

KEEPING FAITH



by

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EPISODE SIX

*White Shooting Script
24.07.17*

PRE-TITLE CATCH-UP SEQUENCE:

1) *TERRY challenges FAITH outside her house:*

TERRY

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

2) *TERRY opens a drawer in Faith's kitchen and finds a single bullet in a plastic bag. At the sound of footsteps he quickly stuffs it into his pocket*

3) *FAITH accepts STEVE'S comfort on the coast path at dawn.*

STEVE

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.

She strides off along the path.

4) *FAITH in DR ALPAY'S dental chair:*

FAITH

Is he alive or dead? Just tell me that.

DR ALPAY

Nice and wide, please.

5) *GAEL REARDON confronts FAITH in her office:*

FAITH

Deal? What kind of deal?

GAEL REARDON

He ordered something from me.

FAITH opens the case to reveal a number of film-wrapped packages of white powder.

6) *Night. A scrubbed-up ARTHUR arrives outside Eira Jones' B&B. He glances nervously across at Faith's house and rings the bell.*

7) *FAITH breaks down in front of LISA:*

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 her cheeks.

8) FAITH, kneeling in the ploughed field next to the dead body of JOHN DAVIES.

TITLES

1 EXT. CROWN COURT BUILDING. SIX MONTHS BEFORE - DAY. 1
(DECEMBER 2016)

EVAN, carrying a briefcase and holdall (containing court robes), exits the building with STEVE, who is dressed in a suit and tie. Both are smiling broadly.

EVAN

Feel good?

STEVE stops and savours the cool, fresh air on his face.

He offers his hand. EVAN sets down his bags and shakes it.

STEVE

Thanks Evan. It's all change from now on, you'll see.

A beat.

EVAN reaches into his pocket and brings out a wad of £20 notes.

EVAN

(pushing the money into STEVE'S hand)

Here, get yourself...

STEVE

No, no, no.

EVAN

... set up. And promise me you'll steer clear of the Glynns.

STEVE

Evan, man -

EVAN

(fixing him with a look)

Promise me. They're bad news.

A beat. STEVE nods.

STEVE

OK. But one day you'll get this back. With interest.

He pockets the money and grabs EVAN'S hand again and pumps it.

EVAN
Keep in touch.

STEVE
I will. I won't let you down.

STEVE grins, brimming with gratitude. He heads off, two feet off the ground.

EVAN watches him go, his smile slowly giving way to an underlying unease. He picks up his bags and moves off in the other direction.

2 OMITTED

2

3 INT. YACHT CLUB BAR. SIX MONTHS BEFORE - LATE AFTERNOON (DECEMBER 2016)

3 *

TOM and EVAN are seated at the bar with drinks. EVAN stares into his glass. TOM waits for him to speak. The silence stretches.

TOM
(gently prompting)
Business alright?

EVAN
Not bad. Busy.

A beat.

TOM
You said you were having a problem...?

EVAN
More of an issue than a problem - with a client. A criminal client ... An ethical issue, I guess.

TOM
Not really my thing, crime. How can I help?

EVAN
I'm looking for a bit of advice... off the record. Do you think your friend, Huw Parry, might help?

TOM
Sure. I'll put you in touch.

EVAN
Thanks, Dad.
(brightening)
I won a jury trial today.
(MORE)

*
*
*

EVAN (CONT'D)
Conspiracy to rob. Pulled it right
out of the hat.

TOM
Well done you.

He raises his glass and clinks with EVAN. They drink.

TOM (CONT'D)
Shall we get a cab?

EVAN smiles.

TOM (CONT'D)
(to the BARMAN)
Two more large ones.

FADE

4 (MOVED TO 5/87A) OMITTED 4 *

5 (MOVED TO 5/87B) OMITTED 5 *

6 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 6

FAITH climbs out of her car and makes her way wearily back to the front door. The knees of her jeans are coated in mud.

7 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY / SITTING ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY)

FAITH comes through the door and takes off her muddy shoes. *

TOM stands up from the sofa where he is seated next to MARION.

TOM
Faith.

He glances at her muddy knees.

FAITH
I was at John Davies'. He died.

TOM
I'm sorry ... There's been a
development... *

A beat. He hates to see FAITH battered any more.
FAITH looks to MARION.

MARION

They found Evan's car at Port Afan docks.

LISA steps alongside FAITH and hugs her. FAITH'S face remains an exhausted blank.

8 INT. TOM AND MARION'S CAR - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 8

FAITH stares out of the window from the back seat of the moving car. She's pale and ghost-like; a lost soul. In the near distance, the spectacular red lights of the steel works through smoke and mist: a glimpse of hell.

In the front, TOM and MARION stare silently ahead. Too afraid to speak or even acknowledge each other.

9 OMITTED 9

10 EXT. DOCKSIDE WASTELAND. PORT AFAN DOCKS - NIGHT (DAY 7 - 10 MONDAY)

TOM'S car pulls up on the road a short distance from the illuminated Ford.

DI WILLIAMS approaches with TERRY as FAITH, TOM and MARION climb out.

TERRY

Faith.

FAITH

Are we sure it's his?

DI WILLIAMS

Yes, Mrs Howells. We've verified the chassis number.

MARION puts her hand to her mouth, eyes welling. TOM wraps an arm around MARION'S shoulder as she sobs. He steers her away, offering comforting words. *

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

(to FAITH)

There's no sign of any personal effects, but the car has been vandalised ... Have you any idea why he would have driven here, a known suicide spot?

FAITH is incredulous of her insensitivity. *

TERRY

(to DI WILLIAMS)

Can we have a moment?

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

She nods, leaving them to it.

Another set of headlights approaches and draws closer. DI WILLIAMS goes to meet the new arrival.

FAITH walks slowly around the abandoned car. She spots the notebook.

TERRY (CONT'D)

There's no note, as far as we can see.

FAITH is very still for a moment, then turns and walks several yards into the darkness, away from the puddle of light. TERRY follows after her.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Faith, I saw Steve Baldini call at your house earlier this evening.

FAITH

Have you been tailing him? *

TERRY glances over his shoulder. Lowers his voice.

TERRY

I found a bullet at your house - after the burglary.

FAITH turns sharply away from him.

TERRY (CONT'D)

What was it doing there?

FAITH

It was posted through my letterbox the night before. With a note saying, 'Keep quiet'.

TERRY

Why didn't you tell me?

FAITH'S look - 'Have a wild guess!'

TERRY (CONT'D)

I'll have to tell Williams.

FAITH turns to face him.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You're not helping yourself, Faith.

FAITH glances over at DI WILLIAMS, who is talking to another woman, evidently a detective, who has stepped out of the newly arrived car. She's DS MORGAN.

*

FAITH

Who's that?

TERRY

DS Morgan. Swansea CID.

FAITH

Whatever's happened to him, Terry,
I swear, it has nothing whatever to
do with me ... I'm trying to find
out who he was.

DI WILLIAMS comes away from DS MORGAN.

DI WILLIAMS

Price, I want you to start
organising a search. Mrs Howells,
I'd like you to come with us.
I've a few things to clear up
with you.

She motions her towards a police car. PC JONES is climbing
into the driver's seat.

FAITH

Am I under arrest, DI Williams?

DI WILLIAMS

Not yet, Mrs Howells.

FAITH

Thought not.

*

*

FAITH glances at TERRY. He looks guiltily back at her, then
goes on his way. Too exhausted to protest, FAITH climbs
into the back of the police car. She glances over at DS
MORGAN and briefly meets her eye as DI WILLIAMS closes the
door after her.

11

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY)

11

Exhausted, FAITH leans her head against the rear window as
the police car moves off into the night.

12

EXT. DOCKSIDE WASTELAND. PORT AFAN DOCKS - NIGHT (DAY 7 - 12
MONDAY)

TOM steps away from MARION and approaches TERRY.

TOM

What's going on?

TERRY

Just a few questions. Routine.

TOM
Why the bloody hell has it taken
so long to find this?

TERRY looks uncomfortably at the floor. After a moment, TOM pulls himself together.

TOM (CONT'D)
I suppose we should expect the
worst.

TOM draws in a breath, squares up.

*

TOM (CONT'D)
You'll let me know.

TERRY nods.

TOM turns, and leads a pale and silent MARION back across the wasteland to the road.

13 INT. TOM AND MARION'S CAR - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 13 *

TOM and MARION get into the car.

*

MARION places her hand on top of TOM'S. For a moment, TOM'S lip trembles, but he pulls himself back together.

*

He starts the engine and drives away.

14 EXT. PORT AFAN POLICE STATION - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 14

A grim, impersonal, rectangular building.

Headlights approach and the squad car pulls up. PC JONES gets out and opens the back car door for FAITH.

FAITH
Thank you.

15 INT. PORT AFAN POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 57 - MONDAY)

A stark, grey interview room lit by harsh fluorescent light.

DI WILLIAMS closes the slatted blind and turns to face FAITH, who is seated at a table opposite PC JONES. Large dark circles have formed under her eyes.

DI WILLIAMS takes her time settling into a chair.

DI WILLIAMS
48 hours ago we attended your house
following a burglary.
(MORE)

*

*

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

A holster we found in your garden
is a good fit for a gun we found in
Gelli Woods last week. Who might be
the owner? You? Mr Baldini?

*
*
*
*

FAITH gives a hint of a shrug.

*

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

But you threw it out of the window
just in case?

*

FAITH looks at her, too drained to react.

*

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Your friend Mr Baldini has a
history with firearms doesn't he?
He was on trial for conspiracy to
commit armed robbery.

*

FAITH

And found not guilty.

*

WILLIAMS changes tack.

*

DI WILLIAMS

We found a wig too. Care to share
how long your husband has been
wearing one?

*

FAITH

Since he bought it, I presume.

*

DI WILLIAMS

I hadn't noticed he was losing his
hair...

*

FAITH

What has this got to do with
anything?

*

DI WILLIAMS

Or perhaps it was part of a
disguise - for keeping an eye on a
straying wife?

*

FAITH

(suddenly exasperated)

Oh, for God's sake!

DI WILLIAMS sits back in her chair and calmly evaluates
FAITH'S hunched, diminished figure.

DI WILLIAMS

You travelled twenty miles to visit
a dentist last Sunday.

She smiles at FAITH'S surprise.

FAITH

I had toothache.

DI WILLIAMS

Dr Meral Alpay. The alibi witness
in Erin Glynn's murder trial.

FAITH

Ever tried seeing a dentist on the
weekend?

DI WILLIAMS

And on the way back you visited Mr
Baldini - dragged him off a
building site. What couldn't wait? *

FAITH laughs. *

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D) *

Give me one good reason not to
arrest you on suspicion of
murder.

FAITH pauses. Registering the stakes.

FAITH

Isn't it customary to have a body
first?

FAITH meets WILLIAMS' steely gaze. *

16 INT. PORT AFAN POLICE STATION. CUSTODY SUITE - NIGHT (DAY 16 - MONDAY)

DI WILLIAMS and PC JONES march FAITH along a short basement corridor towards a vacant cell.

FAITH

Everything points to suicide. You
need reasonable suspicion otherwise
this amounts to false imprisonment.

Impervious, DI WILLIAMS keeps going.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I've got three children at home.
They need me. What's your evidence?

DI WILLIAMS shoves FAITH into the cell and yanks the door shut.

17 INT. PORT AFAN POLICE STATION. CELL - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY)

FAITH beats the bolted door desperately with her fists.

FAITH

This detention is malicious! Open
the bloody door!

*
*

No one is listening. At the far end of a corridor a heavy
gate clangs shut.

END OF PART ONE

18 OMITTED

18

19 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY)

19

DI WILLIAMS, accompanied by PC JONES, knocks loudly on
FAITH's front door. LISA answers, dressed in tracksuit
bottoms and a hoody plundered from Faith's wardrobe.

LISA

Where's Faith? What's happened?

DI WILLIAMS

Mrs Howells is fine. And you
are -?

LISA

Lisa Connors. Her friend.

DI WILLIAMS

A word, please.

DI WILLIAMS steps inside, not waiting to be asked.

20 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 20

LISA follows DI WILLIAMS and PC JONES into the kitchen. DI
WILLIAMS registers an empty wine bottle on the counter and
another half empty next to it.

DI WILLIAMS

Have a seat.

LISA sits uncertainly on a chair. DI WILLIAMS remains
standing.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Close friends, are you?

LISA

(nods)

Where is she?

DI WILLIAMS
Helping us with our inquiries.
Tell me what was going on between
Faith and her husband before he
went missing.

21 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LANDING - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 21

ALYS is kneeling at the bannister, listening to the voices travelling up from the kitchen.

LISA (V.O.)
(flustered)
Nothing ... I mean, every
couple goes through the odd
barren patch -

DI WILLIAMS (V.O.)
Having problems, were they?

LISA (V.O.)
No ... Well, Evan was seeing a
counsellor for stress ... Faith
didn't even know.

22 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 22

DI WILLIAMS
Did Mrs Howells ever mention owning
a gun?

LISA
Seriously? No! *

PC JONES
Did you know Mr Howells owned a
wig?

LISA looks at her, caught out.

LISA
(vaguely)
Maybe ... I can't remember.

DI WILLIAMS and PC JONES exchange a look.

DI WILLIAMS
Tell me about Mrs Howells'
relationship with Steve Baldini.

LISA
There isn't one ... He might fancy
her a bit, but there's no way she's
interested.

DI WILLIAMS
But she and Evan often slept in
separate rooms?

LISA
Listen - Faith would have crawled
across hot coals for that man!
Evan was the one who going to strip
clubs -

A beat. Shit.

*

*

DI WILLIAMS
(ice cool)
Tell me about that.

LISA
Faith had no idea! Well, not till
after he'd gone.

DI WILLIAMS
Evan was visiting strip clubs,
was he?

LISA
Just the one ... that we know of.
In Swansea.

ALYS (V.O.)
Where's Mammy?

All three women turn to see ALYS standing in the doorway in
her pyjamas. No one dares answer her.

DI WILLIAMS
We'll be in touch, Ms Connors.

She turns to go, motioning PC JONES to come with her. They
head out to the hall, passing ALYS.

ALYS
(to LISA)
Where's Mam?

LISA
She'll be back later, sweetie.
She's just helping the police.

ALYS crosses to the fridge and helps herself to some juice.
The silence is killing LISA.

LISA (CONT'D)
What did you hear just then?

ALYS
Nothing.

LISA smiles. ALYS smiles back and goes back upstairs.

23 INT. EIRA JONES' HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 23

ARTHUR peers around the curtain of the first floor window in the guest house across the road. He sees DI WILLIAMS and PC JONES getting into their car.

Wracked with guilt, he steps back, fetches out his phone and dials a number. He waits until the call is answered. *

ARTHUR
Williams is here... *

24 INT. HOWELLS. ARCHIVE ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 24

TOM brings a large, thick envelope filled with papers out from a heavy safe. It's labelled, 'Pedersen'. He straightens, wrestling with a maelstrom of emotions.

He carries the envelope across to the shredding machine and switches it on. He brings out a handful of papers, goes to feed them in but stops himself. He reaches for his phone and dials a pre-stored number. It rings three times.

TOM
(into the phone)
Terry, it's Tom.
(hesitates)
Any news?

TERRY (V.O.)
Not yet ... I don't think we should hold our breath though.

TOM
I understand. Good night.

He rings off. He contemplates the envelope again, impotent rage and fury building up inside him. He stuffs the papers back into the envelope, marches back across the room, throws it into the safe, and slams the door hard shut.

He stands, breathing hard, his face red with anger.

25 EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 25

STEVE, dressed in jeans and a vest top, peers around the corner of a building across the street.

DI WILLIAMS and PC JONES are watching as an UNIFORMED PC lugs an enforcing ram in through the front door of the building. He looks across at his pick-up, then decides against attempting to reach it.

The sound of ram slamming into his front door reverberates across the street. He fades back into the shadows.

26 INT. STEVE'S CARAVAN. BEDROOM / HALLWAY - NIGHT (DAY 7 - 26 * MONDAY)

DI WILLIAMS flicks on the lights revealing an unmade bed and several framed photographs of Steve's daughter on the table next to it. She touches the mattress beneath the duvet - it's warm.

PC JONES (V.O.)
Not in here, ma'am.

DI WILLIAMS pulls back the curtain and finds the window open. She turns with a dark expression.

PC JONES (V.O.)
Come and look at this.

DI WILLIAMS steps out into the hallway. PC JONES is standing in the open doorway of a boiler cupboard holding an open cardboard box containing a number of shotgun cartridges.

27 OMITTED 27 *

28 INT. TERRY AND BETHAN'S HOUSE. LANDING / BEDROOM - DAWN (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

TERRY quietly climbs the stairs while unbuttoning his shirt. He comes to the bedroom door and gently pushes it open. He goes inside. BETHAN, curled up on her side, looks up at him as he enters. Her clothes lie in a heap at the foot of the bed.

He silently slips off his shirt and unbuckles his belt.

BETHAN gathers the duvet tight under her chin.

BETHAN
He's not dead. I know he's not.

TERRY steps out of his trousers, then climbs in next to her. They lie in silence for a long moment.

He turns his head to look at her, their faces inches apart.

TERRY
Beth', why didn't you tell me you were taking pills?

BETHAN
... Have you been going through my things?

TERRY
No -

BETHAN

You must have been. You've got no right.

She sits up, gathering the covers defensively around herself.

TERRY

What were you doing with two napkin rings?

She looks at him with a strange, bewildered expression.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Is it the pills? Have they been making you do strange things, love? Maybe you should lay off them for a while?

BETHAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

TERRY

They were in your bag -

BETHAN

Shut up, Terry!

She swings out of bed and stomps to the bedroom door.

TERRY

Love -

BETHAN

I'm not a child!

She slams out of the room and thumps down the stairs. TERRY sinks helplessly back into the pillow.

29

EXT. FAITH'S STREET - EARLY MORNING (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

29

STEVE draws up in his pick-up outside FAITH's house. He climbs out, unshaven and dressed in rough work clothes. He glances up and down the street and heads towards FAITH's front door.

Across the street, ARTHUR peers down from his window.

30

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

30

STEVE hovers anxiously on the doorstep. The door opens. LISA looks out at him, carrying RHODRI on her hip. His face is smeared with food.

LISA

Oh, it's you. What do you want?

STEVE
Is Faith in? She's not answering
her phone.

LISA
No.
(she checks behind her)
She's been arrested. And from what
I can work out, it's mostly your
fault.

STEVE
I've just tried to help her.

LISA
That worked well. Leave her alone!

She closes the door on him. STEVE slopes back to his pick-up.

31 OMITTED

31

32 INT. PORT AFAN POLICE STATION. CELL - MORNING (DAY 8 - 32
TUESDAY)

FAITH lies asleep on the thin mattress shelf. The door opens. PC JONES enters carrying a rough grey towel.

PC JONES
Mrs Howells!

FAITH blinks awake, disorientated.

PC JONES (CONT'D)
(shoving the towel at her)
Up you get.

FAITH groggily sits upright and staggers to her feet. Her face is crumpled, her hair in tangled knots. Everything aches.

FAITH
Have you found him?

PC JONES
No. Let's go.

She motions FAITH out of the cell. FAITH shuffles grimly into the corridor.

33

INT. PORT AFAN POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING (DAY
8 - TUESDAY)

No make-up. A mess. FAITH looks contemptuously at DI WILLIAMS who is seated across the table from her. PC JONES sits primly at her boss's side.

DI WILLIAMS

Strip clubs. Things getting a bit stale, were they?

FAITH remains cool, refusing to rise.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

These hobbies don't come free. You're a sharp woman, Mrs Howells, you must have kept an eye on the family finances.

FAITH

Yes, I should have, shouldn't I? But I didn't ...

DI WILLIAMS leans forward. Stares into FAITH'S bloodshot eyes.

DI WILLIAMS

What's Baldini to you - revenge? ... I know what you are to him - cashing out with you beats robbing post offices.

FAITH

Find me five minutes in the day when I could conduct an affair and I'd be very grateful.

DI WILLIAMS

(hardening further)

Like most lawyers, Mrs Howells, you only like the facts that suit you.

FAITH

(gently, calmly)

You've never forgiven me, have you?

They lock eyes. FAITH refuses to back down, then continues with dignity.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I'd like my phone call now, please.

DI WILLIAMS

In a minute.

DI WILLIAMS starts up from her chair and exits the room.

PC JONES hesitates, confused, then goes after DI WILLIAMS.

34 INT. PORT AFAN POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR - DAY (DAY 8 - 34
TUESDAY)

DI WILLIAMS barks into her phone.

DI WILLIAMS

Price? Why haven't I got the
forensics on Evan Howells' car?
... Well chase them! What's wrong
with you?

*

She punches off the phone as PC JONES comes through the interview room door.

PC JONES

Ma'am? She is entitled -

DI WILLIAMS

She'll have it when I say she
can.

She points PC JONES back to the interview room. JONES resentfully obeys and goes back in. DI WILLIAMS broods angrily then grabs her phone and dials another number.

35 OMITTED 35

36 EXT. FAITH'S STREET - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 36

LISA attempts to wrestle a protesting RHODRI into the car seat as MEGAN and ALYS make a clumsy attempt to load his buggy into the boot.

LISA

Sit still, Rhodri. Just for a
second! Please!

MEGAN

He wants Mammy.

ARTHUR jogs up, all smiles.

ARTHUR

Hey. How's it going? Need a hand?

LISA

(uncertainly)

Hi -

ALYS

(brightly)

You look different, Arthur.

ARTHUR
(ruffles her hair)
Scrub up nice, don't I?

He waves at RHODRI.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Hi, Rhodri. Cheer up now. Good lad.

RHODRI smiles and stops grizzling.

ALYS
Mam's been arrested.

LISA
Well -

ARTHUR
Tell you what - who'd like me to come on the school run? We can have a little sing-song.

MEGAN smiles.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(to LISA)
Might cheer them up.

LISA
OK -

ARTHUR
Come on, then, gang! All aboard the Skylark!

He chivvies the GIRLS into the back seat.

37

INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

37

CERYS bursts through the door carrying her briefcase and a handful of mail, startling DELYTH.

CERYS
Where's Faith?

DELYTH
She was arrested. I've not heard a word from her -

An electrical whirring sound emanates from the archive room. CERYS registers it - along with DELYTH'S troubled expression.

CERYS
So who's that?

She heads across reception.

DELYTH

He asked not to be dist -

CERYS goes straight through the door.

38 INT. HOWELLS. ARCHIVE ROOM - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 38

TOM wheels round in surprise as CERYS enters. He's mid-way through feeding documents into a shredder.

TOM

Cerys. Just some old correspondence.

CERYS nods, but something feels off. She steps forward for a closer look. TOM slides the papers still waiting to be shredded back into their brown envelope.

TOM (CONT'D)

Pederson. One of my old clients.
Long dead.

CERYS

May I see?

TOM stands his ground.

TOM

No. Confidential family matters.
I promised him.

A beat.

CERYS' phone rings. She brings it out of her pocket.

CERYS

(into the phone)
Where are you? ... Of course.
I'll be right there.

She rings off.

CERYS (CONT'D)

(to TOM)
I'm going to Port Afan.
We'll discuss this later.

She turns and exits, surprising DELYTH, who has been eavesdropping outside. CERYS steps past her and goes.

DELYTH looks in through the open door at TOM as he shreds the last of the documents. She ventures inside.

Silently seething, TOM grabs a bin bag and empties the contents of the shredder bucket into it.

DELYTH

What's the matter, Tom?

He ties the bag, then looks at her, but words don't come. He steps over to the window and gazes out.

DELYTH waits. Finally ...

TOM

All I have left is the small amount of respect I've earned in this town. Maybe it shouldn't matter, but it does.

DELYTH

You'll always have my respect, Tom.

TOM

Thank you. I'd like you to leave me alone now, please, Delyth.

She nods, and reluctantly exits, leaving him staring out over the jumble of rooftops.

39 INT. PORT AFAN POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR / INTERVIEW ROOM - 39
DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

CERYS barrels along the corridor and lets herself into an interview room.

FAITH looks up in relief. PC JONES is keeping guard from a seat in the corner.

CERYS

(to PC JONES)

I need to speak to my client.
Alone.

PC JONES gets hesitantly to her feet.

CERYS (CONT'D)

Now! Out!

CERYS shoos her out of the door and closes it after her.

CERYS (CONT'D)

(taking a seat next to her)

Right. What have they got?

FAITH crumples. Her eyes well.

FAITH

Sorry ... I'm so worried about the children.

CERYS

Hey. It's all right. It's going to be fine. I spoke to Lisa - the girls are at school and Rhodri's fine.

She squeezes FAITH'S hand.

CERYS (CONT'D)

Just bits and pieces of circumstantial and a lot of wishful thinking, right?

FAITH nods, holding back tears.

CERYS (CONT'D)

Then there's no case. We say nothing.

FAITH

That bitch won't be happy till I'm doing 20 years.

CERYS

Faith - look at me!

FAITH looks up with tear-filled eyes.

CERYS (CONT'D)

Perspective! This is a try-on. Keep it zipped and we'll walk.

FAITH, a look, wanting to believe her.

The door opens. DI WILLIAMS enters carrying a folder followed by PC JONES.

DI WILLIAMS

Good morning, Ms Jones. Are you ready for us?

CERYS

Fire away.

DI WILLIAMS sits. PC JONES pulls a chair up alongside her.

From out of the folder, DI WILLIAMS produces a photograph of FAITH at the beach paddling in the water.

DI WILLIAMS

The morning after the burglary at your home.

CERYS shoots FAITH a look.

FAITH

No comment.

DI WILLIAMS

You don't look like a woman with toothache. Half an hour later you were here -

She produces a second photograph: FAITH leaving DR ALPAY'S surgery.

FAITH

No comment.

DI WILLIAMS

And then you drove straight here.

She produces a third photograph: FAITH talking with a shirtless STEVE opposite a building site. CERYS'S eyes flit anxiously to FAITH'S.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Stephen Baldini. Twenty-eight previous convictions including possession of an unlicensed shotgun, theft, burglary and supplying a controlled substance to a minor.

FAITH swallows. CERYS wills her to hold firm.

FAITH

No comment.

DI WILLIAMS studies her thoughtfully, a hint of a smile playing at the corners of her mouth.

CERYS

She's saying nothing. You can charge her or release her.

DI WILLIAMS glances at her watch.

DI WILLIAMS

No hurry. You can go back to your cell for a while, Mrs Howells.

CERYS

What for?

DI WILLIAMS gives CERYS a look.

DI WILLIAMS

I have sixteen hours left in which to make up my mind.

CERYS

If you lock her up, I'm going in with her.

FAITH breaks into a huge, unexpected smile.

DI WILLIAMS
(pushing up from her
chair)
Be my guest.

40 EXT. WASTELAND NEAR PORT AFAN DOCKS - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

Viewed in gloomy daylight, this is a soulless stretch of scrub - strewn with litter and pocked with fly-tipped heaps of spoil - leading down to a gunmetal-grey sea.

TOM'S car is parked on the roadway running through. In the distance, down by the water, we see his solitary figure.

TOM approaches the edge of the concrete quay and looks out over the still, sludge-coloured water. Some distance offshore, a Coastguard dingy ploughs up and down.

He stiffens his spine and resigns himself to the truth: this is where it ended. His only son is dead.

41 OMITTED

41 *

42 INT. PORT AFAN POLICE STATION. CELL - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

FAITH and CERYS are locked in the same cramped cell. CERYS paces the tiny floor space.

CERYS
I found Tom shredding documents
this morning.

FAITH looks up from her seat on the cot shelf.

CERYS (CONT'D)
He claimed it was old papers from
a case called 'Pederson'.

FAITH
Pederson? That was one of Evan's.
I found an empty file with that
name on it ... What kind of
papers?

CERYS
He wouldn't let me see.

FAITH struggles to get her head around it.

CERYS (CONT'D)
You and this guy, Steve - that
photo...

*

FAITH

We were just about to shag
behind the cement mixer.

CERYS, a look - is she serious?

FAITH (CONT'D)

I was asking him about Alpay!
All right, he's done some bad
things -

CERYS

Guns. Drugs.

FAITH

OK. But he's trying to turn his
life around. And he's kind.

(off CERYS'S dubious
expression)

He found out Alpay's still working
for the Glynns.

CERYS

As what?

FAITH

That's all he said.

FAITH sighs, her mind racing.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(deeply troubled)

Tom ... he's the straightest man I
know.

Footsteps sound in the corridor and stop outside the door. A key turns in the lock. DI WILLIAMS stands framed in the doorway. She greets them with a disconcerting smile.

DI WILLIAMS

Good news. We're releasing you on
bail, Mrs Howells. You're free to
go. For now.

*
*
*

CERYS

(straight on the attack)

Because you've got no evidence.
You'll be lucky if we don't sue.

She steps out of the cell, motioning FAITH to follow.

DI WILLIAMS bars FAITH'S way.

DI WILLIAMS

I'm watching you.

FAITH meets her gaze - the loathing is mutual. She pushes past her and hurries after CERYS.

END OF PART TWO

43 INT./EXT. PORT AFAN / CERYS'S CAR - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 43

FAITH talks urgently on the phone to LISA as CERYS drives away from the police station.

FAITH

(into the phone)

Oh, and Alys's history project -
did she remember to take it in this
morning? ... OK. Never mind. My
battery's nearly dead. See you.

She rings off and slumps back in the seat.

FAITH (CONT'D)

The kids know I was arrested ...
I've been telling them he'll come
home.

They drive in silence. CERYS glances across at FAITH, nursing something she's been wanting to say. She plucks up the courage.

CERYS

Faith - Evan's responsible for
all of this, OK? Much as I like
the guy, we've both got to accept
that he's gone.

FAITH doesn't answer.

CERYS (CONT'D)

It's over. Time to move on.

FAITH closes her eyes.

44 EXT. YACHT CLUB - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

44 *

From a distance we see PARRY sitting at a table on the terrace, speaking on his phone.

*
*

A harassed TOM arrives at the table and sits, waiting for PARRY to finish his call.

*
*

PARRY reads the tension on his friend's face.

*

PARRY

How's she standing up to the
pressure?

*
*
*

TOM looks at him like a haunted man.

*

PARRY (CONT'D)

I heard about her association with
Steve Baldini. What do you make of
it?

*
*
*
*

TOM steels himself, it's a subject he's been avoiding.

*
*
*
*

TOM

Tell me about him.

45 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 45 *

FAITH heads towards her front door, waving to CERYS as she drives away.

She brings out her keys, breathes a sigh of relief and lets herself in.

46 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 46

FAITH steps inside.

FAITH

Hi.

The house is strangely silent.

LISA steps out of the kitchen clutching an official-looking piece of paper. All colour has drained from her face.

LISA

I tried to call -

She hands FAITH the document.

LISA (CONT'D)

They came just after we spoke. Two of them. Women. With a policeman.

FAITH stares at the document headed, 'Emergency Protection Order'.

LISA (CONT'D)

He was OK. They were nice with him. They'd already been to the school to get the girls... What will you do?

*
*
*

FAITH looks up, her face a mask of stone.

47 INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL. CORRIDOR - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 47

FAITH moves along the empty corridor with the glazed look of a lobotomy patient.

She pauses by a row of labelled pegs outside a classroom. Each has a coat and bag hanging from it - except one. The label above it reads: 'ALYS'.

Further along the corridor a door opens. The HEADMISTRESS steps out, hands clasped anxiously across her waist.

48 INT. HEADMISTRESS'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 48

FAITH speaks mechanically into the phone on the desk (set to speakerphone) on the HEADMISTRESS'S desk. The HEADMISTRESS listens, attentive and concerned.

FAITH

I don't know what lies you and
the Protection Team have been
told, Mrs Foster, but my husband
has been missing for nearly a
week and I am all my children
have. They need to see me.

*

*

*

CAROL FOSTER (V.O.)

I'll be calling at your home
later to explain the situation.
Megan, in particular, has been in
a very anxious state. I'll also
need to collect some clothes and
belongings.

FAITH

This should never have happened.
I'll be going back to court
immediately.

CAROL FOSTER (V.O.)

Would five o'clock suit? Good.
I'll see you then, Mrs Howells.

She rings off. FAITH looks up slowly and aims her accusing gaze at the HEADMISTRESS.

FAITH

What did you tell them?

HEADMISTRESS

They just asked how the girls had
been.

(encouragingly)

Let's hope it's all a
misunderstanding.

FAITH stares at her, then gets up from her chair and leaves without another word.

49 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

49

FAITH heads, zombie-like, towards the school gate, through a playground filled with playing, shrieking, carefree CHILDREN.

50 INT. WINE BAR - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

50

The room is alive with the buzz of lively lunchtime chatter.

MARION weaves through the standing CUSTOMERS and finds BETHAN seated alone in a corner booth nursing a large, but nearly empty glass of white wine. She sits opposite her, restless and agitated.

MARION

Those poor children. I've had Social Services on the phone three times asking questions.

BETHAN

They have to.

MARION

I gave them Tom's number but he's not answering. I don't where he is.

BETHAN

He's upset.

MARION

That's what worries me ... What if he's -

BETHAN

He wouldn't.

MARION

He's convinced himself Evan went in the sea.

BETHAN

Like Alec Fenton.

MARION falls silent. Unmoved, BETHAN takes a mouthful of wine.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

He probably wants some time alone. To think ...

MARION, a look. She senses a warning in BETHAN'S tone.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Why don't you offer to have the kids? It'd take your mind off things.

MARION
With my health? Quite impossible.
I thought you might.

BETHAN, a look.

She throws back the last of her drink and wipes her mouth clumsily with the back of her hand.

MARION (CONT'D)
How much have you had?

BETHAN pulls a face - '*Mind your own business!*'

BETHAN
I've got a client to meet.

She gets unsteadily to her feet.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
What can you do? ... Just have to
let it go.

She swings her handbag over her shoulder and heads for the exit.

Another CUSTOMER nods to MARION. She smiles awkwardly and looks away, consumed with shame.

51 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY / KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 51

FAITH closes the front door behind her and enters the silent, empty house. One of Megan's red Wellington boots lies on the floor. She stoops to pick it up and places it neatly next to the other.

She straightens, swallows the lump in her throat and presses on to the kitchen. It's been left in a hurry - cereal bowls, packets of juice and half eaten toast on the table. She starts to tidy, but it's too painful.

She retreats from the room and goes upstairs.

52 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 52

FAITH lingers in the shower, resting her head against the side of the steaming cabinet, letting the water beat down on her back.

53 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KIDS' BEDROOM - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 53

FAITH enters wearing a dressing gown and with a towel wrapped turban-style around her hair.

She stands and looks at the empty cot and the girls' bunk beds with soft toys arranged around their pillows.

She moves towards the bottom bunk and spots a note on the pillow. She picks it up. It reads: '*I believe you, Mam. Love Alys xx*'

Clutching the note, FAITH lies down on Alys' bed, feeling as if her heart might break.

54

EXT. FAITH'S GARDEN - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

54

Still in her dressing gown, her damp hair now hanging free, FAITH steps out through the French doors with a mug of tea. Birds are singing riotously.

She drifts onto the grass, feeling its coolness beneath her bare feet.

A COUGH shocks her like a jolt from a cattle prod. She spills tea over her bare feet. ARTHUR steps out from the summer house.

ARTHUR

Sorry.

FAITH

Jesus!

ARTHUR

Just keeping an eye on the place.
The gate was open ... I heard you'd
had a run-in with the law, see -

FAITH

(rubbing her scalded feet
together)

For God's sake!

ARTHUR

Gave Lisa a hand with the drop-off
this morning. Bit out of her depth
... You don't look well.

FAITH, a look.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(holds up his hands)

I'm here to help. Your wish is my
command.

FAITH stares at him - not sure if she's going to punch him or cry. She fights her rising emotions, but loses. Once again, her eyes flood with tears.

FAITH

They've taken the kids away.

ARTHUR
(reeling)
No ... Come here.

He wraps his arms around her and holds her tight. FAITH breaks down and weeps.

55 EXT. TERRACED HOUSE - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 55

BETHAN waits on the doorstep of a property with a '2 BED FLAT FOR SALE' planted outside it. She yawns - the wine catching up with her. A taxi pulls up.

A well-dressed, handsome, but somewhat louche looking man in his 30s climbs out - RICHARD TAYLOR. His smart clothes and smooth manner immediately single him out as not from around these parts.

BETHAN quickly collects herself.

TAYLOR
Hello again.

BETHAN
It is you.
(confused)
Weren't you looking for a family house last time - twins on the way?

TAYLOR
Slight change of plan.

BETHAN
Oh. OK.

She smiles awkwardly and turns to unlock the door.

56 INT. FLAT - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 56

BETHAN leads TAYLOR through into a spacious, modern kitchen/diner.

BETHAN
There we go. That's -

She's brought up short as she notices that one wall is dominated by a huge Tom of Finland print portraying two semi-naked, grappling muscle men.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
That's new.

TAYLOR
Whatever floats your boat.

BETHAN

The owner's such a quiet little man.

TAYLOR smiles.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

We'd better not look in the basement.

TAYLOR

There's a basement?

BETHAN

No ...

(she laughs)

Maybe there is?

TAYLOR glances approvingly around the room, liking what he sees - in as much as he seems to care about anything.

TAYLOR

It'd do.

(nods at the picture)

Is the owner open to offers?

BETHAN

What are you thinking?

TAYLOR

I'll have to crunch the numbers.
All a bit up in the air at the moment.

He strolls to the window and looks out. BETHAN detects his shift in mood.

BETHAN

Your wife's staying in London, is she?

TAYLOR

That's where the boyfriend is.

BETHAN

Sorry.

TAYLOR bats her apology away.

TAYLOR

That's her problem. I can please myself, run my business from anywhere. Here's as good a place as any.

(nodding to a tray of bottles on the side)

Hey - do you think he'd mind?

BETHAN, a look - 'Are you serious?'

He is. He grabs the bottle, fills a couple of shot glasses with vodka and hands one to BETHAN.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
To not giving a shit.

BETHAN
Not giving a shit!

They clink glasses and neck their shots. BETHAN smirks and nearly chokes.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
Sorry ...

She coughs and collects herself.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
You don't want this flat.

TAYLOR
I don't?

BETHAN
The neighbour's a grumpy cow and there's dry rot all along this street. We can't shift the bugger.

TAYLOR
You're my kind of agent.
One for the road?

He gives her a wicked smile and refills their glasses.

57 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN / HALLWAY - DAY (DAY 8 - 57
TUESDAY)

FAITH is sitting at the kitchen table hunched intently over a laptop. She scrolls down through a newspaper article headed: 'CAPO' REARDON GUNNED DOWN IN DRUG WAR'. She reads it intently.

ARTHUR comes away from the counter with two cups of tea. He sets one down next to FAITH and steals a glance at the screen.

ARTHUR
Friend of yours?

FAITH
Evan defended the girl who shot him.

ARTHUR

Erin Glynn. Minor legend.
Surprised Evan got mixed up with
her.

FAITH

(absorbed in the screen)
A client's a client.

ARTHUR

Especially if they're worth a few
bob.

The doorbell rings. FAITH looks up in alarm. Then at the
clock - it's five on the dot.

FAITH

(jumping to her feet)
Bloody hell!

The bell rings again.

FAITH (CONT'D)

It's Social Services. Hide!
You're not here!

ARTHUR scoots out through the French doors. FAITH slams the
laptop closed and makes her way through to the hall where
three large holdalls and a small collection of soft toys
are lined up.

She opens the door to find CAROL FOSTER, a permanently
smiling, wholesome-looking woman, on the step. Right behind
her is PC JONES.

CAROL FOSTER

Mrs Howells?

FAITH nods.

CAROL FOSTER (CONT'D)

Carol Foster. Good afternoon.

She offers her hand. FAITH finds herself shaking it.

FAITH

(disliking her already)
Come in.

The two women come through the door.

CAROL FOSTER

You've got their things ready.
That's very thoughtful of you.

FAITH

I'm their mother.

She goes into the kitchen. CAROL FOSTER and PC JONES follow. CAROL FOSTER scans the surroundings with the hawk eyes of a detective.

FAITH gestures CAROL FOSTER to a seat at the table.

PC JONES remains loitering by the door. FAITH throws a hostile glance. She stares down at her shoes.

FAITH sits.

CAROL FOSTER

You've seen the grounds for the order, Mrs Howells. The children have been removed to a place of safety while we feel they remain in imminent danger.

FAITH

Of what? Having one too many Weetabix?

CAROL FOSTER

You're on police bail for a serious offence. Your associate, Mr Baldini, has a history of firearms and drug offences.

FAITH

I'm a lawyer. He's a client. Are lawyers banned from parenthood now?

CAROL FOSTER

We understand he's a regular visitor.

FAITH

(barely holding her temper)

Since when did courts wrench children from their homes on the back of idle gossip?

CAROL FOSTER gives an emollient smile.

CAROL FOSTER

You're living alone here at the moment, are you?

FAITH

Since my husband has vanished, yes.

CAROL FOSTER

Two mugs at once?

She points to the two mugs at opposite ends of the table, then glances at PC JONES, her eyes flitting to the French doors. PC JONES crosses the room and goes through them to the garden.

FAITH

Arthur's a friend. He called by,
that's all.

CAROL FOSTER

I see.

She looks out through the window and sees PC JONES bringing ARTHUR across the lawn from the summerhouse. They come inside. ARTHUR glances guiltily at FAITH.

PC JONES

Arthur Davies. Persistent vagrant
and petty criminal.

ARTHUR

Hey - I've got a room next door.

FAITH, a look.

CAROL FOSTER

(getting up from the
table)

It seems we may have a way to go
before I can recommend your
children's return.

FAITH

I'll see you in court.

CAROL FOSTER smiles and takes another look at ARTHUR as if committing his face to memory, then exits with PC JONES.

FAITH and ARTHUR stare at each other in silence as the front door closes.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I give up! To hell with it all!

She grabs a mug and hurls it at the floor, sending broken fragments flying. She storms out into the room.

58 EXT. STEVE'S CARAVAN - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

58 *

TOM approaches along the path. He stops outside Steve's crudely patched-up front door and knocks.

59 INT. STEVE'S CARAVAN - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

59 *

STEVE, dressed in a jeans and vest, edges up to a window and glances out. He sees TOM.

60 EXT. STEVE'S CARAVAN - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

60 *

STEVE opens the door half-way and looks suspiciously at his visitor.

TOM
Tom Howells. Evan's father. Mr Baldini?

STEVE
(guardedly)
What can I do for you?

TOM
I believe you know my daughter-in-law.

STEVE
She's my brief. So was Evan.

TOM
The police suspect her of murdering my son - together with you. Social Services have removed her children.

STEVE
(shocked)
Why?

TOM
You could tell me what's been going on.

A beat.

STEVE
I told her I saw Evan getting into a car with Erin Glynn and her cousins in Swansea - about three weeks back. Something about it didn't look right. I've been asking around, that's all.

TOM nods, STEVE'S answer ringing true.

TOM
(stiffly)
Do you have feelings for Faith, Mr Baldini?

STEVE
No ... I mean, she's just a good person - like Evan.

TOM
Please stay away from her. I'd be very grateful.

TOM walks calmly away. STEVE takes out his phone and dials. *

61 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 61

FAITH strides out to her car. Her phone rings. She snatches it out of her pocket and sees STEVE'S name on the screen. She answers through gritted teeth.

FAITH
(into the phone)
What?

STEVE (V.O.)
I heard about the kids.

FAITH
I'm going to the police. Screw Evan. Screw the firm. Screw everything. I want my children back.

STEVE (V.O.)
Faith, hold on -

FAITH
Gael Reardon came to my office with a suitcase of cocaine Evan agreed to buy from her. He's a lost cause.

She rings off and climbs into her car.

62 INT. STEVE'S CARAVAN. SITTING ROOM - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 62 *

STEVE shoves his phone in his pocket, his mind racing into overdrive.

STEVE
Shit!

He grabs his jacket and car keys and runs for the door.

63 EXT. POLICE STATION. HIGH STREET - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 63

FAITH hesitates as she approaches the police station on foot. She wills herself on and starts up the station steps.

STEVE'S pick-up roars along the street and skids to a halt. FAITH looks round as he jumps out and runs towards her.

STEVE
Faith! Wait a minute!

FAITH stops at the station door and turns.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I know why you're doing this, but
it's not safe. Believe me.

FAITH reaches for the door.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Wait!

He grabs her arm.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Listen to me. The Glynns just beat
people up - usually - but the
Reardons kill people. The family's
got tentacles all over. They will
bury you.

FAITH

What do you suggest - find 120
grand to pay her off?

STEVE

Think about it. Evan's not a
criminal. You know that. He's been
tricked, used, whatever ... If
Alpay says she knows something,
you've got to hear it. What if he's
still alive and being held
somewhere? Go in there, it could
mean a bullet in his head.

FAITH stares at him, his words slowly hitting home. He walks
past her and opens the door.

FAITH

What are you doing?

STEVE

Buying you some time.
Go!

He goes inside.

FAITH watches through the glass door as -

64 INT. POLICE STATION. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 64

DI WILLIAMS and PC JONES burst through the secure door at
the side of the reception desk.

DI WILLIAMS

Mr Baldini. To what do we owe the
pleasure?

STEVE

You were looking for me.

DI WILLIAMS
(to PC JONES)
Cuff him.

STEVE compliantly holds out his wrists. DI WILLIAMS smiles as the cuffs snap shut.

65 OMITTED

65 *

66 INT. DR ALPAY'S SURGERY. RECEPTION AREA - DAY (DAY 8 - 66
TUESDAY)

DR ALPAY carefully skims the surface of her fish tank with a net, then sprinkles food onto the surface of the water. She watches the fish come up to eat.

Her phone rings. She checks the screen - 'UNKNOWN CALLER'. Suspicious, she hesitates, then answers.

DR ALPAY
Hello?

67 EXT. POLICE STATION. HIGH STREET - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 67

FAITH, walking the street as she speaks into the phone.

FAITH
(into the phone)
It's Faith Howells speaking.

She stops outside the bank.

FAITH (CONT'D)
I've reconsidered your offer.

67A INT. DR APLAY'S SURGERY. RECEPTION AREA - DAY (DAY 8 - 67A *
TUESDAY) *

DR ALPAY smiles broadly at what she's just heard. Returns to feeding her fish. *

END OF PART THREE

68 INT. POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 68

STEVE smiles compliantly across the desk at DI WILLIAMS and PC JONES. A video camera on a tripod records the interview.

STEVE
Evan helped me out of a tight
spot. I tried to repay the
favour.

DI WILLIAMS produces the photograph of STEVE, shirtless, talking with FAITH in the street.

DI WILLIAMS

What did she want?

STEVE

I don't look too bad.

DI WILLIAMS gives him a cool stare.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Evan had some heavy clients. She asked if I'd heard anything. Had he made enemies?

DI WILLIAMS

Had he?

STEVE

I said I'd ask around.

DI WILLIAMS

Where were you last Wednesday morning?

STEVE

Up three flights of scaffold with a bucket of muck.

DI WILLIAMS reaches into a large plastic evidence sack on the floor. She brings out two bags - one containing the handgun, the other, the holster.

DI WILLIAMS

Do either of these belong to you?

STEVE

Nope.

DI WILLIAMS

You and guns have quite a history, Mr Baldini.

STEVE

(nodding to the bag containing the holster)

May I?

(into the lens of the video camera)

I'm offering to try this holster on for size.

DI WILLIAMS reluctantly opens the bag. She takes out the holster and hands it across to him. STEVE puts his arm through the loop and reaches behind his back to bring the strap across his chest - it barely stretches past his armpit.

STEVE (CONT'D)
I'm a 46. I'd say you were
looking for a 38.

He takes the holster off and hands it back to her.

PC JONES
Why have you got shotgun cartridges
at your home?

STEVE
I used to go shooting. The odd
rabbit, you know.

PC JONES
Without a licence?

STEVE
I borrowed a mate's. Up at his
farm.

A beat.

DI WILLIAMS
You've heard about Mrs Howells'
children.

The smile leaves STEVE'S face.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
(sensing her advantage)
Social Services don't much like the
idea of you being around kids.

She waits, sensing STEVE'S mounting anger.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
They're worried about your little
girl now.

DI WILLIAMS meets his gaze. STEVE'S expression darkens.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
I'm going to have to tell them
you're still very much under
suspicion.

She goes to the door.

STEVE
Don't you dare.

She stops and looks round.

DI WILLIAMS
You could try telling the truth.

STEVE exclaims in anger and shoves the table away from him. It knocks the camera tripod sending the camera flying. It smashes against the floor.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Oh dear.

69 INT. POLICE STATION. CELL - DAY (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 69

STEVE steps into a cell. DI WILLIAMS slams the door shut behind him. She opens the hatch and speaks through it.

DI WILLIAMS

You're temper's nearly as bad as
your girlfriend's.

*
*

She closes it again. STEVE drops onto the mattress and slumps.

70 INT. TERRY AND BETHAN'S HOUSE. HALLWAY/KITCHEN/DINER - DAY 70 (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

TERRY enters through the front door, wearily hangs up his coat and goes through to the kitchen.

TERRY

Hi.

He enters to find BETHAN with TOM. The atmosphere is frigid.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Hello, Tom.

TOM nods silently.

TERRY (CONT'D)

(to BETHAN)

Sorry I'm so late.

*

BETHAN

Dad wants to know about Faith.

TERRY

(moving to a chair at the
table)

What about her?

TOM

Is she a serious suspect, Terry?
(off TERRY'S awkward
silence)

You must have had evidence to
arrest her?

TERRY
(hesitantly)
You know I can't -

BETHAN
We're family, Terry!

TERRY looks from BETHAN to TOM, trapped in a dilemma.

TOM
Her friend Baldini is a criminal.

A beat. TERRY wilts under BETHAN'S accusing glare.

TERRY
There was a gun found in Gelli Woods. And a holster in Faith's garden ... It doesn't prove anything -

TOM and BETHAN exchange a glance. TOM takes a moment to digest this information.

TOM
I can see why there was concern over the poor children.
(he sighs heavily and gets to his feet)
Ring me if...

He goes, leaving TERRY and BETHAN in pregnant silence. TERRY waits for the sound of the front door closing.

TERRY
What about the kids, Bethan?

She reaches a strip of pills from her pocket and fumbles one out of the foil.

BETHAN
How can we? We've got lives of our own.

TERRY watches her swallow the pill, then gets slowly up from his chair and makes his way out to the stairs.

71 OMITTED

71

72 OMITTED

72

73 EXT. HOWELLS. HIGH STREET - LATE AFTERNOON (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

ARTHUR emerges from a take away with a pair of burger boxes. He dials a number as he walks, his eyes scanning the quiet street.

ARTHUR

(into the phone)

She's meeting someone tonight. A woman called Alpay. I'm going with her ... Out in the sticks somewhere ... Yeah, will do.

He rings off puts and away the phone, disgusted with himself.

74

INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - EVENING (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 74

The desk is littered with spent burger boxes, empty cans and off-cut strips of paper.

ARTHUR guillotines the last sheet of photocopied £20 notes and hands them to FAITH, who divides them into bundles sandwiched between real notes, which she secures with elastic bands and stuffs into a Jiffy bag.

ARTHUR

That's your lot. 20k, give or take.

FAITH

This is the dumbest thing I've done since licking a toilet seat.

(off ARTHUR'S look)

Dare.

He nods, happy to leave it there.

ARTHUR

It'll be dark. She won't notice.

FAITH

How do I know she's telling me the truth? She lied in a murder trial. She could say anything.

ARTHUR gives her a warm, encouraging smile.

ARTHUR

Hey, chin up. What have you got to lose?

FAITH

Our last four grand.

ARTHUR

Might be the best money you ever spent.

FAITH looks at him, longing for him to be right.

He holds up a photocopied £20 note.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Dare you to run naked into the
street.

She belches at him, then grabs the Jiffy bag and heads for the door.

75 INT./EXT. UNMARKED CAR / HIGH STREET - EVENING (DAY 8 - 75 TUESDAY)

DI WILLIAMS is behind the wheel of a surveillance car. She sips from a can, her eyes trained on the first floor window of Howells.

The light goes out. Moments later, the front door opens and FAITH emerges with ARTHUR. They cross to FAITH'S car, climb in and pull away.

DI WILLIAMS tosses the empty can into the footwell, starts her engine and follows.

76 EXT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE - EVENING (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 76

TOM steps out of his car and approaches his front door. A large bouquet of flowers has been left against the step. He stoops to see a tag attached, printed with 'Deepest Sympathy' attached.

He straightens and unlocks the door. He goes inside, leaving the flowers on the step.

77 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING (DAY 8 - 77 TUESDAY)

TOM enters to see flowers in vases, jugs and buckets all around the room. In amongst them, seated at the table, is MARION.

They exchange a look.

MARION
Someone on Facebook said a body had
been found ...

He sits, a wall of flowers separating them.

TOM
I don't think Bethan will take the
children.

MARION
No. She's not the maternal type.

TOM
I can't bear much more of this.

They remain in paralysed silence amidst the forest of lilies and carnations.

78

INT. FAITH'S CAR - EVENING (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

78 *

Far beyond the lights of town, FAITH plunges into the dark, moonless countryside, the sat nav on the dash casting an eerie glow.

ARTHUR gives her a concerned glance.

ARTHUR

Alright?

She nods and grips the wheel more tightly as the road sweeps through a steep bend.

SAT NAV (V.O.)

In two hundred yards, turn right.

79

INT. DI WILLIAMS' CAR - EVENING (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

79 *

DI WILLIAMS emerges from the bend FAITH just cleared to find the road ahead empty. She slows, then spots tail lights flickering through a hedgerow off to the right. She brakes sharply and turns onto a single track lane.

80

INT. FAITH'S CAR - EVENING (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

80 *

FAITH drives along a tunnel-like lane. The tall hedgerows brush her wing mirrors.

SAT NAV (V.O.)

In fifty yards, turn left. Then turn immediately right.

ARTHUR

Do you believe in werewolves?

FAITH

Shut up.

She follows the instructions. The car rattles over a cattle grid.

81

INT. DI WILLIAMS' CAR - EVENING (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

81 *

DI WILLIAMS follows a short while later. She turns left, but shoots straight past the right turning and continues on.

82 EXT. STEEP LANE - EVENING (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 82 *

FAITH follows the lane up a steep gradient through a winding, wooded ravine. The overhanging branches knot like witches' fingers over the narrow road.

FAITH and ARTHUR exchange a silent, apprehensive glance.

83 EXT. MOORLAND - SUNSET (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 83 *

FAITH'S car is parked on a flat stretch of moorland at the top of a hill.

84 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / MOORLAND - NIGHT (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 84

FAITH and ARTHUR wait in the darkness. Agitated and impatient, FAITH glances at the clock on the dash - 10:10.

FAITH

Come on. Where are you?

A beat.

ARTHUR

Do you think you still love Evan?

FAITH

What?

ARTHUR

After all this?

FAITH

You really pick your moments, don't you?

(seeing headlights approaching)

Keep down.

*

*

*

ARTHUR ducks down into the footwell. FAITH flashes her lights at the oncoming car.

DR ALPAY'S car - a red Mazda convertible - stops in front of her, then reverses in several yards to her right.

FAITH grabs the Jiffy bag from the dash climbs out.

DR ALPAY glances nervously into the night as she comes to meet FAITH at the edge of the road.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(handing over the money)

Twenty thousand.

DR ALPAY takes it and shoves it inside her coat with none of her former bravado.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Well?

DR ALPAY

Look, it was all a big mistake. I never wanted to get involved with Dewi Glynn and his girl but I needed the money. My husband, bastard, he left me. I had to buy him out of the practice. Life was crap.

She sighs angrily.

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)

OK, so they paid me to give evidence. A lot of money. Then afterwards they offered me more for doing business.

FAITH

What kind of business?

DR ALPAY

(reluctantly)

Pharmaceutical ... Evan did the deal between us. I trusted him. We were in the same boat with the Glynnns.

85 INT. FAITH'S CAR. MOORLAND - NIGHT (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 85

ARTHUR, tucked down beneath the windows, reaches into his pocket and brings out his phone.

DR ALPAY (V.O.)

Then some detective came knocking, wanting money every week. I told Evan. He said he'd deal with it.

He brings the camera and, keeping out of sight, pokes it above the sill and takes a picture of FAITH and ALPAY.

86 EXT. MOORLAND - NIGHT (DAY 8 - TUESDAY) 86

FAITH

Hold on - which detective?

DR ALPAY

Woman. Short.

FAITH shakes her head. It rings no bells.

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)

Evan called me last Wednesday, said to meet him at Tom's Carvery.

(MORE)

*

Suddenly, DR ALPAY spots movement in FAITH'S car and a flash of light from ARTHUR'S phone.

*

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)
Who's that?

FAITH
Just a friend -

ALPAY
I said only you.
(hurrying back to her car)
You lied to me!

FAITH
Stop! Please!

DR ALPAY jumps in, starts the engine and roars away.
FAITH exclaims in frustration.

87 INT./EXT. DI WILLIAMS' CAR / STEEP LANE - NIGHT (DAY 8 - 87 TUESDAY)

DI WILLIAMS drives swiftly uphill through the wooded ravine.

Headlights flash around the corner immediately ahead. DR ALPAY'S car flies at her head-on.

DI WILLIAMS stamps on her brakes. DR ALPAY swerves right, misses by inches, flies off the edge of the road and down the bank.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

DI WILLIAMS slew to a halt. Spins in her seat to see a ball of flames rising up through the trees.

88 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / MOORLAND - NIGHT (DAY 8 - TUESDAY 88)

FAITH drives, furious with ARTHUR.

FAITH
You absolute tit.

ARTHUR
(murmurs)
Sorry.

They come over the brow of the hill. An orange glow and tongues of fire appear through the trees below.

They exchange a look. FAITH keeps going.

89 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / STEEP LANE - NIGHT (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

FAITH rounds a corner and comes to a halt - a car (belonging to DI WILLIAMS) stands empty in the middle of the road, the driver's door wide open. Down the bank to their right, a fire is raging.

She kills the headlights lights and gets out of the car. ARTHUR follows.

FAITH
That's Alpay's car.

ARTHUR
And your four grand.

FAITH goes to step forward but ARTHUR firmly holds her back.

A FIGURE scrambles towards the flames but is held back by the searing heat.

FAITH
It's Williams! What the..

ARTHUR
Faith, we need to go!

He pulls her back onto the road.

FAITH
We can't just leave, Arthur, we -

FAITH steps forward and again ARTHUR acts quickly to hold her back. *

ARTHUR
She's dead. You can't be seen here.
Think of the kids Faith. *

She stares at him with wild, desperate eyes. *

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Come on!

FAITH turns back to her car. *

ARTHUR quickly brings out his phone. Unseen by FAITH, he furtively films DI WILLIAMS' car and the flames through the trees as he follows her up the lane.

90 OMITTED

90

91 EXT. WOODED LANE - NIGHT (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

91

DI WILLIAMS scrambles, breathless, to the top of the bank. She emerges onto the road, scratched and muddy. A car approaches, travelling uphill - a black BMW.

It slows to a halt. DI WILLIAMS staggers to the driver's window. It glides down. DS MORGAN looks out at her. DI WILLIAMS looks at her in astonishment.

DI WILLIAMS

*

*

*

There's been an accident. A red
coupe. It shot off the road.

DS MORGAN

*

*

*

I'll deal with it. You need to go.
Now. You weren't here.

DI WILLIAMS nods, then scurries back to her car.

FADE

92 EXT. COASTAL LAYBY. THREE MONTHS EARLIER - DAY. (MARCH 2002)

FADE UP ON

EVAN'S car turns off the road and pulls up next to GAEL REARDON'S Range Rover, which is parked by itself on a viewpoint overlooking the sea. She's standing in front of it, gazing out at the sea.

He climbs out, dressed in a business suit and approaches her.

EVAN

Good afternoon, Mrs Reardon.

He produces an envelope and hands it to her.

EVAN (CONT'D)

First payment.

(off her puzzled look)

Cheque. They're old school. It's
good.

She nods, taking him at his word.

GAEL REARDON

I don't mind if you call me Gael.

EVAN

(awkwardly)

Right ... I shall.

GAEL REARDON

Being 'Mrs Reardon' is a burden to
me ... I didn't really love Paddy
that much. He was rough, crude.

Rich, sure, but no gentleman ...

(she lifts her eyes to
meet his)

Not like you, Evan.

She holds him in her gaze, then, impulsively, leans forward
and kisses him. EVAN resists, but GAEL overpowers him with
the strength of her need. Her hands wander over his body,
melting his resistance. The kiss grows deeper and more
intense, heading in one inevitable direction.

92A EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

92A *

A set of headlights bounces along a rough, winding country road.

*

FAITH (V.O.)

Williams must have been tailing us.
Alpay said she was paying off a
corrupt detective. She was terrified
... It was like she knew ...

*

*

*

*

92B INT. FAITH'S CAR - NIGHT (DAY 8 - TUESDAY)

92B *

She slams her fist against the steering wheel.

*

FAITH

We should have done something!

*

*

ARTHUR

Williams will have called for help.
What could we have done?

*

*

*

FAITH shakes her head.

*

FAITH

Two people dead in two days. This
is nuts... insane.

*

*

*

FADE

*

END