

KEEPING FAITH



by

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EPISODE FIVE

*White Shooting Script
21/07/17*

KEEPING FAITH

EPISODE 5
(English & Welsh)

PINK AMENDS
10.10.17

SCENE #	CHANGE
23	Change of location and stage directions

CATCH UP SEQUENCE

ALYS (in episode one) telling Faith that even she knows people don't just go missing;

FAITH'S speech to STEVE (episode 4):

FAITH

I'm frightened, Steve - of whoever it is and whatever Evan's gone and got himself caught up with ... I don't want to just throw him to the wolves - he's my husband ...

The police dog discovers a gun in woodland;

CERYS'S exchange with DR ALPAY (episod 4):

DR ALPAY

You want to know what happened to Evan, right?

CERYS

Do you know?

DR ALPAY

I know something. I know who knows;

DEWI GLYNN tells FAITH EVAN owes him £80,000;

FAITH shows STEVE the holster she found on the boat;

The quarry is dredged; TERRY announces that the recovered remains are not EVAN'S;

FAITH declares to STEVE: 'From now on, I'm the one who needs to be feared; TERRY watches them drive away together;

FAITH comes home to a ransacked house.

1 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE. SIX MONTHS BEFORE - DAY 1
(DECEMBER 2016)

EVAN, standing relaxed at the window, talking on his mobile. Outside, snow is falling.

EVAN

*(into the phone,
lightheartedly)*

I know, number three, I can hardly believe it myself ... No, it's great, I can't wait ... Thanks.

A knock at the door.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Will do. Speak soon, huh? Bye,
Saran.

He rings off.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Yes?

DELYTH enters.

DELYTH
There's a man asking for you. He's
very insistent. I sent him to the
conference room.

He glances at his watch and grabs a pen and notebook, and he
picks them up he reveals a file marked PEDERSEN which he
hastily shoves in a drawer. *

2 INT. HOWELLS. CONFERENCE ROOM. SIX MONTHS BEFORE - DAY 2
(DECEMBER 2016)

EVAN enters. DEWI, dressed in a long, dark overcoat with his
back to the door, is looking out of the window at the falling
snow. He has the ill-boding stillness of a large, black crow.

EVAN
Mr Glynn. How can I help you?

DEWI
I'm still waiting on those
contracts you promised.

EVAN
I should have drafts in a day or
two.

DEWI finally turns away from the window but remains standing,
as does EVAN.

DEWI
Busy, are you?

EVAN
These technical matters take a
little thought ... It's not
straightforward.

DEWI
I'm not cutting you in on my
business to be taken for granted,
Evan. If you work for me, I expect
to see sweat.

EVAN meets his gaze. Nods.

A tap at the door. DELYTH looks in.

DELYTH
Tea or coffee for either of you?

DEWI shakes his head.

EVAN
(smiling to cover for
DEWI'S rudeness)
We're alright thanks, Delyth. Thank
you.

She glances at DEWI, sensing his menace, then at EVAN, who's still wearing a forced smile. She quietly withdraws.

DEWI
(reaching a letter from
his pocket and sliding it
across the table)
The Reardons want compensation for
Paddy. It's from Dublin - Shane
Patrick, the boss.

EVAN unfolds and reads the letter, his forehead creasing in concern.

DEWI (CONT'D)
Half a million. What do you think? *

EVAN looks up, far out of his depth.

EVAN
My advice would be to take this to
the police.

DEWI
When I die, I'd prefer to have a
headstone. Wouldn't you?

EVAN
Dewi, this really isn't my line of
country. My professional advice
stands. This is blackmail with
menaces - *

DEWI
I've told them you'll be in touch.
I want a deal, Evan - one we can
all live with.

EVAN gives a hesitant nod.

DEWI (CONT'D)
Saw your wife in town. She must be
expecting any day soon.

EVAN
(distracted)
Next week.

DEWI
(smiles)
Then you'd better get a move on.
You'll be wanting some family time.

He moves to the door. EVAN offers him back the letter. DEWI ignores it and pats EVAN on the shoulder as he moves to the door and exits.

FADE

*

3 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BACK TO THE PRESENT - NIGHT (DAY 5 - 3 SATURDAY)

FADE UP ON

ALYS'S pale, bewildered face, pressed to the window of TOM and MARION'S retreating car.

FAITH waves bravely from the kerb as TOM's car turns the corner and vanishes from sight.

All the while, a distant police siren grows closer.

Biting her lip as she holds back tears, FAITH quickly turns back to the house, then remembers something. She stops on the path, caught in a dilemma. She runs back to her car, opens the boot and snatches out the carrier bag containing the holster.

The siren draws closer ...

Panicking, she looks for somewhere to dispose of the bag.

FAITH
Shit!

She hurries inside still clutching it.

4 OMITTED 4

5 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 5

FAITH comes through the door. The contents of the drawers and wardrobe have been tipped onto the bed.

She frantically rifles through the jumbled heap of clothes as the police siren arrives outside the house. A strobing blue light illuminates the window.

Panicking, she dives onto the floor and searches under the bed. Jammed in the narrow gap between the bed and the low chest of drawers she finds the 'Alec Fenton' driving licence. She grabs it and tucks it into her bra.

6 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LANDING - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 6

FAITH exits the bedroom.

A voice calls up from the front step.

TERRY (V.O.)
Hello? Anybody home?

Cornered, FAITH flies into the children's bedroom.

7 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 5 - 7 SATURDAY)

FAITH crosses the room (which has remained undisturbed by the burglars) and throws open the window.

TERRY (V.O.)
Faith?

She hurls the bag in the direction of the neighbour's garden and hurriedly shuts the window.

8 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. GARDEN - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 8

The flying bag snags on a branch on FAITH'S side of the fence.

FAITH comes down the stairs, pale and breathless, as TERRY steps into the hall.

TERRY
(looking at her with
concern)
Are you alright?

FAITH nods, wiping her perspiring forehead.

FAITH
They've been in my bedroom.

She reaches the foot of the stairs as DI WILLIAMS and PC JONES appear behind TERRY.

DI WILLIAMS
Why don't you step outside for a
minute, Mrs Howells?

TERRY'S look urges her to comply. FAITH exits through the front door. TERRY follows her.

9

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY)

9

Two police cars are double parked, blue lights flashing.

TERRY

Forensics will be along shortly
... Do you want me to see if
Eira's still up - get you
somewhere to sit down?

FAITH

I'm OK.

TERRY looks at her with deep concern, something about her manner troubling him deeply.

TERRY

It can't be a coincidence, Faith.
Not after the break-in at the
office.

FAITH

I don't know, Terry ... I'm
just ...

She trails off helplessly, welling with emotion.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(wiping her eyes)

Sorry.

TERRY notices her bare fingers.

TERRY

You're not wearing your rings -

FAITH looks at her hand and blanks for a moment.

FAITH

... I must have taken them off ...
washing up ... Oh, no -

She looks at him, crestfallen.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Do you think they're still there?

She goes to step past him, but TERRY blocks her way.

TERRY

Sorry, not 'til they're finished.
I'll look for you.

FAITH

OK...

He looks at her with serious concern then lowers his voice guiltily.

TERRY

Faith, I need you to be honest with me now. Steve Baldini was in your car when you drove away from the quarry earlier. Why?

FAITH

(taken aback by his directness)

He's a client. Evan's been good to him. He wants to help.

TERRY

He's a bad man.

*

FAITH

Was.

A beat. TERRY reluctantly concedes.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I guess you've told Williams.

TERRY

(shakes his head)

You're family, Faith.

She nods gratefully.

TERRY (CONT'D)

But he knew you were out tonight. It could have been friends of his who did this for all you know.

A beat. FAITH looks him straight in the eye.

FAITH

If the last few days have taught me one thing, Terry, it's who I can truly depend on. And guess what - they're ditsy Lisa, a homeless drunk and an ex-con ... The respectable people cross the street to avoid me.

She heads off towards her car.

TERRY

Where are you going?

FAITH

Somewhere I won't be judged.

TERRY stands watching, unable to fathom her. She climbs into her car and drives away.

9A INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 9A *

DI WILLIAMS rummages through the devastation in Faith's bedroom - upended furniture, the contents of Faith's underwear drawer, her jewelry scattered across the floor. WILLIAMS spots a dangly earring (which we saw Faith wear in ep 1) amongst the debris. She picks it up. *

10 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 10

TOM and MARION are lying in bed, both unable to sleep. MARION sighs deeply. TOM glances over. She rolls away from him.

Footsteps sound on the landing.

MEGAN (V.O.)
Granny?

TOM
I'll go.

He climbs out of bed and reaches for his dressing gown.

11 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. LANDING - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 11

TOM comes out onto the landing and finds MEGAN in her pyjamas.

TOM
Can't sleep, little one?

MEGAN
I feel sick.

TOM
(gently)
Oh dear. Do you need to go the bathroom?

She nods. He steers her in.

12 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 12

TOM rubs MEGAN'S back as she stands with her head over the basin.

TOM
Better now?

MEGAN
A little bit.

TOM

Ready to go back to bed?

She shakes her head. Sniffles.

TOM (CONT'D)

Anything you want to talk about?

... Hmm?

She wipes away a tear.

TOM (CONT'D)

Come here, sweetie.

He gives her a reassuring hug. She sobs into his shoulder.

TOM (CONT'D)

It's alright. Everything's going to be alright.

13 OMITTED

13

14 OMITTED

14

15 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 15

A FORENSICS OFFICER is at work dusting for fingerprints on the bannister.

TERRY passes and goes to the kitchen.

The French doors onto the garden are standing open. Someone with a torch is moving about outside.

He looks around the sink area for Faith's rings, but they aren't there. He opens a drawer. No luck. He picks up a plant pot and goes to put the upended plant back in it. As he does so something catches his attention ...

*
*
*

He brings out a small, clear plastic bag containing a single bullet.

Footsteps sound on the patio outside the French doors. He quickly stuffs the bag into his pocket. Turns round to see DI WILLIAMS entering. She's holding a carrier bag.

DI WILLIAMS

Would you fetch Mrs Howells,
please?

TERRY

She's, er ... she's gone for a
drive... Did anyone find her rings?

We hear someone coming down the stairs.

TERRY looks at the bag in her hand.

PC JONES comes through from the hallway. She's holding a sealed plastic evidence bag containing Evan's wig.

DI WILLIAMS
What's that?

PC JONES
Looks like a man's wig.

DI WILLIAMS nods and glances at TERRY, who shrugs.

PC JONES (CONT'D)
It's a strange one - TV, stereo,
valuables - all the obvious things
are still here.

TERRY
(to DI WILLIAMS)
Feels more like a rushed search
than a burglary, don't you think?

DI WILLIAMS
I'm not assuming anything.

She dips into her pocket and brings out a pair of latex gloves.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
(handing them to him)
Go out to the front and check the bins.

TERRY
Yes, ma'am.

He exits. DI WILLIAMS waits for him to be out of earshot.

DI WILLIAMS
I found a holster. It was hanging outside in a tree ... Baldini.

16 EXT. STREET - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 16

FAITH drives blindly through the night. She arrives at a crossroads and stops, not knowing which way to turn.

She grips the wheel, on the verge of succumbing to panic ... Then slams the car into gear and lurches off to the right.

17 EXT. CERYS'S FLAT - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 17

FAITH arrives at the front door of a small block of newly built flats.

She rings the doorbell and hugs herself, shivering in the cold.

CERYS'S spaced-out voice comes over the intercom, music playing in the background.

CERYS (V.O.)
Who is it?

FAITH
Cerys, it's Faith. I need to talk to you.

CERYS (V.O.)
Now? It's like 2 am on a Saturday night.

FAITH
(sarcastic)
You know how it is - you find yourself at a loose end ... I just need a minute.

A pause.

CERYS (V.O.)
(with forced brightness)
OK!

The entry buzzer sounds.

18

INT. CERYS'S FLAT - EVENING (DAY 5 - SATURDAY)

18

CERYS answers the door dressed in boots and a short grungy dress. FAITH'S surprise at her appearance registers on her face.

CERYS
Come in.

She leads her through the short hallway.

CERYS (CONT'D)
Afraid we've drunk all the booze - unless you fancy a limoncello?

FAITH
No thanks.

They enter the dimly lit, smoke-filled living area.

Another young woman, NATALYA, dressed even more grungily than CERYS, is sitting crossed-legged on the sofa blowing clouds of vapour from a large vape pipe.

CERYS
Faith. Natalya. She's from
Latvia.

FAITH
Hi.

NATALYA smiles blearily and returns to her pipe.

CERYS leads FAITH into the kitchen area around the corner.
Leans back against the counter.

FAITH (CONT'D)
What do you know about Evan's
dealings with the Glynn's?

CERYS
What do you mean, 'dealings'?

FAITH
They claim he owes them money.

CERYS
Search me.

FAITH
I need you to be honest with me
Cerys. He vanishes, there's a break
in at the office, then tonight my
house gets burgled ...

She fixes CERYS with a look that demands an answer.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Help me, Cerys!

Sensing the tension, NATALYA comes over and stands by CERYS,
sliding an arm around her waist.

FAITH (CONT'D)
They've been through my underwear
drawer. They stamped on Rhodri's
fire engine!

A beat.

CERYS
(to NATALYA)
It's OK.

NATALYA takes her cue and moves off to the other side of the
room.

CERYS (CONT'D)
Ok. I went to see Dr Alpay today.
She said she knows someone who
knows something about Evan.

*

*
*

*

FAITH

Who?

CERYS

She wants money.

FAITH, incredulous.

FAITH

Were you going to tell me any of this?

CERYS

I just wanted to check there was nothing weird going on, you know -

FAITH

Are you kidding me? Two burglaries, a disappearance, strange cars creeping about outside my house ... It's all just everyday run-of-the-mill stuff. Jesus!

She plunges her face into her hands.

CERYS

What are you going to do?

FAITH

I don't bloody know!

CERYS

Look, I know this is crap timing, Faith, but I need to know where I stand. If the firm's finished I've got to make plans. I can't last another month ... I'm cleaned out.

FAITH looks at her, fighting to contain her raging emotions.

FAITH

If I go to the police they'll be all over that case. They'll pick over every detail - all your notes, everything. Can you live with that?

CERYS

I got rid of them.

FAITH

Oh, well that's alright, then!
God, Cerys! When?

CERYS

The other day.
(off FAITH'S horrified reaction)
(MORE)

CERYS
Ma'r Reardons yn beryg.

FAITH
A nath Evan a ti ga'l hi off gyda
corrupt witness.

CERYS
O'dd 'da ni ddim prawf o 'nny.
Nethon ni jyst 'neud 'yn gwaith.

She looks at FAITH in a way which inspires no confidence whatever.

FAITH
(pulling herself back from
the brink of a melt-down)
Ocei ... Ma'n rhaid i fi ffindo mas
beth ddiawl sy'n mynd mla'n. Paid
neud dim byd eto. Rho bach o amser
i fi.

*
*

CERYS nods.

CERYS
Fi ffaelu aros am byth, Faith.

*
*

FAITH goes.

*

19 INT. HOWELLS. ARCHIVE ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 19

Sitting on the floor, FAITH searches urgently through files, pulling one after another off the shelves. She flicks through each one at high speed, then adds them to the heap accumulating on the floor.

She pauses for a moment, succumbing to a wave of exhaustion ... She regroups. Presses on. Two more files checked, then a third. She opens it - it's empty.

She checks the spine: 'PEDERSON PLANT', and beneath it, the initials, 'EH'.

It's one of Evan's.

FAITH's phone chirrups. She checks the screen:

*
*

'Police just came round. What's going on? You OK??? Steve'

She stares at it for a moment, the doubts TERRY sowed preying on her.

*
*

20 OMITTED

20 *

TERRY smiles, then back to a previous list of search results and scrolls down to one headed, 'HAULIER GUNNED DOWN IN TURF WAR.' He clicks.

Another newspaper report appears, this one illustrated with an unsmiling photograph of the late PADDY REARDON with his wife GAEL.

*
*

TERRY stares hard at REARDON'S face for a long moment. His gaze drops to the plastic bag containing a single bullet sitting next to his computer.

BETHAN makes a silent appearance in the doorway. She stands watching him.

BETHAN
What are you looking at?

TERRY, startled, slips the bullet under the laptop and looks round.

TERRY
I'm working.

BETHAN
At four in the morning?

TERRY
Go back to bed. I'll be up in a minute.

He goes to fetch a glass of water from the sink. She follows him with her eyes, sensing his dark mood.

BETHAN
You used to talk to me.

TERRY fills the glass.

TERRY
You used to listen.

BETHAN stares at him uncomprehendingly, then abruptly turns and marches back upstairs.

BETHAN (V.O.)
You can sleep on the sofa!

Thump! She slams the bedroom door shut.

TERRY stands defiantly in his underwear, sipping his water.

FAITH and STEVE walk along a clifftop footpath as the first pink rays of dawn appear above the horizon.

FAITH

He had an empty file in the office.
Pederson Plant, ring any bells?

STEVE

There was an old boy called Ifor
Pederson who dealt in plant. But he
died 8 years ago.

FAITH

This file was a new one.

It niggles her.

FAITH (CONT'D)

And who would he have been meeting
in a lap dancing club?

(beat)

I've lived with someone for ten
years I thought I knew better than
he knew himself ... Turns out I
knew nothing ...

(trembling with emotion)

I want to believe he's a good man.

*
*

They walk on in silence, FAITH'S mind racing.

FAITH (CONT'D)

It has to be the Glynns. If they
think he owes them eighty grand ...
He's running from them.

(sensing STEVE'S doubts)

He had a gun, Steve! He was being
hounded for money by someone who'd
got away with murder ... Why
couldn't he tell me?

*

STEVE

There's nothing harder than letting
down people you love.

This lands with FAITH. She stops to look out over the water.
STEVE stops alongside her. Follows her gaze out to the sun
rising over the horizon.

FAITH

I wish I could just stay here.

STEVE

I've got to work in a minute.

*

He glances at her. She wipes away a tear. She looks suddenly
fragile and very alone. He places a large arm around her
shoulder. She leans in against him, accepting his comfort.

STEVE (CONT'D)

None of this is your fault, Faith.

She looks up at him. Their eyes meet. And for a fleeting second a spark jumps between them.

They step back from each, both shocked by what almost happened.

FAITH

I need some sleep.

She strides off along the path.

END OF PART ONE

23 INT. SEAFRONT - MORNING (*DAY 6 - SUNDAY*) 23 *

ARTHUR sits on a bench, rolling a cigarette. Lost in thought, he barely notices a figure approaching and dropping something into nearby bin before disappearing again.

The sound of a phone ringing draws ARTHUR's attention. He realises it's coming from the bin.

He walks over, glancing up and down the seafront but there's no-one around. He hesitates a moment then reaches in to discover a small, A5 Jiffy bag.

He turns the package over in his hands. There's no name or address. Intrigued, he opens it. He reaches in and brings out a phone with several £20 notes rolled around it and secured with a rubber band. He unwraps them and touches the phone. The screen illuminates. A single text message appears: 'For Arthur Davies. Call this number 07700 900768.'

24 OMITTED 24

25 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING (*DAY 6 - SUNDAY*) 25

Showered and dressed, her hair still wet, FAITH comes into the kitchen with a phone pressed to her ear. She surveys the mess as her call connects.

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Your call is being transferred.

Two more rings. A click.

DR ALPAY (V.O.)

Hello.

FAITH

(into the phone)

Am I through to Dr Alpay?

DR ALPAY

Yes. How may I help you?

FAITH

I've got the most horrendous toothache. I don't suppose there's any chance of being seen today?

DR ALPAY (V.O.)

Weekend emergency is £100 plus normal fees.

FAITH

OK, I guess -

FAITH tugs open the drawer where she stowed the bullet. She sees that it's no longer there.

DR ALPAY (V.O.)

One-thirty. Name, please.

FAITH

Edwards ... Helen Edwards. Thank you.

DR ALPAY rings off. FAITH rifles deeper in the cutlery drawer.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Shit and bollocks.

26 INT. POLICE STATION. DI WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY (DAY 6 - 26 SUNDAY)

DI WILLIAMS, dressed in weekend casual clothes, is analyzing the contents of her whiteboard - the pictures of Evan, Faith, Steve - when there's a knock at the door.

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*
*

DI WILLIAMS

Come in.

PC JONES enters.

*

PC JONES

Forensics confirmed no usable prints. Whoever it was knew what they were doing.

DI WILLIAMS isn't really listening. She nods to STEVE'S mugshot.

*
*

DI WILLIAMS

What do you think a woman like Faith Howells sees in Baldini?

PC JONES

Danger ... ?

*

DI WILLIAMS ponders this.

DI WILLIAMS
She'll never cash in the life
insurance without a body.

They exchange a look, both indulging dark, suspicious thoughts.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
I want you to follow her. Best not
to mention it to Terry.

PC JONES nods and goes with renewed purpose. DI WILLIAMS turns back to the wig. She returns it carefully to the evidence bag.

27 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN/HALLWAY - MORNING (DAY 6 - 27 SUNDAY)

Wearing rubber gloves, shorts and vest and with her hair tied back, FAITH is bringing the kitchen back into order. Pop music is playing on the radio.

She sweeps the remains of RHODRI'S crushed fire engine into a dust pan and tips it into the bin.

The doorbell rings.

She checks her watch, turns off the radio, and goes cautiously out into the hallway.

She stops at the front door - it feels like Russian roulette - and opens it.

An unfamiliar man greets her with a warm smile.

PARRY
Mrs Howells?

FAITH
Yes -

PARRY
Huw Parry. Detective Chief
Inspector. Swansea CID. I'm a
friend of Tom's. I'd like to help.

*

28 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 28

FAITH peels off her rubber gloves and comes to the table where PARRY has already settled himself.

PARRY
He mentioned the trouble you're
having with the local DI.

*
*

FAITH observes him cautiously. PARRY smiles.

*

PARRY (CONT'D)

I'm here as a friend, Mrs Howells.
A friend of the family. Tom is
worrying that Evan might have done
something he shouldn't have -
financially ..

*
*
*
*
*

FAITH just about manages to hold her tongue.

*

PARRY (CONT'D)

He told me in strictest confidence
... We met at the yacht club. ...

*
*
*

FAITH

Wow ... You're not all Freemasons,
are you? ... God, was Evan one,
too?

*
*
*
*

PARRY smiles and shakes his head.

*

PARRY

I wouldn't want to see him in any
trouble - if you catch my drift?

*
*

FAITH

Not really.

*
*

PARRY

One of the virtues of a small
community like this, is that we
help each other. But if you'd
rather I didn't -

*

FAITH regards him challengingly.

*

FAITH

Go ahead.

*

PARRY

There was a phone call the morning
he went ... One of your daughters
told Tom.
(studying her reaction)
What do you know about that, Mrs
Howells?

*

FAITH

As much as you do.

He nods, though his expression remains doubtful.

PARRY

I can only help you if you help me.
I have to be careful not to tread
on Susan's toes, of course, but
I'll have my officers do what they
can. Evan was a special man and I
...

FAITH's phone rings. She grabs it urgently.

FAITH

Delyth? Any news? Ok, hang on...

PARRY places one of his business cards on the table and
signals that he will let himself out.

FAITH continues to speak to Delyth, her eyes on PARRY as he
exits.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Delyth, it's Sunday, I need to
spend time with the children... Why
can't Cerys do it?...
OK. Ok, Delyth... I know we're in
the shit... Fine. Send me the
address.

*
*
*
*
*

She slams the phone down. Then rather than raging she assumes
immediate calm and focus.

29

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. ROUGH TRACK - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY)

29

FAITH, smartened up for a client visit, sunglasses on, drives
along a farm track through fields. The warm breeze blows in
through open windows. In the near distance, the sea is a blue
stripe beneath the horizon.

FAITH speaks into the hands free.

FAITH

I just want them to come back to a
tidy house, that's all.

30

INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM/HALLWAY - DAY (DAY
6 - SUNDAY)

MARION stands in the doorway with a martyred air. TOM has
RHODRI on his lap. ALYS and MEGAN are glued to a noisy
cartoon on TV.

MARION
(into the phone)
Of course. Of course, they're fine.
(she moves along the
hallway out of earshot)
Faith, you won't say anything to
Tom about my 'mistake'

*
*

31 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. ROUGH TRACK - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 31

FAITH rounds a corner, a cottage moving into view.

FAITH
Maybe you should grow a pair and
tell him yourself? You'd feel
better for it, believe me.
(off MARION'S silence)
See you later.

She rings off and pulls up in a yard in front of an old stone cottage with a sagging roof. The small front garden is a riot of roses and hollyhocks.

32 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. HALLWAY/SITTING ROOM - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY)

Wide-eyed and indignant, MARION clutches the phone, hardly believing how FAITH just spoke to her.

As the shock passes, she turns back to the sitting room with rising dread.

ALYS looks up as MARION enters, registering her bruised and brooding demeanour as she replaces the phone and glances awkwardly at TOM.

MARION
I'm going upstairs for a bit.

TOM
Righto.

ALYS glances again at MARION as she retreats from the room.

33 EXT. COTTAGE - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 33

FAITH walks around the side of the cottage to a large vegetable garden at the edge of a field. JOHN DAVIES, a stooped, quietly stoical man in his 70s, is at work between the rows with a hoe.

In the field beyond, a huge tractor ploughs up and down.

FAITH
Mr Davies?

He stops work and comes over, stiff in the joints from a lifetime of farm work.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(extending a hand)

Faith Howells. Your daughter called my office. She said your landlord wants you out of the property at the end of the month.

DAVIES glances over at the tractor.

DAVIES

So he says.

FAITH

I'd like to look at the paperwork, if I may.

DAVIES

I don't want to be a bother -

FAITH

You're really not. Let's see what we can do.

He nods hesitantly, too polite to refuse her. He picks up a basket laden with produce and leads the way inside.

FAITH (CONT'D)

What a beautiful garden.

DAVIES

(smiles)

Keeps me off the streets,

34 INT. JOHN DAVIES' COTTAGE. KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 34

FAITH sits reading through a folder of papers at an old wooden table in a kitchen suspended in time: stone flags, low beams and a coke-fired range. A black and white wedding photograph sits prominently on a dresser amongst an impressive array of trophies and prize vases.

DAVIES transfers the produce from his basket into several ceramic bowls on the kitchen counter.

FAITH

This is a life tenancy. You're sitting pretty. These letters whatsisname has been sending -

He comes and sits down opposite her.

*

*

DAVIES

Watkins.

*

FAITH

They're just a try-on to see if he can get rid of you for a few quid.

DAVIES nods, but with no conviction.

FAITH

Look, this was the deal: they paid you a pittance for 40 years but guaranteed a roof over your head until you die. It's how tied cottages worked.

DAVIES

I don't, Mrs Howells, it's just ... If he wants rid of me so badly, there's no peace to be had here any more. He's got his eye on the place for a holiday let.

*

*

DAVIES looks down at the table. They both know the answer.

FAITH

The man's a bully and stupid with it. Leave him to me. I'll talk to his solicitor first thing.

*

He smiles, encouraged.

DAVIES

What about the letters?

FAITH

Harassment's a crime. He can lay off or see me in court.

FAITH gathers up the papers.

DAVIES

Let me send you home with something.

FAITH That's very kind.

*

DAVIES

It's good for you. Much better than the shop bought stuff.

He pushes stiffly up from the table.

FAITH drives away from the cottage with a cardboard box on the passenger seat laden with freshly dug vegetables and cut flowers.

A tractor comes to a gateway ahead of her. The driver, ALUN WATKINS, waits for her to pass. He frowns down at her from the cab as she drives by. She gives him a friendly wave.

36 OMITTED 36

37 EXT. BEACH - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 37

FAITH wanders over the deserted beach eating strawberries.

She kicks off her shoes and carries on down to the water's edge.

She stands looking out at the sea, the waves lapping her toes, deep in thought.

38 EXT. BEACH. ONE MONTH BEFORE - DAY. (MAY 2017) 38

FLASHBACK TO

FAITH stretched out on a sun lounger. She looks up from her book and sees EVAN in the water, holding RHODRI aloft and jumping into the breaking waves with MEGAN and ALYS.

Their laughter carries up the beach.

EVAN turns and waves at her. Smiling, FAITH waves back, her face etched with love.

39 OMITTED 39

40 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. LANDING - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY)

ALYS comes quietly up the stairs carrying a cup of tea. She stops outside MARION'S bedroom door, which stands slightly ajar.

ALYS knocks on the door. There's no reply. She knocks again. * Silence.

She nudges open the door to see MARION lying under the duvet feigning sleep. She goes in and quietly sets the cup down on the beside table next to a smiling photograph of a young and fresh-faced EVAN.

ALYS glances again at MARION - her eyes remain tightly shut - and quietly leaves the room.

41 EXT. DENTAL SURGERY. SEAFRONT - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 41

FAITH'S car pulls up outside DR ALPAY'S surgery.

She climbs out and makes her way to the front door.

42 INT. DENTAL SURGERY. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 42

FAITH waits, enthralled by the tropical fish in their elaborately kitsch tank.

A voice issues from the partially open door to the treatment room.

DR ALPAY (V.O.)
Come through, Mrs Edwards.

43 INT. DENTAL SURGERY. TREATMENT ROOM - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 43

FAITH enters.

Buttoning her white coat, DR ALPAY motions her to the chair.

DR ALPAY
Sit down, please.

FAITH does as she's told - unsure how to play this. DR ALPAY picks up a probe and mirror from a trolley at the side of the chair.

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)
First time here?

FAITH
Yes -

DR ALPAY
OK, Mrs Edwards, tell me where it hurts.

FAITH
(losing courage)
Er, bottom left ... At the back.

DR ALPAY peers into her mouth, her face inches from FAITH'S.

DR ALPAY
When was your last check up?

FAITH
Umm ...

DR ALPAY
A long time. Mmm. Ah, yes. I see a cavity.

She probes into the tooth. FAITH winces in pain.

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

(reaching for a
hypodermic)

I'll numb that for you, now.

Giving FAITH no choice, DR ALPAY gently eases the needle into her gum.

She slowly presses the plunger into the syringe.

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)

OK?

FAITH nods. DR ALPAY bears down. Her eyes drill into FAITH'S from only inches away.

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)

I know why you're here, Mrs
Howells. You want to know where
Evan is.

FAITH'S eyes widen to saucers.

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)

I can help you. But the price is
twenty thousand. Cash.

She withdraws the needle.

FAITH swallows.

FAITH

You know where he is?

DR ALPAY

Maybe.

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)
(reaching for the drill)
Your husband was involved with some
bad people.

*

FAITH

(her mouth numbing)

Tell me something I don't know.
What did he call himself?

*

DR ALPAY, thinks ... Then smiles.

DR ALPAY

Oh, you mean 'Alec'. 'Alec Fenton'.

I heard him answer his phone.

(off FAITH'S surprise)

You can trust me, Faith. I want to help.

FAITH

Is he alive or dead? *

DR ALPAY

Nice and wide, please.

She presses her fingers into FAITH'S mouth and reaches for the drill.

END OF PART TWO

44

OMITTED

44

45

INT. POLICE STATION. DI WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY (DAY 6 - 45 SUNDAY)

DI WILLIAMS thoughtfully puts down the phone and turns to the image on her computer monitor of Faith leaving Alpay's surgery.

A knock at the door. TERRY enters as WILLIAMS hastily closes the window on her monitor. TERRY catches a glimpse of the image of FAITH as it vanishes, but makes no comment.

TERRY

Ma'am, I think you should look at these.

(handing DI WILLIAMS the pages)

Evan's criminal cases over the last year. These aren't pleasant people he's been dealing with.

DI WILLIAMS gestures to the sealed evidence bags sitting on the table.

DI WILLIAMS

What do you see there, Constable?

TERRY looks at the items: the gun, bullets, the wig ... a holster.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Evidence ... Not enough to prove a crime has been committed, but all pointing in one direction.

(MORE)

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
 And it keeps coming ...
 (beat)
 It's Sunday. Go home to your wife.

*

TERRY meets her gaze with something approaching defiance.
 DI WILLIAMS stares straight back at him, daring him to overstep the mark ... Beaten, he turns and goes.

DI WILLIAMS scribbles DR ALPAY'S name on a post-it note, and sticks it on the crime board in the column beneath FAITH'S photograph.

46 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 46

Unknown POV of FAITH drawing up at the side of the road. Up ahead, several WORKMEN are loading tools into the back of a van.

STEVE crosses the road and joins FAITH on the far side as she climbs out of her car, a hand pressed to her numb jaw.

*

FAITH and STEVE conduct what looks like a tense and intimate discussion.

47 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM - DAY (DAY 6 - 47 SUNDAY)

MEGAN and ALYS are watching TV on the sofa. RHODRI is surrounded by toys on the floor.

TOM and FAITH enter from the hallway. FAITH is carrying the box of produce from JOHN DAVIES.

TOM
 (to FAITH)
 Good timing. We're just about to have tea.

FAITH
 Hi guys.

ALYS
 Hi, Mam.

FAITH
 (to TOM)
 Picked fresh this morning.

FAITH (CONT'D)
 Who's got a hug for me, then?

FAITH hugs MEGAN and ALYS, then RHODRI.

FAITH (CONT'D)
 (to RHODRI)
 Kiss for mummy? ...
 (MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)
Be like that, then.
(to MEGAN and ALYS)
Is there room there for me?

TOM
Could we have a quick word?

FAITH
Sure.
(to the KIDS)
Won't be a mo'.

She follows TOM out into the hallway.

48 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY)

MARION looks up from setting the table as TOM and FAITH enter. They exchange a tense glance as TOM closes the door behind him.

FAITH
(sensing the atmosphere
between them)
Your best china. Are you sure you
want to risk it? *

TOM
(awkwardly)
Marion and I have been discussing
the firm's finances ... We'd like
to help.

FAITH glances at MARION, trying to fathom her agenda. MARION avoids her gaze.

FAITH
That's very kind, but ... No.

TOM
Hear me out. Please. I presume the
overdraft is secured against the
office. If we pay it off, we can
take the office as security until
Howells can pay it back.
(he glances at MARION)
That way we're all safe.

FAITH
I appreciate the thought ... I'm
due to talk to the bank. I'm sure
we'll sort something out.

TOM
Why take on more debt? It's
humiliating.

FAITH

And what if I can't pay you back?
Are you really going to bankrupt
me? We still have to have Sunday
lunch together.

TOM

You can't let the firm go under,
Faith - I gave it every working day
of my life.

FAITH

I think you may be getting angry
with the wrong person.

TOM

I'm offering you a lifeline.

TOM stiffens. That hurt. *

MARION

(touching TOM'S arm)
We have to respect her decision.

FAITH

I know what it means to you, Tom.
I'll do my best. But I'd appreciate
you leaving me to it. And I'm not
sure I need Chief Inspector Parry's
help, either.

He sighs, furious at not getting his way.

TOM

Faith, I'm really not sure it's
safe to take the children back to
your house.

FAITH

It's their home. And they've got
school in the morning.

MARION glances from FAITH to TOM.

TOM

(curtly)

As you wish. I'm only trying to
help.

He exits. MARION goes back to her table laying. FAITH stands
awkwardly watching her for a moment.

FAITH

I think we'd better go now.

MARION

Bye, then.

FAITH gives her a look and exits.

49 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KIDS' BEDROOM - EVENING (DAY 6 - SUNDAY)

FAITH brushes ALYS'S hair at the dressing table. MEGAN is sitting on the top bunk reading a book; RHODRI is asleep in his cot.

MEGAN

You'll remember to lock all the doors, Mam?

FAITH

Of course I will. And I've told you to stop worrying, Megan. We're all perfectly safe.

ALYS and MEGAN exchange a glance.

MEGAN

Grampa doesn't think so.

FAITH

Old people get anxious. Don't take any notice.

(to ALYS)

There we go. How's that?

ALYS hops off the stool, something playing on her mind. FAITH meanwhile takes the girls' school uniform out of a laundry basket and makes two piles on top of a chest of drawers.

ALYS

... Mam, why do you think granny was asking us so many questions today?

FAITH

What kind of questions?

ALYS hesitates, embarrassed.

MEGAN

She asked if you and Dad have been shouting at each other?

FAITH

Well, we haven't, have we?

A beat.

MEGAN

Why aren't you wearing your wedding ring?

FAITH

I'm afraid the burglars took it.

ALYS

Are you getting divorced?

FAITH

No! Your Dad and I love each other
all the way around the world and
back again.

She takes two pairs of socks out from a drawer, places them
with the uniform.

FAITH (CONT'D)

And we both love all of you.

(chivying ALYS)

Come on, into bed now.

ALYS climbs in.

She kisses each of them in turn.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Sleep tight. I'll leave the door
open. Call if you need me.

50

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. EVAN'S STUDY - EVENING (DAY 6 - SUNDAY)

FAITH enters Evan's study.

The floor is littered with papers, the drawers hanging out
of the desk.

She launches into action, scooping up papers from the floor
and tidying them back into the drawers. In amongst them she
spots a small pocket diary. She flicks through it, finds
nothing out of the ordinary until she reaches the back
cover. A mobile phone number (07700 900768) has been
written in it. Intrigued, she dials it from the landline on
Evan's desk. *

She waits as it rings three times.

VOICE (V.O.)

Hello? ... Evan? Are you there?

A beat.

FAITH

(coolly, into the phone)

This is his wife. Who are you?

How do you know my husband?

The line goes dead. FAITH presses redial. Her call connects
immediately.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
 The number you are calling is
 unavailable.

She rings off, brings up her camera and photographs the number.

51 EXT. ESTUARY - DAWN (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 51

A stunning sunrise across the water.

52 INT. FAITH'S BEDROOM - DAWN (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 52

Sitting at her dressing table in bra and pants, FAITH stares at her reflection in the mirror, daring herself to be strong.

Her mobile alarm rings. She switches it off.

53 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 53

FAITH, dressed sharply for the office, loads two packed lunches into school bags while dialling a number on her phone.

FAITH
 (into the phone)
 Dr Alpay? Faith Howells ... Screw
 you. That's right. Good bye.

She grabs a cloth, wipes RHODRI'S face and lifts him out of his high chair.

FAITH (CONT'D)
 OK, everybody, let's get you to
 school!

54 OMITTED 54

55 OMITTED 55

56 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 56

With a document case tucked under her arm, FAITH walks purposefully across the street and arrives outside the bank. She goes confidently inside.

57 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 57

OWENS, the Business Relationship Manager, rises from his chair as FAITH enters.

OWENS
(solemnly)
Mrs Howells. Good morning.

FAITH
(brightly)
Good morning.

She shakes his hand firmly and takes a seat. Thrown by her upbeat mood, he lowers himself into his chair and glances awkwardly at the figures on his computer screen.

FAITH (CONT'D)
I know. I apologise. Several clients have been late settling accounts and in my absence things haven't been running as efficiently as they should have.

OWENS
(uncertainly)
I see -

FAITH
But I'm back. With a plan to get us on our feet.

She reaches into her briefcase and fetches out a document. She hands it across to him.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Remortgaging our family home will clear the firm's overdraft. All we need in the meantime is a small extension to cover this month's outgoings.

OWENS studies the document.

FAITH (CONT'D)
As the bank also holds our mortgage, it should be a very straightforward transaction.

He shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

OWENS
Your mortgage is in joint names, of course. So your husband would have to sign ... Is he still -?

FAITH
There was no problem extending the firm's overdraft with only his signature. I can't see why you wouldn't reduce it with just mine.

OWENS

(puzzled)

You both signed for the overdraft,
Mrs Howells. I have it here.

He reaches into the file and hands a document across the desk to her.

There, next to Evan's signature, is hers.

OWENS (CONT'D)

That is your signature?

She nods and hands the document back, barely containing her rage.

FAITH

There must be some way of doing this without him -

OWENS looks down at the desk, readying himself to deliver bad news.

OWENS

I'm afraid this matter's been taken out of my hands. You'll receive a letter tomorrow requesting repayment within seven days.

A beat.

FAITH

Thank you. You've been most kind.

She gets up from her chair and goes.

END OF PART THREE

58

EXT. HOUSE FOR SALE - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY)

58

A FOR SALE sign stands outside a smart detached house.

BETHAN waits impatiently on the doorstep clutching sales brochures. She checks her watch for the umpteenth time, then glances at her phone. No messages.

Resigning herself to a no-show, she goes dejectedly inside.

59

INT. HOUSE FOR SALE. HALLWAY/KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY)

BETHAN moves through the house flicking off lights.

She passes through the kitchen and heads across to switch off the lamps over the counter. As she turns, her gaze is drawn to the double doors of a huge, American-style fridge.

She gravitates towards it and opens the door. It lights up with a soft, inviting glow illuminating an assortment of expensive food and several open bottles of wine.

She plucks a piece of stilton from a platter, then a grape. She opens a tub of olives and takes several.

The wine beckons ...

She hesitates ... then reaches for the Sauvignon and glugs straight from the bottle. She wipes her mouth on her sleeve and places it back on the shelf.

She closes the door and runs her eyes over the glimmering kitchen units. She gently pushes against a drawer. It glides open as if by magic.

Next to a pile of folded linen napkins is a set of silver napkin rings. She brings one out, turns it over in her fingers, and slips it into her handbag.

60 OMITTED

60 *

61 INT. POLICE STATION. DI WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY (DAY 7 - 61 MONDAY)

TERRY closes the door behind him and goes to DI WILLIAMS' computer. With trembling fingers, he clicks his way through to the master folder of photographs and scrolls through them.

He opens a file. The screen fills with thumbnails of PC JONES'S surveillance photographs. He enlarges one: FAITH appearing to paddle in the sea. He clicks through to the next: FAITH in close conversation with a shirtless STEVE.

His fears confirmed, he closes the folder and looks across at the evidence bags containing the holster, the bullets and the gun.

62 INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY)

62

FAITH bursts through the door. CERYS is on her way out, carrying a briefcase. Behind her desk, DELYTH has RHODRI on her knee.

FAITH
(to CERYS)
I need a word. Conference room.

CERYS, ready to object.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Now.
(to DELYTH)
(MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)

Fix me an appointment with Lloyd & Lloyd to discuss John Davies. Tell them it's urgent.

She marches across to the conference room. CERYS reluctantly about-turns.

63 INT. HOWELLS. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 63

CERYS follows FAITH through the door. FAITH turns to face her. Smiles.

FAITH

How's Natalya?

CERYS

Fine. Will this take long? I'm meant to be in court.

FAITH

You asked me Saturday night what I'm going to do ... The bank has given me a week to save the firm. I'll do everything in my power, but I can't do it alone. If you don't see your future here, Cerys, I need you to tell me now so we can cut our losses and focus on finding Evan.

She waits for CERYS'S response.

The silence stretches ... until FAITH takes it as an answer.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I guess it makes things easier -

CERYS

I'll do it.

FAITH'S eyes light up.

CERYS (CONT'D)

But on one condition - you're as honest with me as I'll be with you.

She holds FAITH in a direct gaze.

CERYS (CONT'D)

I like to gamble. I've had boyfriends and girlfriends and the only time I ever put out to Evan - I was drunk, by the way - he behaved like a perfect gentleman. I don't take drugs, I don't steal, but if justice requires me to bend the rules to win, I will ...

(MORE)

CERYS (CONT'D)

I've got to go. You can save your confession till later.

CERYS exits. FAITH, impressed, cracks into a smile and follows her out.

64 INT. LLOYD & LLOYD. MALCOLM LLOYD'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 7 - 64 MONDAY)

FAITH enters an office decorated with hunting prints and silver sconces. It could be the private study of a landed aristocrat.

MALCOLM LLOYD (50s), a smooth, patrician, tweed-jacketed type, steps out from behind an antique desk.

LLOYD

Faith. I'm so sorry about Evan. Is there any -?

FAITH

(accepting his handshake)
Not yet.

LLOYD

I was against him in court just a fortnight ago.

(with a patronising smile)
Always one for the underdog. Like you.

He motions her to a seat.

FAITH

(straight to business)
Your client, Alun Watkins.

LLOYD

Good man. The family's been with us for three generations.

FAITH

John Davies is staying put. His decision is final.

LLOYD

Twelve thousand pounds isn't to be sneezed at.

FAITH

It means nothing to him.

LLOYD

(hardening)

There is the matter of the adjoining land. It doesn't form part of the demise.

FAITH

45 years uninterrupted use. I don't
rate your chances at court.

LLOYD

Court? Honestly? How would he
afford that?

FAITH

He has understanding lawyers.

LLOYD

Sentimental ones.

FAITH

Ones that care about justice. Ones
that won't see an innocent man
hounded out of his home.

He gives her a patronising smile. She stares straight back at
him.

LLOYD

Fifty thousand. Final offer.

FAITH

Your client doesn't want that
cottage, he wants his own way. He
can't have it. And no more letters
or I'll summons him for harassment.

LLOYD sits back in his chair with a supercilious smile.

LLOYD

You've lost none of your passion,
Mrs Howells.

FAITH, a look that warns him not to push her.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

All offers withdrawn.

FAITH

Thank you. I'm grateful.

She exits, quietly triumphant. LLOYD shakes his head and
reaches for the phone.

65

INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY)

65

FAITH enters with 2 take away coffees and a bag of cakes,
which she gives to DELYTH, who sits at her desk, RHODRI on
her knee.

*
*
*

FAITH

(to DELYTH)

All sorted.

(MORE)

*

FAITH (CONT'D)

Now I don't know if you are a
Chelsea Bun or an iced doughnut
kind of girl, but....

(MORE)

*
*
*

FAITH (CONT'D)
(reaching for RHODRI)
Maybe you and I can have a look at
the accounts before I pick the
girls up?

DELYTH
Of course.
(with a glance towards the
conference room)
There's someone here to see you.

FAITH looks across to the conference room but the blinds are drawn. *

FAITH glances back at DELYTH who gives a hint of a shrug. *

GAEL REARDON (CONT'D)
Hello, little man. Aren't you a
cutie?

FAITH motions her to follow her to the conference room.

GAEL REARDON (CONT'D)
I don't suppose you could bring
that?

She nods to a small, pull-along suitcase.
FAITH takes the handle and trundles it behind her.

66 INT. HOWELLS. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 66

FAITH enters, followed by GAEL. They sit on seats at the corner of the table, GAEL continuing to cwtch RHODRI.

FAITH
So, you're a client of my
husband's -?

GAEL REARDON
Not exactly -

FAITH
Right ... Sorry, I didn't catch
your name.

GAEL REARDON
I'm Gael. Gael Reardon.
(she smiles, disarmingly)
Yes, I'm Paddy's widow. But I
appreciated Evan was just doing his
job. He's a good man.

*

FAITH, confused and unnerved, looks at her bouncing RHODRI.

FAITH
What can I do for you?

GAEL REARDON
Evan and I had a deal. I'm here to
complete my side of the bargain.

FAITH
Deal? What kind of deal?

GAEL REARDON
He ordered something from me.

She nods to the case standing on its end between them.

GAEL REARDON (CONT'D)
Please, go ahead. Check it.

A beat. FAITH lifts the case onto the table and unzips it. She pulls back the flap to reveal a number of film-wrapped packages of white powder.

FAITH stares at it, as the penny starts to drop.

GAEL REARDON (CONT'D)
Three kilograms of best Columbian.

FAITH turns to look at her. GAEL responds with the same charming, innocuous smile.

GAEL REARDON (CONT'D)
Is something wrong?

FAITH
Give me back my child.

GAEL meets her gaze and hardens.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Give him back to me, now.

GAEL holds onto him for a moment longer, making her point.

GAEL REARDON
(handing RHODRI back)
He's the spit of his dad, isn't he?

FAITH
(getting to her feet,
clutching RHODRI)
I don't know what you think you're
doing here, but you're leaving.
Right now.

GAEL calmly reaches into her pocket and brings out an envelope. She places it on the desk.

GAEL REARDON
My invoice. One hundred and
twenty thousand. Bank transfer is
fine.

FAITH
Do you seriously expect me not to
call the police?

GAEL REARDON
You could, Mrs Howells, but
consider the consequences. I
married into a big and powerful
family, with a very long reach. If
you were to take me on, you'd have
to be a protected witness. You and
your children would be moved to
another town, with new identities.
(MORE)

GAEL REARDON (CONT'D)
Cut off from the people you love.
Always looking over your shoulder.

FAITH
Don't you dare threaten me.

GAEL smiles.

GAEL REARDON
I'll make you a gesture of
goodwill.
(tapping his case)
And mind this for you while you
arrange payment.
(getting to her feet)
Nice to meet you at last. I do hope
Evan hasn't come to any harm. Have
you heard from him?

FAITH makes no reply.

GAEL zips the case and exits, pulling it behind her.

FAITH stares at the closed door, clutching RHODRI close -
she's ready to crumble, but fights it with every ounce of her
will.

67 OMITTED

67

68 OMITTED

68

69 INT./EXT. TERRY'S CAR / STEVE'S CARAVAN - EVENING (DAY 7 69 *
MONDAY)

TERRY, wearing a baseball cap, keeps watch over a mobile
home. *

STEVE emerges dressed in smart clothes. He sets off on foot. *

TERRY watches him go. *

70 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 70

FAITH is neurotically cleaning the surfaces. She has restored
the room to perfect order. *

Focussed on her task, she's oblivious to the squealing,
crashes and bangs from upstairs.

The doorbell rings. She straightens, on full alert. Grabs a
paring knife from the rack and goes to the front door.

71 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - EVENING (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 71
FAITH yanks open the door.

LISA
Special delivery!

She sees the knife in FAITH'S hand. They exchange a look.

LISA (CONT'D)
(nods, sensing her edgy
mood)
I come in peace. With Prosecco.

She steps inside.

72 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 72

LISA sits at the table topping up her glass. She watches FAITH polishing around several photographs of EVAN she has put up in new frames on the dresser. The mini riot upstairs is still in full swing.

LISA
It's looking pretty good for a
crime scene.

FAITH sprays more Pledge. Attacks it with a cloth.

LISA (CONT'D)
You haven't touched your fizz.

FAITH
In a minute.

LISA nods, sensing something serious beneath the hyper-activity.

LISA
Who do the police think it was?

FAITH
They don't know.

LISA
What did they take?

FAITH
Who?

LISA
The burglars - who do you think?

FAITH
(evasive)
Not much.

LISA

So it wasn't a burglary? They were looking for something ... Or just trying to scare you.

FAITH ups the elbow-grease, polishing maniacally.

LISA (CONT'D)

Faith? ... I'm trying to get you to share, sweetie ... Hmm?

FAITH stops work and looks at her reflection in the gleaming surface. There's nothing left to polish. She slowly turns and meets LISA'S gaze. LISA gives her a warm and sympathetic smile that cuts through her defences.

LISA (CONT'D)

Come here.

She opens her arms. FAITH holds back, afraid of the flood gates opening. LISA gets up from her chair and wraps her arms around her and RHODRI.

LISA (CONT'D)

There you go. That's better.

FAITH'S tense muscles slacken. She rests her head on LISA'S shoulder and clings to her.

LISA (CONT'D)

Are you going to tell me what's going on?

The doorbell rings.

FAITH

(closing her eyes in pain)
Oh God. What now? I've got to put the kids to bed.

LISA

You go see to the kids. I'll get that.

*
*

She hands FAITH her glass and exits to the hall.

73

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - EVENING (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 73

LISA opens the door to STEVE. He's dressed in a smart shirt and pressed trousers.

STEVE

(caught off guard)

Hi.

LISA

Can I help you?

STEVE
(sensing LISA'S suspicion)
I'm a friend of Faith's. Well,
client, mostly ... Steve. Is she
about?

LISA looks at him dubiously, but can't help being intrigued.

STEVE (CONT'D)
She's busy. Never mind.

He starts to turn.

LISA
Hang on.

She leaves him on the step and turns back inside.

74 INT./EXT. TERRY'S CAR / STREET OUTSIDE FAITH'S - EVENING 74
(DAY 7 - MONDAY)

TERRY, sitting in a stationary car outside Eira Jones's house, watches STEVE stepping through Faith's front door.

It closes after him.

TERRY sits back in his seat, his worst fears confirmed. *

75 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 75

LISA and STEVE eye each other from opposite sides of the table.

FAITH is upstairs dealing with the KIDS.

FAITH (V.O.)
Pyjamas everybody! Come on, it's
past your bedtime.

STEVE takes a sip of orange juice, feeling awkward under LISA'S scrutiny.

LISA
Local?

STEVE
No. Just got stuck here. *

LISA
Kids?

STEVE
One. Little girl ... Faith got me
access. She's a life saver. *

LISA
So that's how you know her?

STEVE
I knew Evan first, mind ... He got
me off a conspiracy to rob.

LISA nods, not sure whether she's impressed or scared.

FAITH'S phone rings on the counter. LISA reaches for it and checks the screen: UNKNOWN CALLER. She answers.

LISA
(into the phone)
Hello. Faith's phone ... No, she's
busy at the moment.

She pulls a face as she takes in an evidently strange message.

LISA (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
OK. I'll pass it on.

She rings off and turns her attention back to STEVE. He glances at the phone as she places it on the table.

A beat.

LISA (CONT'D)
Look, I'm sure you're a lovely guy,
Steve, but Faith really doesn't
need another bloke prowling around
right now.

STEVE
I'm just helping her - to look into
things.

LISA
Your pants?

STEVE, smiles, embarrassed.

LISA (CONT'D)
New shirt. New Chinos. Come on -
you can't tell me your Calvins
aren't fresh out of the box?

She nails him with a look. He's cornered.

STEVE
You're a good friend.
(getting up from his
chair)
Tell her I'm around if she needs
me.

He goes.

76 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - EVENING (DAY 7 - MONDAY)

76

STEVE comes out of the front door and along the path typing a text on his phone. He pauses at the gate and presses 'Send'.

77 INT./EXT. TERRY'S CAR / FAITH'S STREET - EVENING (DAY 7 - 77 MONDAY)

TERRY watches STEVE walk away from the house.

*

78 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY/KITCHEN - EVENING (DAY 7 - 78 MONDAY)

FAITH makes her way quietly downstairs, listening out for conversation in the kitchen. All is quiet.

She comes to the kitchen door and finds LISA alone at the table sipping wine and flicking through messages on her phone.

FAITH

Where's Steve?

LISA

(pouring FAITH a glass of wine)

Took the hint and went. He definitely wants to shag you, though.

FAITH

Lisa! For God's sake! He's a nice guy.

LISA

(handing her the glass)

Nice guys have willies, too.

FAITH slumps onto a stool, the strain of holding it all in overwhelming her.

LISA (CONT'D)

So are you going to tell me?

FAITH'S mask slowly melts as all the squashed-down emotion rises to the surface.

FAITH

It's way worse than I thought ...

She sniffs, struggling to hold tears at bay.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Evan's been ... Shit! ... Shit,
shit, shit!

Tears stream down FAITH'S cheeks.

Her phone chirrups. A text pings up. She picks it up, but can't focus.

LISA
(taking the phone from her)
Here - it's from Steve. 'Alpay works for the Glynns. She might be telling the truth. S. Serious face.' Who's Alpay?

FAITH
A dentist. With fish.

LISA
OK -

FAITH stares into space, trying to compute.

LISA (CONT'D)
Some woman called about a tractor by the way.

FAITH
What?

LISA
Something about a garden being ripped up. Her dad ...?

FAITH
Oh, no. No! No!

She grabs her phone and leaps up from her chair.

LISA
Faith?

FAITH
(dashing to the door)
You'll have to mind the kids for a bit. I've got to go.

She disappears into the hallway and crashes out of the front door.

79 INT. TERRY AND BETHAN'S HOUSE. KITCHEN/DINER - NIGHT (DAY 79 - * MONDAY)

We hear the front door close. Footsteps in the hall. TERRY enters. He switches on the lights.

TERRY

Bethan?

The house is strangely still and silent.

His eyes travel slowly around the room and settle on the pedal bin. The lid is partially open. He lifts it and finds an empty wine bottle stuffed neck-first into the full sack of rubbish.

He pulls it out and places it carefully into the recycling crate.

80 INT. TERRY AND BETHAN'S HOUSE. LANDING/BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY *
7 - MONDAY)

TERRY comes up the stairs and finds the bedroom door ajar. The light inside is on. He goes in.

BETHAN is lying fully clothed, face-down on the bed. Dead to the world and gently snoring.

TERRY looks at her for a moment, reaches out to touch her, but something stops him from making contact.

His gaze falls on her handbag lying at the side of the bed. A rectangular packet of pills protrudes slightly from the open zip. He stoops for a closer look. Prozac. Then something else catches his eye. He reaches into the bag and brings out two shiny, silver napkin rings.

FADE

81 INT./EXT. EVAN'S CAR / REARDON'S HAULAGE DEPOT. SIX MONTHS 81
BEFORE - DAY (DECEMBER 2016)

FADE UP ON

FLASHBACK TO

EVAN drives into the yard and parks up behind the office next to a sleek Range Rover.

82 INT. GAEIL REARDON'S OFFICE. SIX MONTHS BEFORE - DAY 82
(DECEMBER 2016)

EVAN enters GAEIL'S well-appointed office. A large framed photograph of PADDY REARDON posing by one of his fleet of trucks dominates the room.

GAEIL, dressed in a skirt and silk blouse, remains seated and composed behind her desk, looking him up and down.

EVAN
(nervously)
Good of you to see me, Mrs Reardon.

GAELE REARDON
Have a seat.

She gestures him to one of two easy chairs positioned at the side of the office. She comes around the desk and joins him.

She sits and positions herself very deliberately, crossing her shapely legs. EVAN can't help but glance at them.

She waits for him to speak.

EVAN
I, er ... I'm sure you're aware of the letter sent by your late husband's brother to my clients, the Glynns.

GAELE REARDON
I thought it was very fair, didn't you? Seeing as that girl shot him down in cold blood.

EVAN
With respect, that's not what the jury decided.

GAELE REARDON
I was watching you very carefully, Mr Howells. You didn't believe that alibi witness any more than I did.

EVAN shifts uneasily under her penetrating gaze.

EVAN
The fact is my clients would like to come to satisfactory terms. Which means allowing their business to prosper alongside yours.

GAELE REARDON
Which business would that be?
Exactly?

A beat. EVAN meets her gaze. Her still, level eyes are captivating.

EVAN
Two hundred thousand, is a more realistic figure.

GAELE REARDON
Four hundred.

EVAN
Two hundred and fifty is their limit.

GAELE REARDON
And if I refuse?

EVAN
I would advise you not to.

She smiles, impressed with him.

GAELE REARDON
I like you. I think you're a clever and resourceful man ... who's wasted on those people.
Four hundred.

EVAN
I'll talk to them.

GAELE REARDON
When this is settled, maybe you and I should talk?

They exchange a look. EVAN'S eyes drift from her face to her legs and back again.

GAELE REARDON (CONT'D)
Good.
(rising from her seat)
I'll look forward to that very much.

EVAN stands. She shakes his hand, delicately wrapping her fingers around his.

GAELE REARDON (CONT'D)
Good bye, Evan.

EVAN
Good bye.

He turns to the door, his heart pounding in his chest.

83 OMITTED

83

84 INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL. ASSEMBLY HALL. SIX MONTHS BEFORE - 84
EVENING (DECEMBER 2016)

A very pregnant and sensibly dressed FAITH sits in the audience, an empty seat beside her. ALYS is singing a solo accompanied by piano. Her voice is beautiful, pure and innocent as she performs Silent Night.

*

EVAN enters, sheepishly, trying to be inconspicuous as he squeezes past other parent to sit next to FAITH.

FAITH
(whispers)
What happened to you?

EVAN
Snagged up with a client. Sorry.

FAITH reaches for EVAN'S hand and nestles close to him.

EVAN, expressionless, gazes out with unfocussed eyes, churning with guilt.

FADE

85 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 85

FADE UP ON

BACK TO THE PRESENT

FAITH drives at speed along a narrow, winding lane.

She turns through a gateway and onto an unmade track.

86 EXT. JOHN DAVIES' COTTAGE - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 86

FAITH skids to a halt in the yard. The windows of the cottage are lit up. She jumps out of the car and runs to the front door. She raps the knocker.

No reply.

She calls through the letter box.

FAITH
John? It's Faith Howells.

Silence.

She runs back along the path and around to the side of the house.

She arrives at where the garden used to be. The moonlight scatters across a freshly ploughed field.

She spots something in the deep furrows. She hurries forwards, stumbling over the clods of earth and arrives at the prone figure of JOHN DAVIES.

Lying next to him is an upended wicker basket containing a few runner beans and potatoes he has retrieved from the carnage.

FAITH (CONT'D)

John?

She stoops to touch his face. He's cold. And very definitely dead.

She sinks to her knees and clasps his hand.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, John ... I thought I'd won for you ... I never thought ...

A small, desperate sound escapes her lips.

She rights the basket, puts the salvaged beans and potatoes back into it and brings out her phone. Still clutching his hand, she dials 999 and stares out into the empty night.

87 EXT. FAITH'S ROAD - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY)

87

A black BMW approaches out of the darkness and pulls up outside Eira Jones's house.

*

Its occupants remain invisible behind the glare of the headlights. A door opens, then closes. The car moves off leaving a figure standing on the pavement. ARTHUR.

He's washed, shaved, dressed in new clothes and carrying a holdall. He goes through the gate to Eira's Bed and Breakfast.

A 'Vacancies' sign hangs in the front window. He arrives at the front door, glances nervously over his shoulder at Faith's house and rings the bell.

87A INT./EXT. STEVE'S CARAVAN. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 7 - 87A MONDAY) *

*
*

STEVE is asleep on the sofa with the TV on mute when the sound of a car horn stirs him.

*
*

He sits up and tugs back the curtain.

*

Outside his pick-up is parked-up. He glances up and down - the place is quiet and empty.

*
*

87B EXT. STEVE'S CARAVAN - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 87B *

*

STEVE comes out of the caravan and takes a look around. The coast is clear. He steps warily towards the pick-up.

*
*

THUD!

*

A pick-axe handle thumps between STEVE'S shoulders pitching him to the ground.

*
*

He lies insensible for a moment, then rolls onto his side to *
see ERIN GLYNN, flanked by her two cousins - LLEW and DAFYDD - *
looking down at him. *

STEVE blinks, his eyes refusing to focus. *

LLEW steps on his wrist, pinning it to the ground. STEVE *
grimaces in pain. *

ERIN *
Your girlfriend still owes us 80k, *
Steve. *

STEVE *
She hasn't got it. *

LLEW presses harder. STEVE groans. ERIN crouches down next to *
him. *

ERIN *
If she wants her kids to have a *
mother, she'd better try harder. *

STEVE nods. ERIN nods to LLEW to step away. He drops a set of *
car keys into STEVE'S hand. *

ERIN (CONT'D) *
We could still be good, Steve. I *
don't like to see you like this. *

She stands and walks off with her cousins leaving STEVE lying *
prone on the ground. *

*
END OF EPISODE