

## KEEPING FAITH



by

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Series created by Matthew Hall

EPISODE TWO

*White Shooting Script*  
13/04/17

CATCH UP SEQUENCE

ENDING WITH:

FAITH in the Harvester car park, crying out into the night.

FAITH

Evan! Evan, where are you?  
Evan! Evan, please!

FADE

1 EXT. COAST ROAD - AFTERNOON (*SEPTEMBER 2016*)

1

TITLE: Nine months earlier.

FADE UP ON:

A Mini Convertible bowls along an empty road overlooking the sea.

CERYS is at the wheel and in a hurry.

2 EXT. VIEWPOINT CAR PARK - AFTERNOON (*SEPTEMBER 2016*) 2

EVAN, dressed in a business suit, leans back against the bonnet of his Ford staring out at the ocean. His expression is that of a man contemplating his uncertain destiny.

He takes another Polo from a packet and pushes it distractedly between his lips.

He glances round at the sound of a car. CERYS turns in off the road and skids to a halt on the loose dirt. She climbs out wearing an expression of concern.

CERYS

Are you OK?

EVAN

Fine.

CERYS

Wanted to get me out here on my own, did you?

He looks at her, puzzled, missing the joke.

CERYS (CONT'D)

Forget it.

(checking her watch)

Look, I'm meeting a client in ten minutes -

EVAN

Sorry, I ... I've got a decision to make ... Erin Glynn. Remember her?

CERYS

(impatient)

How could I forget her? Still car ringing, is she?

EVAN

She was arrested this afternoon. On suspicion of shooting Paddy Reardon. I mean, dead. Paddy's dead.

CERYS

Wow. That's a step up. Who's Paddy?

EVAN

Haulier out at Carmarthen. Anyway, Erin's dad, Dewi, has asked me to represent her.

CERYS

Well, good. You wanted more criminal cases when your dad retired. Here we go. Day one. Bang. And she's a girl - it'll make great copy.

She smiles.

EVAN

But this is murder. She's obviously guilty. I know they've got money ... I don't know if I can ...

CERYS

What are you waiting for? Doesn't matter what your dad thinks any more - it's your firm now, Evan. Why are you even hesitating?

EVAN stares out to sea.

CERYS (CONT'D)

And we're not just going to represent this bad little bitch, we're going to get her off.

He looks at her, drawing strength from her determination. The wind plays through her hair. She's strong and beautiful.

EVAN

(decisively)

Yeah. We are. This is it. My moment.

He reaches for the car door, then turns.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Thanks, Cerys.

He steps over and gives her a stiff hug that betrays awkward feelings. She pats his back.

CERYS

Go.

He steps away from her and climbs into his car. Starts the engine and buckles up. He drives off, peeping his horn.

CERYS smiles affectionately after him.

FADE BACK TO THE PRESENT

3 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / COUNTRY ROAD APPROACHING ABERCORRAN 3-NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

FADE UP ON:

FAITH races towards home. Her phone rings over the hands free. 'HOME' flashes up on the screen.

FAITH

Shit!

(she answers)

Hello?

ALYS (V.O.)

Mammy! Where are you?

FAITH

I'm two minutes away, baby ... I had to pop to get some milk. I'll be home in just a second.

ALYS (V.O.)

Rhodri won't stop crying. I don't know what to do.

(she sobs)

Mammy, I'm scared!

FAITH

Alys, stay on the phone. Go to Rhodri. Quickly. Let me talk to him.

ALYS

(sobbing)

I'm going to call Granny.

FAITH

No. Alys, don't! Whatever you do! I'm nearly home.

The phone goes dead. FAITH exclaims in panic. She stamps on the throttle, whipping past a black BMW coming the other way.

4 INT./EXT FAITH'S CAR / FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 4

FAITH squeals around the corner into her road. A police car with silently flashing blue lights is double-parked up ahead.

She slows to a crawl, then stops and kills her headlights. She watches anxiously, straining to see in the dark. Two figures come into focus: a female constable, PC EMMA JONES, loads a handcuffed ARTHUR DAVIES into the back seat.

PC JONES climbs behind the wheel and pulls away, heading in FAITH'S direction. FAITH ducks as the police car passes.

She sits up, swamped with relief, and continues the short distance to her house.

She parks up, jumps out and runs to the house.

Along the street, EIRA JONES looks across at her from behind her bedroom curtain.

5 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY/LANDING/KIDS' BEDROOM - NIGHT 5 (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

FAITH dashes up the stairs.

FAITH  
Alys!

ALYS is standing ashen-faced by the bannister at the top of the stairs.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry, sweetie. I thought -

ALYS presses a finger to her lips.

ALYS  
He's just gone back to sleep.

FAITH  
I won't do it again. I promise. I promise.

ALYS  
Where's the milk?

FAITH  
The garage was closed. I got there just as they were locking up, but they wouldn't -

She tails off. ALYS isn't fooled for a moment.

ALYS

There was a man here.

FAITH

What?

ALYS

He was banging on the door, calling  
for Dad.

FAITH

W.. what kind of man?

ALYS shakes her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)

What did he look like? Did he say  
his name?

ALYS

I only saw him out of the window.  
He was big. He looked sort of  
scared.

FAITH

Scared?

ALYS

You've never left us before.

She turns into her bedroom.

FAITH

Alys -

FAITH goes to the bedroom door. ALYS climbs into her bunk.  
RHODRI and MEGAN are both sleeping.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I'm sorry ... I'm so sorry. I'd  
never lie to you.

ALYS

You just did.

ALYS rolls to face the wall, turning her back on her.  
FAITH reaches out a hand and strokes her shoulder while  
scanning the room, half expecting a prowler to appear.

ALYS takes a deep, slow breath and slides into sleep.

6 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

FAITH comes through the door and desolately contemplates the mess - Evan's clothes piled on the bed. Her gaze settles on a framed photograph on her dressing table: EVAN on the beach, with all three KIDS clambering over him. He looks so happy. Wholesome. Innocent.

7 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

Evan's clothes are stuffed back in the wardrobe. His wig and ID card are sitting on the bedside table. The time on the alarm clock sitting next to them is 03:00.

FAITH lies in bed clutching her phone and spooning the last of a tub of ice cream into her mouth. Her call connects to Evan's voicemail.

EVAN (V.O.)  
Sorry I can't take your call at the moment -

She rings off and re-dials.

EVAN (V.O.)  
Sorry I can't -

She gives up and stares into the empty ice cream tub. Disgusted at herself, she tosses it onto the floor and sinks back into the pillow, frightened and painfully alone.

The door opens. She looks round, startled, to see MEGAN standing there clutching her teddy bear.

FAITH  
(lifting the corner of the duvet)  
Come on, then.

She quickly slides the wig and ID card into a drawer as MEGAN clammers in. MEGAN snuggles up close. They lie side by side, FAITH stroking her hair.

8 EXT. HARBOUR - DAWN (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

8

Dawn breaks over the harbour. A solitary FISHERMAN is sorting crab pots on the deck of his tiny trawler.

TERRY pedals his mountain bike determinedly along the harbour front and heads up the High Street. A man on a mission.

9 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAWN (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

9

TERRY rides hard up the hill towards the police station and turns into the yard.

10 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING (DAY 10  
THURSDAY)

A few fingers of light find the gaps between the drawn curtains.

MARION, sitting up in bed, gazes bleakly into the gloom. An untouched cup of tea sits at the bedside.

A tap at the door. TOM looks in, dressed for golf.

TOM

Would you like me to bring you up  
some breakfast?

She shakes her head.

TOM glances at the carpet, embarrassed by something.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm sure all that talk about their  
marriage was just idle gossip.

MARION responds with a distant, 'Mmm'.

TOM (CONT'D)

Evan'll be back behind his desk by  
lunchtime.

MARION doesn't answer.

TOM (CONT'D)

More tea?

MARION

Go and play your round.

She looks away, waiting for him to leave.

Not wanting to abandon her but firmly dismissed, TOM exits and pads quietly downstairs.

MARION waits for the sound of the front door closing, then reaches for the phone and dials. Her call connects to Evan's voicemail.

EVAN (V.O.)

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

MARION

(into the phone)

Evan ... Evan, it's your mother  
here. I'm so sorry. Please come  
home. There are still things I  
need to tell you.

(starting to sniffle)

Please. Please don't punish me like  
this.

She trails off, wiping away tears.

11 INT. POLICE STATION. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE - MORNING (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 11

TERRY pauses from typing on his computer to take a bite from a carefully prepared bacon sandwich he has brought in a tupperware box. He wipes his mouth with a square of kitchen roll and returns to his task.

On the screen: he pastes a photograph of EVAN looking suited and professional into a missing persons report.

He pauses for a moment, looking thoughtfully at Evan's face as if it might hold some clue. Then glances up at the large wall clock 7:50. He reaches for the phone.

12 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - MORNING (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 12

FAITH jolts awake at the sound of her phone ringing.

She blinks, momentarily disorientated, then checks the phone's screen: 'Unknown Caller'.

FAITH  
(groggily into the phone)  
Hello?

TERRY (V.O.)  
Faith, it's Terry. Any word?

FAITH  
No. Nothing.

TERRY (V.O.)  
Don't panic, I'm filing the missing persons report now. Is there anything more you'd like to tell me? ... Anything in his recent behaviour?

She hesitates, still foggy with sleep.

FAITH  
No ...

TERRY (V.O.)  
Alright. 07.52. There it is. Filed.

FAITH  
7.52! I've got to go. Thanks a million.

She rings off and clasps her head in her hands. Nothing makes any sense. Nothing.

She leaps out of bed and treads on the ice cream tub she dropped there last night. She grabs it off the floor.

13 INT. FAITH HOUSE. LIVING AREA - MORNING (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 13

Dressed in tracksuit bottoms and a baggy top, FAITH rushes in to find all three kids at the breakfast table. ALYS and MEGAN are dressed in their school uniforms. ALYS is spoon-feeding RHODRI breakfast.

FAITH

(trying her best to be sunny)

Sorry, guys. I must have forgotten to set my alarm.

ALYS gives her a chilly look.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(dumping the squashed ice cream tub in the bin)

I was thinking, maybe you could have a day off? We could go to the beach, take the boat out -

ALYS

It's against the law not to go school. You're a solicitor, you should know that.

FAITH, taken aback.

MEGAN

Who cares about the stupid law?

FAITH

Oh God, kit! I knew there was something!

She stoops to rummage through a basket of laundry.

ALYS

Mam.

She nods to two neatly packed school bags.

FAITH

Oh. Thanks, lovely.

ALYS

(to MEGAN)

Come on, teeth.

They get down from their chairs and head for the door.

FAITH

Alys -

ALYS glances back.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I'm really -

The phone rings. ALYS looks at it.

FAITH grabs the handset. ALYS and MEGAN wait, listening, by the door.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Hello? ... No, not yet ... 11.00?

(she closes her eyes,  
breathes deeply)

Yes, I'll deal with it.

FAITH rings off and gives her daughters a forced smile of reassurance. ALYS pulls MEGAN out of the door

She goes to RHODRI, picks up the spoon and guides it to his mouth. He turns his head away.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Come on for Mammy. Choo, choo -

He clamps his mouth tight shut. FAITH sighs and drops the spoon. She takes a deep breath.

14

EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - MORNING (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

14

A group of PARENTS are gathered in a gossiping huddle at the school gates.

FAITH'S car pulls up. Heads turn as she climbs out, dressed in a suit and heels. She retrieves ALYS and MEGAN'S bags from the boot.

FAITH glances over at the GOSSIPERS, keeping up her smiling front as she hands the girls their bags. MEGAN grabs hers and runs to join a friend with a quick, 'Bye'.

FAITH

(brightly, to ALYS)

Good luck with the geography test.

Don't forget Tasmania.

ALYS manages a smile and turns to the gate.

FAITH spots one of the MOTHERS in the huddle gawping at her. She gives a saccharine smile back, gets into car and drives away.

15

EXT. HARBOUR / YACHT - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

15

FAITH pulls up in the small car park. She jumps out and fetches RHODRI from his car seat.

CUT TO:

Carrying RHODRI, FAITH makes her way along the boardwalk to their boat. She steps out of her heels, holds RHODRI tightly and clammers down onto the deck.

She opens the hatch of the storage bin. Inside are a bunch of lifejackets and wetsuits. She rummages through and finds a nylon duffel bag she doesn't recognise.

She brings it out and unpacks the contents: a pair of EVAN'S deck shoes, jeans, shirt and a jumper.

She looks at them, perplexed. *Why was he stashing clothes here?*

RHODRI whines.

FAITH  
Won't be long, Sweetie.

She hastily stuffs the clothes back in the bag.

16

INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

16

FAITH struggles through the door with RHODRI, a large bag of toys and nappies.

DELYTH puts down the phone and looks up from her desk as FAITH clatters in.

DELYTH  
Good morning, Mrs Howells.  
That was the police station. Arthur Davies -

FAITH  
In a minute.

She heads for Evan's office.

DELYTH  
I left the Baldini file on the desk. And when you've got a moment -

Ignoring her, FAITH goes through the door and pulls it firmly shut behind her.

17

INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

17

FAITH speaks impatiently into the phone while RHODRI sits on her knee waving a plastic fire engine around. The web-site of a Swansea wig-makers is up on the desktop computer screen.

FAITH

Howells. Evan Howells. I just need to know how much it cost and when he bought it? ... Six hundred?

She scribbles on a pad: '12th March'.

FAITH (CONT'D)

No, that's all. Thank you.

FAITH puts down the phone, reeling.

A knock at the door. She looks up as DELYTH enters.

DELYTH

Arthur Davies is due in court at eleven. Drunk and disorderly. Cerys is up to her eyes.

FAITH

That boy needs help, he really does.

FAITH grabs a legal pad and searches for a pen. Then notices DELYTH continuing to hover.

DELYTH

It'll keep.

She turns to go.

FAITH

Hang on ... Is it something to do with Evan?

A beat.

DELYTH

My salary was due yesterday. It hasn't come through.

FAITH

Oh. Sorry. I... I'll see to it right now.

She turns to the computer, hits some keys and brings up the bank's web-site. She gropes for the password. Finally it comes.

She keys it in. Hits 'enter.'

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(clicking through)  
Howells' current account.  
Payroll ...

FAITH stares at the screen, the colour bleeding from her face. She swallows.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN: '£61,987 O/D LIMIT EXCEEDED'.

FAITH looks up and realises that DELYTH is still waiting.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
How much are we owed in outstanding fees?

DELYTH  
Off the top of my head? Fifteen thousand or so.

FAITH sits back in chair, staring at the screen, scarcely believing the evidence of her own eyes. She glances at the clock.

FAITH  
When was the last time the accountant was in?

DELYTH  
It's been a while.

FAITH blinks, scarcely believing the evidence of her own eyes. She glances at the clock.

FAITH  
Hope there isn't a queue at the building society.

She clicks out of the web-site and gets up from her chair, trying to remain calm.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Maybe start chasing some of those invoices.  
(handing RHODRI to DELTYH)  
Can you mind Rhodri for a minute?  
(grabbing her bag)  
Won't be long.

She dashes out.

Unhurried traffic moves to and fro. A hearse crawls past followed by a muddy Land Rover towing a stock trailer laden with sheep.

FAITH exits the front door of Howells and heads off along the pavement in a state of barely contained panic. Up ahead, TOM has stopped to look at something in the newsagent's window.

As she draws closer, she sees that it's a poster freshly taped to the inside of the glass.

She stops alongside him.

TOM

Faith.

They exchange a glance.

She looks at the poster: beneath a bad photograph of Evan is printed: 'MISSING. EVAN HOWELLS. IF YOU HAVE SEEN HIM OR KNOW OF HIS WHEREABOUTS, DIAL 01600 861862. #WheresEvan?'

TOM (CONT'D)

I'll have a word.

He turns to the shop door.

FAITH

The firm's bust, Tom. Sixty thousand in the red.

He looks back in alarm.

FAITH (CONT'D)

He deserted a sinking ship.

She walks on, leaving TOM aghast, staring after her.

END OF PART ONE

19

INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

19

FAITH comes into the reception guiltily eating the last of a chocolate bar. Voices carry through from Cerys' office.

CERYS (V.O.)

Tom, you're retired. Forget it.

FAITH pauses outside the door. Shoves the empty chocolate wrapper into her pocket as she listens.

TOM (V.O.)

I'm just not sure it's wise to be sending Faith out in her current condition.

CERYS (V.O.)

She's not pregnant again?

FAITH pushes through into Evan's office. DELYTH has RHODRI on her knee at his desk. CERYS is at her wearing an open-necked blouse.

FAITH  
(perfectly composed)  
Good morning, Cerys.  
(she looks her up down)  
Could I have a word?

CERYS  
(shrugs)  
If you're quick.

FAITH  
(to DELYTH)  
It's in hand.

CERYS follows FAITH into Evan's office.

20 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 20

FAITH goes to the desk and turns, composed and in control.

FAITH  
Cerys, I'm afraid your pay will be  
a day or two. \*

CERYS  
(with heavy sarcasm)  
No problem. My mortgage can wait.

FAITH  
Really sorry. I only just... \*

CERYS  
Finally gone under, have we? That's  
why he's done a runner.

FAITH can't answer.

CERYS (CONT'D)  
I've been telling him all year that  
two of us isn't enough. That if you  
weren't here, we needed another  
earner.

FAITH  
You could have spoken to me.

\*

CERYS

I can't take much more of this. I could have been making double at a decent firm.

FAITH

(bridling at CERYS'S tone)  
This is a decent firm.

CERYS

From where I'm standing it looks like you and Evan both took your eyes off the ball.

\*

FAITH

Have you finished?

CERYS, a look - *For now.*

21 EXT. MAGISTRATES COURT BUILDING / SQUARE - DAY (DAY 3 21 \*  
THURSDAY)

Perched on a bench outside the court building with the file on her lap, FAITH stares at EVAN'S fake ID and the name 'Alec Fenton', searching for answers.

STEVE BALDINI (30s), a large, muscular man squeezed into a suit that only comes out for weddings, funerals and court appearances, exits the main doors. He spots FAITH and approaches warily. (We now recognise him as the late-night caller at Faith's house at the close of episode one).

STEVE

Mrs Howells?

She looks up, hurriedly tucking the ID card into her pocket.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Steve Baldini.

He extends a shovel-like hand.

FAITH

Good morning, Mr Baldini.

She stands, fumbling her file as she shakes his hand. He's a huge, overwhelming physical presence - and knows it.

FAITH (CONT'D)

You got the message that I'll be representing you today. I'm Evan's wife.

He nods.

STEVE

I'm counting on you. So's my little girl.

FAITH

Just a couple of questions -

She leafs nervously through the file. STEVE watches her closely.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(self-conscious under  
STEVE'S unnerving gaze)

Why does Angie's mam say you can't be trusted with her?

STEVE

She's got another bloke. Surveyor. Wants me out of the way ... If I was still the man I was, she'd have reason. But all that's ancient history. No trouble with the law for a year. Sober six months.

FAITH

Not that ancient -

STEVE

No trouble with the law for a year. Sober six months.

FAITH

It's a good start.

STEVE

(adamant)

I've changed for good. It was down to Evan. Kept me out of jail then got me on the Twelve Steps. Never looked back.

FAITH, surprised.

A COURT USHER sticks his head around the door.

USHER

You're on in two, Mrs Howells.

FAITH

(to STEVE)

Shall we?

She starts towards the door.

STEVE

Angie needs me.

FAITH

You've got thirteen previous convictions, Mr Baldini. We'll do our best.

She continues on into the building. STEVE trails unhappily in her wake.

22

INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

22

TOM is down on his hands and knees with RHODRI and a cuddly lion.

TOM

Rrraaar! Rrrraaar!

He hands it to him.

TOM (CONT'D)

You have a go. Grampa's getting a bit stiff.

He eases himself up onto the chair behind Evan's desk. He watches RHODRI for a moment, then succumbs to the temptation to slide open one of the desk drawers.

He pokes through one, then another. In a third, he finds a pile of papers. In amongst them, he spots a greetings card. He brings it out - a tasteful impressionist painting. He opens it guiltily and reads the inscription:

*To Evan, Happy 40th! How did that happen?  
Never mind the number - you've still got it!  
Lots of love, Saran xxx'*

He contemplates it for a moment, trying to place the name.

DELYTH enters with a tea tray. He slips the card back into the drawer.

DELYTH

I got you some lemon cake - for old time's sake.

TOM

Oh. Thank you.

She sets down the tray and smiles indulgently at RHODRI.

DELYTH

It's a lovely age.

TOM

Uncomplicated.

She hands TOM a slice of cake on a plate and waits for him to try it. He obliges her.

TOM (CONT'D)

Very good.

She smiles and sits opposite him. They exchange an awkward glance and sip their tea.

TOM (CONT'D)

(groping for small talk)

How's the dog? Bobby isn't it?

DELYTH

Cat.

TOM

Of course. I'm fond of dogs.

Marion not so.

DELYTH

It's nice to have things in common ... Do you miss the office?

TOM

Now and then ... Yes, I do.

Their eyes inadvertently meet. TOM glances down into his cup. DELYTH'S gaze lingers on him. She takes another sip with the slightest tremor in her hand.

23

INT. POLICE STATION. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

TERRY carefully fishes a tea bag out of his mug while reviewing night-time CCTV footage of the town centre.

On his computer screen: several cars pass along a deserted street.

Dropping the bag into the bin, something catches his eye. He stops the footage and rewinds: a black BMW without headlights appears. He freezes the frame. Zooms in on the grainy number plate. He makes a note of it, brings up another window and keys it in.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN: the results read, 'JONATHAN ROY CROSBY, 18 RYELAND ROAD, CARDIFF CF5 6RD.'

He highlights the name and address, cuts it and pastes it into a search engine.

Up comes a set of results, at the head of which is one headed:

'BIRTHS AND DEATHS. JONATHAN RAY CROSBY 1966 - 2015.'

Puzzled, TERRY sits back in his chair. Then glances over at the door of his boss's office.

24 INT. POLICE STATION. DI WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 24 THURSDAY)

TERRY knocks and enters. DI SUSAN WILLIAMS is sitting behind her desk, examining photographs of a vandalised greenhouse.

DI WILLIAMS  
(sharply)  
Yes?

TERRY  
(bleeding confidence)  
There was a car in town last night -  
picked up on CCTV. A black BMW.  
It's registered to a man who's been  
dead two years.

DI WILLIAMS looks up impatiently from her work.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Arthur Davies mentioned to  
Constable Jones that he saw a  
similar vehicle pull up outside  
Faith Howells' last night.

DI WILLIAMS  
This was after she arrested him for  
being drunk and disorderly?

He shifts awkwardly from foot to foot.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
Haven't you got anything useful to  
be getting on with, Constable?

TERRY nods meekly and exits.

DI WILLIAMS waits for the door to close. She reaches for the phone and dials a number.

25 INT. MAGISTRATES COURT BUILDING. LOBBY - DAY (DAY 3 25 THURSDAY)

FAITH emerges from the court room followed by RHONA. She's dressed and made up in a way STEVE'S budget would never have stretched to.

FAITH  
(conciliatory)  
OK. The panel would like us to find a compromise.

RHONA folds her arms defiantly across her chest.

STEVE comes through the court door. FAITH gestures him to stay back.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Here's my proposal: Saturday mornings, two hours, supervised, at the contact centre.

RHONA  
Angie would love that.

FAITH  
The law is pretty clear. Unless he poses a real danger -

RHONA  
You know he should be doing five years? It was your husband who rigged it for him.

RHONA flashes STEVE a look. He holds his tongue.

FAITH  
Can we at least try to be amicable about this.

RHONA  
Over my dead body.

She goes back into court.

STEVE  
This is a waste of time.

He heads off towards the exit.

FAITH  
Hey!

He keeps going.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Did you hear me say this was a lost cause? ... Did you?

He stops and turns.

FAITH (CONT'D)

No. So you'll do me the courtesy of seeing it through.

She waits, fixing him with a look. STEVE reluctantly turns. At the same moment, DI WILLIAMS comes through the main doors. She glances across at FAITH - her gaze lingering for a moment - then carries on across the lobby.

Stealing another glance at WILLIAMS, FAITH shepherds STEVE back into the court room.

26 INT. MAGISTRATES COURT BUILDING. CELL - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

DI WILLIAMS' unblinking eyes appear at the inspection hatch of ARTHUR'S cell.

DI WILLIAMS

Mr Davies.

ARTHUR swings up with a start from the thin mattress.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Tell me about the car you saw outside Faith Howells'.

ARTHUR

(guardedly)

It was a Beamer. Black.

DI WILLIAMS

Did you see who was inside?

ARTHUR

A bloke.

DI WILLIAMS

Do you think you could ID him?

ARTHUR

How would that stand up? Your constable says I was drunk.

She gives him a hard stare.

DI WILLIAMS

I'll have a word with the CPS.

She snaps the hatch shut. ARTHUR balls his fist in triumph.

27 INT. MAGISTRATES COURTROOM - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 27

FAITH stands to address the three MAGISTRATES of the family panel. RHONA and STEVE sit on opposite sides of the bench behind her, a chasm between them.

FAITH

Your worships, sadly marriages come and go. People fall in love and out again. But you never fall out of being a parent.

(she looks back at STEVE and RHONA)

... No matter what, you'll always be Mam or Dad.

STEVE glances across at RHONA. She stares rigidly ahead.

FAITH (CONT'D)

My client was not the father Angie deserves. But even in his darkest moments, he never stopped loving her ...

RHONA refuses to thaw.

FAITH (CONT'D)

All he's asking for today is just the tiniest chance - to prove his change is real.

STEVE'S face wells with suppressed emotion.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Please, your worships, let's give these three broken hearts the chance they need to mend.

FAITH sits, leaving the court in silence.

28 INT. MAGISTRATES COURT BUILDING. LOBBY - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 28

FAITH exits the court room with STEVE. He looks at her in awe. FAITH smiles.

STEVE

Every other Saturday? I can take her where I like?

FAITH

Just be careful, now. Don't give your ex any excuses.

RHONA exits the court room catching FAITH'S last remark.

RHONA

(to STEVE)

What have you got planned -  
teaching her how to rob a security  
van?

STEVE

You can trust me, Rhona -

RHONA

(to FAITH, with contempt)

You lawyers, it's just a game to  
you. You'd better hope it's not  
your child one day.

She marches off leaving FAITH rattled. STEVE gives her an  
apologetic look.

FAITH

(offering him her hand)

Good luck.

STEVE encloses it in his huge fist.

STEVE

How long's Evan been gone?

His unexpected non sequitur catches her off-guard.

STEVE (CONT'D)

No secrets in this town.

She looks at him, working hard to contain her emotion.

FAITH

Twenty-eight and a half hours.

A thought dawns on her.

FAITH (CONT'D)

It wasn't ... Was it you who came  
looking for him last night?

STEVE hesitates for a fraction, then shakes his head.

STEVE

You take care, now. I owe you one.

He goes. FAITH stares after him with a feeling of foreboding.  
He knew something.

An USHER passes. She collars him.

FAITH

Arthur Davies. Please don't tell me  
he's been up yet?

USHER  
(consulting his clipboard)  
Been and gone.  
(off her surprised  
reaction)  
Unconditional discharge. Luck of  
the devil, that one.

He heads off to a court room leaving FAITH even more confused.

29 EXT. MAGISTRATES COURT BUILDING - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 29

FAITH steps out into the daylight. Seagulls circle noisily overhead. For a long moment, she stands, semi-paralysed, not sure where to go, or where to turn.

She draws in a deep breath, straightens her shoulders and sets off across the square.

30 EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 30

FAITH strides down the street and pushes through the door of a boxing club.

31 INT. BOXING CLUB - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 31

FAITH looks uneasy as she chats with the BOXING TRAINER, in vest and sweat.

BOXING TRAINER  
Howells?

FAITH  
That's right. Evan Howells.

BOXING TRAINER  
Uh huh. What do you want to know?

FAITH  
When was he last in?

BOXING TRAINER  
I don't know. March?

FAITH  
Three months ago? There must be  
some mistake.

BOXING TRAINER  
(shakes his head)  
Naughty boy.

He smiles. FAITH doesn't. She turns abruptly and exits.

32

EXT. HARBOUR. ABERCORRAN - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

32

FAITH heads back to the office while furtively making a call. Her eyes dart compulsively to every passing car and stranger.

FAITH

(into the phone)

Evan, I'll level with you - I found your wig and ID. I know about 'Alec Fenton', I know the firm's up shit creek and that you were at the Harvester last night ...

She pauses as two WOMEN pass by.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

I should be telling the police, but I haven't. Not yet. I'm giving you a chance to explain ... You don't deserve it, but I'm prepared to consider you innocent till proven guilty ... But I'm frightened. I need to hear your voice ... I need to hear your voice.

She rings off, wiping away a tear.

END OF PART TWO

33

INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

33

TOM, bouncing RHODRI distractedly on his knee, is in a deep quandary. He sighs, then picks up the phone. He dials a number. It rings several times.

TOM

(into the phone)

Yes, could you put me through to Detective Inspector Huw Parry, please? ... Tom Howells.

34

EXT. POLICE STATION YARD. SWANSEA - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 34

DI HUW PARRY (early 50s) takes TOM'S call on his mobile as he climbs out of an unmarked car parked amongst squad cars. He's a comfortable looking man dressed in smart casual clothes, at ease with the world.

PARRY

(warmly, into the phone)

Tom. How's it swinging?

INTERCUT:

TOM

Not too bad, Huw ... Except ...  
It's my son, Evan, he's ... He's  
been missing since yesterday  
morning. Left for work and never  
arrived. We haven't heard a word.

PARRY

Does he still go to the races?

TOM

No. Not for years. We've told the  
local police

PARRY

You'd have more joy teaching your  
cat the banjo. Five o'clock at the  
club house? \*

TOM

Thank you.

PARRY rings off and strolls on into the station.

CUT TO:

TOM puts down the phone and wanders listlessly to the window  
carrying RHODRI. He gazes out over the rooftops to the sea  
beyond.

35

INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

35

FAITH marches through the door, startling DELYTH, who  
hurriedly closes a drawer of the filing cabinet. The sound of  
RHODRI'S crying and TOM'S attempts to soothe him issue from  
Evan's office.

FAITH

Delyth, has Evan been going to the  
boxing club as usual?

DELYTH

He always has his kit with him.

FAITH

He does?

DELYTH

He always has his kit with him.

TOM emerges from Evan's office carrying RHODRI.

TOM

Ah, Faith.

She takes him, wincing at the smell.

FAITH

You can't tell me you didn't notice  
that?

Holding a grizzling, smelly RHODRI at arm's length, she crosses to CERYS'S office and walks straight in.

36 INT. HOWELLS. CERYS'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 36

CERYS hastily closes the window on her PC screen as FAITH enters.

FAITH

Wednesday nights between six and  
eight-thirty. Evan's been going  
somewhere.

CERYS

Sorry?

FAITH glowers at her.

FAITH

Or seeing someone?

CERYS

Me and Evan? Are you joking?

(off FAITH'S look)

Jesus, Faith. Honestly? It's a  
miracle I'm still here. Nearly six  
months he's been promising to open  
an office in Swansea and make me a  
partner.

FAITH stares at her, completely astonished. Then turns abruptly out of the office.

37 INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 37

FAITH marches into reception, still holding RHODRI.

FAITH

(to TOM and DELYTH)

Did Evan tell either of you about  
his plans for an office in Swansea?

TOM, nonplussed, shakes his head.

DELYTH  
He might have mentioned it.

FAITH  
He just forgot to tell me. Great.

She slams into Evan's office.

TOM, DELYTH and CERYS exchange looks.

38 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 38

FAITH pins a complaining RHODRI to the floor as she buttons his clothes over a fresh nappy.

FAITH  
(to RHODRI)  
I'm not exactly having a ball,  
either.

TOM comes through the door.

TOM  
Faith, I feel I owe you an apology.

FAITH stuffs the changing kit and RHODRI's toys into the bag.

FAITH  
It should be me saying sorry. I'm  
meant to be his partner ... I  
trusted him -

She hauls herself to her feet.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
I don't know how to behave in a  
situation like this ... Any ideas?

A beat. TOM summons the courage to broach a difficult subject:

TOM  
Second drawer down on the left.  
There's a card.

FAITH goes to the desk, opens the drawer and finds the card. She opens it. Reads and re-reads the playful message, feeling sicker by the second.

DELYTH looks in.

DELYTH

That was your brother-in-law on the phone. He asked if you could call in at the station for a minute.

Sensing FAITH'S mood, DELYTH quickly retreats.

TOM

It's probably perfectly innocent.

FAITH takes a moment to steady herself. She could break down on the spot but refuses to let herself.

FAITH

Yesterday I was married to a man I thought I knew. Right now, I honestly couldn't tell you who he is ... Or what.

She rips the card into pieces and hurls them in the general direction of the bin.

FAITH (CONT'D)

He's welcome to her. Come on Rhodri. Let's see what the police have got on your father.

She straps him up, grabs the bag and bundles out of the door.

39

INT. RECEPTION. HOWELLS - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

39

TOM emerges from EVAN'S office as FAITH clatters down the stairs. He exchanges a look with DELYTH.

TOM

(awkwardly)

I think maybe I had better have a glance through Evan's files.

DELYTH

Before you do, Tom -

She reaches a large envelope from under some papers and hands it to him. Her expression tells him to be prepared for an unpleasant surprise.

TOM opens the envelope and brings out a document headed: 'GOLDSTAR LIFE.' It's a policy in EVAN'S name.

Mid-way down the page in bold type: 'SUM ASSURED: £1,250,000'.

DELYTH (CONT'D)

He and Faith met up with a financial adviser here a few months ago.

TOM looks up and meets DELYTH'S gaze, swamped with dark and ominous thoughts.

DELYTH (CONT'D)

Perhaps he was just being sensible.

TOM nods, but without conviction. He slots the policy back into the envelope, and without another word, retreats into Evan's office.

40 INT. POLICE STATION. RECEPTION/CORRIDOR - DAY (DAY 3 40  
THURSDAY)

FAITH enters through the security door from reception with RHODRI strapped to her chest. She makes her way along the corridor and meets DI WILLIAMS coming from the opposite direction. They exchange a chilly glance that speaks of a long and thorny history between them.

DI WILLIAMS

Mrs Howells.

FAITH nods. They eye each other awkwardly for a moment. DI WILLIAMS goes to step past.

FAITH

Can I ask what exactly you're  
doing to find my husband?

DI WILLIAMS stops and turns.

DI WILLIAMS

Nine out of ten missing persons  
turn up within a day or two.

FAITH

Up to your eyes with lawnmower  
thieves?

DI WILLIAMS

If he proves the exception, of  
course -

FAITH

Or am I the problem? Detective  
Inspector.

DI WILLIAMS meets her gaze with an expressionless stare.

DI WILLIAMS

A formal inquiry would begin with a  
detailed investigation into your  
private lives. If you're telling me  
that's what you want, Mrs Howells -  
(off FAITH'S reaction)

If there's any news, we'll be sure  
to let you know.

She waits. FAITH walks on along the corridor. WILLIAMS stands watching her.

41 INT. POLICE STATION. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 ~~THURSDAY~~)

TERRY looks up from the night time CCTV footage he's reviewing to see FAITH approaching with RHODRI still strapped to her chest.

TERRY

Hello, Faith. Hi Rhodri.

He gives RHODRI an affectionate little wave.

FAITH

(nervously)

You wanted to see me.

TERRY

Yes ... It's probably nothing.

He turns to the computer and brings up an image of the black BMW.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Recognise it?

She shakes her head.

TERRY (CONT'D)

It stopped outside your house last night. Around midnight.

FAITH

According to who?

TERRY

Arthur Davies. Not the most reliable, I know. The thing is, it's what we call a ghost vehicle - registered and insured to a bloke who's deceased.

FAITH

When did he tell you this?

TERRY

He told the boss.

She nods, trying to disguise the fact that her mind is working in overdrive.

FAITH

Did he see who was inside?

TERRY

He caught a glimpse of the driver.  
He's coming in later to go through  
some mug shots.

(off FAITH'S reaction)

Are you sure Evan's not in any sort  
of trouble?

FAITH

You said it was probably nothing.

TERRY

Probably.

FAITH

Then it probably is. I've got to  
go.

He smiles with fond concern as she makes her way across the office and exits. He turns back to the CCTV footage.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN: an empty road on the edge of town. A car approaches. He pauses the frame and zooms in. It's FAITH'S. He zooms in closer ... And there she is behind the wheel. There's no mistaking her. The time code reads 00:44.

He stares at it, deeply troubled. Then makes a note on his observation log.

42

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

42

BETHAN emerges from the door of her office - Probert's Estate Agents - stuffing property files into her bag.

FAITH (V.O.)

Bethan -

She turns to see FAITH hurrying towards her carrying RHODRI. BETHAN glances at her watch, then anxiously over her shoulder, fearful of what FAITH might have to say in public.

FAITH arrives, hot and flustered.

FAITH

Saran -

A WOMAN approaches. BETHAN'S look urges FAITH to stay silent until she has passed.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(ignoring her)

Who the hell is Saran?

BETHAN

Saran?

FAITH

She sent Evan a birthday card.

BETHAN

Oh - Sarah James, I expect. They were at school together. I sold her a house last year - Ty Mawr over at the Fedw. She and her husband have done ever so well for themselves - five hair salons.

FAITH

What's she like?

BETHAN

Great figure. I mean, lovely. Really sweet, she is.

FAITH

Were she and Evan ever ...?

BETHAN

(squirming)

Briefly ... I think ... Years ago.

(she shrugs)

They're just friends, Faith. We're like that round here ... He's still not been in touch, then?

FAITH shakes her head. They exchange a look. BETHAN bites her lip, holding back tears.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

I've got an appointment.

She hurries off.

43

INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / ESTUARY - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 43

FAITH stares numbly out through the windscreen of her parked car over the spectacular sweep of the bay. In the back, RHODRI is strapped into his seat, fast asleep.

FLASHBACK TO:

44

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BATHROOM/UPSTAIRS LANDING/EVAN'S STUDY 44  
EVENING (JUNE 2016)

FAITH, dressed in a bathrobe, towel-dries her hair in front of a steamy mirror. Music is playing on the radio. She shakes her hair down, letting it tumble over her shoulders. She poses, admiring herself. EVAN'S muffled voice drifts across the landing from his study.

EVAN (V.O.)  
I could find time tomorrow. Five?  
Fine. You know me - always game.  
(he laughs gently)  
Will do. Bye.

FAITH crosses the landing to his study and comes through the door as he puts down the phone.

FAITH  
(casually)  
Who was that?

EVAN  
Just my mother.  
(off her puzzled look)  
She's got me some vitamins or  
something - meant to take years off  
you.  
(he smiles and shrugs)  
Might as well.

FAITH  
She's got some cheek. She's the one  
who's showing her age.

EVAN gives her a look.

EVAN  
Old, you mean.

FAITH  
Stop it. You look beautiful.

She smiles and kisses him.

FADE

45 INT. GOLF CLUB BAR - LATE AFTERNOON (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 45

BACK TO THE PRESENT

FADE UP ON:

TOM and PARRY are sitting with their whiskies in a corner of the clubhouse snug. A window looks out over a beautiful links course.

PARRY listens to TOM as a concerned friend.

TOM  
Every small firm has its ups and  
downs, but to get into such trouble  
in less than a year ... And not to  
tell me.

PARRY  
Has he been spending?

TOM

Not that I can see. Faith says they're overdrawn, but she doesn't seem to have known about the practice's problems ... He must have been lying to her.

PARRY

It's easy to get in a hole, Tom - we've both seen it happen to solid men.

PARRY waits, sensing there's more to come.

TOM

He upped his life insurance to a million and a quarter pounds the other week.

PARRY nods, saying nothing.

TOM (CONT'D)

It's not like he could afford it.

They exchange a look, both sharing the same fear.

TOM (CONT'D)

Most policies won't pay if the insured commits ... if they -

PARRY nods - he understands.

TOM (CONT'D)

... within two years of taking it out. This one didn't.

A beat.

PARRY

(sympathetically)

I can see why you're worried, Tom.  
I'll prompt the DI to get her skates on.

TOM nods, gratefully. He throws back the rest of his whisky.

46

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON (DAY 3  
THURSDAY)

46

FAITH, dressed in jeans and a hoody, stands at the stove stirring a pot and staring into space. The TV blares from the sitting room. RHODRI is on his play mat amidst a scattered heap of cushions and toys.

ALYS enters with an empty glass. She looks at FAITH, who continues to stare as she fetches juice from the fridge.

ALYS

Are you alright, Mammy?

FAITH

Mmm?

ALYS

You're doing that staring thing  
again.

FAITH

Am I?

ALYS

(pouring juice)

Do you know what's happened to Dad  
yet?

FAITH

No.

ALYS fixes her with a searching look.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Not exactly.

ALYS

You promised you'd never lie to me.

FAITH

I -

ALYS

Watch out!

The pan boils over with a hiss of steam. The doorbell rings.

FAITH

(snatching the pan from  
the stove)

Oh, God -

ALYS

I'll go.

FAITH turns the gas knob - it comes off in her hand. She  
exclaims in frustration and tries to force it back on.

LISA enters clutching some papers and a bottle of wine.

LISA

Hi. You OK?

FAITH

No. No, I'm not -

Finally, she succeeds in reattaching the knob. She thumps the  
saucepans back onto the ring.

LISA  
No word, then?

FAITH shakes her head, barely holding in tears.

LISA (CONT'D)  
I've been hitting the laptop for  
you - the missing persons bureau.  
(she lays the papers on  
the counter)  
With guys his age, it's mostly  
emotional breakdown. Men bottle  
things up, see -

FAITH  
Can we talk about something else?

LISA  
It's important, Faith. Look, I've  
got a checklist here. Without even  
realising it, he's probably left  
all sorts of clues.

FAITH  
Like letting the firm go under  
while promising Cerys an office in  
Swansea. And humping some "thing"  
he went to school with?

LISA  
Evan's been cheating? ... Evan? ...  
What's the evidence?

FAITH  
She sent him a birthday card. To  
the office.

LISA  
You need wine.

FAITH  
I don't want bloody wine. I want my  
husband.

She gasps, a sob catching in her throat. She teeters on the  
edge of meltdown ... but forces herself back from the brink.  
She closes her eyes. Silently counts to three.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Could you pass me the colander,  
please?

LISA hands it to her.

LISA  
Remember you're not alone here,  
babes.  
(touching her shoulder)  
(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

There's a whole circle of love  
around you ... Come here.

FAITH sets down the pan. They hug. FAITH buries her face in LISA'S shoulder.

LISA (CONT'D)

Why don't I make dinner?

FAITH

You're a worse cook than I am.

LISA

(she strokes FAITH'S hair)

Fair point.

47 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON (DAY 3 47  
THURSDAY)

TOM stands at EVAN'S desk gravely contemplating the life insurance document. Spread out on the desktop are copies of bank statements.

DELYTH knocks lightly on the door and enters, dressed in her coat.

DELYTH

Still here?

TOM

I'll be off shortly.

He turns away from the window, reaches his mac from the peg and pulls it on.

She looks at the papers on the desk.

DELYTH

What are you going to do?

TOM

(meeting her gaze)

I've no option, Delyth. I know it will mean all sorts of unpleasant inquiries -

DELYTH

I really don't believe Faith would ... Don't you think we should give her the benefit of the doubt?

TOM

(puzzled)

Faith? What do you mean?

A beat.

DELYTH

The police might think she's got a  
motive ... for making him  
disappear.

He looks at her in complete astonishment.

DELYTH (CONT'D)

(mortified by his  
reaction)

I'm sorry -

TOM

My only thought was about Evan -  
providing for his family.

DELYTH

Yes, of course. I'm sure ...

He looks away. DELYTH hovers, desperate to make amends, but  
TOM is closed off to her, trapped in his private agony.

DELYTH (CONT'D)

(with painful awkwardness)

Good night, then.

TOM

(stiffly)

Good night, Delyth.

She exits.

TOM picks up the envelope. It's a lead weight in his hands.

48

INT./EXT. BETHAN'S CAR / POLICE STATION - LATE AFTERNOON 48  
(DAY 3 THURSDAY)

TOM marches towards the police station clutching the  
envelope.

He spots BETHAN'S car idling outside and quickens his pace.

BETHAN spots him and jumps out of the driver's seat.

BETHAN

Dad?

He turns sharply into the building.

She goes after him.

49

INT. POLICE STATION. RECEPTION - LATE AFTERNOON (DAY 3 49  
THURSDAY)

TERRY is manning the desk. He glances up at the clock - six  
on the dot.

He reaches over and shuts down the computer and reaches for his coat. As it blinks off, he looks up to see TOM enter.

TERRY  
(sensing something  
profoundly wrong)  
Tom.

TOM  
(gravely)  
Officer.

He pushes the envelope under the glass partition.

TOM (CONT'D)  
These documents may be relevant to  
your inquiry.

TERRY opens the envelope and glances through the papers - bank statements and the life insurance document. They need no further explanation.

He lifts his gaze to TOM. Swallows.

TERRY  
One and a quarter million ...

TOM  
Faith claims she didn't know the  
firm was in debt. I believe her.

BETHAN enters.

BETHAN  
What's going on?

TOM glances across at her.

TOM  
Please, Bethan.

BETHAN  
(to TERRY)  
What have you got there? What is  
it?

TERRY  
Sorry, love. I'm not at liberty.  
I'll be home shortly. You go on.

He switches off the light behind the counter.

BETHAN  
Terry.

STAYING WITH TERRY: he exits through a door into the corridor behind.

BETHAN (V.O.)

Terry!

50 INT. POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR - EARLY EVENING (DAY 3 50  
THURSDAY)

TERRY closes behind him and exhales. He looks at the envelope with a rising sensation of panic ... But he has to deal with it.

Steeling himself, he sets off along the corridor.

END OF PART THREE

51 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

FAITH edges out of the door from the kitchen as LISA and the GIRLS noisily clear up the dinner things.

FAITH

Won't be a moment. Just fetching something from the car.

She slips out of the front door.

52 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / FAITH'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING (DAY 23  
THURSDAY)

FAITH sits in the passenger seat of her stationary car, basking in the silence.

She brings out her phone, unable to resist calling EVAN'S number. She holds her emotions in check as his voicemail message plays out.

FAITH

(into the phone)

Hi. It's me again ... Evan, I ... I just need to know you're OK ... Should I be frightened? Strange men banging the door at night, black BMWs with dodgy plates ... Even if you don't want to come back to us, just let me know something.

(the words catch in her throat)

Please. The girls keep asking and I -

A loud rap on the window. FAITH looks round, startled, to see EIRA JONES holding a parcel.

EIRA

Postman left this for you. Feels like a house brick.

FAITH winds down the window.

FAITH  
Thanks, Eira.

EIRA  
(handing her the heavy  
parcel)  
Still no sign of him?

FAITH shakes her head with a silent, 'No'. She examines the postmarks on the parcel. It has been sent second class.

EIRA (CONT'D)  
I suppose you'd know by now if it  
was an accident. Except there was  
that man trapped in a ditch at the  
edge of a motorway by Port Talbot.  
Two weeks it was before they found  
him.

FAITH winds up the window cutting her off.

Offended, EIRA stomps back across the road.

FAITH opens the package. Inside is a large and expensive scented candle with a note:

'Sorry about the trainers. Love you always. Evan xxx'

She looks up, more confused than ever. She's in pain. And longing for him.

53 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. GARDEN - EARLY EVENING (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

FAITH carries the parcel towards the small octagonal summerhouse at the end of the garden.

54 INT. SUMMERHOUSE - EARLY EVENING (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 54

FAITH steps through the door and switches on the light in a glorified shed which she has attempted to prettify. A place for her and EVAN to snatch quiet moments together. There's a second-hand rattan sofa, a table, a lamp and a pile of books.

She places the candle on the table and stares at it, trying to perceive its meaning.

LISA appears at the door carrying RHODRI on her hip.

LISA  
Here you are.

FAITH  
Sorry, I just needed a moment.

LISA nods.

LISA  
(spotting the candle)  
Oh, nice! Someone's been flashing  
the credit card.

FAITH  
It's from Evan. To make up for  
the anniversary present. At least  
that's what the note said.

LISA  
The green trainers. Vic gave me a  
tub of anti-cellulite cream once  
... What are you going to do?

FAITH  
I'm going to talk to Saran.  
Would you come with me?

LISA  
I'll scratch her sexy little eyes  
out. What about the kids?

FAITH  
I could ask Marion -

LISA  
Let me call her. At least I'm a  
better liar than you are.

FAITH hands her the phone with a brittle smile.

55 INT. POLICE STATION. DI WILLIAMS' OFFICE - EVENING (DAY 355  
THURSDAY)

DI WILLIAMS clicks through a series of mugshots on her computer. ARTHUR, seated next to her, peers at the screen.

ARTHUR  
Nope ... Nope ... Nope ... Mmm  
possibly.

DI WILLIAMS makes a note. Clicks again.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
(adamant)  
Nope.  
(off DI WILLIAMS'  
impatient reaction)  
Sorry.

DI WILLIAMS  
'Podgy looking'? Is that the best  
you can do?

ARTHUR  
Weak chin. Flabby.

DI WILLIAMS  
Alright. You can come back tomorrow  
- 10am. We'll try for an e-fit.  
Off you go.

ARTHUR hovers. DI WILLIAMS gives him a sharp look.

ARTHUR  
Expenses?

DI WILLIAMS scowls with a force that propels him out of the door.

56 INT. POLICE STATION. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE - EVENING (DAY 3 56  
THURSDAY)

ARTHUR heads from DI WILLIAMS' office towards the exit. He nods to TERRY who's making a call from his desk. TERRY gives a friendly smile back. TOM'S papers are spread out in front of him.

TERRY  
(into the phone)  
If any male bodies do show up,  
you'll be sure to let me know, now.  
Thank you.

He rings off as DI WILLIAMS come through the door of her office. He looks up as she approaches. She shakes her head.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
I didn't think so.

She looks thoughtfully at the papers on his desk.

DI WILLIAMS  
Your father-in-law brought these in?

TERRY nods.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
Why him? Why not your sister-in-law?

TERRY  
Well, I mean she's ... It's a very difficult time -

DI WILLIAMS  
Maybe PC Jones should take this over?

TERRY

(with a sharpness that  
surprises him)

No, ma'am.

(moderating his tone)

I mean, I'm perfectly capable of  
handling matters professionally.

Family or not.

She looks at him dubiously.

DI WILLIAMS

I'll take your word. Let's  
see what we've got.

She heads back to her office. TERRY gathers up the papers and follows her.

57 EXT. SARAN'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

57

FAITH'S car pulls off the lane onto the gravel driveway of a smart, newly refurbished farmhouse with adjacent stable blocks. A Range Rover and Mercedes sports car are parked side by side in an oak framed car port.

LISA (V.O.)

Wow. Get this place.

58 INT. FAITH'S CAR - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

58

FAITH looks out at the farmhouse with rising dread.

LISA

And my mam told me hairdressing was  
for losers.

FAITH exhales, her fear turning to fury.

LISA (CONT'D)

Are we ready?

FAITH

You stay here. This is between me  
and her.

She climbs out.

59 EXT. SARAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

59

FAITH arrives at the front door. Stalls, then reaches for the doorbell.

She waits. Dreadful seconds pass.

The door opens. A slim, attractive, bright-eyed woman who could have stepped straight out of a breakfast cereal commercial looks back at her.

FAITH

Saran James?

SARAN

Yes -?

FAITH

I'm Evan Howell's wife. Faith.

SARAN

Oh. Hi.

(her smile fades)

His sister called ... He's still missing?

FAITH

(icily)

I thought you might know something - as you're evidently so friendly. Is he here?

SARAN

(offended)

No. Why would he be here?

FAITH

You tell me.

SARAN glances anxiously over her shoulder, then steps out of the door, drawing it nearly closed behind her.

SARAN

Look, we're old school friends.  
That's all.

FAITH

Then why has he never mentioned you?

SARAN

Believe me, Faith ... The only time we ever ... It was years before you two even met.

FAITH

You slept with him?

SARAN

Look. Really ... If I knew anything at all, don't you think I'd tell you. I'm sorry, I ... My husband and I are having dinner -

FAITH

Does the name Alec Fenton mean  
anything to you?  
(off SARAN'S shocked  
reaction)  
What?

SARAN

Alec was ... We were all friends at  
primary school. He and Evan sailed  
together. Alec drowned ... He'd  
have been about 10 at the time.

FAITH swallows. Tries to make sense of things.

SARAN (CONT'D)

Why do you ask?

FAITH

Just something I found ... He's  
never said a word.

SARAN

That's Evan for you -

FAITH, a look.

SARAN (CONT'D)

He's been so squashed by his  
family, hasn't he? I told him he  
should never have come back after  
university. He had such dreams ...  
I've really got to go. Sorry.

She steps back inside.

FAITH

Please -

She pushes the door shut.

FAITH continues staring at it in a daze.

Out of shot, LISA climbs out of the car.

LISA (V.O.)

Faith? Are you alright?

She turns and walks slowly back to the car. She's not  
alright. Not by a long way.

FAITH climbs into the passenger seat. LISA gets in alongside  
her. They sit in silence for a moment.

LISA

So, what's the verdict? ... Were  
they?

FAITH shakes her head.

LISA (CONT'D)

She's fit, though. He must have  
mentally shagged her, at least.  
Even I did ... a little bit.

FAITH, a look. LISA shuts up and starts the engine.

She drives.

FADE

60

INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (SEPTEMBER 2016)

60

FADE UP TO NINE MONTHS AGO

EVAN is at his desk turning despondently through a file of witness statements. Spread out in front of him are a number of photographs of the body of a 60 year old man, PADDY REARDON, lying dead in a pool of blood in a car park, a single gunshot wound to his chest.

We glimpse another partially obscured photograph of PADDY'S naked body on the mortuary slab, and another of his heart in a kidney dish, a small flagged pin though the bullet wound.

EVAN sighs. What he's reading is dissolving what little hope he has left.

A knock at the door. CERYS enters, bursting with excitement.

CERYS

Brilliant news. We've got an alibi.

EVAN

For who?

CERYS

Erin Glynn, of course!

EVAN

How can she have an alibi? She's  
been identified by three  
independent witnesses.

CERYS

They made a mistake. Happens all  
the time.

EVAN looks at her dubiously.

EVAN

Who's giving it?

CERYS

She just called. She's great. A proper, kosher professional. A dentist. She wants to meet so we can take a statement.

EVAN

(remaining sceptical)

Fine. Make an appointment.

CERYS

Now.

(off his look)

Let's go!

She grabs his jacket off the hook and tosses it across the desk to him.

61 INT. DENTIST'S SURGERY. RECEPTION - EVENING (*SEPTEMBER 2016*)

EVAN and CERYS stare at each other from opposite sides of a tank of tropical fish that sits in the middle of the waiting area. At its bottom is a sunken treasure ship spilling plastic gold coins and flashing alternate colours. The effect is mesmerising.

A tall and extremely determined looking Turkish woman dressed in a white coat comes to the door of the surgery. DR MERAL ALPAY.

DR ALPAY

Yes, come, please.

She disappears behind the open door.

EVAN and CERYS exchange a look, then follow her in.

62 INT. DENTIST'S SURGERY - EVENING (*SEPTEMBER 2016*)

62

DR ALPAY is seated at a computer. A television attached to the ceiling above the treatment chair is tuned to horse racing, the commentary audible, but turned down low.

CERYS

Cerys Hughes. This is my boss, Evan Howells.

EVAN

Good evening.

DR ALPAY grunts, glued to her screen.

EVAN and CERYS exchange a glance.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
I understand you'd like to make a statement.

DR ALPAY  
Correct.

EVAN  
OK. So, is there somewhere we can sit down and make some notes?

DR ALPAY clicks 'Print'. A piece of paper spews out of her printer.

DR ALPAY  
This is my statement: on September 25th, at 4.30 p.m., Miss Erin Glynn was in that chair.

(she hands EVAN the print-out of her diary)

I extracted the first lower molar, left side. Very rotten. Very bad hygiene. Whole procedure, forty-five minutes.

CERYS  
(to EVAN)  
The shooting was at 4.35. Twenty miles away.

EVAN looks uneasily from DR ALPAY to CERYS ... and back again. Something smells off.

EVAN  
You're prepared to say this on oath?

DR ALPAY  
No, it's all a big fat lie.

She laughs and glances up at the TV - a race is in its final stages.

CERYS smirks. EVAN doesn't see the funny side.

EVAN  
OK. We'll send you a draft by email. I want you to check it carefully - this is a murder trial. And I'll need a copy of your notes of the procedure.

DR ALPAY  
(distracted by the finish)  
Sure.

Race over, she picks up a business card from her desk.

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)  
(handing it to him)  
You want any work done, I'll give  
you a good rate. Make you smile  
like a movie star.

She grins at CERYS. CERYS smiles.

EVAN  
We'll be in touch.

He exits.

63 INT./EXT. CERYS'S CAR / DENTIST - EVENING (*SEPTEMBER 2016*)

EVAN and CERYS exit the surgery and cross the pavement to her Mini.

EVAN gets into the passenger seat. She climbs behind the wheel.

They buckle up and exchange a look.

CERYS  
That was weird.

EVAN  
I'll say.

She starts the engine and pulls away.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
About as kosher as Christmas

FADE

64 EXT. COAST ROAD - NIGHT (*DAY 3 THURSDAY*)

64

FADE UP ON:

BACK TO THE PRESENT

FAITH'S car winds along the unlit road.

FAITH (V.O.)  
I feel like he's become a stranger  
overnight.

65 INT. FAITH'S CAR - NIGHT (*DAY 3 THURSDAY*)

65

FAITH lolls back against the headrest, completely spent. Lisa at the wheel. They drive in silence for a long moment.

FAITH

Maybe it's all a dream and I'll  
wake up in a minute?

LISA

But would you want to?

FAITH, a look.

LISA (CONT'D)

It is kind of exciting. Who'd have  
thought - Evan.

FAITH can barely let out a laugh of irony.

FAITH

What a bastard ... But I still love  
him. He and the kids are all I've  
got.

LISA

You've got me.

She reaches out and squeezes FAITH'S hand. FAITH squeezes  
back.

66 EXT. ABERCORRAN HIGH STREET - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 66

ARTHUR, huddled in a doorway sips from a can of cheap cider.  
A car swoops past - a black BMW that he's seen before.

It slows, then turns into a side street.

Curious, ARTHUR gets unsteadily to his feet and moves off  
along the pavement to see where it went.

66A EXT. HOWELLS CERYS'S OFFICE - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 66A

CERYS'S silhouette at the glow of her desk, the only lit  
window on the High Street.

67 INT. HOWELLS. CERYS'S OFFICE - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 67

Alone in the darkened office, blinds drawn, CERYS is hunched  
over her desk. The only light in the room is the glow of her  
PC screen.

From the glimpses we catch of her screen, it appears she's  
deleting emails.

She looks up suddenly at the sound of someone on the  
scaffolding beneath her window. They keep coming, then stop.

Silence. Then the sound of a door handle being worked.

CERYS hurriedly powers off the PC and jumps up from her desk.

68 INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION/KITCHEN - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 68

CERYS walks slowly through the darkened reception and turns into the short passageway that leads to the kitchen door.

She reaches for a small fire extinguisher mounted on the wall, and listens ...

Silence. *Perhaps she was imagining things?*

She braces herself, then bursts through into the kitchen at the same moment as the INTRUDER smashes a pane of glass in the semi-glazed fire escape door.

Through the glass, CERYS comes face to face with a figure in a black balaclava.

She screams!

The INTRUDER turns tail and clatters back down the steps.

69 EXT. NARROW STREET BEHIND HOWELLS' - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 69

ARTHUR's face, concerned by the sound of CERYS's screams presses tight in against a wall, cranes forward to see the INTRUDER come flying down the scaffolding outside Howells' office and hurry to the parked BMW.

69A INT HOWELLS. RECEPTION/KITCHEN - NIGHT 69A

CERYS stands in the darkened reception, her heart pounding, frozen, on the alert.

She hears the screech of tyres, a thud and the sound of a car hurtling off.

69B EXT. ABERCORRAN HIGH STREET - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 69B

ARTHUR lies motionless on the ground, blood oozing from a gash on his forehead, the BMW speeding away in the distance.

He lets out a groan.

70 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 70

FAITH comes through the front door with LISA.

LISA

We could try to catch her out - go online and pretend to be Evan.

FAITH nearly trips over RHODRI in his baby walker, who's trundling across the hall.

FAITH  
(scooping him up)  
For goodness' sake!

LISA  
Hi, Rods.

FAITH looks into the sitting room. ALYS and MEGAN are curled on the sofa watching TV dipping into a huge bowl of cheese puffs.

FAITH  
Girls! Time! Bed! Now!  
(to LISA)  
Would you mind?

LISA  
Sure.  
(heading into the sitting room)  
Yey! Cheese puffs! Thanks, girls!

They squeal in protest as she raids their bowl.

FAITH carries RHODRI through to the kitchen.

MARION gets up from the table, clutching an iPad. A half empty bottle of wine sits on the table next to her.

MARION  
Sorry. I got caught up -

The doorbell goes.

FAITH  
For pity's sake! What now?  
(dumping RHODRI in her arms)  
Find Rhodri some pyjamas, would you?

She dashes out.

71 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 71

FAITH opens the door to find DI WILLIAMS on the step with TERRY standing sheepishly behind her.

FAITH freezes, bracing for bad news.

DI WILLIAMS  
Good evening, Mrs Howells.

FAITH looks from DI WILLIAMS to TERRY, anticipating news. TERRY shakes his head then looks at the ground, unable to meet her eyes.

FAITH

What is it?

DI WILLIAMS

I'd like you to come with us,  
please. I've a few questions.

FAITH

What's wrong with here? Fire away.

DI WILLIAMS

I'd prefer to do this at the  
station.

FAITH glances round to see LISA and the GIRLS in the hallway. Behind them, MARION has come to the kitchen door.

MARION

Faith?

71A EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 71A

FAITH steps outside, pulling the door behind her.

FAITH

As you can see, I'm rather busy.  
And unless you've reasonable  
grounds for suspecting I've  
committed an arrestable offence,  
I'm not going anywhere ...  
Why don't you come inside?

DI WILLIAMS

I have more than enough evidence to  
arrest you, Mrs Howells.

FAITH

Really? For what, exactly? Murder?  
Kidnap? International terrorism?

DI WILLIAMS just stares at her. Dead-eyed, like a fish on a slab.

72 INT./EXT. STEVE'S PICK-UP / FAITH'S STREET - NIGHT (DAY 3 72 THURSDAY)

STEVE, dressed in a freshly pressed shirt, drives towards FAITH'S house. Chocolates with a ribbon and gift tag sit on the passenger seat. He sees the police car up ahead.

He slows. Pulls over. Cancels his headlights and watches.

73

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

73

ALYS and MEGAN come to the doorstep with LISA as FAITH goes with DI WILLIAMS and TERRY. FAITH stops outside the police car and looks back, bereft.

ALYS

Mam!

LISA

I'm sure she won't be long. Come on inside.

She tries to shepherd the girls back into the house, but ALYS refuses to move.

TERRY opens the car door. FAITH climbs in.

74

INT. STEVE'S PICK-UP - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

74

STEVE watches the police car pull away and travel towards him.

He catches FAITH'S eye as it passes.

75

INT./EXT. POLICE CAR / FAITH'S STREET - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

75

FAITH'S POV: STEVE lifts a hand and mouths a silent, 'Thank you'.

DI WILLIAMS has spotted STEVE, too.

DI WILLIAMS

Steve Baldini. Friend of yours?

FAITH

Client.

DI WILLIAMS

You do lead a colourful life.

TERRY glances in the rearview mirror. FAITH looks away.

Rain patters on the windscreen. DI WILLIAMS flicks on the wipers as the shower grows heavier.

And we STAY WITH FAITH, pale, shell-shocked and terrified.

END OF EPISODE