too, while
you're about it? Death Squads.
You've fucking lost it, mate.

Eddie looks down the bar. At the far end is Kathryn Tyler,
cornered by a DRUNK. She sends a rescue-me-smile to him.

BARRY
You're a lucky man, Dunford. You
want to look after that one...

A YOUNG MAN sidles up to Barry - orange feather cut, nervous
eyes, fat maroon suit. A Bowie Clone. This is BJ.

BJ
Mr. Gannon...?

BARRY
BJ... Over there.

Barry nods to a corner table. BJ throws Eddie a little smile,
then leaves them.

BARRY
Business.

EDDIE
Well I didn't think it was
pleasure, did I.

Eddie watches Barry join the strange nervy young man, BJ. A
secret assignation.

KATH O/S
Having a nice time 'back oop
North'?

Eddie turns to see Kath at his side.

EDDIE
You know Barry. Gets a bit obtuse.

KATH
Obtuse? There's a big word for you.

EDDIE
How about you?

KATH
How about me what?

EDDIE
Having a good time?

KATH

Oh, I love being on my own in bars.

EDDIE

You weren't alone.

KATH

You could have come over.

EDDIE

I wasn't invited.

KATH

Poor baby.

EDDIE

I'll have a scotch.

KATH

Vodka tonic.

18 INT. KATH'S BEDSIT - NIGHT

18

Eddie and Kath try to lose themselves in one another.
Drinking and fucking. Desperate.

KATH

I love you. I love you...

Then lying there. Hasn't worked. Both their heads still
buzzing full. Eddie needs a cigarette.

KATH

I've missed you, Eddie, love...

Eddie's on his feet, into his pants. He pees in the adjoining
bathroom toilet.

Sound of the phone ringing outside. Eddie flushes the toilet.
Comes to the door.

KATH

Eddie...

EDDIE

Kath, it's over. You know it is.

Knock at the door.

GIRL O/S

It's for him...

Eddie goes. Kath left shipwrecked.

19 INT. KATH'S BEDSIT, HALLWAY - NIGHT 19

A SLEEPY GIRL hands Eddie the phone.

EDDIE

Yeah?

VOICE OFF

(muffled)

Dunford? Thought you were a fucking journalist. Start asking some fucking questions...

EDDIE

Who's is this?

VOICE OFF

You don't need to know. You interested in the Romany Way? White vans and gypos...

EDDIE

Where?

VOICE OFF

Hunslet Beeston exit of the M1.

EDDIE

When?

VOICE OFF

Mischief Night came early. You're late.

The line goes dead.

20 INT. VIVA, M1 MOTORWAY & HUNSLET EXIT - NIGHT 20

Eddie drives fast. Jimmy Ruffin: "What becomes of the broken hearted / Who had love that's now departed?..."

Lights flash past. He exits the motorway - swerves to halt on the hard shoulder.

21 EXT. HUNSLET CARR, MOTORWAY - NIGHT 21

Eddie gets out at the foot of the embankment. The black sky beyond the embankment is filled with orange smoke and sparks...

Eddie clambers to the top of the embankment. He looks down into the basin of Hunslet Carr. He looks down into hell.

Below, a gypsy camp is on fire. Caravans and trailers blaze. GYPSY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN are trapped amongst the flames, ringed by POLICE IN RIOT GEAR. Screams of terror, engine roars and heat. The police rhythmically bang their shields with truncheons. They move in on the trapped gypsies. They charge. Bones are broken. Flesh ripped.

A tiny 10 YEAR OLD GYPSY GIRL stands screaming amid the satanic fury.

Eddie hides again in bushes. He sees: OFFICERS - including SERGEANT BOB CRAVEN - ginger bearded and carnivorous - and a short arse - CONSTABLE TOM DOUGLAS. Also DETECTIVE SERGEANTS JIM PRENTICE and DICK ALDERMAN - greased blonde hair, moustache and sideburns. All smoking and drinking and laughing. Illuminated by the flames of hell. At their centre is Detective Chief Superintendent Bill Molloy. Molloy looks up. Eddie buries his face in the mud.

*
*

22 INT. EDDIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAWN 22

Eddie is sprawled on the bed, fully clothed and muddy in the floral room. His mother brings him tea.

EDDIE'S MOTHER
Look at the state of you.

EDDIE
Says you, not dressed at this time.
Not like you.

EDDIE'S MOTHER
No, love. Not today.

She sits, staring. Lost.

EDDIE'S MOTHER
You know, he really loved you, your
dad...

EDDIE
Had a funny way of showing it,
then.
(regrets saying it)
Mum...

Too late. His mother leaves him. He sits up, feeling bad... His sister, Susan, stands in the doorway.

SUSAN
You never did one good thing, you.
Upset mum again and you're out on
your ear.

The door slams. Eddie winces.

23 INT. STREETS - DAY

23

Eddie and Barry walk. Eddie looks like shit. He swallows a couple of pills. He's in the middle of telling Barry about the previous night.

EDDIE

It was fucking vicious, Barry.

BARRY

Games, Eddie. Hidden agendas. You watch out...

EDDIE

That phone call - "White vans and Gypos"? What's that about?

BARRY

Bill Molloy's got it in for Gypsies, hasn't he.

EDDIE

Question is, who's got it in for Bill?

BARRY

Be one of his. Breaking ranks. It's been like the Medici court in there.

EDDIE

That brown nose, Hadley would never've printed it anyway.

Barry watches Eddie - sizing him up...

BARRY

That land's ear-marked. New John Dawson Development.

EDDIE

What? Flats?

BARRY

Flats my arse. A temple! A veritable pleasure dome...

(pulls back)

Here, don't be late, mate. Badger Bill doesn't like newspaper men.

(shoves him forward)

Into the lion's den you go.

24 INT. WAKEFIELD POLICE STATION, MOLLOY'S OFFICE - DAY

24

Bill Molloy - white streak through his black hair - sits scowling behind his desk looking very tired and very pissed off. Eddie is afraid and nervous.

MOLLOY

How's Jack Whitehead and that boss
of yours?

EDDIE

They're both fine, sir, thank
you...

MOLLOY

Detective Chief Superintendent.

EDDIE

Detective Chief Superintendent...

MOLLOY

Go on, then son, surprise me.

EDDIE

Well sir, Chief Superintendent,
I was wondering if, well, if there
was any news about Clare Kemplay...

MOLLOY

Nothing! Sweet fuck all. That poor
lass is dead, son...

EDDIE

I see...

(readies himself)

And Jeanette Garland, Susan
Ridyard?...

(silence from Molloy)

I mean, there's a similarity... I
was thinking about the A34 Murders -
Cannock Chase...

MOLLOY

What the fuck do you know about
Cannock Chase?

EDDIE

What I'm trying to say is, it
turned out to be the work of one
man, and Jeanette Garland and Susan
Ridyard went missing...

*
*

MOLLOY

You think you're the only one to
put that together, you vain little
twat. My senile bloody aunty could.

Eddie back in his crib. The telephone buzzer goes.

MOLLOY

You haven't got a story, son. Best
we find a body and quick. Check the
bins, see who's got themselves an
early Away Day...

EDDIE

Right. Pull in the local Gypos and Paddies...

MOLLOY

Who said anything about Gypos?

EDDIE

Well, I just thought... They'd be likely suspects, wouldn't they...?

MOLLOY

Have we met before, son?

EDDIE

Don't think so, sir, no...

The buzzer goes again. Molloy's on his feet.

MOLLOY

Good. You do your digging, son, and I'll do mine. Now fuck off.

Watching Eddie go is Maurice Jobson in his heavy rimmed specs... He switches on a smile for Molloy.

MAURICE JOBSON

Problem?

MOLLOY

New boy. Come in, Maurice.

25

INT/EXT. VIVA / MORLEY STREETS & JUNCTION - DAY

25

Eddie driving. Heater and radio on - the missing girl story growing on National. Peering out at the dark world: PEOPLE wrapped against the biting cold, dark factories, silent mills, torn election posters Wilson, Heath - "Who Governs Britain?"

Eddie pauses at the traffic lights. Across the street is MORLEY GRANGE JUNIOR AND INFANTS SCHOOL. KIDS come out, laughing and screeching. Eddie stares...

RADIO LEEDS

...Clare was wearing an red kagool and red Wellington boots. When Clare left Morley Grange Junior and Infants School...

He sees CLARE KEMPLAY. Red kagool, red Wellington boots, Co-op plastic bag. She's standing apart from the others, smiling at him across the street.

Eddie can't hear the angry car horns behind him.

Clare begins to skip along the road. Going home. Eddie drives slowly - keeping pace with her. Traffic horns blare. Clare pauses on the corner, waving at Eddie.

Eddie signals to turn up the road. A car angrily roars past him. Screamed abuse. Clare's little figure vanished.

26 INT/EXT. WINTERBOURNE AVENUE - DAY 26

Eddie drives up Winterbourne Avenue. A cul-de-sac of mixed old and new semis. He pauses - looks across to: A POLICEMAN stands on duty outside number 3. Mrs. Kemplay is at the window, staring vacantly out, waiting in vain for her daughter to return home. She never will.

26A EXT. MOTORWAY/ROCHDALE STREETS - DAY 26A

Eddie drives the Viva - exits the motorway and into Rochdale.

27 OMITTED 27

28 EXT. ROCHDALE, RIDYARD'S STREET - DAY 28

Eddie leaves his car. It's a quiet street. Over the road are spanking new houses: **A DAWSON UK DEVELOPMENT**. Eddie goes to the front door of a semi opposite. Rings the bell...

An ancient missing poster of **Susan Ridyard** - smiling against blue skies and fluffy clouds - is taped inside the window. Eddie's drawn by her smiling eyes... A NEIGHBOUR looks out.

NEIGHBOUR
Reporter, are you?

*
*

EDDIE
That obvious, is it?

*
*

NEIGHBOUR
Seen a few round here. Ridyards
aren't in, love...

*
*
*

EDDIE
You don't know when they'll be
back, do you?

*
*
*

NEIGHBOUR
Gone away for a few days. Can't
blame them. Brings it all back -
what with them finding that new one
over in Morley...

*
*
*
*
*

The world stops.

*

EDDIE

What?

NEIGHBOUR

That young lass. They found her.
Just on news.

EDDIE

They found Clare Kemplay?

NEIGHBOUR

Dumped on a building site at
Devil's Ditch.

29 OMITTED 29

30 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY 30

Eddie marches through the clatter of typewriters and chatter.
Kath nervously gets to her feet. She looks terrible.

KATH

Eddie...

EDDIE

Thanks for telling me about the
Press Conference, Kath.

KATH

Fuck you, Eddie.

Ahead, a slick, sharp man with a shark smile, leans against a
desk, drawing on a cigarette. JACK WHITEHEAD.

EDDIE

Jack Whitehead! Crime Reporter of
the Year. Fancy you being here.

JACK

Glad you could join us, Scoop. Boss
wants to see you. Asap.

31 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, OUTSIDE HADLEY'S OFFICE - DAY 31

Fat Steph greets Eddie with a knowing smile.

STEPH

Early bird and all that.

EDDIE

Is it true you like it up Trap 2
from Jack?

STEPH

You're the one who's fucked, Scoop.

32 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, HADLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

32

A copy of the Yorkshire Post hits Hadley's desk:

**CLARE KEMPLAY MURDERED
BY JACK WHITEHEAD, CRIME REPORTER OF THE YEAR.**

HADLEY

I hope there's no bad feeling. I mean I hope you don't think you were in any way bumped off the story...

EDDIE

I'm off the story?

HADLEY

Not at all, not at all. You couldn't be reached. So I sent Jack.

EDDIE

So, now it's Jack's story?

HADLEY

Look, I have a couple of other things I want you to follow up. A favour.

EDDIE

A what? A favour?

HADLEY

I want you to go to "Shangrila".

EDDIE

Come again?

HADLEY

"Shangrila". It was a silver wedding present apparently. Her favourite film...

(Eddie still doesn't get it)

The Dawson place. John Dawson? The construction magnate?

EDDIE

What about him?

HADLEY

Barry's got a theory - local corruption...

EDDIE

No, not that! Not Barry Gannon's Dawsongate.

HADLEY

I want you to hold his hand.

EDDIE

No one gives a fuck about local government corruption.

HADLEY

Barry seems to think Marjorie Dawson will corroborate everything he's dug up on her husband...

(confidentially)

Look, Mrs. Dawson isn't a well woman. It's ethically dubious to bother her. I want you to make sure Barry doesn't go off the deep end.

EDDIE

And what about Clare Kemplay?

HADLEY

It'll get solved in the next few days or never.

EDDIE

Who found her?

HADLEY

Builder's mate. Lad from Fitzwilliam. Edward, I'm asking you to drop it.

EDDIE

Okay.

HADLEY

Good. We'll let Jack handle it for the most part, shall we.

EDDIE

Right. Team effort.

HADLEY

That's it. So, you'll stay away from Fitzwilliam, then...

EDDIE

Absolutely, Mr. Hadley.

33

EXT. FITZWILLIAM, NEWSTEAD VIEW - DAY

33

Eddie drives the Viva through the rundown mining town - under the daubed iron bridge: **FUCK FITZWILLIAM, FUCK THE IRA.** Into the rundown mining town. The pit wheel, terraced houses, burned out bus stops and closed-down shops...

Down Newstead View; a line of terraced houses.

Standing at the road side, a car exhaust pipe in his hands, is a SIMPLE MAN in overalls. He stares at Eddie as he passes. His name is JOHN MYSHKIN. *
*

Off Newstead View is a cul-de-sac that ends at the foot of a great grassed-over slag heap. Netherton Close. Allotments, abandoned cars, sheds and caravans dot the slope. Ponies, rusting tractors, white vans, packs of dogs. KIDS play amongst the piles of scrap metal. Beyond are the bleak Moors.

34 EXT. 7 NETHERTON CLOSE - DAY 34

Eddie looks around. A GANG OF BOYS watch him whilst absently smashing an abandoned car. Eddie heads for number 7. A neat lawn. Empty garage.

The door is opened by a hard beauty in her late 30s.

EDDIE

Mrs. Cole? Edward Dunford.
Yorkshire Post.

MARY COLE

To see our Leonard, isn't it?

EDDIE

Just a quick chat.

MARY COLE

He's had enough with the police. He doesn't need to keep going over it...

A gentle, commanding voice from inside the dark house:

MARTIN LAWS O/S

Mary. It's all right. Go fetch your son.

MARTIN LAWS. A tough, lean man in his early 40s. Shirt sleeves, muddy boots and dog collar. Watchful and uncompromising.

MARTIN LAWS

We've all had enough of the police round here, Mr. Dunford...

(shakes his hand)

Martin Laws. Better come in. Excuse the mud. Allotment work.

35 INT. 7 NETHERTON CLOSE - DAY 35

A SIXTEEN YR. OLD BOY in tracksuit bottoms sits on the floor before Eddie. He flicks lank hair out of his eyes. He's got a bruise over his eye. The front room is small and dank. Eddie, Martin Laws and Mary Cole watch the boy.

MARY COLE

They thought he'd done it, you know.

LEONARD

Shut up, mum!

MARTIN LAWS

Leonard.

(to Eddie)

The police very quickly realised their mistake.

EDDIE

Why did they think you'd done it, Leonard?

LEONARD

Ask them.

MARY COLE

He's a good boy, Mr. Dunford. He didn't do nothing.

EDDIE

Get some brass out of it, Leonard. Tell us what happened.

MARTIN LAWS

No need for money, Mr. Dunford. It's the truth matters... Leonard can show you the place...

MARY COLE

She was a lovely little thing.

36

EXT. DAWSON CONSTRUCTION SITE, DEVIL'S DITCH - DAY

36

Eddie and Leonard tramp through a dense drizzle to stand on the rim of the building foundations. No work going on. WORKMEN watching from the shelter of a half-built house. Martin Laws and Mrs. Cole stand together a little way off, watching.

LEONARD

We were waiting for Gaffer, but he never come, and it were raining so we were just arsing about, you know. I went over to have a waz and that's when I saw her...

(the memory hurts)

She was lying there... She had... aw, fuck...

(tears in his eyes)

I couldn't believe it was her...

Eddie crouches and picks up a single white feather. He stares into the black foundations. Behind him, is a large hoarding:
A DAWSON UK DEVELOPMENT.

37 INT. THE PRESS CLUB - EVENING

37

Eddie down into the red gloom of the Press Club. Only a FEW SOULS in hell this early. He heads for Jack at the bar. Jack's on a bender.

EDDIE
Hard at it, Jackie?

JACK
Serves me in sickness, poverty and ignorance. Hello, Scoop.

EDDIE
Had a chat with Leonard Cole.

JACK
You naughty boy. Didn't Aunty Hadley send you home for an early bath?

EDDIE
Heard you were over at Clare Kemplay's post-mortem...

JACK
The police are withholding exact details...
(a drunken stab)
Don't you have a family to go home to?

EDDIE
Don't you?

A shaft goes down. Jack laughs in Eddie's face... He slides off his stool and stumbles towards the toilets.

38 INT. THE PRESS CLUB MEN'S TOILETS - EVENING

38

Eddie follows Jack to the urinals. Jack leans his head against the tiles as he pisses.

JACK
Keep following me like this and your friend Barry's going to get very jealous...

EDDIE
Did you get a look at it?

JACK

What? Your friend or the post-mortem?.. Yeah, I saw it...

EDDIE

And?

JACK

And, a little girl was tortured, raped and strangled. In that order.

EDDIE

I want to know the details.

JACK

No you don't, Scoop.

EDDIE

Don't fuck around, Jack.

Jack smiles with the wisdom of the drunk.

JACK

Whatever happened to all those novels you wanted to write but were too scared shitless to even try...

Eddie grabs Jack - shoves him against the tiles.

EDDIE

Tell me!

JACK

Eddie, I am pissing down my trouser leg... Yours too...

Eddie lets him go. Steps back.

EDDIE

You're all washed up. You're just a hack.

JACK

Such insight.

39

INT. EDDIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE, HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

39

Beethoven's Eroica blasts the player. Eddie's father's vinyl collection is strewn across the floor. Eddie, in pants and vest. Swigging Scotch. He manically pages through articles on the missing girls - SUSAN, JEANETTE, CLARE...

Eddie's mother enters. He stops the music. She takes in his sorry state. In her hand she has a manila A4 envelope. Scrawled on the envelope is one word: "**Scoop**".

EDDIE'S MOTHER

A man left this for you, love. Nice man. Said he was a friend of yours. Jack someone...

His mother leaves and Eddie cautiously opens the envelope... Trembling, he pulls out a couple of sheets of paper. We see typed words:

CLARE KEMPLAY. POST-MORTEM.

"The body measured four feet three inches and weighed seventy-two pounds... Presence of coal dust found beneath fingernails... Facial abrasions, possibly bites were noted..."

Eddie scans. Panic rising. Horrors. Glimpsing phrases...

EDDIE

(reading to himself)
"...palms pierced... tears and bruising..."

"Ligature marks... burns upon the neck... inserted into the vagina..."

Eddie shuffles the pages front to back to reveal a set of photographs.

Rapid fire images flash before his eyes:

ABRASIONS... A SMALL HAND... A SEVERED SWAN'S WING...

GEORGE GREAVES V/O

They'd hacked fucking swan's wings off... Clean off. Left poor bastard lying there... Still alive apparently...

WORDS RAZORED INTO FLESH: "4 LUV".

Eddie's face. The horror.

40	EXT. HUNSLET CARR, MOTORWAY - NIGHT	40
	The tiny 10 year old gypsy girl stands screaming amid the satanic fury of the burning gypsy camp. Then, blackness.	
41	OMITTED	41
42	INT. VIVA, CASTLEFORD - DAY	42 *
	Eddie drives. Battered. Haunted. Stares out at the grey day. Barry beside him.	*

EDDIE

She was strangled - gouged her own tongue out with her teeth... But not before some evil fucker had crucified her and...

(still not believing)

They'd gone and stitched fucking swan wings into her back!

They're both quiet. The horror settling.

42A EXT/INT. LANE & SHANGRILA / VIVA - DAY

42A

They drive up a dark, leafy lane lined with high walls. Fairy lights are strung in the trees...

A big house comes into view. Uber 70s bungalow chic. A sign: "**SHANGRILA**". Red Jaguar in the gated drive.

EDDIE

Smart.

BARRY

"All great buildings resemble crimes," they say.

A DANGEROUS LOOKING MAN WITH A JASON KING MOUSTACHE comes down the drive.

Barry goes to get out.

EDDIE

I'm off for a poke around. Catch you later.

BARRY

(smiling, knowing)

You still think there's a connection to Jeanette Garland and the other missing girls?

EDDIE

Dunno. I mean, yeah, could be.

BARRY

Good lad.

The Jason King Moustache comes down the drive.

EDDIE

We can swap horror stories after.

Barry gets out. Eddie spins the Viva round and away.

43 EXT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE - DAY

43

Eddie goes to a red door in a row of pre-war houses. A woman in her early 30s answers - thin, bruised-beautiful. PAULA GARLAND. She takes Eddie's breath for a second.

EDDIE

Mrs. Paula Garland? I'm from the Yorkshire Post. It's about Jeanette.

44 INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - DAY

44

Eddie runs his eyes over Paula's figure as he follows her into a well-furnished room. There are some new items still wrapped in plastic. On the TV is the school photo: Jeanette Garland against a background of blue skies and white clouds. Just like Susan Ridyard.

EDDIE

Mr. Garland about?

PAULA

What do you want Mr. Dunford?

EDDIE

Well, I'm doing an article on the parents of children who have gone missing.

(she doesn't blink)

It's about how parents have coped, after all the fuss has died down.

(still no reaction)

I know this must be difficult. I mean, I know how you must have felt...

PAULA

You have no idea how I feel.

She turns away. In a mirror she sees Eddie take in her body.

EDDIE

I mean, for example, do you think the police could have done anything more to have helped you?

PAULA

There was one thing.

EDDIE

(notebook ready)

Yep. And what was that?

PAULA

They could have found my daughter.

EDDIE

Of course...

She's white hot. Controlling it.

PAULA

You come into my house talking to me like you're discussing the weather or some war in another fucking country. This thing happened to me!

Eddie wants to hold her, wants to comfort her. Can't.

EDDIE

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...

PAULA

You're not sorry.

EDDIE

Please...

PAULA

Get out.

45 EXT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE - DAY

45

The red door is slammed in Eddie's face. Eddie turns to the street. Opposite are more recent semis and a sign: **A DAWSON UK DEVELOPMENT**. He senses everyone watching him. A WOMAN with a pram gawks. Eddie grabs his crotch at her.

46 INT. THE SHAKESPEARE PUB - DAY

46

Eddie glares at Barry over pints and cigarettes.

EDDIE

Her husband's dead?!

BARRY

Never got over Jeanette. Sucked on a shotgun a year back.

EDDIE

Shit.

BARRY

You're supposed to know these things, Dunford.

EDDIE

It didn't exactly make the Front Page down South.

BARRY

Well it did here. And you should have fucking known. Do your job.

BARMAN

Time Gentlemen please!

Early Sunday closing. Eddie drains his glasses.

EDDIE

How was "Shangrila"?

Barry takes his time, smiles.

BARRY

Mrs. Dawson told me my life's in danger.

EDDIE

Bollocks.

47 EXT. THE SHAKESPEARE PUB CAR PARK - DAY

47

Eddie and Barry head across the car park.

BARRY

Dawson did his National Service in Kenya. There are tales of scalping and rape and genital mutilation. He taped the screams. For fun.

EDDIE

(beginning to bite)
If you seriously believe her, you should tell someone.

BARRY

Who? The Law? These people are the Law.

Barry assesses Eddie. Is he up to it?

BARRY

Eddie? That Gypsy camp at Hunslet Carr? Take a closer look. Dawson set up a 100 million pound property trust. One hundred million. Be interesting to know who else is on the board...

EDDIE

And there are Death Squads out there, right?

BARRY

You're ignorant, Dunford. Try carrying a history book along with that notepad of yours.

EDDIE

Want a lift or what?

BARRY

Going the other way.

Barry unsteadily walks away.

EDDIE

Pisshead!

Barry turns back.

BARRY

You never had the urge to deliver us from evil, then?

EDDIE

Never!

BARRY

The devil triumphs when good men do nowt.

And, laughing, Barry disappears from view...

A screech of tyres. Eddie turns: A police car comes racing off the road and swerves to a halt in the car park. TWO POLICEMEN get out. Tommy Douglas and Bob Craven.

CRAVEN

What's going on, son?

EDDIE

Been for a pint.

DOUGLAS

Fuck off.

EDDIE

I'm over 18, dad. Honest.

CRAVEN

Come here, you little puff.

Craven grabs Eddie. Spins him round. Slams his face against the Viva. Holds him by his neck.

EDDIE

What do you want?

DOUGLAS

I'll tell you what we don't want.
We don't want tits like you
bothering people who don't want
bothering.

Craven runs his finger between Eddie's cheeks and pushes it
up his arse.

CRAVEN

It's not nice, is it.

DOUGLAS

We'll be watching you.

CRAVEN

(jabbing harder)
Always.

Craven kisses Eddie on the cheek.

48 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, RECORDS - EVENING 48

Eddie spins through the files: back in time to 1972.
Photographs of Jeanette Garland. "Missing. Police Widen
Search. Police Baffled. Police Call off Search. John Garland,
father to Jeanette, commits suicide"... Photographs of Paula
Garland. Blonde, beautiful, hard...

49 INT. PUB - EVENING 49

The noisy PUB CROWD. Eddie gets himself a drink. Whisky down
in one. Pint to cool his throat. Needed it.

In the mirror - hidden at the back of the crowd, he sees
Paula Garland. Damaged and pale in her red sweater. Sitting
alone at a table by the jukebox.

Eddie brings his pint and a large whisky to Paula's table.

EDDIE

Mrs. Garland...

Paula's had a couple already. She looks at his cheerful grin.
Looks away. Feigned boredom.

EDDIE

Seems like a nice local...

She takes her time.

PAULA

It used to be.

EDDIE

Mind if I join you?

Paula nods at the drinks in his hands.

PAULA
One of them for me?

Eddie hands her the whisky. Offers her a cigarette.

EDDIE
Come here often, then?

PAULA
Sounds like you're trying to pick
me up, Mr, Dunford.

Eddie laughs a little too quickly.

EDDIE
Hope your friends in the force
don't see us together...

PAULA
What do you mean?

EDDIE
I got the message. You didn't need
to go to the police.

PAULA
I never said anything to the
police.

EDDIE
Who did you tell?

PAULA
No one.

The music changes. Diana Ross. Paula stares down into the jukebox lights. Eddie studies her face.

EDDIE
Look, I really am sorry about
before.

PAULA
(a straight look)
You were doing your job. It might
help find my little girl...

EDDIE
Mrs. Garland...

PAULA
Paula. It's Paula.

EDDIE
I was right out of order. I didn't
know about your husband.

She shrugs - tips a little more whisky.

PAULA

Ring always felt loose to be honest.

(a look just for Eddie)

There, that was a stupid thing to say...

Paula finishes her whisky.

EDDIE

Want another?

PAULA

Trying to get me legless?

EDDIE

Just say...

PAULA

Bad idea. You said sorry. Thanks for that.

EDDIE

I'll give you a lift home.

PAULA

Thanks for the drink.

Paula pushes past Eddie - heads for the door. He watches her go. Wants her...

50 EXT. STREETS, CASTLEFORD - NIGHT 50

Paula Garland walks through the deserted streets like a ghost. Everything around her is frozen and silent.

51 INT/EXT. VAUXHALL VIVA / PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT 51

Eddie smokes and waits in his car opposite Paula's house. No lights on. Then in the mirror he sees Paula's figure emerge out of the dark. He ditches the fag.

Paula pauses - as if sensing the air. Eddie scrunches himself down in the seat...

Paula turns lets herself in through the red door.

No lights come on. But Eddie watches her come to stand at the window, smoking a cigarette. Very blonde. Very pale.

Does she know he's watching her?

- 52 EXT/INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 52
- Eddie crosses to the house. He can see Paula inside. The glow of her cigarette... She turns to look at him through the glass... He puts his hand against the front door. It's off the catch...
- 53 INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 53
- Eddie watches Paula's image in the large mirror. Her eyes are on him. Velvet eyes. Red mouth.
- Eddie's hands go out... Inches from her body... His mouth a fraction from her neck... His hands go out. His mouth close. Can't move closer...
- Wants her. Can't have her...
- 54 OMITTED 54
- 55 OMITTED 55
- 55A INT. EDDIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAWN 55A
- Eddie wakes from his sex dream. Still wants her. Still can't have her... Sound of the phone ringing... His mothers low voice, then...
- EDDIE'S MOTHER O/S
Eddie? It's for you. About Barry.
- 56 OMITTED 56
- 57 INT. THE ATHENA CAFETERIA - DAY 57
- Eddie heads fast through the steamed up cafeteria packed with PRESS; LOCALS, but also NATIONALS at separate tables.
- GAZ
Brakes went. Straight in the back of van. Bang! Pane of glass slices through - scalped him - took the top of his fucking head clean off!
- EDDIE
They're sure it's him?
- GEORGE GREAVES
Barry's dead, mate.

GAZ
And in fucking Morley too.

A hand on Eddie's shoulder. Jack Whitehead. Boozed up.

JACK
Dead drunk's what I heard.

EDDIE
You'd know, Jack!

JACK
(crosses himself)
Mea culpa, but it wasn't me getting
our Dear Departed pissed up, was
it.

GAZ
Heads up! Press Conference.

EVERYONE moves. Coats, fag packets and papers grabbed. They
all head out into the rain with newspapers over their heads.
Jack pauses - speaks quietly to Eddie.

JACK
Sure you've the stomach for it,
Scoop?

EDDIE
Like you, Jack?

JACK
Oh, no. You're the man. Jack
Whitehead's away from his desk just
now.

Eddie is left alone and friendless.

58 INT/EXT. VIVA / MORLEY, VICTORIA RD JUNCTION - DAY 58

Eddie drives slowly down Victoria Road. He slows as he
approaches the junction. Police tape streams from the lamp
post. A sign: **FATAL ACCIDENT**. A plea for information. Smashed
green glass has been swept into a heap.

58A EXT. MORLEY, VICTORIA RD JUNCTION - DAY 58A

Eddie stares at pile of smashed glass. A young, very friendly
sergeant - BOB FRASER - comes up to him - shakes hands. Eddie
is immediately suspicious.

BOB FRASER
Sergeant Bob Fraser. Thanks for
coming, Mr. Dunford... I know you
were friends.

EDDIE

Yeah. Is it true the van was carrying plates of glass?

BOB FRASER

Yes.

EDDIE

And one went through the windscreen...?

BOB FRASER

Yes.

EDDIE

So, you reckon it was instantaneous?

BOB FRASER

I'd say so, sir, yes.

EDDIE

Fuck.

BOB FRASER

Yeah... I understand you last saw Mr. Gannon in the Shakespeare Public House... Would you say he was drinking heavily?

EDDIE

I think he had a half. Pint at the most.

BOB FRASER

And you've no idea where he went from there?

EDDIE

No.

BOB FRASER

No idea why he might have come to Morley?

EDDIE

None... It's a strange one...

BOB FRASER

I see... We almost have all the details, sir. There'll be an inquest tomorrow...

EDDIE

Bit quick, isn't it?

BOB FRASER

I think the family are keen to, you know, get it all sorted...

EDDIE

Right.

BOB FRASER

If anything occurs to you, I can be reached through the Morley police station.

EDDIE

Thanks...

(appraises Fraser)

You're one of the good ones, aren't you, sergeant?

BOB FRASER

I do my best, sir. Not good copy, is it.

EDDIE

Not really.

Eddie stares across the street, the world fading. Through the traffic:

Clare Kemplay in her red kagool waves at Eddie...

59	OMITTED	59	
60	OMITTED	60	
61	OMITTED	61	
62	OMITTED	62	
62A	OMITTED	62A	
63	OMITTED	63	*
64	EXT. HUNSLET CARR, MOTORWAY - DAY	64	*
	Eddie's car is parked on the hard shoulder, door open, radio on. The radio plays. "What Becomes of the Broken Hearted?". The same music Eddie heard when he was approaching the burning Gypsy camp earlier:		* * *

"As I walk this land with broken dreams / I have visions of many things..."

*
*

Eddie stands on the embankment. The busy motorway on one side, the wasteland on the other. Like a sentinel. Caught between worlds. Below him is the circle of burned out caravans and scorched earth where the encampment was razed. SURVEYORS in hard hats measure out the land. Above Eddie is a hoarding: **A DAWSON UK DEVELOPMENT. A SHOPPING CENTRE FOR HUNSLET CARR.**

*

BARRY V/O
Everything's linked... Show me two things that aren't...

65 INT/EXT. VIVA / SHANGRILA - DAY 65

Eddie watches through a long lensed camera. He's across from "Shangrila". Eddie snaps; the front door, a figure at a window, the red Jaguar in the drive. A curtain twitches at a window...

A second, then the Jason King Moustache comes out down the drive with a cricket bat in his hand. The gates open...

Eddie spins the wheel and is out of there fast.

66 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, OUTSIDE HADLEY'S OFFICE - DAY 66

Eddie comes through the open plan office with a folder in his hand and a knavish grin on his face. Steph is scowling at him from behind a beautiful vase of flowers on her desk. Eddie keeps walking - mimes giving a blow job.

67 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, HADLEY'S OFFICE - DAY 67

Hadley reads from an A4 sheet of typing.

HADLEY V/O
(reading)
"We live in the Great Age of Investigative Journalism and Barry Gannon was one of the men who gave us this age. Where he saw injustice, he asked for justice. Where he saw lies, he asked for truth. Barry Gannon once said that the truth can only make us richer. For all of us who seek the truth, Barry's premature passing has left us all so much the poorer."

Hadley looks up. Eddie's waiting impatiently with a file in his hand.

HADLEY

Not overtly panegyric, is it?

EDDIE

Panegyric?

(no idea what it means)

No, no I don't think so... Is it going in today's?

HADLEY

Best to wait until after the inquest. Don't wish to speak ill, but you never know what they're going to turn up...

Eddie smiles with dangerous charm. He opens his file and pushes a couple of pieces of typed copy across to Hadley.

HADLEY

(scanning the copy)

Do we really need this?

EDDIE

There's been a spate of animal mutilations. Hacked about swans found over on Bretton Park...

HADLEY

I'm not stupid. Jack showed me the post-mortem.

EDDIE

It's background.

Eddie stares at him. Waiting. Hating him through a polite smile. Hadley shoves the copy back at him.

HADLEY

Get some police quotes. Maybe we'll run it on Thursday.

EDDIE

(standing)

Thank you, sir.

HADLEY

No mention of Clare Kemplay, mind. Straightforward abuse of animals. Like those pit ponies.

EDDIE

Absolutely, sir.

HADLEY

And pull back on some of the more visceral details. Don't want that with your Cornflakes, do you.

EDDIE
You got it, Mr. Hadley, sir.

HADLEY
Eddie...
(stops him in his tracks)
You're trying too hard. You're like
Barry...

EDDIE
And look what happened to him...

HADLEY
It needn't have. If you had done as
I told you...

Eddie grits his teeth at that one.

EDDIE
What do you mean by that, sir?

HADLEY
We could be sued thanks to Barry.
Mrs. Dawson has been recovering in
Hartley's since his visit...

*

EDDIE
Hartley's loony bin?

HADLEY
Nursing home.

EDDIE
I'm sorry to hear that, sir.

HADLEY
Take care, won't you, Edward...

EDDIE
I will, sir.

68 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, OUTSIDE HADLEY'S OFFICE - DAY 68

Eddie swipes Steph's flowers out the vase as he passes.

STEPH
Pig!

EDDIE
Slapper!

69 INT. HARTLEY NURSING HOME - DAY 69

A white coated NURSE opens the door to reveal Eddie with
Steph's wilting bunch of flowers and a charming smile.

EDDIE

Good afternoon. I'm here to see
Aunty Marjorie. Marjorie Dawson?

70 INT. HARTLEY NURSING HOME, STAIRCASE - DAY 70

A tailored NURSE MANAGER leads Eddie up a vast staircase.

NURSE MANAGER

We've had to give her something for
her nerves. She was in a bit of a
state when they brought her back.

Eddie passes a STRANGE FEMALE PATIENT who paddles at her
crotch, her eyes on him.

71 INT. HARTLEY NURSING HOME, CORRIDOR - DAY 71

Eddie and the Nurse Manager. Down a corridor to room 102.

72 INT. HARTLEY NURSING HOME, ROOM 102 - DAY 72

Eddie is shown into a sunny room. Flowers, over-heating,
Radio 3 - Mahler's Kindertotenlieder: "Now I can see why such
dark flames / You flashed at me...". MARJORIE DAWSON is on
the bed in a satin dressing gown. Trophy Wife on the verge.

NURSE MANAGER

Mrs. Dawson? You have a visitor.

Marjorie Dawson opens her eyes. The Nurse Manager takes
Steph's flowers.

NURSE MANAGER

It's Eric, Mrs. Dawson. Your
nephew.

(to Eddie)

It sometimes takes her a while to
come round...

The Nurse Manager gives Eddie a sly smile, then she's gone.
Marjorie Dawson stares at him. It's very hot. Eddie checks
the window.

MARJORIE DAWSON

It's locked. Who are you?

EDDIE

Edward Dunford. I'm a journalist.

MARJORIE DAWSON

So, you've been telling lies.

EDDIE

Privilege of the profession.

She allows her gown to fall open - lets Eddie clock some thigh - makes a show of covering up. She takes a cigarette - lets Eddie light it for her.

MARJORIE DAWSON
I can't help you, Mr. Dunford.

EDDIE
You told my colleague, Barry Gannon, his life was in danger.

MARJORIE DAWSON
Did I really? What a strange thing to say.

EDDIE
He was killed that night.

MARJORIE DAWSON
How terrible.

EDDIE
You didn't know?

MARJORIE DAWSON
Who can tell what I'm supposed to know these days...

A tear runs down Marjorie Dawson's face...

EDDIE
Why did you tell my colleague he was in danger?

MARJORIE DAWSON
He was asking questions.

EDDIE
What kind of questions?

MARJORIE DAWSON
Reckless questions. About reckless men. Like you.

EDDIE
Like your husband?

MARJORIE DAWSON
My husband isn't reckless, Mr. Dunford. He is very careful...

EDDIE
Careful?

More silent tears...

EDDIE
Are you OK?

MARJORIE DAWSON
You smell so strongly...

EDDIE
Pardon?

MARJORIE DAWSON
You smell of death.

Outside, there's a screech of brakes.

MARJORIE DAWSON
I think you had better leave now.

Eddie looks down to see a police car. Two policemen leap out.

EDDIE
Mrs. Dawson...

MARJORIE DAWSON
Don't touch me! Don't hurt me!
Please don't! Please don't!

She cringes back, wailing like a tormented child. There's
Pounding and shouting up the stairs...

EDDIE
I'm not going to hurt you. Calm
down...

The pounding up the stairs is getting louder and louder. Mrs.
Dawson grabs hold of Eddie - hisses into his face.

MARJORIE DAWSON
Tell them about the others...

EDDIE
What?

MARJORIE DAWSON
The others!

EDDIE
What others? What are you talking
about?!

MARJORIE DAWSON
Tell them. Please tell them where
they are...

Eddie turns to the window. Locked. Marjorie Dawson smiles
charmingly - once again the perfect trophy wife.

MARJORIE DAWSON
Hello, you must be going...

The door slams open. The two policemen Eddie met earlier burst in. Craven and Douglas. A truncheon whacks Eddie's shins. He goes down. The Nurse Manager snarls from the door.

NURSE MANAGER

Lying bastard!

Marjorie Dawson turns away in her bed - turns up Radio 3.

CRAVEN

You're dead, Little Fairy.

A truncheon cracks Eddie's head. A hand grabs Eddie's hair. He's dragged from the room. Marjorie Dawson and Mahler rapidly recede. The door slams shut!

73 INT. HARTLEY NURSING HOME, STAIRCASE - DAY 73

Eddie. Dragged back down the stairs. Spine bouncing off each stair. Hands flailing hands. Fingernails tearing...

74 EXT. HARTLEY NURSING HOME - DAY 74

Crash! The Nursing Manager slams the front door. Eddie dragged backwards by his hair. Shoes coming off. Hands scraped on the gravel.

Eddie twists round. Ribs and hips scraping across the ground now. His Vauxhall Viva rapidly approaching his face. Crack! Straight into it.

The Viva's door is swung open. His arm held out. His grasping hand. The door slammed on it. Fuck! And again. Eddie's watch smashes to smithereens.

Blackness.

75 INT. PINDERFIELDS CASUALTY - EVENING 75

Blackness. Sounds of a hospital.

A big fat bandaged hand rises against the blurred image of Eddie's mother. No watch.

EDDIE

What time is it?

EDDIE'S MOTHER

Just gone six, love.

Eddie is on a hospital bed. He looks bad. His face is bruised and cut. His mother is close to tears.

EDDIE'S MOTHER

I found you in the car. In the back seat. Covered in blood. Just lying there...

EDDIE

Mum. Please...

EDDIE'S MOTHER

I thought you were bloody dead!

Eddie struggles to get up.

EDDIE'S MOTHER

What are you doing?

EDDIE

I've got to go.

EDDIE'S MOTHER

Don't be daft. You're not fit.

Eddie lurches to his feet. Sick, dizzy, in pain.

EDDIE'S MOTHER

Don't do this to me! I hate you for this, Edward!

Eddie takes her by the shoulders - brandishes his damaged hand in her face.

EDDIE

Mum, this is my work, right? I don't want you involved.

76 INT. EDDIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE, HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT 76

Eddie throws his few belongings into a couple of bin liners - his clothes, his files, three of his father's suits. He carefully rolls up his three columns of information on the missing girls...

77 INT. EDDIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE, BACK ROOM - NIGHT 77

Eddie's mother has cried herself to sleep in her chair in front of the TV. Eddie softly looks in on her. He kisses her head. She stirs but doesn't wake. Eddie pads away. She sleeps.

The sound of the door closing. She sleeps on.

The sound of the Vauxhall Viva starting up and driving away.

She opens her eyes.

EDDIE'S MOTHER

Dad...?

No one. Just the framed photograph of her dead husband.

78 INT. VIVA, THE DONCASTER ROAD - NIGHT 78

Eddie cruises down the Doncaster Road. He's on the look out. Then he sees the sign in the night: "**It's the Only Place to Stop!**" "**The Redmoor Cafe and Motel. En-suite accommodation.**"

79 INT/EXT. VIVA / REDMOOR CAFE AND MOTEL - NIGHT 79

Eddie pulls up beside a lorry in the forecourt of the new, long red brick building with pitched roof.

Eddie gets out. Looks around. Quiet. He pulls his black bin liners out of the car and heads for the motel...

80 INT. REDMOOR CAFE AND MOTEL, ROOM 27 - NIGHT 80

A NIGHT PORTER shows Eddie into a flimsy room overlooking the carpark. A single bed, MFI wardrobe, damp curtains.

NIGHT PORTER

Two quid a night.

Eddie dumps his bags. He counts out twenty eight pounds in notes. The night porter shuffles away.

Eddie locks the door. Draws the curtains. Empties out his sack of goodies: Clothes, a portable typewriter, files, envelopes and research...

Eddie tears up strips of wallpaper. Makes three columns and pins them to the wall.

Eddie labels the columns with a black marker:

SUSAN . JEANETTE . CLARE

He pins up clippings for each girl. He tears Jack's name off the Yorkshire Post article and chucks it. He pins the article beneath Clare's name.

Photos and newspaper cuttings. He adds the horrendous post-mortem photographs.

Eddie makes a new column in his growing collection of material:

JOHN DAWSON

He pins up a snap of the destroyed gypsy camp.

Eddie picks up a photograph of Paula Garland...

81 INT. VIVA - NIGHT 81

Eddie driving one handed. Bites the lid off a bottle of Paracetamol - gobbles a few down. Every move hurts.

82 INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 82

Eddie eases painfully back into the white leather sofa. On the mantle is a card of the Dawson house, "Shangrila", re-located to a snow-covered forest. A pastel sky, windows filled with yellow firelight. Hyper real. Kitsch on Quaaludes.

Paula hands Eddie a Scotch. He knocks it back. Good stuff. He is in a very dangerous mood.

PAULA
What happened to your hand?

EDDIE
Two policemen slammed the car door on it.

PAULA
Why? What for?

EDDIE
Thought you might be able to tell me that.

PAULA
I don't understand.

EDDIE
They were the same two coppers who warned me off last time I was here.

Paula's nervous. She gets herself a drink. Eddie watches her body against the drinks cabinet lights.

PAULA
I never said anything to the police.

EDDIE
Who did you tell?

PAULA
No one.

EDDIE
Please tell me. I need to know.

PAULA

I was upset. After you went...
Well, John came over. John Dawson?

EDDIE

John Dawson?... What did you say?

PAULA

I told him some fucking journalist
had been round asking questions.
You pissed me off.

EDDIE

(waving his bandaged paw)
There you go, then.

Eddie painfully gets out of the chair. Goes towards Paula.

EDDIE

Tell me about Dawson.

PAULA

He's rich. And he was very kind to
us when Jeanette went missing...

EDDIE

He's rich.

PAULA

Yeah.

EDDIE

Sub-standard housing, dodgy
property trusts, back-handers to
the local council.

PAULA

He's been very good to me.

Eddie looks her up and down.

EDDIE

I'll bet.

PAULA

What's that supposed to mean?

Eddie holds his bandaged hand in her face.

EDDIE

Think he'd do something like this?

PAULA

No.

EDDIE

No?

PAULA

He wouldn't. Why would he?

EDDIE

Because of what I know, maybe.

PAULA

And what do you know, Eddie?

EDDIE

Clare Kemplay was found on a Dawson construction site.

PAULA

You're talking nonsense.

EDDIE

I know all people like Dawson care about are their money and their little lies.

PAULA

You don't know anything. You're just a boy.

Paula pushes Eddie back.

EDDIE

I know there's some bastard out there who's taking and raping and murdering little girls and nobody is going to stop him because nobody really fucking cares!

PAULA

And you do?

EDDIE

I'm some fucking journalist who asks questions, right. And I'm going to keep asking them until I get the answers.

Eddie lowers his hand, brushes lightly down her body.

EDDIE

Who else is going to do that for you?

Paula kisses Eddie full on the mouth, his eyes, his ears.

PAULA

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you...

Eddie grabs at Paula, numb bandaged hand pawing at her skirt, good hand pulling her against him. They fall to the sofa. They pull at one another's clothes.

Desperate to get at each other's body. Every move hurts Eddie. He doesn't care. No words.

83 EXT. SHANGRILA - NIGHT 83

Eddie drifts towards "Shangrila". Candles burn at the windows. The door opens for him.

84 INT. SHANGRILA, HALLWAY - NIGHT 84

Eddie enters a magical hall lit by a roaring log fire...

In a four poster bed, Paula sleeps on her stomach. Satin sheets up to her neck. Golden hair splayed...

Eddie pulls back the sheets to reveal... Paula has bloody swan wings on her back... Eddie staggers away...

85 INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE, HER BEDROOM - DAWN 85

Eddie wakes in a silent house. He's alone - in Paula's double bed. His wounds have blotted the sheets with blood.

Daylight filters into a room that is very much Paula's. There's a picture of Jeanette on her side of the bed...

86 INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE, LANDING / JEANETTE'S ROOM - DAWN 86

Eddie emerges from Paula's room. There's a plastic door plate: 'Mummy and Daddy's Room'. Opposite is a slightly ajar door: 'Jeanette's Room'. He can hear a softly recited rhyme.

PAULA O/S
...Two little dickie birds sitting
on the wall...

Eddie can see Paula - playing the child's game...

PAULA
One called Peter and one called
Paul. Fly away Peter. Fly away
Paul...

Eddie comes into the child's room. Untouched. Pink bedspread. Teddies and dolls. Childish drawings. Photos on a corkboard. Smiling Jeanette Garland. And Paula playing with her little daughter who isn't there...

PAULA
Come back Peter. Come back Paul...

She speaks without looking at Eddie.

PAULA

When she was a baby, I'd lie awake at night and wonder what I'd do if anything happened to her; lying awake, seeing her dead. And I'd run to her room and I'd wake her up and I'd hug her and hug her and hug her. And when she never came home, all those terrible things had come true...

Eddie's arms go round her. He kisses away her tears. She sinks into his arms. He rocks her gently.

87 INT. DEWSBURY CREMATORIUM, CREMATOR - DAY 87

Flames burst up around a coffin. Everything turned to ash and smoke. Just like Eddie's dad.

88 EXT. DEWSBURY CREMATORIUM - DAY 88

Eddie smokes outside the Chapel of Rest. MOURNERS file out, draw coats round themselves, put up umbrellas, spark up.

GEORGE GREAVES

Good piece by Hadley, wasn't it?

EDDIE

Bit on the panegyric side I thought.

GEORGE GREAVES

Oh, aye... s'pose... Barry would've appreciated it...

EDDIE

I doubt it.

Eddie sees BJ's skinny figure. He's watching from a long way off. BJ clocks Eddie watching him, turns away and vanishes from sight...

Eddie heads for his Viva... He stops short. Leaning against a red Jaguar parked alongside is Dawson's henchman, Jason King Moustache. Trouble. Jason pulls Eddie's hand off his car door handle. A big solid man emerges from the red Jag. JOHN DAWSON. *

JOHN DAWSON

Come for a spin in the Jag, Mr. Dunford?

EDDIE

And why would I want to do that?

JOHN DAWSON

I was a great admirer of your late
colleague. Such a waste...

(sticks out a paw)

John Dawson.

Eddie glances back at the SUITS emerging from the chapel.

JOHN DAWSON

Fuck the Press Club wake, eh?

(Eddie shakes his paw)

Champion.

89

INT/EXT. RED JAGUAR / THE BRADFORD ROAD - DAY

89

Eddie sits in the back of the Jag with John Dawson. Jason King drives. DAWSON'S DRIVER follows in Eddie's car. Down the Bradford Road: black bricks, saris, BROWN BOYS playing cricket in the cold.

JOHN DAWSON

This nation's in fucking chaos with
it's hung parliaments. A year ago
they were going to bring back
rationing. Now we got inflation at
fucking 25 per cent! The country's
at war, Mr. Dunford.

Everything run-down, closed, obsolete. John Dawson sighs at
it all - continues his running commentary on the world of
Yorkshire 1974 that drifts past.

JOHN DAWSON

The government and the unions, the
Left and the Right, the rich and
the poor. Then you got your enemies
within; your Paddys, your wogs,
your niggers, your Gypos, the puffs
and the perverts, even the bloody
women. They're all out for what
they can get. Soon there'll be nowt
left for us lot. Time to turn the
tide...

EDDIE

Not a Labour man, then.

JOHN DAWSON

Course I bloody am! Tory cunts have
out-priced themselves. Your Labour
man will always do a deal.

EDDIE

Like the West Yorkshire Police...

Eddie, playing poker. Dawson calling his bluff.

JOHN DAWSON

Trouble with your generation is you know nowt. You lot never fought a bloody war. I did my National Service protecting fat cunts like what I am now fighting the fucking Mau Maus!

EDDIE

I heard the stories.

JOHN DAWSON

Yeah? Well they're all true. Including the bit about cutting off cocks. It was Cowboys and Indians. Like now.

90

EXT/INT. THE KARACHI SOCIAL CLUB / RED JAGUAR - DAY

90

The red Jag followed by Eddie's Viva approaches a large detached building. A sign over the former textile factory:
THE KARACHI SOCIAL CLUB.

JOHN DAWSON

Do you know the Karachi? It's a place where men can talk. A businessman like myself and an officer of the law can get together in a less formal setting so to speak.

They pull over opposite the Karachi Club with Eddie's car behind. They get out.

JOHN DAWSON

You going to continue our late friend's crusade against local corruption, Mr. Dunford?

EDDIE

What makes you ask that?

JOHN DAWSON

Me and Barry had a very special relationship most of the time. Mutually beneficial it was.

EDDIE

In what way?

JOHN DAWSON

I'm in the fortunate position to be able to occasionally pass on information that comes my way. Certain officials sticking their fingers where they shouldn't. That kind of thing...

(MORE)

JOHN DAWSON (cont'd)
 (shoot his cuffs)
 Like the cut?

Dawson shows him the label: "Dunford's".

JOHN DAWSON
 Top man, your father. Knew how to
 cut his cloth. Solid. Dependable.
 Earned bugger all, mind...

Dawson puts his big mitt on Eddie's shoulder.

JOHN DAWSON
 That's not you, is it, Mr. Dunford?
 You're more like me. We like to
 fuck and make a buck and we're not
 right choosey how. Isn't that
 right? Drop by Saturday lunchtime.
 I got something might interest you.

Dawson heads towards the Karachi Club with [Jason King](#). He *
 pauses - turns back.

JOHN DAWSON
 And, Mr. Dunford? My wife is a very
 unwell woman. Speak to her again
 and it won't be your hand that gets
 smashed.

The driver who took Eddie's car tosses the keys at him and
 follows the big man [and Jason King](#). Eddie is left with his *
 Viva.

91 INT. THE PRESS CLUB - [EVENING](#)

91 *

Eddie. Into the Press Club. The same smirking faces. The same
 games. The same drinks. His is already on the bar before he
 gets there.

BET
 See Jack's leader?

Bet slaps down a copy of the Yorkshire Post evening edition.

"CATCH THIS FIEND"
 by
JACK WHITEHEAD
CHIEF CRIME REPORTER & CRIME REPORTER OF THE YEAR

EDDIE
 Yeah, ta very much, Bet.

Eddie necks the scotch and gulps the beer. Hits the spot.

EDDIE
 Give us another.

BET

Ziggy was in, love - looking for you.

EDDIE

You what?

BET

Puff with orange hair. He's outside.

91A EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE PRESS CLUB - EVENING

91A *

Eddie out into the evening. Lights coming on. Shadows filling corners. He hears a light voice singing "Ashes to Ashes". He sees a slight figure waiting in the alley. It's BJ clutching a Hillard's carrier bag. *

EDDIE *

Didn't I see you at the funeral? *

BJ *

Couldn't come in... We've seen things, you know... *

EDDIE *

I'll bet you have. *

BJ *

Fuck off! I know people! I've sucked the cocks of some of the greatest men this country has! *

EDDIE *

A boy should have a hobby. *

BJ *

Listen, don't let me keep you. *

EDDIE *

OK, all right. I'm sorry. (nodding at the carrier bag) Been shopping? *

BJ clutches the bag tight... Eddie takes a breath - moves close. Anything for a story. *

EDDIE *

You liked Barry, didn't you? *

BJ *

Yeah, I did. He was kind... He liked you... *

EDDIE *

Yeah? *

BJ
Said he wanted to help you... *

EDDIE
Did you see him that night, BJ? *

BJ nods. He reluctantly offers Eddie the stuffed bag. *

BJ
Said to give it to you in case
anything happened to him... It's
his Life's Work, you know. It
really is... *

Eddie grabs BJ by his jaw - shoves him back onto the bed. *

EDDIE
And why the fuck did he think
something was going to happen to
him?!

BJ
It's obvious, isn't it! *

EDDIE
Why is it obvious?!

BJ
He had too much on too many people!
You're hurting me! *

Eddie slips and the two of them comically fall to the ground.
Eddie on top of BJ. *

BJ
This is nice. *

Eddie stands quickly. Grabs the carrier bag. *

EDDIE
You don't know shit. *

BJ
Believe what you want. *

Eddie stops. Turns back. All anger gone. *

EDDIE
BJ? Do you think Barry was
murdered? *

Tears fall from BJ's eyes. *

BJ
Listen to me, BJ loved Barry.
Really loved him! *

(MORE)

BJ (cont'd)

But he was too fucking scared to go
to his funeral! I don't know who
did Barry. I don't want to know...

*
*
*

92 OMITTED 92 *

93 OMITTED 93 *

94 OMITTED 94 *

95 INT. REDMOOR CAFE AND MOTEL, ROOM 27 - NIGHT 95 *

Eddie empties out Barry's folders onto the bed. On one folder is a handwritten note: "**All great buildings resemble crimes**". Inside there's a magazine spread: The architectural community acclaim "Shangrila". The interior is lavish.

Other photos. JOHN DAWSON, architect, builder and businessman. His trophy wife, MARJORIE.

Eddie empties out another envelope: Glossy pamphlets herald **A Dawson UK Development** in Castleford, Rochdale, Morley. Homes we recognise. Also **council memos, builders' merchants orders** for materials, copies of **building contracts**.

A name leaps out from the documents: **DETECTIVE CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT BILL MOLLOY**. Photographs of Dawson with Molloy. Dawson with Molloy and other high ranking police. Restaurants, parties, clandestine meetings...

A fog of smoke fills the tiny room. The wall is a mass of clippings and scribblings. A map of Yorkshire is marked with red crosses. A labyrinth. A web of intrigue...

96 OMITTED 96

97 OMITTED 97

98 OMITTED 98

99 INT. WAKEFIELD MAGISTRATES COURT, LOBBY - DAY 99 *

Eddie and Greaves fall into the marble and oak Magistrates Court. The baying CROWD outside:

*
*

CROWD O/S

Child Killer! Hang the bastard!
Myshkin is a coward! String the
bastard up!

*
*
*
*

GEORGE GREAVES
It's fucking mental out there!

POLICE and PRESS everywhere. They flash their press cards.
Greaves briefs Eddie as they go:

GEORGE GREAVES
Michael John Myshkin. Works for a
photo lab. Dad's a Polack. Hardly
speaks a word of English.

EDDIE
That's lucky.

100 INT. WAKEFIELD MAGISTRATES COURT - DAY

100

Stained glass images of Meek and Mild Jesus in a landscape of
satanic mills and hills. The sound of the angry crowd from
outside.

CROWD O/S
Child Killer! String the bastard
up!

Beneath the window: Michael Myshkin into the dock. The same
big simple man Eddie saw at the Fitzwilliam roadside. Flanked
by PLAIN CLOTHES DETECTIVES.

COURT CLERK O/S
Are you Michael John Myshkin of 66
Newstead View, Fitzwilliam?

Myshkin looks for guidance from the detectives escort.

MYSHKIN
(a whisper)
Yes.

COURT CLERK O/S
You are accused that on or between
the thirty first of August and
first of September you did murder
Clare Kemplay against the peace of
Our Sovereign Lady the Queen.
Further, you are charged that at
Wakefield on the 13th of September
you did drive without due care and
attention.

Myshkin sighs and looks glumly at the floor like a bad
schoolboy.

Eddie and Greaves at the back of the court. Eddie, outraged.

EDDIE
They're having us on, aren't they.

GEORGE GREAVES
Looks the part, doesn't he?

*
*

EDDIE
Oh, aye. He'll do nicely.

*
*

COURT CLERK O/S
Mr. Myshkin, The West Yorkshire
Metropolitan Police request that
you be held in custody for a
further eight days. Do you have any
objection?

*

MYSHKIN
No...

COURT CLERK O/S
Do you wish reporting restrictions
be lifted?

Myshkin meets the eyes of the nearest detective. A slight
shake of his head.

MYSHKIN
No.

*
*

COURT CLERK O/S
Michael John Myshkin, you will be
remanded in custody for eight days.
Reporting restrictions remain.

*
*
*
*

Myshkin raises his big paw of a hand like he's in school.

*

MYSHKIN
Please? It wasn't me. It was the
wolf... Under those beautiful
carpets...

*
*
*
*

The detective pulls Myshkin away down the stairs. Myshkin
waves bye-bye as he descends. Eddie is in disbelief.

*
*

EDDIE
What did he say? The wolf?

*
*

GEORGE GREAVES
Something about carpets. Bollocks.

*
*

101 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY 101 *

Eddie comes through the office like the Avenging Angel.

102 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, OUTSIDE HADLEY'S OFFICE - DAY 102

Eddie - up and past Steph.

STEPH
You can't go in there!

103 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, HADLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

103

Eddie into Hadley's office. Jack Whitehead's got there first.

EDDIE
It's a bloody farce! Myshkin didn't do it!

HADLEY
He confessed.

EDDIE
It's bullshit. They've got nothing.

JACK
Nefarious deeds carried out in what he calls his "Underground Kingdom".

HADLEY
What on earth happened to your hand?

JACK
Hope it won't cramp his style.

EDDIE
Fuck off. This is the work of your friends at the West Yorkshire Fucking Police.

HADLEY
Language, Edward.

EDDIE
...On John Dawson's orders.

HADLEY
What is he on about?

JACK
They found all kinds of things in Myshkin's room, Scoop. Photos of little girls - boxes of them...

EDDIE
He works in a photo lab...

JACK
He's coughing for the lot - Clare Kemplay, Jeanette Garland and the Ridyard girl - right back to '69.

*
*
*

EDDIE

He's twenty-two. That would make him sixteen when Susan Ridyard went missing!

JACK

So?

EDDIE

So, fuck you, Jack.

HADLEY

Would you please watch your language in my office!

JACK

It feels wrong, doesn't it? All that slog, all those hunches.

(softening)

You just don't want it to be him, Scoop... I was the same once...

EDDIE

You're in their pockets.

JACK

What are you talking about?

EDDIE

The Police going about their business, supported by the good old Yorkshire Post!

JACK

The truth is the truth, Scoop. Bitter pill. You'll get used to it one day.

(on his feet)

I'll handle the Press Conference, boss.

HADLEY

Thanks, Jack.

Jack leaves. Eddie's eyes go to a card on Hadley's desk...

HADLEY

I don't want you coming to the office like this.

EDDIE

Like what?

HADLEY

Like this!

The card Eddie stares at is one of Dawson's house, "Shangrila" in a snow-covered forest. Just like the one in Eddie's nightmares. Just like the one at Paula's house.

HADLEY

Edward, I'd like you to take the rest of the month off. Get that hand seen to...

Eddie picks up the "Shangrila" card. Opens it: **"John & Marjorie Dawson invite you to Shangrila."**

HADLEY

Do you mind!

EDDIE

How well do you know John Dawson?

HADLEY

I'm sorry, Edward. Really I am. But I don't have the time for your adolescent conspiracy theories.

Hadley snatches the card away from Eddie.

104 OMITTED 104

105 EXT. FITZWILLIAM, NEWSTEAD VIEW - LATE DAY 105

Eddie, under the iron bridge - through the crumbling mining town.

106 EXT. NEWSTEAD VIEW - LATE DAY 106

Eddie pulls over. He walks down the gloomy road. Past closed, cramped front rooms. Black moors stretch beyond. Number 66 has been wrecked. Eddie heads through the rubbish strewn garden.

106A INT. 66 NEWSTEAD VIEW - LATE DAY 106A

Eddie creeps through the trashed interior - smashed glass, human excrement, a melted plastic Christmas tree. Water drips through the ceiling...

106B INT. 66 NEWSTEAD VIEW, UPSTAIRS - LATE DAY 106B

The toilet bowl and basin are smashed. More graffiti: **Wogs Out. Fuck the Provos.** Eddie turns off the bath taps. Water slops over the side. A dead cat protruding from a coal sack floats in the brown water.

A plastic plate reads: Michael's Room. Eddie enters the cell-like room. A smashed bed, torn curtains, a floor covered in comics. Eddie pushes them with his foot: The Hulk, Kung-Fu... a sketch book. He picks it up.

RAT MAN, PRINCE OR PEST?!

A child-like drawing of a crowned giant rat with human hands and feet sitting on a throne. RAT MAN says: **"Men are not our judges. We judge men!"**

EDDIE

Christ...

Eddie turns the page to see: Rat Man flies on swan's wings.

VOICE OFF

Pervert!

Eddie spins round. Nearly has a heart attack. TWO SNOTTY BOYS crowd the doorway. One has a hammer. Eddie recovers.

EDDIE

What are you doing?

BOY 1

You police?

EDDIE

No.

BOY 1

We can do what we want, then.

EDDIE

You know Michael Myshkin, do you?

BOY 1

He's a pervert.

EDDIE

Where's the family?

BOY 1

Pissed off.

BOY 2

His dad was on Sick because of dust.

BOY 1

His dad was a sp-sp-sp-spastic!

They laugh.

BOY 2

And his mum's a fucking evil witch.

Eddie pockets the comic, heads for the doorway - tries to distract the brats.

EDDIE
Dead cat in there.

BOY 2
Yeah. We killed it.

Eddie has to push past them.

107 EXT. 66 NEWSTEAD VIEW - LATE DAY

107

Eddie gets to the doorway. A THIRD BOY blocks his way, playing with a washing line noose. Behind him, the first boy starts hacking at the wall with his hammer.

BOY 3
You going to give us some brass?

EDDIE
Nope.
(nods at the noose)
What's that for?

BOY 3
Perverts.

MARTIN LAWS O/S
That's enough, boys.

Martin Laws heads for Eddie from across the street. A TIRED MUM is with him.

MARTIN LAWS
Johnny! You mother's been looking for you!

MUM
Come here, you!

The tired mum grabs one of the boys.

MUM
Thank you, Reverend Laws.

MARTIN LAWS
(to the boys)
Clear off, you lot. Go on!

The boys slouch off. They throw stones from a safe distance.

MARTIN LAWS
Lawless brats, Mr. Dunford. What can you expect? Growing up in this place.

EDDIE

Did you know Myshkin?

MARTIN LAWS

Digging up the dirt, are you?

EDDIE

Think he did it?

MARTIN LAWS

If Mrs. Cole and I hadn't got together when we did - Leonard, without a father, without order in his life. Who's to say how he'd turn out...

They look off across the allotments and the Moors beyond into the gathering darkness. Laws takes Eddie by the arm.

MARTIN LAWS

I'll see you to your car. You aren't safe walking alone around here.

EDDIE

Story of my life. Going places I'm not wanted.

MARTIN LAWS

Like Mr. Dawson's house? Not a man to cross.

EDDIE

Friend of yours?

MARTIN LAWS

You're such a journalist, Mr. Dunford. Men like Mr. Dawson play an important role in our community. Helps make hard lives bearable.

They get to Eddie's car.

MARTIN LAWS

I chose to come to this place, Mr. Dunford. My vocation. Tough neighbourhood. Miners, their wives and children. We make our own rules.

108 INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - EVENING

108

Paula opens the door to Eddie. Pale-faced, on the edge, red cardigan pulled tight round her.

PAULA

Where've you been?

EDDIE

Can I come in?

PAULA

Did you see [Myshkin](#)? What did he look like? *

EDDIE

Shut the door, love. It's cold.

109 INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - EVENING 109

Top of the Pops. Eddie Holman sings "(Hey There) Lonely Girl". Paula stares at Jeanette's photo.

PAULA

She's dead, isn't she...

Eddie lights up, passes it to Paula. He puts his arms round her. Kisses her eyes closed. A new number. Barry White. Eddie and Paula sway together to the breathy music... They look at one another and realise they've fallen for the Sultan of Smooth Soul. Laughter through tears. A moment together.

EDDIE

They've got sunshine down South,
seaview flats, warm summer breezes.
We could go there now. Never come
back...

110 INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE, HER BEDROOM - DEEP NIGHT 110

Paula and Eddie. Clothes drawn off. Clothes draped over a chair. In one another's arms. Tears. Embracing. Falling apart. Embracing again. Making and re-making knots...

Eddie and Paula. Fitfully sleeping and waking. Unused to one another. Moving in their sleep. Dreaming. Haunted...

Eddie turns over. He's alone. Paula has melted away into the darkness. Her clothes are gone from the chair... He listens to her moving through the house...

111 INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 111

Paula slips into her coat, then quietly heads out the front door... Eddie comes down the stairs, still pulling on his shirt... The front door closes after Paula...

112 EXT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT 112

Eddie emerges into the silent street. Far away down the road, Paula's figure dissolves into the darkness...

- 113 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 113
- Paula walks through the night. Expressionless, moving like a sleepwalker...
- Eddie following. An oncoming car's headlights illumines her up ahead. A ghostly white figure that flits away down a lane...
- Eddie knows this place...
- 114 EXT. LANE & SHANGRILA - NIGHT 114
- Eddie follows Paula's figure up a dark, leafy lane lined with high walls. Fairy lights are strung in the trees...
- Eddie watches Paula buzz the gated grounds of the luxurious bungalow. "**Shangrila**"... He watches her slip through and head up to the house. The gates swing closed after her.
- 115 INT. REDMOOR CAFE AND MOTEL, ROOM 27 - DAWN 115
- An empty bottle. Eddie is in a deep drunken sleep. The room is trashed.
- Sounds of trucks outside the motel. Lights travel across the dingy room and across his shrine - the photos of "Shangrila"...
- The drawing of the golden crowned Rat Man on a throne is pinned to the wall. Rat Man dominates Eddie's shrine to his investigation; the columns and lists and photographs.
- RAT MAN, PRINCE OR PEST?**
Men are not our judges. We judge men!
- 116 INT/EXT. VIVA / THE KARACHI SOCIAL CLUB - DAY 116
- Eddie parks up outside: **THE KARACHI SOCIAL CLUB**. He gets out - heads for the restaurant and club.
- 117 INT. THE KARACHI SOCIAL CLUB - DAY 117
- Eddie comes through the vast red restaurant. Dark, hot colours. Heavy Indian drapes. Hindu gods. White tablecloths. Heavy silver. Indian muzak. Empty. WAITERS IN WHITE COLONIAL UNIFORMS lay out dishes. A FLUNKY comes to Eddie.
- EDDIE
I'm here to see Mr. John Dawson.
- FLUNKY
Mr. Dawson. One second, sir.

The flunky aims Eddie at the bar where the barmaid - CLARE STRACHAN - cleans glasses.

Eddie watches the flunky go down the far end to a cordoned VIP area. John Dawson and Jason King Moustache sit at a table. The flunky speaks to Dawson. *

CLARE
What's it to be, hen?

EDDIE
On the big man, is it?

Dawson approaches Eddie, grinning.

JOHN DAWSON
It's all right, Clare, he's with me... Same again, love.

Clare drops her cheery smile. Does as she's told.

JOHN DAWSON
(to Eddie)
You look like shit.

EDDIE
Up all night. What's your excuse?

JOHN DAWSON
I've got my weaknesses, lad.

EDDIE
Paula Garland one of them?

A second... Then the big man laughs, puts an arm round Eddie and guides him away...

JOHN DAWSON
Me and Paula go back a long way.
Old friends.

Three pints are brought on a silver tray. Eddie, John Dawson and Jason King are seated round the table in the snug. Jason lights Eddie's cigarette. *

JOHN DAWSON
I like this place. It's private.
Just the wogs and us. That's how I like things. Private. Cheers.

The waiter arrives with the food.

JOHN DAWSON
Another round, Sammy. And bring over the pud trolley. I want to show Mr. Dunford some delights.

John Dawson upends his deep red sauce over yellow rice. He and Jason King start shovelling it in. *

JOHN DAWSON

Get stuck in, lad. We don't stand on ceremony here. Hope you like your curry hot.

EDDIE

I only had it once before.

JOHN DAWSON

Let me pile a load of this on for you.

John Dawson loads pickles and yoghurt on a popadum and shoves it at Eddie. Eddie tentatively tries some. Too hot for him.

JOHN DAWSON

If you don't mind me asking, what are you working on at the moment?

EDDIE

The Clare Kemplay murder.

JOHN DAWSON

Bloody appalling. There aren't words, are there. They got the cunt, didn't they?

EDDIE

Looks like it, yeah.

The pints arrive. A waiter pushes a dessert trolley draped with a sheet.

JOHN DAWSON

Here we go. I think you know we've got an important investment over at Hunslet Carr... Feast your eyes.

Dawson pulls off the sheet to reveal a perfect little architect's model of the proposed shopping centre.

JOHN DAWSON

Look it's got little trees and everything. What your Yanks call a shopping mall. You got your high street chains, your cinema, bowling alley, caffs, restaurant, all under one roof. Put a hotel in there and there's no need to fuck off home.

EDDIE

And your pals in the West Yorkshire Police already cleared the site for you.

JOHN DAWSON
Gypos. Squatters. My land.

EDDIE
So what's the problem?

JOHN DAWSON
I've got investors to look after,
haven't I.

EDDIE
Bill Molloy one of them?

JOHN DAWSON
Don't be a cunt. Course Bill
Molloy's one of them. Not the only
copper neither... Give it to him,
Paul.

Jason King pushes an A4 envelope across the rapidly staining *
tablecloth to Eddie. Dawson keeps shovelling food.

JOHN DAWSON
Open it.

Eddie deliberates. It's the same size and colour as the
envelope that contained Clare Kemplay's post-mortem...

JOHN DAWSON
Take a fucking look, lad.

A breath. Eddie pulls out large black and white photos.

JOHN DAWSON
I apologise for the vile content of
these snaps, Mr. Dunford. I hear
you're a bit of a cunt man.

The photos: Glimpses of two men in flagrante. One is BJ. The *
other is a older, greying man. John Dawson and Jason King
continue to stuff themselves.

JOHN DAWSON
Sticks in the craw, doesn't it? I
mean, how can they do it?

EDDIE
Who is it?

JOHN DAWSON
Who is it?! Bloody hell. How the
mighty have fallen. That's
Councillor William Shaw, that is;
TGWU representative of the bloody
Labour Party. That's your Man Most
Likely to Succeed, that is.

John Dawson pulls out a cigar. Jason lights it. *

JOHN DAWSON

He's your nigger in the whatsit, is Councillor Shaw. Traitor to the Cause. It's a scoop, is what it is.

EDDIE

Don't think so.

JOHN DAWSON

Ambitious lad like yourself? Make your name with this one.

EDDIE

You've got the wrong boy, Dawson.

JOHN DAWSON

You going to be a failure all your life, son?

Cuts deep. A still moment.

JOHN DAWSON

Come on, Eddie, I need a little cooperation. You play your part, son, and we'll all get what we want.

EDDIE

I'm a journalist, for fuck's sake!

JOHN DAWSON

Like Barry.

EDDIE

Barry's dead, isn't he!

Eddie's on his feet. Dawson leans across - his hand goes to Eddie's balls. He squeezes. Clare watches from the bar.

JOHN DAWSON

I respected Barry. He was a good man. His problem was he had his own agenda...

EDDIE

That why you had him killed?

Dawson laughs at that one. He squeezes. Eddie yelps.

JOHN DAWSON

What you going to do, lad? You're just a fucking student with a notebook.

EDDIE

I don't want to be part of this.

JOHN DAWSON
Tough shit. You already are.

Another squeeze makes Eddie shriek.

118 OMITTED 118

119 INT/EXT. VIVA / M1 MOTORWAY - LATE DAY 119

Eddie in the fast lane. Putting distance between him and Dawson. Radio full up: "Tubular Bells". The Castleford turning looms out of the murky day. Eddie swerves across three lanes of traffic. Horns blare.

120 INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - EVENING 120

Robot aliens are eating instant mashed potato on the TV. Eddie's slumped on the sofa, half-cut, watching Paula fix a drink.

PAULA
Yes, I went to see John last night.
I told you he's been very kind...

EDDIE
You fucked him. You fuck John
Dawson.

PAULA
You know me, I'll fuck anything in
trousers.

EDDIE
You shouldn't have said that.

PAULA
Why? What're you going to do?
(hit her? stalemate)
It's my little girl that's dead! My
husband who committed suicide. You
chose to get involved.

Eddie thrusts his damaged hand at her face.

EDDIE
I didn't choose this!

PAULA
You just want to rescue me. Not the
first. Think you'll be the last?
Dawson fucks who he wants to fuck.

Eddie understands that. He quietens.

EDDIE

He had Barry killed... Probably worse...

PAULA

He takes what he wants.

EDDIE

How long have you known him?

PAULA

(as if realising for the first time)

All my life...

"Opportunity Knocks". A tap-dancing girl. They embrace. They kiss.

EDDIE

We're getting out of this place...

PAULA

What do you mean?

EDDIE

Out of Yorkshire.

PAULA

I can't...

EDDIE

There's nothing here. I know people down South...

She can't let herself hope for escape.

EDDIE

Pack what you need. I'll be back in a couple of hours... Paula?... Please.

121

INT. REDMOOR CAFE AND MOTEL, ROOM 27 - EVENING

121

Eddie works in the gloomy room: He piles up photos, drawings, notes, transcripts. Collects his tapes - each one labelled: **LEONARD COLE . BJ . JOHN DAWSON**. Throws everything into a carrier bag.

Sound of a car arriving outside. Eddie pours two Scotches and waits... A tap at the door...

EDDIE

Come in, Sergeant.

Sergeant Bob Fraser enters. He looks round the miserable room.

EDDIE
Married, Sergeant?

BOB FRASER
Just. Yeah. You?

A thought for Eddie. He shakes his head.

EDDIE
Hard life - married to a copper.

BOB FRASER
She knows the score.

Eddie offers him a Scotch. He shakes his head.

EDDIE
You're one of the good ones, right?
Not many of them left...

Eddie passes Fraser the carrier bag.

EDDIE
Barry Gannon's work. And more. High
level corruption - business, local
government... the West Yorkshire
police...
(a look from Fraser)
Yeah, your lot...

BOB FRASER
Who in particular?

EDDIE
See for yourself. It's all there...
(challenging him)
Too hot for you?

BOB FRASER
Too hot for you?

EDDIE
Too fucking hard. Thought I could
do it. I can't.

Fraser peers at Eddie's research pinned to the wall - the web
of deceit and lies: **SUSAN RIDYARD . JEANETTE GARLAND . CLARE
KEMPLAY. JOHN DAWSON.**

BOB FRASER
Everything's linked, isn't it.

EDDIE
You should have been a bloody
journalist.

BOB FRASER
You too.

122 INT. VIVA - NIGHT 122

Eddie drives. The Hollies sing everything right with the world. He's free. He's laughing...

123 EXT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT 123

Eddie pulls up. Gets out. The house is in darkness. Something's wrong...

Eddie tries the door. No one answers. It's locked.

124 INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 124

Eddie smashes the window - forces the kitchen door. Into the kitchen. Stands there, listening. Glass in his hand. Blood dripping on the Lino. Silence in the house.

EDDIE

Paula!

125 OMITTED 125

126 OMITTED 126

127 INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 127

Eddie, into the front room. On the TV, the framed photo of Jeanette... Beside it is the card of "Shangrila" in a snow-covered forest. Eddie opens it: **"John & Marjorie Dawson invite you to Shangrila."**

Eddie grabs a bottle of whisky. Swigs it. Slumps on the sofa. Reaches for the phone. Dials a number... *

EDDIE *

Mum? It's me. *

EDDIE'S MOTHER O/S *

The police were here. One of them slapped me, you know. In my own house! *

EDDIE *

I'm sorry, mum... I never did one single good thing, did I... *

EDDIE'S MOTHER O/S *

Please come home. *

EDDIE *

I can't... I'm sorry... I love you. *

He hangs up.

*

128 INT/EXT. VIVA / LANE - NIGHT 128

Eddie cruises up the dark, leafy lane. He rounds a bend. Glimmering lights loom ahead.

129 EXT. SHANGRILA - NIGHT 129

Eddie parks up amongst the Jags and Mercs and BMWs. He gets out and heads for the illuminated facade of "**Shangrila**".

Eddie waves Paula's invite at the TWO FLUNKIES on the gates and walks up the floodlit drive. Ice underfoot. The windows are ablaze with golden light. WOMEN IN EVENING GOWNS and MEN IN TUXEDOS drift around inside. Drinking. Laughing. Chatting. Strains of Johnny Mathis.

130 INT. SHANGRILA, HALLWAY - NIGHT 130

Eddie comes through into the golden light. Last time he was here was in a dream. This is real. Bow ties. Long dresses. Frilled shirts. Cigars and whiskies. He keeps going - headed for the back room and the noise.

131 INT. SHANGRILA, LOUNGE - NIGHT 131

Eddie enters the lounge. The music is up. RED-FACED MEN and WOMEN with too much slap crowd down the far end. Eddie recognises his editor, Bill Hadley talking to Bill Molloy. He almost laughs.

EDDIE

Hello, Mr. Hadley. Looking after the Yorkshire Post's special relationship are we?

Molloy nods to HEAVIES. Hard men head for Eddie.

Eddie keeps going. Garden torches flare in the garden beyond the tall windows. Seated beneath them like the White Queen is Marjorie Dawson.

Beside her is Martin Laws with BJ in a suit - flares and lapels you'd cut your fingers on. He meets Eddie's look, shakes his head at him.

John Dawson pushes his way through, flanked by **Jason King**. He embraces Eddie. *

JOHN DAWSON

Eddie, lad. There are people here want to talk to you, son...

EDDIE

I want to see Paula. I'm not interested in your filthy little world. I came for Paula.

(shouting)

Paula! Paula!

Jason King collars Eddie. He meets Dawson's nasty smile. *

JOHN DAWSON

She's long gone, son... But you know that, don't you...

EDDIE

Where is she?!

Eddie punches and kicks his way out of Jason King's grasp. He blunders through the panicking crowd. ANOTHER MAN floors him. He crashes to the ground. Finds himself at Marjorie Dawson's feet. She bends to him - trembling - mad... *

MARJORIE DAWSON

Please tell them about the others... beneath those beautiful new carpets, beneath the grass that grows between the cracks...

The same words Myshkin used. Before Eddie can respond, he's yanked away by his hair.

HENCHMAN

Outside.

Fireworks explode outside. The party crowd rush to the windows to see the display.

Eddie is dragged away from Marjorie Dawson by the heavies.

Marjorie watches, trembling, from the doorway.

132 EXT. SHANGRILA - NIGHT

132

Eddie is dragged out of the house, down the drive towards the gates. Fireworks explode in the sky.

JASON KING MOUSTACHE *

Is he bleeding yet?

On the move: Heavy Two rabbit-punches Eddie in the nose. Blood spurts.

HENCHMAN *

Yep.

JASON KING MOUSTACHE *

You're lucky. If he were a nig-nog, he'd make you suck his cock.

A black police van and an unmarked car roar to a halt at the end of the drive. TEN POLICEMEN emerge. Some armed. Including Dick Alderman and Jim Prentice. Hands reach out for Eddie... The police hurl him into the black van, then jump in with him. The doors slam to.

133 OMITTED 133 *

134 INT. WAKEFIELD POLICE STATION, THE BELLY, ROOM 1 - NIGHT 134 *

Flash photographs are taken of Eddie.

His bandages are cut off his hand. His nails are scraped.

More flash photographs.

A torch is shone in Eddie's eye. His mouth is wiped with a spatula.

135 INT. WAKEFIELD POLICE STATION, THE BELLY, ROOM 2 - NIGHT 135

Alderman and Prentice aim a firehose at Eddie handcuffed to a chair. The freezing water pins him to the floor.

The door slams shut. Locks. Eddie, left panting on the floor, still handcuffed. Silence. He lies, shivering in a pool of water. The bright lights hum. The sound of a dog barking and screams from a nearby room. The eye at the spy-hole watches Eddie.

EDDIE

What do you want?! Tell me what you want!

136 OMITTED 136

137 INT. WAKEFIELD POLICE STATION, THE BELLY, ROOM 2 - NIGHT 137

Silence. Eddie, shivering on the floor, still handcuffed.

The door opens. Old friends enter. The Two Bobs. Craven and Douglas.

EDDIE

Oh, fuck. No.

Craven unlocks the cuffs - throws them to Douglas who puts a blanket over Eddie's shoulders.

CRAVEN

Sit down. Put your hands flat on the table.

Eddie does as he's told. His right hand is a mess. Douglas paces behind him. Craven sits opposite. Suddenly Craven brings the cuffs down on Eddie's poor hand. He screams.

CRAVEN

Put your hands back.

(he does)

Flat.

(he can't)

Nasty. You should get that seen to.

Douglas offers Craven a cigarette. They light up.

EDDIE

What do you want?

Douglas dangles his cigarette over Eddie's hand.

EDDIE

What do you want?

Douglas mashes out his cigarette on Eddie's hand.

CRAVEN

Put your hands back.

Whimpering, Eddie does as he's told. Craven offers Douglas another cigarette. He lights up. Eddie stands up.

EDDIE

Just tell me what you want!

CRAVEN

Sit down.

Eddie sits. Douglas and Craven stand.

DOUGLAS

Stand up.

CRAVEN

Don't move. Eyes front.

They move the chairs and table to the walls.

DOUGLAS

Don't move!

They leave the room. Eddie stands there, hands over his genitals. Screams and barking come from an adjoining room. He stays where he was told. Shivering. Afraid. Alone...

SOME TIME LATER:

Eddie is curled naked in a corner. The door slams open. Craven and Douglas return. Eddie staggers to his feet.

EDDIE

Please tell me what you want.

Craven kicks Eddie in the crotch. He goes down. Douglas cuffs his hands behind him. Tape goes over his mouth. A black hood goes over his head.

138 INT. WAKEFIELD POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR - NIGHT 138

Hooded, Eddie is dragged and kicked down the corridor by Craven and Douglas.

139 INT. WAKEFIELD POLICE STATION, ROOM - NIGHT 139

The hood is pulled from Eddie's head. He's reeling. Blinded by the strip lighting. Mouth taped up. Craven and Douglas hold him. Bill Molloy stands in front of a medical trolley covered with a green sheet. Molloy grabs the sheet and pulls it back to reveal...

Eddie tries to scream through the tape. His eyes start from their sockets. Blood thumps into his head...

Lying on the autopsy trolley is the body of Paula Garland.

Eddie's legs give way. He's screaming and vomiting behind the gag. Craven and Douglas keep him upright.

MOLLOY

Look at her! Look at her!

Molloy drags Eddie's face close to the corpse's. Eddie's choking and writhing. Craven pulls off the tape.

MOLLOY

Forensics, lad. You're on her clothes, in her flat, under her nails, up her cunt.

CRAVEN

You're all over her, mate.

EDDIE

Of course I am. I fucking loved her!

CRAVEN

You did it, didn't you.

EDDIE

No.

Eddie crumples to the floor vomiting. Down and out and lying in sick and despair.

MAURICE JOBSON O/S

Bill...

Molloy pauses. He looks up. Standing in the door is the owlish Maurice Jobson. He is very solemn. He gives his head a slight shake at Molloy...

MOLLOY

Stay with him.

Molloy crosses to Jobson. They go outside. The door shuts us out...

But the little viewing window is open. We can see the two men arguing. But we can't hear what they're saying... Jobson is pleading, arguing a case. Molloy is tight lipped... Then Molloy appears to be deliberating...

Eddie. On the floor. Rock bottom. Craven and Douglas standing over him.

EDDIE

I wouldn't. I never. I loved her...

Then Molloy is there. An arm round Eddie. Beery whispers.

MOLLOY

I know, I know, lad. Why would you?
You loved her...

Molloy gestures to Craven and Douglas. They stand back. Watching the show. Molloy turns Eddie's face up to his.

MOLLOY

Of course you didn't do it. But we
know who did, don't we...
(closer)
Don't we, lad!

140 OMITTED 140

141 INT/EXT. VAN / COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 141

A black sack is pulled off Eddie's head. He's kneeling at the open back doors of the van. Craven and Douglas hold him. The van tears down the country road. Craven takes out a **Smith and Wesson** handgun. **Douglas hands him bullets.** *

DOUGLAS

They said it's OK.

Craven points the **Smith and Wesson** at Eddie's face. Eddie screws up his eyes. Waiting for it... There's a click. *

CRAVEN

Fuck.

Craven checks the gun. He points it at Eddie's head again. Eddie pisses himself. There's a huge explosion. Eddie opens his eyes. It was a blank. Craven and Douglas guffaw. Then Craven gives him a big hug.

CRAVEN
You all right, mate?

DOUGLAS
Only joking, like.

CRAVEN
Mistaken identity, wasn't it.
(to Douglas)
Here, got his bus fare?

Douglas hands Craven a fistful of live ammunition. Craven loads the **Smith and Wesson**. Then he shoves the **gun** into Eddie's pocket. The smiles vanish. *

CRAVEN
This is the North. We do what we want!

They kick him out. And Eddie falls... and falls...

142 INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE, HER BEDROOM - DAY 142

Paula pulls Eddie down to her. They kiss. They roll over...

143 EXT. ROAD - DAY 143

CRACK! Eddie's head hits the tarmac. The van disappears off.

Eddie lies in the road in a heap. His legs move. He starts to stand. Falls over. Stands again. Like a broken puppet. A car heads for him - swerves to a halt inches away.

A WOMAN **DRIVER** leans down to Eddie. He looks at her hair against the sky. Like Paula's. *

EDDIE
What day is it?

WOMAN **DRIVER** *
It's a Sunday.

144 OMITTED 144

145 EXT. REDMOOR CAFE AND MOTEL - DAY 145

The car pulls up outside the Redmoor. Eddie slowly climbs out.

WOMAN DRIVER

*

Sure you don't want a doctor or anything...

Eddie heads for the lobby.

146 OMITTED 146

147 INT. REDMOOR CAFE AND MOTEL, ROOM 27 - DAY 147

Eddie mops his bloody head with a towel and water. Got to keep going. Got to stay upright...

*

Eddie looks at the wall that was once filled with his research. A single photograph remains. John Dawson.

148 OMITTED 148

149 INT. VIVA - DUSK 149

Eddie drives fast. Into the coming dark.

*

150 EXT. SHANGRILA - EVENING 150

Eddie drives the Viva to the bottom of "Shangrila"'s drive. No security. He rams the gates open. Enough to squeeze through and head for the house. "Shangrila" is ablaze with house lights.

151 INT. SHANGRILA, HALLWAY - EVENING 151

Eddie enters the hall. The house is empty, silent but for the doleful sound of Mahler's Kindertotenlieder: "Now I can see why such dark flames / You flashed at me..." Eddie follows the sound - away from the lounge where the party was - into the other wing...

152 INT. SHANGRILA, SWAN ROOM - EVENING 152

Eddie follows the music through double doors into a vast studio. Two life-size bronze casts of flapping swans flank the fireplace. An enormous photograph of a swan taking off from a black lake hangs above. Swans are everywhere - glass ornaments, china ornaments, stuffed swans are arranged on every surface.

Mahler's songs to the Death of Children fades: "What are only eyes to you in those days / In future nights will be but stars..." The stylus remains caught in the groove. Hiss and click.

Another sound. Mrs. Dawson is crouched in a corner, rocking in time to the music that's over. She's been beaten. She rocks, her eyes on him. Boozed and pilled up. Eddie stoops down to her...

*
*
*

MARJORIE DAWSON

The others?... Beneath those beautiful carpets...? Please find them...

*
*
*

She reaches for a spilled bottle of pills - tries to swallow a handful. Eddie knocks them out of her reach. Marjorie Dawson whimpering on the sofa. He grabs her - slaps her stupid face.

*
*
*

EDDIE

Where is he?

*

153 EXT. HUNSLET CARR - EVENING 153

Hell. The gypsy camp burns. People trapped. Screams of terror, heat.

153A INT. WAKEFIELD POLICE STATION, JOBSON'S OFFICE - EVENING 153A

Bob Fraser hands over the carrier bag containing Eddie's research. Hands take the material. Folders are pulled out. Opened. It's Maurice Jobson...

153B INT. WAKEFIELD POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR - EVENING 153B

Jobson walks down a corridor with Eddie's bag of research.

A figure waits for him at the far end. It's Bill Molloy. Molloy opens the door for him.

153C EXT. WAKEFIELD POLICE STATION, BACK YARD - EVENING 153C

Jobson drops each page, each incriminating photo of Eddie's research into a brazier.

Bill Molloy watches from a window above.

The fire consumes everything.

154 OMITTED 154

155 OMITTED 155

156 OMITTED 156

157 INT. VIVA - NIGHT 157
 Eddie drives. Fast. Fire in his eyes. Murder in his heart. Mrs. Dawson trussed beside him. Gary Glitter and the Glitter Band: Rock 'n' Roll Part 2. thunders.

158 INT/EXT. VIVA / THE BULL RING - NIGHT 158
 Eddie parks up. He hauls Marjorie Dawson out... *
 Eddie drags Marjorie Dawson across the Bull Ring. Everything deadly quiet. *

159 EXT. THE KARACHI SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT 159
 Eddie, dragging Marjorie towards the club. In darkness. "Rock 'n' Roll Part 2" seeps out into the still night. *

160 INT. THE KARACHI SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT 160
 Eddie, dragging Marjorie Dawson. Through the restaurant. Down towards the VIP area. *
 Clare Strachan is behind the bar. BJ dances alone in a corner. His face is bruised black and blue. John Dawson holds court. Jason King Moustache at his right hand. Craven and Douglas. 5 OTHERS. The jukebox plays: Rock 'n' Roll part 2. *
 FLUNKIES zero in on Eddie. Eddie shoves Marjorie Dawson to one side. *
 JOHN DAWSON *
 What's this? Readers' Wives night? *
 Eddie pulls out the Smith and Wesson handgun Craven stuffed in his pocket. Craven comes towards him. *
 CRAVEN *
 You sure you know which end to hold, son? *
 Eddie belts him in the face with the gun. Craven staggers back, blood pouring. *
 Douglas comes for Eddie. Blam! Douglas spins. Blood pours from his shoulder. *
 Dawson's on his feet. *
 JOHN DAWSON *
 That's more like it! That's my boy! *
 Jason King makes a move. Eddie's fast. Blam! Blood spatters. *

Eddie points the gun at John Dawson. Eddie's hand tightening on the gun. Doesn't know what he's doing. *

JOHN DAWSON *

All this over a fucking shopping centre? *

Dawson slowly approaches Eddie. *

JOHN DAWSON *

Paula was your fault, son. Letting that prick of yours lead you where you shouldn't go. *

EDDIE *

(eyes welling) *

The children? *

JOHN DAWSON *

A private weakness. I'm no angel. *

MARJORIE DAWSON *

The wolf does for John... *

JOHN DAWSON *

Shut up, you stupid bitch! *

Blam! Eddie shoots Dawson in the legs. He topples over. Laughing. Eddie stands over him with the gun. *

Eddie pulls the trigger. Blam! Dawson screams. *

Blam! Air and blood hissing out Dawson's chest. *

Blam! Blood splashes. *

And he's out of there. Behind him - everyone in shock. Cordite smoke. Blood. Blaring rock. *

BJ sways... Then he moves fast - rifles through the bar till. Clare Strachan whimpers. BJ pulls her with him.

BJ

Got to get out of here, Clare, love. Time to go.

Sound of sirens and screeching cars. BJ drags Clare down behind the bar.

161 OMITTED

161

162 EXT. THE KARACHI SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

162

Eddie's out the club and into his car. He swerves round as police cars come screeching up to meet him.

163 INT/EXT. VIVA / M1 - NIGHT

163

Eddie drives fast. Headed South.

EDDIE

There's sunshine down South, sea-
view flats and warm summer
breezes...

Paula is beside him. Beautiful, blonde, hard.

Faster. Blue police lights in the rear view mirror.

Paula, laughing. They're escaping.

Faster. Wailing sirens. Faster. Flashing lights. Faster...

Paula kisses Eddie's face.

Eddie spins the car round. Police cars heads straight for him. He puts his foot down. Straight into the blazing lights.

Blackness.

164 INT. THE UNDERGROUND KINGDOM - NIGHT

164

Down down down a disused mine shaft. Damp brick sides. Ghostly light. Dripping water. Girders and beams...

Down down down. Davey lamps illuminate a grotto. Mirrors line one wall. The tunnel has been bricked up. The bricks are painted blue with white clouds.

MRS. DAWSON V/O

...The others beneath those
beautiful new carpets...

In front of the wall is a gold painted throne. The floor is covered with sacking and white feathers... And Polaroids: Glimpses of little hands covering faces. Limbs. Stitching. Tools. Blood. Adult smiles...

One particular photograph: A naked man sitting on the gold throne against the painted blue sky and clouds. A naked man wearing a paper crown. King Rat. John Dawson.

MRS. DAWSON V/O

He does for John... The wolf does
whatever John wants... The wolf...

A silhouetted figure looms over the photographs. A hand picks up the Polaroid of Dawson. Puts it into a candle flame. Dawson goes to hell.

END