

KEEPING FAITH



by

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EPISODE THREE

Pink Shooting Script
20/04/17

CATCH UP SEQUENCE

VARIOUS SHOTS FROM EPISODES ONE AND TWO:

EVAN driving away from home for the last time;

FAITH discovering his fake driving licence in the name of Alec Fenton;

FAITH screaming for Evan into the night;

CERYS frantically deleting emails on her office computer;

FAITH discovering a hidden stash of Evan's clothes on their boat;

DELYTH handing Evan's life insurance document to TOM;

TOM handing the document to TERRY;

MARION tearfully leaving a message on Evan's phone;

*SARAN revealing that Alec Fenton drowned in the estuary;
ARTHUR run down by a Black BMW and*

ENDING WITH

FAITH in the back of the police car, pale, shell-shocked and terrified.

1 INT. CROWN COURT. SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE - DAY (NOVEMBER 2016)1

EVAN is on his feet in a packed courtroom taking evidence from DR MERAL ALPAY (as a solicitor advocate he is dressed in high collar, bands and gown but unlike his barrister OPPONENT, wears no wig). CERYS is seated next to him and behind them in the dock is ERIN GLYNN (24), an inscrutable young woman scrubbed and suited for the occasion.

EVAN
Dr Alpay, at what time was Ms
Glynn's appointment on the 18th?

DR ALPAY
Four-thirty.

EVAN pauses. We sense his misgivings.

EVAN
You're sure about that?

DR ALPAY
No question. It's all on my
computer. I showed the police.

EVAN

So what do you say to the prosecution allegation that she was several miles away shooting Mr Reardon at the time?

DR ALPAY

They made a mistake.

DEWI GLYNN (55), ERIN's father, watches, unsmiling, from a seat in the public gallery.

EVAN

Do you remember the appointment?

DR ALPAY

Very well. Ms Glynn was a nervous patient. She didn't like the needle.

(she smiles across the court at ERIN GLYNN)
Poor girl. We calmed her down in the end.

CERY'S smiles, enjoying DR ALPAY'S confident performance.

MIX TO:

2 INT. CROWN COURT. SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE - DAY (NOVEMBER 2016)

EVAN is making his closing speech:

EVAN

I can assure you, members of the jury, that the defence has the deepest sympathy for Mr Reardon's family, particularly for his widow.

He glances across at GAEL REARDON (50), a poised and elegant woman seated in the front of the public gallery.

EVAN (CONT'D)

His murder was a tragedy. We all wish to see the perpetrator brought to justice, but that person is not my client. You have heard it from a woman with no possible reason to lie - the three witnesses are sadly mistaken. Erin Glynn was having a tooth out at the time.

He shrugs.

EVAN (CONT'D)

It's a crying shame. I wish the police had done a better job, but there we are.

(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)

That after all is what we're here
for - to ensure that truth and
justice prevail.

MIX TO:

3 INT. CROWN COURT. SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE - DAY (NOVEMBER 2016) 3

The COURT CLERK is standing to address the FEMALE FOREMAN of
the jury.

COURT CLERK

Madam Foreman, have you reached a
verdict which is the verdict of you
all.

FOREMAN

We have.

CERY'S leans in close to EVAN and squeezes his arm. He reaches
for a glass of water and takes a sip.

We remain on them as the COURT CLERK continues:

COURT CLERK (V.O.)

On the single count that Ms Erin
Glynn did on the 18th of March of
this year murder Mr Patrick
Reardon, do you find the accused
guilty or not guilty?

FADE

4 EXT. POLICE STATION YARD - NIGHT (DAY 3 - THURSDAY) 4

BACK TO THE PRESENT

FADE UP ON:

DI WILLIAMS' car pulls into the yard in the pouring rain.

DI WILLIAMS and TERRY climb out. TERRY opens the car door
for FAITH, hardly able to look at her. They hurry, heads
down, to the back door.

5 INT. POLICE STATION. ENTRANCE AREA - NIGHT (DAY 3 - THURSDAY) 5

FAITH follows DI WILLIAMS and TERRY inside.

TERRY

Nice weather for ducks.

DI WILLIAMS
(ignoring him)
I suppose you'll be wanting a
lawyer, Mrs Howells?

FAITH
You said this was just a chat.

DI WILLIAMS
It is.

TERRY glances at DI WILLIAMS with concern.

FAITH
Then why would I need a lawyer?

DI WILLIAMS
(meeting FAITH'S gaze)
Let's hope you don't.

She pushes through another door.

FAITH
(to TERRY)
Guess we missed the quiz tonight.

TERRY
I did let them know.

She gives him a look - *she was joking!*

They approach a middle-aged COUPLE seated in the corridor -
REV TALBOT (60) and his prim-looking wife, MAGGIE. PC JONES
appears out of a door.

PC JONES
Rev Talbot's here -

DI WILLIAMS
(barks)
He can wait.

She holds open an interview room door.

FAITH
(to MAGGIE TALBOT, with a
trace of concern)
Maggie. Bryn.

MAGGIE TALBOT looks away, eaten up with shame.

REV TALBOT
Faith.

DI WILLIAMS
(sharply)
Mrs Howells.

FAITH steps into the interview room.

6 SC 6 NOW PARTLY COMBINED WITH SC 5 AND PARTLY MAKES UP NEW 6
SCENE 8A

7 MOVED TO 10 A 7

8 INT. POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 3 - 8
THURSDAY)

FAITH, DI WILLIAMS and TERRY are seated around a table in an otherwise empty room.

CCTV footage playing on a laptop on the desk is frozen on a frame showing the black BMW.

DI WILLIAMS brings up the CCTV footage TERRY recovered (in episode 2) of the black BMW and angles the screen for FAITH to see it.

DI WILLIAMS
You're quite sure you've never seen
this car?

FAITH
(impatiently)
Yes! Is that it? It's been a hell
of a long day.

DI WILLIAMS
(persisting)
I expect that whoever was driving
was looking for Evan ... or you.
(watching FAITH closely)
Where were you at midnight
yesterday evening?

FAITH
At home, of course.

TERRY, a look. He bites his tongue.

DI WILLIAMS
And you didn't hear an engine
ticking over outside your house?

FAITH

No, I didn't. You dragged me all the way down here for this?

DI WILLIAMS

How have things been between you and your husband lately, Mrs Howells?

FAITH

I beg your pardon?

DI WILLIAMS

I appreciate it's a delicate matter, but we've received information to suggest that you've been sleeping in separate rooms.

FAITH's expression shifts from astonished to appalled.

FAITH

Oh, for pity's sake! From whom?

She looks at TERRY. He looks uncomfortable.

TERRY

A neighbour.

FAITH

Eira Jones? Some neighbour.

TERRY looks down, suffering as much from this ordeal as she is.

DI WILLIAMS

We understand your husband recently increased his life insurance.

FAITH stares at her incredulously. The penny is finally starting to drop.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Significantly.

FAITH

What is this? Where are you getting this from?

DI WILLIAMS

That's irrelevant

FAITH

It's not to me.

DI WILLIAMS draws the lid of the laptop shut.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Terry?

He looks at her helplessly.

FAITH (CONT'D)

This is your evidence, is it? The fact that Evan had his life insured?
It's part of it, yes.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Are you out of your tiny mind, Inspector?

TERRY shoots her a warning look.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Can we please inject a note of sanity here? My husband has been missing twenty-four hours. I came to you for help and with no credible evidence, let any lawful justification, you as good as accuse me of what - having him bumped off?

DI WILLIAMS

You're in financial peril, aren't you, Mrs Howells? You're facing ruin.

FAITH'S anger rises to boiling point.

A knock at the door saves her from exploding.

CERY'S barges in looking damp and windswept. She's dressed up for a dinner party.

CERY'S

(instantly taking charge)

Inspector. Constable. I'm here to represent Mrs Howells. She's not saying another word.

DI WILLIAMS

Excuse me? This is an informal discussion.

FAITH

Was. No comment.

She sits back in her chair and folds her arms.

WILLIAMS glowers.

CERYS
(to DI WILLIAMS)
Are you charging her with anything?

DI WILLIAMS leaves TERRY to murmur an apologetic 'no'.

CERYS (CONT'D)
Nighty, night, then.

FAITH looks at DI WILLIAMS with a pitying shake of her head and follows CERYS out.

8A INT. POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (DAY 3 - THURSDAY) 8A

CERYS and FAITH exit the interview room.

CERYS
What was all that about?

FAITH
I'll catch you up.

She stops alongside MAGGIE and REV TALBOT. MAGGIE hastily dries her eyes. She exchanges an awkward glance with REV TALBOT.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Everything alright?

REV TALBOT
Misunderstanding. So sorry about Evan. I meant to call by -

FAITH
That's OK.

REV TALBOT
Is Rhodri still teething?

TERRY comes to the interview room door.

TERRY
Reverend Talbot?

REV TALBOT
Excuse me.

He goes guiltily into the interview room.

FAITH
(to MAGGIE)
Should he have a solicitor?

MAGGIE shakes her head, crippled with shame.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Is there anything I can do?

MAGGIE TALBOT
He won't be a moment.

FAITH
You can ring me any time.

MAGGIE TALBOT
(tightly)
If you'd like to come back on the
flower rota?

FAITH
Yes ... Soon.
(sensing CERY'S
impatience)
Keep safe.

She goes, leaving MAGGIE suffering alone in agony.

9 EXT. POLICE STATION YARD - NIGHT (DAY 3 - THURSDAY) 9

CERY'S and FAITH dash across the yard through the rain to
Cery's Mini.

CERY'S
What have they got?

FAITH
Nothing.

CERY'S
Lisa's with your kids - they're all
fine.

FAITH
She called you?

CERY'S
No, it was Tom. He was worried
about you.

10 INT./EXT. CERY'S'S MINI / POLICE STATION YARD - NIGHT (DAY 10 -
THURSDAY)

FAITH waits a moment in the rain as CERY'S scoops several
files out of the footwell and dumps them on the back seat.

CERY'S
(standing aside for FAITH)
There you go.

FAITH jumps in. CERYs gets in the other side. FAITH collapses into the passenger seat and stares wide-eyed through the windscreen as if waking from a nightmare.

FAITH
Sorry Cerys, I've wrecked your evening.

CERYs reaches for an e-cigarette from a side pocket. Takes a large puff.

CERYs
Faith, as your lawyer and in strict confidence - if there's anything at all you think I should know ... Anything missing at home? Out of place? Weird?

FAITH
(with a hint of hesitancy)
Not really.

She rubs her face. Trying to regroup.

CERYs looks at her doubtfully.

CERYs
You can trust me, you know.
(starting the engine)
I'm on your side.

FAITH
I know.

They exchange a look, CERYs sensing FAITH'S doubts. FAITH forces an exhausted smile in an attempt to dissolve the tension.

CERYs pulls away. FAITH stares silently out of the window.

10A INT./EXT. STEVE'S PICK-UP / STREET NEAR HARBOUR - NIGHT ~~10A~~
3 - THURSDAY)

STEVE drives slowly along the empty street, preoccupied by troubled thoughts.

Up ahead, a male figure staggers along the pavement and pauses to steady himself against a lamp post.

The figure looks round as STEVE passes. It's ARTHUR. Blood is leaking from a gash on his forehead.

STEVE slows to a stop and looks back in his mirror. He can't leave him.

He sighs and backs up until he's level. He lowers the passenger window and calls out.

STEVE
You alright, Arthur?

ARTHUR looks across apprehensively. Shakes his head.
STEVE looks him over.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Hop in, butt - that's going to need
stitches.

ARTHUR hesitates, in two minds whether to trust him. He
hasn't much choice.

STEVE leans over and pops open the door. ARTHUR climbs in
stiffly - everything hurts.

STEVE drives off.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Had you down as a lover, not a
fighter.

ARTHUR remains tongue-tied.

STEVE (CONT'D)
It's fine. What happened?

ARTHUR
Hit and run. Spotted a burglar
jumping off the scaff. Got in his
motor and came straight at me.

STEVE
Where was this?

ARTHUR
Howells. The solicitors?

STEVE nods, making connections.

STEVE
What kind of car?

ARTHUR
BMW. Black one ... Know it?

STEVE
(shakes his head)
No ...

He drives on, thoughtfully.

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

11

CERY'S car pulls up at the kerb. FAITH climbs out.

As CERYS pulls away, FAITH goes through the front gate, takes several paces, then turns sharply and catches EIRA JONES peering from a window.

Caught out, EIRA smiles and gives a little wave. FAITH responds with a heartfelt middle finger.

12 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - NIGHT (DAY 3 - THURSDAY) 12

FAITH enters to find the house suspiciously tidy: children's shoes lined up in a row, coats ordered neatly on the hooks above.

LISA comes to the kitchen door wearing rubber gloves.

LISA

Faith!

She hurries forward and flings her arms around her in an emotional embrace. FAITH hugs her back.

LISA (CONT'D)

They were good as gold. Went to bed no problem.

FAITH

Never a good sign. What did you tell them?

LISA

Work stuff - client at the station ... Sorry, was that wrong?

FAITH shakes her head.

LISA (CONT'D)

Cocoa?

FAITH nods mutely.

She follows LISA into the gleaming kitchen. A photograph of a smiling EVAN with all three children is pinned to the middle of the notice board. She stops and looks at it while LISA strips off the gloves, fills mugs with milk and pops them in the microwave.

LISA turns, waits for FAITH to speak.

FAITH

Williams has been waiting for this for years.

She sits on a stool at the breakfast bar. Numb.

LISA

Yeah -

FAITH

We go back. She's a class one bitch.

LISA

But you haven't done anything -

FAITH

Somebody told her Evan had upped his life insurance. And according to Eira bloody Jones our marriage is on the rocks because she's spotted me bedding down in the spare room.

LISA

You told them it's only when you're tiddly?

FAITH

Rule one, until you know what you're dealing with, say nothing. ... And I've got this stupid, dumb urge to protect him.

LISA

What are you going to do, Faith?

FAITH

Like my mother used to say - when you're going through hell, keep going.

She lapses into silence. LISA wrestles with something she has been keeping back.

Finally ...

LISA

Something came up on Facebook ...

FAITH a look, sensing it's not good.

LISA (CONT'D)

There's a guy from Carmarthen saying he's seen Evan in Swansea ... in a lap dancing place. The Candy Lounge.

FAITH stares blankly.

FAITH

The 'Candy Lounge.'

Right on cue, the microwave pings. LISA fetches the mugs.

LISA
(handing her the mug)
Do you want me to show you?

FAITH shakes her head.

LISA (CONT'D)
He's probably just trolling.

FAITH'S eyes well with tears.

FAITH
None of this makes sense. Two days
ago my husband leaves the house to
go to work and now ... It's
madness.

LISA
(still hooked on the Candy
Lounge)
But if he was being a bad boy ...
worst case - you don't think he
caught something and had to pop off
to get it seen to?

FAITH
(ignoring her)
He was coming apart, and I didn't
even notice.

Tears run down her cheeks. LISA puts down her mug and hugs
her close.

LISA
Oh, love. He doesn't know how lucky
he is.

13 INT. TERRY AND BETHAN'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT (DAY 3 - 13
THURSDAY) (SHOOT NIGHT FOR NIGHT)

The sink tap drips slowly into the washing up bowl - the
only sound in the silent house.

We hear someone come through the front door and along the
passageway.

TERRY enters.

He stops at the sound of the drip, isolates the source,
then steps over and turns off the tap. As he does so, he
notices that dishes have been left unwashed on the drainer.

14 INT. TERRY AND BETHAN'S HOUSE. LANDING - NIGHT (DAY 3 - 14 THURSDAY)

TERRY comes up the final steps. He pauses outside the bedroom door. Looks across the landing through the open door to a spare room. He turns towards it ... then halts at the sound of BETHAN sobbing.

15 INT. TERRY AND BETHAN'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 3 - 15 THURSDAY)

TERRY steps quietly through the door.

She continues to sob and sniffle. He sits on the edge of the bed. Tentatively reaches out a hand and pats her arm. She recoils from his touch.

TERRY starts to undress.

BETHAN
What's she done, Terry? What has
she done to him?
(anguished)
Why?

TERRY struggles. He has to put her out of her misery.

TERRY
The firm's in debt, love ... Evan's
a proud man.

BETHAN'S sniffing abruptly stops.

Her silence stretches ominously.

She sits up urgently and fixes him with a daggers look.

BETHAN
Promise me, you will never, ever
tell that to anyone.

TERRY
No, love.

Her eyes cut through him. He swallows. She throws herself back onto the bed and turns her back to him.

16 EXT. FAITH'S STREET - NIGHT (DAY 3 - THURSDAY) 16

All is still and silent. The houses in darkness. A single light is on in FAITH'S bedroom.

17 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 3 - THURSDAY) 17

FAITH, lying in bed in her pyjamas with an iPad, flicks miserably through images on the Candy Lounge's website - beautiful, lithe young women coiled around poles.

Seething, she tosses it aside and swings out of bed. Thumps across the landing.

18 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT (DAY 3 - THURSDAY) 18

FAITH flushes the loo and looks at herself in the mirror. Dark shadows hang beneath her eyes.

FLASHBACK TO:

19 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - YESTERDAY MORNING (DAY 2 - 19 WEDNESDAY)

EVAN pecks FAITH on the cheek.

FAITH
(contrite)
Evan, I'm really -

EVAN
Sorry. Busy day. Got to dash.

He goes.

MIX TO:

FAITH 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.

20 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KIDS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 3 - THURSDAY) 20

BACK TO THE PRESENT

ALYS, MEGAN and RHODRI are deeply asleep.

FAITH tiptoes through the door clutching a pillow.

She sits against the wall between the bunk bed and the cot, just needing to be near them.

In the silence, all she hears is the sound of their gentle, peaceful breathing.

She lays the pillow on the carpet and curls up on the floor.

END OF PART ONE

20A EXT. ESTUARY. DAWN (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 20A

Dawn breaks over the estuary. Water birds swoop. The tide creeps over the lichen-covered rocks.

21 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING (DAY 24 - FRIDAY)

Weak dawn light leaks through the partially drawn curtains.

TOM enters, dressed for the office in suit and mac, to find MARION in a dressing gown popping an aspirin out of its foil with clumsy, trembling fingers.

TOM

I've offered to step into the breach at the Rotary auction this evening - Evan was meant to be MC. I think you should come.

MARION

How can I? Everyone will know Faith was arrested. The shame of it.

TOM

Not arrested, Marion, she was assisting with enquiries. Hiding ourselves away won't help.

MARION doesn't respond.

TOM gives up and turns to go. Then turns back.

TOM (CONT'D)

You know, I'm feeling this every bit as painfully as you are.

She remains silent. He forces back his rising anger.

TOM (CONT'D)

We'll talk later.

He exits and goes downstairs.

We stay with MARION. A shudder passes through her as TOM pulls the front door hard behind him.

22 EXT. HIGH STREET - EARLY MORNING (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 22

TOM walks along the still quiet, empty street. The town is slowly coming to life. Up ahead, HUW PARRY climbs out of his car carrying a briefcase. They meet outside the entrance to Howells.

TOM

Huw. Thank you for this.

PARRY

No problem.

TOM fetches out keys.

PARRY (CONT'D)

Sorry to hear what happened last night. It was totally unnecessary.

TOM nods grimly and unlocks the door.

23 INT./EXT. UNMARKED CAR / HIGH STREET - EARLY MORNING (DAY 2~~B~~ - FRIDAY)

From an unmarked car parked across the street, PC EMMA JONES, dressed in plain clothes, observes TOM and PARRY entering the office together, DCI PARRY laying a hand on TOM'S shoulder as they go through the door.

She reaches for her radio.

24 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - MORNING (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 24

TOM watches with a serious, unmoving expression as DCI PARRY works on EVAN'S desktop computer.

DCI PARRY

The software checks through everything he's deleted.

(scrolling through a list of files)

I'll save them all onto a stick for you. Looks pretty clean, though ... Hardly any emails ... He likes looking at boats.

He clicks on a file that opens a page of classified ads advertising yachts for sale.

DCI PARRY (CONT'D)

What do you think - just daydreaming?

TOM

Seems a lot of my old clients took their business elsewhere.

DCI PARRY

You're a hard act to follow, Tom.

He slots a USB stick into the computer and starts to transfer files.

DCI PARRY (CONT'D)

Did he use any other computers?

TOM

His laptop. There's no sign of it.

DCI PARRY

No phone calls? Messages?

TOM shakes his head.

DCI PARRY (CONT'D)

Done anything like this before?

TOM

No.

DCI PARRY

Any favourite bolt holes he might
be hiding in?

TOM

He always went to his boat.

DCI PARRY

What do you think's happened?

TOM, cornered, shakes his head. DCI PARRY taps some keys on the computer, sensing TOM is holding something back. He gives him a moment ...

TOM

Huw, I hadn't like to ask, but when
Evan asked me to put you in touch
with him last autumn ... What did
he want?

DCI PARRY, a look.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'd be grateful -

DCI PARRY

Did I know any villains who might
give him a whirl?

(off TOM'S incredulous
expression)

He'd got a taste for the big bad
world of crime.

TOM shakes his head. He can't believe it.

The doorbell rings insistently. TOM checks his watch - it's still early.

He exchanges a look with PARRY, who nods his permission to answer it.

TOM goes through to reception and picks up the intercom.

TOM
(into the intercom)
Hello.

DI WILLIAMS (V.O.)
DI Williams. Could we have a word?

TOM
I'm with someone.

DI WILLIAMS (V.O.)
I know.

PARRY appears at the door of EVAN'S office.

TOM
It's Williams.

DCI PARRY
She's keen.

TOM reluctantly presses the buzzer opening the front door one floor below.

DCI PARRY (CONT'D)
(handing him the USB
stick, amused)
Don't worry about her.

DI WILLIAMS, followed by an UNIFORMED PC, comes through the door, panting after the climb up the stairs.

DI WILLIAMS
Inspector Parry. Mr Howells.

DCI PARRY
Susan.

TOM
How can I help you?

DI WILLIAMS
(eyeing PARRY warily, she
hands TOM a document)
I've obtained a warrant to remove
your son's computer for forensic
examination.

DCI PARRY
On a missing persons case?

DI WILLIAMS
(to TOM, ignoring PARRY)
I could ignore the circumstantial
evidence and do nothing, Mr
Howells, but I'm sure you'd rather
I didn't.

DCI PARRY
I know it's not my gig, Susan, but
wouldn't your time be better spent
looking for him?

DI WILLIAMS
My officers are taking all
necessary measures. Mr Howells.

TOM
That's Evan's office.

He nods to the door. DI WILLIAMS throws DCI PARRY a chilly
glance as she and the UNIFORMED PC go in.

DCI PARRY
(quietly to TOM)
Let me know if she gives you any
bother. I've seen her in gym
knickers.

He winces. TOM laughs.

DCI PARRY (CONT'D)
I'll talk to the traffic boys in
Swansea, see if we can't get a
trace on his car.

TOM
Thanks.

DCI PARRY calls through the open door to Evan's office.

DCI PARRY
Bye, Susan. We should have a coffee
sometime.

She doesn't respond. DCI PARRY smiles and goes.

25 EXT. SWANSEA - MORNING (DAY 4 - FRIDAY)

25

LISA'S Fiat turns off a main road and into a seedy, winding
back street, passing shuttered-up pubs and nightclubs.

A STREET CLEANER sweeps up the empty bottles and cans that
litter the pavement.

26 EXT. THE CANDY LOUNGE - MORNING (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 26

LISA steps around a puddle of sick and approaches a shuttered-up building - The Candy Lounge - and presses the video intercom.

No answer.

She tries again.

A YOUNG WOMAN comes out of the door in her coat. Gives LISA a dismissive look.

YOUNG WOMAN
We're not hiring.

LISA
Not for that! Look, it's about a
friend of mine - it's hard to
explain.
(fishing a printed-out
photograph from her bag)
Maybe you've seen him?

She shows her the picture. She glances at it and shakes his head.

YOUNG WOMAN
Sure, seen him a few times, usually
three of them together.

LISA
Great, when was the last time
you...

YOUNG WOMAN
Sorry got to go. Good luck.

LISA turns back to her car. Steps straight into the puddle of sick.

LISA
Oh, for God's sake.

She hobbles to the kerb and scrapes her shoe.

27 INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 27

STEVE, dressed for a building site, sits waiting opposite DELYTH'S desk. She glances nervously at him from her computer monitor.

FAITH backs through the door carrying RHODRI and a large shoulder bag.

FAITH
Oh, hi, Mr Baldini.

He gets up to help her.

FAITH (CONT'D)
It's OK. Why don't you go through
to the conference room.

She motions to the door across reception and waits for him to go through.

FAITH (CONT'D)
(to DELYTH)
Delyth, were the police here
yesterday?

DELYTH
No.

FAITH
They seem to have got hold of some
papers which I know Evan kept in
that filing cabinet.

DELYTH, mortified, feigns innocence.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Could Cerys have had them?

DELYTH
No.

FAITH
Tom?

DELYTH'S eyes dart guiltily towards the door of Evan's office. FAITH registers this.

DELYTH
I ... I'm not -

FAITH
(cutting her off)
I'm in charge here now, OK? If you
feel compromised, you talk to me.

DELYTH nods.

FAITH smiles - they're good. She turns to EVAN'S office, then pauses.

FAITH (CONT'D)
You're a friend of Maggie Talbot's -
is Bryn in trouble with the law?
(off DELYTH'S surprise)
Give her a ring.

FAITH pushes through into Evan's office.

28

INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 4 - FRIDAY)

28

FAITH enters with RHODRI. TOM is tidying loose cables on Evan's desk.

He looks round guiltily.

TOM

Faith ...

She registers the cables in his hand and the empty desk.

FAITH

What's going on?

TOM

Williams came. With a warrant. She took Evan's computer.

FAITH

And you're here because -?

TOM

Well I ... Actually -

FAITH

You let her in? Well, thanks for that. Much appreciated, Tom - along with rifling through Evan's private papers. Maybe I can look forward to being dragged down to the station again later? I mean, what better way to treat a woman whose husband just walked out on her?

TOM

I really had no idea that she'd -

FAITH

What did you think would happen?

A beat.

TOM

Honestly Faith, the only reason ... I thought it was evidence he might have ... Given all his money problems, I feared ...

He can't bring himself to say it.

FAITH

He'd killed himself?

TOM looks ashamed.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Why didn't you talk to me? His wife? His partner in this family firm?

TOM

I'm sorry...

Silently seething, she hands RHODRI to TOM and empties his toys onto the floor.

FAITH

As you're finding it so hard to stay away, maybe you could mind him for half an hour?

TOM

Of course. Oh, the charity auction tonight - I offered to stand in for Evan. Best not to hide our faces, I thought. Not the Howells way.

FAITH gives him a look, waiting for him to see the absurdity of what he just said. He doesn't.

FAITH

Well, maybe he'll surprise us all and put in an appearance?

She gives him a look and sorts quickly through the unopened mail on Evan's desk.

TOM

(to RHODRI)

What have we got here then, eh?

Tom crouches down next to him and picks up a toy.

From amidst the brown envelopes FAITH picks up a small Jiffy bag. She tears it open and partially pulls out a small cardboard package. (We can't make out the words printed on it, but FAITH does).

TOM glances up at her.

FAITH

Won't be long.

She pushes the package hastily back into the Jiffy bag, grabs a file from the desk and exits with both items.

29

INT. HOWELLS. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 29

FAITH enters carrying the file and Jiffy bag and sits at the conference table opposite STEVE. She screws the lid down tight on her churning emotions.

FAITH

What can I do for you, Mr
Baldini?

STEVE hesitates, sensing her frostiness.

STEVE

It's Rhona -

FAITH waits impatiently for him to spit it out.

STEVE (CONT'D)

She's been on Facebook slagging
me off - saying I'm not safe to
be with my little girl.

He fishes a phone out of his pocket, taps on the screen and
hands it over to her.

STEVE (CONT'D)

My boss'll see that.

FAITH

(glancing at the abusive
post on screen)

I can write to her. She may just
ignore it, of course. Then you'd
have to go to court - which costs
money ... You could always try the
police.

STEVE smiles ironically at the idea.

STEVE

Oh, well. I've only got myself to
blame ...

They exchange a look, both harbouring unspoken questions.

FAITH

(closing her file)

I'll send that letter out for you
right now.

STEVE

Thanks.

He starts to get up from his chair. Pauses half-way and
changes his mind. He sits back down again.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I saw you in the back of a police
car last night. Are they giving you
trouble over Evan?

FAITH

Just doing their job.

STEVE

Look, I, er, I know you're a smart woman and you'll be handling things your own way, but if you ever need any help -

A beat.

FAITH

Do you know something?

STEVE

No

FAITH

Did Evan ever talk to you about his ... about his personal life?

STEVE

He mentioned you a few times. Said how much his family meant to him.

FAITH nods, suppressing the sudden urge to cry.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Mrs Howells, I -

FAITH

I'm sorry, I - ... I'll get that letter out right away.

She gets up and opens the conference room door. STEVE takes his cue to go.

He exits silently. FAITH closes the door after him.

She picks up the Jiffy bag and tips out the package. It's printed with a picture of a smiling mother and baby along with the words 'DNA PATERNITY TEST KIT'.

She looks at it for a long moment as the reality of what she's seeing slowly seeps in.

A knock on the door.

DELYTH (V.O.)

Mrs Howells?

FAITH

(calling out with authority)

I won't be a moment.

She puts the packet back in the Jiffy bag, fighting rising anxiety and rage.

Her phone rings. She grabs it off the table and checks the screen. It's LISA.

FAITH (CONT'D)
(muted)
Hi.

LISA (V.O.)
I spoke to a girl who works at the club. She's seen him there - with a couple of other blokes.
(off FAITH'S silence)
She didn't have him down as a groper. Behaved himself.

FAITH
Great ... Thanks.

She rings off. Her hands are trembling and slams the phone angrily on the table.

30 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 30

STEVE exits Howells and heads off along the pavement. He waits agitatedly for Evan's voicemail message to play out.

STEVE
(into the phone)
Evan, it's Steve. Look, I don't know what's going on, butt, but the police are hassling your wife ...
I'm here, OK? Whatever you need, just say the word ...

31 INT. HOWELLS. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 31

FAITH stares out of the window over the rooftops.

In an instant she pulls herself together, then squares herself to face the world. *

FAITH opens the conference room blinds and is surprised to see DELYTH talking to a uniformed POLICE OFFICER making notes in her notebook. *
*
*

DELYTH
First thing this morning, when I went to make tea - it looks like someone might have tried to break in last night. *

They look round when FAITH opens the glass door. *

*
*

32 OMITTED 32

33 INT. HOWELLS. KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 33

FAITH enters to find TERRY taking pictures on his phone of the broken pane in the door opening onto the fire escape.

TERRY
Faith. Hello ...

She gives him a withering look. *

TERRY (CONT'D)
Don't think they got in. Probably
an opportunist.

FAITH slumps back against the counter. Tries to stop her eyes from welling. TERRY looks at her with concern. *

TERRY (CONT'D)
I did plead with Williams not to
bring you in.

FAITH
She took his computer this morning.

He glances past her to reception, nervous of being overheard.

TERRY (CONTD)
Look, I've not said anything to
her, but I know you were out
in your car Wednesday night. After
midnight.

FAITH shakes her head, almost laughing in desperation.

TERRY (CONT'D)
You told her you were at home.

FAITH
I said I was at home at midnight,
which I was.

TERRY
But the kids?

FAITH

It was only a few minutes Terry...
(off his look of
disapproval)
Cefyn Lloyd said he'd seen Evan's
car at The Filling Station. I went
to find him. It wasn't there.

TERRY

You should have called me, Faith -

FAITH

I know ... I shouldn't have ... I'm
just so ... I'm shit scared, Terry.

TERRY

A man like Evan, a good man ... If
he was about to do anything stupid,
he would have left a note.

FAITH

What if he wasn't a good man? ...
What if he was a total and complete
bastard?

She turns abruptly and goes before she breaks down.

TERRY

Faith - ?

END OF PART TWO

33A INT. POLICE STATION. DI WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY (DAY 4 - 33A
FRIDAY)

DI WILLIAMS pins a photo of EVAN onto a large corkboard
mounted on the wall. Alongside it one of FAITH. She sips her
tea as she studies them.

33B EXT. DIRT TRACK - DAY (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 33B

FAITH's car bumps its way up a dirt track towards a cluster
of farm buildings.

34 INT. COMPLEMENTARY HEALTH CENTRE. WAITING AREA - DAY (DAY 34 -
FRIDAY)

A smiling, pot-bellied Buddha tops off a trickling water
feature. Several crystals are positioned on the table around
it. Sitting in a chair opposite, FAITH rocks RHODRI to and
fro. Waiting in the next chair but one, is a pale and anxious-
looking young WOMAN.

The consulting room door opens. A MALE CLIENT emerges and scuttles to the exit.

LUC ROWLANDS (30s), a thin, rather pained looking man, comes to the door.

FAITH starts to her feet, beating the YOUNG WOMAN to it.

FAITH
(catching him off guard)
Faith Howells. Evan Howells' wife.
I need five minutes.

ROWLANDS
Oh ... Ah -

FAITH
Thanks.

She walks with RHODRI into his consulting room.

ROWLANDS
(to the YOUNG WOMAN)
Won't be a moment -

He turns with exaggerated calm.

35 INT. COMPLEMENTARY HEALTH CENTRE. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY (~~DAY~~
4 - FRIDAY)

ROWLANDS closes the door uncertainly behind him. He remains standing, trying hard to maintain his (evidently delicate) equilibrium.

ROWLANDS
I do normally ask people to make an appointment -

FAITH
Evan's been missing since Wednesday morning. I've no idea where he is or why he's gone. And I've every reason to believe you know more about him than I do.

ROWLANDS
I see ... He's spoken about his sessions?

FAITH
I learned about you from our GP - after I'd put a gun to her head.

ROWLANDS
Well I, er - ... Missing -?

FAITH

He went to work. Never arrived.
The man who buys next year's diary
in March.

She plonks herself down in the patient's chair and waits for his response.

ROWLANDS crosses the room, perches non-committally on the arm of the chair opposite.

ROWLANDS

You'll appreciate that my
conversations with patients are
confidential.

FAITH

Even when lives are at stake? ...
What would Buddha say?
(sensing she's got him on
the ropes)
Evan's having an affair, isn't he?

ROWLANDS

No, I -

FAITH

(firing straight back)
So what was he stressed about?

ROWLANDS

The usual things... money ... I'm
really not sure I can ... I
confess, I've never been in this
situation.

FAITH

Join the club.

She fixes him with a look. Folding, he shifts down on to the seat of his chair.

FAITH braces herself ...

FAITH (CONT'D)

Has he ever spoken about wanting to
run away or kill himself?

ROWLANDS

No.

FAITH

Has he talked about me?

ROWLANDS

Only in the warmest terms.

A beat.

FAITH

Other women?

ROWLANDS

I've said no. The only one other woman I recall him mentioning is his mother.

FAITH

Marion?

ROWLANDS

They seem unusually close. They confide in each other. He says they often speak two or three times a day.

FAITH

I'm lucky if he calls me once.

ROWLANDS

Yes, well ... Sons tend to idolise mothers...

FAITH glances off, feeling hurt.

FAITH

What else?

ROWLANDS

There's an incident from his childhood that's been preying on his mind. A friend of his who drowned. It was a big trauma but his parents didn't speak about it.

FAITH

Alec Fenton.

ROWLANDS

(he nods)

I suggested he talked it through with mother.

FAITH digs deep into her reserves.

FAITH

Do you think he loved me?

ROWLANDS

Yes -

FAITH

(anticipating him)

But what?

ROWLANDS

I think he was feeling
insignificant. As if in pleasing
others, h'd lost any sense of
himself...

FAITH meets his sage gaze as this registers deeply.

36 INT. POLICE STATION. DI WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY (DAY 4 - 36
FRIDAY)

DI WILLIAMS is on the phone. Up on her computer screen is an
itemised credit card statement.

Beneath the photographs of EVAN and FAITH on the corkboard,
columns of post-it notes containing handwritten scraps of
evidence and observations have appeared.

DI WILLIAMS

(into the phone, as she
references the screen)

You're sure, quite sure that was
the product? ... If you would.
Thank you.

She puts down the phone, intrigued by what she has just
learned.

A knock at the door. DI WILLIAMS glances up.

TERRY enters holding a memory stick. He glances uneasily at
the notice board.

TERRY

Looks like our BMW was back in the
area last night. Camera on the
Carmarthen Road picked it up.

(he hands it to her)

Maybe a connection with the
attempted break-in at Howells last
night?

DI WILLIAMS nods, distracted.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Arthur Davies hasn't shown up for
his e-fit appointment. Shall I have
a look for him?

She remains deep in thought.

DI WILLIAMS

How did you get on at the bank?
Have we got the Reverend on film?

TERRY

Oh ... No. It gets over-written every week.

DI WILLIAMS

Well, he doesn't have to know that, does he? Bring him in.

TERRY hovers. DI WILLIAMS shoots him an impatient look.

TERRY

I really don't think Bryn Talbot would steal. Can't you just caution him?

DI WILLIAMS

Send Jones in, would you?

He goes. DI WILLIAMS squints at her screen, clicks through to her emails and checks them.

PC JONES comes in and closes the door.

PC JONES

Ma'am?

DI WILLIAMS

Data retrieval have come up with something. 48 hours before he went missing, Evan Howells did some online shopping. £78.50 for a DNA paternity test kit.

DI WILLIAMS glances at her screen. A new email has arrived.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

- the sales receipt.

She clicks on the attachment. Up it pops.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Delivery address: Howells, 25a High Street, Abercorran.

PC JONES

So either he's been playing away -

DI WILLIAMS

Or he suspects his wife ... Yes, I think we need to keep a very close eye on Mrs Howells.

MEGAN is amongst an excited group of squealing kids jumping off inflatables.

FAITH sits in a daze apart from the other PARENTS with RHODRI on her knee.

38 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING (*FEBRUARY 2013*)

FLASHBACK TO:

FAITH comes through the door and locks it behind her. EVAN looks up from beneath the duvet.

FAITH
Thank God for Shrek.

She slips off her dressing gown and gets in next to him. Nestles up close.

FAITH (CONT'D)
We'll have to be quick.

She kisses him gently, letting him know she's ready if he is. He doesn't respond.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

She tickles him. He doesn't respond.

EVAN
Bit of a stiff neck.

FAITH
(reaching under the duvet)
I know what'll help.

EVAN
(easing away from her)
Must have slept on it funnily.

He climbs out of bed and rolls his shoulders.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Fancy a cup of tea?

FAITH
Sure -

He pulls on a dressing gown and exits, leaving FAITH feeling rejected.

39 INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY (*DAY 4 - FRIDAY*)

39

BACK TO THE PRESENT

A LIFEGUARD approaches with MEGAN.

LIFEGUARD
Are you Megan's mum?

FAITH snaps back from her daze.

LIFEGUARD (CONT'D)
I'm afraid she's going to have to
come out of the water. She's got
verruccas. We do ask you to check -

Other PARENTS turn accusing gazes on her.

FAITH
(embarrassed)
Oh. I'm sorry. I've been ... We'll
get it sorted. Sorry.

Hauling RHODRI she hurries MEGAN to the changing rooms.

40 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY (DAY 4 - FRIDAY)

40

MARION and BETHAN are seated at a corner table by themselves.
BETHAN is failing to register the depth of her mother's
gloom.

BETHAN
I can't help wondering, mam ... I
can tell how Terry's feeling better
than he can, for goodness' sake ...
It must be like that with you and
Dad?

MARION
Sometimes ...

BETHAN
Rubbish. You're like Siamese twins,
you two.

MARION raises her eyebrows.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
She's hiding something, she must be
... It's not fair. I've got the
council election in a fortnight.
Who's going to vote for me with
this hanging over the family? ...
Maybe it's wrong, but I feel like
we've all been fooled, like we've
had a cuckoo in the nest.

MARION looks up from her coffee cup and regards BETHAN
coolly.

MARION

Why on Earth do you want to be on
the council? All that petty
nonsense.

BETHAN

I love Abercorran. I want to give
something back.

MARION

Good for you.

BETHAN finally senses MARION'S despair.

BETHAN

Mam? ... Come on, now ... He'll
turn up.

A beat.

MARION

Bethan, there's something -

Her phone rings, cutting her short. She fetches it out.
Pauses.

MARION (CONT'D)

It's Faith.

BETHAN

Well, answer it!

MARION

(into the phone)
Hello, Faith.

BETHAN leans in close to hear.

FAITH (V.O.)

Marion. I'd like to have a chat.
Maybe I can pop round after I pick
Alys up from street dance?

MARION

Fine.

FAITH (V.O.)

See you later.

MARION rings off and tucks away her phone.

BETHAN

She's got something to tell you ...
I knew it. The marriage is dead.

MARION
(sharply)
Can we please talk about something
else?

BETHAN bristles.

BETHAN
I'll see you at the Rotary tonight
- if it's not too petty for you.

MARION gives a half-hearted shrug.

BETHAN gets up and goes, leaving MARION nursing her pain.

41 INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR / HARVESTER CAR PARK - DAY (DAY 4 - 41
FRIDAY)

TERRY turns off the road into the car park of the Harvester restaurant outside town. It's quiet at this time of the afternoon.

He pulls into a space. Climbs out.

He glances around. There are three or four cars close to the building and a solitary Range Rover set back by itself. There's a woman (GAEL REARDON) behind the wheel smoking a cigarette.

He goes inside.

42 INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 42

The woman in the stationary car is GAEL REARDON. She watches TERRY enter the restaurant and speak to a WAITRESS at the greeting station.

43 EXT. HARVESTER - DAY (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 43

Through the window we see TERRY conclude business with the WAITRESS.

TERRY
(handing her a card)
Well, if you think you see him
again, make sure to give me a call
now. Any time.

They exchange goodbyes. TERRY heads out through the door.

TERRY exits the restaurant and notices that the Range Rover has gone.

He wanders over to where it was parked, and turns around to look back at the restaurant. He has a clear view of the entrance and the dining room.

Was the driver watching? ... Mulling this over, he goes back to his car.

44 SCENE 44 COMBINED WITH 43

44

45 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / SWIMMING POOL CAR PARK - DAY (DAY 45 - FRIDAY)

FAITH loads RHODRI into his car seat and straps him in as MEGAN climbs in the other side.

FAITH

Megan, you know you said the other morning daddy went pale when his phone rang? Was that the first time it happened?

MEGAN

Hmmm ... Not really.

FAITH grabs a towel off the seat.

FAITH

Come here - let me dry your hair.

MEGAN leans over. FAITH towels her hair.

FAITH (CONT'D)

What do you mean, 'not really'?

MEGAN

Sometimes when his phone rang he'd go in his study and lock the door.

FAITH wants to howl, but just about holds it in.

FAITH

What, when I was out?

MEGAN

Mostly.

(after a beat)

Who do you think he was talking to?

FAITH

I don't know, sweetie ... I don't know. There we go. That's better.

She tosses the towel into the boot.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Right. Let's get Alys.

She closes the door and jumps into the driver's seat.
She feels ready to blow ... She reaches calmly for the radio
and switches it on.

46 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / COAST ROAD - DAY (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 46

FAITH'S car winds along the coast road. Happy, catchy pop
music booms out of the speakers.

Staring straight ahead, FAITH'S face is set in a pale
determined mask.

47 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE - DAY (DAY 4 - FRIDAY)

FAITH pulls up outside Marion and Tom's house now with all
three CHILDREN in the back.

She looks over at the house, trying to summon the courage to
confront MARION.

ALYS

What are we doing here, Mummy?

FAITH

I need a word with granny.

(under her breath)

Can't wait.

Her phone rings.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Hold on.

She checks the screen: 'Office'. Switches off the stereo.
ALYS and MEGAN complain in unison.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Shhh!

(into the phone)

Hi, Delyth.

(exasperated)

... OK. Put her through -

Shush girls!

FAITH glances out and sees MARION come to the living room
window. Her face is etched with dread.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Maggie? What's happened?

MARION steps back out of view.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Maggie, I'm really busy
right now .. OK, OK, calm down.

(MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)
Maggie calm down! ... Alright. I'm
on my way.

48 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 48

MARION approaches the front door. Steels herself. Pulls it open.

ALYS and MEGAN are standing on the doorstep with RHODRI in Alys' arms.

ALYS
Mummy had to go.

We hear Faith's car accelerating away at high speed.

49 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / QUIET ROAD - DAY (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 49

FAITH'S car speeds along a quiet road.

FAITH'S mind churns with furious, angry thoughts as she drives.

FAITH
(sotto voce)
You bastard, Evan Howells.

Up ahead, a distraught MAGGIE TALBOT waves her down from the gate of her small bungalow.

50 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / NEFOEDD UCHEL - DAY (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 50

FAITH speeds along a lane with MAGGIE TALBOT clinging on in the passenger seat.

As they turn the corner the sea appears, but so too does the silhouette of a solitary man standing on the cliff edge.

MAGGIE
There he is!

FAITH jams on the brakes and pulls up. MAGGIE opens her door.

FAITH
Stay here.
(handing MAGGIE her phone)
Tell the police to step on it.

She jumps out.

FAITH (CONT'D)
You ok?

MAGGIE nods through tears.

FAITH makes her way cautiously across the damp grass towards REV TALBOT.

He stares bleakly out to sea, only feet from the precipice. The sea beats against the jagged rocks below.

FAITH approaches gingerly, trying not to alarm him.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Bryn? Bryn, are you OK? It's Faith.

He doesn't respond.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Can we talk?

No answer. She waits.

REV TALBOT
Beautiful, isn't it? Maggie and I
have been coming for years.

FAITH weighs her options. She moves closer. She tries not to look over the edge.

FAITH
It's lovely.

REV TALBOT
I've erred and strayed, Faith.

FAITH
Good for you. I can tell you now,
behaving yourself doesn't get you
very far.

REV TALBOT
I've given thirty years to this
parish. Then this ... It's all I'll
be remembered for.

FAITH
A few hundred quid? Hardly choir
boys, is it? Count your blessings,
Bryn - DI Williams is after me for
murder.

(off his startled look)
Wicked world, isn't it? Shall we
jump?

REV TALBOT
(anxiously)
I'll go to prison, won't I? I'll be
defrocked. Disgraced.

FAITH

Don't know about disgrace. What did you spend it on? Evan was going to strippers -

REV TALBOT

No! Where?

FAITH

Swansea ... All that sin just along the road ... It's everywhere, isn't it? Can't escape it anywhere.

She smiles at him fondly.

FAITH (CONT'D)

People love you, Bryn. They do ... Your full-dunk christenings are famous. I'm sure it's why mine all swim like fish.

He slowly turns to meet her gaze, and seems to be succumbing ... but then spots something behind her.

FAITH turns to see a police car drawing up behind hers.

REV TALBOT

Please, leave me alone.

FAITH

Sod what other people think, Bryn. We know who you are.

TERRY gets out of his police car out and runs approaches stealthily.

REV TALBOT

(agitated)

Faith, please -

BRYN begins to sway. Shuts his eyes.

FAITH

Look at me. Look at me, Bryn.

He turns to look at her. She holds his gaze, staring deep into his eyes as TERRY creeps round behind BRYN from the other side.

REV TALBOT

I can't -

FAITH

You can, lovely. Of course you can.

Keeping her eyes locked on his, she makes a grab for him. TERRY grabs him from the other side and the three of them land in a heap on the grass. The rucksack plunges, cartwheels over rocks and finally comes to rest out of sight far below.

FAITH and TERRY exchange a look of disbelief.

TERRY helps REV TALBOT to his feet.

TERRY

Well. Shall we?

He shepherds REV TALBOT back to the road. MAGGIE gets out of FAITH's car with a look of horror.

MAGGIE

Bryn -

TERRY steers him into the back of the police car.

FAITH is still lying on the grass staring up at the sky. She sits up and glances over the cliff - the jaws of death.

TERRY (V.O)

Faith?

She doesn't seem to hear, lost in her own thoughts.

END OF PART THREE

51 INT. POLICE STATION. CELL - DAY (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 51
REV TALBOT sits like a condemned man. Silent and inscrutable.
The door opens.

PC JONES

Five minutes.

She goes.

FAITH enters carrying two cups of coffee in flimsy plastic cups.

FAITH

I asked them to give us a minute.
(handing him his coffee)
It's disgusting, but better than
dying of thirst.

She forces a mouthful down.

FAITH (CONT'D)
(wincing)
I take that back.

He leaves his coffee untouched.

FAITH (CONT'D)
(referring to the
statement)
Your parish treasurer says £200 has
gone missing from the collection.
Is that the length of it?

REV TALBOT
It's all the old fool managed to
spot.

FAITH
Right ... And do we know if there's
any other evidence?

REV TALBOT
The police are going to the bank
for their CCTV. If they can prove I
made the deposits, I must have
known it was short.

FAITH tries to read him, but can't. He's no longer desperate,
but elusive. Unreachable.

FAITH
What was the money for, Bryn?

A beat.

REV TALBOT
Food. Drink. Heat. Light. The odd
second-hand dress or pair of
tights, no doubt.
(looks up at her)
The man she married had a proper
job with a salary that put food on
the table. He hadn't deluded
himself that considering the lilies
of the field would pay the bloody
electric.

He closes his eyes. In prayer? In pain? FAITH can't be sure.

REV TALBOT (CONT'D)
If I tell the truth, we both fall.
Yet I'm the one who put her through
all this. I, am the weak one.

He opens his eyes again, and turns them on FAITH.

REV TALBOT (CONT'D)
You've been an occasional member of
my audience. What would you
consider the Christian thing to do?
... The whole truth, is that your
advice? Or lie? Either way, I'm a
hypocrite.

FAITH meets his gaze, unable to answer.

REV TALBOT (CONT'D)
I wish I'd jumped.

A knock at the door.

PC JONES
Mrs Howells. Are we ready?

FAITH glances between PC JONES and her client.

FAITH
Won't be a mo'.

She hurries out.

52 INT. TERRY AND BETHAN'S HOUSE. KITCHEN/DINER - EVENING (DA52
4 - FRIDAY)

Made-up and dressed for an evening out, BETHAN checks her
lipstick in a compact mirror. She glances at her watch and
sighs impatiently.

A key turns in the front door. She looks round. ALYS and
MEGAN come barrelling along the hall.

ALYS
Hi, Auntie Bethan

BETHAN
(put out)
Hi, girls -

MEGAN
Can we watch The Simpsons?

BETHAN
Sure -

TERRY enters carrying RHODRI.

TERRY

Faith's with a client - at the
station. Can't be helped.

BETHAN

At least I know where your
loyalties lie.

TERRY

Beth -?

She exits. TERRY listens to her footsteps thump along the
hall.

TERRY (CONT'D)

(to RHODRI)

Can't please anyone, can I?

She slams out of the front door.

53 INT. POLICE STATION. LADIES' TOILET - EVENING (DAY 4 - 53
FRIDAY)

FAITH finishes drying her hands under the hot-air drier, using every moment to calm her mind and wrack her brains. The motor clicks off. Still without answers, she turns to the door.

54 INT. POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR. EVENING (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 54

MAGGIE TALBOT is sitting alone on a short row of plastic seats, desolate and empty.

FAITH sits alongside her.

FAITH
Bryn seems willing to take the
blame - if that's what you want.

MAGGIE TALBOT silently absorbs this.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Well, this is it. Is there anything
you'd like to say?

A pause. MAGGIE'S eyes slant towards her. She speaks with quiet and unexpected power.

MAGGIE TALBOT
The world is dark and light, Faith.
Sometimes, you have to go to dark
places. Life gives the seeker no
option but to beat the Devil at his
own game ... I needed that money.

FAITH nods, shocked. She goes into the interview room, with MAGGIE'S words echoing in her thoughts.

55 INT. POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - EVENING (DAY 4 - 55
FRIDAY)

FAITH is seated alongside REV TALBOT, who has the defeated expression of a guilty penitent.

DI WILLIAMS and PC JONES, seated side by side, questions him with icy detachment.

PC JONES
Do you accept that every week Edwin
Rees makes a note of how much was
collected and shows it to you?

REV TALBOT

Yes.

PC JONES

And that money entrusted to your
safe keeping has gone missing?

A beat.

REV TALBOT

It's possible.

FAITH, feeling every ounce of his suffering.

DI WILLIAMS

We've made enquiries at your bank.
We've asked them to provide the
footage to prove you made all the
relevant deposits. The camera
doesn't lie, Reverend.

PC JONES shifts in her chair. FAITH clocks her discomfort. PC
JONES glances up at FAITH.

FAITH

Have you got the footage?

DI WILLIAMS

It's on the way.

FAITH

Then you're rather jumping the gun,
aren't you, Inspector? You've no
case.

DI WILLIAMS

As you well know, Mrs Howells, the
sooner an accused confesses, the
more lenient his sentence. I've no
wish for Reverend Talbot to be
punished more than he has to be.

FAITH

(to REV TALBOT)

Please ignore the Inspector's
attempts to intimidate you. I
advise no comment.

REV TALBOT

I really want this over with ...
Please, I -

He teeters on the edge of a confession for a long and
agonising moment ... And as the tension mounts, FAITH'S eyes
flick between the DI WILLIAMS, PC JONES and REV TALBOT - and
then, just as REV TALBOT opens his mouth to speak, she spots
something in DI WILLIAMS' expression.

FAITH

There is no footage, is there? ...
This is just a try-on. Of course,
there isn't - you'd have it. God,
you must think we're stupid.

DI WILLIAMS

Can I remind you where we are, Mrs
Howells?

FAITH

We've been here before, remember?
Inventing evidence is an old habit
of yours.

FAITH nods and smiles in triumph. PC JONES looks guiltily
down at the desk.

REV TALBOT

(sotto voce)
What's going on?

FAITH

We're going home, Bryn.

She gets up from the table and steers him out. DI WILLIAMS
gives her a look that promises revenge.

56 INT. POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR - EVENING (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 56
REV TALBOT emerges from the interview room followed by FAITH.
MAGGIE TALBOT looks up from her seat.

FAITH

No evidence.

MAGGIE TALBOT'S face lights up. She stares at her husband in
amazement. A miracle!

REV TALBOT takes FAITH'S hands in his.

REV TALBOT

You're an angel.

She shakes her head.

REV TALBOT (CONT'D)

(he nods)
Spread your wings. I'll be praying
for you.

Caught off-guard, she's suddenly tearful.

FAITH

I have to go.

57 EXT./INT. POLICE STATION / FAITH'S CAR - EVENING (DAY 4 - 57
FRIDAY)

FAITH hurries across the road to her car. As she climbs behind the wheel, she looks over to see REV TALBOT and MAGGIE emerge from the police station.

They step out onto the pavement and embrace like young lovers.

FAITH watches them, deeply moved. Swallowing the lump in her throat, she starts the engine and drives away.

58 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE - EVENING 58
(DAY 4 - FRIDAY)

FAITH pulls up and turns off the engine. She looks over at the house with deepening dread.

Her courage falters ... She fights back. Climbs out.

59 EXT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE - EVENING (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 59

FAITH approaches the front door. Steels herself. Rings the bell.

She waits on tenterhooks.

Clipped, feminine footsteps sound in the hallway. MARION opens the door, dressed in a smart coat over an evening dress.

MARION

Faith. I thought you were the taxi.
We're just about to -

She glances anxiously over her shoulder.

FAITH

I think you might have something to
tell me.

(off MARION'S feigned
innocence)

I know how often you and Evan
spoke.

A taxi pulls up. The DRIVER sounds his horn.

FAITH holds her in gaze, sensing she has her cornered.

TOM appears in the hallway buttoning up his coat.

TOM

Hello, Faith.
(sensing the atmosphere)
Is there news?

FAITH

Marion and I were just having a word. She'll be out in a moment.

TOM

Righto. Silly, I feel a bit nervous, haven't done this for ages.

FAITH

You're a natural.

TOMS nods nervously.

TOM

(to MARION)

Don't be long.

FAITH

Sorry I was sharp with you earlier -

TOM

We'll stick together. I promise.

She nods. He makes his way out to the taxi, touching FAITH'S arm as he passes.

The blood drains from MARION'S face.

FAITH

It's to do with this, isn't it?

She reaches into her coat pocket and brings out the DNA test kit. MARION'S jaw falls open.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Who is she? That's all I need to know.

MARION

She?

FAITH

Don't try and protect him -

MARION

It's not him, Faith ... It's ... Before he was born, I was ... I was seeing someone else. I told Evan last week. I thought it was for the best.

FAITH stares at her in astonishment.

FAITH

Who?

MARION
He was just a friend.

FAITH
Does Tom know?

MARION shrugs evasively.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Are you going to tell him?

MARION
I have to go.

She quickly closes the door behind her and dashes to the taxi. FAITH turns back to her car. A feeling of profound relief sweeps through her.

60 INT./EXT. TAXI / TOM AND MARION'S STREET - EVENING (DAY 40-
FRIDAY)

MARION climbs into the back seat alongside TOM. Neither says a word.

The taxi pulls away.

TOM
Is this suit alright? Perhaps I
should have worn the other one?

MARION
You look very smart, Tom.

He reaches over and gently pats her hand.

61 EXT. TERRY AND BETHAN'S HOUSE - EVENING (DAY 4 - FRIDAY) 61

FAITH pulls up outside Terry and Bethan's house.

62 INT. TERRY AND BETHAN'S HOUSE. KITCHEN/DINER - EVENING (DAY 4 - FRIDAY)

FAITH is at the table with TERRY. The sound of the TV carries through from the next room. He stares at the DNA testing kit FAITH has just handed him.

FAITH

A week ago, Marion told Evan that
Tom might not be his father.

TERRY'S mouth falls open.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I take it Bethan doesn't know?

TERRY shakes his head.

FAITH (CONT'D)

That'll be a treat.

TERRY

Poor Tom. The kids love their
grampa.

A lump forms in FAITH'S throat.

FAITH

(with a tremor in her
voice)

Why didn't he just tell me? That's
the bit I can't handle. I'm his
wife.

TERRY doesn't have an answer.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I don't know if he's in Las Vegas
or belly-up in the Bristol Channel
... Did Arthur Davies give you any
joy on the BMW driver?

TERRY

He never turned up to do the e-fit.
Hard man to track down being of no
fixed abode.

FAITH

It's bad, Terry. There's no good
end to this.

TERRY

Don't say that, Faith. We've got to
stay positive.

He reaches out and squeezes her hand. She nods, drawing
strength from him.

FAITH

It's getting harder ...

63

INT. HOTEL FUNCTION ROOM - EVENING (DAY 4 - FRIDAY)

63

The Rotary Club's charity auction is in full swing.

Sitting amongst the flushed-faced DINERS at high table,
MARION wears a brittle smile as TOM - all eloquent charm and
bonhomie - commands the room.

TOM

(consulting his programme)
Lot twelve - 'Rekindle the flame
with a luxury break for two at the
St David's Hotel. Any weekend in
November. Includes full use of the
spa, his-and-hers massage and
pamper sessions!'

The guests greet this with a playful 'Wooo!'

TOM (CONT'D)
And if your other half's busy, I'm
sure you can take a friend.

Laughter.

Seated at another table next to an empty space, BETHAN laughs
along.

TOM (CONT'D)
Who'll give me £250? ... Mr Morgan
first out of the traps! Thank you,
sir ... Three hundred anybody?

DI WILLIAMS crosses from another table, dressed in a black
evening gown and sits in the chair next to BETHAN.

TOM (CONT'D)
Maybe one of you ladies? Surely
it's worth it just to see the smile
on his face?

The crowd loves him.

DI WILLIAMS
By yourself?

BETHAN
Busy time.

TOM
Thank you, Mr Jeffrys. Four
hundred, anyone give me four
hundred? Yes, over there -

DI WILLIAMS
I admire Terry's loyalty, Bethan.
But you and your family should know
- there's an awful lot your sister-
in-law isn't telling us.

TOM
Four fifty anybody? It's still a
lot cheaper than a divorce.

Through the laughter, BETHAN looks across and sees MARION top
up her glass and take a large numbing gulp of wine.

FADE

64 INT. CROWN COURT - DAY (NOVEMBER 2016)

64

FADE UP ON

FLASHBACK TO:

EVAN takes a sip of water as the COURT CLERK stands to take the verdict.

COURT CLERK

On the single count that Ms Erin Glynn did on the 25th of September of this year murder Mr Patrick Reardon, do you find the accused guilty or not guilty?

FOREMAN

Not guilty.

A startled murmur of surprise travels around the public gallery.

CERYS

You did it! You bloody did it!

She kisses him excitedly on the cheek. EVAN'S poker face finally cracks into a broad smile. He turns to congratulate ERIN GLYNN, but catches sight of GAEL REARDON who looks back at him with an unnervingly ambiguous, almost congratulatory expression that holds his attention.

64A INT. CROWN COURT CORRIDOR - DAY (NOVEMBER 2016)

64A

The triumphant group barrel down the wide corridor, gleaming with belligerent jubilation. ERIN GLYNN takes off her jacket, revealing arms covered in tattoos.

65 EXT. COUNTRY PUB - EVENING (NOVEMBER 2016)

65

EVAN steps out onto the patio with his drink to escape the noise of a raucous disco.

One other man is sitting alone at a table, smoking - STEVE BALDINI.

They exchange a glance, EVAN a little intimidated by him.

CERYS comes out, hot and sweaty from the dance floor.

CERYS

Evan! You said you were going to dance, you party pooper.

EVAN

It's really not my kind of music.

CERYS

Don't be so square.

(grabbing his hands and moving to the music)

Come on. Let yourself go for once.

She tugs at his wrist.

EVAN
Maybe in a minute.

CERY'S
(teasing)
Spoilsport. Can't trust yourself,
that's your problem.

She leaves him and goes back inside. She crosses in the doorway with DEWI GLYNN.

DEWI joins EVAN, holding a whisky glass. He nods to STEVE, who immediately makes himself scarce.

DEWI
Rather be at home watching the
game? ... You've done us proud,
Evan.

EVAN
My pleasure.

DEWI
Look, I know how hard you've
worked. A little thank you from the
Glynns.

He brings a fat envelope out of his pocket and offers it.

EVAN
(embarrassed)
Oh. Oh there's really no ... I, I
couldn't -

DEWI presses the envelope insistently into EVAN'S hand.

DEWI
Least we can do. Treat the wife and
kids. Something nice.

EVAN
(yielding to DEWI'S
pressure)
That's very kind.

He can't help but notice the thickness of the wad inside as he slots it into his pocket.

DEWI
(laying an avuncular hand
on his shoulder)
And if you're ever in need, there's
plenty more where that came from.

He smiles and goes leaving EVAN uncomfortably holding the envelope.

66 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM / HALLWAY - NIGHT (DAY 4 6-6
FRIDAY)

BACK TO THE PRESENT

FAITH is stretched out on the sofa with a sleeping RHODRI
nestling against her.

FAITH
(into her phone)
Evan, it's me again ... I know
about Marion. I'm so sorry. I wish
you could have told me.

Excited squeals and screams travel from upstairs.

FAITH (CONT'D)
I love you, Babes. I just want to
give you a big hug ... Please call
me.

She rings off. Bravely wipes away a tear as she pulls the
fake ID out of her bra. She stares at Evan's face on the fake
driving licence. Suddenly hides it back away in her bra when
she hears footsteps pound down the stairs.

ALYS calls down from the landing, dressed in pyjamas, her
hair soaking wet.

ALYS
Mummy, she's got bubbles
everywhere. You've got to come.

FAITH
In a minute. Hold on.

ALYS
They're halfway up to the ceiling.
It's a nightmare. She's going to
flood it again -

FAITH
It's alright. Calm down.
(getting up)
Megan! I'm coming!

As she approaches the stairs, she spots a small, plain white
envelope on the doormat.

As she stoops to pick it up, her phone rings. She checks the
screen, 'Unknown caller'. She answers.

FAITH (CONT'D)
(into the phone, as she
opens the envelope)
Hello?

STEVE (V.O.)
It's Steve. Steve Baldini.

FAITH
Steve? How did you get this number?

STEVE (V.O.)
You gave it to me.

She pulls a postcard out of the envelope. Glued to the card
are letters snipped from a newspaper spelling, 'KEEP QUIET'.

She stares at it, with a very bad feeling.

STEVE (V.O.)
Listen, I need to talk to you.
Urgently.

Noticing something else in the envelope, FAITH reaches in and
brings out a single bullet.

STEVE (V.O.)
Faith? Are you there?

It drops from her paralysed hand and slowly rolls across the
floor.

END OF EPISODE THREE