

KEEPING FAITH



by

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EPISODE ONE

Shooting Script White
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PRE TITLES

1 EXT. ESTUARY. ABERCORRAN. WEST WALES - EVENING (SEPT 2016) 1

A twilight panorama.

A vast orange sun dips beneath the horizon. The lights of a small town clustered around a natural harbour are starting to twinkle.

Down on the beach, flames flicker from a cooking fire.

We ZOOM IN closer.

2 EXT. BEACH - LATE EVENING (SEPT 2016)

2

An extended family group of three generations is gathered around a bonfire. Grandparents TOM (59) and MARION (early 60s) are seated on camp chairs. FAITH (37), six months-pregnant, and sister-in law BETHAN (35) sit at opposite ends of a bench fashioned from driftwood. BETHAN'S husband, TERRY (38), is sprawled on a picnic blanket with nieces ALYS (9) and MEGAN (7).

FAITH'S husband, EVAN HOWELLS (40), a slim, fit man in surf shorts, is making an impromptu speech.

EVAN

Ten years ago today I thought Faith had made me the happiest I could ever be.

He gazes at his wife. She smiles warmly. Barefoot and suntanned, she's pretty, contented and clearly besotted.

EVAN (CONT'D)

But here I am ten years later - even happier. With two beautiful children, another on the way, even more in love...

MARION casts FAITH a smile, but something in her eyes carries a faint hint of disapproval. Like her daughter, BETHAN, and unlike FAITH, MARION is neatly dressed and made-up for a proper occasion.

EVAN (CONT'D)

...surrounded by my family and living in my home town. I'd say that's no mean achievement.

TOM

Hear, hear!

EVAN

So, thanks everyone. I know we have our little squabbles, but Faith and I want you to know we appreciate everything. So, at the risk of being horribly soppy, mother -

He smiles at MARION. She smiles indulgently back.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I love you guys. Here's to the next ten years.

TERRY

(struggling to push the cork out of a champagne bottle)

Here we go.

It shoots out like a bullet. Champagne fountains. ALYS and MEGAN cheer and clap.

BETHAN

(furiously wiping her trousers)

Careful, Terry! You're splashing me!

TERRY

Sorry, love. Quick, get me glass, Alys, we're losing it!

EVAN leans over and kisses FAITH full on the lips. BETHAN glances away.

TOM rises to his feet.

TOM

If I might say a few words -

MARION rolls her eyes good-naturedly.

TOM (CONT'D)

Evan, when you married this remarkable woman I didn't just gain a daughter-in-law, you and I gained a business partner. London, Hong Kong, New York - she could have walked into the best law firms in the world, but very wisely, she chose Howells of Abercorran. You've been a pleasure to work with, Faith. I know you'll be back as soon as you can, and I'm damned if I'm going to turn sixty with my handicap still in double figures, so I've decided to call it a day.

BETHAN looks at her mother in surprise. MARION shrugs - she knew it was coming, but it doesn't make it any easier. FAITH glances uncertainly at EVAN. This is news to them both.

TOM (CONT'D)

I couldn't be leaving the firm in better hands. May it bring you all you deserve. Happy anniversary.

TERRY

Happy anniversary!

EVAN

(clutching FAITH'S hand)

Wow, Dad. Are you sure -?

TOM nods.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I don't know what to -

He glances from BETHAN to MARION, sensing their misgivings.

TERRY

Happy retirement, Tom! And don't be getting too handy with the old putter, now - you've got to let me nick the odd game off you.

EVAN

Happy retirement, Dad.

FAITH

Happy retirement.

BETHAN and MARION murmur congratulations.

TOM

Now where's that champagne?

FAITH and EVAN exchange a look.

FAITH

Fancy a paddle?

He glances uncertainly at the others. FAITH takes his hand.

EVAN and FAITH stroll hand in hand away from the family group leaving TERRY pointing out stars in the night sky to ALYS and MEGAN, and BETHAN and MARION huddled around TOM.

FAITH

He didn't tell you?

EVAN

I had my suspicions.

FAITH

Your mother's face.

EVAN

You know what she's like. Still
kids herself they're forty-five.

FAITH

Bethan didn't look too happy,
either.

EVAN

It's change ... Good for us,
though. We can do what we like now -
expand our areas of practice, maybe
even -

FAITH

Evan?

EVAN

Mmm?

FAITH

There's something I've been meaning
to ask ... I had to go straight
back to work after Megan. Would it
matter if I stayed away just a
little longer this time?

EVAN

I guess we could manage -

FAITH, a look.

A phone rings in his pocket. He brings it out and glances at
the screen. FAITH gives him a look.

EVAN (CONT'D)

(switching off the phone)

Sorry. Client.

(he smiles)

Whatever makes you happy.

(off her look)

Honestly.

She smiles, then stops and kisses him.

FAITH

I love you so much.

They kiss again, passionately. FAITH breaks off, breathless,
and glances back at the others - they're all caught up with
their own conversations - then mischievously back at EVAN.

She nods towards the beach huts. EVAN gives her a look - *Are you serious?*

FAITH (CONT'D)
Like old times.

Giggling, they dart off towards the painted huts.

TITLES

4 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING (DAY 1 - TUESDAY) 4

A detached house perched high above the estuary with colourful flowers in window boxes.

TITLE CARD: NINE MONTHS LATER

FAITH (V.O.)
What's wrong with this thing? Evan,
can you give me a hand?

EVAN (V.O.)
Hold on -

A taxi pulls up outside and sounds its horn.

5 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - EVENING (CONTINUOUS) 5
(DAY 1 - TUESDAY)

FAITH struggles with the zip on her red party dress. The boisterous squeals of Megan and Rhodri travel across the landing from the bathroom where EVAN is bathing them.

FAITH
God! That can't be the taxi
already. I haven't even done my
make-up.

EVAN appears in the doorway, dressed in a business shirt, carrying six-month old RHODRI in a towel. He looks tired, and a little older and balder.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Can you zip me up, love?

EVAN
Haven't seen this dress for a
while. What's the occasion?

FAITH
I told you! Lisa's divorce came
through. A gang of us are having
dinner at Bella Bellisimo. Careful,
you're wet.

EVAN makes no comment and tries the zip while still holding RHODRI - it won't budge. FAITH breathes in. He forces it up.

EVAN

Are you sure that's comfortable?

FAITH

Careful.

EVAN

You look beautiful.

He kisses her cheek.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Oh, while I remember - we've got a firm meeting coming up. Cerys will ask when you're coming back.

FAITH

Do we have to talk about this right now?

EVAN

It'll keep. Have fun.

He squeezes her shoulder and goes back to Megan.

FAITH turns sideways, checking her profile in the mirror. She can hardly breathe.

ALYS, now 9, comes to the door dressed in pyjamas and her hair up in a towel, and carrying a book. She looks FAITH up and down.

ALYS

Let's face it, Mam, there's no room in that thing for a pizza. I should go with the blue one.

She nods to one of the several dresses laid out on the bed.

FAITH

Alys! That's a maternity dress.

ALYS

We know that ...

FAITH sighs.

FAITH

(calling out to EVAN as
she grabs the blue
dress)

I'm going back to the gym.
Tomorrow!

ALYS

Night Mam. Be good.

FAITH

(giving ALYS a look)

Good night, lovely.

ALYS smiles and exits. FAITH unzips her dress and exhales in relief. The taxi sounds its horn again.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Alright! I'm coming!

6 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - EVENING (DAY 1 - TUESDAY) 6

The taxi idles outside the house.

ALONG THE STREET:

Drawn by the sound of the horn, EIRA JONES (70) comes out of the house next door that she runs as a Bed and Breakfast carrying a bin liner. She sets the bag down and peers over at FAITH teetering to the taxi on narrow heels.

7 INT. TAXI - EVENING (DAY 1 - TUESDAY) 7

FAITH fiddles self-consciously with her dress. It's a little loose around her chest revealing more than she'd like.

FAITH

(to GARETH (50s), the driver)

Did you have to disturb the whole street, Gareth?

GARETH

I thought it'd be a kindness, Mrs Howells. I thought to myself, she'll have six frocks lined up, none of them good enough. The kids'll be creating and Evan'll be catching the blame for the lot. Best put them all out of their misery.

(he smiles in the rear-view)

Not another wild night out with the girls, is it?

FAITH

Steady.

GARETH

Nice frock by the way.

FAITH
Eyes on the road, Gareth.

She smiles.

8 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KIDS' BEDROOM - EVENING (DAY 1 - 8
TUESDAY)

The curtains are drawn and the kids' fairy lights are on.

Perched on a stool between ALYS and MEGAN'S bunk bed and RHODRI'S cot, EVAN reads to MEGAN, now 7, and RHODRI, while ALYS devours her own book.

EVAN

'Goodnight, Turtle,' said Newt.
'See you next spring!'
'Goodnight, Newt!' said Turtle.
And they slipped deep into the
swamp mud, where it was snug and
cosy and warm. 'Sleep tight!'
murmured Turtle.

Without looking up from her book, ALYS chimes in on the final line with MEGAN and EVAN.

EVAN, ALYS, MEGAN
And that is what they did. All
winter.

EVAN closes the book. He glances over at RHODRI - he's fast asleep.

EVAN
(whispers)
'Night then, girls.

He kisses each of them in turn, exchanging more whispered 'Good nights'. He moves quietly to the door, stops and gazes back at them for a moment with almost painful devotion. He switches out the lights and exits.

ALYS reaches under her pillow, brings out a torch and opens her book. EVAN steps back in.

EVAN (V.O.)
Caught you!

ALYS
Pleeeease, Dad? It's a good bit.

EVAN
Two minutes. School in the morning.

He blows her a kiss and gently closes the door.

9 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT (DAY 1 - TUESDAY) 9

EVAN enters, restless and preoccupied. He brings out his phone, nervously checks it. Pockets it again. He thinks for a moment, then opens a drawer and brings out a key. He moves to the French doors that open onto the garden and steps quietly outside.

10 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. GARDEN - NIGHT (DAY 1 - TUESDAY) 10

EVAN crosses the patio in the pitch black. He trips over a child's tricycle and curses.

11 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KIDS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 1 - TUESDAY)

ALYS looks up from her book at a sound outside the window. She leans out from the bed and tugs back the blind. She peers out into the dark.

12 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. GARDEN - NIGHT (DAY 1 - TUESDAY) 12

EVAN, hiding in the shadows, looks up at ALYS'S face at the window. Seeing nothing, she disappears behind the blind. The faint light in the bedroom goes out.

EVAN brings out his phone, switches on his torch and makes his way across to a wooden summer house. He unlocks the door and goes inside.

13 INT. BELLA BELLISIMO - NIGHT (DAY 1 - TUESDAY) 13

FAITH and her friends LISA (30), JO and LOUISE are seated at a corner table drinking champagne. LISA has newly single written all over - dyed blonde hair, bright red lipstick and slinky dress. Balloons emblazoned with 'Happy Divorce' are tied to her chair.

A good-looking waiter, SILVIO, moves around the table topping up their champagne glasses.

LISA

It feels great. It does, really.
But you know what the one weird
thing is? ... The thought of having
sex with another man.

FAITH

Oh, you'll manage.

LISA

I don't even know where to begin -
(off FAITH'S smirk)
Not that! With dating, I mean.

FAITH

Easy. Hey, Silvio, what are you up to later?

LISA

Stop it!

SILVIO smiles and winks at FAITH. He goes.

They snort with laughter.

At another table, a middle-aged COUPLE look over disapprovingly at the rowdy group, then exchange a glance - in the way that only small town people can.

14 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 1 - 14
TUESDAY)

EVAN lies awake, staring at the ceiling, his mind churning. He turns his head at the sound of a vehicle drawing up outside. He swings out of bed dressed in boxers and T-shirt.

14A INT./EXT. EIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 1 - TUESDAY) 14A

EIRA peers out to see the tail lights of the taxi and FAITH staggering out of the taxi.

15 EXT. FAITH'S STREET - NIGHT (DAY 1 - TUESDAY) 15

FAITH weaves towards the porch, fishes out her key and aims it at the lock. She misses. Tries again. Another miss.

The door opens. EVAN looks back at her.

FAITH

Hello, handsome.

(she sways, grinning,
looking him up and down)

Have you been waiting up for me?

She stumbles through the door. EVAN steadies her.

FAITH (CONT'D)

You look very, very, very ...

(she gropes for the word)

Very -

EVAN presses a finger gently to her lips.

EVAN

Ssh. Time for bed.

FAITH

Bad boy!

He just manages to shut the front door.

16 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. SPARE ROOM - MORNING (DAY 2 - 16
WEDNESDAY)

FAITH blinks awake. Light streams through the closed curtains. Children's voices carry up the stairs. She sits up with a start, then realises where she is: still in her dress, lying on top of the duvet, in a camp bed, in the spare room.

She lets out a hung-over groan.

16A INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - MORNING (DAY 2 - 16A
WEDNESDAY)

ALYS, MEGAN and RHODRI (strapped into a high chair) are eating breakfast at the table, the girls dressed in their school uniforms. FAITH creeps up the stairs in her dress, only seen by EVAN, who smiles to himself.

17 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - MORNING (DAY 2 - 17
WEDNESDAY)

FAITH comes downstairs in her dressing gown, trying to look sober. The kids are still eating their breakfasts.

EVAN hurriedly pulls on his suit jacket and grabs his laptop from the counter, while the kids continue to eat their breakfasts.

FAITH

You should have woken me.

EVAN

(slotting his laptop into
his briefcase)

Kettle's just boiled. Love you.
Bye kids.

MEGAN

Bye.

ALYS

Tie, Dad.

EVAN

Oh, thanks.

He snatches his striped tie from the back of a chair, stuffs it in his jacket pocket and pecks FAITH on the cheek.

FAITH

(contrite)

Evan, I'm really -

EVAN

Sorry. Busy day. Got to dash.

He hurries out. FAITH shuffles to the kitchen counter.

ALYS

Were you drunk last night, Mammy?

FAITH

Alys!

She searches one drawer, then another.

ALYS

Then why did Daddy say you slept
in the drunk bunk?

FAITH

Perhaps he thought he was being
funny.

ALYS

On the counter. He left them out
for you.

FAITH grabs the packet and pops two painkillers out of the foil.

ALYS (CONT'D)

You don't look very well.

FAITH

I'm fine.

She pastes on a smile and turns back to the sink.

She glances out of the window and sees EVAN sitting in the front seat of his stationary car, perfectly still, staring straight ahead. Then, suddenly, as if jolted, he starts the engine and drives away.

18

INT. BROWN'S. HIGH STREET - MORNING (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 18

FAITH comes away from the counter wincing at the sound of steam jetting from the coffee machine. RHODRI is strapped to her front in a baby sling.

Carrying her cappuccino, she navigates to her usual spot by the window and drops into an armchair. Peace. RHODRI sucks, droopy-eyed, on a dummy.

Moments later, LISA pushes through the door wearing dark glasses and clutching a bottle of water. She joins FAITH.

LISA

Oh my God, Faith, my head.
(flopping into the chair
opposite)
(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

What the hell was that stuff you
made me drink? Hi, Rhodri.

FAITH

Sambucca. Your idea, Lisa, not
mine.

LISA

Don't. Just don't.

She glances behind her, then takes off her glasses
revealing bloodshot, baggy eyes. FAITH smiles.

LISA (CONT'D)

What?

FAITH

Worth it?

LISA

I'm free, babes. I feel like
crap, but I am free as a little
bird.

FAITH

So, what happens now?

LISA'S phone wolf-whistles in her bag.

LISA

Hold on -

She fishes it out and swipes the screen.

FAITH

(glancing at the screen)

Already?

LISA

Sshh.

(perking up)

Oh, he's not bad. Matt. 38. Self-
employed software something ...
Wants to make me feel special.

FAITH, a look.

LISA (CONT'D)

Cynical.

FAITH

Show me.

LISA shows her the screen.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Ew, no! Beard.

FAITH'S phone rings. She takes it from her pocket as she hands LISA'S back. She checks the caller: 'OFFICE'.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Hi, darling. Oh, sorry, Cerys ...
About an hour ago ... Maybe he went
straight to court? ... No idea. Ok,
I'll give him a call.

She rings off, mildly irritated.

LISA

(absorbed in her phone)

You're right. Not with my skin.

FAITH

I'd better get going.

LISA

Oh, come on. Help me find one.
You're a much better judge than
me.

FAITH

(pushing up form her
chair)

You can come and push my trolley if
you like.

LISA pulls a face.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(patting LISA'S shoulder
as she goes)

Aim high. You're a catch.

She goes. LISA smiles uncertainly and returns to her phone.

19

EXT. HIGH STREET - MORNING (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

19

FAITH walks away from BROWN's towards the harbour, RHODRI still strapped to her chest, her phone pressed to her ear. Her call connects to Evan's voicemail.

EVAN (V.O.)

Sorry I can't take your call at the
moment. Please leave a message.

FAITH

(into the phone)

Evan, it's Faith. Give me a ring
when you get this. Love you.

CERYS (V.O.)

Faith?

FAITH looks round to see an attractive young woman in a smart, well-cut business suit walking towards. She has a file in one hand and a briefcase in the other. This is CERYS.

CERYS

No word from Evan?

FAITH

(taken aback)

No -

CERYS

Arthur Davies needs bail. He's up in twenty minutes. I've got a sentencing at Crown Court. What do we do?

FAITH

He'll be there.

CERYS

And if he's not, the client gets banged-up and sues us.

FAITH

Arthur? I doubt it.

CERYS hands FAITH the file.

CERYS

It's just a bail app' - 10.30. Anyway, Evan said you're back any day.

FAITH, a look.

CERYS (CONT'D)

Thank God.

She heads off.

FAITH

Cerys -

CERYS

I'm late!

She hurries off the way she came.

FAITH exclaims in frustration, then checks her watch.

FAITH

Damn! Shit!

She dashes off up the High St.

20 INT. HAIRDRESSER'S - MORNING (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 20

MARION is under a hair drier absorbed in a magazine. She's a littler greyer and frailer than a year ago.

MARION looks up and sees FAITH. Her face falls.

FAITH

Marion, hi. Could you do me a really big favour and mind Rhodri? Just for an hour or two.

MARION

Now? I'm busy.

FAITH

Evan's snagged up somewhere. I might have to stand in for him at court.

MARION (V.O.)

Court? You? I thought -

FAITH

What?

MARION

Well, you've become so ... domesticated.

FAITH bites her tongue.

FAITH

(unstrapping RHODRI and handing him to MARION)

Be good for granny, Rhodri.

MARION

Is Evan all right?

FAITH

He won't be when I find him.

MARION, a look.

FAITH exits. MARION, unsettled, stares after her.

21 EXT. STREET. ABERCORRAN - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 21

FAITH runs quickly towards home over the little humped back bridge.

FAITH

Domesticated? Screw you, Marion!

22 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 22

FAITH rifles through her wardrobe in search of a suit and blouse while on the phone. She gets EVAN'S voicemail.

EVAN (V.O.)
Sorry I can't take your call at the moment. Please leave a message.

FAITH
(into the phone)
Where the sodding hell are you, Evan? This is not bloody funny! And by the way, your mother is being a complete cow. As usual.

She exclaims in frustration.

She rings off, yanks out a suit and tosses it on the bed.

JUMP CUT TO:

FAITH pulls her jacket on over her blouse and tries to button it. It won't meet across her middle.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Bloody hell!

She clasps her hands over her face.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Bollocks!

She hurls herself out of the room, picks her way between the toys scattered across the landing and clatters down the stairs.

23 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 23

With RHODRI now strapped to her front, MARION walks along and nods politely to PASSERS-BY.

24 EXT. CASTLE - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 24

MARION turns off the High Street into the quiet of a castle. She pulls out her phone and dials Evan's number. She reaches his voicemail.

EVAN (V.O.)
Sorry I can't take your call at the moment. Please leave a message.

MARION

(into the phone)

Evan, it's your mother. Where are
you? ... Is everything all right?
... Evan?

25 EXT. YACHT. ABERCORRAN HARBOUR - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 25

The choppy sea broods beneath a shifting sky.

Evan's mobile is lying on the deck of a well-used four berth sailing yacht (the family boat) moored amongst others in the harbour. On its screen a notification of a missed call: 'Mother 9.45'.

The boat rocks gently, the only sound that of the water lapping its hull.

END OF PART ONE

26 INT. CELLS BENEATH MAGISTRATES' COURT - MORNING (DAY 2 - 26 WEDNESDAY)

FAITH clips along the narrow corridor clutching a blue legal notebook, the tight suit and uncomfortable heels adding to her already considerable annoyance.

She stops outside a cell with the name, 'DAVIES, ARTHUR', marked on the whiteboard outside it. She opens the inspection hatch.

FAITH

Mr Davies?

An unkempt, unshaven young man in his late 20s looks up from the cot-shelf with bright, playful eyes.

ARTHUR

Faith! Hey! I thought you were a lady of leisure nowadays.

FAITH

(briskly, as she opens
her notebook)

It was maternity leave, not
retirement.

ARTHUR

Where's Evan?

FAITH

No idea. Charge?

ARTHUR

Meant to have nicked a half of
vod' from the Co-op.

FAITH
Plea?

ARTHUR
Not a drop passed my lips.

FAITH
(she nods wearily)
Defence?

ARTHUR
Mistaken identity.

FAITH, a look.

FAITH
So where exactly were you when
you were arrested?

ARTHUR
Legging it out the door.

FAITH
Then how could you have been
mistaken for someone else?

ARTHUR
Not me. The bottle. It was one I
bought earlier, see. Only I'd
forgotten I had it. These pills I'm
taking, they mess with my head.
Fancy a coffee after?

Her eyes widen, but she keeps her rejoinder to herself.

A SECURITY GUARD approaches. He nods to FAITH that it's time.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
You're a winner, Faith. It's
written in the stars.

FAITH
Don't hold your breath.

She slams the hatch shut and marches off along the corridor
tugging at her jacket.

27 INT. MAGISTRATES' COURT. LOBBY - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 27

FAITH emerges from the Ladies making a call, having finally
managed to button her jacket.

FAITH

(into the phone)

Evan, if this is your way of trying to tell me you want me back at the office, I'd just need you to know it sucks.

She scans the faces of the LAWYERS and their CLIENTS milling in the lobby. There's no sign of EVAN.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Fine, I'll do Arthur's bail app, but we have some serious talking to do. Ring me!

TANNOY (V.O.)

All parties in the case of Davies to court one.

FAITH switches off the phone and strides up the staircase towards the courtroom. Her jacket bursts open. The button skitters across the floor. She tenses in frustration, but presses on.

28

INT. MAGISTRATES' COURT - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

28

Three severe-looking MAGISTRATES look down from their elevated bench. The CHAIRWOMAN, MRS WALKER, peers over her glasses at FAITH.

MRS WALKER

Mrs Howells. I thought you'd hung up your spurs.

FAITH

(stands)

Well, I appear to have strapped them back on again.

MRS WALKER

Good for you. A guilty plea, is it?

FAITH

Not guilty.

(firmly)

Those are my instructions.

MRS WALKER

Very well. Remand in custody for seven days.

(consulting her list)

Next.

ARTHUR coughs loudly.

FAITH

Ma'am, I think you may have
forgotten something?

MRS WALKER looks up impatiently.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Bail?

REES (THE CPS PROSECUTOR)

All the usual objections, Ma'am.

FAITH hesitates.

MRS WALKER

Yes, Mrs Howells?

(prompting)

The prosecution is concerned that
your client will abscond and re-
offend -

FAITH glances at ARTHUR. He urges her on.

FAITH

Yes, well I don't recall Mr Davies
ever having strayed further than
the late-night Spar on the
Carmarthen Road. And as for the
risk of him committing further
offences ... Now and then, even the
most unexpected people completely
surprise you. Who knows, this might
turn out to be the first day of the
rest of his life.

MRS WALKER frowns, then consults in stern whispers with her
two COLLEAGUES.

FAITH throws ARTHUR a look - *You really don't deserve this.*

MRS WALKER

We've no wish to burden the
prison service more than we have
to, Mrs Howells, but make no
mistake, prison is where he'll go
if he's found guilty at trial.

FAITH

Thank you, Ma'am.

MRS WALKER

We'll see you in seven days, Mr
Davies.

ARTHUR balls his fist in triumph as he's sprung from the
dock.

29 EXT. MAGISTRATES' COURT - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 29

FAITH shoves out through the doors bringing out her phone. ARTHUR follows at her heels across the square, sticking to her like a limpet.

ARTHUR

Tell Evan he's sacked. I'm having you every time.

FAITH

(dialling a number)
You could try staying out of trouble.

ARTHUR

Like you said, it's all change from today. I'm starting a business. Dolphin watching - it was Evan gave me the idea. Lend us a tenner, you'll get shares.

FAITH

The thing is, Arthur, you're meant to pay me.

FAITH's phone connects. ARTHUR takes his cue to slink away.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(into the phone)
Hi Delyth. Any word? ...
(snatching a look at her watch)
Sounds like I don't have much choice. Give me twenty minutes.

She ends the call, breathes deeply.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(heading off at speed)
You are dead, Evan Howells.

29A EXT. ABERCORRAN HIGH STREET. DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 29A

FAITH slams her car door shut and races into the front door of HOWELLS solicitors office on the corner opposite the castle.

30 INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 30

She enters through the door to find DELYTH (55), the bespectacled receptionist, dealing with an irate client, ALUN JENKINS (40s), a businessman dressed in a sharp suit.

JENKINS

He's had all morning to cancel.
I've driven from Swansea for this
meet.

DELYTH

I'm very sorry, Mr Jenkins -

FAITH

(stepping in)

Faith Howells. Partner. My profound
apologies, Mr Jenkins. My husband's
been unavoidably detained.

She offers her hand. He ignores it.

JENKINS

Been arrested, has he?

FAITH

(with a glance at DELYTH)

Actually, he's dealing with a
murder ... multiple murder. I'll
find your file. Won't be a moment.

She turns to EVAN'S office.

JENKINS

And you're familiar with my case?

FAITH

I'm sure it won't take me -

JENKINS

Has it got a dog in it?

FAITH

I beg your pardon?

JENKINS

Bassett. Detective Superintendent.

FAITH looks at him blankly.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Fraud Squad. The one who cooked all
this up. Looks like he should be
chasing you, not me. Forget it.
I'll get myself a proper lawyer.

He marches out through the door, slamming it behind him.

DELYTH waits for FAITH to go after him. And when she doesn't,
gets up from her chair and heads for the door.

FAITH

What are you doing?

DELYTH
He's our best client -

FAITH
Was. Good riddance.

DELYTH goes uncertainly back to her desk.

FAITH (CONT'D)
No word from Evan?

DELYTH
It's not like him at all.

FAITH
(with feeling)
You know what men are like at
communicating. I'll check his
computer.

She turns towards EVAN'S office.

DELYTH
You don't think we should try the
hospital?

FAITH looks back.

DELYTH (CONT'D)
In case he's been in an accident?

FAITH considers this and dismisses it.

FAITH
I bet I know where he's hiding.
(crossing to the door)
I'll be right back.

She exits.

31 INT./EXT. YACHT / HARBOUR - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 31

FAITH climbs aboard the family boat, sitting in the estuary
in front of the castle. The phone from earlier is missing.
She kicks off her heels and goes down the ladder.

FAITH
Evan? Evan are you there?

She tugs open the door to the cabin and looks inside.
Everything as they left it. The kids' colouring books are
still open on the table. Evan's cap is lying on the bench.

FAITH emerges from the cabin onto the deck and stares out to sea, suddenly beset by a host of irrational fears. The wind scatters her hair across her face. She pushes it away.

INTERCUT WITH SC
32:

32 INT. ABERCORRAN POLICE STATION. FRONT DESK - DAY (DAY 2 - 32 WEDNESDAY)

(INTERCUT WITH SC 31/33)

CONSTABLE TERRY PRICE (35) (FAITH'S brother-in-law) sets down an Atlas of the Universe and answers the phone.

TERRY
Abercorran Police Station. How may I help you?

FAITH (V.O.)
Terry, it's Faith.

TERRY glances through the glass screen into the waiting area.

TERRY
Oh, hello. Now you're not going to let me down for quiz night, I hope? We're banking on you.

FAITH (V.O.)
I'll be there. Listen, I've lost Evan.

TERRY
What?

A beat.

FAITH (V.O.)
He left for work this morning and didn't arrive. The thing is, he missed an important appointment.

TERRY
Oh ... I'm sure he'll turn up. He normally has lunch with Bethan on a Tuesday. Have you rung her?

33 EXT. YACHT - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

33

(INTERCUT WITH SC 32)

FAITH, on the phone, looking out over the bay from the deck, lost in thought.

TERRY

Faith?

FAITH

Mmm -

TERRY

I'm sure there's a perfectly rational explanation. He'll be caught up with work. Bound to be.

FAITH

Yes. Sorry -

TERRY (V.O.)

7.30 Thursday. Don't forget now.

34 INT. ABERCORRAN POLICE STATION. FRONT DESK - DAY (DAY 2 - 34 WEDNESDAY)

DI WILLIAMS (40s), an unsmiling woman with short hair and sensible shoes enters as TERRY puts down the phone. She reaches a file from the shelf.

DI WILLIAMS

Another personal call, Price?

TERRY

No, ma'am. Just some rowdy kids on the front.

DI WILLIAMS nods, not wholly believing him. She glances at his atlas.

DI WILLIAMS

Then I suggest you close up this counter and get on and do some police work, Constable. You can't afford any black marks if you ever want to make sergeant.

TERRY

Yes, ma'am.

She exits with the file. TERRY flicks a V sign at the door and slips the atlas into a drawer.

34A EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

34A

DELYTH peers out of the window of Evan's office, looking down the High Street to see if she can see Evan.

35 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE/RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 2 - 35
WEDNESDAY)

A neat, orderly office with a large window overlooking the High Street and the estuary beyond. A large poster-sized photograph of leaping dolphins hangs on the wall. A collection of amateur running trophies is arranged on a shelf.

FAITH stands at EVAN'S desk, scrolling through the e-mails on his PC. DELYTH is at her shoulder.

DELYTH

He mostly uses his laptop for work.

FAITH

But today's e-mails have been
downloading here. Does that mean
he's not picking them up?

DELYTH

(uncertain)

I think so -

FAITH turns at the sound of someone entering reception. She heads for the door.

FAITH

Evan?

FAITH emerges to find CERYS sorting through her mail. FAITH can't help noticing how her suit hugs her shapely hips.

CERYS

Isn't he meant to be with Jenkins?
He'd better not screw that one up.
I virtually had to prostitute
myself to hook that case.
How do you fancy dealing with a few
matrimonials? You were always good
at family stuff -

DELYTH comes out of EVAN'S office.

FAITH

Hold on a moment. I agreed to stand
in for one bail app.

A beat. CERYS and DELYTH exchange a look.

CERYS

I'm confused. Evan's had me trying
to drum up work for you for weeks.

FAITH

That's news to me.

CERYS

Am I missing something here? ... If our clients are being compromised by some issue between you and him I think I deserve to know.

FAITH

No, I mean ... There's no ... It's probably just a misunderstanding. You carry on. It's all cool.

Far from convinced, CERYS marches towards her office on the far side of reception.

FAITH (CONT'D)

She's got a bit high and mighty.

DELYTH keeps her thoughts to herself.

CERYS reappears at her door, regretting her sharpness.

CERYS

Sorry. It's all just a bit ... Last time he was late for a client he was at the doctor's. You can grow old waiting in that surgery.

She goes back into her office.

FAITH hides her sudden concern, turning calmly to DELYTH.

FAITH

Wouldn't he have told you?

DELYTH

(anxious)

Well, I ... Yes.

A beat. FAITH assesses the evidence ...and concludes.

FAITH

Don't worry, Delyth. I know what this is. It's just his stupid, clumsy way of telling me to get my nose back to the grindstone.

She holds back on what she'd like to say and instead take a calming breath.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Right, then.

She goes into Evan's office.

36 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 36

FAITH scans through the diary on Evan's computer. She sits back, puzzled and scans the room as if searching for clues.

Her gaze falls to a little wooden box sitting on the desk top decorated by one of their daughters. She opens it. Inside is a packet of cigarettes. She lifts it out and stares at it disbelief.

After a moment, she brings out her phone and dials. Her call connects once again to Evan's voicemail.

EVAN (V.O.)

Sorry I can't take your call at the moment. Please leave a message.

FAITH

(into the phone, deadly serious)

What the bloody hell's going on, Evan? ... This isn't funny any more.

She rings off and stares into space, with a very bad feeling.

END OF PART TWO

37 EXT. ESTATE AGENTS'. HIGH STREET - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

BETHAN, immaculately made-up and dressed in a neat dark suit, hurries out of her office and along the pavement.

She crosses with MRS WALKER, the magistrate, in the doorway.

BETHAN

Thanks so much for the nomination.

MRS WALKER

You'll do an excellent job. The council's crying out for young blood. How's Evan, by the way? I saw his wife was covering for him in court this morning.

BETHAN

(surprised)

Oh ... He's fine, thank you.

MRS WALKER

Good. Best of luck.

She smiles and walks on. BETHAN goes inside.

38 EXT. PUB - DAY (*DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY*)

38

BETHAN sits alone at a table outside a pub overlooking the estuary. She checks her watch and looks expectantly at the door. There's no sign of Evan. She brushes a speck of dust from her sleeve.

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS
Are you ready to order yet?

BETHAN
I'll give it another minute.

BETHAN checks her phone. No messages.

WAITRESS
Stood you up this week, has he? And
you've had your nails done.

BETHAN
He's my brother. You know my
husband - he plays football with
your brother, Dave.

WAITRESS
Oh, the quiet one.

BETHAN
He's a police officer, actually. He
just doesn't brag about it.

The WAITRESS mouths a quiet, 'Sorry', but can't suppress a smirk.

BETHAN gets up pointedly from the table.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

She exits.

39 INT. HOWELLS. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (*DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY*) 39

A small, wood-panelled conference room.

FAITH is sitting at the table opposite ALWYN THOMAS (60s), a man obsessed. He has brought a foot-high stack of dog-eared files and is spreading out a large scale map.

THOMAS
And lo and behold, on the
draughtsman's copy of the 1878
parish map, here it is - the
boundary fence.

FAITH glances at her watch.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Precisely three feet to right of
where he claims.

FAITH
Three whole feet.

THOMAS

Three by thirty-five makes one hundred and five. That's land to the value of nearly £5,000.

FAITH nods, struggling to be interested.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(reaching for one of his many files)

And if further proof were needed, the declassified negatives from the 1939 War Office aerial survey -

FAITH

(interrupting him)

How much more are you prepared to spend fighting your neighbour, Mr Thomas?

THOMAS

As I have told your husband many times, Mrs Howells, it's the principle. This is theft! The man is a criminal. He should be locked up.

FAITH looks him in the eye and gives it to him straight.

FAITH

Life is short. Precious. Eight years this has dragged on. All that energy you could have spent doing good. Why give him the satisfaction? Be the bigger man. Rise above it. That, is how you win.

THOMAS looks at her with an open-mouthed expression that hovers between horror and admiration. Then, finally, he beams with a zealous fervour.

THOMAS

You, are precisely the woman I want fighting my corner in court!

FAITH inwardly groans.

40

INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 40

From outside the bay window we see MARION staring out; pale and fraught. TOM, looking healthy in retirement, cradles a grizzling RHODRI.

TOM

He'll have said something to someone. There's no need to panic.

MARION
He never misses lunch with Bethan.

Her face crumples. She stifles tears. RHODRI continues to cry.

MARION (CONT'D)
When have you ever known him do
anything like this?

TOM puts a hand on MARION'S shoulder, unable to answer.

41 INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 41

FAITH shows MR THOMAS out through the door, ignoring RHODRI'S cries.

THOMAS
I want him to know this is going
all the way now.

FAITH
Yes, yes, I'll be in touch.

She shoos him out of the door and turns, relieved to be shot of him.

FAITH (CONT'D)
He's lost the plot.

DELYTH
I think he's lonely.

RHODRI'S cries grow louder. FAITH braces herself.

FAITH
Oh God, here we go. Payback time.

FAITH shoves through the door into EVAN'S office.

42 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 42

FAITH enters and finds TOM attempting to placate RHODRI and MARION dabbing her eyes.

FAITH
Lovely! We've got the whole family
here.

TOM throws her a glance, tipping her off to MARION'S distress.

TOM
He seems a bit out of sorts.

MARION
I'm not surprised.

FAITH
(taking RHODRI from him)
Come on, soldier. It's OK.

She rocks and cuddles and him, and has an immediate, magical effect.

TOM
It's probably an important client
who insisted he drop everything.

MARION
I'm worried. Of course, I am. Why
am I not allowed to be worried
about my own son?

FAITH
(reassuringly, to MARION)
Mam, he's been wanting me back at
work. I think this might be his way
of forcing the issue ... It worked.
(she squeezes MARION'S
hand)
This is Evan we're talking about.
Mr Reliable.

MARION'S sobs subside. She nods. Wanting to believe it.

FAITH (CONT'D)
So why don't we all just get on
with our day and beat him up later
when he comes home.

MARION manages to smile.

MARION
I must look a sight.
(to TOM)
Excuse me.

She exits.

TOM
She seems to have become so
delicate lately.

FAITH
She's not been well.

They exchange a look. TOM nods.

TOM
Good to see you back. Thank you,
Faith.

TOM gratefully touches her arm.

FAITH

Tom, this is not me 'back'. This is me covering while ... Sorry ... Why couldn't he talk to me?

TOM doesn't have an answer.

43

INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

43

TOM emerges from Evan's office and shuts the door. He exchanges an awkward look with DELYTH.

TOM

The old ship's managing to stay afloat without me, then?

DELYTH

Just about.

She smiles faintly. TOM senses she has something difficult to say.

DELYTH'S eyes flit to the black and white 1940s photograph of his father, MAJOR ROGER HOWELLS, displayed prominently on the wall.

DELYTH (CONT'D)

(delicately)

Your father did once disappear with Sally Phillips for a weekend.

TOM

Had a difficult war, poor chap.

DELYTH, a look, wishing he would engage instead of deflecting.

MARION emerges from the cloakroom, saving him.

TOM (CONT'D)

(breezily)

Goodbye, Delyth.

He opens the door for MARION. They exit.

The phone rings. DELYTH grabs the receiver.

DELYTH

Hello, Howells? ... Oh, Mr Baldini. No.... Yes, I'm ... I'll be sure to get him to call you when he is.

She sets down the phone and glances again at the dashing, MAJOR HOWELLS - a man with a devilish glint in his eye.

44 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 44

FAITH, sitting at the desk, has papers spread out in front of her and RHODRI messily eating a piece of banana, balanced on her knee.

She tries to concentrate. It's impossible. She grabs her phone and checks her text messages. Nothing.

FAITH

Do you think Daddy's cross with me for getting rat-arsed last night?

She hugs him close.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Right! Better check he hasn't flown to Rio.

She stands up then loads her papers into a briefcase.

44A EXT. HOWELLS - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 44A

FAITH exits with RHODRI strapped to her chest, briefcase in hand.

45 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 45

RHODRI is sitting on a play mat thumping his rattle, as FAITH, juggling a phone, searches through the wooden dresser and brings out a folder of family papers.

FAITH

(into the phone)

Mr Evan and Mrs Faith Howells.
We've each got a debit card. I just want to check if there's been any activity on the account today ...

She opens the file on the kitchen table, pulls out a bunch of passports and flicks through them.

FAITH (CONT'D)

That's all? Nothing else? OK, thanks.

She rings off and stares at the passport open at Evan's photograph.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Still in the country, Rhodri. I suppose that's a positive.

She closes the passport, trying to put on a brave face. Her eyes flit to the clock on the oven.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Swimming kit. Goggles ...

She presses her fingers to her temples.

FAITH (CONT'D)
It's all going to be OK. It's all fine.

She sets off in search of towels and swimming costumes.

46 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

46

FAITH comes out of the side door of her house, the estuary view behind her. She shoves RHODRI'S buggy and two rucksacks stuffed with swimming kit into the back of her car and slams the boot shut. She dashes to the driver's door and jumps in.

47 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / FAITH'S HOUSE - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 47

FAITH drives away from the house with RHODRI strapped into the back seat. She spots an empty parked police car outside Eira's house just up the road.

48 INT. EIRA JONES'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 48

TERRY follows EIRA into a chintzy room that serves as a lounge for her paying guests, with the view of the estuary beyond.

TERRY
Strictly in confidence, Mrs Jones -

EIRA
He usually waves. Not today, though. Mind you - the state she came home in last night. Legless, she was.

TERRY
Mrs Howells?

EIRA
(nods)
Ten past midnight. Couldn't get her key in the lock. No wonder she slept in the spare room.
(off TERRY'S surprise)
I saw the light go on, see. Between you and me, she's in there as often as not. You know what they say - there's only one place colder than a loveless marriage bed.

TERRY, a look.

MRS JONES
The grave.

49 INT. GP'S SURGERY. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 49

FAITH waits in the reception area between a wheezing OLD MAN and a sniffing WOMAN.

She rocks RHODRI gently in his buggy, her face glazed over.

A green light illuminates above the consulting room door.

RECEPTIONIST
Mrs Howells.

Lost in thought, she doesn't hear. The OLD MAN nudges her.

FAITH
Oh. Sorry -

Flustered, she makes her way through.

50 INT. GP'S SURGERY - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 50

DR SAMANTHA BEYNON (early 30s), one of the new breed of user-friendly doctors, looks up from her desk as FAITH enters pushing the buggy. RHODRI is deeply and contentedly asleep.

SAM
Hello, Faith. How are things?

FAITH
(dropping into a chair)
Not too bad. Well, apart from the
mild hysteria and a missing
husband.

SAM
Jill in the dispensary did mention
something -

FAITH
How does she know?

SAM
I think her Frank is Delyth Lloyd's
cousin, or nephew -

They both laugh. FAITH gathers her strength for the difficult question.

FAITH
Sam, I need to know why Evan has
been coming to see you ... How bad?

SAM

You were a lawyer, you know
I can't -

FAITH

I'm still a lawyer. And Evan and I
don't have secrets ... I thought we
didn't.

SAM avoids eye contact, checking her computer screen. FAITH tries to keep super calm.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Please, Sam.

SAM weakens.

SAM

He's only been in a few times.

FAITH

Just tell me. Is he going to live?

SAM

No, I mean, yes ...

FAITH closes her eyes. Exhales in relief.

SAM (CONT'D)

He's been feeling a bit stressed,
that's all.

FAITH

About what?

SAM

(evasive)

Usual things ... I referred him to
counselling. I presume it worked.
He's not been back since.

FAITH

(incredulous)

Counselling? My Evan?

FAITH struggles to imagine it. She can't.

FAITH (CONT'D)

When did... Was it me? Was he
stressed that I was still at home
with the kids?

SAM

No, he didn't mention that.

FAITH

So what did he mention?

SAM

I just got the impression ... It was more of an accumulation. Look, I'm really not comfortable -

FAITH

He's been smoking again. He hasn't smoked for ten years. Did he tell you that?

SAM shakes her head. She stares at FAITH, desperate to help her.

SAM

How have things been between the two of you? You know -

FAITH

Are we having sex? ... Now and then. Sort of.

It's evidently a sore point. SAM takes the hint.

SAM

I could give you something to take the pressure off.

FAITH spots the clock on SAM'S desk. It's nearly 3.30.

FAITH

Oh God, I'm late for the girls.

She leaps up from her chair and kicks the brake off RHODRI'S buggy.

SAM

Faith?

FAITH looks back.

SAM (CONT'D)

I really don't think he's the sort to do anything, you know -

FAITH stares at her. This hadn't even crossed her mind as a possibility. She nods, trying to take this crumb of comfort and exits.

51

INT. SWIMMING POOL. PUBLIC GALLERY - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

ALYS and MEGAN are among the KIDS swimming up and down the pool as their COACH shouts instructions.

COACH

That's it, Alys - legs straight. Kick from the hip, remember.

Sitting amongst the PARENTS in the public gallery, FAITH, with RHODRI in his buggy on one side and a briefcase on the other, tries to focus on a set of case papers headed, *BALDINI vs BALDINI*.

FAITH stares at the papers on her lap but none of it registers. She glances furtively at the other PARENTS, convinced they're staring at her (they aren't). It's as much as she can do to keep herself from wailing.

51A EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

51A

FAITH's car travels along the narrow road, sheep grazing in the fields. A calm rural idyl.

CONTINUE TO:

52 INT. FAITH'S CAR (MOBILE) - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 52

FAITH drives home with the three KIDS in the back. Peppa Pig is playing loudly on the stereo. MEGAN sings along deliberately tunelessly making RHODRI shriek and laugh. ALYS covers her ears.

ALYS

You're hurting my ears, Megan!

FAITH grins and bears it - caught between wanting to laugh and cry. She wipes away a tear, then sees ALYS looking at her in the mirror. FAITH forces a big, comforting smile. ALYS smiles back.

FAITH steals another glance in the mirror and sees ALYS looking out of the window at the stunning sweep of the estuary with sad, unblinking eyes. And FAITH wishes she could tell her it will all be OK. But ALYS is 9 going on 19, and won't be fooled for a moment.

FAITH swallows the lump in her throat, refusing to cry, and keeps on driving.

END OF PART THREE

53 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 53

ALYS neatly arranges fish fingers on a baking tray. MEGAN is at the table doing homework and RHODRI down on the floor on his play mat amongst a heap of toys. ALYS glances out through the kitchen window at FAITH pacing up and down the verandah with her phone.

CONTINUE TO:

54 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. VERANDAH - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 54

Back in baggy, comfortable clothes, FAITH is talking to a call handler in India.

FAITH
(into the phone)
I need to access my husband's phone records. He's gone missing.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
I'm sorry to hear that, madam. My sympathies. The phone is registered in his name?

FAITH
Yes. But I'm his next of kin.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
I'm afraid that such data can only be accessed with the secure password registered to the account.

FAITH
What if I don't know his password?

She spots a cigarette butt lying the grass and stoops to pick it up.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
I'm afraid that would be hard cheese, madam.

FAITH
Hard cheese?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Precisely. May I be of any further assistance to you today?

FAITH
(distracted by the fresh butt)
Forget it!

She rings off and looks round to see ALYS standing outside the open French doors looking at her.

ALYS
Is something wrong with Dad?

FAITH
(furtively throwing the butt into the border)
No.

ALYS

You're not getting divorced, are you?

FAITH

Don't be such a silly sausage.

ALYS looks at her mistrustfully. FAITH can't hide anything from her big, searching eyes.

The doorbell rings.

MEGAN (V.O.)

There's someone at the door!

FAITH

Maybe that's Daddy now.

ALYS

He's got a key. You'd better get it.

She goes back inside. FAITH follows, dreading who it might be.

55 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 55

FAITH composes herself. Opens the front door. It's LISA.

LISA

Is it true? Has Evan done a bunk?

FAITH

God -

LISA

It's everywhere. He's got his own hashtag - WheresEvan? Tracey from the coffee shop's been posting like crazy.

FAITH

What's wrong with people? Haven't they got anything better ...?

She sighs. Of course they haven't.

LISA

(stepping inside)

You look like you need a drink.

FAITH

It's not even five!

LISA

Emergency rules, babe.

LISA heads off into the kitchen. FAITH trails in her wake.

56 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. VERANDAH - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 56

LISA takes a bottle of white wine from the fridge and fetches glasses as FAITH shoos the KIDS through the door, across the hall and into the play room.

FAITH (V.O.)
I'll call you when tea's ready.
Just find a DVD or something.

FAITH reappears, harried and tense. LISA looks her up and down.

LISA
Have you two been rowing?

FAITH
No ... No more than usual.

LISA
You've literally no idea?

FAITH shakes her head.

FAITH
Why isn't he home yet? ... Should I be worried? I don't know. What the hell am I meant to do?

LISA sloshes wine into glasses.

LISA
This isn't like him. You must have sensed something?

FAITH
I didn't sense he'd been to a counsellor.

LISA
No way! When?

FAITH
Recently. Sam told me. Said he's been stressed.

LISA
And he didn't let on?

FAITH shakes her head.

LISA (CONT'D)
(adding it up)
Classic. Nice guy. Bit repressed.
(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

Worships you. Can't admit his
needs.

(off FAITH'S look)

Sex famine. A bloke can't be
getting it and still be stressed.
Fact of life.

FAITH

Lisa! Sshh!

LISA

I know it's not PC, but
sometimes, hon', you've just got
to take one for the team.

FAITH pushes her glass away, leaving it untouched.

FAITH

Why does everyone assume it's
down to sex?

LISA

When's the last time you two
shagged? I mean, really, properly
went at it?

(off FAITH'S appalled
reaction)

I rest my case.

A knock on the side door.

57

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. SIDE DOOR - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 57

BETHAN calls out to FAITH who she has spotted on the
verandah.

BETHAN

Faith.

(ignoring LISA)

Any sign?

FAITH shakes her head.

BETHAN looks past her to LISA, who's come out onto the
verandah to see who it is. They exchange a frosty glance.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

I won't lie to you. I'm worried
sick.

BETHAN tries the door and marches in.

58

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 58

FAITH and LISA come in from the verandah and meet BETHAN in
the kitchen. LISA goes to top up her glass.

BETHAN

Passport and driving licence? Bank cards? Phone?

FAITH

His passport's still here. He's not touched his bank cards and his phone's switched off.

BETHAN

Maybe he's sulking somewhere? Used to do that when he was a kid, mind.

FAITH ignores LISA'S knowing look.

FAITH

About what?

BETHAN

You're his wife.

FAITH

Bethan, he's taken nothing. He hasn't planned this. There's no note. Now you tell me what my next move should be.

BETHAN

Mam and I have both noticed he's been looking older.

FAITH

He's forty.

BETHAN

And smoking again.

LISA

Evan back on the smygies? Never.

FAITH

Hang on -

BETHAN

Frank Lloyd told me. Saw him on the fire escape at the back of the office.

(fixing her with a look)

You must have smelt it on him? ...
He's not been a happy man for months, Faith. I could tell.

Another knock on the side door.

FAITH

Thanks for sharing.

FAITH exits.

59 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. SIDE DOOR - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 59

FAITH opens the door to TOM. He looks at her expectantly.

FAITH shakes her head, then notices EIRA JONES on her balcony, peeking over the hedge.

FAITH

Bethan's here. Do you want to come in?

TOM

If you're sure. We thought you could do with some moral support. Marion'll be along in a minute.

FAITH

Great.

She looks at him, barely keeping it together. TOM pauses on the threshold. He opens his arms to give her a hug.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(hanging back, she puts on a brave face)

I'm fine. Don't be nice to me, or I'll -

TOM closes the side door, so they can speak privately outside.

TOM

Look, just between ourselves, how are the finances? Delyth gave the impression business has been a bit slack.

FAITH

Still within the limit, last time I checked.

TOM

Overdraft?

FAITH

Means you can afford luxuries like the gas bill.

TOM looks at her with sober concern.

TOM

Do you think it's something at work?

FAITH

(shrugs)

He's never liked to talk shop at home. Has he said anything to you?

TOM shakes his head. But there's a hint in his expression that suggests he's keeping something to himself.

FAITH (CONT'D)

What do I know? We've only been married eleven years.

She opens the door and they both go into the house.

59A INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY 59A
FAITH and TOM come into the kitchen.

LISA

Hello, Tom. You've lost weight.

TOM

Thank you.

BETHAN

(with a glance at LISA's empty glass)

He takes care of himself.

The oven pings.

FAITH

(calls across the hall)

Tea's ready! Alys! Can you all come and sit down?

(to LISA, TOM and BETHAN)

If you could all clear out for a minute, I've got kids to feed.

LISA

(holding up an empty bottle)

Got any more?

She nods to the fridge. Then spots TOM glancing at a bank statement in a pile of post on the counter.

FAITH

Tom!

He pretends to be admiring one of the children's pictures Blu-Tacked to the wall. BETHAN steers him out as the KIDS bundle in.

FAITH (CONT'D)
 (lifting RHODRI into his
 high chair)
 All right. Calm down. It's coming!

60 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 60

Late afternoon sun streams into the kitchen as FAITH sits on a stool at the kitchen counter with a brave smile. The KIDS are at the table eating ice cream. ALYS, playing mother, spoons RHODRI'S into his mouth.

FAITH checks her watch. She pushes her anxious thoughts aside.

FAITH
 How was the maths test today, Meg'?

MEGAN
 Eight out of ten.

FAITH
 Brilliant.

MEGAN glances at FAITH, then at ALYS, urging her to say something. ALYS looks away, avoiding the issue.

MEGAN
 Mam. Alys has got something to tell you.

FAITH looks up.

MEGAN urges ALYS with a look.
 ALYS remains tight-lipped.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 We think Dad had a funny phone call this morning.

FAITH
 What do you mean, funny? What did he say?

MEGAN
 Not much -

FAITH
 Alys? Did you hear anything?

ALYS shrugs.

The doorbell rings again.

LISA (V.O.)
 I'll go!

FAITH

Come on, Alys. You don't miss a thing.

ALYS

It's nothing, OK? I don't even know why she said it.

FAITH

Megan?

BETHAN'S voice carries from the front door.

LISA (V.O.)

Oh, hi Marion, Terry ... No. Nothing yet. Come in.

FAITH glances through the partially open door and sees LISA bring MARION and TERRY into the sitting room.

MEGAN

He went all white like he was going to be sick.

ALYS

He's fine. I know he is.

ALYS jumps down from the table and heads for the door.

FAITH

(going after her)

Alys -

MEGAN

Rhodri! Mam, look what he's done.

FAITH turns in the doorway as ALYS runs upstairs. RHODRI has tossed his bowl, splattering ice cream across the floor.

RHODRI grins and bangs the table.

FAITH

Nice one, Rhodri.

She goes to fetch kitchen roll, smiling bravely through welling tears.

61

INT. KIDS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

61

RHODRI drifts off to sleep in his cot while FAITH reads to him. MEGAN, dressed in her pyjamas, lies pensively on the top bunk. The curtains are drawn shut, little fairy lights twinkling on.

FAITH

(a faint tremor in her

voice)

(MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)

"Henry placed the chick in its nest. "Back where you belong," said Henry. "You saved me!" cried the chick. Henry smiled, "and you've helped cure my fear of heights."

*
*
*
*
*

FAITH closes the covers of the book.

MEGAN

Will he be back tomorrow?

FAITH

I'm sure he will. That reminds me - Thursday - PE. We forgot your pumps last week.

MEGAN

I won't forget.

FAITH smiles and kisses MEGAN'S forehead. MEGAN looks at her with anxious eyes that beg for reassurance.

FAITH

It's all going to be fine. Don't you worry about a thing.

MEGAN

(bravely)

OK. Night, night.

FAITH strokes her cheek then turns to RHODRI'S cot and kisses his forehead.

FAITH

Good night, sweetie. Sleep tight.

61A

INT. LANDING/STAIRS. NIGHT (DAY 2 WEDNESDAY)

61A

FAITH makes her way quietly onto the landing where she finds ALYS sitting at the top of the stairs with a closed book on her lap.

FAITH sits next to her and puts her arm around her shoulder.

They remain in silence for a long moment, ALYS needing her mother's comfort.

ALYS

People don't just disappear. Even I know that.

FAITH

Your dad's the most ... He's the kindest man and best dad I know. He'll be back.

ALYS nods.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Come on then, lovely. Let's get you to bed.

ALYS

I can go myself.

She gets up.

FAITH

Don't you want me to tuck you in?

ALYS

I'm nine now, Mam.

She goes into her bedroom and pushes the door closed. FAITH takes a deep breath and makes her way down.

From the top of the stairs FAITH can hear tense, whispered voices carrying from the sitting room.

TERRY (V.O.)

(protesting)

I've done all I can, Bethan. You know I can't help the red tape.

BETHAN (V.O.)

Well I don't think it's good enough. He's not just anyone. He's a solicitor.

LISA appears with a newly filled glass.

LISA

Are they OK?

FAITH nods bravely.

LISA (CONT'D)

Do you want me to get rid of this lot? That sister-in-law of yours - I can't believe she and Evan came out of the same womb.

FAITH

I'll deal with them.

62

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

FAITH enters. BETHAN, with her back to the door, doesn't see her.

BETHAN

Separate rooms apparently - according to Eira.

The others look round in alarm.

FAITH clears her throat.

A moment of dreadful silence. TERRY and TOM stare at the floor. BETHAN and MARION exchange a glance.

MARION

Every marriage has its ups and downs, Faith.

TOM glances away.

BETHAN

Even Terry and me. He's had his share of disappointments. We've weathered them.

TERRY stares at the floor.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

We're all family, Faith. We all love Evan ... We've a right to know.

FAITH stares at her, ready to explode. The doorbell rings.

FAITH

I expect that'll be our sex therapist now. Excuse me.

She storms towards the door and yanks it open.

63 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY 63)

ARTHUR is standing on the step, bleary-eyed and holding a ragged bunch of stolen flowers. A shabby rucksack hangs from one shoulder.

ARTHUR

Bloody brilliant, that's what you are.

FAITH

For God's sake, Arthur. Please, sod off.

ARTHUR

(handing her the flowers)
I heard about Evan. Crazy! He's normally such a stiff. I'll put the word out on the street, OK?
... And any time you need a babysitter -

FAITH

I'll know who not to ask. Good night.

She heads back inside.

63A INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)
FAITH comes back in still clutching the flowers.

FAITH

Actually, could you all leave me
in peace. Now. Please.

TOM

(giving the others no
choice)

I think that's a very good idea.

TOM leads MARION to the door. MARION refuses to meet
FAITH'S eyes as she passes.

TOM (CONT'D)

You'll phone me, if -

She nods impatiently.

TERRY follows at BETHAN'S heels.

TERRY

(earnestly)

The missing person's report gets
filed first thing - when the
twenty four hours is up. I'll be
on it.

FAITH

Thanks.

TERRY

And if you're still on for the
quiz - ?

BETHAN

Terry.

He pats FAITH'S arm and goes.

LISA comes last in line.

LISA

Why don't I stay over? Keep you
company?

FAITH

I just need a little time alone ...
But thanks.

LISA gives her a hug.

LISA

Be strong. Love you.

FAITH

Love you, too.

LISA

(suddenly serious)

What I'd do, babes, I'd go through
everything he owns ...

(with a meaningful look)

Everyone has secrets.

She goes. FAITH closes the door. LISA'S words hang in the silence.

Trying to ignore them, she goes through to the kitchen.

64 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 64

Seen through the glass window, FAITH enters, grabs a bottle of Flash and a scourer and starts to clean the sink. She scrubs furiously, focusing all her fears and anxieties into making it shine ... But they refuse to go. And they loom larger and larger in her imagination until there's nothing else.

She straightens, rigid with fear. Then dashes upstairs.

65 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. EVAN'S STUDY - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

FAITH manically searches the shelves above Evan's desk, pulling out box files and rifling through papers. Bills, tax returns, business receipts ... Reams and reams of sterile paper.

66 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 66

FAITH pulls open the drawer at Evan's side of the bed - Socks. Pants. A jar of Vapo-rub. An unopened packet of condoms - fruit flavoured. She looks at them, baffled, and tosses them aside.

She flings open the door to Evan's side of the wardrobe and rummages through his suit pockets. She finds crumpled tissues, sweet wrappers, a train ticket.

She re-groups. Sets it aside. Re-launches her attack on the wardrobe.

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS:

She searches his shirts, turfing them onto the bed as she goes. She scoops out his shirts, emptying the rail. She hauls out his sweaters and searches each of his shoes.

UNTIL

She's staring into the empty wardrobe. And then she spots it - a tiny, finger-sized hole.

She gets down on her hands and knees and lifts out a small square panel. She reaches into the void beneath and brings out a folded carrier bag.

She empties it onto the bed. Inside is a chestnut-brown wig and a pair of black-rimmed glasses.

With trembling fingers, she picks up the wig. Something falls out: a small, plastic card holder. She flips it open. Inside is a driving licence in the name of 'Alec J Fenton' with a Cardiff address.

The photograph is of Evan, but with a full head of hair and wearing the glasses.

FAITH sinks onto the bed and stares at the fake driving licence, her world tilting on its axis.

67 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 67

FAITH dashes in, grabs the iPad from the counter and searches 'Alec Fenton.'

She scrolls furiously through the results. They go on and on. Overwhelmed, she looks up from the screen. The phone rings. She grabs it and answers.

FAITH
(into the phone)
Hello.

CEFYNN (V.O.)
Faith. Hello, love. It's Cefyn.

FAITH
Hi Cefyn, sorry, I -

CEFYNN (V.O.)
He's not back, then?

FAITH
... You've heard?

CEFYNN (V.O.)
Saw something on Facebook.

FAITH
Oh ... He left for work this morning, and well, there's been no sign of him since.

CEFYN (V.O.)

Well, I saw his car parked up just
an hour ago.

FAITH

(leaping on this)

Where?

CEFYN (V.O.)

The Filling Station. Out on the
Carmarthen Road.

FAITH

You're sure it was his?

CEFYN (V.O.)

I sold it to him, remember?

FAITH

Thanks, Cefyn! Thank you! Thank
God. Bye.

She slams down the receiver. Presses her hands to her face.

68 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KIDS' BEDROOM/LANDING - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

FAITH silently nudges open the door and looks inside. The three children are sleeping soundly.

She stands looking at them, caught in a dilemma. She agonises, then tip-toes out onto the landing. She glances back ... but knows she has no choice.

69 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. SIDE DOOR - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 69

FAITH, dressed in an anorak and hat, quietly lets herself out of the back door.

70 OMITTED

70

71 EXT. HIGH STREET. ABERCORRAN - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 71

FAITH'S car heads out of town and zooms off away into the night.

72 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - NIGHT (DAY 2 - 72 WEDNESDAY)

FAITH wipes away the sweat beading on her forehead. She grips the wheel with tense, white knuckles as she drives along the dual carriageway.

73 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 73

A battered Toyota pick-up truck pulls up outside the house. The lights go off. A big, imposing man, whom we will later know as STEVE BALDINI (late 30s), dressed in filthy work clothes, climbs out. He glances up and down the street with hunted eyes, then makes his way towards FAITH'S front door.

Glancing over his shoulder, he rings the doorbell.

74 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LANDING/FAITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 24 WEDNESDAY)

ALYS comes out of the bedroom onto the unlit landing as the bell rings a second time. The door to FAITH'S bedroom is partially open. She calls through.

ALYS

Mam?

No reply.

ALYS (CONT'D)

Mam? There's someone at the door.

She pushes open the door and sees the bed piled with Evan's clothes. She switches on the light.

ALYS (CONT'D)

(with rising panic)

Where are you? Mammy!

The doorbell rings again.

ALYS moves to the top of the stairs and looks down over the bannister. STEVE calls through the letter box.

STEVE (V.O.)

Evan!... Evan?

ALYS remains frozen. A long moment of silence. The letterbox snaps shut.

75 EXT. FAITH'S STREET - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

75

STEVE hurries back to his pick-up. He yanks open the driver's door and jumps in. We catch a glimpse of a sawn-off shotgun lying across the passenger seat as the door closes.

In EIRA'S window along the street, a curtain twitches.

76 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. GARDEN - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 76

ALYS comes out of the French doors onto the verandah with a torch. She crosses the garden to the summerhouse and tries the door - it's locked.

She shines the torch through a pane in the door and squints inside.

ALYS

Mum?

77 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / HARVESTER - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 77

FAITH approaches the illuminated sign for the out of town chain restaurant. She turns in.

78 EXT. HARVESTER. CAR PARK - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 78

FAITH pulls up. She rushes over to the building, peers in, hammers on the glass doors. The place has closed for the night. She scans the empty car park.

FAITH

Evan? ... It's me. Faith.

No one answers. The wind rustles nearby trees.

Something catches the corner of her eye - a tie blowing across the tarmac. She hurries over and picks it up. It's Evan's - the striped one he took with him that morning.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(bewildered tears
streaming down her
cheeks)

Evan! Evan, where are you?

Evan! Evan, please!

Her cries are swallowed up by the night.

END