

TV DRAMA - AT RISK

Episode 1

OUT OF CONTROL

Telescript by

Paul Arrowsmith

Email: [contact\\_Paul \(at\) wotr.co.uk](mailto:contact_Paul@wotr.co.uk)



INT. CLARE & SIMON'S BEDROOM - DAY

It is first thing in the morning and CLARE (brunette mid thirties, curvaceous, pretty but not drop dead) is in her decoratively styled bedroom with matching duvet and curtains. She is sat half-dressed on the bed browsing through a file.

Attached to the file is a photograph of a girl approximately 2 years old. Clare closes the file.

FILE READS: Angel Watson, Coroners Report.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

SIMON, Clare's husband (also mid thirties, businesslike, tall) is in the kitchen hastily preparing breakfast for their two children, (SAMANTHA aged 7 and MELISSA aged 4, both are dressed in school uniforms).

He is slightly flustered.

SAMANTHA  
Where's mummy?

SIMON  
Upstairs.  
(beat)  
Chocomilk or Readybrek?

SAMANTHA  
Readybrek!

Melissa sticks two fingers in her mouth.

MELISSA  
Blah!

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Clare descends the stairs, with one hand she tucks in her blouse, the other hand she struggles to put through the sleeve of a jacket, while the file she was reading is held between her teeth.

A radio can be heard playing music mingled with the sounds of children chattering and breakfast being made.

At the bottom of the stairs Clare stops in front of a full-length mirror. She takes the file out of her mouth and slips it into a briefcase dumped in the hall, she then turns to look at herself in the mirror and sighs.

She straightens herself up, smooths out her clothes, flicks her hands through her hair, before turning around and opening the door that leads into the kitchen where...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Her two children are sat eating breakfast at a table with their father and Clare's husband, Simon.

As soon as the girls see Clare...

MELISSA  
Mummy, daddy's burnt his tongue.

The girls giggle.

CLARE  
Did he now?

She looks towards Simon who deliberately keeps his back to her. Clare turns to the girls and fussily adjusts their uniforms, (which didn't need adjusting she's just seeking an excuse to mother them.)

CLARE (CONT'D)  
How are my two favourite munchkins  
in the whole wide world this  
morning?

More smiles and giggles by the two girls. Simon scowls.

SIMON  
I see you've got your court clothes  
on.

Clare picks up a ready-made cup of tea, blows it before drinking and peers over at Simon, who purposely looks away.

SAMANTHA  
Mummy, mummy, can Ellen come for  
tea?

Simon very deliberately looks straight at Clare as he responds to Samantha.

SIMON  
Tonight's not a good night for your  
mum Sammy,  
(beat)  
Is it, love?

Clare ignores Simon's comment and busy's herself in the kitchen. Samantha continues to protest.

SAMANTHA  
That's not fair!

CLARE  
Sammy another time, promise.

Clare kisses the girls on the cheek.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Love you.

(beat)

Be good for daddy now.

She picks up her briefcase while looking over at Simon.

CLARE

I must dash.

SIMON

Yeah, I guess so.

Clare obligingly kisses him on the cheek, a look of guilt crosses her face as she turns away.

INT. THE HOME OF GAVIN REED - DAY

GAVIN (age 15) surly and wearing a scruffy school uniform is stood on the stairs listening to a conversation between his mum ALICE, and her common law husband LEN.

ALICE (O.S.)

He needs a father, that's what he needs.

LEN (O.S.)

He needs taking down a peg or two if yer ask me.

ALICE (O.S.)

But I'm not asking you am a? Why the fuck would I ask you, eh?

This is followed by the all too familiar sound of flesh striking flesh.

Gavin winces at the sound of his mother being hit.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Alice, Gavin's mother is nursing the side of her face. While Len, casually reads a tabloid newspaper.

GAVIN (O.S.)

Bastard!

The paper Len was reading takes the force of a trainer that Gavin has thrown at him. Gavin then runs out of the house.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Gavin runs across the road shouting over at some mates who turn, stop, and wait for him to catch up with them.

LEN (O.S.)

Get back ere!

Gavin turns back to give Len a one-fingered-salute.

Len begins to quickly walk/trot after Gavin.  
Gavin runs around a corner and out of Len's sight.

Len stands in the middle of the road shaking his fists.  
A car beeps its horn at him to get past. Len turns around.

LEN

What's your fuckin' problem?

INT. CHILD PROTECTION OFFICE - DAY

STUART (Aged 36 looks late twenties) Blessed with boyish good looks and a reputation as a ladies man is seen putting the kettle on in an office. Behind him are half a dozen desks each personalised with memento's. To the side is a smaller office (Clare's.)

Stuart peers out of the window and watches below as...

Clare pulls-up to a parking barrier, puts her pass into the machine, which refuses it several times.

Stuart puts a tea bag into a 2nd cup.

Clare exits the car and walks towards the building.

EXT. SOCIAL SERVICES HEAD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Inside Clare is approached by a Security Officer (TERRY)

TERRY

Clare you can't leave...

She cheekily places her keys and car-pass into his hands.

CLARE

Thanks Terry.

Clare walks on, Terry looks at her, then the keys shaking his head in disbelief but none-the-less amused.

EXT. MOUNT DENE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL - DAY

Pupils are arriving for school.

One group hangs about the school gates watching as the other pupils pass through and congregate in the school yard. It's noisy and a hive of activity.

Gavin is with two of his gang just inside the school gates geeing them up to follow his intended course of action.

MARK and TONI are walking along the road parallel to the school and heading towards the school gates. They are having a heated discussion. Toni tugs on Mark's arm.

Gavin and his gang menacingly watch Mark & Toni approach. Toni grabs hold of Mark and swings him around to face her.

TONI  
Don't say anything Mark. Just ignore him, please.

Gavin and his gang macho strut towards Toni and Mark blocking their way. Mark & Toni try to squeeze between Gavin and his mates, but Gavin pushes Mark on his way passed and he stumbles into gang member #1.

GANG MEMBER # 1  
Dickhead!

Mark wrestles himself free and he and Toni hastily make their way into the school yard.

Gavin is all pumped-up hitting the air with his fist.

GAVIN  
You're dead, yer 'ere me? Dead!

INT. CHILD PROTECTION TEAM OFFICE - DAY

Stuart has finished making two cups of tea, into one he puts two spoons of sugar.

RAVI (aged 28) serious minded workaholic picks up a framed photo, containing a picture of Cherie Blair and himself on his desk. (The photo has been signed by Cherie Blair. The frame is also embroidered with flowers as is typical of many Hindu photograph frames).

RAVI  
Bloody cleaning lady always puts you back on the right side of the desk.

Ravi carefully puts Cherie on the left side of his desk. Stuart smiles at Ravi's comments.

STUART  
Maybe she has a point?

RAVI  
Ha-ha.

Clare enters in what will be her usual exasperated state.

CLARE  
Has Fangs been in yet?

RAVI  
No, but 'fangs' for the warning.

Stuart hands her a cup of tea. She takes a slurp and spurts it out. She grabs hold of the cup in his hand and swaps cups with him.

STUART

Am I meant to drink this after you've grogged all over it?

CLARE

You've drank worse.

(beat)

Did you print off the over-time sheets and email them to Fangs?

Stuart picks them up off his desk and waves them at her. Clare takes them off him and walks into her little box-like office. (Which is tucked away at the back of the main office). Stuart follows a few steps behind.

Clare riffles through the top few as Stuart stands nearby observing her tell-tale reactions.

CLARE

These figures can't possibly be right.

Stuart nods.

CLARE (CONT'D)

You've double-che...

STUART

... Triple, quadruple pff.

Clare looks at the reports then back at Stuart.

CLARE

I can see Fangs wanting to draw blood...

(beat)

Mine.

(beat)

I'll have to sort this out somehow.

CUT TO:

The shoes, feet and lower legs of a female walking.

STUART (V.O.)

For Gods sake what does she expect?  
We're three members of staff short.

Clare begins to gather her possessions up from her desk, placing some items into a briefcase.

CLARE

Two. The new girl starts today  
remember?

Clare edges over towards the door.

STUART  
Oh ye-ah!

CLARE  
You haven't met her yet!

STUART  
Like Blind Date then in it?

They both exit Clare's Office.

CLARE  
Blind Date...  
(beat)  
Stuart, you don't have a dick you  
have a homing device.

STUART  
Is there a difference?

Both laugh.

CUT TO:

A YOUNG WOMAN of mixed race is standing by a door, she is looking up and reading the metal strip on the door.

CPT 1. CHILD PROTECTION TEAM OFFICE.

CUT TO:

Clare exiting her office.

CLARE  
Ravi, if Fangs calls in, which I suspect she will, let her know I'll contact her as soon as I'm back from court.

RAVI  
I see, I get the poisoned chalice.

Clare, Ravi and Stuart are interrupted by a tapping on the door, on cue they turn as one to see LISA enter the office. (Aged 26). She is of mixed race with tomboyish looks and charm to match.

CLARE  
Argh Lisa... Thought you were someone else for a mo.  
(beat)  
Glad you could make it. You're on a course this morning, Working Practices, or some other politically correct bollocks.

STUART

Clare!

Clare apologetically looks at Stuart as she fumbles to introduce Lisa.

CLARE

Erm, yes err...Lisa this is Ravi.

RAVI

Pleased to meet you.

CLARE

And Stuart.

(beat)

Much to his delight, he's joining you on the course this morning.

STUART

Argh well you know, not my fault if the powers-that-be think I've nothing better to do.

RAVI

Actually Stuart rather enjoys them as they present useful opportunities for him to lure easily impressionable females into his lecherous grasp.

CLARE

So, if he makes a pass at you, which he will, my advice is to spit in his tea.

(beat)

Works for me.

LISA

Right. Well I'll erm bear that in mind.

Clare looks up at the clock behind her desk.

CLARE

Bugger, the time.

With that Clare picks up her briefcase and hurries to leave.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Lisa, do whatever Stuart tells you, don't worry you'll be ok?

(beat)

Talk later guys, bye.

Ravi and Stuart make Lisa welcome.

STUART

Our illustrious leader is somewhat stressed this morning.

RAVI

She's in court for...

STUART

... Multiple murder and buggery of corpses!

Stuart and Ravi laugh while Lisa looks on bemused. Ravi comes to her rescue.

RAVI

Make yourself at home.

The phone on his desk rings, he turns to answer it.

RAVI

Ravi Patel, Child Protection.

INT. KIRKLEES RESIDENTIAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

ADRIAN, (aged 27) a tall, medium built Afro-Caribbean man casually, but conservatively dressed is on the phone.

They discuss Tracy, a fifteen year old runaway.

The Children's home office is small, with enough room for only 2 chairs max, it has 2 filing cabinets, a staff locker and the desk is cramped. Space is of the essence.

ADRIAN

Morning Ravi, can we push through Tracy Appleton's Child Protection hearing?

RAVI (O.S.)

So, you're pretty certain she's back working the streets?

ADRIAN

Not the streets, she's too high-profile. He'll have her holed up somewhere safe with vetted clients only.

RAVI (O.S.)

OK Adrian, let me check the diary.

He reaches across to Stuart's desk and picks up a diary.

RAVI

Is Thursday at two, good for you.

Adrian checks the Office diary and scans through the dates.

ADRIAN  
Thursdays fine.

He writes the time into the office diary.

INT. CHILD PROTECTION TEAM OFFICE - DAY

Lisa is arranging her desk. She puts a photo of her mum on it. Her mother (white in her mid 50's) is in a wheelchair.

Ravi picks up a file, the cover reads: Tracy Appleton.

RAVI  
Lisa, you worked outreach didn't you?

(beat)  
Do you know a Tracy Appleton from Kirklees Children's Home?

LISA  
Yeah, why?

RAVI  
That's who the call was about.

LISA  
She on the run again?

RAVI  
Yep, and back on the game.

Ravi rips a piece off paper from a note-pad and hands it over to Lisa who glances through it.

STUART  
Are you familiar with the case?

LISA  
Drug addict mother had a partner, they both ran up pretty big debts with their dealer, so the partner suggested they hand Tracy over to the dealer to pay them off, and the mother agreed. The dealer put her to work as a child prostitute to pay off her the debt.

(beat)  
She'd just turned twelve when I first met her.

Ravi and Stuart exchange a look.

STUART  
Looks like you've got your first case. Chase it up this afternoon if you like?

LISA  
I'll call in Kirklees home and have  
a word with whoever's on duty.

EXT. LEEDS CROWN COURT - DAY

Clare exits a taxi and hastily runs up the steps that lead to the Crown Court. At the court entrance she is greeted by a middle-aged female LAWYER, and JENNY (aged 18-20 dressed smartly, yet it's obvious her clothes are not new).

INT. COURT - CONTINUOUS

They make their way hastily along a corridor filled with lawyers, solicitors and clients in discussion. The lawyer opens a door that leads into a small room comprised of a wooden table and an assortment of chairs.

INT. CHILD PROTECTION TEAM OFFICE - DAY

Ravi is typing away on a computer. Lisa is still busy making her desk and work space her own, while Stuart is checking the rota on a large wall-chart.

Un-be-known to them The Human Resources Manager, FIONA (aka-Fangs, smartly dressed, business like, aged 42) has entered the office.

Lisa is the first to see her.

LISA  
Excuse me, can I help you?

Fiona looks at her indignantly before addressing Stuart.

FIONA  
Is she avoiding me?

STUART  
Clare's in court this morning  
Fiona. It's the start of the case  
into the death of Angel Watson.

FIONA  
Yes yes, don't give me excuses just  
tell me there's a mistake with your  
overtime data?

RAVI  
Pff...give me strength.

Fiona, forever vigilant has overheard Ravi and spins around.

FIONA  
Yes!

RAVI  
What?

Fiona walks imposingly over to Ravi.

FIONA  
Do you say something?

While Ravi is anxiously and diplomatically attempts to explain himself, Fiona picks the Cherie Blair photo off his desk, glancing at it and him.

RAVI  
Just that, well, you know, visits to court, homes, hospitals, are well, you know, they're...

FIONA  
Ye...s.

Fiona glares at Ravi taking the wind out of his sails. He looks nervously about trying to choose his words carefully.

RAVI  
All part of the job.

Fiona half-flicks half-throws his photo back at him.

FIONA  
You do your job and I'll do mine, and if you have a problem with that you know what you can do about it.

Stuart quickly intervenes.

STUART  
Fiona, this is Lisa.  
(beat)  
Today's her first day.

LISA  
Pleased to meet you.

Ignoring Lisa, Fiona walks over to Stuart's desk, raises her skirt ever so slightly and sits imposingly on the edge.

FIONA  
We both know why I'm here, so lets just cut to the chase.

Looking over his desk she notices the overtime sheets.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
Are these your copies

She doesn't wait for his answer but picks the overtime sheets up and flicks through them.

Lisa looks bemused at Ravi, who discreetly takes the opportunity to grimace his teeth like a vampire and mouth the word fangs. Lisa acknowledges with a muted girly giggle.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
 You've done them for her, Stuart!

STUART  
 What did you expect Fiona? Clare's  
 had a court case to prepare for.

Fiona gets to her feet waving the overtime sheets in the direction of Clare's small office. (Almost concealed from view by filing cabinets).

FIONA  
 At the very least someone capable  
 of doing their job without having  
 to be bailed out by their staff.  
 (beat)  
 Not too much to ask for, is it?

With that she turns and storms out of the office.

Lisa looks on, surprised as her first few minutes in her new job leave her bewildered and confused.

Lisa looks upwards as if to say "God give me strength

LISA  
 Is she always like that?

RAVI  
 The party's hardly started yet. You  
 just hang around till the fireworks  
 go off.

EXT. MOUNT DENE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL - DAY

A School Clock reads 9.45:

Mark and Toni are walking along a corridor, they stop outside a classroom along with other pupils.

Gavin and his gang macho strut towards Toni and Mark blocking their way into the classroom.

GAVIN  
 Ere babe, dump this loser.  
 (pushes Mark aside)  
 Later yeah?

TONI  
 Do yer really think I'd go out with  
 someone who acts like they've just  
 swung down from a tree?

Pupils nearby laugh.

Mark & Toni try to squeeze past Gavin and his mates, but Gavin pushes Mark aside. Mark wrestles himself free and he and Toni struggle their way into the classroom.

GAVIN  
 Fuck you dickhead!

A teacher about to enter a classroom over-hears Gavin.

MR. TAYLOR  
 Gavin Reed!  
 (beat)  
 Year 10 office, 3.20 Prompt!

INT. A SMALL SIDE ROOM IN THE COURT - DAY

Clare, the young mother Jenny, and the Lawyer are sitting on plastic chairs around a wooden table.

Jenny looks tired and stressed. Her long dark hair has been robbed of its vibrancy, leaving it looking lank. Her cheeks are hollow and her face pale.

Jenny is reading from a prepared statement in front of her.

JENNY  
 On the evening of the 3rd April, I went to visit my sister and left Craig with Angel. Upon my return at about 9.00' clock I asked him if Angel was asleep? He said...  
 (beat)  
 "How the hell should I know?" The TV was turned up really loud. I asked him to turn it down. He...said ermm...

Jenny is struggling, tears are rolling down her face. Clare puts a reassuring hand on top of Jenny's.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
 He told me, "the little brat wouldn't shut up."  
 (beat)  
 I said something like "she's a baby not a brat." I erm went, went into...  
 (hardly audible)  
 Angel's bedroom.

Jenny is sobbing and breaks down weeping on Clare's shoulder. Clare places an arm around Jenny comforting her.

CLARE  
 Jenny Jenny sshh, it's ok.

Clare gently raises Jenny's head off her shoulder, and looks Jenny intently in the eye holding her focus.

CLARE  
 You're doing really well.  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

CLARE (cont'd)

But you have to do this Jenny, it's the only way. I'll be in there with you the whole time.

LAWYER

We both know how upsetting this is for you Jenny. Take a few minutes to compose yourself.

Clare and the Lawyer exchange concerned looks.

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Stuart and Lisa are seated in a room with about 20 other social workers. The speaker is talking in Politically Correct euphemisms, all of which Stuart and Lisa have heard a thousand times before.

To make matters worse the female speaker's voice is mundane bordering on the patronizing.

Bored, Stuart begins to do his usual, sussing out the ladies, and male competition in the room. (There are a handful of men in the room the rest are females).

STUART(V.O.)	SPEAKER
Loser, tosser.	Taking steps to
Mail order bride.	remove our own
Now the women.	prejudices,
Mutton dressed up	can only begin
as lamb.	once we accept,
Who in their right	and each openly
mind goes out	face the reality
looking like that?	of our own...
(beat)	(beat)
Boring!	Prejudicial
Long flowery dress?	attitudes and
Feminist!	behaviour. In a
Preach it sister.	Multi-diverse
Phoaw, she's a bit	modern society.
of alright.	We must learn it's
Bonus, big boobs.	not simply enough
Oh yes,	to tolerate each other.
eye-to-eye-contact.	Today's challenge,
(yawn)	is to actively
Bor-ring.	embrace each others
I know who's	differences.
differences I'd like	(beat)
to embrace.	(APPLAUSE)
	Thank you.

Stuart is staring at a fair-haired young lady, mid 20's.

As the seminar ends people are milling about chatting to each other. Stuart is seen talking to the fair-haired young lady with the big breasts who caught his attention. We see her take his mobile phone and punch in a number. Stuart's charm obviously having worked their magic.

INT. MOUNT DENE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL - DAY

A classroom full of pupils are seated in pairs around several rows of computers. Mark is sitting with a mate, Toni is sat at the desk adjacent to his in the next block of desks, with Gavin sitting immediately behind Mark.

MISS GREENHOW, (a small slim woman in her early 30's with spiky hair is dressed smart yet practical). She possesses a forceful personality and her voice is commanding.

While she writes on a whiteboard a PUPIL leaves his seat to sneak over to a friend. Being the possessor of telepathic instincts she speaks to him with her back to the class.

MISS GREENHOW  
Nice try Philip.

Philip looks at her, then around him stunned that he's been caught out, he freezes momentarily to the spot. Miss Greenhow still speaking with her back to him continues to write.

MISS GREENHOW  
Don't just stand there gawking  
Philip.

Miss Greenhow turns around and stares at Philip.

MISS GREENHOW (CONT'D)  
Sit!

Philip clumsily falls back into his seat. The majority of the pupils laugh/snigger at this amusing little event.

MISS GREENHOW (CONT'D)  
Next time Philip I won't ask. I'll  
just get the chain-saw from the  
store room and cut your legs off.

More sniggers from pupils.  
Gavin seizes the opportunity to lean over to Mark.

GAVIN  
You're dead!

Mark ignores Gavin. Toni looks across at them both.

INT. CROWN COURT - DAY

Clare, Jenny and the lawyer walk along the same corridor as previously, but the opposite way back towards the entrance.

Accompanying them is a court usher and a police officer. The impression is that security is tight.

Half-way along the corridor Clare's mobile rings. She turns to the others.

CLARE  
 Sorry I need to take this.  
 (into phone)  
 Yes, yes.  
 (beat)  
 How high's her temperature?  
 (beat)  
 No, no I can't, I'm just about to  
 enter court. Call Sam's father he  
 should be free to collect her.  
 (hanging-up)  
 That was my daughter Sam's school.  
 She's been sick and they wanted to  
 know if I could pick her up.

The Lawyer looks at Clare sympathetically, like one who's  
 been in the same boat herself. Jenny looks worried.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
 It's ok Jenny. I've asked the  
 school to contact her father.

Clare turns her mobile off, takes a moment to compose herself  
 and places it back in her bag.

They reach a pair of large double-doors, above the doors in  
 large brass lettering are the words: COURT NUMBER 1.

In front of the double-doors are 2 burly looking policemen.  
 (To the left side of them is a small table where a 3rd,  
 female police officer is standing).

LAWYER  
 Just be strong Jenny, it'll soon be  
 over.

Jenny nods, but her lack of confidence is visible.  
 Clare looks distracted.

LAWYER (CONT'D)  
 Clare?

CLARE  
 Mmm? Oh yeah.

Clare makes her way to the table and places her bag on top of  
 it. The policewoman frisks Clare. She then opens Clare's bag  
 and places several objects on top of the table thoroughly  
 checking the contents of her bag.

INT. MOUNT DENE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL - DAY

The classroom has settled into a work-like state, pupils'  
 heads are down with the occasional pair discussing the  
 worksheet in front of them.

The one exception to this is Gavin, and gang member #1 sat  
 next to him.

Nothing is written on either of their worksheets. Instead they occupy themselves by surfing the internet. On the back of his worksheet Gavin has drawn a very graphic picture that demonstrates some ability at art of...

CLOSE UP: Mark dying with a knife stuck in him and blood pouring from his wounds and mouth. A gothic gravestone reads RIP. Nearby Gavin is standing with his arm around a girl (Toni), her lips and nipples accentuated for effect.

MISS GREENHOW  
Who's going to volunteer to collect  
your worksheets in?

She looks around the class and notices Toni and Mark exchange a sappy puppy love expression.

MISS GREENHOW (CONT'D)  
Thank you Mark.

MARK  
Aw Miss...!

All the same he begins to walk around the class and collect the worksheets up.

DISSOLVE TO:

Mark puts them down on Miss Greenhow's desk, who smiles a teachers fake surprised smile at him. As Mark turns to walk back to his seat, Gavin menacingly watches him.

Gavin waits until Mark has just passed him before throwing his rucksack at the back of Marks legs, then before Mark can regain his balance, Gavin shoves him hard in the back.

The force of the blow knocks Mark into his desk and onto the computer he was working on, sending the computer flying off the desk and crashing onto the floor.

Gavin and gang member #1, drag Mark backwards off the desk and onto to the floor where they commence kicking him. The classroom comes alive with screams, shouts, and activity.

PUPIL'S (V.O.)  
Fight, fight...

Feet are reigning in on Mark.

CLOSE UP: A foot connecting with Mark's jaw.

Mark cries out in pain.

MISS GREENHOW  
GAVIN! STOP IT! STOP IT! NOW!

Over her voice can be heard the screams of Toni, Gavin shouting and Mark in pain, as well as the shouts and screams of other pupils and the moving of chairs and desks.

GANG MEMBERS (V.O.)  
 1)Smack him!  
 2)Ger'in there Gav!

Miss Greenhow makes her way over towards Gavin, at the same time she is issuing instructions to other pupils in the room while trying to get passed pupils, chairs and desks.

Several pupils take photos of the fight on their mobiles.

MISS GREENHOW  
 Get back to your seats NOW! Or I'll  
 see to it that you're all put on  
 report!  
 (beat)  
 MOVE IT!

Most pupils reluctantly resume their seats while others stand on their chairs to get a better view.

Toni is screaming, kicking and scratching Gavin.

TONI  
 I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!

Gavin shouts at gang member #2 who seems in shock.

GAVIN  
 Get her off me yer useless fucker!

Galvanized by Gavin's shouts gang member #2 grabs hold of Toni around the waist and tries to pull her away.

TONI  
 Get off ME!!!

He forcefully yanks Toni backwards, so much so that he raises her feet clean off the ground, accidentally kicking over Gavin's chair in the process as he drags her away.

Out of Gavin's jacket (which was hanging over his chair) a knife drops out of a pocket and falls to the floor.

Toni slumps down crying uncontrollably, a friend goes to her.

Gang member #1 runs out of the classroom in a panic.

Gavin barks out his orders to gang member #2 (LEROY).

GAVIN  
 LEROY! Get the knife!

Leroy picks up the knife. The classroom falls deathly quite. Miss Greenhow bellows out instructions to a couple of pupils.

MISS GREENHOW  
 GET HELP!  
 (beat)  
 GO!

Several pupils run out of the room.

Leroy looks at the knife for a moment before reaching across to hand it to Gavin.

Miss Greenhow, who is stood a metre and a half away from Leroy, tentatively steps forward and calmly/authoritatively seeks to talk sense to Leroy.

MISS GREENHOW  
 Leroy, don't do it.  
 (beat)  
 Please Leroy. Put the knife down.

GAVIN  
 Leroy! Pass the fuckin' knife!

Leroy looks as if he is about to pass Gavin the knife.

MISS GREENHOW  
 Leroy, you're on the school  
 football team, and haven't you got  
 trials coming up soon?  
 (beat)  
 Think Leroy, think about your  
 future.

Gavin holds his hand out demanding the knife.

GAVIN  
 LEROY!

Leroy for the first time looks into Miss Greenhow's eyes as she speaks.

MISS GREENHOW  
 You don't need this Leroy. Please  
 give me the knife.  
 (beat)  
 Leroy.

Leroy looks about him, uncertainty etched on his face. Miss Greenhow offers her hand out to Leroy.

MISS GREENHOW  
 Please Leroy...  
 (beat)  
 The knife.

Gavin, who has Mark pinned to the floor, moves to one side as far as he can in Miss Greenhow's direction.

GAVIN  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Ignoring Gavin, she keeps her eyes focused on Leroy.

MISS GREENHOW (CONT'D)  
Leroy, you've got a chance for a  
future, ask yourself, is it worth  
throwing that away for this?

Leroy backs away. He puts the knife down on top of a desk,  
then sits down on a chair, tears rolling down his cheeks.  
Miss Greenhow picks up the knife placing it in her pocket.

MISS GREENHOW (CONT'D)  
Good. Thank you Leroy. Thank you.

Gavin frustrated turns on Leroy.

GAVIN  
You fuckwit! You'll pay for this!

She goes back to her desk, puts the knife in a desk and locks  
the desk drawer. She looks about her classroom while keeping  
a close eye on Gavin.

MISS GREENHOW  
I want the rest of you to leave the  
room in an orderly fashion.

Pupils begin to file out some obviously relieved they can go,  
others voyeuristically hang around unwilling to leave.

Gavin moves away from Mark, and smacks Leroy across the head  
who makes no attempt to stop him.

Miss Greenhow looks over at Gavin.

Gavin takes hold of a chair in front of him that had fallen  
over Mark's body and raises it up in an aggressive manner.

Purple with rage he swings the chair around him as he makes  
his way to the front of the class to confront Miss Greenhow,  
who backs away from Gavin calmly, yet obviously nervous.

Pupils' who had been filing out of the room suddenly stop in  
their tracks.

GAVIN  
Don't think I fuckin' won't miss,  
cause I'll fuckin' whack yer, yer  
skinny cow!

MISS GREENHOW  
Gavin! Put the chair down!

Gavin advances towards Miss Greenhow, making stabbing motions  
with the chair at her.

GAVIN  
What chair miss?

Stabbing motion.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
Yer mean this one?

Stabbing motion.

A male and female pupil bravely approach Miss Greenhow hoping this will cause Gavin to stop threatening her with the chair.

PUPIL #1  
C'mon Gavin put it down.

PUPIL #2  
Please Gav, for Toni's sake stop!

Gavin glances up the room at Toni who has taken the chance to go to Mark. Several other pupils are trying to help Mark, as well as comfort Toni. One of them speaks up.

PUPIL #3  
He's unconscious miss.

Gavin smashes the chair down on a table desk kicking out at anything in his way, he knocks over a table, blocking Miss Greenhow, and the remaining pupil's way out of the classroom.

Miss Greenhow turns half way to face the pupils near her.

MISS GREENHOW  
Back off! There's no need for  
anyone else to get hurt as well.

The pupils back away.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM - DAY

Several pupils are running towards a teacher, those that have caught up to him have hold of his clothes urging him to follow them in both a frightened and excited tone of voice.

PUPILS' # 4,5,6.  
4) Sir sir Gavin's attacking Miss.  
5) C'mon Mr. Taylor! Quick!  
6) Hurry sir he's gone mental.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Miss Greenhow is about half a metre away from Gavin, who is looking calmer. The chair is now loosely held in his right arm to the side of him. As he speaks he gets quieter like someone finally revealing their innermost thoughts.

GAVIN  
 No! You don't understand, that's  
 the fuckin' point...

His lips are trembling. He finishes the sentence with his  
 head down and body hunched leaning on the chair in his hand.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
 None of you do.

MISS GREENHOW  
 Then help me to understand Gavin.

Gavin straightens himself up, he is hurt and menacing.

GAVIN  
 WHY? YOU CAN'T FUCKIN' DO ANYTHING!

He has the chair raised above his head.  
 Miss Greenhow crouches down hands above her head, when...

Mr. Taylor bursts into the classroom.

Seeing Gavin with the chair raised directly above Miss  
 Greenhow's head, he lunges rugby tackle fashion at Gavin,  
 sending both of them careering into an assortment of desks  
 and chairs, with the chair Gavin was holding flying towards  
 Miss Greenhow and glancing off her.

Several pupils run over to Miss Greenhow, they move the chair  
 away from her, then gently help her unto her feet tentatively  
 holding her up.

PUPIL #1  
 Ere miss let me help you up.

PUPIL #2  
 Are you hurt miss?

Miss Greenhow is a little shaky on her feet, embarrassed, as  
 well as touched by their support as they walk her to her desk  
 sitting her down on her chair.

MISS GREENHOW  
 I'm fine. Thank you.

PUPIL #2  
 You'll be ok now miss, Mr. Taylor's  
 decked him.

A couple of other teachers hastily enter the room. One heads  
 over towards Miss Greenhow, the other to Mark where he begins  
 to administer first aid.

TEACHER #1  
 This lad needs the hospital.

Pointing to a male pupil.

TEACHER #1 (CONT'D)  
Go to the office and get them to  
call for an ambulance and the  
police.

He exits followed by others. The other teacher who has gone  
to Miss Greenhow's aid, stands to address the class.

TEACHER #2  
I want the lot of you to go to H-  
Eleven and wait for me there. No  
one, I repeat no one is to leave  
the school.

Mr. Taylor slowly lifts himself up as he looks down at Gavin.

MR. TAYLOR  
Come on lad, on your feet.

The pupils file out of the room in ones and twos, some  
crying, some excited, but most are just stunned.  
Only Mark, Gavin & Toni remain.

Miss Greenhow, very shaken is sobbing gently .

TEACHER #2 (CONT'D)  
Come with me Elizabeth, lets get  
you to the staff room an' sort you  
out.

MISS GREENHOW  
I can't, I have to stay here.

TEACHER #2  
There's nothing you can do here.  
(beat)  
Come on.

Teacher #2 leads Miss Greenhow out of the classroom.

Mr. Taylor reaches down to pick Gavin up, he realises  
something is amiss.

MR. TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
(concern)  
On your feet lad.  
(beat)  
Can you hear me?

A pale-faced Gavin, glassy eyed and open-mouthed lies in a  
crumbled heap, his head resting against the edge of a desk.

INT. A SMALL SIDE ROOM IN THE COURT - DAY

Jenny is being examined by a doctor, Clare is sitting next to  
Jenny, just being there for her.

DOCTOR

Jenny, I want you to look at my  
finger and follow it ok?

The Doctor moves his finger across Jenny's eyelid, she looks totally oblivious her mind focused elsewhere. She speaks in an incoherent manner randomly following her train of thought.

JENNY

Angel was in her pink teddy bear  
pyjamas. I know she had her pink  
teddy bear pyjamas on, cos I put  
them on her before I went out.

The Doctor takes her pulse. Clare looks on concerned.

JENNY (CONT'D)

They're her favourites you know.  
Have you seen her in them? She  
looks lovely in them doesn't she  
Clare?

She looks at Clare. Clare reassuringly smiles back at Jenny.

The Doctor makes a note of Jenny's pulse.  
Jenny stands up walking aimlessly about as she talks.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Who was that man? Why was he nasty?  
(beat)  
Am I a bad mother Clare?

CLARE

Jenny.

INT. CORRIDOR IN THE COURT - DAY

Jenny's Lawyer is stood outside in the corridor, debating their differing viewpoints about the case.

DEFENCE LAWYER

The CPS should never have gone for  
murder, that's always been the crux  
of your problem.

JENNY'S LAWYER

I disagree. He was the only person  
present at the time the fatal  
injury was administered.

DEFENCE LAWYER

Her word against his.

Shaking her head.

JENNY'S LAWYER

Pff!

INT. A SMALL SIDE ROOM IN THE COURT - DAY

Jenny looks up at the clock on the wall.

JENNY  
It's time to collect Angel from  
Playgroup.

Jenny picks her coat up which is hung over the chair she was sat on, and looks at Clare.

JENNY  
I have to go now.

She looks up at the Doctor.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Who are you? Do I know you?

CLARE  
He's a Doctor Jenny, he's been  
asked to examine you.

Jenny confused puts her hand to her forehead as if to check her temperature.

JENNY  
Why? Am I poorly? I don't think I'm  
poorly.  
(beat)  
I've got a bit of cold.

The Doctor extends an arm to Jenny. Once she notices it, he points to the chair.

DOCTOR  
Please, take your seat again Jenny.

Taking hold of Clare's hand Jenny sits down. He removes a Blood Pressure Kit from his case and proceeds to roll Jenny's sleeve up.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
I'm going to take your blood  
pressure now Jenny, ok?

JENNY  
Will you be long? I have to collect  
Angel from Playgroup.

Jenny panics when he tightens the strap around her arm.

EXT. A BLOCK OF HIGH RISE FLATS - DAY

Lisa is seen walking up a flight of stairs, she exits at a corridor and makes her way to a door, she knocks on it several times before lifting up the letterbox.

LISA  
Mrs. Appleton, I know you're in  
there.

The door is opened by a hagged looking woman in her mid 30's,  
but who looks more like fifty.

We see beyond the door into the dingy, dark and dirty flat.

MRS. APPLETON  
Can't you people get it into your  
thick heads I wanna be left alone.  
(beat)  
So piss off!

Mrs. Appleton is closing the door, Lisa places her hand on it  
to prevent her from shutting it.

LISA  
Have you seen Tracy?

Mrs. Appleton opens the door wide, and steps to one side  
indicating to the stairs as she mocks Lisa.

MRS. APPLETON  
Yeah, she's upstairs shaggin' a  
punter, yer wanna look?  
(beat)  
This is the last place on earth  
she'd come to.

She steps back inside her door.

LISA  
We're very concerned for Tracy's  
safety Mrs. Appleton. If you do  
happen to see her, will you please  
give the child protection office a  
ring?

MRS. APPLETON  
Like a said. Fuck off!

With that she slams the door shut.  
From a jacket pocket Lisa fetches a small pile of cards and  
opens the letter box once more to speak through it.

LISA  
I'll leave you a contact card with  
the office number on it, should you  
change your mind.

Lisa is posting the card through when...  
We hear the sound of a heavy object hitting the door.  
Lisa withdraws her hand quickly and jumps back.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Shit!

INT. CHILD PROTECTION TEAM OFFICE - DAY

Stuart is on the phone arguing with DAVINA, the mother of his son NATHAN and one time partner.

STUART  
Hang on Davina that's not...

CUT TO:

DAVINA (aged 28, blonde and judging by her make up and clothes a fan of TOWIE) is on her mobile as she walks through LEEDS TRINITY shopping centre.

DAVINA  
... You can bugger-off if you think  
I'm changing my arrangements just  
so you can screw your latest tart!

She switches the mobile off.

Stuart strangles the phone in frustration.

INT. CROWN COURT - DAY

Jenny's lawyer is by a drinks machine selecting a drink. Clare is stressed out and upset over events that morning.

LAWYER  
Clare! We still have the neighbours  
and the nursery nurse. Hopefully,  
that'll buy us enough time to get  
Jenny back.  
(beat)  
So stop stressing!

The Lawyer lets Clare let-off steam, while she casually takes her time choosing her selection.

CLARE  
Yeah, like easier said than done  
when you're staring at months of  
preparation going down the pan!

LAWYER  
No tea, damn.

Leaning down and looking at what else she can drink.

CLARE  
Bastard!

LAWYER  
What?

CLARE  
Him, not you.

The Lawyer is trying to decide what to have instead of tea, when impatiently Clare selects a drink for her.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
Look, it doesn't matter what you  
choose it all tastes crap!

The Lawyer looks at Clare dumbfounded.

INT/EXT. SIMON'S CAR - DAY

Simon pulls into the driveway outside their home. In the back of the car laid down on the seat is their eldest daughter Samantha, looking pale and sickly.

Simon gets out of the car, he opens the front door to the house, before fetching Samantha, who he lifts out of the car and carries into the house.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CLARE & SIMON'S HOUSE - DAY

Simon lays Samantha down on the settee in the front room.

SAMANTHA  
I want my mummy.

He props up a cushion behind her to make her comfortable.

SIMON  
Mummy's working.  
(beat )  
Would you like a drink of juice?

SAMANTHA  
No, pop.

SIMON  
No way Jose`. I'll get you some  
juice.

Simon exits.

Samantha spews up over the settee with some dribbling between her hands, having instinctively raised them to her mouth.

SAMANTHA  
Mummy!

INT. A LADIES WASHROOM - DAY

Clare is at a wash basin, her hands are resting on top of it and her head facing down, she is breathing deeply as if performing relaxation techniques.

She lifts her face up slowly to look in the mirror above the sink. It is obvious she is emotionally drained.

## FLASHBACK:

A girl (aged 5-6) stands in front of sink brushing her teeth. Above the sink is a mirror.

As the girl is brushing her teeth we see the shadow of a man reflected by the mirror come and stand behind her, his face is NOT seen.

CLOSE UP: The hands of a man running his fingers through the girls hair.

He bends down lifting her hair to his face inhaling. He runs the back of a finger slowly down one side of her cheek.

The girl's shoulders tense up as she flinches.

## DISSOLVE TO:

Clare splashing water on her face.

INT/EXT. MOUNT DENE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL - DAY

## MONTAGE:

Mark being stretchered into an ambulance.  
Toni, crying and being comforted by friends as she watches Mark being driven away by the ambulance.

A teacher gesticulating at pupils staring out of the windows, then having a look out himself.

Ravi taking a phone call in the CPT office.

The pupils in H-Eleven are giving their names to two police officers. Teacher #2 is holding the class register.

INT. THE HEAD TEACHER'S OFFICE - DAY

The HEADMASTER, Mr. Taylor and the UNION REP, for the National Union of Teachers (NUT) are having a heated debate.

The Head is stood behind his impressive looking desk leaning over it trying to impose his authority.

HEAD

For God's sake man are you going to let me get a word in edgeways?

NUT REP

He's not obliged at this stage to make any statement!

HEAD

I'm not intending to conduct a witch-hunt!

(beat/ matter-of-factly)  
(MORE)

HEAD (cont'd)

We have guidelines for dealing with unruly pupils...

Mr. Taylor angry and emotional slams his fist down on top of the Head's desk.

MR. TAYLOR

He was about to hit her with a chair! What the hell was I supposed to do?

The Head reassuringly raises his hands to calm things down.

HEAD

What I was about to say was...

(beat)

We need to establish as soon as possible, for your own benefit Ian, that you, adhered to the appropriate guidelines.

The NUT Rep steps in between them and turns until he is face-to-face with Ian, blocking Ian's view of the Head. He places a hand firmly on Mr. Taylor's (Ian's) shoulder.

MR. TAYLOR

Appropriate guideline? You're kidding me. If I'd used the appropriate guidelines Miss Greenhow...

NUT REP

Ian! I strongly advise you not to answer any more questions, until you've spoken to the Union's solicitor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

The staff room is full of teachers all hotly discussing the events of the day. There is a lot of angry gesturing going on as they busy themselves with various activities.

Teachers #3/4 are sat on chairs around a coffee table while others chip in as they walk to-and-fro on their way past.

TEACHER # 3

How long's Ian been here?

TEACHER # 4

Thirty years or thereabouts.

A teacher plonks her handbag down on top of a chair while rummaging through it.

TEACHER # 5  
That will count for nothing with those back-stabbing bastards on the school board.

Stood by a locker, Teacher #6 chips in putting on his coat.

TEACHER # 6  
Maybe so, but it's not our job to put up with that kind of behaviour.

Teacher #5 removes her mobile and walks off to make a call.

Teacher #1 enters the room in time to hear this last comment. All heads turn towards him and the room stops its activity.

TEACHER #1  
I saw the look on those kids faces. They don't deserve to come here and face that kind of behaviour either.

INT. CHILD PROTECTION TEAM OFFICE - DAY

Stuart is typing on a computer when the phone rings.

DAVINA (O.C.)  
Stuart.

STUART  
What now?

DAVINA (O.C.)  
I've been thinking.  
(beat)  
I need to pop over to my mum's tonight for an hour or two. So, Stuart, if you can baby-sit Nathan between four and six, I'll change your weekend visit.

STUART  
Davina! Have I ever told you...

DAVINA (V.O.)  
... Shut up Stuart before I change my mind.

STUART  
Yeah, thanks.

Stuart punches the air with glee and begins strutting about the office in a parody of the Full Monty.

STUART  
I believe in miracles, since you came along, you sexy thing, (sexy thing).

EXT. CROWN COURT - DAY

Clare is walking out of the Court when she notices the Lawyer for the defence talking on the steps with a colleague.

Clare runs after him and forcibly separates him from his colleague confronting him.

CLARE  
I hope you're pleased with yourself!

DEFENCE LAWYER  
I take it you mean, am I pleased that I defended my clients interests? Yes.

He attempts to carry on walking, but Clare hot-foots it in front of him blocking his way.

CLARE  
Manipulating and bullying a young woman still traumatised over the death of her daughter!

DEFENCE LAWYER  
If need be, yes.

CLARE  
And if your client gets away with murder this time, what's to stop him doing it again?

DEFENCE LAWYER  
No comment.

Clare shakes her head and walks away. The Lawyer pleased with himself smirks at his colleague.

After he's walked a couple of steps, Clare turns her head back towards the Lawyer.

CLARE  
Do you have children?

DEFENCE LAWYER  
Yes.

She steps towards him.

CLARE  
What? How many?

DEFENCE LAWYER  
One, a boy.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

DEFENCE LAWYER (cont'd)

But don't even think about giving  
me the old emotional blackmail bit,  
like, how do I sleep at night?

(beat)

Fine!

Clare prods the lawyer playfully in the chest with Angel's  
file, her name and photo clearly visible for him to see.

CLARE

Me? Emotional blackmail?

(beat)

Unlike some people, I wouldn't  
stoop that low.

Clare calmly turns and walks away with a look of satisfaction  
on her face at having got the better of him.

The Lawyer stood red-faced watches her strut away.

LAWYER'S COLLEAGUE

You walked right into that one.

INT. KIRKLEES RESIDENTIAL HOME - DAY

Lisa is stood in the Staff Office leaning on a cabinet, while  
talking with Adrian who is sat down.

LISA

Have you and Lesley set a date  
then?

ADRIAN

You know what she's like...

They both look at each other and linger there until...

LISA

Yeah. Anyway.

ADRIAN

Tracy!

LISA

Yes!

ADRIAN

You say you've seen her mum, did  
she refuse to co-operate?

Kelvin (aged 15) comes storming into the Office.

KELVIN

Is that slapper back? Coz she  
fuckin' owes me! An' if she ain't  
got it I'll twat the bitch!

Adrian stands up, annoyed but firm and composed.

ADRIAN

Kelvin! You don't come into the office making threats against other residents.

Kelvin gesticulates wildly, while Adrian remains calm but authoritative.

KELVIN

Fuck you!

ADRIAN

No-oo. Excuse me Adrian, but has Tracy returned yet?

Kelvin angrily rounds on Lisa.

KELVIN

'Ave you seen her?

LISA

Kelvin, you know better than to ask me using that tone of voice.

Kelvin slams his fist against the door several times.

ADRIAN

Any damage comes out of your pocket money.

Kelvin slams his fist against the door one more time and storms off in the same manner he arrived.

INT. MOUNT DENE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL - DAY

Ravi is in the Head Teachers office with a police officer from Child Protection, The Head and the Deputy Head.

Mr. Taylor is with the NUT Rep in another room.

We cut between the formality of the Heads Office and the emotional distress of Mr. Taylor.

RAVI

Before we can arrange a case conference for Gavin, I'll need to speak to the parents and do an initial report on Gavin's family background.

The phone rings.

HEAD

I said no phone calls!

(beat)

I understand.

(beat)

Yes.

(MORE)

HEAD (cont'd)  
 (beat)  
 Yes.  
 (beat)  
 When?  
 (sighs)  
 Bye.

He puts the phone down.

HEAD (CONT'D)  
 That was a member of staff who went  
 to the hospital. Gavin Reeds  
 conscious, but an X-Ray to his  
 skull has revealed a fracture.  
 (beat)  
 He's having a brain scan to see if  
 there's any hemorrhaging.

CUT TO:

INT. AN OFFICE ELSEWHERE IN THE SCHOOL - DAY

Mr. Taylor is sat head down looking every inch like a beaten man, distraught and in a state of shock as the required procedures take over. The NUT Rep (Mike) is with him.

MR. TAYLOR  
 Be honest with me Mike. I'm  
 finished with teaching aren't I?

He looks across at his long-time friend desperately looking for some hope.

MIKE  
 We're not going to lie down and  
 watch them crucify you Ian.

Close to tears, Ian Taylor looks up from his seat pleading for some means of salvation.

MR. TAYLOR  
 What choice did I have? None!  
 (beat)  
 But I'm going to be the one hung  
 out to dry, with my career dangling  
 in the wind and my reputation in  
 tatters.

Mr. Taylor leaves his seat and walks to the window.

Outside students leave school.

Mike stands slightly behind Ian, as they both silently watch the procession of children noisily exit.

Some parents are seen entering the school with pupils from the class taken to H-Eleven

MR. TAYLOR  
 God, I taught half of those  
 parents.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HEADS OFFICE - DAY

The Head addresses his Deputy.

HEAD  
 That's settled then. I'll attend  
 Gavin Reed's Child Protection  
 Hearing, while you go to the  
 curriculum development seminar.

The Head then addresses Ravi and the police officer.

HEAD  
 I suspect it will be all fairly  
 straightforward. After-all, poor  
 Mr. Taylor hasn't got much of a leg  
 to stand on, as he?

POLICE OFFICER  
 I'm still keeping an open-mind at  
 this stage of the proceedings.  
 Ravi?

The police officer turns seeking moral support from Ravi, who  
 is a mite late in catching on.

RAVI  
 Oh! Yes, things have a habit of not  
 working out quite how they first  
 seem.

Ravi and the police officer exchange eye contact to endorse  
 their stated opinion. The Head unwilling to concur with their  
 opinions moves alongside them to usher them to the door.

HEAD  
 Well gentlemen, if that's all there  
 is for now perhaps...

They are disturbed by the sound of activity and angry shouts  
 coming from the corridor outside.

DEPUTY HEAD  
 I think what will prove to be our  
 biggest headache has just arrived.

INT. THE AREA IN FRONT OF THE RECEPTION DESK - DAY

The school receptionist is desperately trying to placate a  
 group of upset parents demanding to see the Head.

PARENT #1  
I don't care if he's in a meeting!

PARENT #2  
Just go and get him will you?

DISSOLVE TO:

CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE HEADS OFFICE

Ravi and the police officer are watching the Head and Deputy walk down the corridor towards the reception area.

The officer turns to Ravi.

POLICE OFFICER  
He's pretty much made his mind up  
hasn't he?

Ravi follows this up with a stabbing motion (as in Psycho). The police officer gets the gist and nods.

INT. THE AREA IN FRONT OF THE RECEPTION DESK - DAY

The parents are still hassling the receptionist.

PARENT #1  
We're not standing around here  
waiting any longer. If you don't go  
and get him, I will!

RECEPTIONIST  
I'll see what I can do.

HEAD (O.S.)  
It's alright Miss O Brian!

As she turns around, she sees the Head with the Deputy walking down the corridor towards the reception area.

On mass the parents turn and begin firing questions at them over the top of each other

PARENT #1  
We demand action be taken  
against Gavin Reed.

PARENT #2  
His kind are ruining this  
school for our children.

PARENT #3  
Do you want to see us  
remove our children?  
Because I will,  
and I won't be  
the only one!

PARENT #4  
If you think I'll  
stand by and let a  
thug like him ruin  
my kids education,  
you're bloody well  
mistaken!

The Head has his hands raised hoping to appease them.  
His Deputy's already cornered by a couple of angry parents.

HEAD

Please, please one at a time.

INT. CLARE'S OFFICE - DAY

Clare is in her small box-office room. She has her shoes off and her feet up on top of her desk, rubbing her toes through the stockings while talking on the phone.

Clare notices Stuart enter the main office and makes his way to the kettle, switching it on.

CLARE

If Sammy's asleep that's good. When she wakes up tell her I'll be home as soon as I can.

(beat)

Bye.

Hearing Clare, Stuart looks over to her office. Clare puts the phone down and hangs her head looking concerned.

Stuart enters her office.

STUART

You ok?

Clare nods, and to hide her concern for Sammy she begins to rub her toes again.

Stuart parks his bum on the edge of her desk.

CLARE

Bloody feet are killing me.

(beat)

Did Fangs pay a visit?

STUART

Regrettably.

CLARE

Did she have anything to say?

We hear the kettle boiling. Stuart gestures over to it.

STUART

You want one?

She nods. Stuart walks out of her office. While making the drinks he answers Clare's question.

STUART (CONT'D)

(speaking up)

She said nothing that wouldn't surprise you.

CLARE (V.O.)  
Badly organized. Difficult to work  
with. Incompetent.

STUART  
Incompetent rings a bell.

Stuart re-enters her office carrying two drinks and passes one to Clare.

CLARE  
Thanks.

STUART  
You shouldn't take it so personal.

Then resuming his place on her desk, he picks up Angel's file and browses through it.

CLARE  
Anything else?

STUART  
Like what?

Clare takes Angel's file back off Stuart, tapping him over the back of the head with it. As she does so Clare catches sight of Fiona entering the CPT Office.

CLARE  
Speak of the devil.

Clare frantically rearranges both herself and her desk.

STUART  
Who? What?

Stuart is looking about and can't see anyone because the filing cabinets obstruct his eyeline.

Clare is rearranging her skirt when...

FIONA  
Clare. Now who was it said miracles  
never happen?

Startled Stuart jumps back in surprise.

STUART  
Argh! Fiona!  
(beat)  
I'll err go now and erm... leave  
you two ladies to it.

Clare nods her approval. Fiona watches Stuart leave Clare's office, she then closes the door watching Stuart until he takes his seat in the main CPT office.

FIONA  
I'm not going to approve your department's overtime for the last month.

Clare rises to her feet.

CLARE  
What? You've got a nerve.

FIONA  
You're departments way over its allocated hours!

Clare slowly walks around her desk, still minus her shoes.

CLARE  
I've already spoken to the head of finance, its coming out of the budget for the additional two members of staff I'm still owed.  
So...

(beat)  
If you don't mind I've got work to do.

Clare hinting angrily holds upon the door, Fiona slides sideways through it almost breast to breast with both looking contemptuously into each other's eyes.

Fiona takes half a step then stops, as she feigns remembering another reason why she paid Clare a visit.

FIONA  
Oh!  
(beat)  
Did you know a complaint has been made against you by Dalton & Marsh?

CLARE  
Yeah, yeah. I had a run-in with Craig Radcliffe's defence lawyer.

FIONA  
You do seem to a have a propensity for the occasional...  
(beat)  
'Run in,' don't you?

CLARE  
You mean, like you have a habit of biting off more than you can chew?

FIONA  
Don't make an enemy of me Clare.  
One day you just might need all the friends you can get.

Clare slams the door behind her.

Fiona exits the CPT office with a scowl.

On her way out she passes Lisa entering the CPT office.

LISA

Hello.

Fiona marches straight passed her. Lisa shrugs her shoulders as if to say, what have I done? Entering the CPT office Lisa notices Clare standing by her office door. Upon seeing Lisa Clare gestures Lisa over.

CLARE

Ever felt like killing someone?

LISA

The occasional ex-boyfriend!

They both laugh. Clare puts her arm around Lisa as they walk into her office.

INT. CORRIDOR MOUNT DENE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL - DAY

The Head, Deputy Head, the Child Protection police officer, and a second police officer are walking down a corridor.

They come to a door and enter.

INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

Inside the room is Mr. Taylor, Mike and the NUT Rep.

POLICE OFFICER

Ian Taylor?

MR. TAYLOR

Yes.

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)

Ian Taylor. I am arresting you on a charge of Grievous Bodily Harm anything you say will...

The words echo around the room and during the...

MONTAGE:

Mr. Taylor being handcuffed and lead out of the room by the two police officers.

Walking along a corridor past shocked teachers who speak words of support and defiance.

Into the School yard where teachers, parents and pupils are milling about talking.

Mr. Taylor entering a police car.

CUT TO:

Teachers #3 & 4 are looking out of the staff-room window watching Mr. Taylor.

TEACHER # 3  
If they allow Gavin Reed back into school, I'll refuse to teach him.

TEACHER # 4  
You won't be the only one.

POV: The Police car driving off.

INT. CHILD PROTECTION TEAM OFFICE - DAY

Ravi arrives back in the Office and heads straight for the kettle. Lisa is at her desk typing on the computer.

LISA  
Hiya Ravi, how are you?

RAVI  
I could do with something stronger,  
but coffee will suffice for now.  
(beat)  
You want one?

Lisa shakes her head. Ravi continues to make his coffee.

LISA  
Busy day?

RAVI  
Fairly typical. Some kid attacking  
a teacher in school.

LISA  
Run-of-the-mill stuff then.

Ravi takes his coffee and sits down next to Lisa, who continues to type while talking and listening to Ravi.

RAVI  
Apart from getting his comeuppance  
by being rugby tackled by another  
teacher.

LISA  
Really?

RAVI  
Yeah, inadvertently knocking the  
kid unconscious and fracturing his  
skull.

LISA  
Oh! Painful.

RAVI  
Not half.  
(beat)  
What about you?

LISA  
Terrible.  
(beat)  
This morning's indoctrination  
session with Stuart was piss-poor,  
and that's putting it politely.

Clare casually standing by her door pauses to smile at Lisa's comment.

CLARE  
I think you're going to fit in  
nicely around here Lisa.  
(beat)  
Ravi. A word please.

Clare indicates for him to go into her office. Ravi takes his coffee with him and sits down casually opposite Clare.

CLARE  
What do you make of the incident at  
the school this afternoon.

RAVI  
I'm about to start writing my  
report. Do you want to wait till I  
finish it and bring it to you once  
it's done?

CLARE  
No, I need to know now. I've a  
feeling this is going to get very  
messy.

Clare walks to the window staring out of it deep in thought.

RAVI (O.S.)  
Any particular reason, or just  
another one of your hunches?

She half-turns turns to face him.

CLARE  
I've just spoken to some snooty  
woman from the school governors.  
They want to make a stance against  
what she called teacher violence.  
(beat)  
What's your gut reaction Ravi?

Ravi takes a sip of his coffee to gather his thoughts, while Clare sits down in her chair opposite him.

RAVI

Between you, me, and these four walls, I doubt you'll find many people who wouldn't have reacted the same way.

(beat)

But, given the governments guidelines, you'd be hard-pressed to argue a rugby tackle constitutes an acceptable level of physical restraint.

CLARE

Oh...tough call.

(beat)

Still, realistically in the eyes of the Law he's fucked.

(beat)

Shame.

Ravi reluctantly shrugs his shoulders.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Stuart is with Nathan sat at a table eating when...

Two young ladies recognize him. (Both early 20s smartly dressed secretary types, a bit on the bimbo side).

YOUNG LADY#1

Hi Stuart, he one of your cases?

Stuart chokes on his burger as he embarrassingly stumbles for an answer while trying not to spit food.

STUART

Pff not exactly he's err...

NATHAN

... Finished! Can I have ice cream now?

YOUNG LADY#2

What's your name then?

NATHAN

Nathan.

YOUNG LADY#2

What a lovely name.

Nathan takes out a toy CAR from his pocket to play with.

YOUNG LADY#1

Oh wow Nathan you've got a toy.

The ladies exchange a look between them.

NATHAN  
Yeah, if you do this it goes...

Nathan proceeds to demonstrate.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Dad, dad, can I have a ice cream?

YOUNG LADY#1 & 2  
Dad?

An awkward silence ensues broken simultaneously as Stuart and Young Lady #1 speak, Stuart struggling to recall her name.

STUART	YOUNG LADY #1
Yes erm...sorry	We err
should...	Katy.
Katy.	Right.
Go now.	

A red-faced Stuart watches as the girls walk off.

NATHAN  
Dad!

INT. CLARE & SIMON'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Simon and the 2 girls are in the front room. Melissa is sitting on the floor watching a cartoon on TV. (Still in her school uniform). Samantha dressed in pyjamas is curled up on the settee crying and being very demonstrative.

SAMANTHA  
Where's mummy? I want my mum!

Simon attempts to comfort her. Samantha curls over in the opposite direction to him.

SAMANTHA  
I want mummy!

Melissa turns up the TV.

SIMON  
Melissa that's far too loud!

Melissa points to Samantha.

MELISSA  
She's noisy.

Melissa pulls a face at Samantha, before using the remote to turn the TV up even louder.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Dad she's annoying me.

SIMON  
You're both annoying me.

Simon abruptly walks over to Melissa, taking the remote lying next to her he turns the TV down.

MELISSA  
But dad, that's not fair!

SIMON  
Don't but me!

Melissa angrily kicks out in front of her.

SIMON  
Do that again and the TV goes off.

Melissa angrily folds her arms and sulks.

SAMANTHA  
Daddy!

Simon turns around just in time to see Samantha being sick.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SOCIAL SERVICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The lights in the building are all out, apart from those on the ground floor entrance/reception, and a light shining from a 2nd floor window. (The CPT Office).

Through the window we see Clare typing on her computer.

CLOSE UP: The words she is typing:

As they are being typed a series of flashbacks of the events at court accompany Clare's voice-over.

CLARE (V.O.)  
Without Jenny Watson's evidence, it places in serious jeopardy the case against her former partner, Craig Radcliffe. Raising the possibility that he might escape conviction on the charge of Angel Watson's murder.

INT. CORRIDOR IN THE SOCIAL SERVICE DEPT - NIGHT

Terry, the Security Officer is walking along a corridor.

Noticing light coming from the CPT office he opens the door, seeing Clare's light still on he knocks on her office door as he walks in for what is a familiar late night routine.

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

CLARE  
Look who's talking?

TERRY  
Yeah, but I'm being paid to spend  
the night here whereas...

CLARE  
... I get paid to fuck up!

Clare closes the Angel Watson file.

TERRY  
You can't carry the weight of the  
world on your shoulders Clare.

Terry shakes his head in jest at Clare knowing his advice has gone in one ear and out the next.

CLARE  
If I don't help carry the likes of  
Jenny Watson, who will?

TERRY  
God!

Clare holds her hands up in acknowledgement, she logs off on her computer and begins to gather her belongings. She takes one last look about before turning her office light out.

CLARE  
Night Terry.

Terry watches Clare walking off down the corridor.

INT. ANGELS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jenny is in what used to be Angel's bedroom. The wallpaper is wood-chip coloured pink with stencils of cartoon characters on it and 'Frozen' curtains.

Jenny is laid face down on what we can safely presume was Angel's bed, which has a Frozen duvet on it.

In her hands we can see Jenny clutching a pair of pink pyjamas's, she is sobbing and rocks gently from side to side.

JENNY  
I want my baby.  
(beat)  
I want my baby.

Jenny lets out an anguished chilling cry.

The door opens and a middle-aged woman runs into the room and places a comforting arm around Jenny.

Jenny rolls over to hug the woman tightly.

EXT/INT. CLARE & SIMON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Clare pulls up outside her home. She gets out of the car and walks to the front door, where she pauses with her hand on the handle to steel herself, takes a deep breath, before she opens the door and enters the house.

Taking her coat off she throws it down on the staircase.

CLARE  
I'm home.

The sound of the children can be heard coming from upstairs. Clare makes her way up the stairs.

Simon appears at the top of them.

SIMON  
What time you call this?

CLARE  
Where are the girls?

SIMON  
In the bath.

Clare brushes past him and into the bathroom.

The girls faces light up as Clare enters the bathroom.

CLARE  
Hello my babies.

MELISSA & SAMANTHA  
Mummy!

DISSOLVE TO:

The girls are in their pyjamas putting them to bed.

CLARE  
If you're ok Sammy you'll go to school. If you're still feeling sick in the morning, we'll need to arrange a baby-sitter, ok?

She fusses with their pillows and pulls up each of their duvet covers, stroking each of their hairs as she gives them both a good-night hug and kiss.

At the bedroom door she turns the dimmer switch down.

CLARE (CONT'D)  
Night night.

DISSOLVE TO:

Clare and Simon are sat in the front room. He has a glass of whisky in his hand as he paces the room, while Clare sits reading a file. Next to her are a bunch of papers.

SIMON

You don't have to. You could say no.

CLARE

Do I have a choice?

SIMON

Yes!

(beat)

In case you've forgotten, you're not married to your job, but me.

CLARE

When you've had to work long hours it was a different story then, wasn't it?

Clare puts the file she is reading on top of the others.

CLARE (CONT'D)

It's much easier for you to switch off, you just shuffle bits of paper about all day.

SIMON

Meaning what? Your job has more value than mine?

CLARE

Meaning. I have to deal with people whose lives are...

Frustrated Clare gets up from her seat and turning her back on Simon she walks to the window and stares out, her mind preoccupied with the events of the day.

CLARE (V.O.)

You haven't got a bloody clue about what goes on out there have you?

Simon slams his drink down on the coffee table. Clare turns around, Simon is glaring at her across the room.

SIMON

You haven't got a bloody clue about what goes on in here, because you're never bloody well at home!

Simon takes hold of Clare as he angrily points outside.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Do you know what your problem is?

(beat)  
(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

You care more about the problems  
out there, than you do about me,  
and your children in here!

Clare rounds on Simon.

CLARE

How dare you?

SIMON

Sorry, that was uncalled for.

CLARE

I'm Sorry too Simon.

(beat)

I've not been myself lately.

SIMON

I know.

Simon holds his arms out towards Clare, who accepts his  
embrace and rests her head on his shoulders.

Clare kisses Simon gently on the cheek.

CLARE

It's this case, it's eating me up.

(beat)

You're the rock I rely on Simon.

They kiss.

THE END: