

INSIDE MAN

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Episode 1

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PRE-TITLES

1

INT. TRAIN - DAY

1

High shot: a typical British railway carriage, rattling along, the occupants jostling with the motion. Bench seats lining the walls, facing each other. The carriage is half full - the people are absolutely ordinary.

Cutting closer:

A pair of lanky male legs in jeans - man-spreading with a vengeance: the knees splayed like a V sign.

Opposite: woman's legs - a pair of knees pressed tightly together. A nervously clenched fist resting on the top of them. For a moment, the fist unclenches, tries to pull her skirt down a little. It barely reaches her knees.

Close on the man: this is RICKY. Young, bristling with arrogance - staring, in frank, brutish appraisal, at the young woman opposite.

Close on the woman: this is BETH. Young, quiet. She is looking determinedly away. Aware she is being stared at. Hating it.

On Ricky. Staring.

On Beth. Looking away.

High shot: the carriage sways, the passengers jostle.

Ricky gives a big yawn, a big stretch. One arm stretches rudely in front of the MALE PASSENGER next to him. The male passenger leans discreetly to make space for him - pretending it isn't happening.

Now Ricky heaves himself to his feet. No place to go - he just stands.

On Beth - her eyes flick to:

Beth's POV. Ricky's feet, planted on the floor, directly in front of her -

- and now he takes a step towards her.

Standing directly over her now, rocking gently with motion of the train.

He's looking down at her. His face is a blank.

She's leaning back slightly, his shadow covering her.

On the male passenger. His eyes flick to Ricky, dart away again. *Don't get involved.*

High shot. Ricky looming over Beth. The passengers, swaying with the motion.

Everyone still, everyone silent. No one looking at Ricky and Beth.

The Male Passenger. His eyes flick to Ricky again, then away. *Let it stop!*

Further down the carriage TWO GIRLS. One watching out of the corner of her eye. The other stubbornly on her phone. The first girl nudges her. The second girl only steals a glance. *Don't say anything, none of our business.*

On Ricky: still staring down at Beth. Very deliberately he takes a step forward, planting his splayed feet either side of Beth's. So invasive now.

On Beth, head still turned away. Humiliated, frightened. If she looked forward she'd be staring right into his crotch.

High shot of carriage. Nobody looking, nobody speaking. Everyone wishing it away.

A YOUNG GUY, on his headphones, glances once, looks back.

An OLDER MAN focuses grimly on his newspaper.

Ricky staring down at Beth. Finally.

RICKY

What?

Beth doesn't say anything. A tiny twitch of her head, like the word impacted.

RICKY (CONT'D)

What??

BETH

Nothing.

He falls silent again.

Cutting round the passengers. Nobody looking, nobody speaking. The air is stiff with determined silence.

Ricky staring down at Beth. Cocks his head. He wants her to react. No fun if she doesn't.

RICKY
I can stand here.

BETH
Yes.

RICKY
I can stand here if I like.

BETH
I know.

On the two girls. The watching one has pulled her phone from her pocket.

Held in the trembling hand, she takes a photograph.

On Beth, seeing this happen. Grateful for any kind of support.

But Ricky follows her look, sees the shaking phone.

RICKY
Did you photograph me?

The girl: silent.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Did you photograph me?

The girl shrugs.

RICKY (CONT'D)
That's assault. Photographing me,
without my permission is assault.
Do you understand that you're
assaulting me?

The girl: too frightened to reply.

Ricky puts out a hand.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Give it here.
(No response)
Your phone, give it to me.

The girl looks nervously round the carriage. Steadfast non-intervention.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Give me your phone. I have *rights*.

The girl gets to her feet, travels the few feet down the carriage, hands the phone to him.

Still standing there - his crotch inches from Beth's face - Ricky calmly scrolls through the girl's phone.

RICKY (CONT'D)
I'm deleting it. I'm deleting your assault. Do you understand me?

The girl: a tiny nod.

RICKY (CONT'D)
You interfered with my personal space, and I have deleted your assault. Okay?

The girl and Beth, look at each other. This is hell but what can they do?

Ricky now throws the girl's phone along the carriage, in the direction of her seat.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Fetch.

The girl goes after her phone, picks it up. Ricky glances at her as she does so -

- and freezes. A few feet beyond the girl, standing at the far end of the carriage is a woman. She looks homely, ordinary -

- and right now she has a phone held directly in front of her face. Filming him. This is JANICE FIFE.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Oh, no, what? What?

Janice doesn't react. Just keeps filming.

RICKY (CONT'D)
You're not serious. Are you serious? Are you filming me?

JANICE
No.

RICKY
This is none of your business. Do you understand that. *None of your business.* So why are you filming me?

JANICE

I'm not.

Ricky rolls his eyes.

He heads down the train towards her.

Beth cranes to look at what's going on.

RICKY

What's that then?

(Taps the phone)

What's that if it's not filming me?

JANICE

Facebook Live.

A terrible silence. That slowly clicks through Ricky's brain.

RICKY

What ... what are you

JANICE

You're live. On Facebook. Right now.

Another female passenger has raised her phone, also directing it at Ricky.

FEMALE PASSENGER

I've got you too.

Another woman.

WOMAN 1

Me too.

And another.

WOMAN 2

Me too.

JANICE

(Louder for the benefit of
the growing online
audience)

We're twenty minutes from Reading
Station, if anyone's interested.

(To Ricky)

I meant anyone watching.

CUT TO:

2 INT. TRAIN - DAY

2

Now a slightly stricken RICKY sitting in his seat again.

He looks up.

Sitting opposite is JANICE. Sweet, homely, ordinary. Smiling.

The train is slowing to a halt, bringing a pair of policemen standing on the platform into shot behind her...

Further along the carriage, Beth is watching this. Staring at Janice. So fascinated by her ...

CUT TO:

3 EXT. RAILWAY STATION - DAY

3

Some time later, RICKY is firmly guided into the back of a POLICE CAR.

On Beth. She is watching this from just inside the station building.

As the police car drives off, Beth becomes aware of someone walking past her.

It's JANICE - the very person she's waiting for.

BETH

Excuse me -

Janice turns - recognises her.

JANICE

Oh, hello. You all right now?

BETH

Yeah, fine. Listen, *thank you*.

JANICE

Oh, it wasn't really anything, was it? Just a silly man.

BETH

But that was so clever. With your phone.

JANICE

Oh, well, I'm glad you think so.

BETH

And then everyone joining in. That was awesome.

JANICE

It was, wasn't it?

BETH

Just amazing.

JANICE

I was very pleased.

BETH

I bet you were.

JANICE

Because between you and me, I don't really have Facebook on my phone.

Beth practically double-takes: what??

JANICE (CONT'D)

I don't have much on it at all actually. My sister gave it to me - I barely know how to use it. All these features - makes me want to lie down.

BETH

Sorry ... you were bluffing?

JANICE

Yes, I think you'd call it that.

BETH

Bluffing?

JANICE

I mean, I've got a Facebook on my computer but it's not the sort of thing you want to carry about with you.

BETH

Okay, so that was ... ballsy.

JANICE

Ballsy. That's always such a strange compliment, isn't it? Between women?

Beth stares at her - marveling. And with a new thought.

BETH
Could I interview you?

Janice blinks in surprise.

BETH (CONT'D)
Yeah, sorry, weird. I'm a
journalist. People should know
about this.

JANICE
What people?

BETH
It's got everything - toxic
masculinity, women fighting back.
Let me do an interview. You and me,
the two women in the middle of it.

But Janice just looks faintly appalled.

JANICE
Oh, no. Not an interview, no,
sorry.

BETH
Why not?

JANICE
I never have anything to say.

BETH
I've been doing this a while. I
always get people talking.

JANICE
Really? That must be awful.

BETH
Well, look, if you change your mind
-

She is now proffering a business card.

JANICE
(Taking the card)
I'm just a sort of home person, I'm
very ordinary -
(Notices something)
Oh, you've given me two.

BETH
(Proffering pen)
Yeah, just pop your number on the
back of that one.

It's very smoothly done - before she knows it, Janice is
scribbling down her number.

JANICE
I really wouldn't feel comfortable
doing an interview.

BETH
Will you think about it?

JANICE
(Handing back the pen and
business card)
No, I shouldn't imagine I will.

BETH
What's the name?

JANICE
Janice.

BETH
(Now scribbling the name
next to the number)
Janice ... ?

JANICE
Fife.

BETH
Janice Fife. Maybe, just think
about it - an interview?

JANICE
... Maybe, but I won't change my
mind.

BETH
I really hope you do. Anyway, thank
you again. So much.

JANICE
Bye then.

BETH
Goodbye Janice.

Beth heads on to the taxi rank.

Janice looks after her, bemused. Looks at the card in her hand.

BETH DAVENPORT.

BETH (CONT'D)
Coffee though?

She looks up. Beth has turned back, called to her.

JANICE
Coffee?

BETH
We could have a coffee some time.
Just for a chat.

JANICE
Why?

BETH
Do you like coffee?

JANICE
Yes.

BETH
Me too. I'll phone you.

And she heads on.

Janice looks in bemusement at the card. What happened there?
Did she just make a friend?

She looks round.

Across the road, a car is parked. The driver has got out and is waving to her. This is HARRY WATLING. From his dog collar, he is clearly a vicar.

Janice waves back and starts heading across the road towards him...

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

Prison buildings. White blocks burning in the sun. We're in America now.

Chyron:

Six Months later

CUT TO:

5

INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

5

CLAUDE KREINER - a plump, slightly nervous looking man in a suit. He is waiting, seated at a table.

The door is now opening, and prison guards are ushering in two men.

The first is a large, amiable looking man. This is DILLON KEMPTON. He is handcuffed.

The second, also handcuffed, is JEFFERSON GRIEFF. Thin, wiry but gentle. Mid fifties, grave, courteous - distant but warm. Quietly admirable in every way.

Claude nervously gets to his feet. A PRISON GUARD steps forward to CLAUDE. This is KEITH.

KEITH

Senator Kreiner. I'm gonna explain this one more time. Death Row prisoners are allowed no physical contact. They must remain in handcuffs at all times when not in their cells, including in this visitation room -

CLAUDE

I think I know what I'm doing.

Grieff and Dillon are now sitting at the other end of the table. Keith points at Dillon.

KEITH

Dillon over there killed fifteen women. They all went voluntarily to his apartment - I guess they all knew what they were doing too.

DILLON

Fourteen.

KEITH

Fifteen.

DILLON

Edith Johnson died three months later.

KEITH

Of her injuries.

DILLON

Of an infection she gained in hospital where she was being treated for injuries. I don't count her as a kill, I have a conscience.

He gives a ghastly, high pitched giggle - looks to Grieff to share the joke.

Grieff quietly ignores him, preferring to study his visitor

Keith points to a red button on the desk.

KEITH

Panic button. Press it if they so much as get out of their chairs. I'll be right outside the door.

DILLON

We're not animals.

KEITH

He ate his Mom's feet.

DILLON

When she was *dead*.

KEITH

Right outside the door.

DILLON

(To Claude)

You're perfectly safe. I'm straight.

A less than reassuring smile from Dillon. Keith gives Claude a resigned look, and goes out. The door closes.

Claude, still standing, looks a little apprehensively at the two handcuffed men.

DILLON (CONT'D)

Straight as an arrow. You can check my case files.

CLAUDE

(Seating himself again)
Okay. Good.

DILLON

No dudes, period. Wouldn't piss on you if you were on fire. And that's a thing I've done.

Another high pitched giggle. Silence - Claude looking at the strange pair at the other end of the table. Finally Claude speaks.

CLAUDE

Mr. Grief.

GRIEFF

Mr. Kreiner.

CLAUDE

I'm not ... I'm not sure where to start ...

GRIEFF

Usually people have questions. Which is understandable. But unanswered questions are a distraction, so before we begin - the answer is yes. I did it. I'm guilty.

CLAUDE

The Warden said there's been no attempt to appeal your sentence.

GRIEFF

At my request, yes.

CLAUDE

Why.

GRIEFF

Because I'm guilty. The punishment is - it seems to me - commensurate.

CLAUDE

You *want* to be executed?

GRIEFF

No, of course not.

CLAUDE

Well, then - I don't understand, why would you -

GRIEFF

I don't want to be executed, Mr. Kreiner - and my wife didn't want to be murdered. Commensurate.

A moment as Claude absorbs this. Jesus!

Grieff smiles - it's a warm and pleasant smile. Reassuring. He raises his handcuffed hands.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

Making notes is difficult for me, but Dillon here has as close as you can get to a photographic memory. He is my recorder. Do you mind if he listens?

CLAUDE

The Warden explained about this.

GRIEFF

Please understand, he will retain everything you say.

DILLON

For the rest of my life.

GRIEFF

Which, on death row, doesn't mean as much as it usually does.

Another falsetto giggle from Dillon.

CLAUDE

It's fine.

GRIEFF

Good. Now I want to hear everything in your own words. Treat me as if I know nothing about you or your case.

CLAUDE

(A bit unsettled by this)
Okay.

(Takes a breath, seems to
brace himself)

My name is Claude Kreiner. I'm a Senator from Arizona. Married, two kids. Not much more to me than that.

GRIEFF

You were accused of sexually assaulting two women while at college, thirty years ago.

DILLON

Angela Klein and Margaret Becker.

Claude looks, slightly started, at Dillon.

DILLON (CONT'D)

Another woman - Selina Cadiz - may also have been a victim but she was reluctant to speak out about her experience.

CLAUDE

I was accused *three decades* after it was supposed to have happened. And I was found innocent. That's not why I'm here.

GRIEFF

Were you innocent?

CLAUDE

I told you I was found not guilty of all charges -

GRIEFF

I didn't ask if you were *found* innocent, I asked if you were innocent.

Claude opens his mouth to speak, but Grieff interrupts him.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

Lying is hope. The willful belief that truth can be altered. There are no lies on death row

CLAUDE

I am innocent, Mr Grieff. Not a shred of truth in any of it. One of the women you mentioned now works in my office.

DILLON

Selina Cadiz. The one who didn't accuse you.

CLAUDE

She didn't accuse me because the whole thing was an invention, top to toe. Why would Selina have come to work for me if she thought I was a rapist?

GRIEFF

Why did all those actresses thank Harvey?

DILLON

Abuse victims often deny their
trauma to normalise their past.

Claude looks faintly startled at Dillon's outbreak of
articulacy.

GRIEFF

Dillon has been studying anomalous
behaviour patterns. Who can say how
his interest began.

DILLON

But probably with all the
murdering.

CLAUDE

I am innocent and that is a legal fact. I'm not here to discuss something that *didn't* happen thirty years ago -

GRIEFF

No. You are here to discuss something that happened much more recently, which I assume has puzzled you in some way.

CLAUDE

Yes.

GRIEFF

Tell me then.

CLAUDE

Okay. Okay, here it is. This is gonna seem trivial. But it doesn't make any sense. For the last three months a sum of money has been paid into my bank account, at irregular intervals, from an unknown source. The same amount every time.

GRIEFF

How much?

CLAUDE

253 dollars and 55 cents. Never more, never less.

GRIEFF

Is there a pattern?

CLAUDE

I didn't see it at first, but yes.
(Embarrassed, doesn't want
to talk about this)
It's every time I have sex with my wife.

A silence as Grieff and Dillon absorb this.

GRIEFF

And how often is that, Mr. Kreiner?

CLAUDE

Average.

Grieff. Patient smile. He wants more information.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

I don't know. Once a week. Doesn't matter how often, I get one of those payments every time my wife and I have sex.

GRIEFF

How quickly?

(A smile)

I'm referring to the payments.

CLAUDE

Couple of days.

GRIEFF

Is the interval consistent?

CLAUDE

Fairly. Not totally - usually two, three days.

DILLON

Do you get paid more for unusual acts?

CLAUDE

(Shoots him a look)

No.

DILLON

Maybe you should try a few things.

GRIEFF

Dillon.

DILLON

Sorry.

Grieff is staring at the table. Frowning. Silent. Then, quite suddenly, he throws back his head and just laughs. It goes on for a while.

Claude stares at him in astonishment - as Dillon looks smugly between the two. Dillon knows what the laugh means.

CLAUDE

You got something. I hear you're quick off the mark on this kind of thing - you got a theory?

GRIEFF

(Still)

No, not a theory. But a very obvious guess.

CLAUDE

Obvious?

GRIEFF

I'm sure the Warden told you any case I take has to meet certain criteria. I apologise for your wasted journey. Keith will show you out.

CLAUDE

What did I do wrong?

GRIEFF

Thirty years ago you raped at least
one of those women.

CLAUDE

... what the hell are you talking
about? *What the hell did you mean
by that?*

Grieff just smiles placidly.

GRIEFF

253 dollars and 55 cents.

On Claude's bewildered face -

CUT TO:

6

INT. PRISON CORRIDORS - EVENING

6

GRIEFF and DILLON, still in their chains being led by the
guards back to their cells.

They talk as they walk.

DILLON

I don't get it.

GRIEFF

Selena Cadiz. What does she do in
the Senator's office?

DILLON

Lot of stuff.

GRIEFF

Including bill paying?

DILLON

Sure.

GRIEFF

I thought so.

DILLON

(Struggles to make sense of
this)
... I still don't get it.

GRIEFF

Think about it.

CUT TO:

6a

INT. CELLS - EVENING

6a

Now Grieff and Dillon are being placed back in their cells - it's standard procedure, dull, routine. They enter their cells, put their cuffed hands through a hatch to have them released. They're still talking

DILLON

So every time he bangs his wife,
253 dollars and 55 cents.

GRIEFF

You just have to think about it.

CUT TO:

7

INT. DEATH ROW CELLS - NIGHT

7

Later. GRIEFF and DILLON, in their cells, sitting on their beds effectively back to back. Dillon is pondering. Finally:

DILLON

Okay. I've *been* thinking. I'm
getting nothing.

GRIEFF

When did Selina Cadiz - the alleged
victim - come to work for Senator
Kreiner?

DILLON

Two years twelve weeks and seven
days ago.

GRIEFF

Let's imagine, Mrs Kreiner, around
three months ago had a private
conversation with Selina - and
realised, in the course of that
conversation, that her husband was
in fact a rapist. How might that
affect her?

DILLON

I'm gonna say negatively.

GRIEFF

How would you feel if you
discovered you were having regular
sex with a rapist?

DILLON

Well -

GRIEFF

And you were a normal person.

DILLON

Oh!

GRIEFF

What would you do?

DILLON

Well. I guess I'd start paying the bastard 253 dollars and 55 cents every time I banged him. No, you see, it doesn't make any sense.

GRIEFF

I think you'd consider some form of therapy. Think about that.

During the above we have heard footsteps. Grieff has looked round in their direction, like he's expecting this.

Now arriving at the bars is CASEY. The Warden. A bulky, utterly decent man.

Grieff stands. Always polite.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

Warden.

CASEY

You didn't like the Senator so much.

GRIEFF

I liked him fine. His case didn't meet my criteria.

CASEY

No, I guess not.

GRIEFF

I was wondering why you let him through. Then I remembered. Isn't he a very vocal opponent of the death penalty?

CASEY

You need friends, Jefferson.

GRIEFF

I didn't make one.

CASEY

I'm aware. There's something else.

GRIEFF

At this time of night, I presumed
there would be.

CASEY

There's a journalist who wants to
interview you.

He passes a card through the bar.

Close on the card - again it's BETH DAVENPORT.

GRIEFF

I pled guilty, I've accepted my
punishment, I've got nothing more
to say. I'm a very boring murderer.

CASEY

Not about your case. About all the
other ones. The ones people bring
here.

Gathering alarm in Grieff's eyes.

GRIEFF

How did she know about me?

CASEY

(Shrugs)

She's a journalist. I guess she's a
good one.

GRIEFF

Not interested.

CASEY

Talk to her, charm her. She'll
write it anyways, she may as well
like you.

GRIEFF

Oh, I see. Are you trying to make
me sympathetic?

CASEY

Maybe it'll help.

GRIEFF

Help what? When have I asked for help. Just execute me, it's what you're paid for.

CASEY

... You're wrong, you know. You are not a boring murderer.

GRIEFF

By the way, that's a lovely tie. I do miss ties.

CASEY

I've known hundreds of murderers. Every kind. Still can't get it through my head how a guy like you winds up in this place.

GRIEFF

Anyone can wind up in this place. Anyone at all. You should know that.

Grieff turns from the bars, moves back to his bed. As he lies down.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

Everyone's a murderer. You just have to meet the right person.

Panning down, lowering below the bed. And below the bed is -

CUT TO:

8

EXT. ST LUKE'S CHURCH - DAY

8

- the sky. As we hear choral singing, we continue to descend, finding -

- a pleasant, ordinary church. From inside we hear the singing. We're clearly back in the UK.

Time cut: Now the service is over. The congregation are filing out. HARRY, the vicar we saw earlier, is shaking hands, saying goodbye to the faithful.

Closer on an amiable couple. ALICE and WILLIAM.

ALICE

William says he's still an atheist.

WILLIAM
Still an atheist.

HARRY
That's okay. God loves atheists.

ALICE
Why?

HARRY
He likes jumping out at them. Oh,
their little faces!

They laugh appreciatively. Clearly they're used to this -
Harry the funny Vicar.

CUT TO:

9

INT. CHURCH/MAIN HALL - DAY

9

HARRY clearing up after the service, with NAZREEN, an
officious young woman.

NAZREEN
... the choir is probably two down
for Wednesday.

HARRY
Chest colds or permanent.

NAZREEN
Just colds, don't be mean.

HARRY
Their average age is 72. Every long
note is a cliffhanger.

NAZREEN
That's dark. You're a dark person.

HARRY
I'm a Vicar.

NAZREEN
You're a dark vicar.

HARRY
(As he heads off)
I like that. The Dark Vicar. I'm
having that.

NAZREEN
(Calling after him)
It's true!

CUT TO:

10

INT. VESTRY - DAY

10

Cramped, crammed little vestry at the back. HARRY - out of his robes now, but still in the dog collar - is at his desk, searching through his drawers for something.

The door opens, and EDGAR - the Verger pops his head round the door. There's something vulnerable and a little childlike about Edgar. Middle-aged but never grown up - a lost soul. He holds up a flash drive.

EDGAR
Vicar, could you hide my porn?
(A beat of comical
bewilderment, corrects
himself)
I mean - my flash drive.

Harry looks amused at him. Like this is not a unique conversation. Edgar is a vexation, but he's fond of him.

HARRY
Is there porn on that flashdrive,
Ed? Just a wild guess.

Edgar comes in closing the door.

EDGAR
My Mum's coming. She searches my
things.

HARRY
You're thirty-eight.

He looks at the hand holding the flash drive - visibly shaking.

EDGAR
Just for a minute. Please. She's
very strict.

HARRY
(Looks to the flash drive)
So's God.

EDGAR
But it's not a sin, though, porn.

HARRY
Yeah, it sort of is.

EDGAR
But it's not mentioned by name.
It's just looking.

HARRY
Splitting hairs, Ed. It's hard to
read the bible and think God is
especially prone to nuance.

A door bangs outside. Someone is approaching.

Edgar holds out the data stick again. His hand still shaking.

EDGAR
She'll search everything except
you. Be a mate.

As Harry takes the flashdrive, his eyes flick to:

Edgar's wrist - there are clear scars. A suicide attempt some
time in the past.

Edgar - registered Harry's glance, a little embarrassed now.

HARRY
(Taking flashdrive)
I can't guarantee I won't just
throw it away.

EDGAR
Don't look at it.

HARRY
(Shoving it in his pocket)
Don't worry.

From outside: a shrill woman's voice calling.

HILDA
(From outside)
Edgar?

HARRY
So. Everything okay at the moment?

Self-consciously, Edgar pulls his sleeve down, hiding the
scars.

EDGAR
Yes, all okay, now. I'm a *verger*
now.

HARRY

Damn right.

EDGAR

Damn right.

A knock at the door.

HARRY

Come in.

HILDA already coming through the door. In her seventies, still vigorous, a career busybody. Thick spectacles, darting eyes. Depending who she's talking to, simpering or acid.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hilda!

HILDA

Vicar, sorry, I was looking for this one.

EDGAR

Mum!

HARRY

Well here he is.
(Checking watch)
Got to go, sorry.

HILDA

(Her little joke)
I suppose that's you finished for the day, isn't it?

HARRY

This is me finished for the week!
Love being a vicar, it's so quick!

EDGAR

What, you're going?

HARRY

Picking up my son's Maths tutor.
It's still my turn because it turns out I'm still me.

EDGAR

(A little flustered)
Um - yeah -

HARRY
(Heading to the door.)
Okay, nobody die or get married ...
See you Wednesday.

He turns in the doorway, looks at Hilda.

HARRY (CONT'D)
He's doing very well, Edgar.

HILDA
Oh, I know, yes. He's turned
himself around.

HARRY
You should be proud of him.

HILDA
Oh, I'm ever so proud.

HARRY
Good.

Harry winks at Edgar, and goes.

The door closes behind him.

The temperature drops. Hilda's eyes are fixed and baleful on Edgar.

Edgar, looking away. Twisted, fearful, ashamed.

HILDA
Where is it?

Edgar doesn't move, doesn't answer. Looking away, like a whipped, fearful dog.

HILDA (CONT'D)
Edgar... where is it?

She's holding out her hand now, waiting.

Edgar gives a tiny, feeble shake of his head. Like he's too ashamed and guilty even to move properly.

HILDA (CONT'D)
I saw you take something out of the
computer - one of those stick
things, like last time. Give it to
me. I need to have it.

EDGAR
I don't - I don't have any -

With shocking suddenness, she steps forwards and *crack!* she slaps him terrifyingly hard across the face.

He spins slightly, clutching the desk for support. But he makes no move to respond or resist.

HILDA

I always find it, don't I. I always find your pictures and your films, don't I, Edgar? I'll just keep looking till I find them - won't I? *Won't I??*

An animal whimper from Edgar. A dog kicked too often -

EDGAR

I don't have any -

And *crackk!* Another vicious, even harder slap.

HILDA

Don't lie to me! *Don't lie to me!*

Crack! This time the blow knocks him to his knees. Now he's crouched, whimpering, at the desk, trying to fend her off with an upraised arm.

She rears over him, genuinely demonic.

HILDA (CONT'D)

For your own good! You know, it's for *your own good!* Because it's sinful, Edgar. *Sinful.*

Edgar just whimpers. She grabs him by the ear, twists his head back with it.

HILDA (CONT'D)

What was it this time? Was it the usual? Edgar, I'm asking you a question.

She bangs his head against the desk.

HILDA (CONT'D)

Was it the usual? Edgar, tell me. *Was it the usual??*

CUT TO:

A play park full of kids, playing away.

On the road in the foreground, a car passes...

CUT TO:

12 INT. HARRY'S CAR - DAY

12

On HARRY, driving. He turns, starts to pull in.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. STATION - DAY

13

HARRY has parked his car opposite the station. He peers out the window, waves to someone.

Harry's POV. There's JANICE now crossing the road towards him. She carries her handbag and her laptop case. (This is clearly the same arrangement we saw last time, on a different day.)

Janice is now climbing into the car ...

CUT TO:

14 INT. HARRY'S CAR - DAY

14

HARRY driving.

HARRY

So how's he doing - Ben?

JANICE

He's very clever, you know.

HARRY

He's lazy.

JANICE

What's the point in being clever if you can't be lazy?

HARRY

Nice one. You should be giving the sermons.

JANICE

Oh, I'd go on and on. No one would ever get home!

Janice's phone has beeped - she checks a text she's just received.

HARRY
(Laughing)
No, I bet they wouldn't. Okay, so
what shall we talk about this time -
politics or young people?

During above a glimpse of the text. It's from BETH DAVENPORT.

Can't do Tuesday - in the US. Coffee when I'm back. Beth x

JANICE
Young people.

HARRY
Aren't they awful?

JANICE
Awful.

HARRY
I honestly think there's more of
them every day.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. VICARAGE - DAY 15

A sweet, faintly ramshackle vicarage - spacious, rambling.
HARRY's car turns into the driveway.

CUT TO:

16 INT. VICARAGE/HALLWAY/KITCHEN - DAY 16

A spacious hallway, several rooms off it.
HARRY, followed by JANICE, coming through the door.
MARY, his wife, is wrestling a set of golf clubs out of the
hall cupboard. (During the following Janice hangs her coat
and handbag on the coat stand in the hallway.)

HARRY
(Calling upstairs)
Ben! Maths!

MARY
Hello Janice.

JANICE
Mary.

MARY
How was God, darling?

HARRY
Still existing, but it was a close
run thing. I sermoned like a
badass.

JANICE
Shall I go and get ready?

HARRY
Yes, he'll be right with you. Do
you want tea?

JANICE
Thank you, yes.

Janice heads off through a door into Harry's study, one of
the front rooms.

MARY
Your son wants a word with you.

HARRY
Specifically *my* son?

MARY
Very specifically.

HARRY
Where are you going?

She hefts the golf bag on her shoulder.

MARY
Knitting. I'm going knitting,
darling.

HARRY
Happy knitting.

They kiss, she heads to the door -

- just as BEN comes bounding down the stairs. He's 17.
Precociously intelligent, wildly overconfident.

BEN
Dad, do you need anything doing at
the moment?

HARRY
Like what?

BEN
Cos I can do it.

HARRY
Do what?

BEN
Anything.

HARRY
What kind of thing?

BEN
About 70 pounds worth.

Harry has wandered through to the kitchen to put the kettle on. Ben follows.

HARRY
Why do you want 70 pounds?

BEN
Because that's how much you pay
Janice per hour to tutor me, and I
want to cancel her today, so I can
go to a music festival with my
friends.

HARRY
You couldn't have mentioned the
festival *before* she got here?

BEN
That's not fair, I was asleep. So
if I do something for you that's
worth 70 pounds, that'll compensate
you for the money you're about to
waste.

HARRY
And what are you going to do for me
worth 70 pounds.

BEN
My homework.

HARRY
Your homework?

BEN
All of it, for a week.

HARRY

That's not doing something for *me*,
that's doing *your* homework.

BEN

Yes, but *all* of it

HARRY

Janice is in the study. Maths!

Harry now heading back out into the hallway, heading to the living room

BEN

I told my friends I'm going to be
at the festival.

HARRY

You will be. An hour later.

BEN

I'll be out of sync, I'll never
catch up.

HARRY

You'll cope.

BEN

Faisel is picking me up in five
minutes.

HARRY

No, he's not. Maths!

As he speaks he's pulling off his jacket to hang it up, and dumping his car keys in the dish by the door. The flash drive falls into the dish with them.

- just as Mary reappears through the front door, now without the golf bag.

(The following is a prolonged moment of family chaos, overlapping action and dialogue, but needs to be precisely choreographed.)

MARY

Shit, my phone, have you seen my
phone?

HARRY

Upstairs, maybe, bedroom.

JANICE
(Reappearing at study door)
Excuse me -

MARY
(Heading up stairs)
Thanks.

HARRY
Want me to phone it?

MARY
No. Yeah.

Harry now has his phone out, scrolling with his thumb.

JANICE
Is the internet off?

BEN
Yeah, it's gone down. Again.

HARRY
(Calling up stairs)
Ringing.
(To Janice)
The internet feed to our house was
blocked because we'd nearly drained
the world of all naked women. Isn't
that right, Ben?

BEN
My Dad, the funny vicar.

MARY
(Calling from upstairs)
Are you ringing?

HARRY
Yeah, I'm ringing.

JANICE
(To Ben)
There's new modules you have to
download, I need to email them to
you from my laptop -

BEN
I'll hotspot you with my phone.

JANICE
You'll what, sorry?

BEN

Go and set up the modules, I'll show you.

JANICE

(Heading back to study)
Hot spot?

BEN

(Checking his pockets for his phone)
It's just that I might have a tiny schedule clash, it's nobody's fault

-

MARY

(Calling from upstairs)
Are you sure you're ringing?

HARRY

Yes, yes, I'm *ringing*.

Ben has spotted the flash drive lying in the dish.

BEN

No, hang on, use this.

Janice turns back to see Ben proffering the data stick.

JANICE

Oh, thanks.

She takes the stick, heads into the study. Harry now clocks the flash drive in Janice's hand.

Harry: oh, shit, embarrassing!

HARRY

Where did you - is that my flashdrive?

BEN

It's okay, she's just moving some files over -

HARRY

No, there's - private stuff on that

-

BEN

She won't even look, she's just moving files -

MARY
(From upstairs)
Is it *still* ringing?

BEN
Oh, wait -
(laughs)
- *private* stuff?

Ben laughs, thinking he's caught his Dad out.

MARY
(From upstairs)
Harry?

BEN
Naughty Vicar. What's on there?

HARRY
Hang on, it's gone to Answerphone.

Working on his phone, he is stepping towards the study to waylay Janice -

Ben grabs his arm.

BEN
70 pounds!

HARRY
What?

BEN
Festival.

HARRY
Ben -

BEN
Deal!

Before Harry can say another word, Ben has gone marching into the Study -

CUT TO:

17

INT. THE STUDY - DAY

17

A comfortably appointed study. Janice is at the desk. Her laptop is open, and the data stick is sticking in the side.

She's working at the laptop, starting to frown -

BEN

God, sorry, wait - don't open any
of those files -

Janice looks at him, palpable shock on her face.

JANICE

I ... sorry, I clicked - I didn't
mean to -

Harry, behind him, entering -

BEN

What can I tell you? Teenager! I
hate myself in many ways.

HARRY

Ben, behave.

BEN

Yeah, I know, sorry. But I'm a
growing lad and I have drives. And
one of them's sticking in your
computer.

He grins at Janice, clearly expecting her to laugh -

- but she just stares at him, in mounting alarm.

HARRY

Janice, sorry, ignore, can I just
explain -

Mary, pops her head round the door, waving her phone.

MARY

Found it, thanks love.
(Sees Janice, clearly
bewildered)
Janice, okay?

BEN

It's porn shock.

MARY

Sorry, what? Porn *what*?

BEN

My maths teacher found my porn -
It's a stage in my personal
development.

Again he throws a cheeky grin at Janice -

- again she doesn't respond.

MARY
Oh, Ben! *Again??*

BEN
In a way, it's encouraging that I'm
so normal.

MARY
Sorry, Janice - see you later.

She flashes a smile, goes.

Janice at the desk. Not sure what to do - nervously, she
closes the computer.

HARRY
Before this goes any further - Ben,
70 pounds, forget it - Janice - I'm
sorry -

JANICE
Could I have word with you, Harry.

HARRY
Yes, but can I -

JANICE
Privately?

BEN
Oh, come on, it's only - I mean,
this happens, right? -

Janice smiles at him - pleasant, calming. Under that, so
tense.

JANICE
It's not about that. Something
else. Totally different. Okay?
Would you excuse us?

A silence - no one believes it's about something else, but -

BEN
... okay. You be the grown-ups.

He shrugs, smiles. As he goes, he mouths "Festival" at his
father.

The door closes.

HARRY
Can I explain something *slightly*
complicated -

Janice motions him to silence, listens. We hear Ben's feet

JANICE
It's kids.

A beat. Harry staring. New understanding, new horror.

JANICE (CONT'D)
It's kids. Children. The porn, it's
children.
(A Beat)
Doing things.
(A beat; so difficult to
say this)
Having things ... done to them.

Harry. The world is a whirl for a moment - can't keep hold -

In a moment he's grabbed the laptop, opened it, clicked on
something. He stares

HARRY
... It's not Ben's. It isn't, it's
not Ben's.

JANICE
Harry, he told me it was. Out of
his own mouth, he just told me.

HARRY
He was - no -

JANICE
He didn't even think there was
anything wrong with it -

HARRY
No -

JANICE
- doesn't that worry you?

HARRY
It's not his. He was trying to
protect me.

JANICE
You??

HARRY

He wanted ... there's a festival -
look, never mind, it's not Ben's.
That flashdrive is not Ben's -
(Quietens, forcibly calms
himself)
- look, let me just explain this.

JANICE

I think I understand it perfectly
well.

HARRY

No, you don't, *you don't*. This was
given to me. A man at the church -
a very ... troubled man, he gave
this to me.

JANICE

What man? Who?

HARRY

I can't - it doesn't matter -

JANICE

Why would he give it to you, why
would you take it? That doesn't
make any sense.

HARRY

It's not Ben's. That's the only
thing you have to understand.

He's reached for the data stick, still in the side of
Janice's laptop -

- just as Janice does the same. Their hands touch on the data
stick.

JANICE

What are you doing?

HARRY

I'm taking it.

JANICE

Why?

HARRY

Well it's -

JANICE

Yours?

Harry flounders for a moment - what the hell does he say?

And he violently yanks the date stick from the computer.
Janice startles at the suddenness and violence of this move.

HARRY

*For God's sake, how is this any of
your business??*

JANICE

*Because I saw it and don't you dare
tell me to look the other way! This
has to go to the police - there are
children being abused -*

HARRY

I know, yes, of course - but Ben -

JANICE

*The police will be able to advise
the best approach with Ben -*

HARRY

It's not his.

JANICE

*No, it's from some man at the
church. What man - who?? Does he
have a name?*

Harry - a world of agony. What the hell does he do?

FLASH: the cuts on Edgar's wrist.

JANICE (CONT'D)

*Look, I understand you want to
protect your son - but what he
needs protecting from is what he's
looking at online.*

HARRY

He's not looking at it -

JANICE

*He thinks it's a normal part of his
development - he actually said
normal -*

HARRY

It's not his -

JANICE

Then whose is it? Some mysterious man you can't name? I'm not stupid, Harry.

HARRY

There's ... there's a vulnerable person. I can't give you any details, I'm sure you understand.

JANICE

Okay. I understand.

She's doing her best to sound sincere - just wants to get out of here.

HARRY

Please, you have to believe me.

JANICE

Fine, I believe you.

HARRY

You don't, do you.

JANICE

I have to go?

HARRY

Where? Where are you going?

JANICE

I'm just going.

Harry. She's leaving, she's going to tell someone! What can he do? The pit opening in front of him. Only one option left. Only one way out of this -

HARRY

Mine. It's mine.

A silence. Those words land.

Harry looks at her. Holds up the data stick.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I swear, on my life, it's mine.

Janice stares at him. She knows this man, she can't get her head round the words she's hearing.

JANICE

Do you swear before God?

On Harry: everything at stake in this moment. She knows he's lying, and he knows the lie will destroy him

HARRY

I swear before God ... that yes,
this is mine. Not Ben's, mine. He
took it from me.

A long moment. She looks at him, considering. Is this true.

JANICE

Harry ... what are you *doing*??

Harry: winded. The disastrous consequences of what he just said, unfolding in his head.

HARRY

I'm telling you ... as best I can
... the truth.

JANICE

Your son is developing an interest
in pedophilia. Sacrificing yourself
won't save him.

HARRY

I'm not lying!

JANICE

I truly respect how much you love
Ben, and how far you'll go to
protect him. But protecting him is
not helping him.

Harry: no! No! *She doesn't believe him.*

JANICE (CONT'D)

I should go.

Slightly dazed, he watches as she heads to the study door.
(NB We make no fuss about it, but she leaves her laptop on
the desk, simply forgetting about it.)

HARRY

Where?

JANICE

Well I don't think there's much
point in me staying here, is there -

HARRY

Where are you going? What are you
going to do?

Harry has beaten her to the door, slightly interposing himself.

JANICE
I'm just going home.

HARRY
Are you going to ... talk to
anyone?

She tries to step around him to the door -
- he shifts position ever so slightly to block her.

JANICE
Are you stopping me leaving?

HARRY
No, no, not at all, I just -

She steps the other way - and again he interposes. The
movements are so slight, they could almost be accidental.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I just want to know what you're
going to do.

JANICE
I'm going to leave, Harry, that's
all I'm doing -

HARRY
Look, could we talk for a minute.

JANICE
Could you stand out of the way of
the door, please.

HARRY
I'm not stopping you, I just -

JANICE
Yes, you are stopping me.

There is anger in her eyes now - but a little bit of fear
too. It shames him.

He steps to one side.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

She moves out into the hallway, pulling her phone from her
coat.

HARRY
Are you phoning someone?

JANICE
I'm calling a cab.

CUT TO:

18

INT. VICARAGE HALLWAY - DAY

18

HARRY following JANICE out of the study.

HARRY
I can give you a lift to the
station -

JANICE
I think you need to talk to Ben.

HARRY
Why, what are you going to do?

JANICE
I'm going home.

HARRY
But are you going to talk to
anyone? About this, about Ben.

JANICE
Go and talk to your son?

She's opening the front door -

- Harry reaches over and with shocking suddenness slams the
door.

Janice startles back, frightened by the sudden violence of
the movement and loudness of the slam.

HARRY
Look. Please. Just stay a minute.

She steps towards the front door again -

- this time Harry places a hand on her arm, just gently, like
he's attracting her attention.

She stiffens, looks at the hand on her arm

JANICE
Let go of me.

HARRY

Don't be daft, I'm not -

She makes a move to the door -

- but he tightens his grip, stopping her.

JANICE

Let go of me!

HARRY

We just need to talk. Before you do anything that might hurt someone I know you care very much about -

JANICE

Let go of me!

HARRY

Think about what this would do to Ben. It would destroy him. Even a rumour, even just the suspicion - it would destroy his entire life, you know that -

She wrenches free of his grip, stumbling back a few steps in the hallway. Further from the front door.

Harry: terrified at how this is escalating.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Janice, please, I'm not going to hurt you -

He's taken a step forward. She takes a step back. Breathing hard. Scared of him now.

JANICE

Keep away.

On Harry. Shaking, almost tearful, doesn't know how to get this under control.

HARRY

This is about *Ben*. This could - ...
You *know* what it could do to him -

Janice raising her phone, aiming it at him - just like she did on the train -

HARRY (CONT'D)

What are you doing??

Janice, frantically scrolling on her phone -

HARRY (CONT'D)
If you're trying to do that
Facebook thing, I know you don't
even have the app. You *told* me,
remember?

She's still scrolling -

HARRY (CONT'D)
Look, you don't need to do that!

He grabs for the phone, she yanks it out of his grasp.

It goes flying, smashes against the floor.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Sorry. Sorry.

On Janice, breathing hard, slowly backing from him.

Harry smiles a slightly desperate smile, like he's trying to
normalise this conversation.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Look at us. This is daft, isn't it?
I've broken your phone now. Look,
I've got a spare handset, you could
have that. What network are you on?

And Janice, turns and runs down the hallway to the kitchen.

Harry - realising where she's going - races after her!

Janice goes haring through the kitchen, throwing herself at
the back door.

Harry skidding after her, lunging at her, now grabbing her
round the waist.

They fall together, messily.

Crack! Janice's head smashes against the counter. She cries
out.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Oh, Christ, no, sorry - !!

Janice, on the floor, dazed, clutching her head, blood
streaming through her fingers.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Hold your head, just hold it.

He's thrown himself to the sink, grabbed a clean cloth -

BEN
(Calling from upstairs)
Dad?

HARRY
It's nothing, its fine -

BEN
(Calling from upstairs)
What's happening?

HARRY
Nothing!

Harry moves to Janice, proffering the cloth - she flinches back from him. He stays where he is, proffers the cloth again.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(Quieter; aware of Ben)
Just hold this against it.

JANICE
(A fierce whisper)
Stay away from me.

BEN
(Calling from upstairs)
Was somebody shouting?

HARRY
No, no, it's fine.

BEN
(Calling from upstairs)
... okay.

Distantly we hear a door close.

Harry and Janice look at each other - Janice, still on the floor, dabbing her head: frightened, wary.

HARRY
I don't think it's too bad, it's
just a tiny cut.

Now, from upstairs, the distant thump of music.

HARRY (CONT'D)
There goes the music. He wants to
go to a festival, I think he's
making a point -

He's talking casually, trying to calm it all down. As he speaks he reaches to help Janice up.

JANICE
Don't touch me!!

HARRY
Don't be silly, this has all got
very stupid -

JANICE
Get off me, don't touch me -

She's grabbed hold of the counter, is hauling herself to her feet.

HARRY
Let's have cup of tea. Will I make
you a cup of tea?

She looks at him, incredulous. Backs away from him, bumps into the wall behind her.

Harry: he's trying to normalise this, make it okay. Even attempting a sickly smile.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Cup of tea?

JANICE
If you come anywhere near me, I
will scream.

HARRY
Please, a cup of tea, and a chat -
about Ben, I need to explain what
happened with Ben -

JANICE
I will scream and people will hear
me.

HARRY
Can we just, please, start again -

As he says this he moves forward -

- and immediately Janice starts to scream. In panic, he slams into her, smothering her mouth with his hand -

HARRY (CONT'D)
No, don't, don't -

And now it's a proper frantic, scrappy struggle -

- she's flailing, tearing at him, thrashing -

HARRY (CONT'D)
No, no, please, just *stop!*

- he's twisting her round, trying to maneuver her towards -
Another door!

He throws out a hand, yanks open the door.

A cellar - steps lead down into darkness.

On Janice, her eyes widening, knowing what's going to happen -

- Harry, pushing the flailing Janice towards the steps -

- Janice sinking her teeth into Harry's hand -

- Harry crying out, and in that spike of pain, he throws her
through the door -

CUT TO:

19

INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

19

- Janice crashing down the wooden steps, head over heels -

- now she slams on to the concrete floor at the foot.

She lolls for a moment.

Harry, at the top of the steps, staring down at her, lost in
horror at what he's just done.

HARRY
Janice? *Janice??*

From the darkness, she looks dazedly up at him. Cut and
scraped and bleeding.

A look of sheer disbelief between them. How could any of this
have happened.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I don't ... I didn't ...

He takes one step down -

- instinctively she shrinks back from him, along the stone
floor.

Harry taking this in. She's terrified. And bleeding. And he did it.

He turns, walks back up the steps. Closes the door.

On Janice, just lying there a moment, dazed, confused, shocked.

CUT TO:

20

INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - DAY

20

Harry, standing with his back against the cellar door. A state of disbelief. What the hell does he do now?

He looks round.

Right next to him, a key hanging on a hook.

CUT TO:

21

INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

21

Janice, pulling herself to her feet - almost darkness. Tiny amount of light filtering through glass bricks set high in the wall.

A noise makes her look at the door - the scrape of a key in a lock!

CUT TO:

22

INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - DAY

22

Harry has locked the cellar door. Looks at the key in his hand, like it's the most impossible thing he's just done. He goes to hang up the key again -

- no -

- carefully he pockets the key.

Then, as if suddenly and powerfully exhausted, he finds himself slumping to a sitting position, his back against the cellar door.

A beat -

- and the door handle turns, rattles.

CUT TO:

23 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY 23

JANICE has made her way to the top of the cellar steps, is trying the door-handle. Clearly locked.

CUT TO:

24 INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN/HALLWAY/FRONT DOOR - DAY 24

Harry, just sitting there. The handle rattles. Again. Again. Again, louder.

He stares - what the fuck does he do?? *What the fuck does he do??*

And suddenly - loud in the silence - the doorbell rings. Loud and harsh.

Harry startles, looks round. *Not now, not now!*

Harry's POV. He can see down the hallway, to the front door. There's the shape of a head and shoulders visible through the frosted glass window.

What does he do? He can't just ignore it.

He heaves himself to his feet, steps out of the kitchen, closes the door. Composing himself he heads down the hall, hesitates - checks in the mirror that he looks normal enough - and opens the door.

On the doorstep, a boy of about Ben's age.

HARRY

Oh! Faisel!

FAISEL

Hi Harry. Is Ben coming?

A noise from behind Harry. He looks up to see Ben appearing - full of hope - at the top of the stairs.

HARRY

Yeah, yeah, he is. Ben, it's fine, you can go.

BEN

Great, brilliant. Hang on Faisel.

Ben darts out of sight (turning off the music, getting his coat.)

HARRY
Don't stay out too late!

Harry is already heading back to the kitchen, anxious to get away from this conversation.

BEN
(Calling from upstairs)
What about Janice, is she okay?

HARRY
She's got something else anyway,
it's fine.

Ben is now coming down the stairs, pulling on his jacket.

BEN
Should I say goodbye to her?

HARRY
She's ... in the loo. See you
later.

He goes into the kitchen. Closes the door.

From beyond the door he can hear the two boys talking.

BEN
(From off)
Come on, let's go before he changes
his mind!

FAISEL
(From off)
Didn't think you'd be allowed out.

BEN
(From off)
Me neither.

The bang of the front door. They're gone.

Harry sags slightly. Rakes his hands through his hair. What the fuck! *What the fuck does he do now??*

CUT TO:

Janice, looking round the dimness of the cellar from the top of the stairs. She fumbles for a light-switch.

It's a typically dusty mess - but her eyes go to the work bench at the far side.

So many tools. Wrenches, chisels, hammers, saws ...

CUT TO:

26 INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - DAY

26

Harry's blinking, tearful eyes.

Harry's POV: a blur resolving into -

- a block of knives standing on the kitchen counter ...

On this, fading to black.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. PENITENTIARY - DAY

27

As before, prison buildings. White blocks burning in the sun.

CUT TO:

28 INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

28

The same gray, grim visitation room as before.

Sitting there this time, is BETH DAVENPORT - the woman we saw on the train. Like Claude before her, she is nervous. There is a notebook and a recorder before her on the table.

The door is now opening, and prison guards are ushering in DILLON KEMPTON and JEFFERSON GRIEFF.

Beth gets nervously to her feet. She finds herself staring at Grieff.

Grieff stares back at her. He's frowning slightly. Not enjoying this.

CUT TO:

29 INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

29

A few minutes later. They are all sitting in position - both DILLON and GRIEFF remain in their chains.

Beth is setting up her recorder.

BETH

Thank you for seeing me today. Do you mind if I record this?

GRIEFF

Yes.

BETH

From what I understand ...

(She looks at Dillon)

... well. You're recording it.

GRIEFF

Yes.

BETH

I promise any recording I make will be erased.

GRIEFF

I promise Dillon will be executed - that's hardly the point.

BETH

What *is* the point? I mean, you agreed to be interviewed.

GRIEFF

And you still haven't asked a question.

Beth: thrown for a moment.

BETH

... Okay. Okay. So. You were a professor of criminology at -

GRIEFF

I know.

BETH

You murdered your wife -

GRIEFF

I know.

BETH

And now, sometimes, people approach you with - well, I suppose you'd say cases -

GRIEFF

Yes.

BETH

And you solve them.

GRIEFF

Sometimes.

BETH

The Death Row detective. The crime-solving wife-killer.

GRIEFF

What sort of paper are you writing for?

BETH

I have a number of options and a lot of interest.

GRIEFF

I didn't ask *which* paper, I asked what kind? Your headlines sound a little lurid.

BETH

I'm a serious journalist, I have a track record in crime writing, so if I'm sounding lurid right now maybe that's on you. Okay. People bring problems to you. They bring cases. And I'm wondering why that is. I mean, you're a clever man - but you're hardly the only clever person in the world.

(MORE)

BETH (CONT'D)

So why do all those people come here, pouring their hearts out, asking for answers from a man who brutally murdered his wife? What's going on there, do you think?

A silence. His gaze is blank but gentle. Hers is cold, curious..

GRIEFF

Ask them.

BETH

Do you think it's because of what you did? Do you think people find it exciting - titillating - to talk to someone like you?

GRIEFF

Do you?

BETH

No.

GRIEFF

But you think all those other people might? Including, presumably, your readers. That's a lot of people you feel superior to.

BETH

... The Warden said a case you take has to meet some particular criteria.

GRIEFF

Yes.

BETH

What criteria?

Dillon snorts - as if Grieff would ever answer that question. Grieff looks sharply at him. Dillon looks repentant.

GRIEFF

I think you should consider, very carefully, if you want to ask me that question.

BETH

Why?

GRIEFF

If I answer it, you will be unable
to print your interview.

BETH

Why?

GRIEFF

Because you're a decent human
being.

BETH

What makes you think I'm decent?

GRIEFF

The contempt in your face when you
look at me.

Beth blinks. Processes that, getting her head round it.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

Moral worth.

BETH

... I'm sorry?

GRIEFF

Moral worth. That's the only
criterion. I want to do good.

Beth stares at him. What? *What??* She's fighting a laugh.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

I have a little ability, almost no
resources, and limited time. Within
that framework, I would like to do
whatever good I can. That's it,
that's all there is. I want to do
good.

BETH

What - so this is like... what
would you call it - atonement?

GRIEFF

Atonement will come when they strap
me to a table and end my life.
Until then, I make do.

BETH

And why wouldn't I want to print
that?

GRIEFF

Because your readers might approve.

BETH

To be honest, I think some of them might love it.

GRIEFF

It's not atonement if there's applause. It's performance. It's *pleading*. Applause would spoil the project.

(Looks hard at her)

And they won't applaud ... unless you print.

BETH

So you're asking me not to write the article?

GRIEFF

I would characterise it as begging. Whatever your opinion of me, I share it. I presume you've read the details of what I did.

BETH

Yes.

GRIEFF

Read them again. Reflect on this. Wouldn't it appall us both if through your agency I was made in any way forgiveable?

She's staring at him now. Less sure what to make of him. The next question is almost a blurt - not what she intended to ask.

BETH

Why did you kill her?

GRIEFF

I'm not answering that question.

BETH

Why not?

GRIEFF

It was personal

BETH

It was murder.

GRIEFF

How much more personal do you get?

BETH

I'm just trying to ... I need to
form a picture of ...

GRIEFF

Are there people in the world you
love?

BETH

Yes.

GRIEFF

Do you plan to murder any of them?

BETH

Of course not.

GRIEFF

Neither did I.

A silence as they stare at each other.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

Close your note book.

BETH

Why?

GRIEFF

I have the strongest sense the
interview is over.

BETH

I could write it up anyway.

GRIEFF

You won't though.

BETH

Why not?

GRIEFF

What would be the moral worth?

CUT TO:

29a

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

29a

As before GRIEFF and DILLON being led along, shuffling their
way to their cells.

DILLON
You liked her.

GRIEFF
Why do you say that?

DILLON
You talked a lot.

GRIEFF
Was I boring you?

DILLON
Little bit, yeah.

GRIEFF
My apologies.

DILLON
I mean, photographic memory, I get
stuck with all the stuff coming out
your mouth. Boring boring,
atonement, boring boring, moral
worth -

30

INT. DEATH ROW CELLS - DAY

30

Two prison guards are leading GRIEFF and DILLON back to their
cells. Dillon is already in his cell, Grieff is just being
locked in.

DILLON
(From off)
Is it a number code?

GRIEFF
Is what a number code.

DILLON
253 dollars and 55 cents. The case,
the Senator -

GRIEFF
It's not a number code.

DILLON
What is it then?

GRIEFF
A payment.

DILLON
For sex.

GRIEFF
So it would appear.

DILLON
He gets anonymous payments for
having sex with his wife. It
doesn't make any sense.

GRIEFF
Focus on the therapy.

Inside his cell, Grieff puts his handcuffed hands through the
aperture in the door, to be unlocked.

DILLON
They put me with a therapist once.

GRIEFF
How did that work out for you?

DILLON
I really opened up. She left the
profession.

GRIEFF
I don't think therapy is the right
solution for your particular set of
problems.

DILLON
What is the correct solution?

GRIEFF
Lethal injection.

DILLON
Harsh but fair.

CUT TO:

31 INT. PENITENTIARY/ENTRANCE-EXIT AREA - DAY

31

BETH stands at a counter, as a PRISON OFFICIAL returns her belongings to her. Her visit is over - but she's abstracted, troubled -

- now, placed in front of her, her mobile phone. She picks it up

- there's a text.

Closer on the screen.

TEXT FROM JANICE.

CUT TO:

32 INT. VICARAGE/KITCHEN - DAY

32

On Janice's smashed phone, lying on the kitchen counter.

Wider: HARRY at the window, staring off into the darkness.

MARY is there now too, standing at the kitchen worktop. Clearly also in a state of mild shock.

We pan to what Mary is staring at.

The locked door of the cellar...

After a silence ...

MARY
Is she vegetarian?

Harry turns from the window, a little incredulous.

HARRY
Is she what?

MARY
I thought you said once ... maybe
it was someone else -

HARRY
Vegetarian?

MARY

We have to feed her, don't we?
There's pork chops, or chicken. Or
we could get a Chinese -

HARRY

I'll talk to Edgar.

MARY

And say what?

HARRY

It was his flashdrive, he could
explain, he could tell her -

MARY

Why would he confess to having
child porn to a woman who would go
straight to the police?

HARRY

I could take it to the police
myself, tell them where I got it -
they'd believe me, I'm the bloody
vicar.

MARY

No. Yesterday you were the vicar.
Today you're a man who assaulted a
woman, and locked her in his
cellar, because he was so desperate
to protect his son. No one is going
to believe a man who does that. No
one, anywhere, ever.

Harry processing that, seeing it all.

MARY (CONT'D)

What the fuck were you thinking.
What the *fuck*??

Silence. Harry has no answer.

MARY (CONT'D)

Is there anything down there?

HARRY

What do you mean?

MARY

In the cellar. Is there anything
she could use to get out?

HARRY

I don't think so.

MARY

Or I don't know, make a noise. What if she starts shouting, will anyone hear her?

HARRY

I doubt it. Door's pretty thick. Anyway, there's only us.

MARY

Till Ben gets back.

HARRY

He's at a festival - he'll be late.

MARY

Well we need to think of something by then, don't we?

HARRY

Like what?

MARY

Like a way to stop her banging on that door - we can't just keep Ben out of the kitchen. And we can't tell him about this, can we? How could we ever explain any of this to Ben?

This settles in Harry. Oh God.

HARRY

We can't ... I mean, we can't tie her up ...

MARY

Go and see her.

She's grabbed some things off the counter, now shoves them at him. He looks down - take-away menus.

MARY (CONT'D)

Ask her what she wants to eat.

He stares in stupefaction at the menus.

MARY (CONT'D)

She has to eat, doesn't she? Or are we going to starve her to death, is that the plan?

They stare at each other, those words hanging in the air.

He takes the menus, heads to the cellar door -

MARY (CONT'D)
Is this her phone?

He looks round. Mary has found the smashed phone.

HARRY
Yeah. It got broken when we -

MARY
She didn't phone anyone did she?

A ringing phone.

CUT TO:

33 INT. JANICE'S FLAT - DAY

33

... the phone keeps ringing, as we pan round the empty flat.

It's small, tidy, strangely soulless. (NB No photos of Janice here.)

No one answering the phone.

CUT TO:

34 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

34

On a laptop screen - a web page with JANICE FIFE's smiling face. It's offering A LEVEL MATHS TUITION, and there's a landline number.

Panning to -

Beth sits on the bed of what we now see is a tiny motel room. Phone at her ear.

JANICE
(V.O.)
Hello, this is Janice. I'm not
here, please leave a message.

She clicks off the phone, frowning, troubled.

She looks to the phone again, scrolling to something else.

Close on the screen -

It's the text from Janice. A photo.

A hopelessly blurred image of a man (Harry) reaching towards the camera. It's clearly threatening - but unidentifiable.

CUT TO:

35

INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

35

JANICE is crouched in the corner. Hours have passed. She looks terrified to the point of feral

Now, the sound of the door unlocking. She looks up.

HARRY appears at the top of the steps.

She gets slowly to her feet. Holds up a hammer she has found.

HARRY

For God's sake, I'm not going to -

He tails off. They just look at each other. He tosses the take away menus down the steps to land at her feet.

She looks bleakly at them, back at Harry. When she speaks her voice is hoarse, like she's been crying - there's a tremor under her voice like she might start again.

JANICE

I've been trying to think of
anything I could say that would
make you let me go.

HARRY

Janice, we just - ... this has got
out of hand, that's all - ...

JANICE

I always think about things, really
thoroughly. It's what you do when
you're alone - you think everything
through, all the way to the end.
Every possibility. The worst thing
that could happen.

(A beat)

I hid all your tools.

He looks to the tool bench. Everything is gone.

JANICE (CONT'D)

At first just the sharp things.
Then everything. Then I broke all
the saws.

HARRY

... why?

JANICE

Because I don't see any way you can ever let me go.

HARRY

Janice. No - no, we just -

JANICE

I know you're a good person. But it doesn't make any difference, being good. I'm like ... like a bacillus in your basement. Leave the door open, even a tiny crack, and I'll destroy everything.

HARRY

No ...

JANICE

Listen to me. Even if I promise, on my life, never to say anything to anyone about what happened here, you're not going to believe me. You're going to think I'll go straight to the police the moment you let me go. I'm right, aren't I? You can't risk allowing me to leave. You can't see any way to do that.

Agonised silence from Harry.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, at nine o'clock I have a Skype call with my sister in Canada. That's the first time anyone will notice I'm missing. When they look for me, they will find this house listed as my last appointment. So you can't keep me here either.

Still, silence from Harry.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Also, you can't threaten me. Because I'm already threatened, there's nothing more you can do. You see? When you think about it, you're as trapped as I am.

HARRY

... then what are we going to do?

She says nothing for a moment. Then she lays aside the hammer for a moment. Pulls up her sleeves.

There are fresh cuts all over her arms and hands.

JANICE

I cut myself. I've bled in every corner of this cellar. I peed too, everywhere. I love that CSI, don't you? The things they can do now! If anyone comes looking for me here, they're going to find me all over this room. They're going to find my *blood!*

He stares at her wide-eyed. Starting to factor in how difficult this is going to be.

JANICE (CONT'D)

I'm not stupid, you know. You might think you're in control because I'm the one locked up in your cellar. But I'm not going to make this easy for you, Harry. I promise you that. I promise you *hell*.

He stares at her for a moment. A defeated man. Then he turns and goes out. The key scrapes in the lock.

Janice, alone. She stares at the door, her eyes fierce and gleaming in the dark -

CUT TO:

36

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

36

BETH, phone at her ear again.

JANICE

(V.O.)

Hello, this is Janice. I'm not here, please leave a message.

Beth lowers the phone. Haunted. Something is wrong, she knows it.

She looks to where her laptop stands open on the dresser. It's still open at Janice Fife's webpage. She clicks another tab, revealing:

An old news story. A photograph of a younger Jefferson Grief, handcuffed, being put into a car by two policemen.

Headline: PROFESSOR ARRESTED FOR WIFE'S MURDER.

Closer on a subheading: UNPARALLELED SAVAGERY.

GRIEFF

(Prelap)

For the last three months, Mrs Kreiner has known what her husband did, and if she's a decent woman, it's been making her sick.

CUT TO:

37

INT. DEATH ROW CELLS - DAY

37

On GRIEFF, talking.

GRIEFF

Let's imagine, every time she has sex with him, it drives her a little mad. So she sees a therapist. Every time she's intimate with her husband, she has a session. Like a penance.

As before, we track over to bring the next cell into shot, where DILLON is listening.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

Obviously she has to pay the therapist. But she can't let the money go out of the usual account, or her husband would see it. And that's a conversation she's not ready to have. So she turns to the one person who shares the secret.

DILLON

Selina Cadiz.

GRIEFF

At some point she sends Selina a text. An instruction to pay the therapist from some other, presumably secret account. She probably says something like, tell no one, don't ask me why, just do it.

(MORE)

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

And she sends that text every time
she has a therapy session following
sexual relations with her husband.

Grieff has gone to his little table, picked up a notebook and pencil.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

And I don't understand the next part. Maybe Selina is naturally obedient. Maybe she's terrified of Mrs Kreiner. But Selina does exactly as she's told every single time, she receives the message. It must have seemed very strange to her.

DILLON

Why?

During the above, Grieff has been sketching on the little notebook.

He now rips out the page, stretches his arm through the bars so that Dillon can reach out and take the page.

He unfolds it -

- and stares at what he sees. A smile of dawning understanding.

GRIEFF

Selina would be in her fifties by now. Understandable, then, that she might expand the text size on her phone screen ...

Dillon's POV of the note book page. Grieff has sketched a tall rectangle to represent a smartphone screen and filled it with words like this:

**PAY THE
RAPIST
\$253, 5
5 CENTS**

DILLON

(Reading aloud)

"Pay the rapist." That's awesome.

GRIEFF

It has it's amusing side, no?

DILLON

But that means the therapist was never paid.

GRIEFF

Does it?

DILLON

The therapist doesn't get paid, so they send a reminder. Selina pays the bill, not realising she's paid it already to the wrong person. The bill gets paid twice, every time the Senator has sex!

GRIEFF

Dillon, you've solved the whole case.

DILLON

(Laughing)

Pay the rapist. It's *awesome*!

Dillon is now roaring with laughter. Stopping as he hears footsteps outside.

CASEY, the Warden is approaching Grieff's cell again.

CASEY

Laughter on Death Row.

GRIEFF

I do what I can.

CASEY

The English journalist just called me.

GRIEFF

Is she going to use the interview?

CASEY

It wasn't about that. She thinks she might have a case to bring to you.

GRIEFF

Really? How very convenient.

CASEY

She didn't sound like she was lying. Actually, she sounded upset.

GRIEFF

Did she give you any details?

CASEY

No. But she assured me the case had
... moral worth.

Grieff blinks in surprise. Didn't see that coming.

GRIEFF

Really?

CASEY

Will you see her again?

GRIEFF

When?

CASEY

She's on her way back already? Says it's urgent.

GRIEFF

I'm not really permitted spontaneous visits.

CASEY

With respect, I think what you're permitted is up to me. You have an appointment at 2.00. She could slot in before that. Okay?

GRIEFF

(Shrugs)

I guess I'm not going anywhere.

CASEY

I'll arrange.

He goes. The footsteps recede.

DILLON

Well that's nice.

GRIEFF

What's nice?

DILLON

You can talk to her again. You liked her.

GRIEFF

No, I didn't.

DILLON

I liked her too.

GRIEFF

Well that's not good news. For her.

DILLON

Oh, I didn't like her *that* much.

GRIEFF

Lucky for her.

DILLON

Not *romantically*.

GRIEFF

It's nothing to do with liking her, for either of us.

(MORE)

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

We find her fascinating for one reason - she's still alive.

DILLON

So are we.

GRIEFF

No we're not. We're living the same day over and over again, in the same tiny room, until someone has the common decency to switch us off. That's not alive. Alive is the hope before the fall. The moment of grace before you find out who you really are and what the punishment will be.

DILLON

You know, sometimes you make this place feel really depressing.

GRIEFF

It's death row, we're awaiting execution - I'm not what's getting you down.

DILLON

Beg to differ.

GRIEFF

She was interesting though. She hid it well, but I'm fairly sure she detested me.

(Smiles to himself)

So why would she want to talk to me again? What kind of case would that be?

He sits in the silence for a moment.

We track to the side again -

- but this time, instead of Dillon's cell, the screen splits bringing in the Vicarage cellar, and JANICE sitting there, crouched on the floor.

We hold on the two of them for a moment, in their very different prisons...

END CREDITS