



HARTSWOOD
FILMS

INSIDE MAN

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Episode 3

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PRE-TITLES

1 EXT. PENITENTIARY - NIGHT 1

Establisher of the prison, cold and dark. A few lights still on

CUT TO:

2 INT. PENITENTIARY/VISITING ROOM - NIGHT 2

GRIEFF sits patiently in his usual chair - chained up, as always when he's in this location. On the table in front of him - a spill of papers.

Closer on the papers. Print outs of web pages, Facebook pages. There are many photographs of JANICE FIFE.

A guard opens the door. It's KEITH.

 KEITH
You okay there? Coffee or anything?

 GRIEFF
 (Shakes head)
What's going on? Is this a visit? I wasn't expecting one.

 KEITH
He just said to bring you.

As he starts to withdraw, another figure has appeared in the doorway. CASEY, the warden.

 KEITH (CONT'D)
Oh. Sorry, sir.

 CASEY
No problem. You can wait outside.

 KEITH
Sir.

The guard withdraws.

 CASEY
 (To Grieff)
Sorry to keep you.

 GRIEFF
A bold admission from a prison warden.

CASEY
Busy?

GRIEFF
They let me bring my work. I hope
that's okay.

CASEY
It's fine.

GRIEFF
I'm trying to understand a woman
who seems to avoid any form of
social contact or communication.

CASEY
Can't make it easy.

GRIEFF
Possibly it tells me everything.

Casey sits at the other end of the table. He seems ill at
ease, a little out of sorts.

CASEY
I have news for you.

GRIEFF
News?

Casey has placed a thick manual on the table in front of him.

CASEY
We have a date.

GRIEFF
For what?

CASEY
You.

For a moment, Grieff seems not to get it. Then his face
clears. A chilling realisation.

GRIEFF
Oh.

Casey has opened his manual to a bookmarked place. At the
head of the page we read:

EXECUTION PROTOCOLS.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

3

INT. PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

3

A cup of coffee being set down on the table. Panning to see that it has been given

GRIEFF, seemingly a little shaken but hiding it in stiffness and silence. He nods to the guard who has set it down.

Wider: Casey has already been given his coffee.

CASEY

Thanks, Keith.

As Keith makes his way to the door, Grieff seems to remember his manners.

GRIEFF

Thank you.

The door closes, the guard is gone.

CASEY

Are you all right? Do you need a moment?

GRIEFF

So. The 17th.

CASEY

Three weeks from today, yes. Are you okay?

GRIEFF

Are you asking if I'm available?

Casey indicates the manual he's brought with him, and laid on the table.

CASEY

I now have to brief you on the exact procedure on the day.

GRIEFF

Why? Don't I have the easy part?
At the very least, I get to finish early.

Casey flips open the bulky manual in front of him.

CASEY

On the day before your execution,
you will be moved from your current
cell, to a holding cell right next
to the chamber -

GRIEFF

... a *holding* cell?

CASEY

Yes.

GRIEFF

As opposed to *what* kind of cell?

CASEY

Prior to leaving your current cell,
you will have the opportunity to
clear your belongings ...

GRIEFF

They don't call it a holding cell,
do they? Nobody does. Well - not
the prisoners anyway.

On Casey: pained but keeping it under control.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

They call it the death house.

On these words we

CUT TO:

4 EXT. VICARAGE - MORNING

4

The Vicarage in the early morning. Silence. Gray first light.

Chyron:

Monday

Now we're homing in on the lower part of the house ..

CUT TO:

5 INT. THE VICARAGE CELLAR - MORNING

5

... the cellar. The light is still on, we can see JANICE
chained in her corner.

She sits - still, pale, tense.

We close on her face. She is looking up at the ceiling. We hear the creak of pacing footsteps from above. Back and forth, back and forth.

We start ascending, up, up -

- now up through a ceiling, into -

6 INT. VICARAGE/HARRY'S STUDY - MORNING

6

- up through the floor of Harry's study. There's HARRY's pacing feet - and we can hear something else now: the *chug-chug* of a printer.

On Harry: pale with lack of sleep, as he paces up and down Drawn, haggard, deranged with worry.

He goes to the printer, as a sheet of paper flops out, finished (we get only a fleeting, unclear glimpse of a photograph - no details, too fast.)

He looks at it, winces in horror. Tosses it on his desk.

We keep craning up and up, now through the ceiling above -

7 INT. HARRY AND MARY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

7

Up through the floor of the bedroom to discover -

- Mary. Alone in the bed, staring at the ceiling. She clearly hasn't slept.

Staring at the ceiling, unblinking. Thinking.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

8 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - NIGHT

8

The scene in the cellar - Mary and Janice. Janice is making her offer. (NB. Not a literal flashback - this time Janice is talking directly to camera. This is Mary's *memory* of the conversation and doesn't exactly duplicate it.)

JANICE
I can help you.

CUT TO:

9 INT. HARRY AND MARY'S BEDROOM - MORNING 9

Mary, staring at the ceiling, blinks - as if the memories have physical impacts.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

10 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - NIGHT 10

Janice, again right at the camera - darker and more satanic than the original scene, her eyes almost hypnotic.

JANICE
I can help you.

MARY
(From off)
What do you mean, help me? Help me
with what??

JANICE
I am literally the only person in
the world who can help you get away
with my murder.

CUT TO:

11 INT. HARRY AND MARY'S BEDROOM - MORNING 11

Mary, out of the bed now, pacing.

JANICE
(V.O.)
I have a Skype call at nine
tomorrow with my sister. I never
miss it without warning her in
advance. The moment I don't call,
they'll start looking for me.

Mary, pacing round the room -

CUT TO:

12 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - NIGHT 12

- but now the room has become the cellar (one set joined to the other) as if she has walked into her own memory. As she passes through frame, she is revealed crouched in the corner.

JANICE
And they'll find my last
appointment was in this house with
your son.

Mary turns to look at Janice (still in her nightclothes,
she's now inside the flashback/memory.)

JANICE (CONT'D)
Unless I email my sister canceling
the Skype call.

Janice looks at her for a moment - those chilling, haunting
eyes.

JANICE (CONT'D)
All you need is my email password.
Make me an offer.

Closer on Mary, and now we're back in -

CUT TO:

13 INT. HARRY AND MARY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

13

On Mary's face - staring, thoughtful, troubled -

- and from off she hears a door bang. She now steps to the
window, looks out.

Mary's POV, through the window. There's Harry, heading into
the garden. Stretching, rubbing his neck. Clearly exhausted,
stressed beyond endurance.

On Mary's face. For a moment, compassionate -

- then frowning in thought.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

14 INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

14

The scene at the end of Ep 2. Harry and Mary.

MARY
We can cancel the call?

HARRY

She gave me the password to her email account - but there's no point, is there.

MARY

She just gave you the password?

HARRY

Yeah, doesn't matter, forget about that -

MARY

What did you give her?

HARRY

(Confused at the question)
Nothing.

MARY

Nothing? I don't - that's not -

Mary's face - suddenly thrown, not trusting. He mistakes this look for anxiety, goes to her, hugs her.

HARRY

Mary, it's okay.

Mary's troubled face over Harry's shoulder -

- now panning to -

- Mary again, now in her nightclothes and watching from the doorway (as before, she has again walked into her flashback.)

She contemplates for a moment - then steps into the kitchen, heads to the kettle (the flashback Harry and Mary are gone.)

She looks out the window as the kettle boils.

There's Harry, pacing.

She stares at him. There's distrust in her face now. Now looks round to -

- the cellar door.

FLASHBACK:

Fierce close-up of Janice.

JANICE
Make me an offer.

CUT TO:

16 INT. VICARAGE GARAGE - MORNING 16

Darkness. Then the darkness is split, as the door is opened. There's Mary still in her robe. She peers into the darkness.

There's no car in the garage - their car sits out front - it's just rammed with discarded furniture and bric-a-brac. She steps closer, scanning, clearly looking for something.

Mary's POV. We don't feature it strongly but among all the debris is an old gas heater ...

She looks at it, thoughtfully.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. VICARAGE BACK GARDEN - MORNING 17

Closer on Harry, pacing, miserable. A noise makes him turn.

And there's Mary. She's wearing her robe and slippers, and setting down two mugs of coffee on the table outside the back door.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. VICARAGE BACK GARDEN - MORNING 18

Harry, now seated, taking a long drink at his coffee. Finally:

HARRY
Did you sleep?

MARY
No.

HARRY
Of course you didn't.

MARY
You were working at your computer,
I heard you.

HARRY
Yes.

MARY
You were printing something out.
Lots of things.

HARRY
Yes.

MARY
I'm not just making random
observations, Harry, I'm asking
what you were doing?

Harry takes a meditative sip at his coffee.

HARRY
It has to be convincing.

MARY
What does?

HARRY
I do. There's all the stuff on my
hard drive - Edgar's porn. I
downloaded a bit more -

MARY
More??

HARRY
He had some links, I found some
more material online -

He has difficulty getting the words out. Clearly what he has
seen has deeply troubled him. His hand is shaking as he
raises his coffee cup again. This is a man fighting to be
calm - to be business-like about his own destruction.

MARY
Jesus....

HARRY
I printed out a few ... well,
images. Put them in my safe, like
they were hidden, like I'd been
hiding them.

MARY
Why??

HARRY
To be convincing. I have to be
absolutely convincing, no point
otherwise. Can you think of
anything else I should be doing?

She just stares at him, still appalled at what he's contemplating.

MARY
You're destroying yourself.

HARRY
I'm saving Ben.

MARY
Me as well. You're destroying *both* of us.

HARRY
Here's how I think it will go -

MARY
Did you hear me? *Both* of us.

HARRY
We release Janice. In about an hour. Let's give it an hour, yeah?

MARY
What difference does an hour make?

HARRY
Breakfast. It will be my last one. *Our* last one, our last normal breakfast here together. Once Janice is free, she'll go straight to the police. I think that's inevitable.

MARY
Of course it bloody is.

HARRY
The police will come here, and Ben will have an uncomfortable interview.

MARY
Do you think?

HARRY
When they investigate further, they'll find nothing on his computer - but they'll find plenty on mine. They will have no trouble believing that a Vicar who has just assaulted a woman and locked her in a cellar is also a paedophile.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's everything people want to believe about Vicars.

MARY

How can you be okay with this??

HARRY

I'm not okay with it! It's just ... it's the only right thing to do, so I'm doing it. I'm doing the right thing. I have to do the right thing, I'm a fucking Vicar.

MARY

And a husband. And a father. But oh no, it's all about that half-wit fairy tale you pretend to believe every Sunday.

HARRY

You think I'm pretending?

MARY

I think if Janice leaves that cellar, this family will be destroyed. We're under attack, we have to defend ourselves, like it or not, that woman is our enemy - and it's not Sunday any more.

*

*

*

They stare at each other for a moment.

HARRY

The thing about that half wit fairy tale -

MARY

No, don't, I don't care -

HARRY

- it's the only religion in the world where God dies at the end.

From inside the house, a phone ringing. Harry glances in the direction of the ringing, gets up.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(Heading into the house)

People say they're Christians, but you know what? You never see them nailed to anything.

MARY

He doesn't die, he comes back.

HARRY
That's the hope.

MARY
That's the fairy tale.

He goes inside. On Mary, sitting there a moment. She stands, heads wearily into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

19 INT. VICARAGE/HARRY'S STUDY - MORNING 19

Harry picks up the phone, looks at the display.

NUMBER WITHHELD.

Hesitates. Clicks to answer.

HARRY
Hello?

CUT TO:

20 INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - MORNING 20

Mary, refilling her coffee. She can just hear the murmur of Harry's voice from the kitchen. She moves towards the door -

- hesitates, looks over at -

- the door to the cellar.

CUT TO:

21 INT. VICARAGE HALLWAY/HARRY'S STUDY - MORNING 21

Mary starts along the hallway. Harry's voice, audible through the opened door of his study...

HARRY
(From)
Well - no, no I didn't. No, of course not.

She heads to the opened study door. There's Harry on the phone.

HARRY (CONT'D)
No, I understand, of course. Yes, sure. Two o'clock is fine, yes.

As Mary comes through the door, Harry has just clicked off the phone. He looks at it in his hand, dazedly.

Now looks, ashen-faced, at Mary in the doorway.

MARY
Who was that?

HARRY
Edgar's dead.

Mary stares at him, absorbing that.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Hanged himself. Last night.

MARY
... but ... but you were - ...

HARRY
That was the police. They want to talk to me -

MARY
But you were *with him* last night.

HARRY
He left a note. And it mentions me.
I'm mentioned in the note.

MARY
What does it say?

HARRY
I need to speak to Janice.

MARY
You need to speak to *me*.

HARRY
I *am* speaking to you, and I need to speak to Janice.

MARY
Harry -

He's down the hallway, about to unlock and open the cellar door. He turns impatiently to Mary - what now?

MARY (CONT'D)
Is it your fault?

HARRY
Is what my fault?

MARY
He *hanged* himself.

The thought blanches him. Wasn't even considering that.

HARRY
I don't - I'm not ... *I don't have
time to think about that.*

And now he's gone inside the cellar.

On Mary, staring after him. Unsure - what's he doing?

The camera now drops, descending through the floor into -

CUT TO:

22 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - MORNING

22

- the cellar.

Janice, crouched in her corner, as Harry comes down the steps.

He comes to a halt, suddenly caught in her fierce, frightened look.

HARRY
Are you all right? Did you manage
to sleep?

But Janice is barely listening, now studying him.

JANICE
Something's happened.

Harry hesitates. How to handle this?

JANICE (CONT'D)
Funny how good you get at reading
faces when your life depends on it.

HARRY
... You understand the only reason
I'm keeping you here is for Ben's
sake.

JANICE
Where is Ben?

HARRY

Asleep. It's possible ... just possible - ... look, the material you saw, on the data stick ...

JANICE

(Not letting him avoid the words)

The child pornography.

HARRY

If there was proof that it wasn't Ben's ... this would be over. You could go. I'm only protecting Ben, that's all this is.

JANICE

What proof?

HARRY

Last night, my Verger - the man I told you about, Edgar - the one who in fact owned the material you saw ... took his own life.

Janice says nothing. Again, that deadly waiting. She knows how to use it.

HARRY (CONT'D)

And he left a note.

Silence. Finally:

JANICE

What did it say?

HARRY

If the note is basically confessional in nature, it might clarify -

JANICE

What did the note say?

HARRY

I don't know. The police are coming to talk to me. Two o'clock. This could be over at that point.

JANICE

Could be?

He looks away from her, uncomfortable in her gaze.

HARRY

I don't care what you tell anyone about me - tell them everything. That I assaulted you, that I locked you up, all of it. All I care about is that Ben isn't blamed for something that's nothing to do with him. Everything here is *my fault*.

As he speaks, pacing, Janice's eyes flick to:

The slightly opened door at the top of the cellar steps. A shadow moves beyond it. Mary is up there, listening.

On Janice's face: the cogs are spinning - how can she use this??

JANICE

... what about our agreement?

Confusion flickers across his face.

HARRY

What agreement?

JANICE

What we talked about.

Harry, still blank.

Janice now glances to the top of the stairs, as if noticing that Mary is listening for the first time. She makes a show of flustering.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Just - you know - just our agreement that I wouldn't say anything if you let me go.

Harry: thoroughly confused.

HARRY

We never - we never had any -

JANICE

It's been a long night, I'm just - I'm confused, okay. I'm scared, I don't know what I'm saying.

CUT TO:

23

INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - MORNING

23

On Mary, listening. What?? What??

HARRY

(From the cellar)

The police are coming, two o'clock today. If the note is what I think it has to be, then this nightmare could be over. And I'm sorry. I'm sorry for all of it.

JANICE

(From the cellar)

Okay.

We hear Harry's feet on the steps, coming up out of the cellar.

We stay with Mary, as she steps quickly to the other side of the kitchen, busying herself with the kettle.

We hear Harry step out of the cellar, lock the door.

HARRY

Okay, what we have to do now, we have to be calm ...

MARY

What did she mean? Agreement?

HARRY

I don't know. She's confused, I think.

He says this absently, indifferent.

Mary, keeping her back to him, troubled now.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You making more coffee?

MARY

Yeah. No. Tea.

HARRY

I'll make it.

MARY

It's fine.

HARRY

No, I'll do it. I'll bring it out to you, in the garden.

He's taken over at the kettle, fetching down the tea. He's trying to be helpful, but you can see in Mary's face that she feels pushed out of the way.

She turns, starts heading to the back door.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(As he gets the milk from
the fridge)
I think there's a chance this will
be okay. We might have been given a
way out. If the note is a
confession, then I really think
this is over.

She hesitates. Unsure what to say.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Go and sit in the garden.

He turns away from her, busying himself. She looks at his back, at the tea cups being set out ...

... then at the door of the cellar. Frowning. *Arrangement?*

She heads out.

The kettle: starting to roar and bubble, and -

BEN
(From off)
Dad?

Harry can't help it - he startles, turns.

BEN (CONT'D)
Hey, you okay?

HARRY
I'm fine, sorry, I just -

BEN
Did you forget I live here?

HARRY
I just - you're up early.

BEN
Going to Lucy's before school.

HARRY
Why?

BEN

Because she's my girlfriend and I like to seem caring, she's into that. Did Janice come back?

The question unnerves Harry - he struggles (mostly successfully) to hide it.

HARRY

Why would Janice come back?

BEN

She left her handbag. I could take it to her. Things got weird yesterday, I'd like a chance to be non-weird

Harry: now fighting not to look at where Janice's handbag is still sitting on the counter top. It's mostly concealed from Ben's POV by a row of cereal packets.

HARRY

(As he continues to make the tea)

No, she came by for her handbag, she picked it up.

BEN

You said she didn't come back.

HARRY

Yeah, I forgot. She was just in and out, your Mum spoke to her.

Ben seems for a moment suspicious -

BEN

Okay.

HARRY

You eating here tonight?

BEN

Yeah, probably.

HARRY

I think your Mum would like something a bit more emphatic.

BEN

(Aggrieved)

I said probably.

HARRY

Okay.

Ben goes. Harry waits till he hears the front door slam. Then he moves to where Janice's handbag is lying half concealed, grabs it and shoves it in a drawer.

Now he picks up teas, heads out to the garden.

As he clears frame, we're left with a shot looking down the hall to the front door. A beat -

- then Ben appears from a side room (clearly he faked his departure.)

He slips back into the kitchen, goes straight to the row of cereal packets.

Bemused he puts his hand to where it was - obviously he *did* see it.

Looks around - where did it go? Did he imagine it? On his face, blinking, confused. He's chilled to the bone.

What the hell is going on??

Over this - as if in response to the turmoil in his mind we hear -

CUT TO:

24 EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

24

... the building roar of plane engines. A plane is landing, the tyres screeching on the tarmac.

CUT TO:

25 INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT/ARRIVALS - DAY

25

Wide shot of the huge arrivals area, where everyone waits to greet people off the plane. (Potentially stock footage.)

Closer on: a bunch of drivers waiting with name cards. Prominently positioned, one of them is waiting for BETH DAVENPORT. (Potentially this closer view could be staged in a more viable location.)

As we watch, a woman - MORAG - moves beside the driver with the BETH DAVENPORT SIGN. MORAG is a mountain of a woman - not fat - bulky. Strong and square, almost brutish, over six feet tall. There is something fixed and fractured in her gaze;

her constant smile looks like something she remembers to do. She talks briefly to him, shows him a card. (In long shot, we don't hear this above the general hubbub.) The Driver is frowning, confused - checks the card again.

Now on the doors the passengers are appearing through, with their cases and trollies.

And there's BETH, dragging her case, looking wearied. She scans, looking for her driver.

Beth's POV. The same bunch of drivers with name cards - but now in place of the Driver is Morag. She waves at Beth.

On Beth: confused, what? Who is this woman? She heads forward.

Close on: the card being handed to Beth. We only get a glimpse of it but it is clearly marked POLICE.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT/ENTRANCE TO CAR PARK - DAY

26

MORAG is now pulling BETH's case across the road to the multi-storey carpark. Beth is looking, troubled, at her companion. Morag registers this. When she speaks she has a strong Glasgow accent

MORAG

You all right? I'm a rubbish flyer myself.

*

BETH

I'm fine with flying. I just didn't expect to be picked up by a police officer.

*

*

*

MORAG

Well there's a bonus for you.

*

27 INT. CAR PARK - DAY

27

MORAG is loading BETH's case into the boot. Beth still eyeing her, critically.

BETH

How do you know him? You couldn't have worked on his case.

MORAG

Why not?

BETH
It was in America.

MORAG
His wife was from Surrey.

BETH
So, you *did* work on his case?

MORAG
No. Just pointing that out.

She opens the passenger door for Beth. As Beth climbs in:

MORAG (CONT'D)
Look in the glove box.

She's slammed the door before Beth can ask why.

CUT TO:

28 INT. MORAG'S CAR - DAY

28

Beth settles into the passenger seat. Opens the glove box.

A file, her name - BETH DAVENPORT.

Beth pulls it out, leafs through it. Printouts of various pieces of online information about Janice Fife - mostly Facebook pages.

MORAG
(Climbing in)
From Mr. Grieff. You might want to
familiarise yourself.

Beth's attention has been caught by something else. A can of Mace lying in conspicuous view inside the glove box.

BETH
Do police officers usually carry
cans of mace?

MORAG
It's not for me.

BETH
Who's it for?

MORAG
Anyone who wants it. Do you want
it?

BETH

No.

MORAG

Good then.

Morag leans over and shuts the glove box. Now she's pulling out. Beth, staring at her: what the fuck is going on.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. ROAD - DAY

29

Morag's car roaring along.

CUT TO:

30 INT. MORAG'S CAR - DAY

30

MORAG driving, BETH in the passenger seat.

BETH

So Grieff wants me picked up from the airport. And he calls you.

MORAG

What's your point?

BETH

Why is an English police officer taking orders from an American murderer on death row.

MORAG

I'm not English.

Morag peers out the windscreen. There's a turn off for a Services. She turns, starts pulling up the slip road.

MORAG (CONT'D)

Also, I'm not a police officer.

Beth stares at her - what??

MORAG (CONT'D)

Coffee?

CUT TO:

31 EXT. SERVICES CARPARK/PICNIC AREA - DAY

31

MORAG has parked the car. She's now heading towards the main building. She notices that BETH is still sitting in the passenger seat, unmoving.

She crosses back to the car, opens her door.

MORAG
There's a picnic area, it looks
shite. Coming?

BETH
Who are you?

MORAG
Call me Morag.

BETH
Is it your name?

MORAG
If you like.

BETH
Do you ever give a straight answer?

MORAG
Yes and no.

BETH
What's your connection with Grieff?

MORAG
(Starts heading away)
Bring your homework!

Beth stares mutinously after her. And starts to climb out of the car.

MORAG (CONT'D)
(Over her shoulder)
And the mace.

Beth grabs the mace, pockets it. As she follows Morag we hear:

DILLON
(V.O.)
They'll take you to the holding
cell - you know, the death house -
and you'll spend your last night
there.

(MORE)

DILLON (CONT'D)

On the morning of the big event
they'll give you a chance to make a
written statement, and meet with
members of your family ...

CUT TO:

32

INT. DEATH ROW CELLS - DAY

32

GRIEFF and DILLON. They are in their usual positions, sitting
on their bunks, effectively back to back.

We see that Grieff is leafing through an identical file to
the one we saw Beth looking at.

GRIEFF

I know. The warden briefed me.

DILLON

Yeah, but you probably weren't
concentrating because you were
gonna die in three weeks.

GRIEFF

I still am.

DILLON

You've had time to adjust.

GRIEFF

I've had four hours.

DILLON

Four hours is a long time, you've
only got three weeks.

GRIEFF

How do you know all that stuff?

DILLON

Photographic memory.

GRIEFF

Yes, but when did you hear it?

DILLON

When I was executed.

Grieff is examining the print out of Janice's Facebook
friends, frowning. It takes a moment for Dillon's words to
register.

GRIEFF

Dillon ...

DILLON

I know what you're gonna ask.

GRIEFF

There's a question that's kind of springing to mind.

DILLON

Why am I still alive?

GRIEFF

Oh, there it is.

DILLON

Buddhism.

GRIEFF

Okay.

DILLON

Buddhism. I'm a Buddhist. Converted in my first year.

GRIEFF

Okay. You're a Buddhist.

DILLON

You see, back then, when I was executed -

GRIEFF

Dillon, point of order - you were *not* executed.

DILLON

Yeah, but back then, you were allowed a faith person - like a priest or whatever - in the chamber with you when they, you know - moved you on. But they didn't have the legislation for a Buddhist. They had rabbis and priests and what not - no buddhists. I was two hours from being executed without the comfort of a qualified Buddhist touching my foot.

GRIEFF

Your foot?

DILLON
That's all they're allowed to
touch, your foot.

GRIEFF
Why?

DILLON
Well, *priests*, you know what I'm
saying. Take it from a former altar
boy - Priests need limits.

GRIEFF
Okay.

DILLON
Of course what with the mental
cruelty of my first death chamber
experience, my lawyers are all over
my next one - it's gonna take years
till they're able to provide me the
right kind of safe space for my
execution.

GUARD
(From off)
Mr Grieff?

Grieff looks round. Couple of prison guards are outside his
cell. They have the telephone ready to pass through the bars.

GRIEFF
Thank you.

DILLON
How come I never told you this
before. We don't share much, do we?

GRIEFF
I don't like you.

DILLON
Oh, yeah. Forgot that.

Grieff has crossed to the bars, to take the phone.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. SERVICES PICNIC AREA - DAY

33

Beth is sitting alone at one of wooden tables in the picnic
area, waiting.

Morag, with a tray balanced on one hand, using the other hand to talk on the phone. She is heading over from the cafe building.

Beth looks at traffic roaring along the motorway for a moment. What's she doing here, what the hell has she got herself into. Checks her phone again - nothing.

Now Morag is setting down coffees in front of them both. She tosses her phone on the table.

BETH
I must be very stupid.

MORAG
Why?

BETH
The card you showed me was a fake, yeah?

MORAG
Not fake, no. I mean, not *mine*.
(Holds up the card)
I mean, man's name, man's photo - I wasn't even trying that hard.

BETH
How did I not notice?

MORAG
No one ever does, they're too busy thinking "Oh, no it's the police!"

BETH
Where did you get it?

MORAG
Well, from a police officer. That's pretty much the only option.

BETH
How?

MORAG
Took it right out of his pocket. He didn't notice a thing. Which may have been because I'd just smashed his head all over the pavement.

BETH
... and why did you do that?

MORAG

He turned his back on me. Didn't consider me a threat. Every day sexism.

BETH

Okay. Okay, so you're - ... actually, what are you?

MORAG

I think we could safely say I'm a criminal with a history of violence.

BETH

Oh. Great.

MORAG

Mainly into housebreaking these days. Time of life - prefer to work indoors.

BETH

Well aren't you hilarious. Is the police officer still laughing.

MORAG

All better now, it was six months ago. Okay, I chose this table. You wanted the one over there, but I chose this one. Can you see why?

BETH

No.

MORAG

You have a clear line of sight to the car. If I make a move you don't like, just turn and run. Here's the car keys.

(She puts the car keys in front of her)

You've got hot coffee in your hand and mace in your pocket. Either of those in my face, you'll have all the time in the world.

*

BETH

Are you *trying* to be dramatic?

MORAG

I'm trying to introduce myself without you freaking out.

BETH
I'm not freaking out.

MORAG
Job done.

BETH
So why would Grieff want you - of
all people - to pick me up from the
airport.

MORAG
He wanted you kept safe.

BETH
He's got a funny idea of how to do
that.

MORAG
He strangled his wife to death and
mutilated her corpse - so, yeah, he
has. You read about the mutilation,
right? He didn't just strangle her.
He mutilated her afterwards. You
know about that?

Beth says nothing. Giving nothing away.

MORAG (CONT'D)
They kept a lot of it out of the
papers. I think they were still
hoping to find it.

Beth still says nothing - poker face.

MORAG (CONT'D)
Her head. I think they were still
hoping they could find her head. It
was mentioned in the trial coverage
but people had lost interest by
then. So that's who you were
sitting opposite. Not a man who
lost his temper once. A man who
hacked his wife's head off after
she was dead. And hid it. And won't
say where it is.

Beth: still silent.

MORAG (CONT'D)
He's clever, and he loves solving
his little puzzles, and talking to
little girls like you about
atonement.

(MORE)

MORAG (CONT'D)

But the truth is, and don't you
forget this - Jefferson Grief is,
was, and always will be a monster.

She lets that land. Finished now.

BETH

(Finally)

I know about the head. I'm not a
little girl, I'm a fucking
journalist. I read everything.

Morag absorbs. Gives a little nod.

MORAG

Good then. All yours, Mr. Grief.

Beth blinks - what?

GRIEFF

(V.O.)

Thank you, Morag.

Beth looks in astonishment at the phone lying on the table.
Grief is on the speakerphone and the connection is live.

CUT TO:

34 INT. GRIEFF'S CELL - DAY

34

GRIEFF sitting on the bed as we last saw him.

GRIEFF

Morag wanted to know you were clear
on - how shall I put it - my moral
status. Do you feel clear?

CUT TO:

35 EXT. SERVICES PICNIC AREA - DAY

35

Beth and Morag at the table. We intercut with Grief as
required.

BETH

I've always been clear.

GRIEFF

That was my impression.

BETH

You disgust me. What you did disgusts me. I'm in this because of my friend. And I'm starting to wonder why I don't just go to the police.

GRIEFF

When you leave a phone message for Janice, does she get back to you straight away?

BETH

No. Never. It can be days.

GRIEFF

By all means, go to the police. But it will be a long time before they have a legitimate reason to consider her missing.

BETH

Fair point.

GRIEFF

When you meet for coffee, is it always you who suggests it?

BETH

Yeah.

GRIEFF

And does she always take a while to reply?

BETH

Usually.

GRIEFF

Looking at her Facebook, she clearly has minimal social contact. She's currently resisting the approaches of a personable young woman who is taking a flattering interest in her. Basically, Janice doesn't make friends. You see the problem?

BETH

Well - no.

GRIEFF

How can there be anyone who hates her enough to harm her, if she doesn't have friends.

BETH

... you have a very strange view of friendship.

GRIEFF

So does Janice.

BETH

It could've been someone random, she could've had an accident -

GRIEFF

She could've fallen down a hole, she could've spontaneously combusted, she could've suffered sudden onset amnesia. But most of the time what happens to people is other people - and almost always people they know. So let's work on that assumption. Now. If she's alive, she's trapped. If she's trapped ... what's she doing right now?

BETH

How would I know?

GRIEFF

You know *her*. Remember her on the train?

He is leafing through his sheaf of papers. There are frame grabs from what is clearly the train encounter from episode one.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

She's clever. Unafraid.

Panning off Grieff, to the dividing wall between this cell and the next. But instead of Dillon sitting there, there's Janice chained up in the cellar.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

I think this is a woman who *understands*. And what she understands, above all, is other people.

BETH
Why do you say that?

GRIEFF
Because she avoids them.

We are now circling round, losing Grieff, homing in on Janice as we continue to hear his voice.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)
All it takes to turn any human
being into a hermit ... is a keen
sense of smell.

Closing in on Janice's face. Cold, calculating.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
If you had a woman like that,
trapped and helpless ... fierce,
clever, back to the wall, without
hope ... I think you could be in a
lot of trouble.

Now Janice glances over at something, considers it - And we are now fully in -

CUT TO:

36 INT. VICARAGE/CELLAR - DAY

36

- Janice's POV: the golf club. It's the one Mary left lying on the floor the previous night.

She reaches out with her leg, struggling to hook the golf club on her foot. Almost makes it. A lunge, straining at the limit of her cuffed hand. Got it. She starts dragging it towards her -

- and there's the sound of a key turning in a lock. She shuffles back into position.

HARRY has entered. He's coming down the stairs.

HARRY
The police are going to be here
shortly. I'd like you to hear what
they say.

JANICE
I'd like that too.

HARRY

We're working on something, we have
an idea -

JANICE

You must be terrified.

HARRY

Why do you say that?

JANICE

The police in your house - while
you've got a woman locked up in the
cellar.

HARRY

It's not like they'll be searching
the place.

Janice, as she talks, has flicked her eyes to the workbench.
Conspicuous among the items strewn on the surface is a roll
of duct tape.

JANICE

Promise me something.

HARRY

What?

JANICE

I'm very scared, I'd like you to
make me a promise.

HARRY

What promise.

JANICE

... that door's very thick. I can't
hear anything down here.

HARRY

(Puzzled. where is this
going?)

Okay ...

JANICE

What I'm saying is ... I don't
think you have to gag me.

Harry, frowning, puzzled.

JANICE (CONT'D)

(Almost)

Even if I shouted I don't think they'd hear me. And I couldn't bear it. I'm already chained up, I'm already pissing myself. I don't even feel human. Harry. Please. One favour, just one. Just one tiny thing. Don't - please - gag me.

She looks up at him, pleading.

Harry caught in her gaze, horrified at what he's reduced her to.

HARRY

You're right about the door. I've been down here, yelling my lungs out...

JANICE

Then don't gag me. Please don't. Harry, please.

HARRY

I won't gag you.

JANICE

Thank you, Harry.

Her use of his name is calculated. A tiny twist of the knife. Harry visibly winces.

HARRY

Just ... don't shout. Don't do that, okay.

JANICE

I won't shout. On my life.

HARRY

Mary will be with you anyway, so ...

JANICE

Yeah. She'll keep me in line.

HARRY

(As he goes)

Okay, we're just figuring something out. Mary will join you before the police get here.

JANICE
Thanks, Harry.

The door closes, locks.

On Janice. The pleading, anxious look has dropped away, like a disguise. Now she's thinking. Fierce, calculating.

She looks to the golf club. Again, stretches out her leg, hooks it with her foot, drags it towards herself.

Now it's in reach, she settles back. Looks around. Now examines the pipe to which she's cuffed. It's old, rough. There's a junction with sharp edges.

She runs her fingers over the edges, considers. Now she presses the side of her face against it. Yes. Yes, this might work.

She leans back a moment, seems to brace herself, tense -
- and then with all her might slams the side of her face against the sharpened-edged junction.

She gasps in pain and shock. Breathes raggedly for a moment. Her head is spinning, her face is throbbing. She puts her fingers to her face, as if checking the damage. Inspects her finger.

Her face is disappointed. Damn.

She looks back to the pipe. Grips it in her hand, tenses, grits her teeth ...

... slams her face against it. Harder this time. She's visibly shocked, gasping. Now fighting to recover.

Puts her fingers to her face, examines them. Blood. Her face is bleeding - a thick trickle of blood running down the side of it.

Now, a feral little smile. It worked!

Her eyes flick to:

The golf club, now lying within easy reach...

CUT TO:

A police car is rolling up outside the house.

Cutting closer on the study window. Harry observing the arrival, now stepping away from the window.

CUT TO:

38 INT. THE VICARAGE/HARRY'S STUDY/HALLWAY/KITCHEN - DAY 38

Harry turning to Mary.

MARY
In here?

HARRY
I think so.

Mary has two mobile phones in her hands. She now taps a number into one.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I suppose we need to do it this way
-

MARY
Yeah, we do. She has to hear it.

The other phone in Mary's hand now rings. She answers it - the two phones are now connected.

MARY (CONT'D)
Where?

HARRY
Top shelf.

MARY
Yeah.

HARRY
Put something in front of it.

MARY
I *know*.

She puts one of the phones on a high shelf on the bookcase, positions an old bowling trophy in front of it.

The doorbell rings.

They look at each other.

HARRY
Okay!

MARY

Okay!

Mary heads out the study, along the hallway. Harry watches her go. Through the open kitchen door, he sees her unlock the cellar and head inside.

He turns to the door.

Through the frosted glass he can see two heads - two officers waiting outside.

Visibly braces himself. Steps forward ...

CUT TO:

39

INT. CELLAR - DAY

39

Mary coming through the door, locking it.

Janice, waiting below.

MARY

Did Harry explain?

JANICE

The phones, yes.

Mary, hurrying down the steps now.

MARY

They're here. Harry's going to talk to them in his study. We listen down here.

Mary is now placing the phone on the floor, a safe distance from Janice. There is some tape crudely but liberally applied to the lower half of the phone.

Janice's eyes go to the roll of duct tape on the work bench.

MARY (CONT'D)

I ... taped up the microphone ... just, you know ...

JANICE

In case I say anything, and they hear me?

MARY

Yes.

Mary, staring at her - the cut on her face, the dried blood.

MARY (CONT'D)
What happened.

JANICE
Nothing.

MARY
Your face.

JANICE
Yes, it's nothing.

MARY
You're bleeding.

Mary has stepped forward -

- and Janice instantly scrambles back, as if frightened.

JANICE
It wasn't Harry. Harry wouldn't hurt me.

MARY
Neither would I.

JANICE
He's not like that, Harry.

MARY
You said you hated him.

JANICE
We're always falling out. You know what we're like.

A flicker on Mary's face - what?

JANICE (CONT'D)
But he wouldn't hurt me.

Mary, struck by this. That mounting suspicion there's something she doesn't know about.

MARY
Why not?

JANICE
It's just ... well, he wouldn't.

MARY
What happened to your face?

JANICE

I hurt myself sometimes. When I'm stressed. It's just ... you know, a thing.

(A beat)

Harry knows about it.

MARY

He's never mentioned it.

JANICE

Well he wouldn't, it's personal.

MARY

He doesn't usually keep secrets from me.

JANICE

I'm sure he only keeps mine.

Another flicker from Mary - what?

JANICE (CONT'D)

You should gag me.

MARY

... I'm sorry.

Janice nods to the roll of duct tape on the workbench.

JANICE

When the police are here

Janice flicks her back to the roll of duct tape on the workbench.

JANICE (CONT'D)

You should gag me. In case I start shouting.

MARY

... why are you suggesting that?

JANICE

Because I might panic, and if I do, you might - well - I just don't want to panic, that's all.

MARY

No one could hear you down here anyway.

JANICE

I know. But I'm not completely rational at the moment, I'm worried if I start shouting for help I might ... provoke you.

MARY

I'm not ... I'm not going to ...

JANICE

You're considering whether or not you have to kill me. I think you're capable of hitting me.

Mary: trying to process that. Horrified at it.

HARRY

(from Phone)

Do you want some tea?

The camera moves up through the ceiling, into the hallway to discover -

CUT TO:

40 INT. HALLWAY/HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

40

- Harry ushering two policewomen into the study DI Grover and Sergeant Clyde. Grover is a cheery, clucking hen of a woman, all head-tilts and sympathy - but under that, there's steel. Clyde is mostly silent, but has an unnerving stare which remains fastened on Harry throughout.

HARRY

Just boiled the kettle anyway.

GROVER

That would be lovely. Just milk in mine.

CLYDE

And mine.

GROVER

Thanks, Harry.

CUT TO:

41 INT. CELLAR - DAY

41

Janice registers the use of Harry's name.

MARY
He's the Vicar. Everybody knows the
Vicar.

JANICE
Yes. Everybody knows Harry.

The standoff in their locked gazes. Finally:

MARY
You gave him the password to your
email account - so he could cancel
your Skype call.

A barely suppressed gleam in Janice's eye. This is the
conversation she wants.

JANICE
Yes.

MARY
You suggested the same thing to me
...

JANICE
Yes.

MARY
- but you said you'd only give me
the password ... if I did something
for you in return.

JANICE
Yes.

Janice holds her look for a moment, stony. She's getting Mary
exactly where she wants her.

On Mary: processing - trying to get back in control of this
conversation.

MARY
The trouble with you, Janice, is
because you're clever you think
everyone else is stupid.

On Janice: she can't suppress a slight flicker of a frown.
Oh!

MARY (CONT'D)
You're playing us. I am now
supposed to waste time worrying
what my husband is doing for you
he's not telling me about. Right?

On Janice: silent. Damn it, that's exactly what she's doing. But she concedes nothing.

JANICE
It's up to you what you choose to worry about, Mary.

MARY
If Harry's right there could be a way out of this. For all of us. That's all I want - a way out with nobody hurt.

On Janice: this direct appeal seems to soften her fractionally.

JANICE
Well. That's all I want.

MARY
(Indicating the phone)
Then listen. Just listen, please. This could be over.

And rather weakly, she attempts the slightest smile.

On Janice: no answering smile. But, yes, she's ready to listen.

HARRY
(V.O.: from the phone)
Here we go -

CUT TO:

42

INT. HARRY'S STUDY/CELLAR BELOW - DAY

42

Harry is handing cups of tea to Grover and Clyde. (Throughout this scene, we intercut with the pair in the cellar listening, tracking their reactions.)

GROVER
So. Very sad about Edgar.

HARRY
Yes, very sad. Poor Ed.

GROVER
You're coping very well though.

Harry: stung, he's clearly not looking sad enough.

HARRY

Well. You know. It's barely sunk in

GROVER

Of course. Of course.

HARRY

How's his mother?

GROVER

About as well as you'd expect.

HARRY

I should phone her.

GROVER

She's sedated at the moment.

HARRY

He was always very troubled -
Edgar. Not his first attempt, I'm
afraid.

GROVER

We're aware.

HARRY

So - he left a note?

Harry is just a bit too eager to ask that question.

In the cellar, Mary registers that, as does Janice.

It causes a slight frown to flicker on Grover's face.

GROVER

As I told you, yes.

HARRY

And the note mentions me.

GROVER

As I said on the phone.

HARRY

What did it say?

GROVER

Can I just ask, sorry ... when I
said that, on the phone ... you
seemed surprised.

HARRY

I *was* surprised. I *am* surprised.

GROVER

Of course, yes, yes. Of course you are.

(A beat)

Why?

Harry blinks. What?

HARRY

Well. Wouldn't anyone be surprised to be mentioned in someone's suicide note. Wouldn't you?

GROVER

No.

This throws Harry. Not the expected response.

GROVER (CONT'D)

I mean, not if I was the last person to see them alive.

HARRY

Well. Yes.

GROVER

I'd be more sort of worried. I'd be thinking, oh, what did I say, was it something I said.

On Harry: slowly impacting. His focus was in the wrong place, he has slightly fucked up.

HARRY

I am worried. Obviously.

GROVER

Obviously, I can see you're worried.

HARRY

Well, I am.

GROVER

Obviously.

(A beat)

But why? I mean, specifically. What did you say?

Harry, blinking, uneasy, trying to get this under control.

HARRY

Look. Someone very close to me -
someone whom I felt responsible for
- has just died. Has just taken
their own life. Forgive me if I'm
not quite myself.

GROVER

Of course. Of course, sorry, yes.

HARRY

I would like - if you don't mind -
to know what he said about me in
his note. Are you able to tell me
that?

GROVER

Yes. Yes, that's why we're here.

HARRY

So, you said.

GROVER

Specifically why we're here.
(To Clyde)
Do you have the - um -

Clyde starts sorting the file she's holding. As she does so -

GROVER (CONT'D)

So what were you talking about?

HARRY

Well - it was ... personal ...

GROVER

Oh, of course, yes.

Clyde, still sorting.

GROVER (CONT'D)

I think it's in the blue bit.

CLYDE

I know.

GROVER

With the pockets.

CLYDE

I know.

GROVER

Was it amicable?

HARRY

I'm sorry.

GROVER

Your conversation. With Edgar.

HARRY

Well it was - yes, I'd say it was -
broadly -

GROVER

Broadly amicable.

HARRY

Yes.

GROVER

Good, yes.

Clyde has passed Grover a slip of paper - a photocopy of
Edgar's note.

GROVER (CONT'D)

It was just hard to tell from the
angle.

This impacts on Harry. Grover is now studying the note for a
moment, as if just checking it's the right one.

HARRY

The angle?

GROVER

The CCTV footage wasn't clear. The
footage is never clear, I don't
know why we use it -

*

HARRY

What footage?

GROVER

Just some footage. You and Edgar,
in the street. You were in the car,
he got in the car - nothing very
much.

HARRY

Right, yes.

GROVER

We were just trying to establish
Edgar's movements. After you
collected him from the pub. Why did
you do that, by the way?

On Harry. Starting to realise he's really making a mess of this. Not sure if Grover is playing him, or just blundering about.

The note still in Grover's hand. Harry desperate to know what it says - but he has to start watching his step ...

HARRY

Look. I don't how much you know about Edgar.

GROVER

Oh, nothing.

HARRY

Well. Complicated story -

GROVER

Except what I found out today.

HARRY

As I say he has a troubled history. He has - how shall I put it - ...

Looks to Grover. Who is blissfully blank.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What do you know already?

GROVER

About what?

HARRY

He has - had - certain compulsions. Ones he was trying to control. And I was ... well - trying to help him.

GROVER

Did he contact you last night to talk?

HARRY

Yes.

GROVER

I'll have to talk to his mother - she's very confused -

HARRY

Confused.

GROVER

She said you came to the door looking for him, and she directed you to the pub where he was drinking with friends.

HARRY

He'd left a message earlier. I assumed I was meeting him at his house.

GROVER

Was he upset? When he left the message?

HARRY

He was clearly anxious and had things he wanted to discuss -

GROVER

Upsetting things.

HARRY

Well. I mean, that's personal -

GROVER

Oh, personal, yes.

HARRY

But I assumed upsetting, yes. I was aware of - as I say, his history.

GROVER

So. While he was waiting to discuss these upsetting things with you he went to the pub with his friends.

HARRY

... apparently.

GROVER

Or maybe just forgot about it.

HARRY

I don't know. I have no idea why he did anything the way he did, why ask me. I know he was troubled, I have some idea of the context, I would like to know - if it's all right by you - what he said in his note.

Grover nods solemnly. Hands Harry the note.

Harry looks at it.

And he fights to control his face - because his world is falling down around him.

GROVER

What do you make of that then?

Mary and Janice listening. Read it out, *read it out!*

Harry's eyes flick briefly to where the phone is concealed. Knows they're waiting to hear. Finally.

HARRY

"Don't believe the Vicar is a paedo. He's protecting someone else."

Harry: just staring at the note. It's the worst thing it could say.

In the cellar: the two women, the same reaction. Their eyes meet. A touch of dread in the air.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I ... I have no idea what this means.

GROVER

Oh, sorry, it seemed quite clear to me. He thought you were protecting a paedophile.

Involuntarily, Janice shifts back slightly -

- and at the movement, Mary's hand shoots out to grab the golf club.

Now both frozen, the tension building between them.

HARRY

Are you expecting me to explain to you that I'm not?

GROVER

Oh, no, I wasn't expecting *that*.

HARRY

Right, then.

GROVER

But if you wouldn't mind.

HARRY

Do you realise who the "paedo" in question is? Who he's referring to?

GROVER

No.

HARRY

Do you know what his friends call him. Ask around, they'll tell you. They called him paedo.

GROVER

Oh. Do they. Hadn't heard that.

Grover seems blandly unmoved.

Harry is fighting to contain his agitation - he knows how this is playing right now, in the cellar.

HARRY

That's who I'm supposed to be protecting, that's what he means. He means I'm protecting *him*. That's obvious surely?

GROVER

Well -

HARRY

(Can't control the agitation)

No, it is, it's *obvious*. Don't you think?

In the cellar. Janice, her terrified eyes are fixed on Mary (as ever with Janice, some of this is performance.) She raises her hand, covers her mouth. Like she's stifling a scream that might happen any moment.

Mary: there's a wildness in her eyes now. She looks to the roll of duct tape -

- and a moment later she's grabbed it.

GROVER

Well, I mean, it's not exactly obvious, no. I mean, you're *not* protecting him, are you. You're telling us.

Now Mary is winding the duct tape round Janice's mouth, again, and again. There's a slight madness in her eyes.

In the study: Harry - fighting to keep the blood from draining from his face.

HARRY

Well he's ... I mean he's ...

GROVER

(Gently, kind, deadly)

Dead?

Harry silent. Nowhere good to go with that.

GROVER (CONT'D)

I suppose a loss like this hits people differently, doesn't it?

On Harry - hesitating, not sure what to say.

GRIEFF

(V.O.)

Were you afraid?

CUT TO:

43

INT. GRIEFF'S CELL/DILLON'S CELL - DAY

43

GRIEFF and DILLON in their traditional back to back positions either side of the dividing cell wall.

DILLON

When?

GRIEFF

When they told you? When they gave you your execution date?

DILLON

Are you scared?

GRIEFF

(Frowns, considering)

I didn't expect to be.

DILLON

I thought it was what you wanted.

GRIEFF

No, it's what I deserve. Any thinking person is afraid of what they deserve.

KEITH
(From off)
Mr. Grieff?

*

Grieff looks around. There's Keith, the GUARD at the bars.

*

KEITH (CONT'D)
You done with the telephone?

*

GRIEFF
Yes, thank you.

Grieff crosses to the bars, hands the phone through them to the guard -

- and in the same moment hands him a folded piece of paper (it's one of the sheets from the Janice file.)

GRIEFF (CONT'D)
This is a note for the warden.
Could you take it to him.

KEITH
Will do, Mr. Grieff.

*

BETH
(PreLap)
What's next?

CUT TO:

44 EXT. SERVICES PICNIC AREA - DAY

44

MORAG and BETH at the table.

BETH
What do we do now, where do we go?

MORAG
Depends.

BETH
On what?

Morag: silent for a moment, looking at Beth, appraising her.

MORAG
Mr. Grieff says you're a
journalist.

BETH
Yes.

MORAG
A crime journalist.

BETH
That's mainly what I write about,
yeah.

MORAG
Why?

BETH
People find it interesting.

MORAG
People?

BETH
I find it interesting.

MORAG
How about car accidents? Do you
slow down to look at them too?

BETH
No.

MORAG
Thing about crime ... speaking as a
long-term practitioner ... it's a
really stupid lifestyle choice. I
mean, seriously - it's strictly for
the desperate. It's dangerous, it's
difficult to do well, the money's
shite and if you make any mistakes
there's a good chance they'll lock
you up. Christ, you'd be better off
being a nurse. So why is a posh wee
thing like you writing about crime?
Do you think it's funny?

BETH
(A little stung; silent for
a beat)
I'm not posh.

MORAG
You know what you should write?
Porn.

BETH
Why?

MORAG
It would be a step up.

BETH
I'm not writing about this. I'm
trying to help someone.

MORAG
That better be true.

BETH
Or what?

MORAG
Or I'll develop a wee problem with
your attitude.
(Big smile)
Shall we go then?

She stands, starts to head off, confident Beth will join her.

After a moment, a slightly bemused Beth rises to follow. On
her troubled face.

LUCY
(PreLap)
You look mumpy.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. OUTSIDE SCHOOL - DAY

45

A secondary school dismissing in the background (we don't see
the building, just some kids dispersing.) BEN is heading
along - his girlfriend, Lucy, has just caught up with him. *

BEN
I look what? *

LUCY
Mumpy. It's a word I use. *

BEN
What's wrong with all the words
we've already got. *

LUCY
See, mumpy. What's wrong? *

BEN
Parents. *

LUCY
Yeah, well your parents are weird. *

BEN
How are they weird?

LUCY
Your Dad's a vicar, your Mum fucks
a vicar. That's just off the scale.
You coming to mine?

BEN
Yeah. No.

LUCY
You said you were.

BEN
I will, later. Just going to go
home first.

LUCY
Something wrong?

BEN
No. Maybe. I don't know.

LUCY
(Instantly paranoid)
Did I do something?

BEN
No, no. I just - I've just got to
go and check something, okay?

CUT TO:

46 EXT. VICARAGE - DAY

46

Harry stands at the door, as the police car pulls away.

He stands watching, troubled, then steps inside and closes
the door.

CUT TO:

47 INT. VICARAGE/HALLWAY/KITCHEN - DAY

47

As HARRY re-enters the house, he can see Mary just locking
the cellar door. They look at one another for a moment - a
heavy, exhausted silence. Don't know what to say.

Finally, Mary seems to collect herself. She hangs the key up
on the hook.

MARY
She told you her email password,
yeah?

HARRY
Yeah.

MARY
What is it?

HARRY
Just *password*.

Mary gives a little snort at the stupidity of this - then almost pushes past him, goes to her laptop, which is lying on the counter top. She sits at it, opening it up.

HARRY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

MARY
What do you think? Canceling her
Skype call.

HARRY
Then what?

Mary now tapping away. Checks the screen.

MARY
Well she wasn't lying about her
password anyway.

HARRY
Then what??

MARY
(Looks at him, finally
answers him)
We don't have a choice any more.
What are you going to do now?? No
point in your big confession, they
already think you're protecting
someone. And the moment that woman
ever leaves that cellar, she'll
tell them who. *She'll tell them
who!*

Harry: silence.

MARY (CONT'D)
We don't have a choice. It's not
our fault. We have to do what we
have to do.

He says nothing for a moment. Then turns, takes the key from the hook.

MARY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

HARRY
I need to talk to her.

MARY
(Now typing away)
Watch yourself. She's playing us.

HARRY
She's terrified.

MARY
Yes. And she's a cold hearted bitch
and she's really, really clever.

She absorbs herself in her typing. Harry unlocks the door and the camera follows him down the steps -

CUT TO:

48 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

48

- into the cellar.

Janice, looking up as he descends. Her mouth is crudely wrapped in tape, the blood is still tricking down the side of her face (possibly she's helped it along.)

Harry is staring at this, instantly concerned. He glances, a little horrified, as his wife, then closes the door and descends the stairs, rapidly.

HARRY
What happened?

Janice can't reply - but now Harry is pulling the tape from round her mouth.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Did Mary do this?

JANICE
It's not her fault, she's just so stressed. She was panicking, that's all.

HARRY
Did she hit you.

JANICE

... no.

Janice says the word like the most feeble lie.

HARRY

Did she?

JANICE

She said to tell you I did it myself.

HARRY

She hit you??

JANICE

Don't leave me alone with her!

She's now gripping on to his arm.

JANICE (CONT'D)

She's going to kill me, I know she is. She can't control herself. Please, Harry, I know I'm safe with you, I know I am! *Just don't leave me alone with her!*

On Harry: the impassioned plea is working on him. He now takes her hands in both of his.

HARRY

Listen to me. I won't let her kill you. On my soul, as God is my witness, I will not let her kill you.

And rather to his surprise she hugs him, hard.

JANICE

I know. I know.

On Harry's face over her shoulder - troubled, haunted, slightly bemused at where he's got himself to.

On Janice's face over his shoulder. As ever, fierce and calculating.

CUT TO:

49 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

49

Harry comes out the cellar, locking the door behind him. Mary has gone. Her laptop is still open on the counter where she was working at it - he looks down the hallway. The front door is now standing open. Clearly she's gone out for a moment. He glances towards her laptop.

CUT TO:

50 INT. GARAGE - DAY

50

Mary has pulled an old gas heater free from the other debris in the garage. Now she's fixing what is clearly an old gas canister to it.

The scrape of a foot. She turns. Harry standing in the entrance. He's holding the laptop, still open in his hand.

MARY

It's cold in that cellar.

HARRY

Cold?

MARY

This would warm her up a bit. Do you think it still works?

Harry: bemused at this sudden concern. He has set down the laptop on a workbench - and a memory hits him.

HARRY

We stopped using that.

MARY

Yes.

HARRY

Because it leaked.

MARY

(Closes her eyes, willing him to shut up)
Don't say it.

HARRY

It sent off the sensor. Carbon monoxide.

MARY

You see, you didn't have to say it.

HARRY

If you used this in a sealed room

...

He tails off. The truth settles in the air between them.

MARY

I was hoping you'd forgotten. It could have been an honest mistake. But, no, you had to say it out loud.

HARRY

Mary ...

MARY

She'd just go to sleep. It would be painless. She'd even be warm. All we have to do is just let it happen. Just let it happen.

Harry looks at her in despair. Then can't look at her at all. He turns, sits in an old chair at the side. Head in hands.

MARY (CONT'D)

What's the alternative? There isn't one. *There isn't one!*

(Her voice raising)

Harry, you know what happens if that woman leaves the cellar.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. VICARAGE - DAY

51

Ben, approaching the front door. The words have echoed from the garage. ... *that woman leaves the cellar.*

For a moment, Ben just stares at the partly opened garage doors. He hesitates towards them - then - new idea! He looks to the front door.

CUT TO:

52 INT. GARAGE - DAY

52

Mary now kneeling in front of her head bowed husband, who is still slumped on the chair. She's taken his hands.

MARY

We're not doing this because we
want to. It's the only way.

He looks at her, a world of bleakness on his face.

HARRY

Did you hit her?

MARY

No. The cut on her face, she did
that. Harry, she's trying to turn
us against each other. It's not
going to work. Is it going to work
on you?

Harry staring at her, not trusting her.

CUT TO:

53 INT. VICARAGE/KITCHEN - DAY

53

Ben in the kitchen, staring at the cellar door. Steps to it,
tries the handle - locked.

CUT TO:

54 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

54

On JANICE - she hears the rattle of the door handle, looks up
sharply. What's going on now?

CUT TO:

55 INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - DAY

55

Ben reaches to the hook for the cellar key -

- but it's not there. Frustrated for a moment - then seems to
remember something.

CUT TO:

56 INT. GARAGE - DAY

56

Harry and Mary as we left them. Mary glances to the laptop.

MARY

Did you read it?

HARRY

Read what?

MARY

My email. I'll read it to you.

She steps over, reawakens the laptop.

MARY (CONT'D)

Listen carefully, see if I've made any mistakes. "Hello Kath," - she always calls her Kath, never Katherine, and she always starts with "Hello" - I checked her other emails. "Do you mind if I skip the Skype tonight?" It's always "skip the Skype" she's cancelled before. "I'm in bed already and so tired. Off on a walking trip, and my phone is broken, so I probably won't be in touch for a week. Till then, take care, Janice."

Harry says nothing. Just staring at this cold, assured woman who is his wife.

MARY (CONT'D)

Well? What do you think?

HARRY

She should send love.

MARY

She never does. It's always "Take care."

HARRY

It might be the last time her sister hears from her.

MARY

She never sends love.

A silence between them.

CUT TO:

57

INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - DAY

57

Ben has gone to a drawer in an old dresser, and now yanks it open. A mess of stuff inside - and a scatter of ancient keys.

He starts methodically sorting through them. The shot develops, bringing the cellar door into view behind him ...

CUT TO:

58

INT. GARAGE - DAY

58

Harry and Mary as we left them. She's still clinging to his hands, trying to make him understand.

MARY

It's not our fault. This is just a thing that's happening to us. No one will suffer, not even Janice. Harry ... this is humane.

He stares at her. A lost soul now.

HARRY

It must be so much easier.

MARY

What must?

HARRY

Not believing in hell.

MARY

I'm in hell right now. And I think I see a way out.

HARRY

You see, that's the problem. There never is. There's never a way out.

He's heaved himself to his feet, the weight of the world on his shoulders. He goes to the heater. Taps it, kicks it.

MARY

Christ. We're actually going to do this, aren't we?

HARRY

Send the email.

Harry lifts the heater, now carries it out the garage.

Mary, frozen for a moment - then steps to her computer, braces herself to press SEND.

CUT TO:

59 INT. VICARAGE HALLWAY/KITCHEN - DAY

59

Harry steps through the front door, deposits the heater on the floor. Now he closes the front door behind him -

- *and bolts it.*

CUT TO:

60 INT. GARAGE - DAY

60

Mary - the email has sent. She closes the computer.

CUT TO:

61 INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - DAY

61

Harry now walks briskly through the kitchen, bolts the back door too.

From behind him, Mary's voice - she's calling from outside the front door.

MARY

Harry? *Harry??*

(Tries door)

Harry, have you bolted the door.

Harry!

HARRY

I've bolted both doors, you can't get in.

MARY

What are you doing??

HARRY

(Stepping closer to the front door)

Go to Sally's. Go to your mother's. Go anywhere you like, you're not coming in here.

MARY

(Battering the door)

Harry!

HARRY

Mary, listen to me. I'm not going to let you kill her. That's not going to happen. Now go. Just go.

MARY
Harry! *Harry!*

Mary thumping her fists harder and harder on the door ...

CUT TO:

62 EXT. PENITENTIARY - DAY

62

A shot of the penitentiary.

CUT TO:

63 INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

63

Casey, the warden, again sitting at the end of the table.
He's deep in thought -

- and in his hand we can see the folded slip of paper Grieff
gave to the guard.

He is studying it with a frown - like he can't quite believe
what it says.

Now the door is opening.

Two guards are bringing in a chained up Grieff.

Casey and Grieff look at each other there for a moment. An
exchange of cold stares, none of their usual warmth.

Casey nods to the other end of the table - *put him there.*

Grieff is maneuvered into position. The cold stares continue.

CASEY
(To the guards)
Okay, you can leave us.

The guards withdraw, the door closes.

A beat of silence. Then Casey holds up the slip of paper.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Are you serious?

GRIEFF
Perfectly.

CASEY
All of a sudden, you're gonna tell
us? After all this time?

GRIEFF

There is a condition.

CASEY

Can't be done.

GRIEFF

Executions have been rescheduled before. Many of them have been delayed indefinitely. I'm sure a lawyer somewhere can work something out.

CASEY

And in return ...

GRIEFF

And in return, I'll tell anyone who wants to know where my wife's head is.

Casey just stares at him - astonished, in some way disappointed in him.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

Gordon and Marie can bury their daughter whole at last.

CASEY

That's not enough.

GRIEFF

It's not all there is. Once I explain where I buried the head, it will become clear why I did it. Why she had to die. Gordon and Marie will know. You'll know. Everyone will know.

Casey staring, trying to get his head round all of this.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

But first ... I want to live.

CUT TO:

64

INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

64

On Janice sitting on the floor. She raises a cup of tea to her lips.

Panning to Harry. He's pacing. Calmer now, but there is deep sadness with it. A grimness.

JANICE

I feel safer now she's gone.
Somehow I know I'm going to be okay
with you.

He looks to her agonised.

HARRY

I ... I don't know what to do yet.
I need to ... to think. I need to
go and think.

JANICE

Of course you do.

He turns, starts heading up the stairs. Turns.

HARRY

I got Mary out of here, for *her*
sake. I don't want her to be any
part of this. Just like I locked
you up for Ben's sake. I have done
bad things - wrong things - but I
did them, I'm *doing* them, for my
family.

JANICE

You'd do anything for your family,
I know that. You'd die for them.

HARRY

More than that. I'd take their
place in hell.

A flick of Harry's eyes as he looks at something else in the
room -

Harry's POV: and there it is! The heater from the garage,
blazing away.

Harry takes a breath, turns, walks out the door. It closes
and we hear it lock.

A shot of the gas fire, hissing away.

We pan from it to Janice, now leaning back, relaxed.

JANICE

Well? You're not saying much.

A movement from the shadows. Then emerging from hiding is -

- Ben! He's been concealed behind the workbench.

CUT TO:

65 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

65

Harry is taping over all the cracks in the door, sealing the the cellar. Now he's jamming some tape into the keyhole covering it over with more tape.

CUT TO:

66 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

66

An agitated Ben.

BEN

What the fuck is he doing? What are my parents doing??

JANICE

Why didn't you ask him? I wasn't expecting you to stay hiding.

BEN

I couldn't. I ... don't know why, I just - ...

JANICE

You froze. No one expects to hear their father talking like that.

BEN

What did he mean, for my sake? What's this got to do with *me*?

JANICE

Ask him.

BEN

I'm going to.

He's heading up the cellar steps, pulling out another cellar key.

He now tries to jam the key in the lock. But no, it won't go in.

BEN (CONT'D)

Shit.

JANICE
What's wrong?

BEN
It's jammed. He's jammed the lock
with something. I can't - *I can't*
open it!!

CUT TO:

67 EXT. ROAD - DAY

67

Mary's car, heading along.

CUT TO:

68 INT. MARY'S CAR - DAY

68

Mary, driving. There are tears in her eyes, it's all gone so wrong.

She takes a turning - and the movement of the car causes her laptop now lying on the passenger seat to shift.

She glances at it - and a new thought hits her. A new, alarming thought. It builds and builds.

MARY
Shit! Oh, shit!

CUT TO:

69 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

69

Ben at the cellar door - starts hammering on the door.

BEN
Dad! Dad! *Dad!*

CUT TO:

70 INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN/HALLWAY/HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

70

As we continue to hear Ben's yelling voice, we pull out and out, away from the tape sealed door.

BEN
Dad! For fuck's sake, *Dad!*

Music is getting louder and louder -

- and it's coming from Harry's Study. We drift into Harry's study. He has classical music playing - something soothing - and it's far too loud for him to hear anything.

He sits at his desk. A lost man, alone with terrible thoughts.

A buzzing. The phone on his desk. He glances at it - the caller ID is MARY. He declines the call.

CUT TO:

71 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

71

Ben, still hammering at the door.

BEN

Dad! Dad!!

CUT TO:

72 INT. MARY'S CAR - DAY

72

Mary has pulled over, and she's on the phone - white-faced, tear-streaked, terrified.

MARY

Harry, for God's sake, phone me back, *phone me back!* She fucked us. She did it on purpose, and she fucked us. The email! I got it all wrong - *the bloody email!*

CUT TO:

73 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

73

On Ben, hammering away at the cellar door.

BEN

Dad, don't be stupid. What are you even doing?? Dad, *I'm in here! Dad!*

We're panning away from him, round to the gas fire, closing in on the hissing flickering red.

END TITLES