

EP2/SC1. EXT. COTTAGE. DAY 0 (1976). AFTERNOON

ADOLESCENT GIRL (OOV)

[(A LONELY PLACE, NEAR THE SEA, A SUMMER AFTERNOON).

AN ABANDONED COTTAGE, ONE WINDOW BOARDED UP, BREEZE RIPPLING THROUGH THE OVERGROWN GARDEN, BIRDSONG - THE IDYLL SHATTERED BY ANIMALISTIC SOUNDS FROM INSIDE, A GIRL SCREAMING IN PAIN:

LARGE, SLIGHTLY BLOODY KITCHEN SCISSORS GLIMPSED THROUGH THE BROKEN WINDOW BOARD]

ADOLESCENT GIRL (OOV):
(AGONISED) No! No..!

[SLANTING SUNLIGHT BLEACHES OUT THE VIEW]

MIX TO:

EP2/SC2. EXT. COTTAGE. DAY 1. 07:25

[THE SAME COTTAGE, ALL WINDOWS BOARDED UP
NOW, THE GARDEN WILD, A SIGN:

"DANGER: KEEP OUT".

SOUND OF A MECHANICAL DIGGER WORKING]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC3. INT. COTTAGE. DAY 1. 07:32

NSE WORKMAN

[DIGGER SOUNDS OUTSIDE. CLOSE SOUNDS OF SLEDGEHAMMER HITTING MASONRY AND: A COLLAPSE, DUST CLEARING TO REVEAL:

BROKEN, DECAYED BOARDS - A CORNER OF OLD NEWSPAPER (FOR SCALE) AND THE SMALL BONES OF A BABY'S FOOT POKING OUT. SOUND OF BOOTS, A WORKMAN RUNNING OUT]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC4. EXT. COTTAGE. DAY 1. 08:40

JANE, DAVEY, CLINT

NSE PC'S, CSI

[CREDITS OVER ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF THE
RUGGED LANDSCAPE AROUND:

THE COTTAGE, CORDONED OFF WITH POLICE TAPE,
PC'S EXAMINING THE GARDEN.

JANE APPROACHES (FROM HER CAR) WITH CLINT
AS DAVEY APPROACHES FROM THE COTTAGE]

DAVEY:

You found it then? Should have sent a man for you.

JANE:

(WRY) I didn't need a man, I had Clint.

CLINT:

I heard that. (UNDER BREATH) Sexist.

[A SENSE THE BADINAGE IS A SHIELD AGAINST THE
GRIM DISCOVERY]

DAVEY:

(RE COTTAGE) Shall we?

CLINT:

No thanks. The adult ones are bad enough.

DAVEY:

(NOT RELISHING IT HIMSELF) Very manly.

CLINT:

It's just... human remains! And spiders. And big... boozy, smoochy women.
(SEEING THEM LOOKING) Early Great Aunt trauma.

[THEY SMILE AS CLINT MOVES OFF]

CLINT:

(TO JANE) I need to take the demolition guys names, anyway.

[JANE AND DAVEY SOBER AS HE LEADS HER INSIDE
(AS CSI EMERGE):]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC5. INT. COTTAGE. DAY 1. 08:41

JANE, DAVEY

[JANE PICKS HER WAY IN AFTER DAVEY, EYEING:

FADED DECOR, DECAYED FURNITURE - STILL
WEIRDLY HOMEY.

DAVEY POINTS HER TOWARD THE COLLAPSED
WALL - CAREFUL, JANE PEERS CLOSER, TOUCHED
BY:

SMALL BONES]

JANE:
So small.

[DAVEY GLANCES AROUND THE COTTAGE
(RELUCTANT TO LOOK AT THE REMAINS, ITCHING
TO GET OUT AGAIN)]

DAVEY:
Wrapped in 1970's newspaper. Elderly couple lived here way back in the
60's, but it's been empty since.

JANE:
(PREOCCUPIED BY REMAINS) And *way* off the beaten track.

DAVEY:
Condemned due to coastal erosion. Another few years and the sea probably
would have had it. Bury the evidence forever.

[JANE STANDS, SENSING DAVEY'S TENSION]

JANE:
Looks newborn, or near enough. If the birth happened way out here in the
middle of nowhere, the Mum must have been frightened... confused.

[UNCONVINCED, DAVEY TURNS FOR THE DOOR]

DAVEY:
Managed to hide the body, didn't she? That says foul play.

JANE:
(FOLLOWING) Not necessarily. We don't know the circumstances.
Childbirth is traumatic.

CUT TO:

EP2/SC6. EXT. COTTAGE. DAY 1. 08:43

JANE, DAVEY, CLINT

NSE PC'S, HELICOPTER CAMERAMAN & PILOT

[CONTINUOUS: THEY EMERGE, PICKING THEIR WAY OVER RUBBLE]

JANE:

Women don't have an easy ride.

[DAVEY IS RELIEVED TO RETURN TO FRESH AIR]

DAVEY:

(WRY) Yeah, neither do men, putting up with them.

[FAUX-OFFENDED, JANE WOULD REPLY]

DAVEY:

(RE RUBBLE) Watch your step, Calamity.

[SHE STUMBLES, DAVEY CATCHING HER ARM, STEADYING. A BEAT, BOTH SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSED AS HE LETS GO, JANE SEEING CLINT APPROACH]

CLINT:

Must have been nice here, once upon a time.

[THEY ALL FEEL A CHILL - JANE HAUNTED, GLANCING BACK TO: THE COTTAGE, DARK INSIDE, HIDING ITS SECRETS]

JANE:

Mm. Poor little thing, abandoned in such a lonely place.

DAVEY:

Yeah. What sort of person does that, eh?

[PERTURBED, JANE IS DISTRACTED BY A SCRAP OF FADED BLUE RIBBON CAUGHT ON THE FENCE, FLUTTERING.

A BLARE OF NOISE, JANE, DAVEY AND CLINT TURNING TO LOOK UP (AS A NEWS HELICOPTER ARRIVES OVERHEAD)]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC7. EXT. COTTAGE. DAY 1. 08:44

JANE, DAVEY, CLINT

NSE PC'S, CSI

[AERIAL SHOTS OF COTTAGE TO BE PLAYED INTO
TV IN SC8&10]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC8. INT. LIGHTHAVEN CARE HOME. LOUNGE. DAY 1.
09.25

RON

NSE RESIDENTS, TV REPORTER (OOV)

[IN HIS WHEELCHAIR, SLUMPED ON LEFT SIDE,
IMMOBILE (A STROKE SURVIVOR) LOOKING OUT
THE WINDOW, RON REGISTERS:]

TV REPORTER (OOV):

... remains of the baby were found early this morning, hidden in a
condemned Bluff Point cottage. Demolition workers onsite said that the
remains had been sealed up in a small nook in a chimney breast...

[RON EYES THE TV (PICTURES OF THE COTTAGE) -
ALARM GROWING]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC9. INT. MORTUARY. DAY 1. 11.50

JANE, DAVEY, CLINT

NSE FORENSIC PATHOLOGIST, PEDIATRIC PATHOLOGIST

[AN X-RAY OF THE BABY'S SKELETAL REMAINS.

AS THE NSE PATHOLOGISTS EXIT, JANE EYES THE X-RAY (CLINT TAKING NOTES), SEEING DAVEY ENTER WITH HIS PAPER REPORT]

JANE:

Not much to go on. Sex undetermined, maybe a month premature, but perfectly formed.

DAVEY:

(DARK) Apart from the broken ribs.

[JANE CATCHES HIS TONE AND RELUCTANCE TO LOOK AT THE X-RAY]

JANE:

There's no way to tell whether that happened post mortem.

DAVEY:

Or *prior* to death. I tell you, the longer I do this job, the more I realise some people shouldn't be allowed to have kids.

[CLINT IS AWKWARD. AWARE OF THE SUBTEXT (DAVEY'S CHILDLESSNESS), JANE INDICATES A SHRED OF (EVIDENCE-BAGGED) NEWSPAPER]

JANE:

At least we have a date: 1976.

DAVEY:

Yeah, *decades* back, so DNA's doubtful.

JANE:

(RE PATHOLOGISTS) Full nuclear DNA they said, but we might get *something* from bone marrow, and the baby had hair...

[THEY BOTH PAUSE, TOUCHED BY THAT]

JANE:

(TO CLINT) Actually, can you get the lab to put a rush on that?

CLINT:

On it.

[CLINT TACTFULLY EXITS]

JANE:

(TO DAVEY, CAJOLING) So there's a *chance* we'll get mitochondrial DNA to check against potential mothers.

DAVEY:

(EYEING REPORT) Good. It's the mother we're after.

[JANE EYES HIM, CONCERNED]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC10. INT. KAREN'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 1. 12.10

KAREN

NSE FOSTER CHILDREN, TV REPORTER (OOV)

[(BACKGROUND TV AND) CHILDISH SHRIEKS AS RED DRIPS SPLAT ON THE COUNTER. FINGER-SWIPING THEM INTO HER MOUTH, STRESSED KAREN HURRIEDLY SPREADS JAM INTO SANDWICHES AS 4 (VARIOUS ETHNICITIES) KIDS TUSSLE AROUND HER]

KAREN:

(ABOVE DIN) We won't be going at all at this rate!

TV REPORTER (OOV):

... may have been there for up to 40 years, hidden in a cottage which has been derelict since the 1960's.

[HER ATTENTION ABRUPTLY CAUGHT BY:]

TV REPORTER (OOV):

Police say that although the condition of the baby's remains makes determining cause of death difficult...

KAREN:

(OVER NOISE) Steven! Now!

TV REPORTER (OOV):

... they have reason to suspect foul play...

[KAREN CONTINUES MAKING SANDWICHES, EYEING THE TV, COVERING ANXIETY]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC11. INT. SARAH'S BUNGALOW. LIVING ROOM. DAY 1.
12.15

LEE, SARAH

NSE RADIO REPORTER (OOV)

[ON A STEREO AS:]

RADIO REPORTER (OOV):

... and are appealing for information. The information line number is...

[THE STEREO POWERS DOWN. HIDING THE
REMOTE, LEE EYES:

SARAH, REFILLING A BIRD-FEEDER IN THE
GARDEN. SEEING LEE, SHE SMILES (FRAGILE).

LEE SMILES BACK, PRIVATELY SHAKEN]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC12. INT. BLACK DOG. DAY 1. 12.45

JANE, DAVEY, JUDITH, MICK, BETH

NSE PATRONS

[GETTING BUSY, BETH CLEARING PLATES AND GLASSES , WIPING THE BAR. SETTling AT THE BAR, DAVEY (WITH LUNCHBOX) AND JANE ARE IN MID-FLOW]

JANE:

I just don't see why it's always the woman's fault?

[DAVEY WOULD ANSWER]

BETH:

(GROUCHY) Me neither.

JANE:

(MUM MODE) In your case, because you got caught. And you've missed a bit.

[BETH RE-WIPES SARDONICALLY]

DAVEY:

Grounded again?

JANE:

Still rolling in at all hours, so I have to leave her in the care of a responsible adult.

[SHE EXCHANGES A WAVE WITH JUDITH WHO IS SERVING AT THE OTHER END OF THE BAR. DAVEY IS AMUSED AS BETH HUFFS OFF]

DAVEY:

I'm not saying it's definitely the mother. Just, if it was newborn then she must have been part of what happened.

JANE:

Or, maybe the father or someone else could've...

[BOTH FLINCH AT (MICK'S) DRAMATIC SNEEZING NEARBY]

DAVEY:

Yeah well, no-one reported a baby going missing. What mother's gonna sit idly by if her baby disappears, unless she's the one who did it, hiding it away in the middle of nowhere?

JANE:

Well if you'd ever been heavily pregnant, the last thing you'd contemplate is trekking way out there on your fat ankles...

[THEY ARE DISTRACTED BY MICK (EARWIGGING AS HE COLLECTS GLASSES), SLUMPING NEXT TO THEM, SUFFERING THEATRICALY]

MICK:

Yeah, lonely old place that cottage...

[HE PAUSES TO BLOW HIS NOSE LIKE A FOGHORN]

JANE:

Ahh, touch of the man-flu?

MICK:

Touch of that E-Bola, I reckon.

[A NEARBY CUSTOMER PUSHES AWAY THEIR HALF-FINISHED PIE LUNCH AND MOVES OFF]

MICK:

As *generously* shared by your mother last week along with her delectables.

[JANE FIGHTS NAUSEA]

DAVEY:

You know it then? Bluff Point?

MICK:

My old man did odd jobs there back when I was a nipper, in the 60's. Nice old couple, but miles from anywhere.

DAVEY:

Except that big old place up the hill. Who was living there then?

MICK:

Oh yeah, uh... (REMEMBERING) Grey... something, Greyvale? Ron Tate's old place.

[AS HE SNIFFLES INTO HIS HANKY, JANE AND DAVEY EYE HIM, EXPECTANT]

MICK:

Shut down... late 70's? So before your time. Childrens home.

[JANE EXCHANGES A LOOK WITH DAVEY (A LEAD?)]

DAVEY:

I'll see if I can turn up any contact names. If anyone's still around.

JANE:

(STANDING) I might have a spin past. Check the distance.

[SERVING, JUDITH APPROACHES]

MICK:

Ahh babes, I'm pegging out here. Where's that super-strength day nurse?

JUDITH:

Right here lover. I'm going to do you a nice hot toddy.

[QUEASY AS MICK AND JUDITH MOVE OFF, JANE
MAKES TO LEAVE]

JANE:

(TO DAVEY) See? Women always get a raw deal.

[SHE CLOCKS DAVEY FORLORNLY EYEING THE
SALAD IN HIS LUNCHBOX]

JANE:

(WRY) Okay, not just women, then. (HEADING OFF, TO JUDITH)
Cancel my chips will you, Mum?

[HUNGRY, DAVEY MOMENTARILY EYES THE
DISCARDED PIE LUNCH (TEMPTED), BUT GRABS HIS
JACKET, RESIGNED]

CUT TO:

**EP2/SC13. INT. SARAH'S BUNGALOW. KITCHEN / LIVING
ROOM. DAY 1. 13.54**

LEE, SARAH

[KITCHEN: ON HIS MOBILE, ANXIOUS, LEE PRESSES
A PILL OUT OF A PACKET NEXT TO A GLASS OF
WATER, GLANCING OUT INTO THE GARDEN - NO
SARAH]

LEE:

(TO MOBILE, SOTTO) I know... (OVER) I *know*, I just have to find the
right time...

[CRASH! LEE LOOKS INTO:

LIVING ROOM: STANDING OVER SMASHED MUGS,
STARING AT THE RADIO (THE NEWS QUIETLY
CHATTERING), SARAH IS PANICKED]

SARAH:

They *know*!

CUT TO:

EP2/SC14. EXT. GREYVALE. DAY 1. 13.55

JANE, PHIL

NSE SAMSON (DOG)

[(HAVING PARKED) JANE APPROACHES THE
LARGE, RUN-DOWN (LIVED-IN BUT NO SIGN OF
LIFE) HOUSE, ON HER MOBILE]

JANE:

Clint, did you get the lab? (LISTENS) Okay, and any progress on the
Grosvenor court date? (LISTENS) Good. Listen, see if you can find any
council records on a Greyvale Childrens' Home, will you?

[SHE TURNS, GETTING A SENSE OF GEOGRAPHY,
SPYING:

BLUFF POINT IN THE DISTANCE]

JANE:

Yep, that's it. Active in the 70's. (LISTENS) Anything you can turn up,
really. Okay...

[HANGING UP, SHE HEARS A CLINKING SOUND AND
TURNS TO SEE A LARGE DOG HURTLING TOWARD
HER. JANE STUMBLES BACKWARD, FALLING, THE
DOG ALMOST ON HER WHEN (CLINK!) IT HITS THE
LIMIT ON ITS CHAIN]

JANE:

Oh my... [God.]

[TERRIFIED AS THE DOG SNARLS, JANE FINDS PHIL
TOWERING OVER HER (IN PLASTERY OVERALLS)]

PHIL:

(SURLY) What're you after?

[JANE HESITATES, INTIMIDATED]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC15. EXT. GOWER ESTATE. DAY 1. 13.59

DAVEY, CHARLES

NSE GUESTS

[BANG! A CLAY PIGEON EXPLODES IN MID-AIR. LAUGHING WITH GUESTS, CHARLES HANDS A SHOTGUN BACK TO ONE OF THEM AS DAVEY WAITS IMPATIENTLY]

CHARLES:

Seems to be working now! (MOVING OFF) Perhaps a touch of performance anxiety?

[ALL BONHOMIE HE MOVES OFF, DAVEY WALKING WITH HIM]

DAVEY:

Quite a place you've got.

CHARLES:

Yes, open to the masses these days, of course, tramping through the Great Hall. But it pays the bills!

DAVEY:

So, Greyvale? You were listed in an old police database as...

CHARLES:

Trustee, yes. Always getting "volunteered" for worthy causes. (JOKING, RE SHOOTING) Price of being a straight shooter, I suppose.

DAVEY:

So what can you tell me about the place..?

CHARLES:

Gosh, now we're going back. But it seemed well-run, insofar as I could tell. Ron... (REMEMBERING) Tate, the manager, preferred a free hand, as I recall.

DAVEY:

And what about the kids? Any... troubled girls getting themselves into bother?

[CHARLES EYES DAVEY, SOBER]

CHARLES:

Well, of course by definition they were *all* vulnerable. But I couldn't possibly name names after this long. All rather lost in the mists of time, I'm afraid.

[SPOTTING A DISTANT GUEST HACKING UP THE
LAWN WITH A CROQUET Mallet, CHARLES SIGHS,
ACCELERATING OFF]

CHARLES:

Do excuse me, they can't be left unattended. (CALLING BACK) Oh, if
you do see old Ron though, tell him Charles Gower says hello?

[UNIMPRESSED, DAVEY TRUDGES OFF TOWARD HIS
CAR]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC16. INT. GREYVALE OUTBUILDING. KITCHEN. DAY 1.
13.58

JANE, PHIL

NSE SAMSON (DOG)

[A PHOTO OF (YOUNGER) RON AND PHIL IN FRONT OF (SMARTER) GREYVALE (ON A SHELF AMID OTHER MEMENTOES).

EYEING THEM, JANE REMAINS AWARE OF FIERCE-LOOKING SAMSON SITTING BESIDE THE TABLE WHERE PHIL SCOFFS HIS FRIED LUNCH, GROUCHY]

JANE:

So you're Ron Tate's son?

PHIL:

Phil. Greyvale closed yonks back.

JANE:

Yes...

PHIL:

Investment for some yuppy Londoners now. I'm just caretaking...

JANE:

But you were living here then, when it was a children's home?

PHIL:

Working.

JANE:

As what, if you don't mind me asking?

PHIL:

Whatever my Dad needed. Handyman mostly.

[JANE EYES HIM]

JANE:

You must have been a young man yourself then?

[PHIL BARELY NODS]

JANE:

(CASUAL) And there were teenage girls living here?

[PHIL EYES HER, PEEVED]

PHIL:

Yeah, not that kind of handy. And I don't remember none of them girls being pregnant.

[JANE SMILES, BACKING OFF]

JANE:

And where's your Dad now?

PHIL:

Nursing home. Not well.

JANE:

Oh, I'm sorry. Which nursing home?

PHIL:

(STOPS EATING. EYES HER) You deaf? I said he's ill.

JANE:

It's possible your Dad might remember something you can't...

[PHIL BANGS DOWNS CUTLERY, ANNOYED]

PHIL:

My Dad worked himself into the ground looking after them kids, so you're not to go bothering him..!

[NERVOUS OF PHIL AND SAMSON NOW, JANE HOLDS HER GROUND]

JANE:

I'm sorry, but I have to go where my investigation takes me.

[BUT PHIL DOESN'T STAND DOWN EITHER]

JANE:

Well, what about records, or notes... would your Dad have kept anything from Greyvale?

[PHIL STEWS, SEEING JANE RESOLVED, STANDS. JANE FLINCHES]

PHIL:

Suppose there might be some old photos in the shed.

[HE HEADS OUT. JANE MAKES TO FOLLOW]

PHIL:

(RE SAMSON) No, you watch my dinner, or he'll have it.

[PHIL EXITS. JANE TAKES A RELIEVED BREATH,
MOMENTARILY TEMPTED BY PHIL'S CHIPS - UNTIL
THE TINIEST GROWL FROM SAMSON]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC17. INT. BLACK DOG. DAY 1. 14.25

JANE, DAVEY, JUDITH, BETH, MICK

NSE PATRONS

[A FADED 1970'S GROUP PHOTO - OUTSIDE GREYVALE, AROUND 12 CHILDREN UNDER 10, SOME OLDER BOYS - BUT ONLY 3 GIRLS AGED AROUND 15, 2 OF THEM MATEY, THE 3RD TALLER, PLAINER AND UNHAPPY, APART FROM THEM, RUNNING A HAND THROUGH HER HAIR.

JANE SCOFFS CHIPS OVER MULTIPLE OPEN CASE FILES AS SHE STUDIES THE PHOTO (A COUPLE MORE UNDERNEATH)]

JANE:
Mum?

[BUT FRAZZLED JUDITH IS BUSILY SERVING DRINKS (AT THE TAIL END OF THE LUNCH RUSH, MICK SLUMPED IN A QUIET CORNER)]

MICK:
(PITIFUL) Babe... I really need a chest rub. I got that congestion...

JUDITH:
You're not the only one.

[COLLECTING GLASSES, BETH CLOCKS THE PHOTO OVER JANE'S SHOULDER, TICKLED]

BETH:
The state of that gear. What do they look like?!

[STRUCK, JUDITH PEERS AT THE PHOTO AS SHE POURS]

JUDITH:
Loons.

BETH:
No kidding.

JANE:
Yeah, mum..?

JUDITH:
(TO BETH) The pants, silly! I had a pair in crushed velvet...

[CRINGING, BETH MOVES OFF]

JUDITH:

(WISTFUL) My glory days. Out gallivanting, not a care in the world back then...

MICK (OOV):

Babe?

[HASSLED, JUDITH IS ABOUT TO DELIVER DRINKS]

JANE:

(TO JUDITH) *Mum*, you were 15 in 1976, weren't you?

[DAVEY ARRIVES, NICKING A CHIP, PEERING AT THE PHOTO]

JANE:

D'you know these three girls?

[JANE SHOWS JUDITH THE PHOTO]

DAVEY:

Got your text. This Greyvale?

JANE:

(AFFIRMING) They're the only ones the right age at the right time.

JUDITH:

(INDICATING) Think these two were in my year at school. Karen Shaw. And Sarah... Millar? Dunno about the other. Lucy? Maybe the year above.

JANE:

D'you remember anything about them?

JUDITH:

Had me own crowd. (MOVING OFF, TINIEST HINT OF RUE) Anyway, got a bit busy for the next eighteen years didn't I?

JANE:

Would some of your old crowd know the third girl?

JUDITH:

Ooh, haven't seem 'em in years.

[SHE DELIVERS PINTS, TAKING MONEY, MORE CUSTOMERS WAITING]

JUDITH:

Ask the other two. Think they still live local.

MICK (OOV):

Babe, I think I got a temperature!

JUDITH:

(PUT-UPON) Well, you know where to stick the thermometer!

[AMUSED, JANE CLOCKS DAVEY ALREADY
HEADING OFF WITH THE PHOTO]

JANE:

Oi, wait for me!

[JANE GIVES CHASE JUGGLING CASE FILES]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC18. EXT. BEACH. DAY 1. 14.55

JANE, DAVEY, KAREN

NSE FOSTER KIDS, BEACH-GOERS

[SMALL KIDS PLAYING ON THE BEACH. HASSLED,
KAREN STANDS WITH JANE AND DAVEY]

KAREN:

You know a bit of warning would have been nice. (RE KIDS) This is supposed to be a fun day out, and seeing your foster mum hunted down by the Old Bill... [isn't fun.]

DAVEY:

(OVER) No one's hunting anyone. I just asked your neighbours where you were.

KAREN:

Well they shouldn't have said. There's child-protection issues...

JANE:

(PEACEMAKING) Which bring us back to the matter at hand?

[KAREN IS ABASHED AS JANE SHOWS THE
PHOTOGRAPH]

JANE:

Can you put names to these other two girls? (POINTING) Sarah Millar?

KAREN:

(EYEING HER KIDS) No, I dunno.

DAVEY:

You two look thick as thieves to me.

KAREN:

I don't remember. It's a long time ago. (MOVING OFF, RE KIDS) So if that's it..?

DAVEY:

How about a DNA sample, then?

[KAREN BAULKS]

DAVEY:

To rule you out of our enquiries?

KAREN:

I think I'd remember if *I'd* been pregnant.

JANE:

Sorry, but this is about a baby. A technician, two seconds and we won't bother you again?

[ABASHED, KAREN SHRUGS AGREEMENT, MOVING OFF. DAVEY TURNS TO GO, JANE JOINING HIM]

DAVEY:

(SOTTO, SOUR) Yeah, thanks for your cooperation.

JANE:

She has got her hands full.

DAVEY:

Yeah. But some people foster for the money, don't they?

JANE:

Maybe she's just trying to give them the good home she never had.
(POINTED) Or maybe she can't have one of her own?

DAVEY:

Or maybe she did, and something happened to it?

[HOISTING A SMALL CHILD, KAREN WATCHES THEM GO, TROUBLED]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC19. INT. SARAH'S BUNGALOW. HALL. DAY 1. 15.40

JANE, DAVEY, LEE, SARAH

[SARAH IS VERGING ON MELTDOWN AS LEE TRIES
TO GET HER TO TAKE THE PILL]

SARAH:

We have to do something!

LEE:

(CALMING) There's nothing we can do. Come on, just take this, and it'll
all be okay...

SARAH:

No it won't! How is it ever going to be okay again?!

[LEE GRIPS HER ARMS]

LEE:

They *don't know*. There's nothing to connect us...

[THE DOORBELL GOES. THROWN, LEE STEERS
SARAH INTO THE LIVING ROOM, SHUSHING HER,
COMPOSING HIMSELF BEFORE OPENING THE DOOR
TO DAVEY AND JANE]

LEE:

Hello?

DAVEY:

Afternoon. (SHOWING WARRANT CARD) DS Higgins, and this is Jane
Kennedy, Coroner for Lighthaven. We're looking for a Sarah Millar?

[IN THE LIVING ROOM, SARAH FIGHTS PANIC]

LEE:

(LIGHT) What's this about?

CUT TO:

EP2/SC20. INT. SARAH'S BUNGALOW. LIVING ROOM. DAY 1.
15.45

JANE, DAVEY, LEE, SARAH

[FRAGILE, SARAH SITS FACING JANE AND DAVEY,
WASHING DOWN THE PILL (FROM PREVIOUS
SCENE)]

SARAH:
Headache.

[A RATTLE: JANE NOTICES SARAH GLANCE EDGILY
AT LEE AS HE SETS ASIDE A DUSTPAN
(CONTAINING MUG SHARDS)]

JANE:
(TO SARAH, SOTTO) If you'd rather talk without your husband...

SARAH:
No! Sorry... Lee's my brother.

LEE:
Just visiting. From the States.

SARAH:
(BLURTING, EMOTIONAL) It's horrible... I heard, on the news. But I
don't know what I can tell you. I don't know anything about a baby.

[HOVERING PROTECTIVELY, LEE STEADIES HER
WITH A HAND. JANE PUTS THE PHOTOGRAPH ON
THE TABLE FOR HER]

JANE:
We're hoping you might remember these other girls. (POINTING) Karen
Shaw?

SARAH:
Yeah.

LEE:
No.

[THEY ARE AWKWARD AS JANE AND DAVEY EYE
THEM]

DAVEY:
(TO LEE) So you were at Greyvale too?

[LEE NODS]

DAVEY:
(RE PHOTOGRAPH) You're not here.

LEE:

No. Hated having my picture taken back then.

[DAVEY ACCEPTS THAT]

DAVEY:

(TO SARAH) Karen said she *didn't* remember you.

[SARAH HESITATES]

LEE:

A lifetime ago, isn't it? And being in care isn't generally a memory to cherish.

[DAVEY HALF-ACCEPTS THAT, EYEING THEM]

JANE:

(POINTING) What about the third girl? Can you give us a name?

[SARAH SHAKES HER HEAD]

LEE:

Sorry.

JANE:

(TO SARAH) Are you sure? Perhaps... [another look?]

SARAH:

(FEIGNING HEADACHE) No, sorry. (STANDING) Is that it?

DAVEY:

Would you give a DNA sample?

[THROWN, SARAH LOOKS TO LEE]

LEE:

To compare to what? It's 40 years ago.

DAVEY:

We may get something back.

[A BEAT, BUT LEE LOOKS TO SARAH (AFFIRMING)]

SARAH:

Okay.

[JANE EYES THEM AS SHE AND DAVEY STAND]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC21. INT. COUNCIL ARCHIVE. DAY 1. 15.48

CLINT

NSE EMPLOYEE

[PITCH BLACK, UNTIL THE DOOR OPENS, AN
EMPLOYEE ADMITTING CLINT, ON HIS MOBILE,
HASSLED]

CLINT:

No, I'm working on it. It's too long ago for current records, but I'm into the council archive room now. It's all under control...

[BUT AS THE DIM LIGHT FLICKERS ON (THE DOOR
CLOSING BEHIND HIM), HE CLOCKS THE GRIMY
ROOM (JUMBLED FILES ON SHELVES, HIS
SNEAKERS STICKING TO THE WET PULPY FLOOR),
BRUSHING AGAINST SOMETHING (WEBBY)]

CLINT:

(SHRILL) Ah, spiders!

CUT TO:

EP2/SC22. EXT. STREET / SARAH'S GARDEN. DAY 1. 15.49

JANE, DAVEY, LEE, SARAH

[APPROACHING THE CAR WITH DAVEY (PUTTING HER MOBILE AWAY), JANE SIGHS]

DAVEY:

(RE SARAH) She seemed a bit... flaky?

JANE:

Dependent, even.

DAVEY:

But she did agree to DNA, which *suggests* nothing to hide. Karen too.

JANE:

So I need to ID that 3rd girl. And seeing as Clint has nothing yet there's only one person left to ask. Although Phil Tate's not going to be happy...

[BUT AS THEY GET INTO THE CAR, REVEAL:

LEE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GARDEN FENCE, WHEELS TURNING AS HE LISTENS. SARAH APPROACHES, PANICKED, FOLDING INTO HIM]

LEE:

(SOTTO) Shh, it's okay. I'll make it all go away.

[LEE HOLDS HER, PRIVATELY DESPERATE]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC23. INT. BLACK DOG. DAY 1. 16.32

JUDITH, MICK

[(IN HIS CORNER) MICK IS STRETCHED OUT, FEET UP, OVER-EGGING IT, FLANNEL ON HIS FOREHEAD WATCHING TV AS A STRESSED JUDITH LEAVES AN ORANGE JUICE ON THE TABLE, TURNING TO HURRY OFF]

MICK:

Oh, no ice?

[JUDITH PAUSES]

MICK:

Yeah, I'm burning up here babes.

JUDITH:

Oh sorry love. So wrapped up in serving, doing lunch and bottling up.

MICK:

(PREOCCUPIED, CHANGING CHANNEL) It's okay, love.

JUDITH:

Maybe I should get you a little bell to ring when you want something?

MICK:

(GETTING COMFY) Yeah, just bring it with the ice.

[JUDITH CRACKS, FUMING]

JUDITH:

I'll ring your bell for you.

[MICK IS WRONG-FOOTED]

JUDITH:

You know I been run ragged while you're sat here..?

MICK:

(IN) I'm on my last legs...

JUDITH:

(IN) ...on your lazy backside! My shift ended an hour ago!

MICK:

(WEAKLY) ... head pounding.

JUDITH:

Then get an icepack, get over it and get your carcass behind that bar, you lightweight! (STEAMING OFF) I got better things to do.

[BEWILDERED, MICK SNIFFLES, ALONE WITH HIS HANKY]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC24. EXT. LIGHTHAVEN CARE HOME. GARDEN. DAY 1.
16.54

RON, LEE

NSE RESIDENTS

[RON IN HIS WHEELCHAIR. TENSE, LEE HURRIEDLY
SITS FACING HIM, KEEPING AN EYE OUT]

LEE:

Been a long time.

[RON EYES LEE, NONPLUSSED]

LEE:

(DEADLY SERIOUS) I need a favour.

[RON EYES LEE - A SHOCKED REALISATION]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC25. INT. LIGHTHAVEN CARE HOME. CORRIDOR. DAY
1. 17.01

JANE, DAVEY, LEE

NSE CARERS, RESIDENTS

[DAVEY CATCHES UP WITH JANE AS THEY HEAD
FOR THE EXIT]

DAVEY:

Nurse said he can't speak much since the stroke.

[AS THEY EXIT, LEE SLIPS OUT THE ENTRANCE
BEHIND THEM (IN SUNGLASSES), JANE GLIMPSING
(BUT NOT RECOGNISING) HIM]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC26. EXT. LIGHTHAVEN CARE HOME. GARDEN. DAY 1.
17.04

JANE, DAVEY, RON

NSE CARERS, RESIDENTS

[RON IS UNREADABLE AS: SENSITIVE, JANE SLIDES
THE PHOTO CLOSER]

JANE:

Mr Tate, I know communication is difficult, (POINTING) but can you
remember this girl?

[BUT RON JUST EYES IT, NOT REACTING]

JANE:

Her name, perhaps? Or anything about her?

[RON SHAKES HIS HEAD]

DAVEY:

We think one of these girls might have had a baby, when they were living at
Greyvale...

[RON LOOKS AWAY, DISTRESSED]

DAVEY:

We've found Karen, and Sarah...

[SEEING RON'S DISTRESS, DAVEY HESITATES]

JANE:

What about any boyfriends on the scene?

[AGITATED, RON WAVES THEM AWAY (RIGHT-
HANDED). SHARING A GUILTY LOOK WITH DAVEY,
JANE TAKES THE PHOTO]

JANE:

I'm sorry we bothered you.

[THEY MOVE OFF]

DAVEY:

(TO RON) Oh, Charles Gower sends his regards.

[BUT ALONE, RON'S AGITATION WORSENS, RIGHT
HAND GRIPPING THE CHAIR]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC27. EXT. LIGHTHAVEN CARE HOME. CAR PARK. DAY
1. 17.14

JANE, DAVEY

[CAR: GETTING IN, JANE AND DAVEY SHARE
DEFLATION]

DAVEY:

Another door closes.

[JANE'S MOBILE RINGS AND SHE DIGS IN HER BAG]

DAVEY:

Maybe this is just how it's going to be. Unless we get something from the public appeal.

JANE:

(ANSWERING MOBILE) Clint! Where've you been? (TO DAVEY, RE CLINT, AMUSED) 1976.

DAVEY:

Ancient history, isn't it?

JANE:

(TO MOBILE) Really?

[DAVEY IS QUIZZICAL AS JANE (RE-ENERGISED BY CLINT) NUDGES HIM TO START THE CAR]

JANE:

Blast from the past.

[DAVEY STARTS THE CAR]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC28. EXT. STREET. DAY 1. 17.30

JUDITH

[PLATFORM SHOES STRUT DOWN THE STREET.

REVEAL JUDITH: DOLLED-UP, CRAMMED INTO FLARES, IN FLOUNCY TOP AND FARRAH FAWCETT HAIR. HER MOBILE RINGS BUT SEEING IT'S MICK, SHE CUTS THE CALL.

ADMIRING HER REFLECTION IN A SHOP WINDOW, JUDITH HEADS INTO TOWN, FIZZING]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC29. EXT. GOWER ESTATE. DAY 1. 18.25

JANE, DAVEY, CHARLES

NSE GUESTS

[CHARLES WAVES A GROUP OF GUESTS OFF INTO
THE GROUNDS AS JANE AND DAVEY STAND BY]

CHARLES:

Enjoy!

DAVEY:

So Mr Gower, you'll be pleased to hear we finally managed to turn up some council records on Greyvale.

CHARLES:

(WARY, COVERING) Did you? Splendid!

DAVEY:

It's not all good news. The records on residents were all flood-damaged. But due to the miracle of plastic folders, other things survived. Including your resignation letter from 1976, citing "financial difficulties".

[CHARLES IS AWKWARD, AWARE OF NEARBY
GUESTS]

CHARLES:

Oh yes?

DAVEY:

Yeah, apparently you had several county court judgements against you. The real head-scratcher is, your company records showed a profit.

[CHARLES USHERS JANE AND DAVEY ASIDE]

CHARLES:

Really? Very interesting!

DAVEY:

"Tis, isn't it? So I'm wondering where all the money went. If maybe someone had your feet to the fire over something?

JANE:

Something at Greyvale?

[THROWN, CHARLES HESITATES]

DAVEY:

And you were paying them off?

CHARLES:

What? No, you mean...

[THEY EYE HIM]

CHARLES:

No, no..! It was nothing like that.

[CAUGHT, CHARLES DEFLATES]

CHARLES:

I had... what these days would probably be called an addiction. But my father happily called "a defect in my moral character"...

[JANE AND DAVEY EXCHANGE A GLANCE]

JANE:

A defect?

CHARLES:

Gambling.

[JANE AND DAVEY ARE WRONG-FOOTED]

CHARLES:

Got myself into quite a pickle. *Had* to resign. (BEAT) Shameful I know...

[JANE AND DAVEY EYE HIM]

CHARLES:

But I had *nothing* to do with... this business. I was a trustee, nothing more. Never hands-on with the young people, like...

DAVEY:

Like who?

[CHARLES HESITATES, TORN, EDGY]

CHARLES:

There were rumours, later on, that Greyvale... wasn't so well run by the family concerned, and *had* to close. That's all I know...

[JANE AND DAVEY EYE ONE ANOTHER, TAKING THAT IN]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC30. EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE. DAY 1. 19.13

JANE, DAVEY, JUDITH, CLINT, PHIL

NSE JUDITH'S SCHOOL MATES, PASSERSBY

[DAVEY AND JANE PARK BEHIND JANE'S CAR]

DAVEY:

He didn't name any names...

JANE:

No. But he was clearly talking about the Tates.

DAVEY:

Yeah, but Ron or Phil?

[JANE DOESN'T KNOW]

DAVEY:

Either way, not enough to pull them in for questioning. And then he clammed up. (BEAT) Like he was scared, maybe... holding something back?

JANE:

Like everyone else we've talked to.

[DAVEY CLOCKS: JANE, STUDYING THE OLD PHOTO, TOUCHED]

DAVEY:

You reckon the third girl could be the mother?

JANE:

(NO IDEA) She just looks so lost. And no-one seems to remember her, or what happened to her. Or the baby. (POIGNANT BEAT) Two lost souls.

[DAVEY AND JANE SHARE A RESIGNED BEAT, BOTH PRIVATELY AWARE OF THE RESONANCE, THEIR CONNECTION. BUT THE MOMENT IS BROKEN BY A VIOLENT THUMP ON THE CAR ROOF. JANE IS THROWN TO SEE ANGRY PHIL AT HER WINDOW]

PHIL:

What the hell're you playing at?!

[DAVEY GETS OUT, HEADING AROUND THE CAR]

PHIL:

I got a call from my dad's nursing home! They had to sedate him after you left!

[DAVEY BLOCKS PHIL FROM JANE, HERDING HIM AWAY]

DAVEY:

Eh, eh mate! Listen, we were five minutes and he was fine.

[EDGY, JANE GETS OUT (WITH HER CASE FILES, THE ALTERCATION CONTINUING IN THE BACKGROUND), SEEING CLINT RETURNING]

PHIL:

(IN BG) I ain't your mate. I told her stay away...

CLINT:

(RE MUCKY SNEAKERS) You owe me new sneakers. And counselling, for the spiders.

JUDITH (OOV):

There she is!

[RAUCOUS FEMALE LAUGHTER, AND BOTH TURN TO FIND JUDITH AND A GAGGLE OF (3) MATES, ALL IN 70'S GEAR, DRUNK, DESCENDING ON THEM]

CLINT:

(FEARFUL) And the women!

JUDITH:

How's my baby?

[JUDITH ENFOLDS JANE IN A TIPSY HUG]

JUDITH:

Look at her, still cute and cuddly as the day she was born.

[AMUSED AND EMBARRASSED, JANE HUGS HER BACK]

JANE:

And house-trained now. What you up to Mum?

JUDITH:

Rebelling! Recapturing me lost youth... (RE CLINT) or any other youth I can lay me hands on!

[CLINT FLEES INSIDE TO BAWDY LAUGHTER FROM THE GAGGLE AS DAVEY APPROACHES, AMUSED (PHIL STALKING AWAY IN BG)]

DAVEY:

You lot making trouble?

JUDITH:

70's do at The Captain's Pipe! (TO JANE) *You* got me thinking, see? Had to look up the old crowd, paint the town red like the old days! 'Cept we were underage back then.

[DAVEY TUTTS, MOCK-DISAPPROVING]

JANE:

(STRUCK) What, these are old mates from school?

JUDITH:

(YES) Tina's still got her old disco tapes!

[THE GAGGLE DRUNKENLY SING "D-I-S-C-O"]

JUDITH:

So we're heading back to hers for a few more and a boogie.

JANE:

Why don't I give you all a lift? Save your platforms for Barry White...

JUDITH:

Ah, cheers darling!

[THE GAGGLE ADLIB ASSENT (YEY!), DAVEY DUBIOUS AS THEY PILE INTO JANE'S CAR SINGING "D-I-S-C-O". JANE SHOOTS HIM A SLY LOOK, JUGGLING CASE FILES TO FIND THE PHOTO]

JANE:

(TO GAGGLE) We could have a look at some old photos. Talk all about the good old days.

[JANE CLIMBS IN, JUDITH SQUEEZING IN (LAST)]

JUDITH:

You always were a good baby.

CUT TO:

EP2/SC31. INT. LIGHTHAVEN CARE HOME. RON'S BEDROOM.
DAY 1. 20.12

PHIL, RON

[IN BED, SEDATED, RON TURNS, FINDING PHIL
(STILL SIMMERING) BESIDE HIM]

PHIL:

It's okay, Dad. I've sorted the cops. They won't be bothering you again...

[BUT HE REGISTERS: RON AGITATED, TRYING TO
SAY NO. PHIL PUTS A PEN IN HIS RIGHT HAND,
PAPER UNDERNEATH. GROGGY, RON WRITES
"LEE" ...]

PHIL:

Lee? Lee who?

[RON LABORIOUSLY WRITES SOMETHING UNSEEN.

PHIL WATCHES, FURY RISING]

CUT TO:

**EP2/SC32. INT. SARAH'S BUNGALOW. LIVING ROOM /
HALLWAY. DAY 1. 21.19**

LEE, SARAH, KAREN, PHIL

[LIVING ROOM: LEE IS FINALLY CALMING TEAR-STREAKED, TRANQUILISED SARAH, LYING HER ON THE SOFA]

SARAH:

(MUMBLING) But, did you..?

LEE:

It's all okay now, I promise.

SARAH:

We're safe..?

LEE:

Yeah, see? I made it go away, like always. Shh...

[SHE CLOSSES HER EYES. RELIEVED, LEE IS STARTLED BY: THE DOORBELL RINGING INCESSANTLY. SARAH MOANS, DISTRESSED, LEE STROKING HER HEAD. A DOG (SAMSON) GROWLS AND BARKS MENACINGLY OUTSIDE]

LEE:

Shh.

[HALLWAY: THE LETTERBOX OPENS]

PHIL:

(FUMING, DARK) Eh. You in there?

[LEE MOVES TO THE DOORWAY, LISTENING]

PHIL:

I don't know what your game is. But you stay away from my Dad... or I'll have you.

[A BEAT. LEE FLINCHES AT A BANG ON THE DOOR. FOOTSTEPS HEADING AWAY (THE GROWLS SUBSIDING). LEE TURNS AS KAREN (REVEALED) EMERGES FROM THE KITCHEN, BOTH SHAKEN]

KAREN:

You should go. Tonight.

[BUT LEE HESITATES]

KAREN:

There's nothing more you can do...

[LEE PROCESSES THAT, TORN]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC33. EXT. BLACK DOG. NIGHT 1. 23.35

MICK, JUDITH (OOV)

NSE JUDITH'S SCHOOL MATES (OOV)

[(A SMALL LIGHT ON INSIDE AS) MICK EMERGES,
FEELING ROUGH, DUMPING A BINBAG (HIS LAST
JOB OF THE NIGHT) WITH A HUGE SIGH, RELIEVED -
UNTIL THE MAIN PUB LIGHTS GO ON INSIDE AND
THE PUB STEREO COMES ON (THUMPING DISCO
"THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT" TO RAUCOUS FEMALE
CHEERS)]

JUDITH (OOV):

Whey! Lock-in!

[MICK SIGHS, DEFLATED]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC34. EXT. SARAH'S BUNGALOW. DAY 2. 08.50

JANE, LEE

[ENERGISED, JANE IS LURKING IN HER CAR, ON HER MOBILE - FRUSTRATED AS SHE GETS VOICEMAIL]

JANE:

Davey, where are you? (RE-STATING) Mum's mates ID'd the third girl, and I need to hit Sarah with it. She's obviously the weak link, but I can't split them apart on my own...

[JANE SPOTS IN HER WING-MIRROR:

LEE HURRIEDLY GETTING INTO HIS (RENTED) CAR.

JANE DUCKS DOWN AS LEE'S CAR PASSES,
GALVANISED]

JANE:

Just... call me back.

CUT TO:

EP2/SC35. EXT. GREYVALE. DAY 2. 08.45

PHIL

[EMERGING FROM THE HOUSE TOWARD HIS VAN,
PHIL GLANCES AROUND]

PHIL:

Samson! (BEAT) Sammy?

[PHIL SLOWS - NO SIGN]

PHIL:

Here, boy!

[SCANNING FOR SAMSON, PHIL SPOTS THE SHED
DOOR AJAR, PERTURBED]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC36. EXT. SARAH'S BUNGALOW. GARDEN. DAY 2. 08.51

JANE, SARAH

[STILL GROGGY, SARAH IS FILLING BIRD-FEEDERS]

SARAH:

(TO BIRDS) Come on. It's alright...

[BUT SHE HESITATES AS SEVERAL BIRDS
ABRUPTLY TAKE FLIGHT]

JANE (OOV):

It was Lisa, wasn't it?

[SARAH SPILLS SEED IN ALARM AS JANE
APPROACHES (FROM THE SIDE ENTRANCE) WITH
THE GREYVALE PHOTO]

JANE:

The third girl.

[THROWN, SARAH LOOKS FOR LEE, BUT
REMEMBERS HE'S GONE]

JANE:

(PRESSING ADVANTAGE) Do you remember her now?

SARAH:

(FUDDLED) No... maybe a bit. No one really knew her...

JANE:

A bit? She was your *sister*.

[SARAH HESITATES, NO IDEA WHAT TO SAY]

JANE:

That's what I've heard, from your old schoolmates.

[SARAH FLOUNDERS, LOST AS JANE ZEROES IN]

JANE:

So where is she, Sarah? Where's Lisa? What happened to her?

SARAH:

(TORTURED) I don't... [know.] I can't... [say.]

[SARAH FLEES TOWARD THE HOUSE]

JANE:

Why won't you say? Is it Lee..?

SARAH:

(DISTRESSED) No..!

JANE:

... keeping you quiet?

SARAH:

No! Lisa's... *gone*.

JANE:

Gone where?

SARAH:

She's dead..!

[DISINTEGRATING, SARAH FLEES INTO THE HOUSE,
CLOSING THE DOOR ON JANE. STUNNED, JANE
EYES HER THROUGH THE GLASS]

JANE:

Dead how? Where?

[BUT SARAH LOCKS THE DOOR, BACKING OUT OF
SIGHT.

WHEELS TURNING, JANE HEADS OFF]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC37. INT. BLACK DOG. DAY 2. 08.52

MICK, JUDITH, BETH

[(A QUIET CORNER) A BARE FEMALE FOOT (RED TOENAILS) STICKS OUT FROM UNDER A TABLE.

STILL UNDER THE WEATHER, LIPSTICK-MARKED EMPTIES IN HAND, MICK PEERS DOWN AT:

JUDITH, FLAT-OUT, IN LAST NIGHT'S CRUMPLED FINERY AND SMUDGED MAKE-UP, FAINTLY SNORING. FLASH!

MICK BLINKS AS BETH DELIGHTEDLY SNAPS PICS WITH HER PHONE]

BETH:

Busted! My responsible adult..!

[EYEING JUDITH, MICK SIGHS, TUTTING]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC38. INT. GREYVALE. SHED. DAY 2. 08.53

PHIL, DAVEY

NSE PC'S

[UNSETTLED, PHIL SCANS JUNK, FINALLY SPOTTING THE DUST OUTLINE SHOWING A BOX ON A BENCH HAS BEEN MOVED. PEERING INSIDE, HE TURNS UP AN UNFAMILIAR OLD TIN, TROUBLED - THROWN AS:

DAVEY ENTERS (PC'S BEHIND HIM)]

DAVEY:

Morning. Having a clearout? Only we've had a tip-off that you might be hiding evidence.

[PHIL FREEZES, PANICKED]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC39. EXT. COTTAGE. DAY 2. 09.52

JANE

[IN THE DARK DOORWAY, JANE IS FRUSTRATED AS HER MOBILE BLEATS NO RECEPTION. SHE TURNS, PONDERING, SCRUTINISING THE GARDENS, THE DIPS AND BUMPS]

JANE:

(SOTTO) Where are you, Lisa?

[SHE EYES THE SCRAP OF BLUE RIBBON STILL FLUTTERING ON THE FENCE. DEATHLY SILENCE, APART FROM THE WIND WHISPERING THROUGH THE TREES AND BROKEN COTTAGE BEHIND HER, LIKE AN EXHALATION.

CHILLED, JANE IS MAKING TO INVESTIGATE THE BUMP WHEN SHE IS STARTLED BY A TWIG SNAPPING BEHIND THE COTTAGE]

JANE:

Hello?

[MOVING TOO QUICKLY, JANE STUMBLES ON THE RUBBLE (WHERE DAVEY CAUGHT HER PREVIOUSLY), FALLING FLAT. LEVERING HERSELF UP SHE SPOTS SOMETHING AMID THE GRASS AGAINST THE WALL, HALF-UNDER RUBBLE (WHICH SHE DISTURBED), PAUSING.

HEARING A CAR ACCELERATING AWAY, JANE TAKES THE OBJECT, EYEING IT:

A SMALL POSY OF (2-WEEK OLD) WITHERED WILDFLOWERS: DAISIES, DANDELIONS AND BUTTERCUPS, TIED WITH BLUE RIBBON]

CUT TO:

**EP2/SC40. INT. POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW /
OBSERVATION ROOM. DAY 2. 10.34**

DAVEY, JANE, PHIL

NSE PC

[INTERVIEW ROOM: BRANDISHING AN EVIDENCE PHOTO, DAVEY IS GOING HEAD TO HEAD WITH FEARFUL, CONFUSED PHIL]

DAVEY:

(RE PHOTO) You were caught, bang to rights...

PHIL:

(IN) No, no...

[OBSERVATION ROOM: JANE ENTERS, TAKING IN:

DAVEY SLAPPING THE PHOTO ON THE TABLE: A LOCK OF BABY HAIR IN AN OLD TIN]

DAVEY:

(OVER) with this lock of hair in *your garage*.

PHIL:

(IN) I've never seen that before!

(OVER) Preliminary examination of which suggests it matches the hair of that baby. And I'll bet the DNA proves it.

(IN) I've *never seen it!*

Then how did it get in your garage?

(IN) I don't know!

[A PC ENTERS FOR DAVEY]

DAVEY:

(TO RECORDER) Interview suspended at 10.34 hours.

[STOPPING THE RECORDER, HE STANDS]

DAVEY:

(TO PHIL) You have a think, eh? But you'll wanna come up with something better than "I've been framed."

[EXITING THE INTERVIEW ROOM (LEAVING PHIL DESPAIRING), HE JOINS JANE IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM]

DAVEY:

Sorry I stood you up. It's all been going on here.

JANE:

So I gather. (RE PHIL) A tip-off?

DAVEY:

Yeah, anonymous, but at least the information line finally paid off. *And*, wait for it, the DNA finally came back with a match: Sarah's the mum.

[JANE IS BLOWN AWAY]

JANE:

Or Lisa. The mitochondrial DNA would be the same between sisters.

DAVEY:

(STRUCK) Yeah, I suppose.

JANE:

(RE PHIL) But you're sure he's involved, too?

DAVEY:

The lock of hair's at the lab, now. Course he's denying everything... (PERPLEXED) reckons someone drugged his dog, Lee Millar hassled his Dad...

[JANE HESITATES, TROUBLED BY THAT]

DAVEY:

What?

JANE:

You know I did see someone leaving the Nursing Home, just before we talked to Ron. *Could* have been Lee...

[JANE TRIES TO MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL]

DAVEY:

So where you been skiving?

JANE:

Sarah told me Lisa's dead.

[DAVEY IS BLOWN AWAY]

JANE:

So I went back out to the cottage. You know I'm wondering if we should get CSI back out there with ground-penetrating radar.

DAVEY:

You reckon she's *buried* out there? Near *her* baby?

JANE:

Maybe. Unless... she was killed because she *knew Sarah* was pregnant...

DAVEY:

Why would anyone kill her just for knowing..?

JANE:

(CONJECTURING) Sarah was underage? If the father *wasn't*, it's rape.
And the baby would have been proof.

DAVEY:

(FOLLOWING) And maybe the *father* killed Lisa *and the baby* to hush it
all up? (BEAT, EYEING PHIL) So then, who are we looking at for the
father? Phil? His Dad?

[STRUCK BY A HORRIBLE THOUGHT, JANE RE-
CONJECTURES]

JANE:

Or whoever Phil says framed him?

DAVEY:

(SHOCKED) What, Lee?

JANE:

He was at Greyvale. And he does seem to be going around trying to keep
people quiet. Sarah, Ron Tate.

DAVEY:

Yeah, maybe. But... incest?

JANE:

If Lisa did find out and was going to tell, maybe he had to keep *her* quiet.
Permanently...

[THEY ARE BOTH TROUBLED]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC41. EXT. SARAH'S BUNGALOW. DAY 2. 10.58

JANE, DAVEY, LEE, SARAH, KAREN

[LEE IS HURRYING TO HIS CAR, SUITCASE IN TOW.]

(FURTHER UP THE ROAD) IN THE CAR: AS DAVEY PARKS THE CAR, JANE IS THOUGHTFUL, TOYING WITH THE POSY, TEASING AT THE RIBBON, SEEING IT UNRAVEL, STRUCK (BY SOMETHING UNSEEN)]

DAVEY:

Well, well. Gang's all here.

[JANE LOOKS ACROSS TO SEE SARAH AND KAREN AT THE HOUSE AS LEE OPENS THE CAR.]

[LEE, SARAH AND KAREN COVER ALARM AS DAVEY AND JANE APPROACH]

DAVEY:

(TO LEE) You off? Only we could do with a word.

LEE:

Got a plane to catch.

DAVEY:

Okay, never mind. We'll just talk to your sister instead.

[LEE HESITATES, CAUGHT]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC42. INT. SARAH'S BUNGALOW. LIVING ROOM. DAY 2.
11.00

JANE, DAVEY, LEE, SARAH, KAREN

[LEE HOVERS NEXT TO SEATED SARAH AS KAREN SITS ON THE OTHER SIDE, ALL ENORMOUSLY TENSE AS THEY FACE JANE AND DAVEY. DAVEY EYES THEM, DIGESTING THE DYNAMIC. JANE IS DISTRACTED, (STILL THOUGHTFUL RE THE FLOWERS)]

DAVEY:

So you do all know each other?

[LEE, SARAH AND KAREN HESITATE]

LEE:

You reminded us. So we got back in touch.

[JANE EYES HIM, SCRUTINISING]

DAVEY:

(DUBIOUS) Hm. (BEAT) So. We've matched Sarah's DNA to the baby.

[PANICKED, SARAH LOOKS TO LEE]

LEE:

No you haven't! (COVERING) It was 40 years ago!

DAVEY:

DNA's come on a lot.

[JANE WATCHES: LEE SHAKES HIS HEAD TO SARAH, REASSURING]

JANE:

We know the mother was either Sarah, or Lisa.

DAVEY:

Yeah. Your sister? Who *died*?

[LEE, KAREN AND SARAH ARE SHIFTY]

DAVEY:

Or have you forgotten her again already?

[KAREN CLASPS SARAH'S SHAKING HAND, COVERING, BUT DAVEY LEANS CLOSER TO SARAH. LEE TENSES]

SARAH:

No.

DAVEY:

So what happened to her, then? See, there's no record of her death.

[SARAH SQUIRMS]

DAVEY:

Am I going to find her buried out at that cottage too?

LEE:

Leave her alone.

DAVEY:

(TO SARAH) Is Lisa the mother, or are you?

LEE:

Stop!

DAVEY:

(TO SARAH) What did you do to that baby?

KAREN:

She didn't do anything!

[EYEING THE THREE, LEE AND KAREN'S TIGHT SUPPORT OF SARAH, SOMETHING CLICKS FOR JANE. SHE TAKES SOMETHING FROM HER BAG - UNWRAPPING FROM A TISSUE THE POSY OF WILDFLOWERS. ABOUT TO RENEW HIS ATTACK, DAVEY IS WRONG-FOOTED AS JANE UNTIES THE POSY'S BLUE RIBBON, REVEALING THREE SMALLER BUNCHES]

JANE:

I found these at the cottage. *Someone* cared about that baby.

[SEEING KAREN AND SARAH'S TRUE GRIEF, SHE PLACES A BUNCH EACH IN FRONT OF EACH, AWARE OF (DESPERATE) LEE WATCHING]

JANE:

But who left the third?

[SARAH BURSTS INTO TEARS]

LEE:

(CAN'T BEAR IT) I did.

DAVEY:

'Cause it *was* your baby?

[JANE REGISTERS LEE'S INSTINCTIVE SHOCK,
WATCHING EVERY FLICKER]

DAVEY:

You were the father.

LEE:

(PANICKED) No!

DAVEY:

You're lying!

KAREN:

Lee, you have to go.

DAVEY:

(TO LEE) We know you went to Ron Tate, tried to shut him up...

SARAH:

Lee, please..!

DAVEY:

(TO LEE) Did you hurt Lisa or that baby?

LEE:

No! I'd never have hurt him!

DAVEY:

Him?

SARAH:

(DISINTEGRATING) Oh, no, no...

DAVEY:

(TO LEE) How d'you know it was a boy?

[JANE SEES LEE'S PAIN AND DISTRESS, STRUCK AS
(UNDER EXTREME DURESS) HE RUNS HIS HAND
THROUGH HIS HAIR (AS LISA IN THE PHOTO) -
STAGGERED AS THE TRUTH FINALLY CLICKS INTO
PLACE]

JANE:

Because he *was* your baby. (BEAT) You were Lisa.

[DAVEY STALLS, FLABBERGASTED. DISTRESSED,
LEE LOOKS TO KAREN AND SARAH, HUGELY
APOLOGETIC]

LEE:

I can't keep doing this... [to you.] (BEAT) No more lies.

[IN TEARS, HE HEADS OUT INTO THE GARDEN
LEAVING SARAH AND KAREN GUTTED AND
FEARFUL FOR HIM. DAVEY MEETS JANE'S GAZE,
STILL SPEECHLESS.

TROUBLED, JANE LOOKS OUT AFTER LEE]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC43. EXT. SARAH'S BUNGALOW. GARDEN. DAY 2. 11.03

JANE, LEE

[LEE IS SITTING ON A BENCH, FIGHTING EMOTION
AS JANE ARRIVES. SHE SITS WITH HIM. A BEAT]

LEE:

I was Lisa. Once upon a time. (BEAT) But now I'm Lee. (BEAT) Like I
should have been, from the start.

[JANE LISTENS]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC44. INT. SARAH'S BUNGALOW. LIVING ROOM. DAY 2.
11.03

DAVEY, SARAH, KAREN

[STILL TRYING TO ADJUST, DAVEY GLANCES FROM
THE GARDEN (JANE AND LEE UNSEEN) TO:

KAREN COMFORTING DISTRAUGHT SARAH]

KAREN:

There was a man. At Greyvale.

[DAVEY FOCUSES]

KAREN:

Someone... we were supposed to be able to *trust*.

[DAVEY HAS AN APPALLED REALISATION]

DAVEY:

Charles Gower.

[SARAH'S DISTRESS CONFIRMS IT. KAREN HOLDS
SARAH'S HAND IN BOTH HERS]

KAREN:

Popping up, on his "special" unannounced visits. (BEAT) We both...
caught his eye. Too young... stupid... petrified to tell anyone...

[DAVEY FEELS FOR THEM]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC45. EXT. SARAH'S BUNGALOW. GARDEN. DAY 2. 11.04

JANE, LEE

[JANE SEES LEE STILL GUTTED BY THE MEMORY]

LEE:

I knew something was wrong. I could see Sarah just... crumbling, day by day. Karen too.

JANE:

And no adults noticed?

LEE:

Later on, Ron guessed. (SICKENED) But Gower... apparently made threats, friends in high places, whatever. Ron knew if he rocked the boat, Greyvale would go down, all the kids with it.

[JANE IS SHOCKED]

LEE:

Ron was one of the good guys. But, I think it broke him, in the end... that it happened on his watch. Ended up shutting the place down anyway, while Gower swanned off back to his estate.

[JANE IS APPALLED BY THE INJUSTICE]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC46. INT. SARAH'S BUNGALOW. LIVING ROOM. DAY 2.
11.04

DAVEY, SARAH, KAREN

[DAVEY FOCUSED ON KAREN AND SARAH]

KAREN:

He could always spot your weakness. Using anything... anyone to get what he wanted.

[DAVEY HAS A GUTTING REALISATION]

DAVEY:

Yeah. Poor old Ron Tate needed sedating after just hearing his name.

SARAH:

(TOUCHED) Lisa... was always the strong one. My big sis, looking out for us.

KAREN:

And she... *distracted* him. Took the whole thing on herself.

[DAVEY IS GOBSMACKED]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC47. EXT. SARAH'S BUNGALOW. GARDEN. DAY 2. 11.05

JANE, DAVEY, LEE, SARAH, KAREN

[SHOCKED, JANE EYE LEE. HE SEES HER LOOKING]

LEE:

It wasn't my "real" body anyway. So I didn't care. (EMOTIONAL) Till I realised I was pregnant.

[LEE SEES KAREN AND SARAH APPROACHING WITH DAVEY]

LEE:

Being sick in the toilets... them holding my hair out of my eyes.

KAREN:

Nicking big sweaters to hide the bump.

[JANE CATCHES DAVEY'S EYE, BOTH TOUCHED]

SARAH:

We were going to run away to our secret cottage... like Whistle Down the Wind. Be our own family, like we'd always wanted.

[SARAH CHOKES UP]

JANE:

And that's where the baby was born?

[SARAH JUST NODS (CAN'T SPEAK)]

LEE:

Tom. (BEAT) And he was... perfect. (BEAT, GUTTED) But, still. Lifeless. Never made a sound.

[KAREN EYES LEE, STILL CRUSHED FOR HIM]

LEE:

We didn't know what to do...

CUT TO:

EP2/SC48. INT. COTTAGE (1976). AFTERNOON

LEE (V/O)

NSE ADOLESCENT GIRLS

[AS YOUNG LISA CRADLES THE LITTLE BUNDLE,
YOUNG SARAH, THEN YOUNG KAREN, THEN
YOUNG LISA EACH KISS THE (UNSEEN) BABY - ALL
THREE DISTRAUGHT, BONDED IN GRIEF]

LEE (V/O):

I couldn't bear to leave him...

[LATER: THE SCISSORS (FROM SC1) WIPED CLEAN,
YOUNG KAREN GENTLY CUTTING A LOCK OF HAIR,
SHE AND YOUNG SARAH LOOKING ON
DISTRAUGHT AS YOUNG LISA HOLDS THE BUNDLE
CLOSE]

LEE (V/O):

Not in the cold ground.

[LATER: TOGETHER, YOUNG HANDS CAREFULLY
PLACING BOARDS, HIDING THE BUNDLE AWAY]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC49. EXT. COTTAGE. DAY 0 (1976). DUSK

NSE ADOLESCENT GIRLS

[YOUNG HANDS PICK FLOWERS - DAISIES,
DANDELIONS, BUTTERCUPS.

LATER: YOUNG SARAH AND YOUNG KAREN HAND
THEIR POSIES TO YOUNG LISA, WHO TIES THEM
WITH BLUE RIBBON. ON YOUNG LISA, CROUCHING
DOWN TO PLACE THEM]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC50. EXT. COTTAGE (PRESENT). DUSK

LEE, SARAH, KAREN (AS ADULTS)

[ON SARAH AND KAREN AS LEE STANDS, ALL
THREE LOOKING DOWN AT THEIR POSY,
REMEMBERING]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC51. EXT. SARAH'S BUNGALOW. GARDEN. DAY 2. 11.12

JANE, DAVEY, LEE, SARAH, KAREN

[JANE EYES DAVEY, BOTH AFFECTED AS LEE
CONTINUES, EMOTIONAL]

LEE:

Losing Tom... More than ever, I needed to make a new life... a new me.
The real me. (BEAT) Gender reassignment surgery was available abroad,
but expensive...

SARAH:

(FEARFUL) Lee...

[BUT LEE FACES DAVEY]

LEE:

So I told Gower I'd tell, unless he coughed up. (BITTER) He didn't believe
there ever was a baby, till I gave him proof. (BEAT) I blackmailed him.

KAREN:

(TO DAVEY) And made him resign. Saved Greyvale.

SARAH:

Saved all of us.

LEE:

(TO JANE AND DAVEY) I went to the Phillipines, had the hormones,
later the surgery. (BEAT) Lisa died, but Lee was born.

SARAH:

But we never forget Tom's birthday, and the family we made.

JANE:

And the proof you gave to Gower, was a lock of Tom's hair?

[ABSOLUTELY GUTTED, LEE NODS. DAVEY EYES
JANE - GOWER FRAMED PHIL!]

LEE:

The only part of him we'd have had left. (BEAT, EMOTIONAL) I only
went to the cottage to say goodbye... but he's not there anymore.

[JANE REALISES IT WAS LEE AT THE COTTAGE,
TOUCHED AS SARAH AND KAREN HUG LEE. A
BEAT. LEE SEPARATES FROM SARAH AND KAREN
TO FACE DAVEY, BUT SARAH INTERPOSES,
PROTECTIVE]

SARAH:

(TO DAVEY) So, now you're just going to cart him off? After everything we've told you?

[DAVEY EYES JANE - A TACIT AGREEMENT]

DAVEY:

Well, I do have good reason to believe your sister Lisa may be guilty of blackmailing Charles Gower. Only problem is, there's no Lisa here, is there?

[SARAH, LEE AND KAREN ARE TAKEN ABACK,
RELIEVED]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC52. EXT. GOWER ESTATE. DAY 2. 12.08

JANE, DAVEY, CLINT, CHARLES

NSE PC'S, GUESTS

[CHARLES IS HASTILY PACKING SUITCASES INTO A 4X4.

FURTHER OFF, PARKED, JANE AND DAVEY ARE LEANING AGAINST HER CAR, WATCHING, RELAXED]

DAVEY:

Turned Phil Tate loose. Told him who really framed him... planted the hair.

JANE:

How did he take it?

DAVEY:

Yeah, not best pleased.

[THEY WATCH: A SQUAD CAR PULLING UP NEARER CHARLES]

DAVEY:

And Karen and Sarah have made official complaints of assault against Gower. So... all in all, nice work. I still don't know how you found those flowers when my CSI team didn't.

JANE:

(CHEEKY) You just have to learn to see things like a woman.

[DAVEY IS WRY]

JANE:

Anyway, I couldn't have done it without you.

DAVEY:

Yeah? Behind every great woman is a great man?

JANE:

Maybe.

[DAVEY IS QUIETLY PLEASED. REVEAL NEW SNEAKERS PROPPED IN THE OPEN WINDOW: CLINT, LOUNGING IN THE CAR, ON HIS MOBILE, WRITING NOTES IN A FILE (ALSO WATCHING)]

CLINT:

You know she means me?

[DAVEY LOOKS TO JANE, BUT JANE JUST SMILES]

CLINT:

(TO MOBILE) Okay, cheers. (HANGING UP, TO JANE) We should get going for court.

[DAVEY SPOTS:

CHARLES, PACKING THE LAST SUITCASE, BUT SEEING APPROACHING PC'S HE TURNS TO RUN AWAY INTO THE GROUNDS]

DAVEY:

Ooh no, that's not gonna end well.

[CHARLES DOESN'T GET FAR BEFORE HE IS TACKLED (YELPING) TO THE GRASS BY SEVERAL PC'S. JANE AND CLINT WINCE]

DAVEY:

Told you.

[PAINED AS HE IS CUFFED, CHARLES HANGS HIS HEAD IN SHAME AS GUESTS WATCH HIM FROM THE GROUNDS]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC53. EXT. BLACK DOG. TERRACE. DAY 2. 15.15

MICK, JUDITH, BETH, JANE

[NURSING A HANGOVER, FLANNEL ON HER FOREHEAD, JUDITH IS SPRAWLED ON A BENCH SEAT, BETH BESIDE HER DELIGHTEDLY SHOWING HER PHOTOS ON HER MOBILE]

JUDITH:

(HORRIFIED) I never..?

BETH:

Yeah! Like a motorbike.

[BETH SCROLLS TO ANOTHER PHOTO]

BETH:

And here's you drooling...

JUDITH:

No more. Oh, your Mum'll have my guts for garters.

BETH:

(STANDING) I won't grass.

[JUDITH IS RELIEVED. MICK ARRIVES WITH A TRAY]

BETH:

(HEADING OFF) Anyway, there's the internet.

[JUDITH CHUCKS THE FLANNEL AFTER HER, GROWLING – BUT IT HURTS. MICK PUTS THE TRAY DOWN AND SITS WITH HER]

JUDITH:

Ugh, mouth feels like I gargled with an hamster.

[SHE GROANS, HEAD POUNDING. MICK TENDERLY APPLIES AN ICE-PACK]

MICK:

Now who's the lightweight? Here, hair of the dog.

[HE PROFFERS A SHOT GLASS. JUDITH KNOCKS IT BACK, WINCING. MICK EYES HER FONDLY]

MICK:

Seems like we both had something to get out of our system.

[JUDITH IS SHEEPISH]

JUDITH:

Never again. (A REFLECTIVE BEAT) Was just a moment of madness...
Trying to re-live what I missed out on, before I got... busy. Find the wild
young thing I once was. (SOBERING) All gone now, eh?

MICK:

Never...

[HE PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HER]

MICK:

But next time just give us a nudge. I'll help you find it.

[TOUCHED, SHE SNUGGLES UP.

JUST ARRIVED, JANE APPROACHES WITH A
BOUQUET OF FLOWERS, PUTTING THEM ON THE
TABLE]

MICK:

Ah, you shouldn't have.

[JANE TUTTS, AND LOOKS TO JUDITH]

JANE:

Just to say thanks.

JUDITH:

What for?

[HEADING OFF, JANE SMILES AT HER MUM]

JANE:

Everything.

[JUDITH EYES HER FLOWERS, TOUCHED]

CUT TO:

EP2/SC54. EXT. CHURCH GRAVEYARD. DAY 3. 09.55

LEE, SARAH, KAREN

[A NEW GRAVESTONE:

"TOM MILLAR
Loved by Lee, Sarah And Karen"

LEE'S HAND LAYS A FRESH POSY OF DAISIES,
DANDELIONS AND BUTTERCUPS, TIED WITH A
BLUE RIBBON, ON THE GRAVE.

HE STANDS, SARAH AND KAREN PUTTING THEIR
ARMS AROUND HIM, ALL THREE EMOTIONAL, BUT
LIFTED AS LEE OPENS HIS HAND TO REVEAL:

THE LOCK OF TOM'S HAIR IN IT'S OLD TIN]

LEGEND: Tom Millar
Coroner's Verdict: Stillbirth

END OF EPISODE.