



## INSIDE MAN

Written by  
Steven Moffat

Episode 4

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\*small change to sc 84 (pg75) HARRY action - amends not issues\*

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1 EXT. PENITENTIARY - DAY

1

The Penitentiary, the white buildings baking in the heat.  
Distantly, the sound of a helicopter beating the air.

GRIEFF  
(PreLap)  
If I tell you to think about a red  
bus, you just do, don't you?

CUT TO:

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

2

GRIEFF is talking on the phone - as ever, the phone cable is  
stretched through the bars.

DILLON is sitting effectively back to back with him, happily  
listening to the phone call.

GRIEFF  
A red bus just appears in your head  
when you hear those words, right?

CUT TO:

3 EXT. TOWN STREETS - DAY

3

In the UK: Morag's car heading through the traffic

CUT TO:

4 INT. MORAG'S CAR - DAY

4

MORAG driving, BETH on her phone in the passenger seat.

BETH  
I suppose, yeah. So what?

CUT TO:

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

5

Now intercutting between the cells and the car as required.

DILLON  
I'm getting a red bus too.

GRIEFF

But instead if I tell you *not* to  
think of a blue bicycle ... you  
still picture a blue bicycle. Yes?

DILLON

Yeah.

BETH

Okay.

GRIEFF

But I specifically told you *not* to.

BETH

Is there a point to this?

GRIEFF

It's a demonstration of how you  
think. How everyone thinks. The  
human brain is only equipped to  
process positives, not negatives -  
what happens, not what *doesn't*  
happen.

The sound of the helicopter outside, building in volume.  
Grief looks towards the row of windows across from the  
cells.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

You notice a helicopter arriving -  
but you can't notice a helicopter  
*not* arriving.

Dillon has registered the helicopter - also glancing round at  
the windows.

CUT TO:

On a particular window as a man comes to stand at it, looking  
out.

It is CASEY, the WARDEN. On his frowning face - now seen  
through the reflection of a descending helicopter.

Under this continue to hear the dialogue from the other  
scene.

BETH  
(V.O.)  
Okay. Negatives not positives. So what?

CUT TO:

7 INT. GRIEFF'S CELL/DILLON'S CELL/MORAG'S CAR - DAY

7

GRIEFF  
Where are you now?

BETH  
Not far from Reading, if that means anything to you.

GRIEFF  
My wife used to live there.

DILLON  
Your wife used to live, full stop.

Grieff registers, Dillon considers.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

GRIEFF  
The point is, I know where Janice Fife is.

Beth blinks: rocked by that casual assertion.

BETH  
You do?

GRIEFF  
In principle, at least

BETH  
What does that mean, in principle?

GRIEFF  
It means I finally got around to noticing what *didn't* happen.

BETH  
Are you going to explain that?

GRIEFF  
Later.

BETH

Don't you dare not explain that.

GRIEFF

Work it out for yourself, I have to go.

(Glances towards the window  
and the clattering roar  
of the helicopter)

I have a visitor.

And he simply hangs up.

CUT TO:

8

EXT. PENITENTIARY/OFFICE WINDOW - DAY

8

CASEY still watching from the window.

Casey's POV through the window. A large, thickset man in a suit is striding towards the prison gates, the helicopter visible beyond him. This is GORDON. Two even larger, suited men walk at a respectable distance behind him - his personal security.

On Casey, again. Troubled. He knows who this is, and it bothers him.

BETH

(PreLap)

What is his problem?

CUT TO:

9

INT. MORAG'S CAR - DAY

9

BETH, crossly putting away her phone, MORAG driving.

MORAG

He's a murdering bastard, he's been  
in prison for ten years, he's under  
sentence of death - take your pick.

BETH

So are you going to tell me where  
we're going?

MORAG

Base camp.

BETH

Base what?

GORDON  
(PreLap)  
Do they shove something up your  
arse?

CUT TO:

10

INT. PENITENTIARY/VISITING ROOM - DAY

10

Close on GORDON's face. Late sixties, a big meaty face, an animal stare. Still and powerful. His accent is English, working class.

Wider. GORDON sits at one end of the table, GRIEFF - cuffed as always - sits at the other end. No one else is present.

GRIEFF  
I'm sorry?

GORDON  
Like a butt plug. In case you shit  
yourself.

GRIEFF  
I think that's for electrocutions.

GORDON  
Don't you shit yourself when it's  
lethal injection?

GRIEFF  
I don't know, I haven't looked into  
it. I'd promise to let you know,  
but it wouldn't make for great last  
words. Will you be there?

CUT TO:

11

INT. CASEY'S OFFICE - DAY

11

The same scene, now seen on a tv monitor.

GORDON  
(On Screen)  
I'll be back in England by then.  
And Marie won't come - not her kind  
of thing.

Wider. Casey, sitting in his office, watching this, frowning.

GRIEFF  
(On screen)  
It's not really mine, if I'm  
honest.

CUT TO:

12

INT. PENITENTIARY/VISITING ROOM - DAY

12

We intercut with Casey's office as required.

GORDON  
So. You're ready to make a deal.

GRIEFF  
And here you are - within the hour.

GORDON  
I was in the neighbourhood

GRIEFF  
I know.

GORDON  
Okay. Where is it?

GRIEFF  
I haven't heard a deal yet.

GORDON  
Jefferson. We were friends. There  
was a time we were best friends. So  
please ... just tell me. Where did  
you bury my daughter's head?

GRIEFF  
(A beat; a stare)  
Save my life.

Gordon stares at him, equally expressionless - but his  
massive hands clench into fists on the table.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)  
If you're contemplating an act of  
violence, you should know the  
guards will stop you. They're  
professionally committed to my  
health and well-being right up to  
the moment they strap me to a table  
and stop my heart. Do you know, you  
even get a medical? How do you fail  
a medical for an execution - got to  
be a low bar

GORDON

Where did you bury my daughter's  
head?

GRIEFF

I will reveal that information when  
- and only when -

GORDON

- I get your execution cancelled.

GRIEFF

You're a powerful man, Gordon.  
Well, you're more than that -  
you're a powerful criminal. So ...  
if you ever want to bury Rachel  
whole ... pull your strings,  
blackmail your friends, apply your  
insidious pressure ... do all those  
clever secret things you do so well  
... and save my life.

GORDON

Jesus! You really are a piece of  
shit aren't you?

GRIEFF

Oh, Gordon. I thought you'd have  
realised that when I decapitated  
your daughter.

Too much! Gordon erupts - throws himself at Griefff, hands  
straight to his throat.

- an alarm blares - and as the men struggle on his monitor,  
Casey snatches up a mike from his desktop.

CASEY

Stay out of there - let it happen.  
Let him do it.

Closing in on Casey's face, as we hear the struggle continue  
from the monitor.

OPENING TITLES

The Vicarage, seen from a short distance away. At the study  
window, briefly, we see Harry, crossing the room.

CUT TO:

14

INT. VICARAGE/HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

14

As in Ep 3 the music is still playing loudly - as Harry steps over to where his mobile phone is still lying. Picks it up, looks at the screen.

MARY: 15 MISSED CALLS.

He sits at his desk, tosses the phone on to the floor. Now he swings round to the desktop computer, starts to work. The GOOGLE home page comes up --

The camera now plunges through the floor, taking us down to -

CUT TO:

15

INT. VICARAGE/ CELLAR - DAY

15

- the cellar, and straight on to the roaring redness of the gas fire - panning to Ben still battering away at the cellar door.

BEN  
Dad! Dad!!

Janice watching. Compassionate - but under that she's cautious too. There's a difficult conversation coming.

BEN (CONT'D)  
(Slam!)  
Dad!

HARRY  
(PreLap)  
We know he's bright.

CUT TO:

16

INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - DAY

16

MARY, JANICE and HARRY sitting at the kitchen table. (Framed in the shot with them, though not emphasised, is the partly open cellar door.

Harry is in the act of serving cups of tea.

JANICE  
Celia thinks so too. She's the best  
maths teacher in that school.

MARY

Yeah, she is, and she seems to  
really know Ben -

JANICE

(Cutting across with the  
sweetest smile)

Although the bar isn't exactly  
high.

Mary and Harry exchange a look - faintly surprised at her candour.

JANICE (CONT'D)

I should meet him then.

MARY

(Rising)

I'll get him down.

JANICE

Actually - would you mind if I met  
him on my own?

MARY

Well - I -

JANICE

And is there anywhere more formal?

CUT TO:

16a

INT. HARRY'S STUDY/VICARAGE HALLWAY - DAY

16a

Janice now installed behind Harry's desk. She's looking through some papers - Ben's school reports, etc.

Now the door is opening. A slightly bemused Ben appears through.

Ben glances behind him. In the hallway, HARRY and MARY are watching from the kitchen doorway.

JANICE

Well come in, then.

Harry waves Ben to go in. Ben enters, closes the study door.

Harry and Mary look at each other.

MARY

I thought we were supposed to be  
interviewing her.

HARRY  
I like her.

MARY  
You're a Vicar, you like everyone.

CUT TO:

17 INT. HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

17

JANICE and BEN sitting opposite each other, across the desk. Janice as composed and watchful as ever. Ben making a big show of sprawling in his seat, and generally trying to look cool and in control.

BEN  
So. Just being clear. I don't actually need a maths tutor.

JANICE  
Your parents think you do.

BEN  
I know. Bless them.

JANICE  
It's funny how that's such a putdown, isn't it? Blessing people? It sounds nice but really you're just identifying weaklings.

BEN  
(Laughing at her choice of word)  
Weaklings?

JANICE  
Your maths teacher thinks you need a tutor too.

BEN  
Did she tell you I'm stupid and lazy?

JANICE  
No. She told me you're lazy.

BEN  
Does she think you can change that?

JANICE  
I don't want to change that.

BEN  
... I'm sorry?

JANICE  
Hard workers are only good at  
filling up their days. Lazy people  
look for short cuts. Maths,  
properly understood, is a short  
cut.

BEN  
Yeah?

JANICE  
90 percent of human inventiveness  
is an attempt to have more time off  
and somewhere to sit. Without  
laziness we'd all be working in  
fields.

BEN  
A lot of people are working in  
fields.

JANICE  
Yes, I know.  
(A beat, a smile)  
Bless them.

BEN  
You're kind of ... mean.

JANICE  
You'd better hope so.

BEN  
Why?

JANICE  
Because a maths tutor who wants to  
be liked is a waste of money.

Ben eyes for a moment, swiveling in his chair, like he's  
trying to be in charge of this conversation.

BEN  
I like you.

JANICE  
We can work on that.

BEN  
But I don't need a maths tutor.

JANICE

Because you've got a secret plan.

BEN

Well I wouldn't say a *plan* -

JANICE

You're going to carry on mucking about in class, study like mad at the last minute, and astonish everyone by acing your maths exam - all of which you are more than clever enough and lazy enough to do.

BEN

Okay, yeah, that's my secret plan.

JANICE

You know what else it is?

BEN

What?

JANICE

Hard work. Save time, Ben - just get good at maths.

BEN

That's your plan?

JANICE

It's not a plan. It's a short cut.

On Ben. Liking her. A slow smile ...

The sound of a doorbell ...

CUT TO:

18

INT. VICARAGE/HALLWAY - DAY

18

On the front door as it is pulled open, revealing Janice. It's Ben who has opened the door - this a different day, and this is clearly part of a new routine.

JANICE

Hey.

CUT TO:

19

INT. HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

19

Ben working away at maths. Studying what is clearly a difficult example. Janice is leaning over him. Time has passed, they're now at ease with one another.

The door opens, Harry is stepping in, holding a coffee and some papers - obviously planning to take up residence at the desk and do some work.

HARRY

Oh, sorry. Forgot.

JANICE

I'll give you a shout when we're done.

CUT TO:

20

EXT. VICARAGE BACK GARDEN - DAY

20

HARRY pops out the back door. MARY is already there. She's in work clothes, and is dragging something from the house to the back door of the garage. (If we're attentive we might notice it's the gas heater they will later use in the cellar.)

HARRY

Okay if I work in the kitchen?

MARY

Why are you asking me? Is the kitchen *my* room, is that what you think?

HARRY

... So I can then?

MARY

Have you been kicked out?

HARRY

No, no. Not *kicked*.

MARY

Tell her you need your study on Sundays. They can work in the living room.

Mary resumes dragging the old heater towards the garage.

CUT TO:

20a INT./EXT. HARRY'S CAR/STREET OUTSIDE STATION - DAY 20a

HARRY sitting in his parked car, which is waiting outside the station. (This is the same scenario as we saw in ep 1 - Harry picking up Janice from the station. A regular occurrence.)

He's frowning in thought - revving himself for a slightly tricky conversation -

He glances out the side window - just in time to see Janice climbing in.

HARRY  
Janice, hi -

JANICE  
Harry, I've been thinking. Is it really okay I keep using your study? I'm so embarrassed, I should have asked -

HARRY  
Oh, no, it's fine.

JANICE  
Oh, good. Phew. That's a relief!

A beat on Harry as he starts up the car. *How did that happen??*

CUT TO:

21 INT. HARRY'S STUDY - DAY 21

BEN and JANICE - in their usual positions, Ben working at the desk, Janice pacing - but this time they're laughing, obviously at some shared joke. They're like old friends now,

HARRY is coming through the door - this time with two coffees.

The laughter dies almost instantly - like an intimacy intruded upon.

HARRY  
I thought you might like some coffee.

JANICE  
Oh lovely. Though is tea possible?

CUT TO:

22

INT. VICARAGE/KITCHEN - DAY

22

HARRY is working away at the kitchen table. MARY is pottering away at the worktop. JANICE pops her head round the door.

JANICE

That's me done now. Don't need a lift today

HARRY

Thanks, Janice, bye.

We hear the front door bang.

MARY

You can go back in your study now.

JANICE

(PreLap)

What's wrong?

23

INT. HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

23

Yet another day. BEN is working away. JANICE pacing, observing him.

BEN

Nothing.

A buzz. It's coming from Ben's trouser pocket. A text has arrived.

JANICE

That's seventeen texts in the last twenty minutes. Normally you have about two.

BEN

It's personal stuff. Nothing that would interest you.

JANICE

Agreed. But so long as it's all you're thinking about, it might as well be out loud.

BEN

Seriously?

JANICE  
Five minutes. Then you owe me  
focus.

CUT TO:

24

INT. HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

24

A few minutes later. Ben is in full flow, animated. Janice, now sitting opposite him, is listening patiently.

BEN  
... So Linda starts trying to turn  
people against me, and because  
everyone always believes Linda,  
everyone starts thinking -

JANICE  
You spend a lot of time caring what  
other people think.

BEN  
Life's different now. Everyone  
cares what people think these days.

JANICE  
Oh, *these days*? And when is it I'm  
living?

BEN  
No, I just mean -  
(Indicates his phone)  
- it's like ... everybody always  
knows what everybody's thinking all  
the time. It's just ... it's  
stressing, that's all.

JANICE  
You could stop looking at your  
phone.

BEN  
Then I wouldn't know what everyone  
was thinking.

A moment - and they laugh together at the absurdity of it.

BEN (CONT'D)  
(Smiles)  
This is nice. You pretending to  
take an interest.

JANICE  
How am I doing?

BEN  
Do you have kids?

On Janice: that question seems to impact for a moment. A blink, a concealed memory.

JANICE  
No.

Ben, not registering the change in temperature, ploughs on -

BEN  
Actually, I don't even know if  
you're married - are you married?

JANICE  
No.

Now Ben notices - there's something here, something unsaid - and Janice is shutting down the conversation.

BEN  
Sorry - sorry, I didn't -

JANICE  
Right, time's up, back to work.

BEN  
Right, yeah, sure.

He sets to work. Embarrassed that he crossed a line somewhere

Janice, looking at him thoughtfully - registering his embarrassment, regretting it.

JANICE  
Ben. If you ever need to talk to  
anyone, if you're ... stressing -  
you have my number. I'm not  
generally very good at being  
comforting ... but I won't ever lie  
to you. Those facts may not be  
unconnected.

Ben nods, smiles - bemused but grateful.

JANICE (CONT'D)  
Now. Work!

She takes the phone from Ben and sets it down firmly on the other side of the desk. On the impact -

CUT TO:

25

INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

25

- the click of the phone on the desk becomes the crack of a claw hammer on the cellar door, wielded by Ben. We're back in the present day.

BEN

*Dad!!*

Exhausted by the emotion, he steps back. Rakes a hand through his hair - shaking, frantic.

BEN (CONT'D)

*This is fucked up. What even is this? What the fuck is going on??*

Janice, flinching away from him - as if the shouting impacts physically on her. (The emotion is real, but she's ever so slightly playing it up.)

JANICE

Please don't shout at me -

BEN

*I'm not shouting, I just -*  
(Realises he is shouting,  
moderates)

*I just want to understand what's happening. Sorry.*

JANICE

*Also ... could you put that hammer down.*

BEN

(Bemused)

*Why?*

JANICE

*I've been chained up in here all night, Ben, and I'm very, very frightened. Please put it down.*

Ben tosses the hammer on the floor. (It bangs against some old paint pots - or anything to fix it's position in the minds of the audience.)

BEN  
... Frightened of my Dad?

JANICE  
Yes.

BEN  
My Dad would never - I know he  
would never ... ever ... -

JANICE  
Look at me, Ben. Look at me and  
tell me what your father would  
never do.

Ben staring at her - no words, doesn't know how to reply. And now he can't even look at her.

And now the camera flies up, straight through the ceiling  
into -

CUT TO:

26 INT. HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

26

- the study. Harry as we last saw him. He's now working away  
at his desk top.

On his face, studying what he's reading. He turns, reaches  
and a clicks a button on small electrical device, somewhat  
resembling an Amazon Echo. It beeps.

HARRY  
Set a timer for two hours.

DEVICE  
(V.O.)  
*Two hours starting now.*

Abruptly the phone emits a single buzz. He glances briefly at  
the phone - clearly this isn't the first time - and away  
again.

On the phone. We can see on the illuminated screen that a  
number of texts have arrived.

Harry sighs. He makes no move to pick up the phone, leaves it  
where it is.

Now tracking in on the phone - on the texts now scrolling  
down the screen, all from Mary.

**The email!**

**THE EMAIL!****THE FUCKING EMAIL!!**

On Harry as he glances at his watch. Frowns, like it's later than he thought. Twists round to look at the clock on the wall, confirming the time. Presses the device button again.

HARRY  
Cancel timer.

DEVICE  
(V.O.)  
Two hour timer cancelled.

HARRY  
(Eyes flick back to screen)  
Set a timer for one hour.

DEVICE  
(V.O.)  
One hour starting now.

He stands, steps away from the computer. As he clears frame we now see what he's been looking it.

**Results for:*****Carbon monoxide poisoning - how long?***

Now on Harry. He's standing at the window, staring bleakly out. The buzz of another text arriving - he ignores it.

CUT TO:

27

INT. GRIEFF'S CELL - DAY

27

On the window opposite Grieff's cell.

Now on Grieff - sitting on the end of his bed, staring at the sunlight streaming through the window. He's bruised and bandaged - clearly has been badly roughed up. But his face is bemused, fascinated - more than a little reminiscent of Harry staring out his window.

Now a figure blocks the sunlight - CASEY, stepping into shot.

Grieff just tilts his head to look past him at the window.

CASEY  
Jefferson?

GRIEFF  
Do you mind? I'm sunbathing.

Casey looks behind him, bemused - just the window. Steps clear of the sunbeam.

CASEY  
So. You told him.

GRIEFF  
Yes. I gave up my only leverage in less than three minutes. Just because I was frightened.  
Interesting that you can still be frightened when you're doomed anyway - fear is very persistent.  
That's so ... optimistic.

DILLON  
(From the next cell)  
There was violence, Mr. Casey. I am very much opposed to violence, and I know what I'm talking about.

CASEY  
Did you tell him the truth?

GRIEFF  
Yes.

CASEY  
Where Rachel's head is buried - no lies, no tricks, no games.

GRIEFF  
Not this time.

CASEY  
Do you promise me that?

GRIEFF

On my life. All three weeks of it.

CASEY

I ask, because it seemed like you  
were provoking him. On purpose.

GRIEFF

I thought you'd intervene. Why  
didn't you?

CASEY

You never had any leverage. He'd  
never have helped you, whatever you  
told him.

GRIEFF

Perhaps not.

CASEY

But he will now.

Grieff frowns. Opens his eyes, looks at him - curious.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I got you your leverage.

CUT TO:

28

INT. FLAT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

28

(NB. As agreed: this scene is no longer in the bedroom on the basis that it will be possible to shoot the living room to look different in one direction than the other - there's a kitchen area and a living room area. It's VITAL we don't recognise this room from our pan round it in ep 1 - so this should emphasise the kitchen part and the ep 1 pan round the living room part.)

Morag is setting down Beth's case.

MORAG

I've told Mr. Grieff we're at base camp -

BETH

What do you mean, base camp.

MORA

- he'll be in touch in his own good time.

BETH

That's nice of him.

MORAG

He's a murdering misogynist in a prison full of men - keeping us waiting is the only fun he's got available.

BETH

I'm gonna phone him.

She's already pulled her mobile out her jacket.

MORAG

No.

BETH

I'm sorry?

MORAG

It doesn't work that way.

BETH

Says who?

MORAG

Says Mr Grieff.

BETH

If you think he's a murdering misogynist, why do you do what he tells you? Why do you even work for him?

MORAG  
*With him.*

BETH  
*For him.*

A momentary standoff. With a tiny flicker of bitterness, Morag acknowledges the truth of it.

MORAG  
 Why do women write to serial killers? Self-loathing loves company. Don't phone him. Do not do that.

(Starts heading out the room)  
 I'm going shopping - there's nothing in this shithole.

BETH  
 Whose fault is that?

MORAG  
 Don't look at me, it's not my flat.

BETH  
 Sorry, what? It's not *what*??

MORAG  
 (Heading out into the hallway)  
 It's not my flat. Jesus. I'm a *house breaker*. Keep the fuck up!  
 (As she goes out)  
 Keys in the flowerpot - love that!

On Beth's face as she hears the front door slam.

BEN  
 (PreLap)  
 I don't know what's going on -

CUT TO:

Ben, pacing, frantic, stressed.

BEN  
 - I don't know what fucked up thing has happened - but I know for a fact - a solid *fact* - ...  
 (MORE)

**BEN (CONT'D)**  
my Dad is incapable of harming  
anyone. You or anyone. And you know  
that too.

JANICE

Believing a man to be incapable of  
harming you is a luxury reserved  
for exactly one kind of person. Do  
you know what kind of person that  
is, Ben?

Ben shakes his head, weary - no, he doesn't.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Another man.

The thought impacts unpleasantly on Ben - he looks away,  
unable to keep eye contact for a moment.

BEN

... what happened?

Bzz. The familiar buzz of a text arriving in Ben's phone.  
It's somewhere in his jacket. Janice breaks off staring.  
What? What??

JANICE

Did you just get a text?

BEN

Between you and my Dad, what  
happened.

JANICE

Ben, do you have your phone? I  
thought I heard a text.

Ben pulls his phone from inside his jacket. Glances at it.

BEN

No. It's just my battery's low.

Janice - so transfixed by the phone, she doesn't quite  
register what he's said.

JANICE

You could call for help.

BEN

I could call my Dad.

JANICE

*Your Dad's the one who put me here!*

BEN

I can sort this out if I just talk  
to him. I need to know what  
happened.

JANICE

(Finally registering what  
he said)

Low, what do you mean, low? How  
low?

BEN

I need to understand -

JANICE

Your battery, how low is it?

BEN

You were talking about porn. That  
was the last thing I saw. It's not  
about the porn, is it?

Janice - jolted by how close he is now. Treading carefully.

JANICE

... can you think of any reason why  
it would be?

BEN

No.

Janice, perplexed for a moment. Trying to think that one  
through. Her eyes flick back to the phone. Her lifeline - but  
for how long?

JANICE

Ben, is your battery about to run  
out?

Ben glances at his phone, but doesn't reply.

JANICE (CONT'D)

(Keeping it calm, keeping  
it reasonable)

You have a chance to call for help.  
If instead of doing that, you call  
your Dad, you will bring him back  
down here. You will be part of  
whatever happens then. It will be  
on you.

BEN

*You're asking me to call the police  
on my Dad!*

JANICE

Yes. Ben, I'm sorry, I know this is  
difficult, but yes I am.

BEN  
I *can't*.

JANICE  
Then you are protecting him.

BEN  
No -

JANICE  
Which will make you an accomplice.

BEN  
No, shut up.

JANICE  
(Pressing home, merciless)  
In the eyes of the law, that is  
what you will be. An *accomplice*.  
You will be *arrested*.

BEN  
Shut up, just shut up. I need to  
think, just let me *think*!

Janice, controlling herself, realising she's pushing too hard. But that damned phone, that battery ...

JANICE  
... how long?

BEN  
I need to *think*!

JANICE  
On your battery. How much time left  
on your battery.

Ben raises his phone -

- close on the screen as he does so. 9 percent left on the battery - and now we roll focus to see the glowing grill of the gas fire reflected in the screen...

CUT TO:

On the monitor:

A replay of the struggle between GORDON and GRIEFF. We pan from what is clearly a nasty beating to Gordon watching with some satisfaction. Casey stands a little way behind him, observing sardonically.

GORDON

I knew I could get it out of him if I just got my hands round his neck. Thanks for keeping your boys away.

CASEY

I think you're missing the point.

GORDON

What point?

CASEY

It's on tape.

GORDON

Yeah, it's on tape. Can I have a copy?

CASEY

Proof of assault.

GORDON

Yeah, I assaulted the man who murdered my daughter. Who cares? Who, in the whole world, is going to care about that piece of living shit? You got anything to drink here, I feel like celebrating.

Casey considers a moment. Goes to a cupboard, produces a bottle of whisky and some glasses. As he pours for Gordon.

CASEY

The FBI.

GORDON

Sorry, what?

CASEY

The FBI is going to care. How long have they been trying to get you in a court room? How do you think it will go for you when they finally get an excuse?

Gordon stares at Casey. Wheels turning. No! No!

GORDON

Are you threatening me?

CASEY

I think you should follow up on the information he gave you, quick as you can -

GORDON

I'm doing that right now - don't you think I'm doing that?

CASEY

And if it checks out, I think you should keep your part of the deal.

GORDON

I didn't make any deal.

CASEY

You're making a deal right now - with me. If Grieff told you the truth ... you help him. Or I'll suddenly remember my duty concerning the assault you just committed on these premises.

GORDON

Jesus! What's wrong with you? Are you trying to save him?

CASEY

Deal?

GORDON

Are you blackmailing me?

CASEY

Deal?

GORDON

... and if he didn't tell me the truth? Have you thought about that?

CASEY

I have.

GORDON

Because he's a lying fucking snake, when he wants to be, are you remembering that?

CASEY

I am.

GORDON

And if he's lying this time?

CASEY  
Then you have my word - I'll kill  
him.

Casey's desk phone is ringing. He reaches for it.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.  
(Answering phone)  
Yeah? ... Who?

CUT TO:

31 EXT. SIDE OF ROAD/MARY'S CAR - DAY

31

Mary. She's now out of the car, sitting on the ground, her back against the side of the car, her head in her hands. Complete despair.

Her phone, now buzzing. She looks dully at it - then with interest. Clicks the phone.

MARY  
Harry?

CUT TO:

32 INT. HARRY'S STUDY/MARY'S CAR - DAY

32

Harry, slumped at his desk, as we last saw him. Now intercutting as required.

HARRY  
What about the email?

MARY  
What are you doing? Right now, what are you doing, tell me! Because you took the gas fire with you - you took it into the house. Where is it now?

HARRY  
You have no reason to suppose I'm doing anything at all -

MARY  
Because whatever you're doing, I am part of it, so is Ben, we all are - because of that fucking email.

HARRY  
What's wrong with the email?

MARY  
How did she send it?

HARRY  
... sorry, what?

MARY  
She's supposed to be at home, and  
going to bed. How did she *send* the  
email? Her phone is broken, the  
email even mentions her phone is  
broken -

HARRY  
So she sent it from her computer.

MARY  
Are you in your study?

HARRY  
Yes.

MARY  
So is her computer.

Harry looks round. And there it is, lying forgotten on his  
desk. Janice's laptop.

MARY (CONT'D)  
How did she send the email?

On Harry: clicking through his head, the ramifications.

MARY (CONT'D)  
When she goes missing, the police  
will search her flat. And they'll  
notice there's no laptop there and  
they'll wonder how she could have  
sent her last email - the *exact*  
*email* which just so happens to  
explain where she's been the last  
few days.

HARRY  
Well they'll just assume she took  
the laptop with her.

MARY  
Hiking?

HARRY

It's not proof of anything.

MARY

*It doesn't have to be proof! They just have to ask questions - and the first place they'll go asking questions is the last place she was seen. Which is our house. Where there's a Vicar whose Verger just hanged himself and who might be covering up for a pedophile and oh, look, the woman they're actually looking for is locked up in the cellar - and even if you get around to doing something about that, we still don't know what to do with her body once you've done it. Jesus, how does anyone ever get murdered? There's so much admin.*

The camera drops down fast, into -

CUT TO:

33

INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

33

- the cellar. BEN and JANICE as we left them. Ben, pacing.

BEN

Dad said he was doing this to protect Mum and me. What did he mean?

On Janice. Tricky. Really doesn't want to get into this.

BEN (CONT'D)

If I phoned for help ... the police ... would something bad happen to my Mum?

JANICE

No. No, nothing.

BEN

Then why did my Dad say that?

JANICE

I don't - ... it's not - ...

BEN

What about me? Would something bad  
happen to me? What did he mean,  
he's protecting me?

On Janice. The big one. The thing she can't talk about.

JANICE

Ben. Come here.  
(Reaches out a hand)  
No, really. Come here. Take my  
hand.

He hesitates towards her. Stops. He takes his phone, places it on the floor - clearly out of her reach.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Oh, Ben. I'm not trying to steal  
your phone!

BEN

I would. In your position.

But he leaves it where it is. Approaches her, takes her extended hand. She squeezes it - a heartfelt stare.

JANICE

I'm not just your teacher, am I?  
We're friends, aren't we?

BEN

Yeah.

JANICE

I have never had a son. If I did, I  
would hope to have a son like you.  
I know that sounds ridiculous, but  
it's true. I think of you that way.  
Ben. I promise you ... from my  
heart ... I swear ...

Hesitates. Like she finds there words hard to say. Maybe because she has to look him in the eye ...

JANICE (CONT'D)

Come on. Come here

He resists for a moment. Then hugs her.

On Janice's face, over Ben's shoulder. Her eyes immediately flick to the phone, her one hope.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Ben. I don't lie to you. I always tell you the truth, don't I? If you call for help ... if you call the police ... I swear on everything I love ...

(Steals herself, the big lie)

... nothing bad will happen to you.

On Ben's face over her shoulder. Traumatised, verge of tears.

On Janice's face over Ben's shoulder: calculating, frantic. Has she done enough?

Her eyes flick to - the phone ... How much time, how much time??

BEN

What did you see?

JANICE

What do you mean?

BEN

The porn. Why did the porn change everything?

On Janice. Thinking, thinking. How does she answer that?? Why doesn't he know?? *What does she say??*

Before she can answer - the phone buzzes! A call is coming in.

Ben pulls away from Janice. He goes over to the phone, picks it up

BEN (CONT'D)

It's my Dad.

The camera flies up through the ceiling to meet -

CUT TO:

- Harry, phone at his ear, heading along the hallway. He has Janice's laptop in his other hand with her coat draped over his arm.

CUT TO:

35

INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

35

BEN staring at the phone in his hand, buzzing away. Janice watching him, anxious.

JANICE

Ben. Don't answer it. Ben!

Her eyes flick to:

The hammer. Where it fell earlier. For a moment, it's like she's gauging if she could reach it -

- and the phone stops buzzing.

The camera flies up again though the ceiling -

CUT TO:

36

INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN/HALLWAY - DAY

36

- to find Harry - phone still at his ear. He is pulling Janice's handbag from the drawer he concealed it in earlier. (The laptop and coat are now lying on a counter top.)

BEN

(V.O. phone distort)

Hey, it's Ben, leave a message.

HARRY

Ben, it's Dad. Where are you tonight? Are you at Lucy's? Give me a call as soon as you can. Just working some stuff out. Cheers.

Clicks the phone off. He gathers the laptop, the coat and the handbag, heads through another door into a pantry.

CUT TO:

37

INT. VICARAGE/PANTRY - DAY

37

A small narrow pantry with crammed shelves. At the far end, there's a narrow frosted window, barred. We can dimly see the head and shoulders of someone standing at the window. He sets down his little pile, unlatches the window and with an effort, pushes it up (it's clearly not often opened.)

Mary is revealed, standing outside.

MARY

Oh, of course, the bars. I was wondering why it had to be *this* window. If I wanted to climb in, there's plenty of other windows I could just break, you know.

HARRY

You won't though. We don't break windows, we're not those sort of people.

MARY

(Smirks at the truth of this)

Yeah. Look at us - in the middle of a murder and we won't break windows.

HARRY

Who said anything about murder?

MARY

I know exactly what you're doing.

HARRY

No you don't. You don't know anything. Stay that way, stay not knowing anything, and just go.

MARY

I'll dump her things somewhere.

HARRY

(Doesn't really care)

Fine. Just be careful, don't be seen.

MARY

So they can be found, so they won't come looking here -

HARRY

Mary! I'm not *trying* to get away with anything -

MARY

Will that even work, does that track?

HARRY

Mary -

MARY

But does that make sense? We have to be careful. The police investigate murders all the time - but it's our first go. It's not even fair.

HARRY

Mary. The only reason I'm giving you these things is because I want you to get away from here. Because that is the best thing for you. Please, just get in your car and just go away.

Mary frowns, processing the oddness of that in the circumstances. Harry starts feeding the coat, the laptop and the handbag through the bars.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Dump these wherever you like, just don't be seen.

Impulsively, Mary reaches through the bars, grips on to his hand.

MARY

Harry ... let's stop.

He looks at her, says nothing. His face bleak, lost.

MARY (CONT'D)

We can't do this. We have to stop right now.

HARRY

Then what? Then what do we do? You said it. When she walks out of this house, Ben's life is destroyed. Whatever we do, whatever we say, destroyed. Show me a way out of that, I'll take it. Oh my God, I'll take it. Show me the tiniest gap I'll fly straight through it. I'd give anything. Anything, in the world to get *out of this*. But not my son. I will not give my son. Not Ben. Not Ben.

On Mary, no answer to that, no idea what to say. Her hand grips ever tighter on his.

MARY

I know. But we still have to stop.

HARRY  
Okay.

Mary blinks - what?

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I'll stop then. You've told me to  
stop, and I'm telling you I'm going  
to stop. Now please, Mary, just go.

On Mary: hopeless. No way back from this. He's going to do it, she can't change that.

MARY  
Can I come in?

HARRY  
No. Of course not.

MARY  
Just for five minutes.

HARRY  
No.

MARY  
Five minutes, please.

HARRY  
Why??

MARY  
*I need a pee!*

This momentarily floors Harry. The ordinariness of it.

HARRY  
Well - go somewhere else.

MARY  
Where?

HARRY  
I don't know.

MARY  
I'm not going in a hedge.

HARRY  
Oh, no, don't cross that line. It's  
been a hard day, but don't pee in a  
hedge.

They stare at each other - and then the absurdity and stress of it crashes over them - and suddenly they're laughing.

For a moment they're just clinging to either side of the window, giggling, hysterical. A moment later and it's starting to pass.

MARY

Doesn't happen on the telly, does it - when there's a murder.

HARRY

No.

MARY

Everyone's all calm and evil all the time. Like they've done it before.

HARRY

Yeah. Nobody needs a pee in Columbo.

They look at each other again, connected by one thought - that was their very last laugh.

Harry reaches down and as gently as he can starts freeing his hand from Mary's grip.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You have to go now, Mary.

MARY

You can't do this alone.

HARRY

(Still gently plucking her fingers from his hand)

You have to go now.

MARY

Harry -

HARRY

Mary! You have to go.

He's finally disentangled his hand. He starts to pull the window down.

MARY

(Almost babbling)

I'll leave the laptop somewhere, if it gets found the police won't come here, will they. I mean, will they?

HARRY

Mary. Just go.

And then - it's an effort, he has to force himself to do it - he closes the window on his wife. Their eyes are fixed on each other as the frosted glass descends.

CUT TO:

38

EXT. VICARAGE - DAY

38

Mary, frozen for a moment. Almost crippled by the pain of it.

Then: pulling herself together, she picks up Janice's things - and freezes. It's a sound that has stopped her - a jingling from the pocket of Janice's coat.

She quickly delves into Janice's pocket, pulling out a set of house keys. She stares. A new idea is forming...

The camera drops down below the ground, taking us to -

CUT TO:

39

INT. CELLAR - DAY

39

- Ben. He is listening to Harry's answerphone message, which we can faintly hear - *just working some stuff out. Cheers.*

BEN

He just wants to know where I am.

JANICE

Ben, please. You can't tell him.  
You need to get help.

BEN

This is giving me a migraine.

JANICE

Me too.

(Eyes flick to the gas fire  
- a shiver)

It's not doing much, is it? Can you  
turn it up?

Ben moves to the fire, starts fiddling with controls.

Now panning down to the hissing redness of the grill ...

CUT TO:

40 INT. HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

40

On HARRY, staring out of the window at something.

Reflected in the glass, we can see Mary's car pulling away, out of the drive. Harry pulls his phone from his pocket ...

CUT TO:

41 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

41

Ben's phone buzzing again. Looks at it.

BEN  
It's him again. My Dad.

JANICE  
Ben, you can't. Please, you can't.

Ben, considering. Then, impulsively, he declines the call.

CUT TO:

42 INT. HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

42

**CALL DECLINED.** HARRY pockets the phone with a sigh. Wanted to talk to him.

Sits there a moment. His eyes flick to:

The computer screen:

Now snatches of text as his eyes flick round the screen ...

*- headache - dizziness - nausea - shortness of breath - weakness - confusion -*

He's wincing now. The reality of it. His hand flashes to the mouse, puts the computer to sleep -

*- and is left with his own face reflected in the darkened screen. He's staring, wild-eyed, back at himself. Caught in his own, appalled scrutiny.*

*- and you can almost hear the tyre-screech moment in his head.*

*What's he doing?? What was he thinking?*

Sitting there for a moment, reeling with it.

*What is he doing??*

HARRY  
Fuck!

And he's on his feet. And now he's striding out of his study. There's a new, reckless look in his eye - a man on a mission.

CUT TO:

43 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

43

Harry slams into the kitchen - he goes straight to the taped-up cellar door, starts scrabbling at the tape, trying to pull it away. A strip rips off, but it's hard. He's done too good a job.

- and there's the buzz of his phone.

He freezes. Now checks his phone.

On the screen: it's BEN.

CUT TO:

44 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

44

BEN, phone at his ear. JANICE, anxiously watching - not sure what he's going to do or say ...

CUT TO:

45 INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - DAY

45

Now intercutting between Cellar and Kitchen as required.

HARRY  
Hey, Ben, where are you?

On Ben: hesitating. Does he answer that question?

BEN  
Dad, what's going on?

HARRY  
Nothing's going on. Why would anything be going on? Are you at Lucy's?

BEN  
Did something happen between you and Janice?

HARRY  
... what do you mean?

BEN  
Because it was weird. I came down  
stairs and she just wasn't there.  
It can't have been about the porn.  
She's cool about all that stuff,  
you know Janice.

HARRY  
It wasn't - I don't - Ben, there is  
nothing for you to worry about

BEN  
Did she just leave? Did she just  
go?

HARRY  
I told you she did.

BEN  
Yeah, but did she?

HARRY  
I'm not lying to you.

Ben, pacing a moment: thrown. His father is lying. But why?

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Ben?

BEN  
You always tell me I've got to tell  
the truth. So you've got to tell me  
the truth, right? You tell me the  
truth, I tell you the truth.

Harry: troubled now. Why is Ben pressing on this point?

HARRY  
Why do you think I'm not telling  
you the truth?

Ben, pacing agitated. Rubs his head. (The gas is taking its  
effect, though of course he doesn't know it.)

HARRY (CONT'D)  
You're sounding very upset. Are you  
okay?

BEN  
I'm fine.

HARRY  
You sound a little - ... have you  
been drinking?

BEN  
No. I just want you to tell me the  
truth.

Harry, thinking - what to say. He sinks into a chair at the kitchen table.

HARRY  
There was ... a dispute. An  
argument.

BEN  
What about? The porn? Do you have  
some kind of weirdo porn or  
something?

On Janice, registering that, quizzical - has Ben forgotten  
the porn is supposed to be his?

HARRY  
There was an argument and Janice  
left. It will be resolved, I  
promise.

Harry looks at the cellar door - the length of tape now  
hanging down.

BEN  
She left?

HARRY  
Well, yes. But it'll be fine.

Ben looks to Janice. Indignant, even bitter, at the bare-faced lie. Janice gives a sort of shrug - *I told you.*

BEN  
Telling me the truth, Dad?

HARRY  
I'm going to sort everything out, I  
promise.

He's on his feet again, and now he's drifted to the cellar door - as if drawn by the hanging section of tape. He now reaches for it with his free hand -

- and now, regretful but resolved, starts to smooth it back into place.

Ben: silent but furious. He's being lied to?

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Where are you? At Lucy's

BEN  
Yeah. Like I told you. I'm at  
Lucy's.

HARRY  
Okay. Good. Are you staying over?

BEN  
Yeah, maybe.

HARRY  
Lucy's parents okay with that?

BEN  
Don't worry, they approve of me.  
I'm the Vicar's son.

Harry's face is sad as he hears this. He's smoothing another section of the tape back into place.

HARRY  
Love you, Ben.

BEN  
... okay.

Harry: was that a chilly note in Ben's voice? Redoubles his efforts.

HARRY  
No, Ben, I love you. And I promise  
I'm going to sort everything out.

Ben: silently seething for a moment. Then:

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I can hear that you're worried.  
Don't be. It's all going to be  
sorted. Whatever it takes.

BEN  
... okay.

HARRY  
Say hi to Lucy for me.

Ben says nothing - now just clicks off the phone.

Harry stands there for a moment. His hand drifts back to the tape seal on the door. He smoothes another section back in place, repairing the damage he did. Hesitates. Is this right? Is he doing the right thing?

The camera moves through the wall, showing how close they are. Just a few feet from each other. Now moves back to Harry.

The doorbell rings - he almost startles. Looks down the hallway.

Harry's POV. The length of the hallway. A shadow on the frosted glass window of the door. Who's that?

CUT TO:

46

INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

46

Ben, pacing in silence. Janice, watching him intently.

JANICE

You see? He's lying to you. You can't trust him, you can trust me. For both our sakes, *phone the police.*

CUT TO:

47

INT./EXT. VICARAGE HALLWAY/OUTSIDE - DAY

47

Harry has cautiously approached the front door. The door bell rings again - and this time the door is knocked. Someone isn't giving up.

What to do? Best just to answer it? He pulls on the door -

On the doorstep, a delivery man - this is LEONARD. Young, amiable. He has placed a package on the mat.

LEONARD

Here you go. Mind if I take a photo?

Harry has looked at the package.

HARRY

Wrong address.

LEONARD

Sorry, what?

HARRY

This is number 12. Number 11 is  
over the road.

LEONARD

Oh. Sorry.

HARRY

No problem.

LEONARD

(Indicating Harry's door)  
There wasn't a number.

HARRY

No. Just the Vicarage.

LEONARD

You're the Vicar, yeah?

HARRY

Yeah.

LEONARD

My Mum likes you. She lives two  
streets away.

HARRY

Okay. Good.

LEONARD

Calls you the sexy Vicar.

HARRY

Tell her thanks.

LEONARD

I will.

(Pointing)

Number 11?

HARRY

Yep. Right over there.

LEONARD

(Starting to head off)  
Have a good day now.

HARRY

Thanks. You too.

For a moment he stands there in the doorway, looking at the ordinary street. Leonard heading away. A man walking a dog.

Across the road, an elderly couple are climbing into a car. The WIFE waves across at Harry.

Harry smiles and waves back. Everything so normal. And he steps back into the house, closes the door.

The relative darkness of the hallway, the far-away sound of outside. He just stands there. Silent.

The camera drops through the floor to discover -

CUT TO:

- JANICE and BEN.

JANICE

How much battery have you got left?

BEN

Can you just stop talking. My head is pounding.

She sighs, for a moment her eyelids are so heavy. She tilts back her head, resting it for a moment.

Close on the hissing redness of the fire as it blurs, as if the gas is getting to us too -

- and becomes -

CUT TO:

- the brake light on Mary's car.

Wider. Mary's slowing to a halt, as she parks at the side of a moderately busy street. Shops, some apartment buildings. A bleak area on the outskirts of town - all petrol stations and whizzing traffic.

CUT TO:

On Mary: she peers up at the apartment building on the opposite side of the road. Checks her notebook for something -

- brief glimpse of her notebook - Janice Fife's name, her address -

CUT TO:

51 EXT. STREET IN TOWN - DAY

51

Mary, climbing out her car. Now reaching back in for Janice's laptop which lies on the passenger seat - something catches her eye.

The cafe she's parked right outside. New thought - she steps towards it -

- but someone exits the cafe as she does so, and as the door swings back into place she sees the sign on the door -

**Toilets STRICTLY for patrons only.**

Sighs at herself - she's such a law-abider - and turns away.

CUT TO:

52 INT. GRIEFF'S CELL - DAY

52

On GRIEFF. On the phone, in the usual arrangement.

GRIEFF

Morag was under strict instructions  
to stop you contacting me. I'm  
having a complicated day.

His eyes flicking to:

Outside his cell standing, is CASEY, clearly here to speak to \*  
him. \*

CUT TO:

53 INT. FLAT/BATHROOM - DAY

53

Beth sitting on the loo (not using it, just seated on it.) We now intercut with the cell as required.

BETH

Yeah, then she went shopping.

From outside the room we hear the front door.

BETH (CONT'D)  
(Dropping her voice)  
She's back now.

GRIEFF  
You sound like you're in a  
bathroom.

BETH  
Yeah.

GRIEFF  
Hiding from Morag? One can hardly  
blame you.

BETH  
What am I doing? Why am I just  
sitting in some bloody flat when  
I'm supposed to be looking for my  
friend?

CASEY  
Jefferson -

GRIEFF  
I'll be right with you.

A flash of impatience from Casey.

CASEY  
Gordon has got some people  
investigating the location you gave  
him. I thought maybe you should  
join us in the Visitation Room.

GRIEFF  
Thankyou  
(Into phone)  
If you were really her friend, I  
don't think you'd be asking that  
question.

BETH  
Of course I would! Why wouldn't I?  
Look, I'm not just in this for a  
story, if that's what you mean. I  
want to help her.

GRIEFF  
Actually, all I meant was, if you  
were really Janice's friend, you'd  
recognise her apartment when you're  
sitting in it.

On Beth: that thought impacting.

BETH  
... what?

GRIEFF  
I have to go. Later.

Griefff is hanging up. He turns and hands the phone to Casey at the bars.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)  
I'm all yours.

In the bathroom, Beth is still getting her head round this.

\*  
\*

BETH  
Sorry, what??

She realises the phone is dead in her ear, looks at it in exasperation -

- and the door opens.

She stares in astonishment -

- as MARY steps into the bathroom -

- and stares back in equal astonishment.

A silence as Mary and Beth stare at each other. Wordless. Finally.

MARY  
(Flounders for something,  
anything, to say)  
It wasn't locked.

BETH  
It's ... there isn't a lock ...

MARY  
Okay.

A beat, mutual staring - and bemused, a little shocked - Mary quickly withdraws, closing the door.

Beth stares in frozen bewilderment for a moment - then erupts, racing to the door.

CUT TO:

As she lunges out of the bathroom, she finds Mary almost at the front door.

BETH  
Sorry, excuse me ... who are you?

Mary turns - nervous, no time to think.

MARY  
I'm ... a friend of Janice's.

BETH  
How did you get in?

Beth moves quickly - subtly interposing herself between Mary and the front door.

MARY

I was just ... dropping some stuff off for her.

BETH

What stuff?

MARY

Just stuff.

Beth, quite casually, moves forward - forcing Mary back a step.

BETH

Okay. But how did you get in?

MARY

Sorry, who are you? Are you - ... um -

BETH

Am I what?

MARY

A friend? Of Janice's?

BETH

Yeah. Yeah, I'm her flatmate.

MARY

Oh. I didn't know.

BETH

Didn't know?

Mary has now been backed into the main room of the flat, at the end of the hall - the movement is all perfectly casual, perfectly polite. We're now in a living room/kitchen - the same room as we saw, briefly, in episode 1.

MARY

I didn't know she had a flatmate.

Back another step into the room. All smiles, all amiable. Under that a quiet, tentative game of cat and mouse.

BETH

Okay. That's okay. But, yeah, how did you actually get in?

MARY

Well - I was just dropping some stuff off. Some stuff of Janice's. I have a set of her keys, she let me have them.

BETH

Oh, she let you have her keys?

MARY

Yes.

BETH

And never mentioned she had a flatmate?

MARY

Well - that's Janice.

BETH

Yeah. Janice.

MARY

I didn't mean to be any bother.

All smiles. Beth is standing directly in front of the living room, effectively blocking Mary's exit - just casually, just "accidentally."

BETH

What stuff?

MARY

I'm sorry?

BETH

What stuff were you dropping off?

Beth is glancing "idly" round the room, trying to see if anything has been added. The shot develops slightly, bringing in Janice's laptop, sitting on a table next to Beth.

Mary: struggling not to look at the laptop.

MARY

Oh - you know - ...

She takes a step to one side, as if to walk round Beth. Beth subtly shifts to block her again.

BETH

Where's Janice?

MARY  
I don't know.

BETH  
She didn't come home last night.

MARY  
Oh, right.

BETH  
"Oh, right"?? Kind of strange,  
don't you think? Janice not coming  
home?

MARY  
... I'm sure she's fine.

BETH  
Why? Why are you sure she's fine?

Mary blinking in confusion: what?

BETH (CONT'D)  
I'm worried about her. You got any  
idea where she might be?

MARY  
No. Why would I?

BETH  
You didn't ring the doorbell.

BETH (CONT'D)  
You just walked in - you didn't  
call out her name or anything, you  
just walked right in here.

Mary, rabbit in headlights. Beth, pressing home.

BETH (CONT'D)  
If you have no idea where she is,  
why were you so sure she wouldn't  
be right here? In her own flat?

Mary; panicking, not enough time to think what to say.

She takes another step to the side, as if to maneuver round  
Beth. Again Beth shifts to block her. Still all smiles, all  
polite - like they won't break the seal of their civility

BETH (CONT'D)  
When did you last see her?

MARY  
I don't know. Yesterday.

Mary shifts, Beth shifts.

BETH  
And where is she now?

MARY  
No idea, she's not with us.

BETH  
Us?

As Beth moves again to block the increasingly agitated Mary, her eye falls on -

- the laptop lying on the table -

BETH (CONT'D)  
Oh! Is this what you dropped off?

On Mary: that would ruin everything.

MARY  
No.

BETH  
It definitely wasn't here before.

MARY  
It must have been.

Beth has lifted up the laptop - to see underneath it --

BETH  
Well it was on top of my passport,  
so how did that happen?

She turns to face Mary -

- to that Mary has fumbled a breadknife into her hand from the kitchen work top. It's clearly more panic and confusion than aggression.

BETH (CONT'D)  
(Sees knife)  
Are you serious?

MARY  
Sorry.

BETH  
That's a bread knife.

The blade is shaking hopelessly as Mary takes a tentative step forward. Panic is taking her.

MARY

Please, just let me go, I need to go.

Beth again moves to block the door.

BETH

Or what? What are you going to do with that? Are you going to make sandwiches at me?

MARY

(Advancing again, shrill  
with panic)

*You have no right to keep me here!*

BETH

*You have no right to be here!*

MARY

*Get out of my way, get out of my way!!*

BETH

Oh, stop it.

In despair, panicking, hysterical, Mary slashes ineffectually at Beth, losing conviction even as she tries. It's like a half-hearted attack from a timid, terrified child.

BETH (CONT'D)

What was that supposed to be?

MARY

*Let me go!!*

BETH

(Almost laughing)

You were making *whoosh* noises. You don't have to go *whoosh* when you've really got a knife!

MARY

(Sobbing)

Please, I don't - I can't - you have to let me go.

She flails at Beth with the knife, savagely this time -

- the knife slices Beth's arm, as she raises it to protect herself. A slight spray of blood.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Oh, my God, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Beth is looking at the fairly unimpressive cut in her arm.

BETH  
You cut me.

MARY  
I'm sorry - I didn't - it wasn't -

BETH  
You bloody cut me.

MARY  
It doesn't look very deep.

BETH  
For Christ's sake!

MARY  
Run it under the tap.

BETH  
What is wrong with you?

MARY  
Get a cloth, press a cloth on it.

Beth is now at the sink, running her arm under the tap.

BETH  
You need to tell me what's going on. Whatever it is, just tell me, right now!

MARY  
(Verge of tears, almost losing it completely)  
I don't - I didn't - everything's just too -  
(Finally a heart felt wail erupting from deep within her)  
Oh dear God in heaven, I just need a pee!

Beth stares at her, startled - didn't expect that. And in the momentary silence, Mary's phone rings. She scrabbles it from her coat pocket.

BETH  
Leave it.

MARY  
It's my son.

BETH  
Just leave it.

MARY  
(Yelling at her)  
*It's my son and I have to take it!*

Beth is blasted into momentary silence - and Mary clicks the phone.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Ben, my love, are you all right?  
Are you at Lucy's?

CUT TO:

55 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

55

BEN on the phone, JANICE watching him.

BEN  
Mum, you need to tell me the truth,  
because Dad's lying to me.

CUT TO:

56 INT. JANICE'S FLAT - DAY

56

Mary on the phone. Now intercutting with the cellar as required.

MARY  
Of course he's not lying, darling.

BEN  
What happened between him and Janice. Something weird happened, to do with the porn. What was in that porn?

MARY  
Darling, nothing -

BEN  
Tell me the truth! Just somebody tell me the fucking truth.

Mary sags. Too much, for too long, she can't take it any more.

MARY  
Kids. It was children, kids.

Ben: processing that. What? *What??*

Beth, watching the call - what the hell is this about.

BEN  
Dad's into kids?

MARY  
No, of course he isn't. It was the Verger's. Edgar, the creepy Verger.

BEN  
Oh, Christ - why didn't he just tell me. Why did he lock Janice up in the cellar?

This impacts on Mary - what???

MARY  
How - how did you -

BEN  
I'm down here - with Janice. I'm in the cellar with her. I was hiding, Dad locked me in, he didn't know.

Mary, now horrified - for a moment she can barely form words.

MARY  
Ben, get out of there, right now.  
Do you hear me, out of there, now.  
*Now!!*  
(No reply)  
Ben?? Ben??

She looks at the phone - the line's gone dead.

CUT TO:

Ben, looking at the phone in his hand - the battery has gone dead.

BEN  
Shit.

On Janice, another sleepy blink, a shake of her head - a new thought - her eyes flick to the heater - a frown starts to gather.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Shit shit shit!

CUT TO:

58

INT. JANICE'S FLAT - DAY

58

A massively agitated Mary, phone at her ear, trying to phone Ben back. Beth trying to intervene -

BETH  
Look, why don't you just -

MARY  
He's turned his bloody phone off -

BETH  
Could you just -

Beth has placed a hand on Mary's arm - which she throws off with sudden, shocking violence.

MARY  
(Stumbling to the hallway)  
Get off me, get off me!!

Beth, now racing after her -

CUT TO:

59

INT. HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

59

Harry, brooding in his chair. His phone, lying on the desk, rings. He glances sourly at it.

CUT TO:

60

INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

60

JANICE staring at the gas fire -

JANICE  
Ben - the gas fire -

BEN  
Kids.

JANICE  
What?

BEN

You thought my Dad was into *kids*?

CUT TO:

61

INT. JANICE'S FLAT/STAIRWELL OUTSIDE - DAY

61

MARY - panicking, frantic, phone still at her ear - comes crashing out the flat -

- BETH now crashing out after her, grabbing her arm -

BETH

No, wait hang on -

MARY

*Leave me alone!*

A struggle at the top of the stairs -

BETH

Just - don't -

Faintly we can hear HARRY's voicemail: *Hi, it's Harry the Vicar, leave a message at the beep.*

CUT TO:

62

INT. HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

62

Harry just sitting, just brooding - the phone ignored on his desk.

The doorbell rings - he barely glances, doesn't move.

CUT TO:

63

INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

63

BEN trying to reason with JANICE - JANICE increasingly suspicious of the gas fire --

BEN

It was the Verger - there's a creepy Verger, Edgar, it was his porn -

JANICE

Ben, I think you should turn that  
fire off --

CUT TO:

64

INT. JANICE'S FLAT/STAIRWELL OUTSIDE - DAY

64

MARY breaks free of BETH's grip, starts to charge down the stairs -

- BETH lunges after her, grabs her again, but starts to overbalance on the steps -
- Mary pulling free of her, causes Beth to fall headlong -
- now she's clattering head over heels down the steps -

MARY

Oh God, oh God, I'm *sorry!*

Beth has now crashed to the foot of the steps, lies still -

- and Mary goes racing past her, her phone out again, racing down the next flight of steps.

CUT TO:

65

INT. HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

65

On HARRY unmoving at his desk. His phone rings again. Sighs reaches for it -

CUT TO:

66

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE JANICE'S FLAT - DAY

66

Mary on the pavement, phone at her ear, traffic whizzing past behind her. Beyond that, we can see her car where she parked it outside the cafe.

MARY

Answer, please, dear God, just  
answer!

CUT TO:

67

INT. HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

67

HARRY, looking at Mary's name on the Caller ID. Seems about to answer when - the doorbell goes again. He declines the call, tosses the phone on the desk. *Could everyone just leave him alone??*

CUT TO:

68

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE JANICE'S FLAT - DAY

68

MARY, desperate, dying of panic, HARRY's answerphone greeting playing in her ear: *leave a message at the beep.*

MARY

Harry, he's in the cellar, Ben's in the cellar. Get him out and phone me! Phone me as soon as he's out.

And now BETH comes bursting out of the apartment building, skids to a halt a couple of feet from MARY.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh dear Christ, will you just leave me the fuck alone!

And she turns and starts to run across the road towards the car and -

*WHAM!* A speeding lorry slams across the frame, smashing Mary straight out of the picture -

-- on Beth staring in horror and shock --

-- now on the lorry screeching to a slow halt, a twisted thrash of limbs tangled against the front of it --

-- now looking down from above at the lorry as the brakes squeal and hiss - the lorry is leaving a dark sticky smear on the road behind it, as if a burst fruit is being dragged along the tarmac --

-- screams, shouts, blaring car horns, people running to help --

-- on Beth rooted to the spot, hardly able to grasp what just happened - the speed of it, the horror of it --

Now she steps forward -

- and her foot clatters against something. She looks down.

Mary's phone, lying where it fell, the screen still glowing -

MORAG  
(From off)  
Okay, so what the fuck?

Morag - arms comically full of shopping - is standing a few feet behind Beth -

- and now Beth is scooping up the phone -

CUT TO:

69 INT. HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

69

On Harry's phone screen as it buzzes and the words appear:

NEW VOICEMAIL.

Harry glances at it. And again the doorbell rings. He leans back in his chair, despairing. Can't everyone just leave him alone??

The camera drops through the floor to discover -

CUT TO:

70 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

70

- JANICE and BEN. Ben, pacing, agitated. (Both of them now clearly exhibiting signs of poisoning - Janice grimly fighting for focus, Ben seeming almost a little drunk but oblivious to it.)

BEN  
It wasn't his porn - it was Edgar's porn. My Dad's not into kids.

JANICE  
(Trying to keep it calm,  
keep it reasonable)  
Ben. You need to turn that fire off. I think it's possible your Dad has done something very foolish -

BEN  
*It wasn't his porn, are you listening to me??*

Close on Ben - he looks slightly fuzzy, almost drunkenly belligerent. A slow blink.

Ben's POV of Janice - the picture is distorting, twisting, lending Janice a looming, almost demonic aspect.

When she speaks it's like her voice is coming from a very long way away.

JANICE

The way you're feeling right now,  
like you're drunk, that's not you -

BEN

Were you going to tell people? The police? Is that why he put you down here -

JANICE

Ben, I'm sorry, but I think your Dad is poisoning us, and you *need* to turn that fire off.

Ben stares at her for a long, uncomprehending moment. That slow blink, that fight to comprehend ...

BEN

(Raging)

He was right. He was right to put you down here.

JANICE

You're not thinking straight. it's not your fault -

BEN

You'd have gone telling tales, you'd have told people my Dad was a paedo. Do you know what that would have done? To me? At my school, with my friends? If they thought my Dad was a paedo Vicar. You would have destroyed me!

Janice, barely listening to him now. Got to get that fire off

-

- she sees the hammer lying by the paint pots -

- flails for it, manages to grab hold of it -

- she turns it and hurls it at the gas fire -

- her shot goes a bit wild, just as Ben paces in front of the fire -

- the hammer smacks against his head. He gasps in pain, looks in shock at Janice -

JANICE  
No, sorry, I was -

Ben has scooped up the hammer, staring at Janice in unstoppable outrage -

BEN  
What did you do that for? Why did you do that?

Now advancing on Janice --

-- Ben's POV - that distorting, demonic view of Janice --

-- close on the hammer shaking in his hand --

Now he's looming over her. Janice, fighting to focus, fighting to be calm...

JANICE  
Ben. You're not yourself. We're being poisoned, both of us.

Ben staring down at her - like he's trying to process that. Is he getting what she's saying, at last. But ...

BEN  
I said the porn was mine. I told you it was mine. Did you think it was mine?

His hand, instinctively tightening on the hammer.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Were you going to tell people it was *mine*??

JANICE  
Ben -

She places a hand on his as the hammer shakes in his grip.

BEN  
You said I should phone the police.  
You said I wouldn't get in any trouble -

JANICE  
Ben, listen to me -

BEN  
You were gonna tell them I'm a paedo.

JANICE  
No -

BEN  
You lied to me!

JANICE  
I didn't lie -

Ben's POV: the distorting, demonic face of Janice - all his confusion, all his rage -

BEN  
You liar. You lying fucking liar.

His hand breaks free of Janice's -

JANICE  
*Ben!*

- on the hammer as it rises up over Janice, ready to come smashing down -

CUT TO:

71

INT. VICARAGE HALLWAY - DAY

71

The doorbell ringing again, as Harry pulls the door open -  
- revealing LEONARD, the delivery man again.

LEONARD  
Sorry. Me again. They're not in at  
number 11, could you take it.

HARRY looks at him, dully. Not much more he can take.

HARRY  
Sure, yeah.

LEONARD  
I'll leave them a note, saying it's  
here.

HARRY  
Yeah.

LEONARD  
(Raising his phone)  
Listen, bit cheeky, you can say no.  
But could you do a birthday message  
for my Mum.  
(MORE)

LEONARD (CONT'D)

It's her birthday next week, she'd  
love it. She's one of your  
regulars.

On Harry - the last thing he wants to do, the very last. But  
he's the Vicar. Nods.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Thanks. Really, thanks. Her name's  
Liz.

HARRY

Liz, okay.

LEONARD

Call yourself the sexy Vicar. Would  
you mind?

HARRY

No, that's fine.

LEONARD

In your own time.

HARRY

Hi, Liz. Happy birthday. Good to  
know you're a regular. Have a great  
day. Lots of love from -

He's broken off, because a chime is sounding from inside the  
house.

LEONARD

What's that?

HARRY

Just a timer. I set a timer.

LEONARD

Do you need to do something?

Harry just shakes his head. Slightly dazed by the import of  
what he's just heard.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

I mean, I doubt you could really  
hear it on this. Want to go again?

HARRY

Okay.

LEONARD

Any time.

HARRY  
Hello there, Liz. Happy birthday  
from the sexy -

He can't say it. The word won't come -

HARRY (CONT'D)  
- from -

LEONARD  
You okay?

On Harry - the timer chime drilling through his head, the knowledge of what's down stairs. He's crumpling into the door frame.

HARRY  
Go away.

LEONARD  
I'm sorry.

HARRY  
(Roaring at him)  
Go. Go! Just go!! Go away now, go,  
go!

Leonard stares at Harry - the rage-twisted face, the tears in his eyes - and turns and runs!

Harry turns, staggers back into the house (he leaves the door open.) Pacing up and down, clutching his head - what has he done, what has he done??

That timer, still chiming. He tears into his office, snatches up the device, throws it, smashing it against the wall.

A moment of stillness -

- then he's racing like a madman, back to the kitchen. Now he's tearing the tape from the cellar door. Nothing's going to stop him this time.

The key in the lock, the door torn open --

CUT TO:

On the cellar door as Harry erupts through it -

- freezes to a halt, staring at what he sees (which we don't see for now.)

HARRY  
Ben? Ben, what are you ... how did  
you get in here?

During the above we have pulled back to see Harry over Ben's shoulder as he stands at the foot of the stairs, looking up at him. His hand is on his head, he looks dazed, confused.

BEN  
Dad ... what did I do ... My head  
... have I done something?

Panning down ... going to the blood smattered hammer in Ben's hand. It slips from his grasp, clatters on the floor.

Now panning across the room to where Janice lies in a crumpled heap, one hand hanging limply from the handcuff.

CUT TO:

73

EXT. MORAG'S CAR - DAY

73

MORAG driving fast, swerving round a corner. BETH in the passenger seat. Beth has both her own phone, and Mary's in her hands - she's giving directions.

BETH  
Left here, this left now!

CUT TO:

74

INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - DAY

74

Ben is sitting at the kitchen table, confused, sickly. Harry is opening all the doors and windows - behind him the cellar door stands open.

HARRY  
I did it. It was me. You tried to stop me, that's how you got blood on your clothes. But I did it, I killed her. Do you get it. Do you understand? Ben?

Ben looks fuzzily at him, trying to focus on him. Trying to understand what he's hearing.

BEN  
Did I do something? I did something?

HARRY

I'm going to phone the police, I'm going to confess. No one else is here, Janice is dead, no one ever has to know anything different from what we tell them.

(Hand on his shoulder)

*Do you understand me?*

Ben manages to focus on his father. Uncomprehending horror. Finally -

BEN

Get away from me.

HARRY

Ben -

BEN

Get away from me!

HARRY

Ben, listen, I need you to listen -

BEN

*Get away from me!!*

He throws off Harry's hand, erupting from his chair.

HARRY

*Ben!*

Now he races down the hallway, out of the front door, out of the house.

CUT TO:

75

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE HARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

75

Ben racing along the pavement, running like the wind, in a blind panic -

- we pan with him for a moment - then MORAG'S CAR screeches to a halt -

CUT TO:

76

INT. MORAG'S CAR - DAY

76

On MORAG, watching BEN.

MORAG  
Oh, there's a guilty running  
fucker!

She's about to slam the accelerator, but Beth has twisted  
round to see -

- Harry, standing at the door to the vicarage, watching his  
son run -

- as she watches, Harry turns and re-enters the house,  
closing the door -

BETH  
(Scrabbling at the door  
handle)  
*Let me out!*

CUT TO:

77 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

77

The bloodstained hammer lying on the floor where Ben dropped  
it. Now Harry is bending to pick it up. He starts smearing  
the blood on his clothes, his hands. Now steps over to where  
Janice lies.

She looks up at him with those sightless eyes. He stares back  
at her, blank and empty.

From off, faintly, we hear the doorbell ring. Harry ignores  
it.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. VICARAGE - DAY

78

BETH at the door, ringing - impatient, anxious. She steps  
back, looking at the frontage. Any way she can just get in?

CUT TO:

79 EXT./INT. STREET OUTSIDE VICARAGE/MORAG'S CAR - DAY

79

Morag's car screeching to a halt. In the car, Morag looking  
frantically round - where did he go -

- and there BEN is. Half way up a side street, on his knees  
on the pavement, vomiting.

CUT TO:

80

INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

80

Harry, standing over Janice's body. He reaches into his jacket, pulls out his phone.

HARRY  
I'm sorry, Janice. Truly.

CUT TO:

81

EXT. BACK GARDEN OF VICARAGE - DAY

81

BETH, now round the back of the house. And there's the back door, standing open, just as Harry left it...

CUT TO:

82

INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

82

HARRY has his phone at his ear. We hear his call answered: *Hello, which service do you require.*

HARRY  
Police.

*Hello, police.*

HARRY (CONT'D)  
This is Harry Watling of the  
Vicarage, 12 Railstone Gardens. I  
have murdered a woman - please send  
-

He breaks off - and the voice is still squawking in his ear, but he isn't listening now.

Because he's been staring at the crumpled form of Janice, and her sightless eyes -

- just -  
- blinked.

CUT TO:

83

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

83

On BEN, on his knees, the last of the vomit. A shadow falls over him -

- and now Morag is standing over him - something close to compassion in her face.

MORAG  
You all right there, son?

Ben looks up at her, uncomprehending. Then at the blood on his hands, his clothes.

BEN  
I think ... I think I did something bad.

And he starts throwing up again.

MORAG  
Yeah. Me too. Loads of things.

Morag kneels by him, strokes his neck as he vomits - surprisingly tender.

MORAG (CONT'D)  
Shit, isn't it?

CUT TO:

84

INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

84

Harry, staring in an escalation of shock. She's alive.

Janice: blinks again. A stertorous breath.

The phone is yammering in Harry's ear. *Sir, are you there. Are you still there?* Finally, Harry stirs himself to replay

HARRY  
Sorry, yes, hello. I'm at the Vicarage, 12 Railstone Gardens. I have just murdered a woman. I will wait here.

He hangs up, tosses the phone. He kneels by Janice - places the hammer against her forehead, lining up the blow.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Oh, Janice ... it's not my fault ... it's not your fault ... I'm protecting my son.

As he raises up the hammer, Janice is staring at him - blinking but aware. With great effort, she speaks.

JANICE  
Bless ...

Harry, staring at her. What? There's such venom in Janice's eyes. Such disdain.

JANICE (CONT'D)  
Bless ... you ...

Harry: uncomprehending - what the fuck is she saying? And now he's swinging back the hammer -

- and before he can bring it down, a body slams into his hand, sending him flying. HARRY and BETH DAVENPORT crash to the floor together.

Beth, now scrambling to Janice's side.

BETH  
Janice, are you okay, can you hear me? Oh Christ, what's he done to you. What did he do??

Janice - too weak and dazed to respond. Beth rounds on Harry.

BETH (CONT'D)  
What did you do to her??

Harry - slowly picking himself up - hears those words.

And something in him snaps. And self-righteous wildness in his eyes.

HARRY  
Don't you dare. Don't you dare judge me!

On his feet now. And the hammer back in his hand.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I have acted out of love. I have acted out of duty. I have done my best and nothing - none of this, none of it - is my fault.

He's advancing on Beth - looks quite crazed now.

BETH  
Okay. Okay.

HARRY  
Why are you looking frightened? How dare you look frightened of me!  
That is insulting to me!

BETH

Just put the hammer down, okay.

HARRY

Don't you tell me what to do. Don't you *dare* tell me what to do.

BETH

I'm not - I didn't -

HARRY

I am a kind and loving man. I am a husband, I am a father. How dare you look frightened of me!

He's grabbed her now, shoved her against the wall. Out of his mind with rage - his hammer thrust in her face

HARRY (CONT'D)

Look at me! Look at me! I'm a fucking vicar, you stupid fucking bitch.

A movement from behind him. Foot steps.

Harry and Beth look round. Janice blinks fuzzily from the floor.

At the top of the stairs stands a man - he's dressed in overalls, as if to look like a workman, but he's improbably bulky and dangerous looking. He looks like a career villain in slight disguise. Two similar looking men stand just behind him, flanking him.

They're all staring at the strange tableau below. A moment of silence. Then:

CUT TO:

85

INT. PENITENTIARY/VISITING ROOM/CELL - DAY

85

JEFFERSON GRIEFF sitting in his accustomed position, at the end of the table - no Dillon this time.

GRIEFF

The first thing you have to understand, is they weren't looking for you.

CUT TO:

86

INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

86

Harry staring in bewilderment at three men, as they come down the steps. The first of them looms right over him.

CUT TO:

87

INT. PENITENTIARY/VISITING ROOM/CELL - DAY

87

GRIEFF continues.

GRIEFF

In point of fact, they were looking for my wife.

Now we cut to the man he's talking to. HARRY, apparently sitting across from him.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

Or at any rate, a piece of her. I'm afraid I ... creatively misled them.

CUT TO:

88

INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

88

\*

A brief flash: a different day in the same room. GORDON has flung himself at Griefff - two prison guards and CASEY are trying to pull Gordon away.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

89

INT. PENITENTIARY/VISITING ROOM/CELL - DAY

89

HARRY and GRIEFF continue their conversation, as if in the same room.

GRIEFF

It was controversial at the time - but since I'm already scheduled for execution in a little over a week, there's not really much more they can do to me.

HARRY

You've got a friend with a private army?

GRIEFF

I wouldn't say friend, I wouldn't say army - but he had some useful people in the right area, whom I was able to exploit.

HARRY

How did you know where to send them?

GRIEFF

The missing person's report.

HARRY

There wasn't one

GRIEFF

Exactly. It always takes a while to notice what *isn't* there. Why had no one reported Janice missing?

Clearly she had shown up where she was supposed to be - and going by the timing of her distress call to her friend, it seemed overwhelmingly likely she was still there. It wasn't difficult to find out she was the maths tutor to the Vicar's son and that she worked on Sundays. How odd that you hadn't reported her missing. But then, you don't report someone missing when you know exactly where they are.

HARRY

Basically you guessed.

GRIEFF

Guessing is how reason proceeds in the absence of fact. All I could be sure of was that there were two places of interest. Janice's apartment - which only her abductor would know was empty and therefore safe to breach and the Vicarage, Janice's last known destination. I deployed my resources accordingly.

As he speaks, we have pulled out from him -

- to see that he is talking from a laptop in Harry's cell (wherever he would be placed, awaiting trial.)

The two men are in different rooms, talking on ZOOM.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)  
How's your boy?

HARRY  
With my brother. Recovering.

GRIEFF  
From your attempt on his life?

HARRY  
I didn't - that wasn't -

GRIEFF  
Sorry, of course. You were trying  
to kill someone else at the time.

HARRY  
Why did you want to speak to me?

GRIEFF  
Murderers interest me - being one  
myself.

HARRY  
I'm not a murderer, I didn't - I  
never - I didn't murder anyone.

GRIEFF  
You didn't murder Janice. But tell  
me. If you hadn't acted the way did  
... would your wife still be alive?

CUT TO:

90

INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - DAY

90

Another brief flash: a handcuffed Harry, sitting at the kitchen table. A POLICEWOMAN is talking compassionately to him, a hand on his arm. We don't hear what she's saying but from the shock on Harry's face she might well be telling him about Mary. (This is all silent - we continue to hear the conversation from the cells.)

HARRY  
(V.O.; too much pain)  
... don't say that. *Don't say that.*

GRIEFF

(V.O.)

I understand your pain. I have experienced a very similar loss.

CUT TO:

91

INT. PENITENTIARY/VISITING ROOM/CELL - DAY

91

Back to Grief and Harry ...

HARRY

No. No, no. You murdered your wife, you strangled her to death. I read about you - *you hacked her head off.*

GRIEFF

Yes.

HARRY

How could anyone even do that??

Harry is grasping a straws - there's someone worse than him.

GRIEFF

It's a story for another day. Perhaps you'll be the one I tell it to.

HARRY

Why me?

CUT TO:

92

EXT. VICARAGE - DAY

92

HARRY, in handcuffs - a devastated man - is being led from the house and towards a police car. (Again, this is silent and we hear Grief and Harry)

GRIEFF

(V.O.)

Because you might understand. Because you and I are the same now.

Closer on a detail - Beth is watching from the study window, troubled, as Harry is loaded into the police car,

HARRY  
(V.O.)  
We are not the same.

CUT TO:

93 INT. PENITENTIARY/VISITING ROOM/CELL - DAY

93

Back to Grief and Harry.

GRIEFF  
Of course we are, because everyone  
is. There are moments that make  
murderers of us all.

CUT TO:

94 INT. HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

94

Beth turns from the window. During the following we hear Grief's voice as he moves round the study and the living room, taking in all the details of a normal, scrappy, happy family life.

GRIEFF  
(V.O.)  
We aren't freaks in cages - to be  
stared at and judged and written  
about as if we are a breed apart.  
We are anyone on a bad day.

Beth is now staring at a family photograph - Harry, Mary and a younger Ben.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)  
(V.O.)  
Cracks can open up in the most  
ordinary life and swallow anyone at  
all. No one is safe from the worst  
they can do. There are very few  
advantages to the blood of a loved  
one on your hands - but at least  
you know who you are, who you've  
always been. The lies are cleared  
away and you understand him at last  
- the man behind your eyelids.  
Terrifying, isn't he?  
(An almost kindly smile)  
Welcome to the inside.

On Harry's face. Blank, empty, lost. Slowly he closes his eyes.

END TITLES

After the titles, a voice over black.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)  
(V.O.)  
So! You have a case.

We fade in on:

95

INT. PENITENTIARY/VISITING ROOM - DAY

95

GRIEFF and DILLON in their accustomed positions at the end of the table, interview a new client.

GRIEFF  
You understand I'm a little pressed  
for time?

We now reveal that his visitor is Janice. She seems fully recovered, though there is bruising on her head.

JANICE  
I understand you'll be dead in a  
week.

GRIEFF  
Do you? Personally, I'm having a  
little trouble grasping the fact of  
my execution. I wonder if your  
friend Beth will write about it.

JANICE  
She hasn't written a word about you  
so far. And I don't think she will.

GRIEFF  
(A slight smile - pleased  
by this)  
No. I don't think so either. So.  
What problem can I help you with in  
the limited time I have left.

JANICE  
My husband's murder.

Grieff nods soberly.

GRIEFF  
Yes, so you said in your message.  
Dillon has done a little research  
and raised an interesting  
objection. Dillon?

DILLON

Miss Fife ... no offence, all  
respect ... but your husband -...  
isn't actually ... you know ...  
well ... dead.

JANICE

No. But he deserves to be. And I  
wondered, Mr Grieff, if you could  
help me with that?

GRIEFF

So. You want to murder your  
husband.

JANICE

You don't seem very surprised.

GRIEFF

This is death row, Janice.  
Everyone's a murderer.  
(Smiles)  
How may I help?

END OF EPISODE