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# **See No Evil: The Moors Murders**

By Unknown

All right, sweetie.

Oh, look, you brought her!

Oh, what's she called?

Angela Dawn.

- Oh, she's just gorgeous!

- I know.

Everyone says she looks like Dave,  
but I reckon she looks like me.

Moby!

Oh. I'll see you after.

- He's lovely.

- I'll see you in a minute.

What a lovely surprise!

I promised the girls  
that I'd pop back with the baby.

Sod the other girls!

They're not her auntie. I want her.

There you go.

Oh, you get bonnier by the day.

Don't you, my little Angela Dawn?

Eh? Ooh, eh?

Have you no care at all about the reputation  
of this company, Miss Hindley?

You of all people  
should know that the word "consignment"  
contains a letter G.

And it's no' there.

I do apologise, Mr Brady.

Retype it, please.

Of course,

Mr Brady.

Ssh! Ssh.

- Ian.

- Maureen.

So, where's the father?

In the Tap Room in the Steelworks'  
with his old man, I'll bet.

No, Dave's come over all responsible  
since she was born. You wouldn't believe it.

You're right. I wouldn't.

He's scarce more than a kid himself.

No, honest,

he's taking fatherhood dead seriously.

I've just left him soaking nappies.

Good.

Erm...

Listen, erm...

Ian and I were only saying the other night, it's about time you brought Dave round.

Give him a proper welcome to the family.

I mean... he and Ian are practically brothers-in-law now and yet...

Well, they still hardly know each other.

Yeah. I'd love to come round.

Good. Good.

I don't see the point in going round to Myra's.

She doesn't like me. As for Ian, I can't make head nor bloody tail of him. Dave, we agreed, we're making a new start and that includes my mam and dad.

- Hiya, Mam.

- Hello, love.

- Hiya, Dad.

- You're late, aren't you?

I know. It's taken ages getting her stuff together.

- You're sure you don't mind?

- Of course not. Any time.

- Ooh.

- Hello.

Aaah. Give her to me.

I don't think we should leave her.

Oh, come on, of course you can.

Give her to me.

Come on, David. We're all family now.

Ooh, there you are.

Yeah.

She'll be fine.

You get off to Myra's.

Let's go.

- See you later.

- Ta-ra, love.

Ee! Ee.

Hey, come on, you. They won't bite.

- Hiya, Gran.

- Hello, Maureen, love.

- Are you all right?

- Yeah, fine. Fine, thanks.  
- Gran's just going up, aren't you?  
- Am I?  
But she's only just come.  
Yeah, and you're tired.  
Come on. I'll bring you a cuppa  
and a slice of bread and butter.  
Hello.  
Night, love. Nice to see you.  
- Yeah, you, too.  
Eh! Don't forget that. There you go.  
- And how are you, buggalugs?  
- All right.  
Anyone fancy a drink?  
Do the honours, Hessy, please.  
Jawohl, Liebling.  
All right, Ian?  
All right, Maureen. How are you?  
Good.  
And how's the weather?  
Not bad.  
Good.  
- And how is the little 'un?  
- She's fine, thanks.  
- You like dogs, do you?  
- Yeah, I've got one.  
I have a question for you.  
Does a dog have a soul?  
You what?  
I said, does a dog have a soul?  
We can agree that a dog  
maybe has a personality.  
So why not a soul?  
Or maybe you think  
the entire notion of a soul is trash.  
Eh?  
That dog is no more than a...  
complex biological machine,  
as are we, us, here now,  
in this room.  
And that, by extension,  
the whole notion of a soul is shite.  
Ergo.  
The whole notion of God is, too.

Bloody hell, Neddie. You've confused him now.

Language, Hussy, please. Language.

That's rich coming from you.

Are you saying I'm a hypocrite?

Eh?

Then why,

why would I have started a swear box?

Eh?

I mean, standards have to be maintained.

Isn't that right, Maureen?

After all, we do share this house  
with a respectable old lady.

Not to mention a fucking budgie,  
who must no', under any circumstances,  
be encouraged to learn filth.

Pardon my French, Joey.

Oh, deary me.

That's me skint.

- How are you doing, Dave?

- Not bad, Ian.

So, yous got a job yet?

Well, no, but I'm seeing someone  
next week, so, hopefully.

Eh, you, I thought you were coming  
straight up.

Does a dog have a soul?

You daft bugger!

I've never met anyone like him.

I told you, Ian can be all right  
when he wants to be.

Just got to get to know him a bit.

And what's all that Neddie/Hussy stuff?

Hussy! Hussy!

They're just nicknames.

Neddie is from The Goon Show

and Myra Hess is some famous piano player.

Never heard of her.

Yeah, well, Ian's into all that  
kind of stuff.

Classical music. Jazz. Books.

So is Myra now.

I think he's been really good for her.

Opened her mind up to new things.

Not like me, then.

What do you mean?  
What have I ever done for you?  
Well, not much, really.  
Apart from marrying me  
and giving me the most beautiful baby  
in the world.  
Come on. Let's go up.  
Does a dog have a soul?  
Give over!  
Ergo, the whole notion of God is shite.  
Quick!  
Look at that!  
Take a picture, Hussy.  
Eine andere Flasche, Hussy.  
Jawohl, mein Herr.  
- So, what do you think, Dave?  
- I don't get it.  
Dave!  
It's lovely.  
- I don't know what hills are for.  
- It's wasted on him, Ian.  
You'll be stuck in Gorton with him,  
Mo, for the rest of your life.  
Oh, no, he won't. Redevelopment.  
The powers that be are going to raze  
Gorton to the ground, son.  
- But that's not for ages, is it?  
- No.  
Gran's just heard she's got to go next month.  
Which obviously means Neddie and I, also.  
Where to?  
Hattersley.  
The big estate  
they're building in the Peak District?  
There's lovely countryside all round.  
They can't just knock Gorton down.  
Deary me.  
Is the boy getting emotional about his home?  
Yeah, well, wouldn't you,  
about where you're from?  
You know nothing about where I'm from, son.  
So, tell us. What's it like, Scotland?  
Like this or what?  
Some places, aye.

Others are a wee bit more urban.  
There's not a loch or a bank...  
...or a bonny brae in sight,  
but, in those places,  
a man may split another man's head open  
for simply looking at him in the wrong way.  
So, which part are you from, then, eh?  
I have an acquaintance with both.  
Why can't you just give a straight answer  
to a straight question?  
There's a wee thing called "privacy".  
I'll thank you to respect mine.  
Need a piss.  
Yeah, me, too.  
Stick the radio on, Mo.  
I'm glad I'm seeing more of you again.  
I hardly saw you at all  
when you and Ian first got together.  
Eh, we are sisters, Moby,  
and nothing will ever get in the way of that.  
Would that be that Mrs Reade, eh?  
The lady whose daughter disappeared?  
Yeah, Pauline.  
Almost two years now.  
That's her bedroom.  
I often see her mam up there at night.  
You must have known that lassie well.  
Yeah.  
So did Maureen and Myra.  
The police said she'd met some lad  
and run off with him.  
What? You did nae believe that, eh?  
She weren't that type of girl.  
Yeah, right.  
They're all that type of girl.  
Eh! Come here.  
Whoa.  
Giddy-up!  
Get in there!  
Where are we, Maureen? Are we on Mars?  
I think it's all right.  
Careful, Maureen! Don't bump her.  
- So, what do you think, then?  
- Better than staying in Gorton.

Excuse the mess.

We've still not finished unpacking properly yet.

Oh, it's nice, Myra. It's smashing.

Yeah, we're thrilled with it.

Still lots to do, mind.

Lampshades and rugs and accessories to buy.

- Well, I'll help you.

- That'd be great.

- We can go down Ashton market.

- Where's Ian?

Angela is desperate for clothes.

I haven't even said hello to her yet.

Hello! Look at you!

- She's getting bigger by the day.

- She's a bonny thing.

Hello, Angela.

Eh? Hello.

Oh, she's gorgeous. Aren't you?

Hey, Bob.

- Shut the door. Shut the door!

- What's up?

Who said you could come up here, you bloody moron?

- Eh?

- All right. Sorry.

Jesus! I only came to say hello and give you this.

A moving-in present.

Well, apology accepted.

Now, please, get out.

- Mrs Kilbride?

- Yes.

Detective Chief Inspector Mounsey.

Ashton Police.

It's about your John.

Yes?

What about him?

I've no news, I'm afraid, love.

I've just taken over command here.

I wanted to familiarise myself with the case.

We thought you'd given up.

We haven't heard from you in ages.

- You'd better come in.



- Thank you very much.
- Hey, that's...
- Boys, go in the other room, please.
- Go on.
- I don't want to.

Go on.

Danny, do as you're told.

Thank you.

I'm sorry about this, Mrs Kilbride,  
but I need you to go over the events  
of the day John disappeared, again, please.

He'd gone to the pictures, with a pal.

Afterwards, they went down the market.

John often did.

You know, to earn a few bob,  
carrying stuff for folk.

Clearing up.

Eventually, John's pal went home.

This would be about what time?

Half five.

It was dark.

Fog coming down.

John was stood by the bins.

That's the last time anyone  
remembers seeing him.

It's not as if I hadn't drummed it  
into all of them.

If a strange man ever offers you sweets  
and says, "Come with me",  
you don't, you run away home.

You run away home.

What's going on?

Who are you?

- He's a policeman, Pat.

- DCI Mounsey.

What do you mean by coming round here,  
upsetting her?

That wasn't my intention.

- That's all you lot have done.

- Pat, don't start.

All that fuss for a few weeks.

Searching the town, searching this house.

Accusing me of doing away with him.

And then nothing.

You think he's dead,  
so there's no point looking, don't you?  
I'm aware that  
this must be very distressing for you.  
We don't want your sympathy.  
We just want our lad back.  
What do you think happened to John Kilbride?  
DCI Downs turned the town upside down.  
He searched every garage,  
shed, river, pond, canal.  
I know. I know.  
I'm asking what you think happened to him.  
He was last seen at Ashton market.  
You spend a lot of time there.  
Chasing people  
who steal handbags and wallets, sir.  
Not children.  
So, you think John was abducted?  
He was a happy lad, by all accounts.  
I can't see him running away.  
You discount the theory  
the father was involved?  
Well, I know fathers  
are always the first suspects.  
- Yes?  
- But I've met him.  
I can't see it. Can you?  
No, I can't.  
You and I are going to give this case  
a boot up the backside.  
Christ knows when we're going to find  
the time, but we will.  
John Kilbride went missing  
on the 23rd November last year.  
Danny?  
Now that is the day after  
President Kennedy was assassinated.  
Everybody remembers  
where they were that day.  
All we want people to do is think back.  
Did you go to Ashton the next day?  
And, if you did, did you come to this market?  
Did you see this boy?  
Or did you see anyone watching children

or in any other way acting suspiciously?  
And if you did, please contact Ashton Police.  
Does Danny look a lot like John?  
The thing is...  
I mean, Danny looks frightened now,  
but our John, you never saw him  
without a smile on his face.  
Danny, over here, mate.  
Good lad, Danny.  
Another one, Danny. One more time.  
- Do you miss your brother, Danny?  
- What do you think?  
Thank you, gentlemen of the press. Thank you.  
It's OK. You did good. Thank you very much.  
Thanks. Cheers.  
He's done very well.  
Mrs Kilbride, thank you very much indeed.  
- Thank you, Mr Mounsey.  
- Not at all.  
- Well done, lad.  
- Come on.  
I'm proud of you.  
Got to be worth a try.  
I'm not sure DCS Prescott will agree.  
He's in Preston.  
You didn't seriously think you could  
pull this off without me finding out?  
It's a year, Joe.  
We gave it substantial publicity at the time.  
The chances of anybody  
remembering anything new now...  
- I felt we owed it to the family.  
- You're giving them false hope.  
What am I supposed to do, then?  
Tell them we're dropping it?  
No.  
Do what you can.  
But do it in your own time.  
If it's a lost cause,  
I can't keep throwing money at it.  
Sir.  
Thank you, sir.  
Dad!  
You walk halfway across pissing Manchester,

wait hours to see some git of a foreman,  
who says, "I don't know who told you  
there's jobs going here."

I told him it was you, you pillock!

- What's up with you?

- It's Angela.

What about her?

She was taken poorly.

- Maureen took her to hospital.

- Why? What's wrong with her?

Well, is it serious or what?

The poor little thing,  
she wasn't breathing properly.

They tried things.

They tried to save her, but they couldn't.

No.

No, you've got this wrong.

You get everything wrong!

- Which hospital is she in?

- Ancoats. It's true, Dave.

I was there!

- I was there.

- No.

Get off me!

She seemed all right when I put her down.

A bit quiet.

I know she'd had that bad chest last week, but...

That's not what caused it.

Her windpipe hadn't developed properly.

I thought I was a good mother.

I thought I was doing things right.

You were.

Get it in your head, it wasn't anyone's fault.

Bloody hell, Dave. Lay off her.

You can see the state she's in.

Can I make you another cup of tea, love?

No.

I think maybe we should take a wee drive out.

Clear our heads.

Come on, Dave.

Is that new?

Traveller. Converts to a two-seater.

You never know when you might need  
the extra baggage capacity.

Anyone fancy a stroll?  
Dave?  
If you want.  
Maureen?  
I'm in heels.  
We'll stop in the car.  
I'm so glad you came to me.  
Who else would I go to?  
How's Mam taking it?  
She's in pieces.  
I sat by Angela in the hospital for ages.  
You know, when she was gone, but...  
You still wait for something.  
A whimper or...  
A breath.  
Anything.  
It's the silence that gets you, isn't it?  
I didn't know you had ever seen anyone dead.  
My friend Michael.  
Oh, God, yeah.  
That drowned in Gorton Rezzer?  
I remember how upset you were.  
I'll never forget them pulling him out,  
laying him on the bank.  
I kept staring at him.  
Willing him to come awake again, but...  
But they don't, do they?  
Here.  
Why here?  
That's why.  
I live for this place.  
It owns my soul.  
Another little flower for God's garden.  
That's lovely.  
Isn't it, Dave?  
Yeah.  
Can I...?  
Yeah.  
Oh, God, Maureen.  
I am so sorry.  
Shit.  
Look at me.  
Please don't tell Ian, will you?  
All right, Gary, sobered up?

- Just about, sir, yeah.

- Very good, lad.

Come in.

How was your Christmas, sir?

Noisy. My lads are getting old enough  
to have a decent scrap now.

Anything kicked off over Christmas?

A couple of break-ins, drunk and dis-orderlies  
and this through from Manchester.

A 10-year-old lass,

Lesley Ann Downey, gone missing.

I phoned them, so I could get a description.

She's from Ancoats. Went to a fair and  
didn't come home. That's all they'd tell me.

Not the most communicative force.

I've been on to them about John Kilbride.

Didn't want to know.

When I asked if they'd any kiddies

missing on their patch,

they took it as a personal bloody insult.

DI Engels?

- That's me.

- DCI Mounsey. Ashton.

- Got a minute?

- Just about.

Lesley Ann Downey.

Are you making any progress?

Haven't found her.

We've had a lad missing for over a year now,  
John Kilbride.

Never heard of him.

- There might be a connection.

- I doubt it.

- Why?

- It was the stepfather.

Come on.

Why aren't you listening?

I told you. We were in the pub all night!

Covering up for him - all bollocks.

- So he's admitted killing her?

- Give us another half hour.

Then all we need's the body

and we'll charge him.

I should forget about the connection

if I were you.  
There's no shops. It's a shithole!  
Got to be better  
than that poky house in Gorton.  
Tell him that.  
He's sulked ever since we got here.  
- Shut your face, you!  
- Eh!  
Don't you talk to my sister like that.  
I'll speak to her how I bloody well like!  
You had to move.  
Wiles Street will be rubble in a few months.  
Besides, it's got memories Moby needs  
to put behind her.  
What, and you think I don't know that?  
If I just knew...  
that Angela hadn't completely gone,  
you know, that her spirit is somewhere safe.  
I hope she's in heaven too, Moby.  
But you don't believe it, do you?  
You would have done once.  
You were more religious than me, you.  
I don't believe in all that sin and redemption  
and forgiveness mumbo jumbo...  
Father Theodore used to spout at St Francis.  
That new?  
Japanese. Cost me a month of my shitey wage.  
Has to be an easier way of getting money.  
Rob a bank.  
You've just read my mind, son.  
- Fancy helping me?  
- A bit out of my league.  
Why?  
You've stolen before, haven't you? I mean...  
You was in court for it.  
Yeah, that was just ciggies from  
a corner shop.  
So, you've no moral qualms?  
No.  
And you're out of a job. Skint.  
- Maureen's just been taken on...  
- You're skint.  
You're serious, aren't you?  
We've already access

to the necessary firearms.

- Firearms?

- Aye.

Myra's joined Cheadle Gun Club.

Yeah. Maureen said.

So? Interested?

Yeah, I am.

They never found his body.

Whose body?

Major Glenn Miller, that's who.

One moment, you're flying through the air...

...suddenly the engine coughs,  
dies.

The next you're...

...hurtling towards oblivion.

I'm for bed, Mo.

You look done in, too.

Why don't you stay tonight?

The boys can sleep on the sofa.

- We can sleep upstairs.

- Yeah. All right.

- Night-night, boys.

- Night.

Chuck us that pillow, Mo.

Thanks.

There you go.

- That poor girl's family.

- What?

Lesley Ann Downey.

Even offering a reward's done no good.

Yeah, well, that child should never  
have been allowed out at that time.

That's a bit harsh, blaming the parents.

Come on, you. Get down.

I doubt they'll ever see her again.

Give us a hand.

How do I know you're not queer?

Cos I can think of better places  
of getting my kicks  
than up another man's arse.

Oh!

This takes me back.

You were always slipping in beside me  
when you were little.



When you'd had one of your bad dreams,  
I used to put my arm round you, like this,  
and tell you it'd be all right  
in the morning.

I remember.

You still think about her all the time,  
don't you?

Angela?

Yeah.

It'll ease with time, Moby.

I'm worried about Dave.

He hardly talks to me since we lost her.

Just give him a bit of space.

Ian's looking after him.

You reckon?

He'll be all right.

You both will.

Promise?

I promise.

'Night, Moby.

Like a little hot-water bottle, you!

An off-licence on Audenshaw Road.

Yeah, well, it's the third in a week, Derek.

I want an arrest.

I've got Prescott mithering me  
about this quarter's figures.

- Still not found Lesley Ann Downey?

- No.

You'd think if the stepfather coughed to killing  
her, he'd have mentioned where the body is.

I don't think he has killed her.

Why?

I've spoken to a contact in Manchester CID.

He says he hasn't confessed  
and he's still denying it.

Oh?

And Manchester

have had another missing child.

A lad called Keith Bennett.

Left his home in Longsight to visit  
his Grandma, June last year,  
and never got there.

- All right, love.

- See you later.

Cheerio.

Mrs Johnson? Detective

Chief Inspector Mounsey. Ashton Police.

It's about your son Keith.

If you take my Jimmy in one more time,

I'll bloody top myself.

I'll kill my children, then myself.

Whoa! I've not come to take anybody in.

Six times you've had him in.

Jimmy thought the world of Keith.

He wouldn't harm him.

I believe you.

I do.

And I've got nothing to do

with Manchester Police.

All right? Can I come in?

I was out at bingo.

I'd sent Keith to his Grandma's.

Of course, he never got there.

Jimmy was alone here, weren't you?

- And no way to prove that?

- No.

I mean, look at him.

He's been off work ages, with that chest.

Most days, he's hardly got the strength

to climb the stairs.

Does he look like a murderer?

I, erm...

I haven't given up hope, you know,

that Keith's still alive.

What bothers me, though...

...he's not got these.

He'd bust them the day before.

I was going to get them fixed.

I just don't know

how he'll be coping without them.

These disappearances.

They really are close together.

Lesley Ann Downey. Ancoats.

Keith Bennett. Longsight.

John Kilbride. Ashton.

It's basically a triangle.

Logic says that the bloke

doing it lives in the middle of the triangle.

Gorton.

- A girl went missing in Gorton.
- I remember that case.
- Pauline Reade.
- July '63.
- Set off to a dance and...
- Whoa. Whoa. She was older.

She was 16.

They thought she'd gone off with a boyfriend.

Her parents swore that was nonsense.

She didn't have a boyfriend.

- Shouldn't we at least look at it?
- Yes. Got the mother's address?

I don't know why,

but I think this is where it happened.

I think whoever it was

pulled up behind her in a car.

And just bundled her into it?

No, I think he offered her a lift.

She wouldn't have accepted a lift  
off a stranger?

I don't think so. No.

I'm sure it was someone she knew.

I don't think I've helped you at all.

Yes, you have.

I'm going to go and walk home now.

- Are you sure?
- Yes.

If we get any news, love,  
we'll be right in touch.

- Well?

- You were right.

Whoever abducted Pauline

could well have been behind the disappearance  
of John and Keith and Lesley

and you're right that

that person could have been from Gorton.

We should ask Manchester

to start house-to-house here.

A waste of time, because,

in the two years since Pauline was abducted,  
they've knocked down most of Gorton.

People have been rehoused all over the shop.

She might well have known

the person who took her,  
but the chances of him  
still living round here are next to none.  
I don't know what you see in this place  
when it's like this.

We love it in any weather, don't we?

Show the laddie the toy, Hessy.

- What have you brought that for?
- Dave said he wanted a go.
- You're not going to let him fire it?
- It's only a bit of fun.
- Ian'll make sure he comes to no harm.
- He'd bloody better.

Come on.

- Just you be careful.

- Don't worry.

Oh, God! This takes me back.

Oh, me, too. It was never off the jukebox.

Come on.

Don't be daft!

Come on.

Hey!

- What's that?

- What's what?

You're smiling!

See that?

Shoot it.

This bank job, we need to advance matters.

- Is Myra in on this?
- Who else is going to drive the getaway car?

Maureen hasn't a clue

and if she ever found out...

You're no' losing your nerve, are you?

No.

You're happy about the guns?

Just because we'd have them

doesn't mean we'd use them.

Look!

You're leaving the bank with the money. Yeah?

Some stupid clerk decides to have a go.

Cannae shake him loose.

The police are on their way.

Only chance of you getting out of there  
with the money is to shoot him.

What do you do?

Eh?

Clearly nothing.

Piss off.

Piss off, back to the slums  
with the other morons, where you belong.

Don't call me a moron.

You know nothing about anything.

I may not know the things you know,  
the books or the long words,  
but that doesn't make me a moron.

So, it is there, then?

What is?

The fire.

Myra had it once, but she's losing it.

She does what I ask, all too easily,  
but you, oh...

I can see you doing anything.

You just need educating.

You see, we all die.

It's just some people die sooner than others.

That's nature.

That's the only force that really matters.

Now, you forget about God, religion,  
all that shite.

That was nature that killed your baby.

And if nature decides to  
give more power to some than others...

...so be it.

So this bank job, I've identified  
a possible target.

Williams And Glynn's Bank on Hyde Road.

I want you to take a look.

I'd value your opinion.

"He moves behind her  
and hovers there.

He would greatly like to mount as a victor,  
but dares not.

Instead, he begins to beat her anew.

He no longer knows who he is or where.

His delirium has reached such  
a pitch."

What do you think?

It may get you going.

It doesn't do a lot for me.

- Ian gave it to me.

- What for?

He says he wants to open  
my mind to new ideas.

- Good luck with him.

- What's up?

I just don't like it, Dave.

I don't see what pleasure  
a man can get from hitting a woman.

But if that's the kind of thing  
Ian wants to interest you in,  
just don't talk to me about it, all right?

It was you that said

I should get to know him better!

What's going on?

It's Pat Kilbride. He's been arrested  
for being drunk and disorderly.

Alan, action on that, please.

He's just assaulted PC Nash.

What happened?

Usual. Some moron  
will have called him a child-killer.

He'll have turned on them, then got a kicking,  
then drunk himself into oblivion to forget it.

- Open the door.

- Are you sure, sir?

Open it!

Mr Mounsey. Thank you.

Listen to me.

You don't thank me for anything  
until I've found your son.

But you'll not find him.

We both know that.

Forget it, Mr Mounsey.

And thanks for trying.

Cup of tea in here, Andy.

- Three sugars.

- Sir!

Bob!

Any tea? I'm famished.

Get your own. I've only just got in.

You finish work at two. Where've you been?

Just tell me.

Don't bloody maul me!  
Well, answer the question, then.  
Christ! What's got into you?  
You bloody got into me, that's what!  
What do you mean?  
I've been to the doctor's.  
I'm pregnant.  
Oh, Jesus.  
I knew.  
I knew you'd take it like that.  
I've already lost one baby.  
If that ever happened again...  
What about if it happened to me again, eh?  
It's taken two of us, you know, to make it!  
You don't understand! I'm not ready for this yet.  
Well, you can make that choice.  
You can bugger off, you can do what  
you bloody well like. I can't!  
It's here! It's mine!  
- It's inside me now!  
- Hang on!  
Maureen!  
Piss off!  
- He treats me like I don't exist.  
- I told you, get out.  
It's that simple, is it, Mam?  
- Well, you've not left him.  
- What are you talking about?  
The excuse for a man in the front room.  
- Is Mam in?  
- They're in there.  
Shut the door behind you.  
Here.  
Ta.  
What's up with you?  
Maureen?  
I'm pregnant.  
Well, that's wonderful, in't it?  
No. Dave doesn't want it.  
Eh?  
How can I stay with him if  
he doesn't want it?  
Well, you're not thinking of leaving him?  
I don't know, Mam!

- This is all I need.  
- What's the matter?  
Nothing!  
It's Ian.  
What about Ian?  
Myra?  
He's just been acting funny lately.  
Distant.  
There's nothing I don't do for that man,  
nothing.  
In bed, out of it.  
But sometimes, lately, he treats me  
like I'm no more than a skivvy!  
And it doesn't bloody help  
your Dave's round our house all the time.  
Don't go blaming Dave!  
You said it was good, them palling up!  
- It's gone too far!  
- Come on, now, stop this!  
None of this would have happened  
if she hadn't let Dave knock her up!  
- What?  
- She should've got rid of that baby.  
And she should get rid of this one!  
Myra, ughh! That's horrible!  
Sorry.  
I shouldn't have said that.  
You never would have done once.  
What has happened to you?  
I said I'm sorry!  
What are you looking at?  
This is best.  
No. No, no, no, you've got it all wrong.  
I've looked at that bank.  
You're right, they're wide open.  
They only have two staff on Saturdays.  
Interesting.  
You've been doing other homework, I see.  
Thought if I copied  
the bits you'd underlined down,  
I'd understand 'em better.  
Murder is a supreme pleasure.  
Do you understand that?  
How could I? I've never killed anyone.



I have.  
Oh, yeah?  
Three or four.  
And I haven't finished yet.  
Teenagers - they're ideal.  
Any younger, there's too much fuss.  
What?  
You don't believe me?  
You've stood on the graves.  
Such shit you talk.  
You think I'm talking shit  
about using a gun for the bank job?  
I never said that.  
So you are willing to use one?  
If we use blanks, yeah.  
Well, a gun with blanks is just an ornament.  
How can I get this across to you, eh?  
Half-measures are dangerous.  
You have to be willing to go the whole way.  
Now, look down the barrel.  
I said look down the fucking barrel!  
See? It's all about odds.  
Get those wrapped up.  
Put them in the suitcases.  
All suspicious materials  
must be removed from this house.  
Now.  
Where's Maureen?  
- She didn't come home last night.  
- I'm not surprised.  
Right state you've got her into.  
- She's thinking of leaving you.  
- She wouldn't leave me.  
How do you know?  
What do you know about women?  
What do you know about bloody anything,  
Dave Smith?  
Women.  
They have to feel you need them.  
But you must never show them that you do.  
Where are you taking them?  
Left luggage.  
Bloody hell. What else have you put in them?  
Mind your own.

- So when will it be? The job?  
- We'll be in touch.  
- Where are you going?  
- You can come for tea, if you want.  
Oh, yeah!  
What do I do?  
Where do I go?  
I don't want you to go anywhere.  
I want this baby.  
I'm just scared.  
So am I.  
It's all right.  
You said that before... about Angela.  
That can't happen again.  
Please God, Dave, don't let it!  
It won't, don't worry.  
It'll be all right.  
Come on, sit down,  
I'll put the kettle on.  
All right?  
Yeah.  
What's this?  
I don't know. It came this morning.  
I've not really looked at it.  
- They're going to evict us?  
- They won't evict us!  
Dave... it's a final demand.  
Unless we pay 14 pounds eight shillings  
rent arrears by Saturday, we're out.  
- All right, we'll pay!  
- How?  
- I get a pittance. You're on t'dole.  
- I'll get a tap off my Dad.  
He's in London! And he's  
not got two beans to rub together anyway!  
I need a home, Dave.  
Our baby needs a home!  
Bloody get off your arse and do something!  
I was thinking,  
if we did the bank job this Saturday...  
We're not quite ready.  
Well, if I don't raise some cash,  
Maureen really will leave me!  
Well... maybe there is a solution.

- What?  
- Suppose we were to...  
obtain the money from a third party.  
How do you mean?  
Well, I could go down Canal Street, you know,  
pick up a businessman, shall we say,  
of a certain sexual orientation,  
bring him back here,  
demand money off him.  
I think he'd part with it...  
rather than having to explain to wifey  
how he came by a beating.  
Yeah, all right, then. When?  
Soon.  
Now, piss off home and wait  
till we call for you.  
And I mean it.  
I'm just knocking off, sir.  
Can I buy you a drink?  
You know what they're calling him  
around the station these days?  
No.  
Mounsey's Lad.  
Come on. Let's get kaylied.  
Oh, bloody hell. Who's that?  
I'll go.  
Can I come in?  
Yeah.  
Myra?  
What are you doing here?  
I've got a message for Mam.  
You're seeing her tomorrow, aren't you?  
What message?  
Can you tell her I'll come round tomorrow,  
so she can do my roots?  
Is that it?  
Is that all you've come round for?  
Sorry. Meant to come round earlier.  
Erm, listen, Dave,  
you couldn't walk us back, could you?  
I don't fancy walking back in the dark  
at this hour.  
Yeah, I'll get my jeans.  
- Aren't you in the car?

- I'd already locked it up so I've walked round.
- Why couldn't Ian walk you?
- Well, he's busy, isn't he?
- He's in his dark room messing about.
- He's always in that dark room.
- All right!
- Right, I'm going back to bed.

Eh, don't stop drinking  
with Ian all night either.

We've got to think of something to do  
about that letter in the morning.

Don't fret. Something'll turn up. See you.

- See you later.

- See you.

Shut the door!

Has he got someone?

Has he got the businessman?

What's he like?

Come to the door when the lights flash.

You've come for those wine bottles, eh?

You what?

Dave?

Dave?

Dave.

I told you not to get drunk.

Are you all right?

What's the matter?

Bloody hell, Dave. What's happened to you?

- Dirty filthy bastard!

- Argh!

'Ey, what's happened?

Ian's killed a man.

What do you mean... Ian's killed a man?

With an axe.

He's mental.

I've never seen anything like it.

You dirty filthy bastard!

It was like he was somebody else.

Well... erm...

I mean, couldn't you have done  
something to stop the fight?

It wasn't a fight!

It was slaughter!

If I'd tried to stop 'em,

they'd have done the same to me!

Now... do you believe me?

Yeah.

- Where's Myra? Is she all right?

- Myra's part of it.

Myra?

Yeah.

Now, that... was the messiest yet.

Myra?

- You...

- Myra?

Myra?

- What was that noise?

- It's nothing, Gran.

I dropped a tape recorder on my foot.

Go back to bed.

Night-night.

I just... I can't believe what you're saying about Myra being involved.

She was. I'm telling you.

You should have seen the look in his eyes as that first blow registered.

I just wanted to get out of there.

You... clean that!

It's all logical to them.

Calm...

He's been calm since we cleaned the room.

Have a ciggy, drink some tea.

I suppose I'd best be getting off.

I don't want Maureen waking and finding me not there.

How are we going to get him in the car in full view of the neighbours?

What about your pram?

Angela's pram?

Yeah.

Then that's it. Job done.

And when I go, they give me this last look.

Like I've passed a test.

Till tomorrow then, eh?

What are we gonna do?

Well, go to the police. What else?

And tell 'em what?

Dave, we'll have to.  
Well, suppose Ian's  
realised I might do that?  
He might be waiting outside for me!  
Right, well, um,  
we'll wait till it's light.  
But we've got to do it.  
'Ey, it'll be all right.  
We'll sort it out.  
I don't know, Maureen.  
I don't know.  
Come on.  
'Ey, put them away.  
I won't be long.  
What's all this about?  
Say they've seen somebody killed, sir.  
Oh, yeah?  
The lad's saying there's been a murder  
but it's nowt to do with him.  
I don't know what to make of this.  
He's only an apprentice.  
He's no gonna solve  
your financial problems after all, eh?  
Well, we've got to take what you say  
at face value.  
Better take a look.  
- We need his clothes, Sergeant.  
- Righto.  
Come on, come with me.  
Ashton CID?  
- DS Jock Carr.  
I want to speak to WDC Clayton.  
It's me, Jock.  
Pat, a lad named Edward Evans  
was murdered last night.  
Come on.  
Can you tell Joe Mounsey to get over here?  
I'll explain when he gets here.  
Come on, son. They're ready for you.  
Come on.  
Brady's admitted killing the lad.  
Thank Christ for that.  
He says you helped him.  
I watched, that's all.

You got the lad's blood on you?  
He killed him right in front of me.  
I had to clear up,  
I had to kneel in it!  
What exactly did Myra do?  
She called round for me.  
- Got me round the house.  
- After Brady hit him with the axe.  
She watched. She helped clear up.  
No more than what you said you did.  
But she planned it with him.  
She must have.  
Why would they plan a murder  
and get you to watch?  
I don't know!  
Well, if you don't, son, why should we?  
Well, maybe it was because...  
Because what?  
Ian and me talked about robbing a bank.  
It was just talk,  
but he said he wanted to use guns.  
He told me he'd killed before,  
but I didn't believe him.  
Maybe last night was to prove to me  
that he could kill.  
And for you to do the same?  
I didn't kill that lad!  
We spoke to Myra.  
She says she wasn't involved.  
She says it was you and Brady.  
And Brady says the same.  
Why should we believe you, not them?  
I came to you!  
Why would I do that if I'd murdered someone?  
To save your own neck.  
- Yes, Jock. What is it?  
- I found this in the suspect's house.  
Mr Ian Brady?  
Anyway, it's just random jottings.  
There's a list of names here, though...  
actors mostly.  
Except there's one name there  
that doesn't quite fit.  
John Kilbride.

Good lad.

What do you make of this?

John Kilbride's name in Brady's notebook?

Could be a complete coincidence.

It's a bloody odd one, sir.

Hardly matters, does it?

Brady's admitted killing Evans.

- He'll get life for that.

- It matters to the family of John Kilbride.

It may matter to the families  
of other dead children.

If you want to pursue that,  
you're welcome to.

Just don't get under our feet.

I know Dave hates me,

but I never thought he'd go this far.

Mam.

What lies has Dave been telling?

It's bad enough he's got Ian into trouble,  
but for him to make out Myra's involved...

- If you've done nothing wrong...

- What do you mean "if"?

That's enough. Come on.

Are you saying you believe Dave?

- I don't know what to believe, Mam!

- She's your sister!

Your own flesh and blood.

If you stick by Dave and not Myra,  
you're no daughter of mine.

Brady's admitted killing the lad.

We'll not be letting him go anywhere.

What about Smith?

The toe rag looks as though he's telling the truth,  
so we'll release him for now.

And the girlfriend?

There's no evidence of direct involvement  
in the murder, so we'll let her go.

Edward Evans's parents.

Been identifying the body.

Thank you.

Can you go?

So they believe you?

Dunno.

- They've let Myra go too, thank God.



- What?

So she can't have been involved.

- Why did you lie to me, Dave?

- I didn't lie!

She's the one that's lying!

She must have fibbed her way out of it.

Let's just get out of here.

We just want to know what's going on.

I'm fed up of this lot.

Now, get out of here!

We haven't got time to mess around with you.

Sir. We found the wallet inside the car.

- This is Brady's car?

- No, Hindley's. Brady doesn't drive.

Found three sheets of paper in here.

We got them copied.

- What is this?

- A kind of disposal plan for a body.

OK. Explain it to me.

We think that is hatchet.

Rec? Reconnaissance?

Check periodically unmoved.

- Check what's unmoved?

- Body? Bodies?

Tick WHPB.

No. God knows.

- Is this where it happened?

- Aye. Hard to believe, isn't it?

Must have spent ages cleaning up this place.

- So where was the body found?

- Over by the window.

Foetal position, body wrapped in polythene.

Bit of a photographer, is he, then, Brady?

Fond of the moors by the looks of it.

- Isn't that her?

- Aye, that's her.

Come to see her granny, I expect.

Had to boot her out of here, obviously.

Are you sure you've done the right thing  
letting her go?

- That was Benfield's decision.

- What do you think, sir?

I think the plan was to get rid of the body  
using the car.

Look. "Car. Remove all movable objects.  
Clean cover floor  
and seat fresh Poly at night."  
This is her car!  
He doesn't even drive, you said.  
Who else is going to drive the car,  
for Christ sakes?  
How can she possibly not be involved?  
Stop it!  
'Ey, come here!  
Shut up!  
- Mrs Smith?  
- Yes.  
DCI Mounsey, Ashton Police.  
I need to speak to your husband.  
Thank you.  
- Dave Smith?  
- What?  
Go on, get in there.  
You told DCS Benfield  
Brady claimed he killed others.  
- Yeah, well, he wasn't listening, was he?  
- Well, I am!  
Did he say who he killed?  
- Or when or where?  
- No.  
- And you didn't ask?  
- Why should I?  
Even when he told you he was going  
to use guns for this bank job?  
- What bank job?  
- Dave, what's this?  
- Ian had this stupid idea about robbing a bank.  
- What?  
- Bloody idiot!  
- I didn't know if he was serious or not, did I?  
Even when we got rid of stuff from  
the suitcases, I didn't know.  
- What stuff?  
- Stuff they thought would be incriminating.  
What exactly was in these suitcases?  
'Ey?! Answer me!  
There was some books of mine.  
The rest was theirs.

I helped them put the cases in the car,  
then they drove off.

Where?

- I don't know.

- He must have said something. Where?

Well, they might have said something  
about left luggage.

"They"?

So Myra was in on this too, yeah?

Yeah. Ian said she was gonna  
drive the getaway car.

Jesus Christ, Dave,  
what else haven't you told me?

You're just digging  
a big hole for yourself.

You think you're clever, but you're not.

We've heard Brady's version,  
and we've heard what Dave says.

I've already told you.

I've got nothing to say.

My version of events of that evening  
are exactly the same as Ian's version of events.

We found a piece of paper in Myra's car  
with the initials WH on it.

I think that stands for Woodhead,  
and that's here.

Don't know.

- These are the nearest moors to Hattersley.

- They took us to different places.

So should you and me go for a walk?

You don't really think  
there are bodies up here?

I'm trying not to think anything, love.

But... if there are, I mean...

...they can't be anything to do with Myra.

You said Brady made some remark about you  
having stood on the grave of one of his victims.

Ian and Myra drove us up to the moors.

Me and Ian went for a walk  
and there was a reservoir below us.

He wanted me to stand  
in a particular place.

Here!

Do you think this is the spot?

Is this the spot?

I don't know.

Thank you.

I believe that with David Smith

you discussed killing people

- and burying them on the moors.

- It was all part of the fiction,  
to impress him.

Smith says you said that Evans' murder  
was the messiest yet.

Why say that if  
there were no others?

That was to do with  
the situation we were in.

I've got nothing to say.

My version of events of that evening  
is exactly the same as Ian's.

But it's not your version,  
is it, it's Ian's!

You're just using his words.

Is it Brady says, Myra does?

How many more times  
do I need to tell you?

There was an accident.

My version of events  
is exactly the same as Ian's.

Tell me about this  
fiction to impress Smith.

- Ask Smith.

- No, I'm asking you.

I told you... Ask Smith.

I've done nothing.

As far as I know, Ian's done nothing.

Dave Smith's a bloody little liar.

Tell us exactly what went on that night!

There was an accident.

That's all I'm saying.

Shall we call it murder?

Why did you take that photograph?

Well, I er...

...must have been attracted  
by the composition.

Why is Myra looking at the ground?

You'd have to ask her that.

I'm asking the photographer.  
Why is she looking at the ground?  
Was there something special  
about that piece of ground?  
Is it cos it's a grave?  
Is this you standing on a grave?  
Is this her standing on a grave?  
Is this your personal graveyard?  
- Pictures.  
- Just pictures?  
And that place, that grave,  
that was Woodhead, wasn't it?  
In that general area, aye.  
But again, it was a fiction.  
I've got police officers from  
three forces up there right now  
digging up your fiction.  
Well, that is a monumental exercise  
in futility, my friend.  
If you keep going,  
you'll keep yourself warmer.  
Make sure you push the stick really deep.  
Can't you tell us what's happening up here?  
Well, we've got members of the public  
helping with the search.  
They've come from far and wide.  
If we find anything with the sticks  
and they smell like human remains...  
Thank you.  
Don't miss anywhere.  
The ground's hard here.  
The search of moorland  
adjacent to the A628 Woodhead Pass  
has been going on for over two days now.  
But the police have still found no evidence  
that any bodies have been buried there.  
There's been no official  
confirmation from the police...  
I'm sorry, Mrs Kilbride.  
There's still nothing.  
I see.  
Mr Mounsey! Over here!  
...as to how long this search  
may continue.

What have you got, lads?

Let's have a look.

We might have something here, sir.

No, it's just a dead sheep.

All right, keep at it, lads.

I'm going to mention some names to you.

Names of children.

I just want you to tell me  
if you've heard of them.

Lesley Ann Downey.

Never heard of her.

Keith Bennett.

John Kilbride.

Never heard of him.

All right, then.

Have you heard of Pauline Reade?

Is that funny, Myra?

I knew Pauline Reade.

I grew up with her.

I liked her.

Lesley Ann Downey.

Have you heard of Lesley Ann Downey?

It has been pretty public.

Papers, television, rewards.

Nobody at work ever mention

Lesley Ann Downey?

And John Kilbride. You've never heard of him?

I don't know him. I have never heard of him.

Have you ever been to Ashton market?

No, I have never been to Ashton market.

- Never?

- Never.

Never been to Ashton market.

Where do you shop, then?

I shop at Adsega's sometimes.

I go into the city centre.

Where do you shop?

The John Kilbride I'm talking about went missing  
from Ashton market 23rd of November 1963.

And I'm supposed to have murdered him  
and buried him on the moors?

I believe so, yes.

And I suppose I did the same...

to the other names in this book, yeah?

Joan Crawford.

Robert Urquhart.

Alec Guinness.

Deary me. I mean...

Alec will be sorry to hear of the premature end of his acting career.

Do you have children? Eh?

Two.

Hm...

Well, I can understand why this is...

an emotional subject for you.

We'll not get a cough out of him.

Come on, lads. I know you're tired but you're doing a grand job.

You see, the ground she's on here is quite flat and stony.

I've been all over,

I can't find any ground like that round here.

You think we're looking in the wrong place, don't you?

I don't know.

If there were more background in the photo, something to give us a reference point...

So if WH isn't Woodhead, what else could it stand for?

Wuthering bloody Heights for all I know.

Prescott's not going to let this go on for much longer.

If we don't find the bodies, they'll get away with this.

Sir. Message from Jock Carr.

The suitcases that Smith told us about, he's found them.

Good lad.

Right, let's have a look, then, shall we?

Have you got a tape recorder in the station, sir?

Jock. Go and ask the sergeant, will you?

Find a tape recorder.

Sir...

Isn't that Lesley Ann Downey?

Looks like her.

Oh, fucking hell fire.

We need to talk to Smith, sir.

Jock.  
You're right in it now, Smith.  
Come on.  
Hey.  
You better have some bloody good answers.  
What's this about?  
Do you recognise any of this lot?  
The notebook's mine.  
I don't know about the rest.  
You lying little bastard!  
What? What am I supposed to have done?  
You know what's on that tape, don't you?  
- You know what comes before that song!  
- No.  
- Yes, you do! You were there!  
- I wasn't!  
A little girl, being asked to do  
unspeakable things for a man by a woman,  
crying for her mam, begging for mercy.  
Only, you didn't show any mercy, did you?  
You helped Hindley and Brady  
torture and kill her.  
- Like you helped kill Edward Evans!  
- No!  
So, let's jog your memory.  
Look at that. Who's that? Is that Lesley  
Ann Downey before you got hold of her?  
Isn't she sweet? Innocent?  
Isn't she trusting?  
Now look what was done to her  
in the bedroom of No.16.  
Look at her!  
You were there, weren't you?  
You were watching!  
No, I wasn't!  
So what do you think of Myra now, then?  
It might not be Myra's voice on the tape.  
It might be some other woman.  
It's Myra.  
Do you think Dave's told you everything  
about his relationship with Ian and Myra?  
Yeah.  
He didn't tell you about the armed robbery.  
So what else don't you know?



- What else could there be to know?  
- What about his sexual inclinations?  
What's that got to do with anything?  
Brady lent him dirty books.  
Lots of people read books like that.  
Doesn't mean...  
And lots of people  
interfere with children.  
And some of them even murder 'em.  
You're not saying Dave's done that?  
I don't know. Do you think he could?  
I'm his wife, for God's sake!  
I live with him! I sleep with him!  
How can you ask me that?  
You live with him. You sleep with him.  
So who else would be in a better position  
to know the truth?  
I don't know the truth,  
about Dave, about my sister...  
I don't know the truth  
about bloody anything any more!  
"Notes taken from books I have enjoyed...  
He said that what she refused him  
he was going to take by force,  
so let the girl be stripped naked."  
So, the idea of raping young girls  
gives you a kick, does it?  
No? "Rape is not a crime.  
It is a state of mind.  
Murder is a hobby and a supreme pleasure."  
- I just copied that to impress him!  
- No, no. Come on, lad.  
You enjoyed killing Edward Evans,  
didn't you?  
And Lesley Ann Downey.  
John Kilbride. Pauline Reade.  
- Pauline Reade? You think she's part of this?  
- I know she is.  
I knew Pauline, I grew up with her!  
You think I killed her?  
That's exactly what Myra says.  
And she's lying. And Brady's lying.  
And I think you're lying too.  
I haven't killed anyone! I haven't!

But you haven't told us everything,  
have you?  
Have you?  
Shall we listen to that tape, shall we,  
- to that girl begging for mercy?  
- No!  
I'll play it to you again and again  
till you tell me the truth.  
What haven't you told us?  
- Edward Evans.  
- What about him?  
Maureen and me are  
in the shit with money.  
The council are  
threatening to evict us.  
I told Ian.  
He said he'd go down Manchester,  
find a businessman,  
bring him back and we'd rob him.  
That's why Myra came  
round for me that night.  
I thought we were just going to frighten  
the bloke so he'd hand over his wallet.  
But I walked in and...  
there was Ian with the axe.  
- Why didn't you tell us this before?  
- I knew what you'd think!  
You'd think what I'm trying not to -  
that Evans would still be alive now  
if me and Ian hadn't made that plan!  
But I promise you,  
I haven't hurt any children.  
At least tell me you believe that!  
I do actually, lad.  
Good lad. Have another fag.  
There may have been a plan for a robbery,  
but he's no murderer.  
Can I wait for him?  
- Go on, then. Get yourself home.  
Sir. 13-year-old girl from Hattersley's  
come forward with new information.  
She says Brady and Hindley befriended her,  
took her out for some drives on the moors.  
- Does she know which moors?

- Yes, she's very clear.  
Wessenden Head, Saddleworth.

- WH!

- We were in the wrong place.  
Move the troops there tomorrow.  
I'll call Prescott.

Oi, hang on! They're not all Lancashire troops.  
Some are mine, some are Manchester's.  
You're not saying you don't want us  
to carry on searching, sir?

No, I'm not saying that. Just be aware.  
I can't fund an operation like this indefinitely,  
and Manchester won't either.

Thank you, sir.  
Lads, thank you.  
Come on, lads. Bus isn't going to wait.  
Sir, sir. Don't go without us.  
I need to splash my boots.  
Thank you, boys. Thank you very much.  
It's that cold and  
he hasn't brought any gloves!  
Is he going to bring any tomorrow?  
Daft bugger.

Thank you, boys. Thank you.  
Thank you very much.  
Another good day's work, lads.  
Thank you very much.  
Better luck tomorrow, eh, sir?

- If there is a tomorrow.  
- Sir?  
I don't think Prescott's  
going to let this go on any longer.  
What, you think this really is it?

- Sir! Sir, up here!  
- What?  
Something bony sticking  
out of the ground.  
Yeah, just another dead sheep, lad.  
I don't think so, sir.  
Come on, then.  
Let's go and see what he's on about.  
Is it true there's a body, Mr Benfield?

- Mr Talbot!  
- Mr Talbot, can you give us any details?

- All right, Joe?

- Yeah.

Manchester's here...

now there's glory to be had.

Do we know whose body it is yet?

All I know is, it's not John Kilbride.

A little girl.

- Are you ready, Dougie?

- When you are, Arthur.

- Is it male or female?

- Come on, lads, give us a break.

- Get back.

- Give us some room, please.

Mr Mounsey, are there any more?

Get out of our way!

Let us through! Get back!

How many are there, Mr Talbot?

Can you give us any detail?

Is it a boy or a girl?

Are there any more?

We'll make a statement tomorrow.

One more.

Good work. Good work, excellent.

Yeah, the same to you.

Thank you very much.

Sir.

That was Professor Poulson,

Uppermill Mortuary.

Mother's identified the body.

It's Lesley Ann.

- Congratulations, everyone.

- What next?

Well, we charge Brady and Hindley

with the murder of Lesley Ann Downey.

Then it's doubles on me over at the Queen's.

What about the others?

- John Kilbride, Keith Bennett, Pauline Reade?

- They're irrelevant now.

- Sir?

- What?!

I've done another print

from the original negative.

I've brought up a lot more of the background,  
and look...

I swear that is Hollin Brown Knoll  
in the background.

Right, Mash,  
are you saying if we walk around those rocks  
till we find the view that matches  
this one...

We should find one of the graves.

Where did you get the negative from, Mike?

It was in the suitcases.

But all that stuff  
got taken away by Manchester.

I know.

I went down there and nicked it off them.

You bad lad!

Watch your step, lad. Watch your step.

Sir! I think it's here!

- Mash?

- Yeah.

Right, here we go again.

Urgh!

- Forensics, please, Pat.

- Yes, sir.

I'll get the camera.

- Boys, go on. In there.

- No!

Go! Please, do as you're told.

- Lads, get out.

- You too.

- Mum...

- I want to stay.

- Danny...

- I want to stay!

Let him stay.

Let him.

Yes, that's John's.

I'm so sorry.

Sorry to disturb.

Some sad news. Your dog.

We needed to establish her age  
in order to be sure that the photo of you  
crouching over John Kilbride's grave  
was taken after his disappearance.

So we asked the vet to perform  
a dental X-ray.

I'm sorry to say she never came round from the anaesthetic.

You murdering fucking bastards!

Yes, well, I'm a dog lover myself, so I can appreciate the distress.

Sorry to interrupt, sir.

Well, I'm sorry about your dog, but we must press on.

It was a funny time of the night to be doing house calls.

- Where's Maureen?

- In the bedroom.

Come on now, Mo.

You want stringing up an' all, you bitch!

Hang him! Child molester!

They'll put you away!

Stand there.

Please repeat after me.

I swear by Almighty God...

...that the evidence I shall give...

...shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

You've already admitted that you and your husband were in trouble with the rent.

- What's that got to do with it?

- You were desperate for money.

Well, yes.

You were aware your husband had sought Brady's help over the rent.

I know he'd shown Ian the letter.

You were not aware of any further conspiracy between them?

No.

Are you not in your husband's confidence?

I believed what he told me.

But he did not always tell you the truth.

Nevertheless, you are married and feel you must stand by him.

- No!

- Are you all right, Mrs Smith?

I'm sorry.

I'm aware of the advanced state

of your pregnancy.

Do you feel able to carry on?

I've got to, haven't I?

You've told the court that your sister was a regular visitor to Ashton market.

Yes, I have.

Are you quite sure about that?

There are many nearer places to shop.

But she liked to go to Ashton.

Mrs Smith, you know it's believed John Kilbride was abducted from Ashton market?

Yes.

And so to imply Myra regularly went there when she didn't might be to dangerously mislead the jury.

Well, why would I want to do that?

Because you have sided with your husband against your sister.

No. All I want to do is tell the truth!

Did you go shopping frequently with Myra, Mrs Hindley?

Yes.

To your knowledge, did she ever go to Ashton market?

No.

Can you think of any reason why she should go there?

No.

We have markets closer to home if we need them.

Thank you, Mrs Hindley.

- Here come the Smiths.

- Maureen!

Mr Smith!

This is your notebook?

- Yes.

It contains numerous passages taken from books.

From books Brady gave me, yes.

There are passages justifying rape and murder.

Do you believe rape and murder to be justifiable?

No.

There are passages dealing with sexual perversion of various kinds.

Yes.

Passages about a girl being flogged and that kind of thing.

Did you take pleasure in them?

I was just trying to understand what the author was getting at.

Ah...

Did you tell Ian Brady you could make money by selling pornographic photographs?

- No, I didn't!

- On Boxing Day 1964, you brought a girl to the house of Brady and Hindley, did you not?

No!

- That girl was Lesley Ann Downey.

- Where have you got this from?

And Brady told you the girl you had brought was too young.

I never took her there!

You nevertheless stayed downstairs while photographs were taken of her upstairs, and later you took her away.

This is all lies!

And that was the last Brady and Hindley saw of her.

No!

I put it to you that you murdered Lesley Ann Downey.

No!

I put it to you that far from merely watching, - you helped Brady kill Edward Evans.

- I did not!

The truth is that when you saw violence, - you had to join in. - I thought I'd come here as a witness.

I thought it was them on trial, not me.

No more questions, my Lord.

Has your Lordship got any questions?



No.

You are released, Mr Smith.

Court is adjourned

until 10 o'clock tomorrow morning.

All rise.

Mrs West...

- It's not true what they're saying about me.

- Let's just go.

I had nothing to do with Lesley Ann.

- Why should I believe you?

- Cos it's the truth.

- Let's just go!

- You're a liar!

David. Manchester Evening News.

How well did you know Brady, David?

Can you tell us?

Piss off. Piss off!

- She's pregnant.

- Can you give us anything at all?

- Here comes the third Moors Murderer!

- Shut your face!

You're the third Moors Murderer!

They're all from the same family!

- I think it's this way.

- No, it's this way.

- Where's your husband?

- Dave!

I want to speak to him.

- You are a liar! You were there!

- Where?

At the torture of my Lesley!

Get off him! Get off him!

- You knew what he were doing!

- There was nothing to know, for God's sake!

For God's sake, I'm pregnant!

If I had your blood running through my veins,  
I'd slit my wrists!

They killed me as well

when they killed my Lesley!

- Come on!

- You deserve the same, both of you!

Come on, love.

Why did you have to talk to 'em?

To make 'em understand that what

Myra and Ian did had nothing to do with me.

- Why should people believe that?

- What?

Edward Evans wouldn't have died,

would he, Dave,

if you'd not let Ian draw you in.

I didn't know they'd kill him!

But he must have seen something in you,

mustn't he, eh,

- ...to make him think you could become part of it?

- Of what?

- Whatever it was, him and Myra.

- Shut up!

- It's you that's brought this on us, Dave.

- No, it's you, you Hindley bitch!

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, Maureen.

Will it be all right now?

Now you've done that?

Maureen, I'm so sorry!

Would you tell us what your feelings were

for Ian Brady before you moved to Hattersley?

I loved him.

I still love him.

Did you ever get wind of anything

odd happening between Ian and David?

I suppose I sometimes did wonder

what was going on.

You've sat in this court, you've heard of

several conspiracies between them.

To photograph young girls,

to rob a bank.

- I don't believe her.

- To lure a homosexual

to Wardle Brook Avenue

with the intention of robbing him,

a conspiracy which ended

in the death of Edward Evans.

Did you have any

idea of any of these plans?

I had no idea at all.

Were you in any way involved

in the death of John Kilbride?

I was not.

Were you in any way involved  
in the death of Lesley Ann Downey?

I was not.

Were you in any way involved  
in the death of Edward Evans?

No.

No more questions, my Lord.

You may step down, Miss Hindley.

This court is adjourned.

We will reconvene after lunch.

Verdicts have been reached

in the Moors murder

trial at Chester Assizes.

Ian Brady and Myra Hindley

have been found guilty of murder.

Ian Brady has been

convicted of the murders of

John Kilbride,

Lesley Ann Downey and Edward Evans.

Myra Hindley has been convicted of the murders

of Lesley Ann Downey and Edward Evans.

She was found not guilty of

the murder of John Kilbride,

but was found guilty of being an accessory.

The jury retired earlier today

and took just two hours 23 minutes

to reach their verdicts.

The defendants remained impassive

as they were read out

and equally impassive as the Judge,

Justice Fenton Atkinson,

sentenced the couple.

Ian Brady, these were three calculated,

cruel, cold-blooded murders.

In your case, I pass the only

sentence which the law now allows,

which is three concurrent sentences

of life imprisonment.

- Hang him!

- The bastard!

- Pervert!

- Quiet!

I hope you die!

Quiet in court! Quiet in court!

Put him down.  
Take the cow with you!  
Take 'em both!  
Kill 'em both together!  
Quiet in court!  
In your case, Hindley,  
you have been found guilty of  
two equally horrible murders.  
And in the third,  
as an accessory after the fact.  
On the two murders,  
the sentence is two concurrent  
sentences of life imprisonment.  
It's been a waste of fucking time.  
If you two hadn't gone to court,  
Brady would have got away with all  
those murders except Edward Evans.  
He'd have been out in 10 years  
and Myra would have walked free.  
That's supposed to make  
us feel better, is it?  
I can see that it's been hard.  
Hard? I'm a child killer.  
The third Moors Murderer.  
That's what they all believe!  
They won't when they've had time  
to think about it.  
How do you know?  
He won. Brady won.  
I can't stop thinking about him.  
I mean, what was he doing  
on the night of Edward Evans?  
- What was he thinking of?  
- He had a secret, Dave.  
He had a monster of a secret  
and what use was it to him  
without someone to share it with?  
- But he had Myra to share it with.  
- Yeah.  
And I believe he was growing tired of her.  
I think she probably resisted it,  
but in order to keep him,  
she agreed to try and bring Dave into it.  
And in the end, he failed, didn't he?

You two have got to try  
and get on with your lives now.  
What about Pauline Reade? Keith Bennett?  
I am not allowed to search for them.  
Only Manchester Police can do that.  
Frankly, between you, me and the gate post,  
they flatly refuse to do so.  
But I never said that.  
I'd best be going.  
- I'll see you out.  
- No, you stay there, pet.  
I'm gonna wish you two the very best of luck.  
All right?  
Sister, which is Mrs Harris' bed?  
It's that one over there, Mr Taylor.  
Good morning, Mrs Harris.  
- Hiya.  
- Hiya.  
What do you think?  
Beautiful.  
Family again, eh?  
It's the only family I'll ever have now, Dave.  
I've lost Myra,  
Mam.  
I can't lose this.  
Yeah, I know.  
I heard them come in.  
I hope someone kills it  
and buries it on t'bloody moors.  
You filthy bitch!  
Come on!  
It's not worth it. Leave it.  
Safe home now anyway.  
Right, girl.  
Aye.  
It's all right.  
Maureen,  
come on, he wants you.  
I can't.  
How can I?  
Shh.  
How can I ever be a mother again?  
I'm a Hindley.  
Shh.

Maureen.  
Where have you been?  
I've made a pot of tea, if you want some.  
That'd be nice, love.  
Nice place here.  
It's small, but...  
...it's much nicer than my last place.  
And I'm gonna redecorate.  
And you got a job?  
Lewis's.  
Cleaning.  
That's where I saw Aunty Cath.  
I just...  
I didn't dare believe it  
when she said you'd wanna see me.  
I'm so sorry.  
You've had a terrible time.  
The whole estate turned against us.  
We just kept hoping it'd... it'd go away.  
We just kept hoping,  
if we had a family and...  
stuck together...  
...it'd be OK.  
But it wasn't.  
Bricks through the window.  
Poison pen letters.  
God knows what else through the letter box.  
People would spit at the kids.  
Taunt them.  
Me and Dave...  
we couldn't go anywhere without trouble.  
Eventually,  
one night...  
Dave went for someone.  
Got sent to Walton.  
I just couldn't cope.  
I was just in a pit.  
Drinking.  
Hopeless.  
I had the kids put into care.  
God forgive me.  
I just thought...  
that I'd ruined their lives.  
And they deserved better.

I should have been in touch.  
I should have helped you.  
I felt I had to choose.  
Dave's out of jail now.  
He's got the kids back.  
The social... social worker says  
they're doing OK.  
Here you are, David.  
Do you want some bread?  
Come here, then. Take it off me.  
Here.  
Don't throw it too far though.  
Do you want some, Paul?  
John, come away from the edge.  
Good lad.  
Stay this side of the boat, John.  
Hiya.  
Hi.  
Hello, boys.  
- Who's that lady?  
- It's your mam.  
They've grown, haven't they?  
David's just like you.  
Named him well, then, didn't we?  
We'd got a John and a Paul.  
I wasn't going to let you have Ringo.  
I never thought I'd see 'em again.  
Let alone have 'em back under my own roof.  
You've done so well for them.  
So, why would you want  
to let me see 'em again?  
I think I'm a decent dad these days,  
but unless I suddenly sprout tits,  
I'm never going to be their mother, am I?  
Only you can be that.  
They look happy, don't they?  
I'd hate to get in the way.  
Of what?  
You might have met someone else for a start.  
I haven't.  
Not that I didn't get a few proposals  
in Walton, mind.  
Come on.  
So, when are we gonna see you again, then?

Come on.

I don't know if I can do this, Mam.

It's what she wants, love.

It's what both of you want, eh?

I'm not sure.

Come on.

I'll be waiting for you. Eh?

Yeah.

Myra.

Moby.

You don't know how I've longed  
for this moment.

How are you?

OK.

If only that were true.

You've been through hell because of me.

- I haven't come here to make you say that.

- I want to say it.

I think about the consequences of my actions  
all the time.

The hardest, of course, is the children.

Living with the knowledge I helped bring  
such suffering on them and their families.

But there's not a day goes by when

I don't think about what I've done to you.

I mean...

...people make excuses for me, saying

I must have been damaged when I was little.

Damaged?

How?

You know how Dad

used to leather me sometimes.

He used to leather me too, Myra.

I didn't do what you did.

I know.

I know, Moby.

And I mustn't make excuses.

I keep telling 'em that.

Even when they say it was all Ian's fault,  
that he changed me,  
corrupted me.

- Who's they?

- The governor.

And the others.



I've written to Ian.  
I told him I want to sever all contact.  
I've um...  
been going through my stuff.  
Getting rid of every trace of  
his influence on me.  
I want you to take these away.  
I don't want to see them again.  
It makes me so ashamed when I look at them.  
You weren't always like that, Myra.  
You were a different person once.  
And I want to be that person again, Mo.  
I've started going to Mass.  
And confession.  
And in finding God again...  
...I do feel like I've found the real me.  
Please.  
There has to be forgiveness surely  
for all of us.  
There has to be redemption.  
All quiet on the Western Front?  
Yeah. Never thought I'd get 'em down so easy.  
Well, um...  
suppose I'd better be getting on my way.  
Why not stay?  
The night?  
Well, for good.  
- You mean that?  
- Yeah.  
Be a family again, eh?  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah.  
Dad'll be chuffed.  
Yeah.  
- What about your mam?  
- She'd be pleased.  
Yeah, but she blames me for everything,  
doesn't she?  
Not any more.  
She's had years to think it through.  
She understands the real blame  
lies with Brady.  
She still thinks Myra's innocent?  
No. Nor does Myra.

She's accepted full responsibility.  
She's told the truth.  
How do you know?  
She told me.  
You've been to see her?  
Yeah.  
She's admitted everything.  
What has she admitted?  
Dave...  
I don't want to get into this now.  
What has she admitted?  
That she picked up John Kilbride  
and Lesley Ann Downey,  
delivered them into Ian's hands.  
- And that's it?  
- He bullied her into it, Dave.  
But she knows now it was a terrible  
thing to do.  
If she was bullied into it,  
why was she smiling...  
on that picture Brady took  
of her on John Kilbride's grave?  
- She didn't know it was his grave.  
- Oh, come on.  
She was in on all of it.  
Abducting him,  
helping to rape, kill and bury him.  
That was just some sick little joke  
they could share afterwards.  
And Lesley Ann Downey.  
If all Myra did was pick her up for Brady,  
then why was her voice on that tape?  
And Keith Bennett, what about him?  
- Myra's adamant she had no part in that.  
- Pauline Reade?  
I'm sure she knows nothing about that.  
Anyway, who said anything  
happened to Pauline?  
She's up there on the moors.  
And if Myra really was sorry,  
she'd start by telling the police  
where she's buried. And Keith Bennett, too.  
I just have to believe what  
my heart tells me, Dave.

And my heart tells me  
whatever Myra did in the past,  
she's a different person now.  
I mean, they wouldn't be thinking  
of giving her parole if that weren't true.  
They're thinking of releasing her?  
If you could see her, Dave.  
If you could speak to her, you'd see.  
She's the old Myra.  
A warm, loving person.  
She asks after the kids all the time.  
She'd like to see 'em one day.  
She's not coming near my kids.  
She's worse than Brady, Maureen.  
He's just a sicko, a sex case.  
The king of the sex cases.  
But Myra,  
she's human, she had feelings.  
Remember the tears when Angela died?  
That card she gave us.  
Another little flower for God's  
fucking garden!  
- Jesus! She was killing kids at the same time.  
- All right!  
All right.  
You believe what you want to.  
But please,  
please can't you let me do the same?  
Of course.  
I'm sorry, Maureen.  
If we can't put it behind us...  
We've got to for the kids' sake.  
We can do it, girl.  
We can.  
David, sit down and eat your breakfast.  
There's your cereal, then, David.  
Eat that. Good lad.  
Paul, do you want some toast?  
Stop playing. Eat your breakfast.  
Come on.  
Are you all sorted?  
Come on, boys, eat up now.  
Let Grandad look at his paper.  
That's it. Tuck yourselves in.

Don't play with it, eat it.  
Oh, come on, don't mess with that.  
You only need a little bit of butter  
on there.  
Never mind that now.  
I want you to eat your breakfast.  
You'll grow big and strong like your dad.  
No telling tales now. Eat your breakfast.  
Eat your breakfast.  
He can take his shoes off later.  
I can.  
Eat up, boys.  
You all right?  
Yeah.  
I've um...  
I've given them their breakfast.  
Good.  
I've run out of eyeliner.  
I'm just gonna nip to the chemist.  
OK.  
What have I just said?  
Come on now.