OPENING TITLES
As directed.

CAPTION: Day 1

1 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY
A little newborn BABY in a buggy, trundling quietly along in an unidentifiable exterior, where high summer sunlight comes through the trees and flickers across his face.

We are in the grounds of a hospital in a busy market town in Yorkshire, but we don’t know that yet. And we never see the person pushing the buggy.

We just stay close on that BABY. He’s only a few days old. He looks happy, sleepy and well fed.

If such a tiny baby can be said to have a point of view, these first hospital scenes are in his.

2 EXT. COMMUTER STATION - DAY
Two boys aged about ten, ROSS and LUKE, are wheelying about the station car park on their bikes.

A train is visible in the distance, coming towards this semi-rural commuter railway station in the North of England.

3 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY
There’s a problem with a wheel on the buggy. It jumps, and pulls, and stops, near a big building which looms overhead.

The unidentified CARER struggles for a moment with the buggy, and then gives up.

The BABY is lifted out in his carrying seat, and the CARER walks away with him, leaving the buggy frame behind.

4 EXT. COMMUTER STATION - DAY
A car hurtles into the car park in a tearing hurry.

5 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY
The BABY is now being carried along in his seat, down an unidentifiable corridor.

A vague impression of a public place, and a few other people walking purposefully.
INT/EXT. LAURIE’S CAR/COMMUTER STATION - DAY

The car belongs to driver LAURA “LAURIE” FRANKLIN, aged 36, charging about the crowded car park in search of a place. Her mother JENNIFER “JEN” MASON, 71, is panicking in the passenger seat.

JEN
We’ll be late.

LAURIE
(the hundredth time)
We won’t be late!

JEN
I told you but you never listen.

LAURIE
Who are all these bloody people and why can’t they just stay at home?

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

The baby’s CARER gets to an unidentified door and opens it, a bit furtively.

One or two of the people walking down the corridor now come into focus. They are NURSES and PATIENTS. We see enough now to understand we are in a hospital.

Nobody notices the CARER slipping inside with the BABY and locking the door.

EXT. COMMUTER STATION - DAY

The train is pulling in, as LAURIE struggles to get her mum JEN out of the car.

The boys are still careering about, too close to the car.

JEN
I can’t go any faster, you’ll have to go without me.

LAURIE
Come on, you can do it.
(to the boys)
Do you want to watch where you’re going?

ROSS
Bugger off, minger!
Ringleader ROSS leads his pal LUKE away sniggering. They stop a little way off and wait to see if LAURIE will respond - and she’d like to, if only she didn’t have her hands full of difficult mother.

JEN
(close to tears)
Go on your own, I don’t mind, I don’t want to get in your way.

LAURIE
Oh Mum! I’m not the one with the appointment, am I!

JEN
There’ll be another one along in a minute.

The train arrives and one or two doors open. Now that it’s clear that they will never make it, and that there is nothing LAURIE can do about any of it, she relaxes.

LAURIE
Another what, Mum?

JEN can’t remember the word for train, but she won’t admit it. So she changes the subject.

JEN
I know what you need, Laurie my girl. A nice cup of coffee.

LAURIE hears the train doors slam. She sighs.

LAURIE
What I need is more than twenty four hours in a day.

The boys come hurtling by again. This time it’s the quieter, more human boy who speaks.

LUKE
You can’t park that car here, miss.

LAURIE
And you can’t ride that bike here, mister, so that makes us both villains.

LUKE
(persisting)
They have bastard clampers, innit.

JEN
I’ll clamp you if you’re not careful, potty mouth.
ROSS
Silly old cow.

ROSS leads his friend off, giggling and gesticulating. LUKE turns and looks over his shoulder, a bit sorry. LAURIE grins at him, and gets a winning smile back. Connected.

JEN
(sour)
I blame the parents.

LAURIE
(joshing her)
So do I.

INT. HOSPITAL - DISABLED LOO - DAY
Still tight on that baby. Still inside his experience.
An unidentifiable hand straightens his clothes, and caresses his face.
The hand opens a window latch for fresh air.
The sound of the lock turning, and then the door closing quietly as the CARER departs.
A beat. It’s very quiet.
For the first time, we come out of the baby’s pov. We get a proper look at his situation.
The BABY is plonked in his buggy seat on the floor in a corner of a public disabled toilet.
He is all alone.
It seems pretty scary now. Ordinary noises, sounding strangely threatening. There’s a tap dripping. The window is open and creaking in the breeze. A distant emergency siren.
A bit of a wriggle in the seat. And then a whimper, not quite resolving into a weak cry.

EXT. CORNER SHOP - DAY
LUKE and ROSS ride their bikes past a corner shop, yakking away, just tooling around, without a plan.
They turn the corner and ride over a railway bridge.
The train line stretches away.
Further up the railway line, LAURIE and JEN sit on a bench on the platform, drinking machine coffee out of plastic cups.

JEN (a bit impatient)  
Apple, penny, table. Apple penny table.

LAURIE  
OK. Now world backwards.

JEN  
This coffee’s cold.

LAURIE  
Mum...

JEN (bored)  
D, L, O, no D, L, R, O, L, D...

The next train is crawling along towards them. It’s a small, two carriage, local commuter service.

LAURIE stands up and checks her watch anxiously.

Staff and patients, coming and going along this long, long corridor, walking fast, passing the disabled loo and paying it no attention.

They clear to reveal a fortyish West African cleaner, DIEUDONNE “DIDI” MPUTU. The only person here who is not in a hurry, DIDI is tooling slowly along the corridor in the distance.

His machine whirring and humming, DIDI is thinking of home.

LAURIE and JEN are sitting on the train, which is still in the commuter station and going nowhere. JEN has a notepad in front of her. She is drawing a small circle on it.

LAURIE  
No, Mum, how many more times, you need to make it bigger.

JEN  
Stop going on at me.
JEN is carrying on with her small circle and now she is putting a clockface on it.

LAURIE
I’m not, I’m just saying... God, is this train ever going to leave?

GERARD
It’s the new timetable. They’ve made a right mess of it.

GERARD HOPKIRK is a bright-eyed elderly gentleman, kitted out for a serious country walk in boots and breeches and day sac.

GERARD (CONT’D)
And last week I were stuck two hours cos of blooming thieves stripping out the copper wire.

He is smiling at the women and clearly hoping to be drawn into their conversation.

GERARD (CONT’D)
It runs alongside the track.

Too much information. LAURIE blanks him.

LAURIE
That’s it, ten to two.

JEN draws ten to two, but she thinks LAURIE is being rude, and explains to GERARD:

JEN
My daughter’s been living down south.

GERARD
Poor lass!

JEN
Where are you from?

GERARD
Wrong side of Pennines, me, can’t you tell?

LAURIE
Mum, concentrate please, just show ten to two, it’s always ten to two... God.

LAURIE checks her WATCH nervously.

The train doors slam, to her great relief.
INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

DIDI has cleaned his way all down the long corridor towards the disabled loo.

At first, DIDI doesn’t hear the faint crying. He passes by the door.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

As the train gathers speed, JEN is still going through her paces under her breath. But she is getting nervous.

JEN

INT. HOSPITAL - DISABLED LOO - DAY

A CAT suddenly jumps through the open window on to the window ledge.

INT. HOSPITAL - DISABLED LOO - DAY

The CAT lands near the baby. Too close.

EXT. RAILWAY LINE - DAY

The train flies by.

INT. HOSPITAL - DISABLED LOO - DAY

The CAT lands near the baby. Too close.

EXT. RAILWAY LINE - DAY

We are a couple of miles on from the station, and the train is approaching the road bridge over the track where the two boys were cycling.

Now LUKE and ROSS scramble up to the top of the embankment on their bikes, with a clear view down towards the bridge and the oncoming train.

ROSS
Wicked!

He starts heaving at a convenient log.

ROSS (CONT’D)
Get the other end, man!

LUKE
You’re daft, you, it’s electric down there.
ROSS, always hyper, does a cartoon character being electrocuted.

ROSS
  Bzzzz bzzzz! It’s diesel, you loser! Take my picture!

LUKE laughs, and gets his mobile phone out. ROSS, capering about and mugging for the camera.

A point of view on them from the bridge above the track. Someone is watching. Someone sees LUKE pick up the other end of the log.

The boys run down the embankment towards the track.

INT. HOSPITAL - DISABLED TOILET - DAY

The cat peers into the crying baby’s face and puts out a not very nice paw.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

A faint cry from inside the loo.

DIDI switches off his machine and stretches.

The cry intensifies, just a little.

Just when we think he’s missed it, DIDI turns. Listens.

Looks up and down the silent corridor, which is now empty.

Puts his ear to the door. Crying again.

DIDI is not sure what to do; he doesn’t want to intrude if there is just a mother in there changing her baby.

His accent is French West African.

       DIDI
       Madame?

He looks up and down the corridor, hoping for advice.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Cheery young conductor DANIEL “DANNY” PRESTON is making his way down the train. He is just leaving a smartly dressed black jobseeker, JAMAL MATTHEWS, 27.

       DANNY
       Any more tickets please.
LAURIE gets to her feet, reaching for her purse.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY
DIDI knocks gently on the door.

DIDI
Madame?

INT. TRAIN - DAY
Suddenly: a blow on the whistle, and the train brakes, throwing LAURIE down the carriage.
DANNY catches her before she falls.
A loud bang.
In JAMAL’s wondering point of view: something unidentifiable flying past the window.

JAMAL
We’ve hit something.
LAURIE looks up as she hears him.

EXT. RAILWAY LINE - DAY
An impression of something flying past the braking train.
The screeching brake sound crosses into...

INT. HOSPITAL - DISABLED TOILET - DAY
... The baby now crying his head off.

DIDI (O.C.)
Madame, I am coming in now. OK.
Please don’t be afraid. I am coming.
Gently, he opens the door.
The cat squeals past him and away.

EXT. RAILWAY LINE - DAY
The wheels of the train screeching to a halt. There is blood smeared on the side front of the train.
Halfway down the embankment, the two boys stand open mouthed, looking towards the bridge, still holding on to each end of their log.

ROSS
Gross! I mean really, really gross.
Like, splat! Ugh! Let’s go and see.

Thrilled to bits, ROSS drops his end of the log and starts to scramble down the hill. LUKE stops him, fearful that the police will soon come.

LUKE
Nee na nee na.

ROSS
Come on, Luke!

LUKE
Come on nothing, if coppers catch us down there.

This time it’s ROSS who is reluctant, but he follows his friend back up the hill.

INT. HOSPITAL - DISABLED LOO - DAY

Quietly, calmly, with great tenderness, DIDI crouches down to the BABY, undoing his straps.

DIDI
Tu es tombe du ciel, quoi? Mais ou es ta maman? Tu l’as perdue, mon petit? Tu l’a cachee quelque part?

He lifts the child out into his arms. This is a man who knows babies.

DIDI (CONT’D)
Where is your Maman?

EXT. RAILWAY LINE - DAY

The boys’ log rolls lazily down to the track, and comes to rest by a bloodied trainer shoe.

Further up the track, the train is coming to rest, with its front end underneath the next bridge.

LUKE sees everyone’s faces peering out of the windows.

One worried face appears in the window of the back cab of the train: DANNY, the conductor.
DANNY opens the window and looks up and down the track. He sees the lads scrambling to the top of the hill and thinks - vandals.

31  INT. TRAIN - BACK CAB - DAY

DANNY has the cab to cab phone in his hand but the driver is not answering.

DANNY
(into phone)
Can you pick up? Pat, just pick it up, for God’s sake.

He’s frantically pulling on a “High Vis” - the high visibility vest train workers must wear if they might have to go on the track.

32  INT. TRAIN - DAY

Everyone on the train is peering out of the windows and trying to work out what’s going on.

GERARD
We definitely haven’t been derailed, because if we had of done, there’d have been gravel and all sorts flying past the window.

JAMAL
Looks to me like we ran over someone.

KIMBERLEY BRIGGS is a 16 year old girl shopper, out with her friend ROWAN PORTER. Everyone now talks over each other.

JEN
It might have been just something on the track.

KIMBERLEY
Yew, what if we have run over someone.

LAURIE
Shh, Mum, just let’s get sat down.

GERARD
More likely thieves, or vandals.

Out of long habit, as LAURIE sits her mother in a new seat, she inspects the other passengers: they include SOHEL HUSSAIN, a 29-year-old Asian, who is describing the situation into a mobile phone in muttered Punjabi.
JAMAL
How long we going to be stuck here?

ROWAN
(into her phone)
It’s me, guess what, we’ve run over
someone. No, no on the train.

She carries on talking excited gibberish to her Mum in the
background, while we stay with the other characters.

GERARD
(enjoying himself)
The rules say they’ve got ninety
minutes now to get the train
rolling again.

JAMAL
(appalled)
Ninety minutes! I’ve got a job
interview.

JEN
(of the girl shopper)
Does she have to shout?

ROWAN
I’m talking to my Mum!

Ticket collector DANNY comes out of the back cabin.

JAMAL
Can you open the doors?

GERARD (B/G)
(annoyed)
Of course he can’t open the doors.
There are trains out there!

On DANNY’s face, set and white and anxious as he walks
through the crowd. We are moving into his POV and will stay
there for the rest of the sequence.

JAMAL
Next station’s only round that
corner. I could walk from here.
Catch a bus.

KIMBERLEY
I’ll come with you.

JEN
(stage whisper)
In those shoes?
LAURIE
(amused)
Keep your nose out, Mum.

The chat moves into the b/g as we leave the scene with DANNY.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

DANNY moves from bright day to relative darkness, as he enters the forward part of the train under the bridge.

The TROLLEY GUY is there, picking up some of his wares which fell off the trolley during the emergency stop.

DANNY
Run up and down for me, do a free issue.

He keeps going forward, making for the driver’s cabin.

We hear the TROLLEY GUY arrive at the bright end of the train, and everyone cheer up.

JEN (O.C.)
Ooh yes please, I’d love a cup of coffee.

But by now we have reached the door to the driver’s cab with DANNY. He knocks on it, quite gently.

DANNY
It’s me, Danny. Let me in mate. Let me in.

A long beat, and the door opens.

INT. TRAIN - DRIVER’S CAB - CONTINUOUS

DANNY enters the driver’s cab and shuts the door behind him. The driver is PATRICK “PAT” DOWLING, early fifties.

DANNY
First off I thought someone had managed to lock themselves in that bloody loo again and pulled the passcom.

PAT can’t speak. He clings to the controls. DANNY talks too fast, too much, filling the space.

DANNY (CONT’D)
I looked out of the window but the warning light weren’t on so I knew that weren’t it and that’s when I saw them. Bloody kids.
PAT
She looked straight at me.

DANNY, shocked into silence, now realizing they have hit someone. PAT is shivering now.

PAT (CONT’D)
She had her arms out like this.
Like this.

But he can’t take his hands from the controls. His hands are rigid and white and he can’t move. DANNY touches his arm.

DANNY
It’s all right, mate.

Poor PAT just starts trembling and crying.

PAT
I can’t move.

DANNY
I’ll do it.

PAT
She chose me.

DANNY reaches across him to a big red emergency button and presses it importantly.

DANNY (INTO PHONE)
Hello? Hello? Control? Can you hear me? I’m the conductor on 101275 and we’ve struck a member of the public.

PAT starts to laugh.

PAT
I only came in for the overtime.

INT. TRAIN - DAY
DANNY comes storming back down the train and meets the TROLLEY GUY sorting himself out.

He shows DANNY his takings, grinning.

DANNY
(whisper)
I said free issue, you tosspot.

The TROLLEY GUY’s face falls, as DANNY storms onwards.

LAURIE is at a window with GERARD.
GERARD
I’d expect to see that signal on red by now.

36 EXT. RAILWAY LINE - DAY
The signal turns red.

37 INT. TRAIN - DAY
GERARD looking very satisfied with himself.

GERARD
They’ve an emergency button in the driver’s cab.

LAURIE is looking at him quizzically, wondering how he knows so much train stuff. He grins, enjoying her interest.

DANNY
I’m sorry, ladies and gentlemen, I’m still not sure what’s happened here, but I don’t think we’ll be moving for a while yet.

JAMAL
Oh man.

DANNY
Can I just ask if we’ve got any “competent person” here?

It’s a technical term - all look blank, and a bit insulted.

DANNY (CONT’D)
I just mean, anyone who works for the railways?

No-one. DANNY sighs. It was a long shot. Then, reluctantly:

LAURIE
I’m a police officer.

Everyone looks amazed, pleased, or anxious. DANNY looks really relieved.

JEN
It’s her day off! Oh, honestly.

LAURIE gets up to go with DANNY, who is heading for the back cab. DANNY speaks very quietly.

DANNY
We’ve had a person under our train.
LAURIE
Right. What do you want me to do?

DANNY
Can you just give me a minute.

To her great surprise, DANNY goes in and closes the door behind him.

INT. TRAIN - BACK CAB - DAY

DANNY urgently fiddling in the pockets of his jacket. He finds his mobile phone and switches it on, cursing the couple of seconds’ delay as it organizes itself. As soon as it works, he tries to ring.

He’s got hardly any signal and not much battery. Just splutter and interference from the other end.

DANNY
It’s me. I’m sorry, I’m not going to make it. Oh God, can you hear me? I’m really sorry, Nuss, really really sorry, I’ll get there as soon as I can...

The cab to cab phone buzzes and he picks up, instantly calm.

DANNY (CONT’D)
Yes, Pat.

PAT (OUT OF PHONE)
Ambulance, need to ring the ambulance...

DANNY
Control will sort it all out.

PAT (OUT OF PHONE)
It’s so dark.

DANNY rests his head against the wall of the cabin and takes a deep breath.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

DANNY comes back out of the cab to rejoin LAURIE. He’s calm now and in control, buttoning up his High Vis vest, clearly proposing to get out of the train.

LAURIE
You’re not going on the track?
DANNY
Signal’s on red, so he’s right, is Pat, it’s quite safe.

LAURIE
Yes, but...

DANNY
He’s scared she’s still alive out there.

They both know there is no hope of that.

LAURIE
I’m Laurie.

DANNY
Danny. You know you’re going to get a jumper one day. You train for it, but...

LAURIE indicates the driver’s cab.

LAURIE
I’ll sit with him.

DANNY
Member of the public, you’re not allowed in the cab...
      (giving in)
    Yeah, OK. Thanks.

LAURIE
You put that old trainspotter in charge of keeping my Mum happy. And Danny... no need to go closer than you have to.

He grins briefly and walks away.

LAURIE watches him reach GERARD, have a quick word, then reach up with his key and unlock the door.

KIMBERLEY
Where do you think you’re going?

DANNY jumps out of the train and locks the door behind him.

JAMAL
One law for him and another one for the rest of us.
DANNY looks down the track. He can’t see much.
He starts to walk away from the train.

LAURIE enters the cab and shuts the door quietly behind her.
She finds PAT fumbling to light a cigarette. She clocks the No Smoking sign.

PAT
Yeah, smoking kills.

He puts his cigs and matches down. LAURIE picks them up. A beat, and then she lights two and offers one to him.
He takes the cigarette off her and draws.

PAT (CONT’D)
I don’t want to talk about it, all right.

LAURIE
All right.

In silence, they sit there for a beat and stare into the dark tunnel.

LAURIE (CONT’D)
Just don’t tell my mother you caught me smoking.

Despite himself, PAT laughs.

PAT
Supposed to be my day off.

LAURIE
Mine too. Your first time, Pat?

PAT
Yeah.

Loud banging on the door ends the moment.

JAMAL (O.C.)
Nobody’s telling us anything out here!

LAURIE opens the door to see furious JAMAL stood there.
JAMAL
I miss this job because your train’s late and I’m going to sue. You want to tell him in there to get on to his governors and get this train moving. You want to tell him to open the bloody doors.

LAURIE
I don’t want to do any of those things. Please go and sit down, sir.

JAMAL tries to peer inside the cab, and LAURIE tries to fill the space in the doorway without actually pushing him.

JAMAL
(to Pat)
There’s people on here getting in a right panic. That old lady’s claustrophobic.

LAURIE
That old lady is my mother and she’s nothing of the kind. Please go and sit down and stop winding the other passengers up.

She does almost push him now, to his delight.

JAMAL
That’s assault, that is. What’s your number? Go on, give me your number.

LAURIE
DC Laurie Franklin 100893. Complaints phone number is 0845 935276. Be my guest.

She slams the door on him.

44
EXT. RAILWAY LINE – DAY

DANNY has reached the log.

He gives the log a kick, and reveals the single bloodied trainer. He gets down to look at it, then looks all round carefully, but he can’t see anything else.

He stands up very slowly and looks back along the length of the train towards the tunnel.

It’s very quiet.

Then he hears a crow cawing.
He looks back along the track. The crow has landed on something in the undergrowth.

DANNY plucks up his courage. And sets off towards it.

45  INT. TRAIN - DAY  45

GERARD and JEN bonding in moral superiority against the other passengers, most of whom are ranting into their mobiles, drumming their fingers, trying to get some shuteye.

JEN
The older you get, the less time you have left, the more of it you spend hanging around waiting for God knows what.

GERARD smiles at her, a bit sadly. He understands.

GERARD
Draw some more of your clocks. Passes the time.

JEN giggles. Then whispers:

JEN
See that lad over there?

She means SOHEL, sitting with his rucksack on his knee.

GERARD
What about him?

JEN
Do you think he’s a terrorist?

SOHEL sees them watching, and though he didn’t look furtive before, he does now, under their scrutiny.

GERARD
(giggling)
Shhhh!

46  EXT. RAILWAY LINE - DAY  46

DANNY has left the track and is stumbling through the undergrowth, very upset. We never see quite what he is seeing, and he tries not to look, too, at the fragments of the woman hit at speed by his train.

47  INT. TRAIN - DRIVER’S CAB - DAY  47

PAT is crying. LAURIE sits and waits for him to stop. In a bit, he subsides and blows his nose.
LAURIE
I don’t suppose the thought of you ever crossed her mind, Pat. She just saw a train. She thought - escape. She didn’t think, there’s someone looking out of that window who doesn’t deserve this.

A beat. PAT dries his eyes.

PAT
I was three miles out of Castlebury and had just passed the signal on green...

LAURIE
Save it, Pat. British Transport Police will be here soon.

PAT, agitated, desperate to talk about it.

PAT
They’re always bloody hours.

LAURIE
You don’t want to go through it all twice.

PAT
(dogged)
I was three miles out of Castlebury and had just passed the signal on green.

Reluctantly, LAURIE gets her pocketbook out of her bag, and starts to take notes.

PAT (CONT’D)
I was taking power when I saw her looking down at me. She stood on the bridge and she looked into my cabin and then all of a sudden she was jumped up on the bridge and on her way down. Arms out like this, like wings flapping. And she fell and her eyes were wide open. She fell right into the path of my train.

EXT. RAILWAY LINE - DAY

DANNY sees what looks like a large bunch of rags and approaches it cautiously. Claps his hands to drive the crow away.
49  INT. TRAIN - DRIVER’S CAB - DAY  49

LAURIE and PAT.

PAT
I thought, she’s going to come
right into the cab, she’s going to
smash right through the window and
land right on me...

(beat)
She were a looker, too, under all
that bloody black sheeting they
wear.

LAURIE’s face - what?

50  EXT. RAILWAY LINE - DAY  50

DANNY’s view of the dead girl: a dark jilbab. Young, female, dead.

And Muslim.

DANNY crouches down beside her and weeps.

The two of them alone in the landscape.

51  INT. HOSPITAL - A&E - DAY  51

The West African cleaner DIDI stands in a corner looking a
bit nervous and aggrieved, as medical and nursing staff
bustle about unpicking the baby’s clothes and sticking
thermometers in him and so on. Among them, a young senior
registrar from Iraq, DR ADEL HAYDAR, and a nursing sister,
SIÒBHAN DOOLE.

In the foreground, a bossy young woman social worker, COLETTE
“COLLY” TRENT, black or mixed race with a Caribbean
background.

COLLY
(_into the phone)_
We've acquired a baby down here in
A&E who’s lost his mother. Can
you...? Thanks, yeah.

(to the nurses)
Maternity unit are checking now if
any of their mothers and babies
have parted company. In the
meantime...

DIDI
(interrupting)
Not that way. You hurt him.
All look dischuffed at this intervention from a cleaner, and gimlet eyes stare at him.

COLLY
They’re nurses. They do know what they’re doing.

COLLY can see he is genuinely concerned, and her face softens. She tries to jolly him out of it.

COLLY (CONT’D)
When I was a few days old, my mother left me outside the baker’s shop. Half an hour before she realized.

DIDI
(stony)
The lady who abandoned this baby did not make a mistake.

COLLY
She made sure to leave him somewhere he would be found by kind people.

DIDI
She did a terrible thing. For who will be his mother now?

COLLY
That’ll be social services. Or to put it another way, me. Oh don’t look so worried! I’ll get him a proper foster mother who knows which end is up.

DIDI is not amused and is beginning to look a bit upset.

COLLY (CONT’D)
What’s your name, flower?

DIDI
Dieudonne Mputu.

COLLY looks a bit stricken, and tries not to laugh.

DR HAYDAR
The police are here.

COLLY looks - a pretty uniformed policewoman who looks about 12 stands a little way off. PC NATALIE CRYER is actually pushing 30. She is asking directions from another nurse.

COLLY
Babies, babies, everywhere.
She hurries off to greet PC CRYER in the b/g.

At the sight of the uniform, DIDI shrinks into a corner, but his voice is urgent now.

DIDI
Why is she laughing at me?

SISTER DOOLE
Well, Doody whatever your name is...

DIDI
Dieudonne Mputu. You can call me Didi.

SISTER DOOLE
OK, Didi. With abandoned babies, sometimes they like to name him after the person who found him. And your name... well. Bit of a mouthful.

DIDI
My brother is called Michael.

SISTER DOOLE

DIDI stands there and suddenly he is all smiles.

DIDI
Michael.

He gazes down at baby MICHAEL, beaming.

COLLY and PC CRYER come back in.

SISTER DOOLE
Didi has a brother called Michael.

She turns to smile at DIDI, but he has melted away.

COLLY looks down at the baby, and accepts.

COLLY
Hello, Michael.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The passengers are sitting in sullen heaps now, asleep, or eyes shut anyway, locked behind their I-pods or Sudokus or texting away on their mobiles.

The only ones talking are GERARD and JEN, sitting together, all friends.
GERARD is fanning her with his ordnance survey map. It is very hot in the train now, and she is visibly wilting.

JEN
She has me practising every time we go. She reckons they always ask the same question. I can’t remember if they do or not!

(beat)
Oh dear. It’s awfully hot in here, awfully hot.

(about the trolley guy)
Has he got a bottle of water on there?

GERARD
All I can see is two cans of Stella.

JEN
I really think I need to get out of this train.

She is starting rather quietly to move into a panic attack; pale and sweaty and sad rather than loud and annoying.

JEN (CONT’D)
I really think...

She throws up - not much, just a posset really, but enough to upset everyone. GERARD just about manages to dodge it.

JAMAL
Right, that’s it. I’m getting off this train.

ROWAN
(sneering)
What you going to do, storm the doors?

KIMBERLEY
(admiring)
Cool!

At this moment, DANNY arrives back and lets himself in.

A very determined look on the faces of all his passengers.

But, surprisingly, it’s SOHEL who launches himself at DANNY.

DANNY lands on his back at the side of his train. He’s not badly hurt, but he is shocked to have been given a shove by a passenger.
He looks up at the train to see SOHEL climbing out. For a moment we see what only SOHEL sees: which is a little convoy of police cars and train company vehicles arrive in the distance. SOHEL hurries away.

INTERCUT - INT. TRAIN/EXT RAILWAY LINE - DAY

LAURIE charges down the carriage, to find a melee by the door as passengers queue up to get out of the train.

    LAURIE
    What do you think you’re doing?

    JAMAL
    What does it bloody look like?
    Unlawful imprisonment, this is.

    JAMAL jumps.

    KIMBERLEY
    Wait for me!

Now KIMBERLEY jumps, to ROWAN’s alarm.

    ROWAN
    Kimberley, no!

    LAURIE appears in the doorway to find JAMAL helping KIMBERLEY up. And here’s DANNY, pulling himself to his feet, winded and nursing his pride.

    LAURIE
    What happened to you?

    DANNY
    Pushed me out of bloody carriage.

He indicates SOHEL, now some way off. JAMAL walks away too.

    KIMBERLEY
    (to Rowan)
    Come on!

So ROWAN jumps out too, and the girls set off after him.

    LAURIE
    Mum, I’m going to have to get off the train, it’s armageddon out there.

    JEN
    Don’t be long.
LAURIE climbs out of the train to join DANNY.

DANNY
You got any idea how many forms I’m going to have to fill in after this adventure...

LAURIE
I’m a police officer. Filling in forms is what I do.

Behind her, GERARD has climbed out and is holding up his arms to JEN.

GERARD
Come on, love, I’ll catch you.

LAURIE
You will not!

JEN
I don’t mind him catching me.

LAURIE
You’re staying on that train!
(to Gerard)
You came out to go walking, right? So off you go. Ten miles in those boots by teatime.

GERARD walks away, glowering.

It is at this point that the British Transport Police walk up, and find LAURIE apparently leading a passenger revolt.

The officers are both uniformed men: SGT DON PARKER, 40s, and PC PAUL TAIT, small and thin, in his mid 20s.

SGT PARKER
What the hell is going on here? Get those people back on the train.

LAURIE
I did my best, but they’ve all got places they’d rather be, sarge.

SGT PARKER
I’d rather be in Lanzarote myself but I’ve got a job to do.

LAURIE
Since it’s clearly a suicide...

SGT PARKER
I don’t think that’s for you to judge, is it.
LAURIE shows her warrant card, and he peers at the name.

**LAURIE**
DC Laura Franklin. The driver says she threw herself off that bridge with open arms...

**DANNY**
Those two lads I saw on the track, they must have seen her.

**LAURIE**
Witnesses, good.

**SGT PARKER**
OK, Miss Franklin, I should say that’s quite enough of you for now, so why don’t you get your tanks off my lawn and think about what you’ll say to your gaffer when you get a tug tomorrow for unauthorized evacuation of a train.

(to Pc Tait)
Shove this numpty and her mates in a corner and glower the buggery out of the lot of them. Where is my driver?

He marches off towards PAT. DANNY gives LAURIE a look - aren’t you going to stand up to those cheeky gits?

**LAURIE**
(dismissive)
Railway bill.

But when he smiles and turns away, she checks her watch again and despairs.

**55 INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION - DAY**

COLLY and PC CRYER are sitting together, winding up their formal multi-agency meeting to plan their response to the day’s events. PC CRYER is shoving paperwork into a briefcase, and COLLY hanging on the phone to the fostering service. The atmosphere is urgent but professional.

**PC CRYER**
If I get off now I can get an appeal out by dinnertime...

**COLLY**
Asking her to come forward...

**PC CRYER**
... as she may be in need of medical attention etc.
COLLY

OK.

(into phone)
Using our powers under the Children
Act, yeah.

(to PC Cryer)
Catch up with you later.

(into phone)
Great, I’ll try her first then.

PC CRYER leaves as COLLY ends the call.

COLLY (CONT’D)
Fostering service have given me
some numbers.

(to Sister Doole)
Everyone on the ward does know,
don’t they, that he isn’t to be
released? Whoever turns up, even if
she claims to be the mother, he’s
in our care and he’s not going
anywhere?

SISTER DOOLE
(cheerful)
It’ll be like Fort Knox in here.

As COLLY hurries down the corridor, DIDI is holding forth in
his shy way to a little group of his admiring cleaner
colleagues, including MAUREEN HARDY, early 40s.

DIDI
It was just good luck for me, I
turned my machine off, and I heard
a little cry, and I pushed the
door, and there he was.

He pushes the door open, and all peer in.

COLLY passes, smiling, thinking “famous for 15 minutes”.

DIDI (CONT’D)
Colly! Can my friends go to see
Michael?

COLLY
You can ask, but I don’t think
they’re going to want tourists.

She sails on, watched in a faintly hostile manner by MAUREEN.

MAUREEN
I wonder what his real name is.
DIDI
(firm)
His real name is Michael. After my brother.

EXT. MARKET - DAY
A busy market, many Asian customers.

COLLY is at a stall, picking babygros and nappies and little jackets. She is also on the mobile phone.

COLLY
No, pet, I understand, of course. No worries. Hope you feel better soon.

She rings off and tries again.

COLLY (CONT’D)
Hi, it’s Colly Trent. Listen, love, I’ve got an emergency just come in this morning, and the fostering service said... Oh no! Sorry, I didn’t know... not serious I hope? Yeah, good luck now, OK.

She finds one last piece of baby clothing - something bright green. It makes her smile.

As COLLY queues to pay, she thinks hard. She takes a deep breath, makes a reluctant decision and dials one last number.

COLLY (CONT’D)
Nick?

NICK
(out of phone)
Colette.

EXT. SCARBOROUGH - BEACH - DAY
A kindly looking white man in his forties is doing the bucket and spade routine with a little silent mixed race black girl aged five or six.

The man is NICHOLAS “NICK” DURDEN, the child his natural daughter GEMMA.

NICK
(into phone)
Long time since I heard your voice.

Intercut:
NICK (CONT’D)
You must be desperate.

COLLY
I’ve got an abandoned baby and I understand you’re still approved. Are you able to take him? Nick?

NICK
I’m in Scarborough with Gemma.

COLLY
His name’s Michael. There are no medical concerns.

He thinks about it just for a moment. COLLY crosses her fingers.

NICK
I must be mad.

COLLY
Thanks, Nick.

NICK ends the call and gets down to the little girl’s level.

NICK
Now then. What do you reckon to the idea of a baby brother?

GEMMA’s not at all sure she’s in favour of that. She gives him a bucket of pebbles, and he stands up.

NICK starts to skip the pebbles out across the sea.

They run a ripple effect out into the water.

NICK and GEMMA laugh with delight.

INT. TRAIN - DRIVER’S CAB - DAY

We are in the cab with PAT as he drives the train on to its destination.

He exits the gloom of a bridge and bright light suddenly bathes his face. He closes his eyes with relief.

SCENE DELETED

SCENE DELETED

SCENE DELETED
EXT. TOWN STATION - DAY

LAURIE hurries JEN out of the town centre railway station.

They reach the taxi rank. There is a queue, and JEN is panting a bit.

LAURIE
Oh look at this.
(to the queue)
Do you mind, my mother’s got a hospital appointment, do you mind if we...

But the queue shuffles intently together, without looking at LAURIE, doing that strange English thing, blanking her without speaking to her...

LAURIE (CONT’D)
Yeah right thankyou too.

LAURIE catches sight of DANNY, walking across the road to a minicab waiting in the nearby car park.

LAURIE (CONT’D)
Danny! Danny!

She sees a middleaged Asian driver, IBRAHIM “IBRA” AKRAM, get out of the cab and open his arms to DANNY. The men hug tight.

She pauses for a moment, then goes for it anyway.

LAURIE (CONT’D)
Danny!

He breaks off his hug and looks round at her, a bit unwelcoming.

INT/EXT. IBRA’S TAXI - DAY

LAURIE and JEN in the back of IBRA’s taxi, DANNY in the front passenger seat.

LAURIE
It’s really kind of you.

IBRA
It’s on our way, pretty much.

LAURIE
It’s just if you’re in a hurry...

DANNY
It’s fine, really.

He is checking his watch. It’s not really fine.
IBRA
You’ve got no chance anyway, now.

A beat, and DANNY relaxes, and smiles. He is trying to agree it’s fine after all.

JEN
Very nice having your own personal taxi driver.

DANNY
Except for the earache. Never stops talking, this one.

IBRA
Just sociable. Might as well be friendly as not, isn’t it?

IBRA is a bright, cheerful Pakistani in his 40s, who came to this country as a small child. He drives fast and likes to chat.

JEN
Where are you from then?

LAURIE
Oh, I’m sorry, she asks everyone.

IBRA
No problem. I’m from Skipton.

He laughs. And then catches LAURIE’s eye in his mirror.

LAURIE
Her appointment was supposed to be 12 o’clock.

IBRA
In a hurry, yeah? Join the club! Look at this traffic, mad innit. Where they all going, all these people?

JEN
We were on the train before.

IBRA
Rubbish trains, taxis better!

DANNY
Careful!

The men giggle. JEN perseveres.

JEN
A girl went under our train. Killed herself. On purpose.
IBRA’s face in the mirror, smiling indulgently.

IBRA
That’s right, love. That’s why Danny boy called me out.

JEN
She was one of your girls.

IBRA’s face, no longer smiling.

LAURIE
Mum...

IBRA
An Asian girl?
(to Danny)
You never said.

JEN
You might know her.

LAURIE
Mum, just because she was Asian...

IBRA
No, your Mum’s right, if she were from round here I probably do know her. Know everybody, me.

He laughs. And then catches LAURIE’s eye in his mirror.

IBRA (CONT’D)
Sad world innit, love, sometimes.
(beat)
It’s against our religion, you know.

DANNY
Suicide? You could have fooled me.

A beat. And IBRA laughs.

IBRA
See the respect my son-in-law shows me.

But they are both laughing, the best of friends really.

IBRA (CONT’D)
Everybody doing wishful thinking, innit. We’ve got lads think all you got to do is grow a long beard and tie a bloody scarf round your bloody head and that makes you a Muslim.
And we’ve got politicians think all they got to do is shout louder.

DANNY
You’ve sent him off on one now!

LAURIE
(ignoring Danny)
And what do you think?

A beat, and IBRA is now serious.

IBRA
I think you can’t just do what you like with the body God gave you.

JEN is starting to look a bit green.

JEN
Are we nearly there?

LAURIE
You’re not going to...

JEN
I’ll be all right! Ooh, you do fuss.

IBRA (CONT’D)

IBRA’s taxi draws up outside the hospital.

JEN and LAURIE get out.

LAURIE
How much?

IBRA
Don’t even think about it.

LAURIE
No, I must...

DANNY
I’ll be charging him to the train company anyway.

LAURIE
Give us your card so I can get you later.

IBRA
Wanting a free ride home and all are you?

But he gives her the card, laughing.
As the women walk away, IBRA looks at DANNY, puzzled why he never said the dead girl was Asian. DANNY sighs.

DANNY
Something about seeing her like that. A Muslim girl, dead like that. Something...
(beat)
Something a bit close to home.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY
64PP
LAURIE and JEN hurry to the hospital entrance.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY
65
LAURIE crashes through a door into a corridor, dragging JEN behind her.

She sees a PORTER pushing an empty wheelchair. She commandeers it.

LAURIE
Just for a minute.

LAURIE flashes her warrant card and sits JEN down in the wheelchair.

LAURIE (CONT’D)
Police.

She runs off, pushing the chair with JEN in it.

JEN
Naughty!

LAURIE laughs. Wheeee! She balances on the wheelchair, as JEN giggles and screams.

They pass the disabled toilet.

As they round a corner they fly straight into MAUREEN, the cleaner. They knock her bucket flying.

LAURIE
Oops!

MAUREEN
You could kill someone!

LAURIE
Sorry!
MAUREEN
I’ll give you sorry, what about this mess!

MAUREEN is upset – a bit more upset than is warranted. She looks close to tears as she surveys the water everywhere.
LAURIE and JEN sail on regardless. Euphoria, adrenaline, as they approach a set of double flapping doors.

LAURIE
Words!

66
INT. HOSPITAL - COVERED WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS

LAURIE, JEN and wheelchair crash through flapping doors into a covered walkway.

JEN
Apple penny table!

They crash through a door marked Geriatric Medicine.

67
INT. HOSPITAL - CLINIC RECEPTION - DAY

LAURIE and JEN simmer right down as soon as they reach the clinic which they have been trying to get to all day. They have still got the giggles, but are trying to control it.

LAURIE sees the clock on the wall reads 13.53.

The reception room is empty. Chairs, empty. Piles of magazines, neat.

The glass partition is shut.

JEN
Oh no. They’ve gone.

LAURIE
No chance. They’re facing the full might of The Law!

JEN giggles, as LAURIE calms herself and bangs on the glass. Turns, still giggling, and tries to send her mother an encouraging look.

After a moment, the glass opens.

CLINIC NURSE
Can I help you?

LAURIE
Mrs Mason. Jennifer Mason. She’s here for the memory clinic. I know we’re really late, but God, if you had any idea what our journey’s been like...
CLINIC NURSE
Oh, clinic’s been cancelled. All the appointments rescheduled. We did write to you.

A beat. We will be expecting LAURIE to lose her rag. We see her beat it down.

LAURIE
I’ve come a very long way and I need my Mum to see a doctor.

NURSE
As I say, we did write to you...

LAURIE
You deal with patients like this all the time and I imagine you have a good idea how well they cope with random envelopes.

JEN
(helpfully)
Apple penny table.

They both look at her, aghast.

CLINIC NURSE
Have you been rehearsing her?

JEN
I practise all the time, don’t I, Laurie? I want to get it right.
(beat)
What’s the matter?

LAURIE can see the CLINIC NURSE is very cross now. LAURIE loses it.

LAURIE
If you don’t want us to cheat, you could try changing the bloody questions once in a while. It’s not her fault, is it, if your stupid rules mean she has to keep on passing the same bloody test to prove she’s worth you even bothering to bloody treat her.
(beat)
Oh, God, you want me to beg you? Have you got a mother, nurse?

A noise behind her, and LAURIE and the CLINIC NURSE both look at JEN.

JEN is having a seizure.
Baby MICHAEL, safe and happy in his cot.

All around him, the people who have been looking out for him. COLLY, SISTER DOOLE, DR HAYDAR, PC CRYER.

And now NICK, his new foster father, reaches down into the cot and picks MICHAEL up to cuddle.

NICK
Hey, mister. What are we going to do with you, eh? Come here, that’s it.

NICK settles down into a chair, and SISTER DOOLE gives him the bottle. He feeds the baby.

Everyone looks soppy and says “aah”.

COLLY
His mother will still have had all on, concealing her pregnancy.

DR HAYDAR
We don’t know that she concealed it.

COLLY
No, but usually... Listen to me, what’s with the “usually”, I’ve never had one of these before!

In the background, an NS NURSE comes to fetch DR HAYDAR quite urgently away to deal with Jen, and he exits.

SISTER DOOLE
She’ll come back for him, surely.

Baby MICHAEL snuffles away.

NICK looks up at COLLY, smiling.

NICK
I’m kind of hoping she doesn’t!

It’s only a joke, and COLLY smiles.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - DAY

Danny hurry along the street carrying flowers, late and worried about it.
EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

DANNY, carrying a bunch of flowers, reaches a restaurant with lots of tables outside.

A young Asian woman sits at one of them, drinking coffee. She is wearing jeans and a bomber jacket with a dark headscarf. This is Danny’s wife NUSRAT, daughter of the taxi driver IBRA.

DANNY breaks into a huge grin when he sees her.

NUSRAT
Even on a normal day I’d say turning up hours late is grounds for divorce. On a day when we were supposed to be playing happy families for our social worker...

DANNY
Was she angry?

NUSRAT
No, she was cool.

She is thrilled with the piece of news she now gives him.

NUSRAT (CONT’D)
She said they give you the questions in advance.

DANNY
(amazed)
How far in advance?

NUSRAT
Just like 15 minutes or whatever. Just while you’re sitting outside waiting to go in. Are those for me or one of your other wives?

DANNY laughs and gives her the flowers. She looks at him: so what have I done to deserve these?

DANNY
We’re going to walk it.

He grabs the menu and looks down at it. When he looks up, NUSRAT is trying not to cry.

DANNY (CONT’D)
Oh, love. This is all good news.

NUSRAT
It feels like we’re giving up.

A beat. DANNY could cry too.
DANNY
We’ve been all over this.

NUSRAT
Everyone says the minute you adopt a child one of your own comes along too.

DANNY
You’ve got to let it go, Nuss. You know that’s the deal.

NUSRAT gets a grip. The conversation is over. She looks round for a waitress.

NUSRAT
Let’s get you a drink.
  (beat)
So, what sort of day you had, Tommy the Tank?

DANNY looks at her. He smiles wearily.

DANNY
Nothing special.

She looks up, sees through him.

NUSRAT
You’re about three weeks late...

DANNY
Two!

NUSRAT
... and I got flowers.

He is unwilling to tell her, but we know he will.

From across the road, we see him start to tell her about the incident on the train. We see her sit forward, intensely interested.

PASSERSBY, traffic, the rest of the world, all begin to obscure the couple.

INT. PUB - DAY

A man’s pub, with a big TV screen for the sport.

The train driver PAT enters and pushes his way to the bar.

PAT
Pint of best.

The BARMAID starts pulling.
And a whiskey chaser.

Now PAT speaks to her and to nobody in particular.

It’s my day off.

INT. HOSPITAL - A&E - CUBICLE - DAY

DR HAYDAR and the NS NURSE enter a cubicle to find JEN on the bed looking bedraggled, and LAURIE sitting beside her.

JEN
I’m all right, really I am, and I’d like to go home if it’s all the same to you.

DR HAYDAR
We’ll just have a little look at you first, if we may. Is that OK?

JEN looks at LAURIE for confirmation. Wearily, she nods.

JEN
Apple, penny...

LAURIE
No need for that now, Mum.

INT. HOSPITAL - A&E CUBICLE - MINUTES LATER

LAURIE, waiting alone outside the cubicle. Impatient, frustrated.

DR HAYDAR comes out.

DR HAYDAR
This medication your mother has been taking...

LAURIE
Look, I know, maybe it was wrong to coach her, but if you had seen the way she was before, the confusion, the tears...

DR HAYDAR
Perhaps nobody went through the reported side-effects with you?

LAURIE is silenced for a beat. Then a little laugh as she realizes she already knows the answer.
LAURIE
Dizziness? Nausea?

DR HAYDAR
And fits, yes, I’m afraid so. Only in a minority of patients, but...

LAURIE doesn’t know where to put herself.

LAURIE
She can’t be in the car more than ten minutes or she’s sick. That’s why we had to come on the stupid train.

(beat)
Will she have to come off it? Cos it’s given her back to me, you know. Given her back to herself.

DR HAYDAR
We need to have a good look at her. I’d like to keep her in, if I can find her a bed.

LAURIE bites back tears.

LAURIE
Square one. Square bloody one.

EXT. RAILWAY CUTTING - DUSK
A train thunders by as night begins to fall.

73A
EXT. BRIDGE - DUSK
SGT PARKER watches a couple of OFFICERS removing the crime scene tape.

PC TAIT walks up to him, carrying an evidence bag containing the trainer.

SGT PARKER
Another day, another dollar, another bloody jumper making a mess of my railway.

PC TAIT
Is that it then?

SGT PARKER
Yeah, this is the bit where you get to buy me a pint.

They start to walk away.
PC TAIT
I’ve never quite got my head round it, sarge.

SGT PARKER
And then I get to buy you one. What’s your problem?

PC TAIT
No, I mean I’ve never quite got my head round why, when someone kills themself, we automatically classify it as non-suspicious.

SGT PARKER
She jumped in front of a train, Paul. The driver saw her do it. We’re not even talking “cry for help” here. She got what she wanted, and what I want is a pint.

As they walk away, behind them the body is being loaded into an undertaker’s van.

INT. PUB - DUSK
PAT, still in the pub, alone, brooding.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DUSK
The hospital looking a bit spooky as the lights come on.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT
LAURIE sits by her mother JEN, who is asleep on a trolley in the corridor. SISTER DOOLE passes.

LAURIE
No sign of that bed yet?

SISTER DOOLE
I’m sorry. We’re all counting the days till they open the new wing.
LAURIE
My Mum’s going to be on this trolley all night, isn’t she?

SISTER DOOLE looks non-committal.

LAURIE waits there, bored and hungry. Then, checking her mother really is asleep, she goes looking for coffee.

INT. NUSRAT’S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DANNY sits at the table, supposedly filling in forms, actually staring into space. IBRA walks in and sits in a chair to read the newspaper.

DANNY
Chain of care, they call it. Someone from human resources brings you a cup of tea and you get a bit of stroking and a chocolate biscuit. (little laugh) And in return you get a bucket load of forms to drown yourself in.

IBRA
Good to get it done tonight. Then you don’t have to think about it any more.

IBRA goes back to his newspaper and DANNY thinks about it, but doesn’t believe it.

DANNY
Yeah. Hope so.

IBRA
Same in any job, Danny. Go mad if you dwell on the bad stuff.

INT. HOSPITAL - A&E - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

LAURIE clocks a coffee machine and walks towards it.

NICK is there, sorting through his pockets for change.

NICK
Haven’t got any change, have you?

She scrabbles in her purse.

LAURIE
I haven’t got enough change for either of us.
Suddenly, in front of this stranger, she gets tearful.

LAURIE (CONT’D)
Ignore me. Bloody long day
wrangling my mother up hill and
down dale.

NICK
Hard work being a carer.

LAURIE
Oh it’s not full time. She’s still
pretty independent, thank god.
Physically, anyway. It’s just I’m
not very good at it. I get so
snappy with her, and she doesn’t
deserve it.

NICK
Live on her own does she?

LAURIE
She lives with me! Or I live with
her. It was supposed to be
temporary, just till I got her back
on her feet, I mean my life’s down
south now, but... Sorry. What am I
like? Ranting on. Are you here
looking after someone?

NICK
A little baby.

LAURIE
I’m so sorry.

NICK
Oh, no, wrong idea, nothing wrong
with him. Apart from his mother
abandoned him.
NICK (CONT’D)
Left him in the disabled loo in here this morning.

NICK smiles wearily and turns to walk away.

NICK (CONT’D)
Takes all sorts.

LAURIE thinks about it and stops him.

LAURIE
Not Asian, is he, your baby?

INT. HOSPITAL - BABY WARD - NIGHT

Baby MICHAEL lies there asleep, wearing the bright green outfit COLLY bought him earlier. Around him, LAURIE, NICK, DR HAYDAR, SISTER DOOLE, PC CRYER.

NICK
He’s not been circumcised.

DR HAYDAR
Too young. Seven days is more normal. That’s assuming he comes from a Muslim family.

LAURIE
(disappointed)
Maybe I’m barking up the wrong tree. Now I’m looking at him he does look pretty white.

During DR HAYDAR’s next speech, COLLY bustles in.

DR HAYDAR
It’s honestly quite hard to tell when they are so small. And he is a bit jaundiced, which makes his skin colour even harder to interpret.

COLLY
(trying to joke)
You’re going to have to knock this idea on the head, guys. I’ve already named him Michael. Which is so not a Muslim name.

The joke falls very flat and NICK gets cross.

NICK
Oh, come on, we don’t even know if he’s brown yet, leave alone if he’s Muslim.
COLLY
Since when were all Muslims “brown”, as you so charmingly put it?

They glare at each other, and SISTER DOOLE mends it.

SISTER DOOLE
I think Michael is a lovely name.

DR HAYDAR
The Archangel Michael (PRON: MIKA’EEL) is mentioned in the Holy Qu’ran, actually.

(in Arabic)
Whoever is an enemy to Allah, and His angels, and His Messengers, and Gabriel, and Michael, then surely, Allah is an enemy to such disbelievers.

(in English)
In our tradition, Michael lives in the seventh heaven and has wings of emerald green.

Charmed by this thought, they all gaze at the baby in his suit of bright green.

NICK
(conciliatory)
See, Colette, you got the green bit right.

DR HAYDAR
Michael is the angel of blessings.

LAURIE
Tell that to his mother.

Her tone is harsh, and spoils the sweet moment. COLLY glares - who the hell is this?

NICK
This is Detective Constable Franklin. Colly Trent is the social worker.

COLLY
So is that his mother in the fridge downstairs or not?

LAURIE
No idea, I’m afraid. And no chance of finding out till after the weekend.
LAURIE moves away to the door, cheerful enough, dismissing the whole problem from her mind.

COLLY
You mean I’ve dragged myself back in here for nothing?

LAURIE
Suicide is not a crime, is it. So the girl in the morgue is not urgent. She’s not even interesting. She’ll be waiting her turn for a pathologist with all the boring dead people.

She exits. NICK gives COLLY a cross paternal frown, and gets an adolescent look back.

COLLY
Up herself, or what?

PC CRYER
Wait!

She follows LAURIE.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

PC CRYER stops LAURIE in the corridor.

PC CRYER
I’m just thinking – if there is any chance of a link between my baby and their body, maybe I should call the transport police back out?

LAURIE
Rather you than me, love!

LAURIE walks away, leaving PC CRYER confused and anxious.

PC CRYER takes out her mobile phone anyway and dials.

INT. HOSPITAL - A&E - NIGHT

LAURIE arrives back to the A&E corridor where she left her mother.

The trolley is empty. Panic!

The NURSE appears.
LAURIE
Where is she? Where’s my Mum?
You’re supposed to be looking after
her!

JEN appears round the corner, on the arm of an NS NURSE who
has found her wandering. She smiles broadly at LAURIE.

JEN
There you are! I’ve been looking
for you to tell you they found a
little baby in the toilet.

LAURIE
Really? Good Lord.

JEN picks up her handbag to leave.

JEN
I’ll be glad to get home.

LAURIE sighs. No chance.

LAURIE
They’re looking for a bed for you,
remember?

JEN
Of course they are, how could I
have forgotten that.

She slumps back down on the trolley, and LAURIE sits by her.

JEN (CONT’D)
I’m losing my marbles, aren’t I.

LAURIE
Marbles all present and correct
last time I looked.

JEN
There’s no need to stop here with
me, Laurie. I’ve got more pride
than to turn up my toes in this
horrible place.

LAURIE
(jocular)
Don’t even think of it unless your
bra and pants match.

JEN
Supposed to be me worrying about
you! Can’t remember now when it
turned the other way round. Lots of
things I can’t remember.
LAURIE
It’s all going to be all right.

JEN
No it’s not.

They don’t touch. They definitely do not hug. They don’t even really look at each other properly. They just sit there in the moment and try not to cry.

JEN (CONT’D)
But we’ll have some fun while we can, eh. And now go home, love. You need your sleep.

LAURIE
I’ll just sit here with you for a while.

JEN
You don’t have to.

LAURIE
I want to.

LAURIE takes her mother’s hand - an unusual gesture, for them. We leave them together in silence.

80A  INT. NUSRAT’S FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT  80A

DANNY is making a cup of tea for IBRA.

DANNY
There’s me thinking it might upset her, but no, her eyes light up and she starts texting her mates for the gossip.

IBRA
You worry too much about her.

DANNY
Ibra, she’s still not right.

They hear the door open and shut up.

NUSRAT comes in to find DANNY putting on the kettle again. She is bright, a bit glittery, maybe a bit too cheerful.

IBRA
Hello love, what’s the gossip then?

NUSRAT
Hey, Dad.
  (kissing him)
  (MORE)
OK, the party line is your dead girl can’t be a Muslim, or if she is, she can’t have killed herself on account of it’s a sin.

IBRA gives her a look - yeah, right!

Actually, Amira thinks it’s some sort of runaway bride thing, Shaista says Amira’s been reading too many detective stories, and Rukhsana says (mimicking) if that dead girl’s mother-in-law is anything like mine I don’t blame her for jumping in front of a train!

IBRA
Someone knows her.

She won’t be local. No Asian girl could go missing from round here without you’d know about it already.

IBRA laughs, but his face is full of questions.

IBRA
Someone knows what’s going off.

SCENE DELETED

INT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

A big thundering splash.

A human body powering through the water. Goggles, speedos, bubbles. Pure sporting adrenalin.

A group of serious competitive swimmers are training. They charge up and down the pool in strict lanes, under the watchful eye of a young woman coach, SALLY SMALE. All her dialogue is background.

SALLY
(shouting)
Bring your arm further round, bring it round, yes, you.

A mobile phone goes off in the coach’s tracksuit pocket. She gets it out and looks.
SALLY (CONT'D)
Mal. Mal! Lane six!

One swimmer reaches the end of the pool and looks over to her. This is Detective Inspector MALCOLM “MAL” CRAIG, aged 43.

He takes his goggles off and she waves the phone at him.

MAL starts to climb out of the pool. All the others are finishing their round now, and the coach throws them straight into the next exercise.

SALLY (CONT’D)
Good effort, right, now we’re going to do a set of ten one hundreds on 140. Go off the red top. OK.

And the rest of the swimmers start to race again.

MAL gets to the coach’s side and she hands him the phone.

SALLY (CONT’D)
Things some people will do to get out of training.

He says nothing. He just grins.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

MAL exits the pool in a tracksuit, his hair still damp, calm and cheerful.

He laughs when he sees anxious SGT PARKER waiting for him in off duty clothes.

MAL
Smile, old love, this is fun.

SGT PARKER
All right, yes, it was an unusual one, you don’t see a lot of jumpers wearing burkas, but unusual’s not enough to justify suspicious, is it.

They walk away towards a car.

MAL
So you screwed up, but we’re on it now, look, here we are, on it.

SGT PARKER
And then Natalie Cryer rings up about this bloody baby...
MAL
Don, save your worrying, all right.

SGT PARKER
Easy for you to say. You didn’t classify the death non-suspicious.

MAL
(laughing)
Save it till things really go wrong.

84 BECOMES SCENE 80A

85 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT
The hospital looking spooky and not at all safe.

86 INT. HOSPITAL - BABY WARD - NIGHT
NICK has nodded off on his chair by the cot. He looks vulnerable and tired sitting there.
A shadow crosses his face, and he wakes suddenly.
DIDI is standing there.

NICK
Who the hell are you?

DIDI
I am Didi.

NICK
I don’t think you’re supposed to be in here. There’s supposed to be security.

DIDI
They said I can come and check up on him whenever I like. I’m Didi. They must have told you about me.

NICK
No.

DIDI
(hurt)
I found him. I saved him. He is named Michael, after my brother.
(beat)
Are you a policeman?
NICK
No. I’m his foster father.

DIDI
Where is your wife?

NICK is a widower, so this line of questioning is not pleasant for him.

NICK
Nobody here but us chickens, pal.

DIDI
But your wife is his foster mother?

NICK
There’s no wife and no mother. There’s only me.

DIDI
But that’s not natural.

NICK
Where you from, what did you say your name was?

DIDI
I am Dieudonne Mputu. (stout)
In my country no mother ever abandoned a child. In my country when there are children without mothers it’s because the mothers are dead in the war.

NICK
(quietly)
Well now, if your country’s so bloody marvellous why don’t you just sod off back there?

A beat.

DIDI
Since I came to England nothing good has happened to me except for this child. He was given to me and I will always watch over him. I warn you. Always.

DIDI walks away.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

DIDI, walking home, shrinks away from MAL and SGT PARKER as they enter the hospital.
INT. NUSRAT’S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

NUSRAT sits up in her pyjamas at a little desk, reading an online adoption site advertising “Children Who Wait”.

DANNY enters with two cups of tea.

NUSRAT
One here described as half Turkish.

DANNY
Muslim?

NUSRAT
Doesn’t say. They’re looking for a one or two parent adoptive family of similar mixed ethnicity, or you know, the usual, yadda yadda, “able to broadly reflect her ethnic origins”.

DANNY
(looking)
She’s six years old though. What about him? Six months old. He’s got a lovely smile.

NUSRAT
Irish mother, Ghanaian father.

DANNY
Oh look, look at those two little sisters. They’re Asian.

NUSRAT
Bangladeshi. Not going to give them to a Pakistani, are they.

DANNY
It’s mad this. I don’t care whether they’re pink blue or mustard coloured. All these little kids needing homes.

NUSRAT
Don’t come out with any of that nonsense tomorrow, will you?

DANNY does a zippy mouth, and NUSRAT laughs. They have a little hug.

DANNY
I love you. Did I ever tell you that?
NUSRAT
Ten times a day for ten years.
(pretend yawn)
Boring!

But she snuggles into his arms, and the pretend yawn turns into a real one, and makes her laugh.

NUSRAT (CONT’D)
I bet I don’t sleep a wink tonight.

89
INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT
JEN has fallen asleep on her trolley. LAURIE creeps away.

90
INT. HOSPITAL - DISABLED TOILET - NIGHT
LAURIE is about to enter the ladies, but she stops and thinks. Goes back.

She clocks the signs for all three possible loos: the gents, the ladies, and the disabled loo.

Then she opens the door to the disabled loo.

91
INT. HOSPITAL - DISABLED LOO - NIGHT
A quiet, still moment, as LAURIE enters the disabled loo and looks around it.

A moment where we see her make a connection in her mind.

And she leaves, very excited.

92
INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT
LAURIE runs out of the disabled loo and down the corridor.

93
INT. HOSPITAL - STAIRCASE - DAY
LAURIE haring down the stairs.

94
INT. HOSPITAL - BABY WARD - NIGHT
MAL, SGT PARKER and PC CRYER are there with DR HAYDAR. MAL has a handwritten cleaning log in his hand.

MAL
This cleaning log pretty well rules out a link though, doesn’t it.
PC CRYER
Looks like it.

MAL
Anyway, makes no difference...

SGT PARKER
(relieved)
...to you deciding to reclassify it as a suspicious death?

MAL
Safe side, yes, I’m going to call in the Home Office pathologist first thing in the morning. In the meantime...

LAURIE races in, looking for PC CRYER, the one in charge of the baby story.

She clocks MAL, a stranger to her. And blunders on anyway.

LAURIE
Why did his mother leave him in the disabled toilet?

PC CRYER
As opposed to...?

LAURIE
Why not the ladies?

MAL
Why not the gents?

SGT PARKER is sniggering now, which mystifies LAURIE.

LAURIE
Nobody would leave a baby in the gents. Not even a caveman would leave a baby in the gents.

MAL just looks at her steadily. She challenges back.

LAURIE (CONT’D)
DC Franklin. And you are?

SGT PARKER
My boss, DI Craig.

LAURIE is surprised: a Detective Inspector’s involvement.

LAURIE
Sir?
MAL
You think this woman left her baby
in the toilet and then went to
throw herself under your train.

LAURIE
It’s a hypothesis.

MAL
The train hit your victim at 10.09.
Want to know what time the cleaner
found the baby?

LAURIE
Well...
(defeated)
10.09?

MAL
Near enough. I’ve got the cleaning
rota here if you want to check.

A beat. And LAURIE fights back.

LAURIE
No, listen, that’s right, if she’d
left him here herself, she would
have left him in the ladies, right.
(excited)
Even if she had a sister or a
friend to help her, they’d have
done the same. But a man wouldn’t
risk being caught in the ladies.

PC CRYER
No, Laurie, listen...

LAURIE
If Michael was abandoned by his
father, that could still be his
mother under our train.

LAURIE is very pleased with herself. But SGT PARKER is
laughing at her.

DR HAYDAR
(kindly)
The body under your train wasn’t
his mother.

LAURIE
You don’t know that.

MAL
The body under your train wasn’t
anyone’s mother.
LAURIE looks blank.

MAL (CONT’D)
It’s a man.

Her face, completely shocked.

MAL (CONT’D)
The driver was deceived by the clothes. Your train hit a man.

94A EXT. RAILWAY - NIGHT
A train thunders by.

95 EXT. PUB - NIGHT
PAT the train driver, weaving out of the pub, alone and quite drunk.

95A EXT. ROAD BY RAILWAY - NIGHT
A pavement runs alongside the train track. PAT weaves his way along it, as the train passes behind him.

95B EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT
PAT turns the corner into a street he knows.
It’s hard to see clearly, but there are one or two WOMEN waiting in doorways.

One woman steps forward and offers him business. PAT pushes her away.

PAT
No, not you.

He reaches another one, and rejects her too.

PAT (CONT’D)
Where is she?

PAT, desperate, running and stumbling down the road.

PAT (CONT’D)
Where is she?

96 EXT. ROSS’S FLAT - NIGHT
A scruffy high rise council block. Windswept, littered, distant sirens.
ROSS and LUKE, whispering on the bunk beds in Ross’s scruffy council flat. They’re still dressed, well past bedtime.

ROSS
Show us again.

LUKE
No point.

ROSS
Go on.

LUKE
You keep saying you can’t see anything anyway.

ROSS
I might this time.

LUKE hands him up the mobile phone, on which they shot their wobbly bit of video by the railway track earlier.

ROSS hangs down over the edge of his bed. We see the screen, bright and flickering in the darkness, but we can’t see what it shows.

ROSS (CONT’D)
It just looks like a seagull or something.

LUKE
Don’t have seagulls on’t moors.

ROSS
They do and all!

Ross’s father shouts from downstairs.

ROSS’S DAD (O.C.)
I told you once to send that lad home!

A beat of scared silence. Then LUKE grabs his phone back.

ROSS
(whispering)
I’m not saying you didn’t see owt...

ROSS’S DAD (O.C.)
I said, it’s time to bugger off home!
LUKE
There’s you, right. There’s that lady what jumped off. And there...

LUKE jumps up, doggedly watching the footage on the mobile phone screen.

LUKE (CONT’D)
Not a seagull. A person, up there on the bridge behind her.

Now at last we see it: a flickering image: a shape standing on the bridge. At the last moment, a second figure seems to hurtle up. The two figures become one for a single moment - grabbing? Shoving? A fight? Or a reunion?

The shot veers away.

ROSS

LUKE replays it again.

ROSS (CONT’D)
Promise, you’ll not tell noone.

TO BE CONTINUED