



Scripts.com

Red Riding

By Tony Grisoni

1 OMITTED OMITTED 1

2 EXT. LEEDS - DUSK 2

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

RED RIDING:

NINETEEN SEVENTY FOUR

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

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

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

WAKEFIELD :

The Year of Our Lord 1974

The image scratches. The colour bleeds.

4 OMITTED 4

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

Rain sluices across the windscreen. Sparks on the radio:

"This town ain't big enough for the both of us..."

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

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

He checks the time.

EDDIE :

Fuck.

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

2

6 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, WAKEFIELD POLICE STATION - DAY 6

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

HADLEY :

Sorry to hear about your father,
Edward.

EDDIE :

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

HADLEY:

(to Jobson)

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

MAURICE JOBSON :

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

EDDIE :

(gritted teeth)
Good old Jack.

HADLEY :

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

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

MAURICE JOBSON :

Local man?

HADLEY :

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

MAURICE JOBSON :

Young Turk, then.

HADLEY :

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

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

eyes - KATHRYN TYLER.

EDDIE :

Kath.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

3

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

BARRY :

She's serious. Sad eyes never lie.

EDDIE :

Fuck off, Barry. That's history.

BARRY :

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

EDDIE :

We'll make it.

BARRY :

How's your mother?

EDDIE :

You know, bearing up.

BARRY :

Yorkshire lass through and through.

EDDIE :

(checks round)

Where's Whitehead?

BARRY :

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

EDDIE :

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

BARRY :

Aye up, the Owl's on.

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

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

MAURICE JOBSON :

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

(MORE)

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

4

yesterday evening, 3rd September,

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

MAURICE JOBSON (cont'd)

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

BARRY :

EDDIE :

"If it bleeds, it leads," right?

(a nasty thought)

Reckon dad did it?

MRS. KEMPLAY

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

Chokes. Can't go on. The POLICE WOMAN comforts her.

Eddie is transfixed by Mrs. Kemplay's distress.

7 INT. VIVA, M1 MOTORWAY - DAY 7 *

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

*
*

EDDIE :

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

*
*
*
*

Barry stills him with a brotherly hand. *

BARRY :

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

*
*
*

8 OMITTED 8 *

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision 5

9 INT. DEWSBURY CREMATORIUM, CREMATOR - DAY 9 *

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

10 OMITTED 10

10A OMITTED 10A

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

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

EDDIE :

Aunty Win.

AUNTY WIN:

Eddie. We were worried about you,
love.

BARRY *

Traffic was appalling, Win. *

AUNTY WIN *

Let's get you both a cup of tea. *

Come on through. *

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

Eddie checks his watch - looks back down the hall to see...
HIS FATHER. Impeccably suited. Standing in the coloured light
filtering from the front door window. Winding his watch. The
same watch Eddie now wears.

EDDIE'S MOTHER O/S

Edward?

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

EDDIE *

Mum. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry *

I'm late. *

EDDIE'S MOTHER *

"Business before pleasure" he *
always said... *

SUSAN *

She means dad. You remember dad. *

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

6

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

EDDIE'S MOTHER

It's good you're home, son.

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

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

UNCLE ERIC :

...So, then Southern bloke asks Old
farmer if he knows the way to town.

Old farmer says he don't know. So Southerner says, you don't know bloody
much, do you? Old farmer
says...

*

*

*

EDDIE :

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

*

*

UNCLE ERIC :

One of your father's. He was a goodman, your father. You knew where you were
with him. Reliable.

*

*
*
*

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

AUNTY WIN :

Well now, would everyone look atthis! Edward Dunford, North of England Crime Correspondent.

(reading)

"Mrs Sandra Kemplay made anemotional plea this morning..."

EDDIE'S MOTHER

Did you write that, son?

BARRY :

Our new Byline Boy, is Eddie.

SUSAN :

We'll be asking for his autograph next.

AUNTY WIN :

He'll always be Little Eddie to me.

EDDIE :

Thanks Aunty Win.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

7

UNCLE ERIC :

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

EDDIE :

(not so sure)

Thinks so?

Uncle Eric looks inside Eddie's jacket.

UNCLE ERIC :

That's not one of his, is it?

EDDIE :

Lord John, this. Carnaby Street.

SUSAN :

Oh, aye.

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

AUNTY WIN :

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

BARRY :

24 hours and not a thing...

AUNTY WIN :

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

EDDIE :

Have there?

EDDIE'S MOTHER

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

AUNTY WIN :

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

BARRY :

Jeanette Garland. Never found her
neither.

EDDIE :

Didn't they?

Eddie is suddenly interested.

BARRY :

Hear them wheels...

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

8

AUNTY WIN :

Never caught no one.

BARRY :

Never do, though, do they?

13 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, RECORDS - EVENING 13

Microfische flashes from reel to reel. Opened boxes at his elbow, Eddie stares at the screen. Stops. Flashes forward. Too far. Forward. Names and events from the past flash: BERNADETTE DEVLIN - HAROLD WILSON - THE MOON SHOT. Then: APRIL 1969.

JACK WHITEHEAD, NORTH OF ENGLAND CRIME CORRESPONDENT.

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

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

JULY 1972.

JACK WHITEHEAD, NORTH OF ENGLAND CRIME CORRESPONDENT.

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

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

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

14 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, OPEN PLAN OFFICE - EVENING 14

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

GEORGE GREAVES :

It's the Prodigal returned.

Eddie juggles 'V' signs at George.

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

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

EDDIE:

Here to see the old man, Mish

Money penny...

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

9

STEPH :

Didn't cut it down South, then.

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

A magnifying glass moves over a black and white photo of footballers. Gordon McQueen goes for a cross. No ball in the

photo. Editor, Bill Hadley studies 'Spot the Ball' photos.
Eddie sits opposite - ambitious, impatient.

EDDIE :

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

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

Fingers crossed, eh.

HADLEY :

I was being sarcastic, Edward.

EDDIE :

Sorry.

HADLEY :

Did you talk to Jack Whitehead
about this?

EDDIE :

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

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

(wants to kill him)
Interesting...

HADLEY :

What do you honestly think?

EDDIE :

About working class males?

HADLEY :

Do you think it could be the same man?

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

EDDIE :

Yeah. Yes, I do.

Hadley appraises Eddie - seen that ambition before.

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

(set to go)

Thank you, sir...

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

Mr. Hadley...

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

Right...

HADLEY :

Might as well tell you, Bill Molloy suspects itinerants.

EDDIE :

Itinerants?

HADLEY :

Gypsies.

EDDIE :

There's a surprise.

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

(fuck that)

Of course, sir.

Eddie heads for the door.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

11

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

Thank you, sir, I will.

Eddie's bright face. Murder in his heart.

17 INT. THE PRESS CLUB - NIGHT 17

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

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

Snatches of journo chat:

GEORGE GREAVES :

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

GAZ :

You're joking!

GEORGE GREAVES :

Still alive apparently. Kids, they think...

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

BARRY :

How'd it go with Hadley?

EDDIE :

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

BARRY :

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

EDDIE :

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

BARRY :

And you'll help them. Catharsis.

EDDIE :

Fuck off.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

12

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

EDDIE :

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

BARRY :

Scotch and water.

EDDIE :

Large scotch and water.

BARRY :

One thing is for sure - they're

linked all right. I know it.

EDDIE :

Yeah...? Linked to what?

BARRY :

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

EDDIE :

Stoke City and fucking Championship?

BARRY :

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

EDDIE :

Bollocks.

BARRY :

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

EDDIE :

Fuck off. Death Squads.

BARRY :

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

EDDIE :

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

13

BARRY :

You can laugh...

EDDIE :

Why not work Watergate too, while you're about it? Death Squads.

You've fucking lost it, mate.

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

BARRY :

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

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

BJ :

Mr. Gannon...?

BARRY :

BJ... Over there.

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

BARRY :

Business.

EDDIE :

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

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

KATH O/S

Having a nice time 'back oop North'?

Eddie turns to see Kath at his side.

EDDIE :

You know Barry. Gets a bit obtuse.

KATH :

Obtuse? There's a big word for you.

EDDIE :

How about you?

KATH :

How about me what?

EDDIE :

Having a good time?

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

14

KATH :

Oh, I love being on my own in bars.

EDDIE :

You weren't alone.

KATH :

You could have come over.

EDDIE :

I wasn't invited.

KATH :

Poor baby.

EDDIE :

I'll have a scotch.

KATH :

Vodka tonic.

18 INT. KATH'S BEDSIT - NIGHT 18

Eddie and Kath try to lose themselves in one another.

Drinking and fucking. Desperate.

KATH :

I love you. I love you...

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

KATH :

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

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

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

KATH :

Eddie...

EDDIE :

Kath, it's over. You know it is.
Knock at the door.

GIRL O/S

It's for him...

Eddie goes. Kath left shipwrecked.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision 15

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

A SLEEPY GIRL hands Eddie the phone.

EDDIE :

Yeah?

VOICE OFF:

(muffled)

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

EDDIE :

Who's is this?

VOICE OFF :

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

EDDIE :

Where?

VOICE OFF :

Hunslet Beeston exit of the M1.

EDDIE :

When?

VOICE OFF :

Mischief Night came early. You're

late.

The line goes dead.

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

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

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

21 EXT. HUNSLET CARR, MOTORWAY - NIGHT 21

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

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

16

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

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

Eddie hides again in bushes. He sees: OFFICERS - including SERGEANT BOB CRAVEN - ginger bearded and carnivorous - and a short arse - CONSTABLE TOM DOUGLAS. Also DETECTIVE SERGEANTS

JIM PRENTICE and DICK ALDERMAN - greased blonde hair, moustache and sideburns. All smoking and drinking and laughing. Illuminated by the flames of hell. At their centre is Detective Chief Superintendent Bill Molloy. Molloy looks up. Eddie buries his face in the mud.

*

*

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

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

EDDIE'S MOTHER

Look at the state of you.

EDDIE :

Says you, not dressed at this time.

Not like you.

EDDIE'S MOTHER

No, love. Not today.

She sits, staring. Lost.

EDDIE'S MOTHER

You know, he really loved you, your dad...

EDDIE :

Had a funny way of showing it,
then.

(regrets saying it)

Mum...

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

SUSAN :

You never did one good thing, you.

Upset mum again and you're out on
your ear.

The door slams. Eddie winces.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

17

23 INT. STREETS - DAY 23

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

EDDIE :

It was fucking vicious, Barry.

BARRY :

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

EDDIE :

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

*

*

*

BARRY :

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

*

*

*

EDDIE :

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

*

*

*

BARRY :

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

*

*

EDDIE :

That brown nose, Hadley would never've printed it anyway. *
Barry watches Eddie - sizing him up...

BARRY :

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

EDDIE :

What? Flats? *

BARRY :

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

(pulls back)

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

(shoves him forward)

Into the lion's den you go.

*

*

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

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

18

MOLLOY :

How's Jack Whitehead and that boss of yours?

EDDIE :

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

MOLLOY :

Detective Chief Superintendent.

EDDIE :

Detective Chief Superintendent...

MOLLOY :

Go on, then son, surprise me.

EDDIE :

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

MOLLOY :

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

EDDIE :

I see...

(readies himself)

And Jeanette Garland, Susan
Ridyard?...

(silence from Molloy)

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

MOLLOY :

What the fuck do you know about
Cannock Chase?

EDDIE :

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

MOLLOY :

You think you're the only one to
put that together, you vain little
twat. My senile bloody aunty could.
Eddie back in his crib. The telephone buzzer goes.

MOLLOY :

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

early Away Day...

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

19

EDDIE :

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

MOLLOY :

Who said anything about Gypos?

EDDIE :

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

MOLLOY :

Have we met before, son?

EDDIE :

Don't think so, sir, no...
The buzzer goes again. Molloy's on his feet.

MOLLOY :

Good. You do your digging, son, and I'll do mine. Now fuck off.
Watching Eddie go is Maurice Jobson in his heavy rimmed specs... He switches on a smile for Molloy.

MAURICE JOBSON :

Problem?

MOLLOY :

New boy. Come in, Maurice.
25 INT/EXT. VIVA / MORLEY STREETS & JUNCTION - DAY 25
Eddie driving. Heater and radio on - the missing girl story growing on National. Peering out at the dark world: PEOPLE wrapped against the biting cold, dark factories, silent mills, torn election posters Wilson, Heath - "Who Governs Britain?"
Eddie pauses at the traffic lights. Across the street is MORLEY GRANGE JUNIOR AND INFANTS SCHOOL. KIDS come out, laughing and screeching. Eddie stares...

RADIO LEEDS :

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

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

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision 20

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

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

26 INT/EXT. WINTERBOURNE AVENUE - DAY 26

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

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

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

27 OMITTED 27

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

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

An ancient missing poster of Susan Ridyard - smiling against
blue skies and fluffy clouds -is taped inside the window.

Eddie's drawn by her smiling eyes... A NEIGHBOUR looks out.

NEIGHBOUR *

Reporter, are you? *

EDDIE *

That obvious, is it? *

NEIGHBOUR *

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

EDDIE *

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

NEIGHBOUR *

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

over in Morley... *

The world stops. *

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

21

EDDIE :

What?

NEIGHBOUR :

That young lass. They found her.

Just on news.

EDDIE :

They found Clare Kemplay?

NEIGHBOUR :

Dumped on a building site at

Devil's Ditch.

29 OMITTED 29

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

Eddie marches through the clatter of typewriters and chatter.

Kath nervously gets to her feet. She looks terrible.

KATH :

Eddie...

EDDIE :

Thanks for telling me about the

Press Conference, Kath.

KATH :

Fuck you, Eddie.

Ahead, a slick, sharp man with a shark smile, leans against a

desk, drawing on a cigarette. JACK WHITEHEAD.

EDDIE :

Jack Whitehead! Crime Reporter of

the Year. Fancy you being here.

JACK :

Glad you could join us, Scoop. Boss

wants to see you. Asap.

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

Fat Steph greets Eddie with a knowing smile.

STEPH :

Early bird and all that.

EDDIE :

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

STEPH :

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

22

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

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

CLARE KEMPLAY MURDERED

BY JACK WHITEHEAD, CRIME REPORTER OF THE YEAR.

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

I'm off the story?

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

So, now it's Jack's story?

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

A what? A favour?

HADLEY :

I want you to go to "Shangrila".

EDDIE :

Come again?

HADLEY :

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

(Eddie still doesn't get it)

The Dawson place. John Dawson? The construction magnate?

EDDIE :

What about him?

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

23

HADLEY :

I want you to hold his hand.

EDDIE :

No one gives a fuck about local government corruption.

HADLEY :

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

(confidentially)

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

EDDIE :

And what about Clare Kempplay?

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

Who found her?

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

Okay.

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

Right. Team effort.

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

Absolutely, Mr. Hadley.

33 EXT. FITZWILLIAM, NEWSTEAD VIEW - DAY 33

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

Down Newstead View; a line of terraced houses.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

24

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

*

*

Off Newstead View is a cul-de-sac that ends at the foot of a

great grassed-over slag heap. Netherton Close. Allotments, abandoned cars, sheds and caravans dot the slope. Ponies, rusting tractors, white vans, packs of dogs. KIDS playamongst the piles of scrap metal. Beyond are the bleak Moors.

34 EXT. 7 NETHERTON CLOSE - DAY 34

Eddie looks around. A GANG OF BOYS watch him whilst absentlismashing an abandoned car. Eddie heads for number 7. A neatlawn. Empty garage. The door is opened by a hard beauty in her late 30s.

EDDIE :

Mrs. Cole? Edward Dunford.
Yorkshire Post.

MARY COLE :

To see our Leonard, isn't it?

EDDIE :

Just a quick chat.

MARY COLE :

He's had enough with the police. Hedoesn't need to keep going overit...

A gentle, commanding voice from inside the dark house:

MARTIN LAWS O/SMary. It's all right. Go fetch your son.

MARTIN LAWS. A tough, lean man in his early 40s. Shirtsleeves, muddy boots and dog collar. Watchful anduncompromising.

MARTIN LAWS :

We've all had enough of the policeround here, Mr. Dunford...
(shakes his hand)

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

35 INT. 7 NETHERTON CLOSE - DAY 35

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

25

MARY COLE :

They thought he'd done it, you know.

LEONARD :

Shut up, mum!

MARTIN LAWS :

Leonard.

(to Eddie)

The police very quickly realised their mistake.

EDDIE :

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

LEONARD :

Ask them.

MARY COLE :

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

EDDIE :

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

MARTIN LAWS :

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

MARY COLE :

She was a lovely little thing.

36 EXT. DAWSON CONSTRUCTION SITE, DEVIL'S DITCH -DAY 36
Eddie and Leonard tramp through a dense drizzle to stand on the rim of the building foundations. No work going on. WORKMEN watching from the shelter of a half-built house. Martin Laws and Mrs. Cole stand together a little way off, watching.

LEONARD :

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

(the memory hurts)

She was lying there... She had...

aw, fuck...

(tears in his eyes)

I couldn't believe it was her...

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

26

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

37 INT. THE PRESS CLUB - EVENING 37

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

Jack's on a bender.

EDDIE :

Hard at it, Jackie?

JACK :

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

EDDIE :

Had a chat with Leonard Cole.

JACK :

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

EDDIE :

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

JACK :

The police are withholding exact details...

(a drunken stab)

Don't you have a family to go home to?

EDDIE :

Don't you?

A shaft goes down. Jack laughs in Eddie's face... He slides

off his stool and stumbles towards the toilets.

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

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

JACK :

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

EDDIE :

Did you get a look at it?

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

27

JACK :

What? Your friend or the postmortem?..

Yeah, I saw it...

EDDIE :

And?

JACK :

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

EDDIE :

I want to know the details.

JACK :

No you don't, Scoop.

EDDIE :

Don't fuck around, Jack.

Jack smiles with the wisdom of the drunk.

JACK :

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

Eddie grabs Jack - shoves him against the tiles.

EDDIE :

Tell me!

JACK :

Eddie, I am pissing down my trouser leg... Yours too...
Eddie lets him go. Steps back.

EDDIE :

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

JACK :

Such insight.

39 INT. EDDIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE, HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT 39

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

Eddie's mother enters. He stops the music. She takes in his sorry state. In her hand she has a manila A4 envelope.

Scrawled on the envelope is one word: "Scoop".

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

28

EDDIE'S MOTHER

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

His mother leaves and Eddie cautiously opens the envelope...

Trembling, he pulls out a couple of sheets of paper. We seetyped words: CLARE KEMPLAY. POST-MORTEM.

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

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

EDDIE :

(reading to himself)

"...palms pierced... tears and bruising..."

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

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

Rapid fire images flash before his eyes:

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

GEORGE GREAVES V/O They'd hacked fucking swan's wings off... Clean off. Left poor bastard lying there... Still alive apparently...

WORDS RAZORED INTO FLESH: "4 LUV".

Eddie's face. The horror.

40 EXT. HUNSLET CARR, MOTORWAY - NIGHT

The tiny 10 year old gypsy girl stands screaming amid the satanic fury of the burning gypsy camp. Then, blackness.

40

41 OMITTED 41

42 INT. VIVA, CASTLEFORD - DAY 42

Eddie drives. Battered. Haunted. Stares out at the grey day. Barry beside him.

*

*

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

29

EDDIE :

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

(still not believing)

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

They're both quiet. The horror settling.

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

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

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

EDDIE :

Smart.

BARRY :

"All great buildings resemble crimes," they say.

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

Barry goes to get out.

EDDIE :

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

BARRY:

(smiling, knowing)

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

EDDIE :

Dunno. I mean, yeah, could be.

BARRY :

Good lad.

The Jason King Moustache comes down the drive.

EDDIE :

We can swap horror stories after.

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

30

43 EXT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE - DAY 43

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

EDDIE :

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

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

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

EDDIE :

Mr. Garland about?

PAULA :

What do you want Mr. Dunford?

EDDIE :

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

(she doesn't blink)

It's about how parents have coped,

after all the fuss has died down.
(still no reaction)
I know this must be difficult. I
mean, I know how you must have
felt...

PAULA :

You have no idea how I feel.
She turns away. In a mirror she sees Eddie take in her body.

EDDIE :

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

PAULA :

There was one thing.

EDDIE :

(notebook ready)
Yep. And what was that?

PAULA :

They could have found my daughter.
1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision
31

EDDIE :

Of course...
She's white hot. Controlling it.

PAULA :

You come into my house talking to
me like you're discussing the
weather or some war in another
fucking country. This thing
happened to me!
Eddie wants to hold her, wants to comfort her. Can't.

EDDIE :

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

PAULA :

You're not sorry.

EDDIE :

Please...

PAULA :

Get out.

45 EXT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE - DAY 45

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

46 INT. THE SHAKESPEARE PUB - DAY 46

Eddie glares at Barry over pints and cigarettes.

EDDIE :

Her husband's dead?!

BARRY :

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

EDDIE :

Shit.

BARRY :

You're supposed to know these things, Dunford.

EDDIE :

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

32

BARRY :

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

BARMAN :

Time Gentlemen please!

Early Sunday closing. Eddie drains his glasses.

EDDIE :

How was "Shangrila"?

Barry takes his time, smiles.

BARRY :

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

EDDIE :

Bollocks.

47 EXT. THE SHAKESPEARE PUB CAR PARK - DAY 47

Eddie and Barry head across the car park.

BARRY :

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

EDDIE:

(beginning to bite)

If you seriously believe her, you should tell someone.

BARRY :

Who? The Law? These people are the Law.

Barry assesses Eddie. Is he up to it?

BARRY :

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

EDDIE :

And there are Death Squads out there, right?

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

33

BARRY :

You're ignorant, Dunford. Try carrying a history book along with

that notepad of yours.

EDDIE :

Want a lift or what?

BARRY :

Going the other way.

Barry unsteadily walks away.

EDDIE :

Pisshead!

Barry turns back.

BARRY :

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

EDDIE :

Never!

BARRY :

The devil triumphs when good men do nowt.

And, laughing, Barry disappears from view...

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

CRAVEN :

What's going on, son?

EDDIE :

Been for a pint.

DOUGLAS :

Fuck off.

EDDIE :

I'm over 18, dad. Honest.

CRAVEN :

Come here, you little puff.

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

EDDIE :

What do you want?

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

34

DOUGLAS:

I'll tell you what we don't want.

We don't want tits like you

bothering people who don't want

bothering.

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

CRAVEN :

It's not nice, is it.

DOUGLAS :

We'll be watching you.

CRAVEN :

(jabbing harder)

Always.

Craven kisses Eddie on the cheek.

48 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, RECORDS - EVENING 48

Eddie spins through the files: back in time to 1972.

Photographs of Jeanette Garland. "Missing. Police Widen Search. Police Baffled. Police Call off Search. John Garland, father to Jeanette, commits suicide"... Photographs of Paula Garland. Blonde, beautiful, hard...

49 INT. PUB - EVENING 49

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

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

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

EDDIE :

Mrs. Garland...

Paula's had a couple already. She looks at his cheerful grin.

Looks away. Feigned boredom.

EDDIE :

Seems like a nice local...
She takes her time.

PAULA :

It used to be.

EDDIE :

Mind if I join you?

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

35

Paula nods at the drinks in his hands.

PAULA :

One of them for me?

Eddie hands her the whisky. Offers her a cigarette.

EDDIE :

Come here often, then?

PAULA :

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

Eddie laughs a little too quickly.

EDDIE :

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

PAULA :

What do you mean?

EDDIE :

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

PAULA :

I never said anything to the
police.

EDDIE :

Who did you tell?

PAULA :

No one.

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

EDDIE :

Look, I really am sorry about before.

PAULA:

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

EDDIE :

Mrs. Garland...

PAULA :

Paula. It's Paula.

EDDIE :

I was right out of order. I didn't know about your husband.
1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision
36
She shrugs - tips a little more whisky.

PAULA:

Ring always felt loose to be honest.
(a look just for Eddie)
There, that was a stupid thing to say...
Paula finishes her whisky.

EDDIE :

Want another?

PAULA :

Trying to get me legless?

EDDIE :

Just say...

PAULA:

Bad idea. You said sorry. Thanks

for that.

EDDIE :

I'll give you a lift home.

PAULA :

Thanks for the drink.

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

50 EXT. STREETS, CASTLEFORD - NIGHT 50

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

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

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

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

Paula turns lets herself in through the red door.

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

Does she know he's watching her?

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

37

52 EXT/INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE / FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 52

Eddie crosses to the house. He can see Paula inside. The glow of her cigarette... She turns to look at him through the glass... He puts his hand against the front door. It's off the catch...

53 INT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 53

Eddie watches Paula's image in the large mirror. Her eyes are on him. Velvet eyes. Red mouth.

Eddie's hands go out... Inches from her body... His mouth a fraction from her neck... His hands go out. His mouth close. Can't move closer...

Wants her. Can't have her...

54 OMITTED 54

55 OMITTED 55

55A INT. EDDIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAWN 55A

Eddie wakes from his sex dream. Still wants her. Still can't have her... Sound of the phone ringing... His mothers low voice, then...

EDDIE'S MOTHER O/S

Eddie? It's for you. About Barry.

56 OMITTED 56

57 INT. THE ATHENA CAFETERIA - DAY 57

Eddie heads fast through the steamed up cafeteria packed with PRESS; LOCALS, but also NATIONALS at separate tables.

GAZ:

Brakes went. Straight in the back of van. Bang! Pane of glass slices through - scalped him - took the top of his fucking head clean off!

EDDIE :

They're sure it's him?

GEORGE GREAVES :

Barry's dead, mate.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

38

GAZ :

And in fucking Morley too.

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

JACK :

Dead drunk's what I heard.

EDDIE :

You'd know, Jack!

JACK:

(crosses himself)

Mea culpa, but it wasn't me getting our Dear Departed pissed up, was it.

GAZ :

Heads up! Press Conference.

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

JACK :

Sure you've the stomach for it, Scoop?

EDDIE :

Like you, Jack?

JACK :

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

Eddie is left alone and friendless.

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

Eddie drives slowly down Victoria Road. He slows as he
approaches the junction. Police tape streams from the lamp

post. A sign:

green glass has been swept into a heap.

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

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

BOB FRASER :

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

EDDIE :

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

BOB FRASER :

Yes.

EDDIE :

And one went through the
windscreen...?

BOB FRASER :

Yes.

EDDIE :

So, you reckon it was
instantaneous?

BOB FRASER :

I'd say so, sir, yes.

EDDIE :

Fuck.

BOB FRASER :

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

EDDIE :

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

BOB FRASER :

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

EDDIE :

No.

BOB FRASER :

No idea why he might have come to Morley?

EDDIE :

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

BOB FRASER :

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

EDDIE :

Bit quick, isn't it?

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

40

BOB FRASER :

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

EDDIE :

Right.

BOB FRASER :

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

EDDIE :

Thanks...

(appraises Fraser)

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

BOB FRASER :

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

EDDIE :

Not really.

Eddie stares across the street, the world fading. Through the traffic: Clare Kemp play in her red kagool waves at Eddie...

59 OMITTED 59

60 OMITTED 60

61 OMITTED 61

62 OMITTED 62

62A OMITTED 62A

63 OMITTED 63 *

64 EXT. HUNSLET CARR, MOTORWAY - DAY 64

Eddie's car is parked on the hard shoulder, door open, radio on. The radio plays. "What Becomes of the Broken Hearted?".

The same music Eddie heard when he was approaching the burning Gypsy camp earlier:

*

*

*

*

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

41

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

Eddie stands on the embankment. The busy motorway on one side, the wasteland on the other. Like a sentinel. Caught between worlds. Below him is the circle of burned out

caravans and scorched earth where the encampment was razed.

SURVEYORS in hard hats measure out the land. Above Eddie is a

hoarding:

HUNSLET CARR.

*
*
*

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

65 INT/EXT. VIVA / SHANGRILA - DAY 65

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

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

Eddie spins the wheel and is out of there fast.

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

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

keeps walking - mimes giving a blow job.

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

Hadley reads from an A4 sheet of typing.

HADLEY V/O (reading)

"We live in the Great Age of Investigative Journalism and Barry Gannon was one of the men who gave us this age. Where he saw injustice, he asked for justice.

Where he saw lies, he asked for

truth. Barry Gannon once said that the truth can only make us richer.

For all of us who seek the truth,

Barry's premature passing has left us all so much the poorer."

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

42

HADLEY :

Not overtly panegyric, is it?

EDDIE :

Panegyric?

(no idea what it means)

No, no I don't think so... Is it

going in today's?

HADLEY :

Best to wait until after the

inquest. Don't wish to speak ill,

but you never know what they're
going to turn up...

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

HADLEY :

(scanning the copy)

Do we really need this?

EDDIE :

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

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

It's background.

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

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

(standing)

Thank you, sir.

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

Absolutely, sir.

HADLEY :

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

EDDIE :

You got it, Mr. Hadley, sir.

HADLEY :

Eddie...

(stops him in his tracks)

You're trying too hard. You're like Barry...

EDDIE :

And look what happened to him...

HADLEY :

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

Eddie grits his teeth at that one.

EDDIE :

What do you mean by that, sir?

HADLEY *

We could be sued thanks to Barry.

Mrs. Dawson has been recovering in Hartley's since his visit...

EDDIE :

Hartley's loony bin?

HADLEY :

Nursing home.

EDDIE :

I'm sorry to hear that, sir.

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

I will, sir.

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

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

STEPH :

Pig!

EDDIE :

Slapper!

69 INT. HARTLEY NURSING HOME - DAY 69

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

44

EDDIE :

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

70 INT. HARTLEY NURSING HOME, STAIRCASE - DAY 70

A tailored NURSE MANAGER leads Eddie up a vast staircase.

NURSE MANAGER :

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

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

71 INT. HARTLEY NURSING HOME, CORRIDOR - DAY 71

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

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

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

NURSE MANAGER :

Mrs. Dawson? You have a visitor.

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

NURSE MANAGER :

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

(to Eddie)

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

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

MARJORIE DAWSON

It's locked. Who are you?

EDDIE :

Edward Dunford. I'm a journalist.

MARJORIE DAWSON

So, you've been telling lies.

EDDIE :

Privilege of the profession.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

45

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

MARJORIE DAWSON

I can't help you, Mr. Dunford.

EDDIE :

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

MARJORIE DAWSON

Did I really? What a strange thing to say.

EDDIE :

He was killed that night.

MARJORIE DAWSON

How terrible.

EDDIE :

You didn't know?

MARJORIE DAWSON

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

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

EDDIE :

Why did you tell my colleague he was in danger?

MARJORIE DAWSON

He was asking questions.

EDDIE :

What kind of questions?

MARJORIE DAWSON

Reckless questions. About reckless

men. Like you.

EDDIE :

Like your husband?

MARJORIE DAWSON

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

EDDIE :

Careful?

More silent tears...

EDDIE :

Are you OK?

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

46

MARJORIE DAWSON

You smell so strongly...

EDDIE :

Pardon?

MARJORIE DAWSON

You smell of death.

Outside, there's a screech of brakes.

MARJORIE DAWSON

I think you had better leave now.

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

EDDIE :

Mrs. Dawson...

MARJORIE DAWSON

Don't touch me! Don't hurt me!

Please don't! Please don't!

She cringes back, wailing like a tormented child. There's

Pounding and shouting up the stairs...

EDDIE :

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

The pounding up the stairs is getting louder and louder. Mrs.

Dawson grabs hold of Eddie - hisses into his face.

MARJORIE DAWSON

Tell them about the others...

EDDIE :

What?

MARJORIE DAWSON

The others!

EDDIE :

What others? What are you talking about?!

MARJORIE DAWSON

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

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

MARJORIE DAWSON

Hello, you must be going...

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

47

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

NURSE MANAGER :

Lying bastard!

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

CRAVEN :

You're dead, Little Fairy.

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

73 INT. HARTLEY NURSING HOME, STAIRCASE - DAY 73

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

74 EXT. HARTLEY NURSING HOME - DAY 74

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

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

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

Blackness.

75 INT. PINDERFIELDS CASUALTY - EVENING 75

Blackness. Sounds of a hospital.

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

EDDIE :

What time is it?

EDDIE'S MOTHER

Just gone six, love.

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

48

EDDIE'S MOTHER

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

EDDIE :

Mum. Please...

EDDIE'S MOTHER

I thought you were bloody dead!

Eddie struggles to get up.

EDDIE'S MOTHER

What are you doing?

EDDIE :

I've got to go.

EDDIE'S MOTHER

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

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

EDDIE'S MOTHER

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

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

EDDIE:

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

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

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

missing girls...

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

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

The sound of the door closing. She sleeps on.

The sound of the Vauxhall Viva starting up and driving away. She opens her eyes.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

49

EDDIE'S MOTHER

Dad...?

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

78 INT. VIVA, THE DONCASTER ROAD - NIGHT 78

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

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

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

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

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

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

NIGHT PORTER :

Two quid a night.

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

Eddie locks the door. Draws the curtains. Empties out his

sack of goodies:

envelopes and research...

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

Eddie labels the columns with a black marker:

SUSAN . JEANETTE . CLARE

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

Photos and newspaper cuttings. He adds the horrendous postmortem photographs.

Eddie makes a new column in his growing collection of

material:

JOHN DAWSON:

He pins up a snap of the destroyed gypsy camp.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

50

Eddie picks up a photograph of Paula Garland...

81 INT. VIVA - NIGHT 81

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

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

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

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

PAULA :

What happened to your hand?

EDDIE :

Two policemen slammed the car door on it.

PAULA :

Why? What for?

EDDIE :

Thought you might be able to tell me that.

PAULA :

I don't understand.

EDDIE :

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

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

PAULA :

I never said anything to the police.

EDDIE :

Who did you tell?

PAULA :

No one.

EDDIE :

Please tell me. I need to know.
1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision
51

PAULA :

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

EDDIE :

John Dawson?... What did you say?

PAULA :

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

EDDIE :

(waving his bandaged paw)
There you go, then.
Eddie painfully gets out of the chair. Goes towards Paula.

EDDIE :

Tell me about Dawson.

PAULA :

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

EDDIE :

He's rich.

PAULA :

Yeah.

EDDIE :

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

PAULA :

He's been very good to me.
Eddie looks her up and down.

EDDIE :

I'll bet.

PAULA :

What's that supposed to mean?
Eddie holds his bandaged hand in her face.

EDDIE :

Think he'd do something like this?

PAULA :

No.

EDDIE :

No?
1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision
52

PAULA :

He wouldn't. Why would he?

EDDIE :

Because of what I know, maybe.

PAULA :

And what do you know, Eddie?

EDDIE :

Clare Kemplay was found on a Dawson
construction site.

PAULA :

You're talking nonsense.

EDDIE :

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

PAULA :

You don't know anything. You're just a boy.
Paula pushes Eddie back.

EDDIE :

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

PAULA :

And you do?

EDDIE :

I'm some fucking journalist who asks questions, right. And I'm going to keep asking them until I get the answers.
Eddie lowers his hand, brushes lightly down her body.

EDDIE :

Who else is going to do that for you?
Paula kisses Eddie full on the mouth, his eyes, his ears.

PAULA :

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

53

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

83 EXT. SHANGRILA - NIGHT 83

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

84 INT. SHANGRILA, HALLWAY - NIGHT 84

Eddie enters a magical hall lit by a roaring log fire...
In a four poster bed, Paula sleeps on her stomach. Satin sheets up to her neck. Golden hair splayed...
Eddie pulls back the sheets to reveal... Paula has bloody swan wings on her back... Eddie staggers away...

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

Eddie wakes in a silent house. He's alone -in Paula's double bed. His wounds have blotted the sheets with blood.
Daylight filters into a room that is very much Paula's.
There's a picture of Jeanette on her side of the bed...

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

86

Eddie emerges from Paula's room. There's a plastic door

plate:

door:

PAULA O/S

...Two little dickie birds sitting
on the wall...

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

PAULA:

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

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

PAULA :

Come back Peter. Come back Paul...
She speaks without looking at Eddie.
1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision
54

PAULA :

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

true...

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

87 INT. DEWSBURY CREMATORIUM, CREMATOR - DAY 87

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

88 EXT. DEWSBURY CREMATORIUM - DAY 88

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

GEORGE GREAVES :

Good piece by Hadley, wasn't it?

EDDIE :

Bit on the panegyric side I thought.

GEORGE GREAVES :

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

EDDIE :

I doubt it.

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

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

*

*

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

And why would I want to do that?

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

55

JOHN DAWSON:

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

(sticks out a paw)

John Dawson.

Eddie glances back at the SUITS emerging from the chapel.

JOHN DAWSON :

Fuck the Press Club wake, eh?

(Eddie shakes his paw)

Champion.

89 INT/EXT. RED JAGUAR / THE BRADFORD ROAD - DAY 89

Eddie sits in the back of the Jag with John Dawson. Jason King drives. DAWSON'S DRIVER follows in Eddie's car. Down the

Bradford Road:

cricket in the cold.

JOHN DAWSON:

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

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

JOHN DAWSON:

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

EDDIE :

Not a Labour man, then.

JOHN DAWSON:

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

EDDIE :

Like the West Yorkshire Police...

Eddie, playing poker. Dawson calling his bluff.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

56

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

I heard the stories.

JOHN DAWSON :

Yeah? Well they're all true.

Including the bit about cutting off cocks. It was Cowboys and Indians.

Like now.

90 EXT/INT. THE KARACHI SOCIAL CLUB / RED JAGUAR - DAY 90

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

JOHN DAWSON :

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

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

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

What makes you ask that?

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

In what way?

JOHN DAWSON :

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

(MORE)

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

57

(shoot his cuffs)

Like the cut?

JOHN DAWSON (cont'd)

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

JOHN DAWSON :

Top man, your father. Knew how to cut his cloth. Solid. Dependable. Earned bugger all, mind... Dawson puts his big mitt on Eddie's shoulder.

JOHN DAWSON :

That's not you, is it, Mr. Dunford?

You're more like me. We like to

fuck and make a buck and we're not

right choosey how. Isn't that right? Drop by Saturday lunchtime.

I got something might interest you.

Dawson heads towards the Karachi Club with Jason King. He

pauses - turns back.

*

JOHN DAWSON :

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

The driver who took Eddie's car tosses the keys at him and follows the big man and Jason King. Eddie is left with his

Viva.

*

91 INT. THE PRESS CLUB -EVENING 91 *

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

BET :

See Jack's leader?

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

"CATCH THIS FIEND"

by JACK WHITEHEAD

CHIEF CRIME REPORTER & CRIME REPORTER OF THE YEAR

EDDIE :

Yeah, ta very much, Bet.

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

EDDIE :

Give us another.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

58

BET:

Ziggy was in, love - looking for you.

EDDIE :

You what?

BET:

Puff with orange hair. He's * outside. *

91A EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE PRESS CLUB - EVENING 91A *

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

EDDIE *

Didn't I see you at the funeral? *

BJ *

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

EDDIE *

I'll bet you have. *

BJ *

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

EDDIE *

A boy should have a hobby. *

BJ *

Listen, don't let me keep you. *

EDDIE *

OK, all right. I'm sorry. *

(nodding at the carrier *

bag) *

Been shopping? *

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

EDDIE *

You liked Barry, didn't you? *

BJ *

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

EDDIE *

Yeah? *

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

59

BJ *

Said he wanted to help you... *

EDDIE *

Did you see him that night, BJ? *

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

BJ *

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

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

EDDIE *

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

BJ *

It's obvious, isn't it! *

EDDIE *

Why is it obvious?! *

BJ *

He had too much on too many people! *

You're hurting me! *

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

Eddie on top of BJ. *

BJ *

This is nice. *

Eddie stands quickly. Grabs the carrier bag. *

EDDIE *

You don't know shit. *

BJ *

Believe what you want. *

Eddie stops. Turns back. All anger gone. *

EDDIE *

BJ? Do you think Barry was *

murdered? *

Tears fall from BJ's eyes. *

BJ *

Listen to me, BJ loved Barry. *

Really loved him! *

(MORE)

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision 60

BJ (cont'd)

But he was too fucking scared to go *

to his funeral! I don't know who *

did Barry. I don't want to know... *

92 OMITTED 92 *

93 OMITTED 93 *

94 OMITTED 94 *

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

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

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

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

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

A fog of smoke fills the tiny room. The wall is a mass of

clippings and scribblings. A map of Yorkshire is marked with red crosses. A labyrinth. A web of intrigue...

96 OMITTED 96

97 OMITTED 97

98 OMITTED 98

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

Eddie and Greaves fall into the marble and oak Magistrates *

Court. The baying CROWD outside: *

CROWD O/S *

Child Killer! Hang the bastard! *

Myshkin is a coward! String the *

bastard up! *

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

61

GEORGE GREAVES :

It's fucking mental out there!

*

*

POLICE and PRESS everywhere. They flash their press cards.

Greaves briefs Eddie as they go:

*

*

GEORGE GREAVES :

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

*

*

*

*

EDDIE :

That's lucky.

*

*

100 INT. WAKEFIELD MAGISTRATES COURT - DAY 100 *

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

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

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

*

*

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

Myshkin looks for guidance from the detectives escort.

MYSHKIN :

(a whisper)

Yes.

COURT CLERK O/S You are accused that on or between
the thirty first of August and first of September you did murder Clare
Kemplay against the peace of Our Sovereign Lady the Queen.

Further, you are charged that at Wakefield on the 13th of September you did
drive without due care and attention.

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

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

EDDIE :

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

*

*

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

62

GEORGE GREAVES *

Looks the part, doesn't he? *

EDDIE *

Oh, aye. He'll do nicely. *

COURT CLERK O/S *

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

MYSHKIN :

No...

COURT CLERK O/S

Do you wish reporting restrictions
be lifted?

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

MYSHKIN *

No. *

COURT CLERK O/S *

Michael John Myshkin, you will be *

remanded in custody for eight days. *
Reporting restrictions remain. *
Myshkin raises his big paw of a hand like he's in school. *
MYSHKIN *
Please? It wasn't me. It was the *
wolf... Under those beautiful *
carpets... *
The detective pulls Myshkin away down the stairs. Myshkin *
waves bye-bye as he descends. Eddie is in disbelief. *
EDDIE *
What did he say? The wolf? *
GEORGE GREAVES *
Something about carpets. Bollocks. *
101 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY 101 *
Eddie comes through the office like the Avenging Angel.
102 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, OUTSIDE HADLEY'S OFFICE - DAY 102
Eddie - up and past Steph.
1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision
63

STEPH :

You can't go in there!
103 INT. YORKSHIRE POST, HADLEY'S OFFICE - DAY 103
Eddie into Hadley's office. Jack Whitehead's got there first.

EDDIE :

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

HADLEY :

He confessed.

EDDIE :

It's bullshit. They've got nothing.

JACK :

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

HADLEY :

What on earth happened to your hand?

JACK :

Hope it won't cramp his style.

*

*

EDDIE :

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

*

HADLEY :

Language, Edward.

EDDIE :

...On John Dawson's orders.

HADLEY :

What is he on about?

JACK :

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

EDDIE :

He works in a photo lab...

JACK :

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

64

EDDIE :

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

JACK :

So?

EDDIE :

So, fuck you, Jack.

HADLEY :

Would you please watch your
language in my office!

JACK :

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

(softening)

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

EDDIE :

You're in their pockets.

JACK :

What are you talking about?

EDDIE :

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

JACK :

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

(on his feet)

I'll handle the Press Conference, boss.

HADLEY :

Thanks, Jack.

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

HADLEY :

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

EDDIE :

Like what?

HADLEY :

Like this!

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

65

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

HADLEY:

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

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

HADLEY :

Do you mind!

EDDIE :

How well do you know John Dawson?

HADLEY:

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

Hadley snatches the card away from Eddie.

104 OMITTED 104

105 EXT. FITZWILLIAM, NEWSTEAD VIEW - LATE DAY 105

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

106 EXT. NEWSTEAD VIEW - LATE DAY 106

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

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

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

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

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

66

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

RAT MAN, PRINCE OR PEST?!

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

EDDIE :

Christ...

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

VOICE OFF :

Pervert!

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

EDDIE :

What are you doing?

BOY 1

You police?

EDDIE :

No.

BOY 1

We can do what we want, then.

EDDIE :

You know Michael Myshkin, do you?

BOY 1

He's a pervert.

EDDIE :

Where's the family?

BOY 1

Pissed off.

BOY 2

His dad was on Sick because of dust.

BOY 1

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

They laugh.

BOY 2

And his mum's a fucking evil witch.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

67

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

EDDIE :

Dead cat in there.

BOY 2

Yeah. We killed it.

Eddie has to push past them.

107 EXT. 66 NEWSTEAD VIEW - LATE DAY 107

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

BOY 3

You going to give us some brass?

EDDIE :

Nope.

(nods at the noose)

What's that for?

BOY 3

Perverts.

MARTIN LAWS O/S

That's enough, boys.

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

MARTIN LAWS :

Johnny! You mother's been looking for you!

MUM :

Come here, you!

The tired mum grabs one of the boys.

MUM :

Thank you, Reverend Laws.

MARTIN LAWS :

(to the boys)

Clear off, you lot. Go on!

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

MARTIN LAWS :

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

EDDIE :

Did you know Myshkin?

MARTIN LAWS :

Digging up the dirt, are you?

EDDIE :

Think he did it?

MARTIN LAWS :

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

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

MARTIN LAWS :

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

EDDIE :

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

MARTIN LAWS :

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

EDDIE :

Friend of yours?

MARTIN LAWS :

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

MARTIN LAWS :

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

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

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

PAULA :

Where've you been?

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

69

EDDIE :

Can I come in?

PAULA:

Did you see Myshkin? What did he * look like?

EDDIE :

Shut the door, love. It's cold.

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

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

PAULA :

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

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

EDDIE:

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

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

Paula and Eddie. Clothes drawn off. Clothes draped over a chair. In one another's arms. Tears. Embracing. Falling

apart. Embracing again. Making and re-making knots...
Eddie and Paula. Fitfully sleeping and waking. Unused to one another. Moving in their sleep. Dreaming. Haunted...
Eddie turns over. He's alone. Paula has melted away into the darkness. Her clothes are gone from the chair... He listens to her moving through the house...

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

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

112 EXT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT 112

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

70

113 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 113

Paula walks through the night. Expressionless, moving like a sleepwalker...

Eddie following. An oncoming car's headlights illumines her up ahead. A ghostly white figure that flits away down a lane...

Eddie knows this place...

114 EXT. LANE & SHANGRILA - NIGHT 114

Eddie follows Paula's figure up a dark, leafy lane lined with high walls. Fairy lights are strung in the trees...

Eddie watches Paula buzz the gated grounds of the luxurious bungalow. "Shangrila"... He watches her slip through and head up to the house. The gates swing closed after her.

115 INT. REDMOOR CAFE AND MOTEL, ROOM 27 - DAWN 115

An empty bottle. Eddie is in a deep drunken sleep. The room is trashed.

Sounds of trucks outside the motel. Lights travel across the dingy room and across his shrine - the photos of "Shangrila"...

The drawing of the golden crowned Rat Man on a throne is pinned to the wall. Rat Man dominates Eddie's shrine to his investigation; the columns and lists and photographs.

RAT MAN, PRINCE OR PEST?

Men are not our judges. We judge men!

116 INT/EXT. VIVA / THE KARACHI SOCIAL CLUB - DAY 116

Eddie parks up outside: THE KARACHI SOCIAL CLUB. He gets out - heads for the restaurant and club.

117 INT. THE KARACHI SOCIAL CLUB - DAY 117

Eddie comes through the vast red restaurant. Dark, hot

colours. Heavy Indian drapes. Hindu gods. White tablecloths. Heavy silver. Indian muzak. Empty. WAITERS IN WHITE COLONIAL UNIFORMS lay out dishes. A FLUNKY comes to Eddie.

EDDIE :

I'm here to see Mr. John Dawson.

FLUNKY :

Mr. Dawson. One second, sir.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

71

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

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

CLARE :

What's it to be, hen?

EDDIE :

On the big man, is it?

Dawson approaches Eddie, grinning.

JOHN DAWSON :

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

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

JOHN DAWSON :

(to Eddie)

You look like shit.

EDDIE :

Up all night. What's your excuse?

JOHN DAWSON :

I've got my weaknesses, lad.

EDDIE :

Paula Garland one of them?

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

JOHN DAWSON :

Me and Paula go back a long way.

Old friends.

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

JOHN DAWSON :

I like this place. It's private.

Just the wogs and us. That's how I like things. Private. Cheers.

The waiter arrives with the food.

JOHN DAWSON :

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

72

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

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

I only had it once before.

JOHN DAWSON :

Let me pile a load of this on for you.

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

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

The Clare Kemplay murder.

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

Looks like it, yeah.

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

JOHN DAWSON :

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

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

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

73

JOHN DAWSON :

Gypos. Squatters. My land.

EDDIE :

So what's the problem?

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

Bill Molloy one of them?

JOHN DAWSON :

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

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

JOHN DAWSON :

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

JOHN DAWSON :

Take a fucking look, lad.
A breath. Eddie pulls out large black and white photos.

JOHN DAWSON :

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

The photos:

other is a older, greying man. John Dawson and Jason King *
continue to stuff themselves.

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

Who is it?

JOHN DAWSON :

Who is it?! Bloody hell. How the
mighty have fallen. That's
Councillor William Shaw, that is;
TGWU representative of the bloody
Labour Party. That's your Man Most
Likely to Succeed, that is.
John Dawson pulls out a cigar. Jason lights it. *

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

74

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

Don't think so.

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

You've got the wrong boy, Dawson.

JOHN DAWSON :

You going to be a failure all your life, son?
Cuts deep. A still moment.

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

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

JOHN DAWSON :

Like Barry.

EDDIE :

Barry's dead, isn't he!
Eddie's on his feet. Dawson leans across -his hand goes to Eddie's balls. He squeezes. Clare watches from the bar.

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

That why you had him killed?

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

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

I don't want to be part of this.
1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision
75

JOHN DAWSON :

Tough shit. You already are.
Another squeeze makes Eddie shriek.

118 OMITTED 118

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

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

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

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

PAULA :

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

EDDIE :

You fucked him. You fuck John Dawson.

PAULA :

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

EDDIE :

You shouldn't have said that.

PAULA :

Why? What're you going to do?

(hit her? stalemate)

It's my little girl that's dead! My husband who committed suicide. You chose to get involved.

Eddie thrusts his damaged hand at her face.

EDDIE :

I didn't choose this!

PAULA :

You just want to rescue me. Not the first. Think you'll be the last?

Dawson fucks who he wants to fuck.

Eddie understands that. He quietens.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

76

EDDIE :

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

PAULA :

He takes what he wants.

EDDIE :

How long have you known him?

PAULA :

(as if realising for the first time)

All my life...

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

EDDIE :

We're getting out of this place...

PAULA :

What do you mean?

EDDIE :

Out of Yorkshire.

PAULA :

I can't...

EDDIE :

There's nothing here. I know people
down South...
She can't let herself hope for escape.

EDDIE :

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

121 INT. REDMOOR CAFE AND MOTEL, ROOM 27 - EVENING 121

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

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

EDDIE :

Come in, Sergeant.

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

77

EDDIE :

Married, Sergeant?

BOB FRASER :

Just. Yeah. You?

A thought for Eddie. He shakes his head.

EDDIE :

Hard life - married to a copper.

BOB FRASER :

She knows the score.

Eddie offers him a Scotch. He shakes his head.

EDDIE :

You're one of the good ones, right?

Not many of them left...

Eddie passes Fraser the carrier bag.

EDDIE :

Barry Gannon's work. And more. High level corruption - business, local government... the West Yorkshire police...

(a look from Fraser)

Yeah, your lot...

BOB FRASER :

Who in particular?

EDDIE :

See for yourself. It's all there...

(challenging him)

Too hot for you?

BOB FRASER :

Too hot for you?

EDDIE :

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

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

BOB FRASER :

Everything's linked, isn't it.

EDDIE :

You should have been a bloody journalist.

BOB FRASER :

You too.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

78

122 INT. VIVA - NIGHT 122

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

123 EXT. PAULA GARLAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT 123

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

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

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

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

EDDIE :

Paula!

125 OMITTED 125

126 OMITTED 126

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

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

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

EDDIE *

Mum? It's me. *

EDDIE'S MOTHER O/S *

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

EDDIE *

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

EDDIE'S MOTHER O/S *

Please come home. *

EDDIE *

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

79

He hangs up. *

128 INT/EXT. VIVA / LANE - NIGHT 128

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

129 EXT. SHANGRILA - NIGHT 129

Eddie parks up amongst the Jags and Mercs and BMWs. He gets out and heads for the illuminated facade of "Shangrila". Eddie waves Paula's invite at the TWO FLUNKIES on the gates and walks up the floodlit drive. Ice underfoot. The windows are ablaze with golden light. WOMEN IN EVENING GOWNS and MEN IN TUXEDOS drift around inside. Drinking. Laughing. Chatting. Strains of Johnny Mathis.

130 INT. SHANGRILA, HALLWAY - NIGHT 130

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

131 INT. SHANGRILA, LOUNGE - NIGHT 131

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

EDDIE:

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

Molloy nods to HEAVIES. Hard men head for Eddie.

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

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

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

JOHN DAWSON:

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

80

EDDIE :

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

(shouting)

Paula! Paula!

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

JOHN DAWSON :

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

EDDIE :

Where is she?!

Eddie punches and kicks his way out of Jason King's grasp. Heblunders

through the panicking crowd. ANOTHER MAN floors him.
He crashes to the ground. Finds himself at Marjorie Dawson's feet. She bends to him - trembling - mad...

*

MARJORIE DAWSON

Please tell them about the
others... beneath those beautiful
new carpets, beneath the grass that grows between the cracks...
The same words Myshkin used. Before Eddie can respond, he's yanked away by
his hair.
Outside.

HENCHMAN :

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

Eddie is dragged away from Marjorie Dawson by the heavies.

Marjorie watches, trembling, from the doorway.

132 EXT. SHANGRILA - NIGHT 132

Eddie is dragged out of the house, down the drive towards the gates.

Fireworks explode in the sky.

JASON KING MOUSTACHE

Is he bleeding yet?

*

On the move:

Blood spurts.

Yep.

HENCHMAN *

JASON KING MOUSTACHE

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

*

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

81

A black police van and an unmarked car roar to a halt at the
end of the drive. TEN POLICEMEN emerge. Some armed. Including
Dick Alderman and Jim Prentice. Hands reach out for Eddie...

The police hurl him into the black van, then jump in with
him. The doors slam to.

133 OMITTED 133 *

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

Flash photographs are taken of Eddie.

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

More flash photographs.

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

135 INT. WAKEFIELD POLICE STATION, THE BELLY, ROOM 2 - NIGHT 135
Alderman and Prentice aim a firehose at Eddie handcuffed to a chair. The freezing water pins him to the floor.

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

EDDIE:

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

136 OMITTED 136

137 INT. WAKEFIELD POLICE STATION, THE BELLY, ROOM 2 - NIGHT 137
Silence. Eddie, shivering on the floor, still handcuffed. The door opens. Old friends enter. The Two Bobs. Craven and Douglas.

EDDIE :

Oh, fuck. No.

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

CRAVEN:

Sit down. Put your hands flat on the table.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

82

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

CRAVEN :

Put your hands back.

(he does)

Flat.

(he can't)

Nasty. You should get that seen to.

Douglas offers Craven a cigarette. They light up.

EDDIE :

What do you want?

Douglas dangles his cigarette over Eddie's hand.

EDDIE :

What do you want?

Douglas mashes out his cigarette on Eddie's hand.

CRAVEN :

Put your hands back.

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

EDDIE :

Just tell me what you want!

CRAVEN :

Sit down.

Eddie sits. Douglas and Craven stand.

DOUGLAS :

Stand up.

CRAVEN :

Don't move. Eyes front.

They move the chairs and table to the walls.

DOUGLAS :

Don't move!

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

SOME TIME LATER:

Eddie is curled naked in a corner. The door slams open.

Craven and Douglas return. Eddie staggers to his feet.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

83

EDDIE :

Please tell me what you want.

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

138 INT. WAKEFIELD POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR - NIGHT 138

Hooded, Eddie is dragged and kicked down the corridor by

Craven and Douglas.

139 INT. WAKEFIELD POLICE STATION, ROOM - NIGHT 139

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

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

Lying on the autopsy trolley is the body of Paula Garland. Eddie's legs give way. He's screaming and vomiting behind the gag. Craven and Douglas keep him upright.

MOLLOY :

Look at her! Look at her!

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

MOLLOY :

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

CRAVEN :

You're all over her, mate.

EDDIE :

Of course I am. I fucking loved her!

CRAVEN :

You did it, didn't you.

EDDIE :

No.

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

84

MAURICE JOBSON O/S

Bill...

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

MOLLOY :

Stay with him.

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

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

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

EDDIE :

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

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

MOLLOY:

I know, I know, lad. Why would you?

You loved her...

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

MOLLOY:

Of course you didn't do it. But we know who did, don't we...

(closer)

Don't we, lad!

140 OMITTED 140

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

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

DOUGLAS :

They said it's OK.

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

CRAVEN :

Fuck.

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

85

Craven checks the gun. He points it at Eddie's head again.

Eddie pisses himself. There's a huge explosion. Eddie opens his eyes. It was a blank. Craven and Douglas guffaw. Then Craven gives him a big hug.

CRAVEN :

You all right, mate?

DOUGLAS :

Only joking, like.

CRAVEN :

Mistaken identity, wasn't it.

(to Douglas)

Here, got his bus fare?

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

CRAVEN:

This is the North. We do what we want!

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

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

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

143 EXT. ROAD - DAY 143

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

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

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

EDDIE :

What day is it?

WOMAN DRIVER *

It's a Sunday.

144 OMITTED 144

145 EXT. REDMOOR CAFE AND MOTEL - DAY 145

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

86

WOMAN DRIVER *

Sure you don't want a doctor or

anything...

Eddie heads for the lobby.

146 OMITTED 146

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

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

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

148 OMITTED 148

149 INT. VIVA - DUSK 149

Eddie drives fast. Into the coming dark. *

150 EXT. SHANGRILA - EVENING 150

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

151 INT. SHANGRILA, HALLWAY - EVENING 151

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

152 INT. SHANGRILA, SWAN ROOM - EVENING 152

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

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

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

87

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

MARJORIE DAWSON *

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

She reaches for a spilled bottle of pills - tries to swallow

a handful. Eddie knocks them out of her reach. Marjorie * Dawson whimpering on the sofa. He grabs her - slaps her * stupid face. *

EDDIE :

Where is he? *

153 EXT. HUNSLET CARR - EVENING 153

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

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

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

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

Jobson walks down a corridor with Eddie's bag of research. A figure waits for him at the far end. It's Bill Molloy. Molloy opens the door for him.

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

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

Bill Molloy watches from a window above.

The fire consumes everything.

154 OMITTED 154

155 OMITTED 155

156 OMITTED 156

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

88

157 INT. VIVA - NIGHT 157

Eddie drives. Fast. Fire in his eyes. Murder in his heart.

Mrs. Dawson trussed beside him. Gary Glitter and the Glitter

Band:

158 INT/EXT. VIVA / THE BULL RING - NIGHT 158

Eddie parks up. He hauls Marjorie Dawson out... *

Eddie drags Marjorie Dawson across the Bull Ring. Everything * deadly quiet.

159 EXT. THE KARACHI SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT 159

Eddie, dragging Marjorie towards the club. In darkness. "Rock * 'n' Roll Part 2" seeps out into the still night.

160 INT. THE KARACHI SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT 160

Eddie, dragging Marjorie Dawson. Through the restaurant. Down * towards the VIP area.

Clare Strachan is behind the bar. BJ dances alone in a corner. His face is bruised black and blue. John Dawson holds

court. Jason King Moustache at his right hand. Craven and *
Douglas. 5 OTHERS. The jukebox plays: Rock 'n' Roll part 2.
FLUNKIES zero in on Eddie. Eddie shoves Marjorie Dawson to *
one side. *

JOHN DAWSON *

What's this? Readers' Wives night? *

Eddie pulls out the Smith and Wesson handgun Craven stuffed *
in his pocket. Craven comes towards him. *

CRAVEN *

You sure you know which end to *
hold, son? *

Eddie belts him in the face with the gun. Craven staggers *
back, blood pouring. *

Douglas comes for Eddie. Blam! Douglas spins. Blood pours *
from his shoulder. *

Dawson's on his feet. *

JOHN DAWSON *

That's more like it! That's my boy! *

Jason King makes a move. Eddie's fast. Blam! Blood spatters. *

1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision

89

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

JOHN DAWSON *

All this over a fucking shopping *
centre? *

Dawson slowly approaches Eddie. *

JOHN DAWSON *

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

EDDIE *

(eyes welling) *

The children? *

JOHN DAWSON *

A private weakness. I'm no angel. *

MARJORIE DAWSON *

The wolf does for John... *

JOHN DAWSON *

Shut up, you stupid bitch! *

Blam! Eddie shoots Dawson in the legs. He topples over. *

Laughing. Eddie stands over him with the gun. *

Eddie pulls the trigger. Blam! Dawson screams. *

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

Blam! Blood splashes. *
And he's out of there. Behind him -everyone in shock. *
Cordite smoke. Blood. Blaring rock.
BJ sways... Then he moves fast - rifles through the bar till.
Clare Strachan whimpers. BJ pulls her with him.

BJ:

Got to get out of here, Clare,
love. Time to go.
Sound of sirens and screeching cars. BJ drags Clare down
behind the bar.
161 OMITTED 161
162 EXT. THE KARACHI SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT 162
Eddie's out the club and into his car. He swerves round as
police cars come screeching up to meet him.
1974.TG.170808 Locked Draft - 1st Revision 90
163 INT/EXT. VIVA / M1 - NIGHT 163
Eddie drives fast. Headed South.

EDDIE:

There's sunshine down South, sea-
view flats and warm summer
breezes...
Paula is beside him. Beautiful, blonde, hard.
Faster. Blue police lights in the rear view mirror.
Paula, laughing. They're escaping.
Faster. Wailing sirens. Faster. Flashing lights. Faster...
Paula kisses Eddie's face.
Eddie spins the car round. Police cars heads straight for
him. He puts his foot down. Straight into the blazing lights.
Blackness.
164 INT. THE UNDERGROUND KINGDOM - NIGHT 164
Down down down a disused mine shaft. Damp brick sides.
Ghostly light. Dripping water. Girders and beams...
Down down down. Davey lamps illuminate a grotto. Mirrors line
one wall. The tunnel has been bricked up. The bricks are
painted blue with white clouds.
MRS. DAWSON V/O
...The others beneath those
beautiful new carpets...
In front of the wall is a gold painted throne. The floor is
covered with sacking and white feathers... And Polaroids:
Glimpses of little hands covering faces. Limbs. Stitching.
Tools. Blood. Adult smiles...

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

MRS. DAWSON V/O

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

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

Dawson goes to hell.

END: