



keeping  
faith

by

Matthew Hall

SERIES TWO, EPISODE ONE

SHOOTING SCRIPT

11.09.18

*CATCHUP FROM SERIES ONE*

*TITLES*

*CAPTION: 18 MONTHS LATER*

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - MORNING

FAITH'S home, set up on the hill overlooking the town below. Mist rises from the millpond calm of the estuary beyond.

FAITH (V.O.)

Alys! You are not going to school  
without breakfast again, young  
lady!

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING

FAITH, dressed in a business suit, moves efficiently about the kitchen ferrying bowls and cereal packets to MEGAN and RHODRI at the breakfast bar.

MEGAN

Can't we have the chocolate ones?

FAITH

Not unless you don't want any  
teeth. My grandad didn't have any  
teeth. Like an old tortoise, he  
was. I can tell you, it's not a  
good look.

She pulls a face, imitating the toothless old man.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Is that what you want? Hmm?

MEGAN grudgingly shakes her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Right. Who's for an egg?

Not waiting for an answer, she expertly scoops boiled eggs out of a pan and into egg cups.

She brings them to the breakfast bar.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(calling up the stairs)

Alys, sweetie! It's twenty past  
eight!

MEGAN

She'll be wearing headphones.

FAITH  
(decapitating the eggs)  
Oh, she'll hear me in a minute.

MEGAN  
You won't forget my things from the  
art shop, mam?

FAITH, a look.

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
My project.

FAITH  
Yes! Miss Gwyn. Good old, Miss  
Gwyn.

MEGAN  
Glitter, felt -

FAITH  
And blue card ... See?

She marches towards the stairs.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Alys! This is beyond a joke now,  
lovely!

The doorbell rings. ARTHUR lets himself in with his own key.

ARTHUR  
(brightly)  
Morning, morning. Choppy last  
night, it was. Going to have to get  
myself some digs on dry land.

FAITH  
There's a room going above the pub.

ARTHUR  
I miss Terry and his quiz team. I  
was his pop man.

FAITH  
Start your own team. Fill his  
shoes.

ARTHUR  
I'm not worthy.

FAITH  
(shouts up the stairs)  
Alys, down now or go hungry.

ARTHUR  
(to FAITH)  
See to yourself. Go on.

He pats her arm and skips up the stairs. FAITH turns with a shake of her head.

FAITH  
That girl. She's turning me into my mother.

She heads over to RHODRI and MEGAN.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Bye, then. See you later.

She kisses them both on the head.

MEGAN  
Can we make pizzas tonight?

FAITH  
You bet.

FAITH grabs her briefcase.  
ARTHUR comes down with ALYS. She is dressed in school uniform but has drawn on thick black eyeliner and has shaved a diagonal slash in her eyebrow.

FAITH stops at the foot of the stairs and looks at her. She opens her arms for a hug.

ALYS  
(stepping past, avoiding her)  
Bye, Mam.

She heads for the kitchen.

ARTHUR  
(sotto)  
It's a phase.

FAITH  
For a year and a half?

ARTHUR  
(smiles)  
Bound to end soon.

FAITH smiles back, wanting to believe him.

FAITH  
Be good, everyone. Bye.

She lets herself out of the house.

ARTHUR  
Right, then. Who wants Choco Wheats?

MEGAN AND RHODRI

Me!

INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / FAITH'S HOUSE - DAY

FAITH sits at the wheel, trapped in her thoughts.

She pulls herself out of her trance and applies her lipstick in the driving mirror. Puts her face on for the day ahead. She catches sight of herself. Doesn't like who she sees.

FAITH

It's showtime.

Mission complete she straps in, starts the engine and reverses.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

FAITH drives away from town along the coast road while speaking into the hands-free and checking her lip gloss in the mirror. A Post-it note stuck to the dash says, ART STUFF!!!

FAITH

Got it. Lewis. Court 4, twelve o'clock. Who's the judge?

DELYTH (V.O.)

Merrick.

FAITH

No! Call the list office. Change it.

DELYTH (V.O.)

They won't -

FAITH

(insistent)

Not Merrick, Delyth - anyone but her. Please!

She rings off and turns into a garden centre.

She comes to a stop. Composes herself.

EXT. GARDEN CENTRE - MORNING

FAITH moves along the outdoor aisles. She pauses to feign interest in the roses. A retired COUPLE amble towards her pushing a loaded trolley. They smile at her as they pass.

FAITH continues on along the row. She rounds a corner and spots a MAN in his 50s (whom we will later know as MEDWYN CROUDACE) examining fruit trees. He wears a shapeless raincoat over a cheap suit.

She approaches him. He turns and glances at her, a pent-up bundle of nerves. He brings an envelope out from his pocket. FAITH brings another out of hers.

CROUDACE  
(snatching her envelope  
and thrusting his at her)  
You people. You make me sick.

FAITH fumbles the envelope. It falls to the ground. She stoops to retrieve it as he hurries away.

She heads towards the exit feeling soiled. She passes a row of climbing plants. She stops to sniff a honeysuckle.

INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - MORNING

TOM, fit and suntanned, ushers a FEMALE CLIENT out of the conference room.

TOM  
(steering her towards the  
exit)  
I don't want you to worry, Mrs  
Boyd. I'll be in touch the moment  
we hear back. Give my best to your  
husband.

From her seat behind the reception desk, DELYTH watches his performance with quiet admiration.

TOM closes the door and turns.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Mother left it all to her second  
husband's wayward daughter. I fear  
there may be blood.

DELYTH  
(hands him a file)  
Alwyn Thomas's boundary dispute -  
site meeting 11 am.

TOM  
That man will be litigating from  
the grave.

DELYTH  
And Corran Energy owe us £32,000 in  
outstanding fees. You need to talk  
to them.

TOM  
(with no relish)  
Joy.

DELYTH  
I know they're your friends, Tom,  
but this is business

He nods in reluctant acquiescence and turns back to the conference room.

DELYTH (CONT'D)  
Oh ... Marion called again. I told  
her you were busy.

He nods awkwardly.

DELYTH (CONT'D)  
(firmly)  
You really should tell her not to  
disturb you at work, Tom. She will  
get used to it. People do.

FAITH enters, unfastening her briefcase.

FAITH  
(unloading files onto  
DELYTH'S desk)  
Witness statements for Jameson. And  
you've got my papers for this  
afternoon?

DELYTH hands her another file.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Who's my judge?  
(off DELYTH'S apologetic  
look)  
Oh God, Delyth. I promised the  
client we'd get access. Merrick  
eats babies for breakfast.

CERYS (V.O.)  
(gently)  
Faith, we need to talk about that -

She glances round to see CERYS with TOM. They have the air of a deputation.

CERYS  
The family work. We did all agree  
to take things in a more commercial  
direction.

TOM  
We're still struggling to get on  
our feet, Faith. We just can't  
survive off waifs and strays.

FAITH

Who do you suggest I cull first -  
the single mothers? They're usually  
pretty skint.

TOM

No one's saying that.

FAITH

Has Corran Energy paid up yet?

No answer.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I'll stick with my waifs, thanks.  
I've got to be at court.

CERYS

Faith, come on -

She heads back out of the door.

Clutching the file, TOM follows FAITH out of the office.

CERYS (CONT'D)

(to DELYTH, despairing)

Am I the only one trying to run a  
business here?

DELYTH mouths a silent 'No'.

CERYS marches back into her office.

EXT. ABERCORRAN. HIGH STREET/ESTUARY - MORNING

TOM steps out of the office and smiles genially at a passer-  
by

TOM walks briskly down the hill from the office, holding a  
phone to his ear. He reaches a voicemail:

MARION (V.O.)

Hello, this is Marion Howells. I am  
unable to take your call at the  
moment. Please leave a message.

TOM sighs. Goes to ring off, then has a change of heart.

TOM

(into the phone)

Marion, I'm happy to talk. Maybe at  
the weekend? But, honestly, I am  
not asking to sell the house. Let's  
speak soon.

He continues down the hill and rounds the corner to the car  
park beneath the castle. He stops to take in the scene:



Two police cars and a forensics van are parked up. Two SCENES OF CRIME OFFICERS are pulling on white overalls.

A plain clothes detective, DI LAURENCE BREEZE (40), a well-dressed man with the brisk manner of a city dweller, walks towards them with a traumatised woman, MADLEN VAUGHAN (early 30s), who is dressed in farmer's clothes and walks with the aid of a hiking stick. PC SUSAN WILLIAMS (formerly DI WILLIAMS) follows them, speaking into a radio.

TOM (CONT'D)

Madlen?

DI BREEZE

Not now, please, sir.

He gently ushers MADLEN to a squad car and helps her inside.

TOM stops PC WILLIAMS.

TOM

Susan? What's he doing with Madlen?

She nods towards a small white tent erected on the shore.

PC WILLIAMS

Body. Male.

TOM

Not Will Vaughan? Oh God, no ...  
Drowned?

She shakes her head.

TOM (CONT'D)

What -?

PC WILLIAMS

(touching Tom's arm)  
We're not sure yet.

She goes to join the SCENES OF CRIME OFFICERS.

TOM looks over at the tent. Dips his head in anguish.

INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / COAST ROAD - MORNING

FAITH drives with the window down and the wind rushing in singing along to a song on the stereo.

INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / CAR PARK - MORNING

FAITH pulls up in a parking space. Stares out through the windscreen gathering strength. She checks her reflection in the mirror. Puts on a mask of determination.

JUMP CUT TO:

FAITH walks across a stretch of anonymous Tarmac with a rising sense of dread.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

(From the final scene of series 1)

FAITH, on the brink of kissing STEVE.

MEGAN (V.O.)

Mammy!

FAITH turns to see EVAN with MEGAN and ALYS. She looks at him in astonishment, as if he might be a ghost. He isn't.

STEVE melts away.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FAITH, still dressed in her coat, stands inside the front door, staring into space. Voices travel from upstairs:

MEGAN (V.O.)

Where have you been, Dad?

EVAN (V.O.)

I had to go away, love. Business.  
I'm sorry.

ALYS (V.O.)

You won't do it again?

EVAN (V.O.)

No, sweetheart. I won't be going  
anywhere. Night, night, now. It's  
late.

The GIRLS murmur 'Good nights'.

EVAN emerges onto the landing and makes his way slowly down until he comes face to face with FAITH.

Neither says a word. FAITH waits. The silence stretches until EVAN can bear it no more.

EVAN

Have we got anything to drink?

FAITH

Sure.

She goes to the counter, grabs a glass and fills it with white wine. Drinks it down in one go. She fills it again, marches back across the room and throws it in his face. He doesn't flinch.

They stare at each other. FAITH points to the back sitting room.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BACK SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

EVAN comes through the door. He turns to close it after him.

FAITH hurls herself at him. She pounds him with her fists. They tumble, wrestling, to the ground.

Seizing her advantage, FAITH pins him down, her knee pressed into his chest.

FAITH

You bastard, you lying, cheating  
bastard ... you ... Uh!

She slaps his face. Breathing hard, he bites down against the pain.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I had a gun, a fucking gun pulled  
on me tonight because of you. And  
Alys saw everything ... They  
abducted her, Evan. They took our  
baby away and they had a gun ...  
What are you going to tell her? ...  
Do you think she'll ever get over  
that? That's a scar, Evan. You have  
scarred our child ... for ever ...  
What kind of man does that? ... A  
shit. A cowardly shit!

FAITH gets to her feet.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Get out of my house.

He struggles slowly up from the floor. Tears tumble down his cheeks.

EVAN

I love those kids more than life,  
Faith.

FAITH  
(pointing to the door)  
Go!

He hobbles out. FAITH'S phone rings. She snatches it from her desk.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
Yes. Yes it is ... I see ... Will  
she live? ... Thank you.

She rings off. Glares at the closed door.

INT. PRISON. CORRIDOR - MORNING

FAITH stands near the front of a line of VISITORS, who are mostly young, female and poor. Although familiar, the ritual makes her tense and nervous.

She reaches the front. Nods in recognition to the two PRISON OFFICERS and puts her hands up for the pat-down.

FAITH  
Don't shoot.  
(smiles)  
Do you think I've lost weight?

The FEMALE OFFICER gives her a dead fish stare and waves her on.

INT. PRISON. VISITING ROOM - MORNING

EVAN, dressed in a shapeless prison tracksuit, stands up from a table as FAITH approaches.

She smiles and accepts his peck on the cheek. They sit opposite one another.

An awkward moment of silence.

FAITH  
You got Megan's letter?

EVAN  
With the picture. She's good.  
Doesn't get it from me.  
Rhodri?

FAITH  
Growing like you wouldn't believe.  
Half term week after next. I'll  
bring them in.

EVAN  
You don't have to -

FAITH  
They want to.

EVAN  
... Thanks. I miss you all ...  
Don't miss all the phone calls from  
my mother.

She laughs and raises a smile.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Still going to the gym?

FAITH  
When I can.

EVAN  
Work?

FAITH  
So-so. You know.

EVAN  
But you're managing?

FAITH  
Oh, yeah. It's uh ... same as ever  
... more or less.

EVAN leans forward impulsively and kisses her on the lips.  
FAITH neither responds nor flinches. He pulls away, sensing  
her coldness.

EVAN  
There's something wrong.

FAITH  
No -

EVAN  
Faith ... You don't have to do  
this.

FAITH  
(sharply)  
Will you shut up?

A beat.

EVAN  
How's Alys?

FAITH  
Half way to Goth. And you know that  
thing your mother does? When she  
looks away, like she can't hear  
you?

EVAN

Oh, God -

FAITH

Your genes, Evan Howells. Your  
genes. Your job. Something to look  
forward to.

They laugh with relief.

INT. PRISON. CORRIDOR - MORNING

15 FAITH walks along an echoing stretch of corridor between 15  
locked gates, deep sadness in her face.

EXT. PRISON - MORNING

FAITH, walking back to her car, answers her phone.

FAITH

(impatiently into the  
phone)

I'll drop it off later.

(firmly)

I'm at work.

FAITH rings off and climbs into her car. Slams the door hard.

EXT. REARDON'S HAULAGE DEPOT - MORNING

GAEL REARDON

Don't mess me around, Faith.

GAEL crosses the yard towards her office, angrily putting  
away her phone.

Hidden from her view in the shadows of the workshop, STEVE  
watches her shove through the door into her office.

INT. PRISON. YARD - AFTERNOON

EVAN is sweeping the yard with a broom and long-handled pan.  
A PRISON OFFICER approaches.

PRISON OFFICER

Howells? You're on E-Wing.

EVAN

No, it's C today.

PRISON OFFICER

(impatiently)

E. Follow me.

EVAN grabs a mop and bucket along with the broom and pan and goes with the OFFICER.

INT. PRISON. STAIRCASE - AFTERNOON

EVAN follows the PRISON OFFICER up the stairs.

PRISON OFFICER  
Most lags would rather be in  
solitary than pushing a mop.

EVAN  
If you've got the IQ of a rock a  
cell's not a bad place to be.

PRISON OFFICER  
Cut above, are you?

EVAN  
No, sir.

PRISON OFFICER  
Not smart enough to stay out of  
here.

EVAN remains silent.

PRISON OFFICER (CONT'D)  
There's someone who wants to help  
you, Evan. It may be in your  
interests.

EVAN sets down his bucket and starts to mop, refusing to engage.

PRISON OFFICER (CONT'D)  
(smiles)  
I hear your missus has been sailing  
close to the wind lately.

Leaving EVAN with that, he walks away.

END OF PART ONE

EXT. CARMARTHEN. STREET - AFTERNOON

FAITH hurries along the pavement towards an art shop. Her phone rings. She answers on the run.

FAITH  
(into the phone as she  
checks her watch)  
Delyth, tell me we've got a  
different judge.

DELYTH (V.O.)  
 Madlen Vaughan has called from the  
 police station. She's asking for  
 you.

FAITH  
 Madlen? ... Madlen who lives at Ty  
 Melin?

DELYTH (V.O.)  
 It seems her husband's been  
 murdered.

FAITH  
 Will Vaughan? Murdered? ... No. For  
 God's sake. In Abercorran? No way.

DELYTH (V.O.)  
 I think she's a suspect. Can you  
 see her?

A beat. FAITH struggles to absorb this information. She  
 arrives outside the art shop. A sign saying 'BACK IN 10  
 MINUTES' is hanging in the window.

FAITH  
 (bewildered)  
 Of course, of course, soon as I  
 can ... Murdered -?

DELYTH (V.O.)  
 I'll tell her.

She rings off.

FAITH turns, in a daze. She steps out into the road. A car  
 roars towards her sounding its horn.

FAITH jumps clear as it flies past, missing her by a whisker.

EXT. SEAFRONT - AFTERNOON

CERYS, carrying a briefcase, dodges between traffic and  
 crosses the road to a cafe.

INT. SEAFRONT CAFE - AFTERNOON

CERYS joins ANYA FLYE (early 30s) at a table overlooking the  
 sea. ANYA, the firm's bank manager, hides her attractiveness  
 behind a demure, professional exterior.

CERYS  
 (as she sits)  
 Anya.



ANYA  
Cerys. How's business?

CERYS  
Howells of Abercorran is never  
going to make me a million, so  
let's talk about this.

She fetches documents from her case.

CERYS (CONT'D)  
Client owns a hotel along the  
coast.  
(handing ANYA the papers)  
They want to treble it in size,  
turn it into a spa resort.

ANYA  
Am I talking with you or the firm?

CERYS  
Strictly personal. You and me.

ANYA gives a cautious nod.

ANYA  
(leafing through the  
papers)  
How much are they looking for?

CERYS  
Three-point-two.

ANYA  
(daunted)  
I'd need a cast iron business case  
to sell a loan that size to Head  
Office.

CERYS  
(holding ANYA'S gaze)  
Trust me. I wrote it.

ANYA pulls her eyes away and leafs through the pages.

ANYA  
These profit projections -

CERYS  
Blue tab. Explained to the last  
penny.

ANYA turns to it and reads with nervous excitement.

CERYS (CONT'D)  
Our fees come out of the architect  
and project management lines. 25k  
... each

ANYA looks up. She gives a tentative smile which spreads into a grin. CERYs has her hooked.

CERYs (CONT'D)  
Lunch is on you.

EXT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

FAITH pulls up in her car. Jumps out and runs into the station.

INT. POLICE STATION. RECEPTION - AFTERNOON

FAITH enters. She approaches the desk. PC WILLIAMS looks up at her from the other side of the glass.

FAITH  
Susan. I'm here for Madlen.

PC WILLIAMS  
Mrs Howells. If you'd like to come through.

FAITH  
Is she OK?

PC WILLIAMS gives her a look: 'What do you think?'  
She buzzes the security door.

INT. POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

PC WILLIAMS leads FAITH to an interview room.

PC WILLIAMS  
(handing her a sheet of  
hand written notes)  
I'm afraid this is all we have at present.

FAITH  
(quickly skimming them)  
Shot? ... There's got to be some mistake. I know Madlen. Our kids are in the same year. She's the last person ...

PC WILLIAMS  
(nods, sharing FAITH'S sentiment)  
So often the way.

They exchange a look.

The interview room door opens. DETECTIVE INSPECTOR LAURENCE BREEZE, steps out. He holds an iPad in a neat leather case. FAITH and PC WILLIAMS fall silent. BREEZE has a brisk, aloof manner that doesn't tolerate small talk.

PC WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
Mrs Howells. Detective Inspector  
Breeze. Swansea CID. Well,  
technically on secondment from  
Scotland Yard.

FAITH  
We've met.

PC WILLIAMS  
Of course.

FAITH  
(to DI BREEZE, attempting  
friendliness)  
Still here? London too peaceful for  
you?

DI BREEZE  
You can have ten minutes.

FAITH enters the interview room alone.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)  
(to PC WILLIAMS)  
Would you mind fetching me some  
coffee, Constable? I've some calls  
to make.

PC WILLIAMS  
Yes, sir. Milk and sugar?

DI BREEZE  
Just a drop of milk, please.

He moves off along the corridor.

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - AFTERNOON

MADLEN VAUGHAN (early 30s), looks up from a chair at the table. She's a slightly built and fragile woman with a homely, unworldly face.

FAITH  
(gently)  
Madlen? What's happened?

MADLEN  
I need to tell Dyfan, he'll be home  
from school soon -

FAITH  
What about his auntie? Hannah?

MADLEN  
(she nods, tears flooding  
her eyes)  
Can you call her? He's got swimming  
this afternoon.

FAITH brings out her phone and a tissue.

MADLEN (CONT'D)  
(pressing the tissue to  
her eyes)  
I'm sorry -

FAITH  
I'll call her

FAITH can't help herself - she puts an arm around MADLEN'S  
shoulder. Hugs her for a moment, letting her sob.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Madlen, I need you to tell me what  
happened. The report says they  
found him at the Estuary. They  
think the body must have come  
downstream from your farm.

MADLEN  
I don't know, I ...

She trails off, the words refusing to come.

FAITH  
When did you see him last?

MADLEN  
Yesterday. Yesterday lunch time. He  
went off to the fields with the  
Land Rover and trailer.

FAITH  
Then what?

MADLEN  
I went to the hospital ... They  
think I've got MS.

FAITH  
No! Oh, that's ... I'm sorry.

MADLEN  
They put me on some tablets ...  
Dyfan's been doing everything for  
me.

FAITH  
 He's a good boy.  
 (glancing at PC WILLIAMS'  
 notes)  
 Look, the police spoke to Madog,  
 your farm worker. He says you and  
 Will were arguing yesterday, before  
 he left for market.

MADLEN  
 I didn't hurt him, Faith ... How  
 could I? I've hardly left the house  
 for a week.

FAITH glances at her watch. Time's running out.

FAITH  
 When you came home from the  
 hospital, where was Will?

MADLEN shakes her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 Was he missing?

MADLEN  
 Dyfan and me, we found his Land  
 Rover down in the fields - when he  
 didn't come in for tea ... There  
 was no sign of him.

FAITH  
 He didn't come home last night?

MADLEN shakes her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 Is that usual?

The door opens abruptly. DI BREEZE enters followed by PC  
 WILLIAMS.

DI BREEZE  
 I've had word from the doctor who  
 examined Mr Vaughan's body at the  
 scene.

He sits opposite, bringing up a message on his iPad. PC  
 WILLIAMS sits alongside him, avoiding FAITH'S gaze.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)  
 The core temperature suggests death  
 occurred some time yesterday  
 afternoon. Where is your husband's  
 shotgun, Mrs Vaughan?

FAITH  
 Is this an interview, Inspector?

DI BREEZE

It seems a simple enough question.

MADLEN

... In the house ... The cupboard  
in the back.

DI BREEZE

You're quite sure of that?

MADLEN nods.

DI BREEZE studies her intently.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)

We'll take a look at it. In the  
meantime, Mrs Vaughan, I'm  
arresting you on suspicion of the  
murder of your husband, William  
Vaughan.

FAITH

(dumbfounded)

What? ... On what evidence?

DI BREEZE

(ignoring Faith)

"You do not have to say anything.  
But, it may harm your defence if  
you do not mention when questioned  
something which you later rely on  
in court. Anything you do say may  
be given in evidence."

(pushing up from the  
table)

I'll request lab results by the  
morning.

He exits.

INT. POLICE STATION. CELL - AFTERNOON

MADLEN, lost in confusion as FAITH talks to her:

FAITH

They can't charge you without  
evidence, OK? There has to be  
something concrete linking you to  
what happened to Will. Do you  
understand that?

She glances back at DC WILLIAMS who is waiting in the open  
doorway of the cell. She looks away.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Is there anything I should know?

MADLEN shakes her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
You have to tell me!! Alright. I'll  
make sure Dyfan's fine. I'll be  
back first thing.

MADLEN  
What's going on Faith? Who would do  
this?

PC WILLIAMS looks down at her shoes.

MADLEN (CONT'D)  
I'm frightened.

FAITH  
(feeling the weight of  
responsibility)  
We'll find out.

MADLEN  
Do you think Dyfan's safe?

PC WILLIAMS clears her throat.

MADLEN closes her eyes and nods. FAITH steps out of the cell.

PC WILLIAMS locks the door.

FAITH and PC WILLIAMS walk back along the corridor.

PC WILLIAMS  
I understand he was having a lot of  
money trouble. Maybe he owed  
people?

FAITH  
Why are you saying this to me?

PC WILLIAMS  
I hope that what happened between  
us in the past is all forgotten  
now? We've both had a price to pay.

FAITH, a look, realising that WILLIAMS is scared of her. She  
nods.

PC WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
How are Terry and Bethan getting on  
in Aberystwyth?

FAITH  
Well. Their baby's due next month.

PC WILLIAMS  
Do give them my best. He was a good  
officer.

They walk on.

INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / COAST ROAD - AFTERNOON

FAITH drives with the window open, the wind blowing her hair.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BACK SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

FAITH closes the door of the sitting room behind her. Remaining standing, she turns to confront EVAN, who is cowering in a chair, having come off a call.

EVAN

Terry and Bethan are with her.  
They'll call if there's news.

FAITH waits, unmoved.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to ... I didn't have  
a plan, I just -

FAITH

Took off to the docks and dumped  
your car.

A beat.

EVAN

I wasn't thinking ... That morning,  
DCI Parry called me. Before you  
came down.

FAITH

He told me. He was going to arrest  
you.

EVAN looks up in surprise.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Oh, you have no idea. The woman you  
left is not the woman standing here  
now ... I've dealt with Parry. Keep  
talking.

EVAN

Dealt with him? How?

FAITH

I'm asking the bloody questions!  
Where the hell were you?  
(off his silence)  
Water looked a bit cold, did it?



EVAN

I jumped.

This stops her dead.

EVAN (CONT'D)

From the harbour wall. Port Talbot.  
Swam and swam hoping the tide would  
take me back but it just washed me  
back.

FAITH

You really did leave us.

EVAN

I don't know Faith ... I remember  
getting on a train, ending up in  
Cornwall ...

FAITH

How did you pay for a train? Oh,  
silly question. You're a criminal.

EVAN

There's a blank. Days of it ...  
(rambling)

Found myself wandering in the  
middle of the night ... A hospital  
waiting room, it was warm ... I  
heard Alys's voice ... a video on  
someone's phone.

(realising he's not making  
sense)

I love you, Faith, I - ... I'm  
sorry.

He wipes away tears.

FAITH

You're sorry?

EVAN looks up at her. There's no pity in her eyes.

EVAN

You and Steve Baldini ... you were  
in his arms.

FAITH

Steve has been looking out for us.  
The only who has. He knows what it  
means to care!

EVAN

Are you and he -?

FAITH  
What do you take me for?  
Go and get your things ... My god.  
You tried to drown yourself.

He pushes up to his feet and steps towards the door.

FAITH halts him with a glare.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Why did you take money from the  
Glynns?

He meets her eyes.

EVAN  
We needed it. We were going under.

FAITH  
You didn't tell me.

EVAN  
I tried.

FAITH  
No you bloody didn't.

EVAN  
You didn't want to hear, Faith.

They stare at each other in cold silence.

FAITH  
Stupid bloody pride, that's what  
this is all about.

EVAN shakes his head.

EVAN  
I faced reality. You avoided it.

FAITH  
Yes, I screwed Steve ... Hardly  
stopped! I'll get your things.

She exits, slamming the door behind her.

EXT. LANE / TY-MELIN. FARM YARD - AFTERNOON

FAITH climbs out of her car which is parked opposite the  
entrance to the farm speaking into her phone.

FAITH  
It's alright, I'm here now. I'll  
wait with him. Bye, Hannah.

A police cordon is stretched across the entrance to the yard. A forensics van and two further police vehicles are parked outside the farmhouse. A FORENSICS OFFICER dressed in white overalls goes inside with DI BREEZE.

The bus approaches. Air brakes hiss. FAITH turns to see a 10-year-old boy, DYFAN, jump out, a school bag slung over his shoulder. He has slender features, but sharp, inquisitive eyes that immediately settle on her, detecting trouble.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Dyfan, love. I'm Megan's mam - you know me.

He comes forward as the bus moves off. Sees the cordon and the activity beyond.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Your auntie's coming in a minute. I need you to wait with me.

DYFAN  
Where's mum?

FAITH  
She's in town, helping the police. I'm helping her.

He looks at her, tears glistening

DYFAN  
Dad?

FAITH  
(reaching for his hand)  
Love -

He takes off under the tape and into the yard, tossing his bag aside.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(chasing after him)  
Dyfan!

He disappears into a barn. FAITH goes in after him.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Dyfan, love!

An engine roars into life. DYFAN shoots out from behind a tractor on a quad bike.

EXT. TY-MELIN. FARM TRACK - AFTERNOON

FAITH comes breathless to a gate. DYFAN roars off into the distance on the bike.

EXT. TY MELIN. FIELD - AFTERNOON

DYFAN, riding through a meadow of long, thick grass, tears streaming across his cheeks.

END OF PART TWO

INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - AFTERNOON

TOM steps out of his office and approaches the reception desk. SARAN JAMES rises from a chair.

TOM glances at DELYTH. Her return glance carries a warning.

TOM  
Mrs James?

She nods.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(motioning her to the  
conference room)  
Some coffee, please, Delyth.

SARAN  
(clipped)  
No, thank you.

She follows him through the conference room door.

INT. HOWELLS. CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

SARAN follows TOM in. He motions her to a chair. She remains standing.

SARAN  
Your client. Gael Reardon.

TOM  
Reardon? No, I don't believe she's  
a client.

SARAN  
Two weeks ago Faith Howells  
approached me with Mrs Reardon's  
offer to buy my hair salons. I  
declined.

TOM swallows his alarm.

SARAN (CONT'D)  
Now Mrs Reardon is threatening to  
destroy my business unless I  
accept.

TOM

Well, if there's been a threat  
you must go to the police.

SARAN

She did offer an alternative - that  
Mrs Howells would arrange for me to  
make monthly payments.

TOM

No, no, no. Let me deal with this,  
Mrs James. I'll call you.

SARAN

Twenty-four hours.

She lets herself out. TOM reaches for the phone.

EXT. REARDON'S HAULAGE DEPOT - AFTERNOON

FAITH pulls up in a parking space outside the single storey  
office building. Her phone rings. She glances at the screen:  
'TOM'. She answers.

FAITH

Yes?

TOM (V.O.)

Faith, I've had Saran James in. She  
says you're acting for Gael  
Reardon.

FAITH

Sorry. Dreadful line. Call you back  
in a minute.

She switches off her phone. Exhales. Squares up her shoulders  
and climbs out.

INT. REARDON'S HAULAGE DEPOT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

FAITH walks smartly from her car towards GAEL'S office as a  
truck draws into the yard.

STEVE, driving the truck, watches FAITH go through the door  
into the office. The sight of her fills him with rending,  
painful longing.

INT. GAEL REARDON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

GAEL is seated at her desk reading a letter hand written on  
flimsy blue paper.

A knock at the door. She tucks the letter into a drawer.

Gael

Come in.

FAITH enters. Comes forward and drops the envelope onto GAELE'S desk.

FAITH

He wasn't happy, whoever he was.

Gael

You don't need to know.

(dismissing FAITH)

I'll be in touch.

FAITH remains standing at the desk.

FAITH

When Evan and the others went to trial it was me who made sure the police stayed away from you. It's been nearly 18 months. I'd say we're all square.

Gael

120 grand is a big debt. Running a few errands doesn't begin to clear it.

FAITH

Maybe you'd rather be inside? You're going the right way about it.

Gael

(smiles)

Saran James kicking up? Weren't she and Evan an item once?

FAITH meets her gaze. She laughs.

FAITH

What is it you want, Gael? What's the end-game? Another struck-off lawyer's no good to you.

Gael

Your Steve doesn't complain. I keep him on a tight leash.

(off FAITH'S reaction)

Sorry. Sore point?

A beat. They stare at each other in open hostility.

FAITH

You could be a big success. If you played it straight.

Gael  
 You should have told that to Evan.  
 How is he?

Faith  
 Good bye, Gael.

Faith smiles and turns to the door.

Gael  
 You know, you might be right,  
 Faith. I could do with owning an  
 honest business. Respectability. I  
 understand your firm acts for  
 Corran Energy. They're in trouble.

Faith pauses. Glances back at her.

Gael (CONT'D)  
 Get me the right deal, we'll call  
 it quits.

Faith  
 They employ a lot of people round  
 here. With families.

Gael  
 So help me save them.

A beat.

Faith gives an uncertain nod and goes.

Gael smiles faintly and turns her attention to the envelope.

INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / REARDON'S HAULAGE DEPOT - AFTERNOON

Faith climbs into her car and turns the key. A warning bleep.  
 'LOW FUEL' flashes up on the dash.

She glances right into the open front of the adjacent  
 warehouse, sensing eyes on her.

There's no one there.

EXT. PETROL STATION - AFTERNOON

Faith unhooks the petrol nozzle and shoves it into her car.  
 She waits, impatient and distracted, while the tank fills.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

FAITH pulls EVAN'S clothes out of the wardrobe and angrily stuffs them into laundry bags.

Wardrobe empty, she turns to the bedside drawers, pulls one all the way out and tips the contents into another bag. She pulls out a second. Inside is the Alec Fenton driving licence.

She grabs it.

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. VERANDA - NIGHT

FAITH, wrapped in a coat, steps out from the house.

EVAN is at the railing, smoking a cigarette. He glances round as she approaches.

FAITH  
Marion told me Tom's not your  
father.

He looks back out into the night. Makes no reply.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(she holds up the licence)  
Why Alec Fenton?

EVAN  
Just a name.

FAITH  
Shit name. Shit wig. I know who he  
bloody was, Evan. Saran James told  
me.

EVAN  
No, you don't.

FAITH  
He was your friend. He drowned.

EVAN  
He wasn't my friend ... He was my  
brother.

Silence. The missing pieces assemble in FAITH'S mind.

FAITH  
Alec's father was-? Did you never  
suspect? I mean, then - when you  
were kids?

EVAN  
(shrugs)  
We were close ... It was my fault.  
(MORE)



EVAN (CONT'D)  
I insisted on taking the boat out  
... Told his dad it was him.

He draws down on the stub of his cigarette. Tosses it over the rail.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Guess I've had it coming.

He turns to face her, his eyes swimming with angry tears.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
This should have been his life.

FAITH looks at him, anger giving way to compassion. The dam breaks. She steps forward and hugs him. He sobs into her shoulder like a child.

Then, suddenly, he lifts his face and kisses her urgently. Savagely. And FAITH briefly succumbs, needing him.

And just as suddenly, she pulls away.

FAITH  
You slept with Gael Reardon.

EVAN  
No. Never. Never, Faith. She'll say anything.

She stares searchingly into his eyes and sees a flicker of truth; of the man she loves.

FAITH  
Once the kids are at school you're going to tell me everything.

She goes, leaving him with a shred of hope.

INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / ABERCORRAN - AFTERNOON

FAITH, deep in the memory, drives towards a small park with a children's play area.

Two GIRLS are standing by the swings glued to a phone. One of them is ALYS. Both are in identical school uniform. FAITH glances at the clock on the dash - 6:30. She slows to a halt.

EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

FAITH approaches ALYS and her friend, both still absorbed in the phone.

FAITH  
Alys? Why aren't you at home?

ALYS looks round, startled. She's wearing dark eye shadow.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Does Arthur know where you are?

She doesn't answer.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
You haven't told him? I see. Why not?

ALYS shrugs.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(to the other girl)  
I don't think we've met.

ALYS  
Angie. She's new.

The name triggers a flicker in FAITH'S expression. A connection beyond her conscious grasp.

FAITH  
Hi, Angie. How about your parents?

ANGIE  
There's my dad now.  
(to Alys)  
See you.

She walks off towards a red pick-up truck that's pulling up behind FAITH'S car.

STEVE climbs out. He walks towards ANGIE but his eyes are on FAITH.

FAITH freezes. STEVE keeps on coming.

ALYS glances between them, sensing the charged atmosphere.

STEVE  
(offering his hand)  
Faith. Been a while. A very long while.

FAITH, shakes it in a charade of politeness.

FAITH  
(struggling to speak over  
her pounding heart)  
Yes.

STEVE  
Keeping well?

She nods, her hand trembling as she withdraws it.

FAITH  
(in a panicked whisper)  
You can't do this, Steve. The court  
order -

He smiles, his eyes fixed on her.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(acutely aware of ALYS)  
Please -

STEVE  
Look after yourself.

He steers ANGIE back to the car.

INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR - AFTERNOON

ALYS, in the passenger seat, glances across at FAITH driving. FAITH catches her eye and attempts a brittle smile. It can't disguise the fact that she's in pieces.

FAITH  
Where's Angie come from, then?

ALYS  
Tenby. Her mum's just had a baby.  
She couldn't stand it so came to  
live with her dad.

FAITH  
Uh huh.

A beat.

ALYS  
She knows about us.

FAITH, a look.

ALYS (CONT'D)  
How Dad was a drug dealer -

FAITH  
He was not a ... He made a mistake.  
I told you. Some people let him  
down.

ALYS, a look, knowing bullshit when she hears it.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Your father never hurt anyone,  
Alys. It was just a business thing.

ALYS  
(turning her gaze out of  
the window)  
Yeah. And Steve's just a friend.

FAITH drives on in agonising silence. Nothing she can say.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

FAITH comes through the front door. ALYS trails behind her and sprawls straight onto the sofa with her phone.

FAITH  
Sorry I'm late.

ARTHUR  
(ferrying food to MEGAN  
and RHODRI at the  
breakfast bar)  
Oh, hello.

TOM and LISA, quite at home, are drinking white wine by the counter. They offer greetings.

MEGAN  
You were too late to make pizzas.

FAITH  
Sorry, love. Tomorrow, I promise.

MEGAN  
Is it true Dyfan's dad's dead?

FAITH  
(glancing at ARTHUR)  
Who told you that?

ARTHUR gestures 'Not me'.

MEGAN  
I heard Gwen's mam say.

FAITH  
It's very very sad. But we'll look  
out for Dyfan, won't we?

She kisses MEGAN and RHODRI in turn.

TOM  
(pouring FAITH some wine)  
I just popped by to say hi to the  
kids.

He hands her the glass.

FAITH  
Has Rhodri been eating chocolate?  
Tom! How many times?

TOM  
(stroking RHODRI'S head)  
It hasn't spoiled his appetite, has  
it?

LISA  
I did tell him.  
(to FAITH)  
New shirt? Lush.

FAITH  
(to ARTHUR)  
Forgotten about Alys, had you?

ARTHUR  
(sotto)  
She was at the swings.  
(holding up his phone)  
Tracks her to the last yard.

LISA  
It's all under control, Babes. Team  
effort.

MEGAN  
Did you get my art stuff, Mam?

FAITH hesitates. MEGAN'S face falls. She gets down from her  
stool.

FAITH  
I had a better idea ... Seashells.  
You've got a whole bag of them. We  
can cut up an old box, paint it,  
make a collage. Eco friendly and  
won't cost a penny.

ARTHUR shoots FAITH a look - 'Well saved'.

MEGAN  
(reluctantly)  
OK -

ARTHUR  
Have your tea now, Megs. And you  
Alys.

MEGAN climbs back on her stool.

TOM  
(to FAITH, nodding towards  
the veranda)  
Quick word? I've got a table  
booked.

FAITH  
(to MEGAN, as she meets  
TOM'S gaze)  
Eat your broccoli. I don't want to  
see any left over.

She follows TOM out onto the veranda.

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. VERANDA - NIGHT

TOM stares awkwardly at his feet.

FAITH  
(teasing)  
Somewhere nice? Who is she, then?  
Do I know her?

TOM  
(gravely serious)  
About Gael Reardon -

FAITH  
She asked me to convey an offer.  
That's all I did.

TOM  
For a fee?

FAITH  
You know the history, Tom. Blame  
Evan, not me.

TOM  
You kept this to yourself.

FAITH  
Something of a firm tradition.  
(firmly)  
I'll get rid of her, Tom.

TOM  
You have to.

FAITH  
She wants to buy Corran Energy. If  
I negotiate the right price she's  
agreed that's an end to it ...

TOM, a look.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
And seeing as we'll never see our  
thirty-two grand unless someone  
takes them over, I think it may be  
in our interests.

TOM stares into his glass, the idea sticking in his craw.

TOM

Alright ... I'm prepared to make soundings. But you're not to defend Madlen Vaughan.

FAITH

You are joking? ... It's a murder brief, Tom ... For one of our oldest clients.

TOM

William Vaughan was our client, Faith. From a well known family. If we defend his murderer we'll be shunned.

FAITH

(rounding on him)

Alleged murderer, Tom. Innocent until proven guilty? Remember that? No one can know what that poor woman is going through more than me. No one!

TOM

You've never done a murder trial, Faith -

FAITH

(cutting him off)

Then let this be the first. They've picked on the easiest suspect, decided she's guilty and like they always do, they'll only go after evidence that fits their theory. But she is innocent, Tom. I'm sure of it.

TOM

Look at you. You're already too invested. You'll be a danger to her.

FAITH turns away, suddenly emotional.

TOM softens. He places a gentle hand on her back.

She rallies.

TOM (CONT'D)

We all wish life were just.

He gives her a placatory smile.

TOM (CONT'D)

Sorry about the chocolate.

He goes back indoors, leaving her alone.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

FAITH comes back in from the veranda. TOM hovers by the front door as LISA drains her glass and quickly rinses it under the tap.

LISA  
Got to dash, Babes. Tom's giving me  
a lift.

She pecks FAITH on the cheek and exits with TOM.

ARTHUR  
(emptying a carrier bag of  
seashells onto the  
counter)  
Slipped her the invite just before  
you came home. Smooth as velvet, he  
was.

They exchange a look.

FAITH  
(dismissing the notion)  
No ... Oh, for God's sake.

ARTHUR  
Don't worry about this collage -  
we've got it sorted.

He ruffles MEGAN'S hair. She smiles.

FAITH  
It's seven o'clock.

ARTHUR  
Meter's off. This is strictly fun.

ALYS rolls her eyes.

FAITH lifts RHODRI out of his booster seat and carries him to the sink to wipe his face. She glances out to see TOM and LISA pulling away in his Jaguar, both laughing.

INT. POLICE STATION. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - NIGHT

At her desk, PC WILLIAMS is carefully assembling sets of photographs of TY MELIN and the lower field into several ring binders.

DI BREEZE enters.

DI BREEZE  
No home to go to, Constable?



PC WILLIAMS  
Just collating evidence. Never  
hurts to be organised.

DI BREEZE casts an eye over her meticulous work and  
obsessively ordered files on the shelf above.

DI BREEZE  
Mrs Howells. You and she have a bit  
of history.

PC WILLIAMS  
Forgive and forget, sir. It's a  
small community. We all have to rub  
along.

DI BREEZE  
When I was investigating her  
husband, I couldn't help feeling he  
didn't say a word she hadn't told  
him to. Unfair of me, do you think?

PC WILLIAMS  
She's certainly an easy woman to  
underestimate.

DI BREEZE  
Spoken out of experience?

PC WILLIAMS nods.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)  
I'll bear it in mind. Don't stay up  
all night.

He goes. PC WILLIAMS' smile sours to a frown. She slams the  
folders shut.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - NIGHT

A seashell collage of a leaping dolphin is laid out on the  
counter.

FAITH is curled up on the sofa with MEGAN and RHODRI. The  
bass thud of ALYS'S music travels downstairs from her  
bedroom.

FAITH  
Tired and hungry, but glad right  
down to their toes to have found  
their way home, the five little  
hedge monkeys snuggled up in their  
nest. The end ... What d'you think?

MEGAN  
Maybe a seven.

FAITH

Cheeky!

FAITH tickles her. MEGAN giggles. FAITH kisses the top of her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Come on, then. Up to bed. Let's see  
if we can get Alys to pipe down  
while we're at it.

She lifts RHODRI onto her knee and gets to her feet.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(sensing MEGAN'S mood  
flattening)

Megs?

MEGAN

I miss Daddy.

FAITH

I know, love. He misses you, too.

MEGAN smiles bravely. FAITH takes her hand. They go upstairs.

INT. PRISON. CELL - NIGHT

Photographs of FAITH and the KIDS are taped to the wall next to EVAN'S bunk. He lies awake in the semi-darkness. His cell mate snores in the bunk above.

Footsteps sound on the metal landing. They come to a stop outside the door. EVAN glances up as the inspection hatch opens. An unseen hand drops a folded piece of paper through. The hatch closes again.

EVAN climbs silently out of bed. He retrieves the paper from the floor and unfolds it. Printed in the centre of the sheet is a recent photograph taken through a telephoto lens of FAITH and GAEL talking outside GAEL'S office.

END OF PART THREE

EXT. ABERCORRAN ESTUARY - MORNING

Mist rises off the still, dark water lapping the thick mud on the shore.

EXT. ABERCORRAN HIGH STREET - MORNING

FAITH is parking up opposite the office when she sees SARAN walking along the road with one of her 10-year-old twin boys.

FAITH hurries across the road and intercepts her.

SARAN

Faith?

FAITH spins round to see SARAN climbing out of her black Mercedes.

FAITH

Saran. I just wanted to assure you that the visit you had from Mrs Reardon was nothing to do with me or my firm. But in any event, my apologies.

SARAN

(to her son)

Wait there for your brother.

He glances uncertainly at his mother and heads towards the town square.

FAITH

As for the police, their involvement won't be necessary. Mrs Reardon won't be troubling you any further.

SARAN

(cutting her off)

This all goes back to Evan, doesn't it?

FAITH shakes her head, her professional mask slipping.

SARAN (CONT'D)

Look, I've only one thing to say to you, Faith - as a friend. Leave. Do it. Get out and make your own life before you drown with him.

She steps past her and follows her son who is waiting by the square.

INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / POLICE STATION - MORNING

FAITH, deep in thought, pulls up and kills the engine. She stares out through the windscreen.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

FAITH lies on the bed, fully dressed, staring at the ceiling.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BACK SITTING ROOM - DAWN

EVAN lies awake on the sofa. The first grey light of dawn filters around the curtains.

FAITH enters, still in last night's clothes.

FAITH  
Marion's regained consciousness.

EVAN  
Thanks ...

She waits for him to speak.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
I shouldn't have come home ...  
Should have gone straight to the  
police and told them everything.

FAITH  
That would have got us both  
arrested.

EVAN glances towards her in surprise.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(all business)  
Steve Baldini shifted those drugs  
you ordered from Gael Reardon to  
pay off the Glynns and clear the  
firm's debt. I cut a deal with  
Parry which just leaves Gael down  
on the deal. It's a detail. I'll  
work it out.

EVAN sits up. He looks at her in astonishment.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
What did you think I'd do - see us  
all turned out on the street?

FAITH steps forward out of the shadows into the dim light.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
So now I've dug you out of a hole,  
you've got to decide what you're  
going to do, Evan. You've got three  
kids upstairs.

He breathes fitfully in the silence, a rush of emotions  
overwhelming him.

The silence stretches. FAITH waits ... then, finally, when  
she gets nothing back, she turns to the door.

EVAN

I want to look after you ... I want to start again ... I want to show you who I am.

FAITH

Well, who are you, Evan? ... You're not much of a lawyer, we've established that.

EVAN

I want to be ... I just want us to be happy ... I'm going to hand myself in.

FAITH

So what's stopping you?

He hangs his head.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Look at me. I'm standing here, right? Which is a bloody miracle in itself ... I am, for the sake of our kids, for what's most precious to both of us ... I may be off my bloody head, but I am prepared ... I am prepared, Evan, to give you a chance ... but only ... only if you swear you will never, ever lie to me again.

EVAN looks up at her.

EVAN

Faith? You'll forgive me?

She stares at him for a long moment, trying to find words to explain the rage, love and fury that are tumbling crazily through her mind.

Her phone rings. She reaches it out of her pocket and checks the screen: 'CERYS'. She answers.

FAITH

(into the phone)

Cerys?

CERYS (V.O.)

I've got some bad news.

Her voice carries clearly to EVAN.

CERYS (V.O.)

That email you told me not to send ... I'd already sent it. To the Met.

A beat.

FAITH  
(into the phone)  
OK ... We'll talk later.

She rings off. Meets EVAN'S gaze.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Game's up. I did my best.

Upstairs, an alarm clock goes off.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
I'll do the packed lunches. You do  
breakfast. And stop crying like a  
girl.

She exits and goes up the stairs.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KIDS' BEDROOM - MORNING

FAITH enters. She has changed into pyjamas.

FAITH  
(brightly)  
Wakey, wakey!

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING

ALYS, MEGAN and RHODRI sit at the breakfast bar. EVAN is  
scrambling eggs at the stove as if nothing has changed.

BACK TO THE  
PRESENT:

INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / POLICE STATION - MORNING

A knock on the driver's window. FAITH looks round to see PC  
WILLIAMS, who has just dismounted from a bike.

PC WILLIAMS  
(flushed and breathless)  
Mrs Howells. We've got some  
forensics back. Not good news for  
her, I'm afraid.

FAITH  
Look, I er, I may not be staying  
long ... My partners think that  
maybe she'd benefit from lawyers  
more used to this sort of case.

PC WILLIAMS  
I see ... Well, if it's any help, I  
expect you'll be looking at a  
guilty plea. Tragic.

She goes into the station. FAITH hesitates, wrestling with  
her conscience, then hurries after her.

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

The video camera is recording.

FAITH sits alongside MADLEN, who stares across the table with  
a child's wide, uncomprehending eyes. Her hair is a slept-on  
mess.

DI BREEZE, by contrast, is sharp and fresh.

DI BREEZE  
(consulting his iPad)  
Your fingerprints were on the gun,  
the cabinet and the key.

PC WILLIAMS hands FAITH a paper copy of the results.  
She glances over them, then offers them to MADLEN, who  
continues to stare at DI BREEZE.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)  
Mrs Vaughan?

MADLEN  
I locked it in there.

FAITH and PC WILLIAMS exchange a glance.

DI BREEZE  
When?

MADLEN  
After we fetched the Land Rover  
back from the field ... When we  
went down there, I saw it on the  
grass, by the car.

DI BREEZE  
You didn't mention any of this  
yesterday.

MADLEN doesn't reply.

PC WILLIAMS  
Did you pick it up, Madlen?

FAITH nudges MADLEN'S foot with hers under the table.

MADLEN

I took it back to the house. In the Land Rover.

DI BREEZE

You left the trailer in the field?

MADLEN

Ground was too wet. Wheels were spinning.

DI BREEZE studies her with unnerving stillness.

DI BREEZE

Tell me about your recent arguments, Mrs Vaughan. Were they over money?

MADLEN

No ... Madog's got it wrong ... I tried to keep things nice, see - for Dyfan. And Will, he'd snap a bit, then just go into himself ...

DI BREEZE

And Dyfan will verify that?

MADLEN

Dyfan?

(to FAITH, in desperation)  
It's nothing to do with him.

FAITH

I'll go with them, Madlen.

PC WILLIAMS coughs pointedly.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(rounding on PC WILLIAMS)  
He's a potential defence witness.  
(to DI BREEZE)  
I've a right to be there.

They lock eyes across the table.

INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / COAST ROAD - MORNING

FAITH follows a squad car containing DI BREEZE and PC WILLIAMS along a spectacular stretch of road with views over the estuary. She connects to her voicemail messages over the hands free.

TOM (V.O.)

Faith, I've contacted a firm from Cardiff. They're sending someone to Madlen Vaughan this afternoon. You have told her you're withdrawing?



She winds down the window letting the wind rush in.

INT./EXT. POLICE CAR / COAST ROAD - MORNING

PC WILLIAMS drives. In the passenger seat, DI BREEZE glances in the side mirror at FAITH following behind them.

PC WILLIAMS  
Mrs Vaughan's originally from  
Newport, I believe. Moved down when  
they married.

DI BREEZE  
The outsiders are always the  
trouble-makers. Like our Mrs  
Howells.

He gives PC WILLIAMS a sideways look, detecting her unease.

PC WILLIAMS  
People arrive here for all sorts of  
reasons. They seldom find what  
they're looking for.

DI BREEZE  
You didn't consider leaving after  
you demotion?

PC WILLIAMS  
I was doing my job. I had nothing  
to be ashamed of.

DI BREEZE turns his gaze thoughtfully out of the window. They drive on.

EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - MORNING

A busy playground filled with happy, noisy KIDS.

DYFAN, standing alone, stares up at the chain link fence, counting the wire squares.

A TEACHER approaches.

He looks round. She smiles.

INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL. CORRIDOR - MORNING

FAITH, DI BREEZE and PC WILLIAMS watch through the glass pane in the classroom door as the TEACHER settles with DYFAN at a child-size table.

DI BREEZE  
Just to be clear. I'm allowing you  
to observe, Mrs Howells, not to  
intervene.

The TEACHER looks their way and nods.  
FAITH is first through the door.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)  
Mrs Howells -

INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL. CORRIDOR - MORNING

FAITH hurries across the room. She crouches at DYFAN'S side  
as DI BREEZE and PC WILLIAMS come after her.

FAITH  
Hi, Dyfan. Mam sends her love.  
You're going to see her very soon.

The confused TEACHER looks from FAITH to the two POLICE  
OFFICERS.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
She wants you to answer this man's  
questions as best you can, but only  
tell him what you remember.

DI BREEZE  
That's enough.

FAITH  
I'll be right here.

She takes a seat at a nearby table as DI BREEZE and PC  
WILLIAMS sit opposite DYFAN. The TEACHER joins FAITH.

DI BREEZE  
Hello, Dyfan. My name's Laurence.  
Nice to meet you.

DYFAN looks at them without expression.

JUMP CUT TO:

FAITH watches DYFAN with mounting concern as DI BREEZE  
continues to press him:

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)  
And when you couldn't find him -?

DYFAN  
(in stilted monotone)  
Mam kept calling. He didn't answer.

DI BREEZE  
Did you see your mum pick up a gun?

He nods.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)  
What did she do with it?

DYFAN  
Put it in the Land Rover.

DI BREEZE  
This one?

He hands him a photograph of the Land Rover.

DYFAN nods again and rubs his eyes.

FAITH  
(to the TEACHER)  
I think he's had enough for one day.

DI BREEZE  
We've nearly finished. How far from the river was the Land Rover when you found it? ... Close by or far away?  
(impatient with his silence)  
Dyfan?

DYFAN  
Eighty-five steps.

DI BREEZE looks at the TEACHER.

TEACHER  
Dyfan likes to count things.  
(touching his hand)  
Don't you, love?

He nods.

DI BREEZE  
So you went down to the river?

DYFAN  
Mam called me back.

DI BREEZE  
Did she go there?

He shakes his head.

DI BREEZE studies him for a moment. Makes a note on his iPad.

PC WILLIAMS casts FAITH an ominous glance.

INT. CORRAN ENERGY - DAY

TOM strides across the shop floor towards the factory offices.

INT. CORRAN ENERGY. BOARD ROOM - AFTERNOON

GERAINT JERNIGAN (50s) paces the floor. EMRYS HUWS, his fellow director, is seated at a conference table with TOM.

JERNIGAN

Thirty years we've been in this business. Growing, investing. But the moment you start taking bites out of the big boys ... the whole game's rigged against you.

He drops into a chair.

TOM

It's a lot of money to be waiting for, Geraint.

EMRYS HUWS

We're looking at new markets. We're talking to the Ghanaians about setting up a plant.

A beat. TOM wrestles with competing loyalties. Forces himself on.

TOM

I wish you every success, but meanwhile Corran Energy owes Howells of Abercorran £32,000. I'm afraid we have to call it in.

JERNIGAN and HUWS exchange a look of surprise.

TOM (CONT'D)

Shall we say three installments a month apart?

JERNIGAN looks away.

TOM (CONT'D)

(to HUWS)

Emrys?

Silence.

Finally ...

HUWS

It's a difficult moment, Tom. We may need a little longer.

TOM

We've been contacted by a party  
interested in buying the business.  
They've asked for your price.

HUWS and JERNIGAN exchange a look, HUWS already resigning himself.

JERNIGAN

No ... Look, we'll pay you, Tom. Of  
course we will. Give us fourteen  
days -

TOM looks to HUWS. He reaches for a memo pad, takes a pen and writes down a number. He pushes it across the desk to TOM.

JERNIGAN (CONT'D)

(with sudden malice)

How's your boy, Tom?

TOM meets his gaze, shocked.

JERNIGAN starts up from the table and exits, slamming the door behind him.

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - AFTERNOON

DI BREEZE drops a tagged evidence bag containing an empty shotgun cartridge on the table in front of MADLEN and FAITH. PC WILLIAMS adjusts the video camera recording the interview.

DI BREEZE

There are only two possible  
explanations, Mrs Vaughan - either  
you shot him down by the bank or  
someone else did.

MADLEN shakes her head.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)

Why didn't you go down to the  
river?

MADLEN doesn't answer.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)

Wasn't it an obvious place to look?

Trapped, MADLEN looks from DI BREEZE to FAITH.

FAITH

Take your time, Madlen. It's OK.

She swallows a lump in her throat. FAITH braces herself.

MADLEN

I was scared ...

She chokes up, emotion overwhelming her.

PC WILLIAMS  
What were you scared of, Madlen?

MADLEN  
... That I'd find him hanging from  
a tree.

She sobs into her hands.

FAITH looks across at DI BREEZE. They lock eyes.

DI BREEZE  
Madlen Vaughan, I am charging you  
with the murder of your husband,  
William Andras Vaughan.

OVERLAPPING:

FAITH  
You can't charge her. You've  
absolutely no evidence she fired  
that gun.  
(to PC WILLIAMS)  
Susan, you can't let this happen.  
Not again!

DI BREEZE  
Interview terminated at 16:08.

FAITH  
This isn't police work, it's a  
bloody witch hunt.

PC WILLIAMS  
Mrs Howells, please! Calm down!

FAITH glares defiantly back at him.

DI BREEZE  
(ignoring FAITH)  
You'll appear in court tomorrow  
morning, Mrs Vaughan.

He exits.

PC WILLIAMS  
(avoiding FAITH'S gaze)  
Two minutes.

She follows DI BREEZE out of the door. MADLEN and FAITH sit  
in silence for a long moment.

FAITH  
Bastard.

She places a hand on MADLEN'S and squeezes.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
I am not going to let him do this  
to you.

INT. HOWELLS. FAITH'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

FAITH, jacketless at her desk and surrounded by open text books, talks into the phone at a hundred miles per hour.

FAITH  
No, I am not the police. I am a  
defence lawyer defending a murder  
case and I require access to your  
network's location data ... Well,  
can you give me the number, please?

She scribbles down a number as it's dictated to her. A knock  
at her door. FAITH glances up to see TOM and CERYs enter.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
Thank you.

She puts down the receiver, sensing trouble. CERYs nods to  
TOM.

TOM  
You promised me, Faith. We had an  
agreement.

FAITH  
She's innocent.

TOM sighs.

TOM  
Well, I've kept my side of our  
bargain. I have a number from the  
Board of Corran Energy.

A beat.

FAITH  
Are you going to tell me?

TOM places a folded piece on her desk. FAITH opens it and  
sees the number: £6m.

CERYs  
You've got to step away, Faith.

FAITH  
She trusts me.

TOM

You have got three children, a mortgage to pay and a husband in prison.

He snaps, slamming his fist on the desk.

TOM (CONT'D)

For Christ's sake, Faith. Wake up!

FAITH flinches as TOM storms out, banging the door behind him.

CERYS

We were meant to be a team.  
Partners, building a business,  
making decent money.

She throws up her hands and lets them fall to her sides.

FAITH looks guiltily back at her.

CERYS (CONT'D)

What happened, Faith? ... I feel  
like I lost you somewhere.

She exits.

EXT. TY MELIN. FIELD - MAGIC HOUR

Birdsong.

A pristine 10 acre meadow on a gently sloping hillside.

FAITH, wearing Wellingtons with her suit, paces up the gradient from the tree-lined river that marks the meadow's lower boundary towards the trailer, which is still parked in the field surrounded by a cordon of police tape.

FAITH

Eighty-four. Eighty five.

She stops and looks back over a panoramic view of Abercorran and the estuary beyond. It's a place for lovers, not murder. Slowly taking it all in, she wrestles with an impossible dilemma.

Finally ...

She turns and walks away across the field.

INT. REARDON'S HAULAGE DEPOT - NIGHT

STEVE exits the warehouse at the end of his shift. He keeps an eye on GAEL locking up her office while fielding a phone call.



Gael  
 (into the phone)  
 Tell them it's not even in the  
 right ball park. Faith, they'll be  
 lucky to get two.

She rings off and heads for her Range Rover while dialling another number.

Gael (CONT'D)  
 (into the phone)  
 Shane, it's Gael. They've picked  
 their first number - six.

She stops at the car and spots a flat back tyre. STEVE has seen it, too.

Gael (CONT'D)  
 (into the phone)  
 Hold on a moment.  
 (to STEVE)  
 Sort it.

She fishes in her bag. Tosses him a set of keys.

Gael (CONT'D)  
 Hurry. I'm late.

She walks off resuming her call.

Gael (CONT'D)  
 (into her phone)  
 We'll let them stew for a while,  
 get desperate.

STEVE steps round to the back of the RANGE ROVER. Sorts through the keys and finds the one he wants. He takes a lump of plasticine out from his pocket. Presses the key into it.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

FAITH comes through the front door into a wall of music and excited voices.

ALYS, MEGAN, ARTHUR and LISA are making pizzas at the counter which is covered with flour and bowls of ingredients. RHODRI races around the floor on a push-along motorbike.

Alys  
 Hi, mum!

Faith  
 Wow. Pizzas. Fantastic.

Arthur  
 Sorry about the mess. Weren't  
 expecting you.

FAITH grabs RHODRI and kisses him. He squeals and races off.  
She comes over to the counter and admires the pizzas.

LISA  
Don't mind me, Babes. I'm only here  
for the freebies.  
(she sloshes wine into a  
glass and hands it to  
her)  
Get outside this.

FAITH  
I want a word with you later.

She gives her a look and kisses ALYS and MEGAN.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
What did Miss Gwynn think of the  
collage?

ARTHUR  
She only put it up on the wall.

FAITH  
Oh, Megs! Brilliant!

MEGAN  
Thanks.

FAITH  
(taking off her jacket)  
Hey, can I have a go?

ARTHUR  
(tossing her some pizza  
dough)  
Go on, then. Let's see what you're  
made of.

LISA  
She'll be rubbish.

FAITH  
Says you. We haven't got a dog,  
Lisa.

LISA  
What?

FAITH  
That's a dog's pizza.

LISA  
It's my spicy surprise.

FAITH  
Woof ... Woof, woof.

FAITH grabs a handful of flour and throws it at her.

LISA

Right!

She grabs a fistful and lands it square in FAITH'S face. It scatters down over her clothes.

MEGAN and ALYS laugh.

ARTHUR

(tossing FAITH a tea  
towel)

Suits you.

FAITH wipes her face. She starts to laugh ...

FAITH

For God's sake!

... and can't stop. She laughs until tears roll down her floured cheeks.

INT. POLICE STATION. CELL - NIGHT

MADLEN sits up on the cot shelf as PC WILLIAMS enters and hands her a miserable, standard-issue meal tray: two-day-old sandwiches wrapped in plastic, an apple and chocolate bar.

PC WILLIAMS

Best we can do. Sorry.

MADLEN

(ignoring the tray)  
When can I see my boy?

PC WILLIAMS

Let's see what happens at court.

MADLEN

Can't I phone him? Last night was  
the first we'd ever spent apart.

PC WILLIAMS

(with a hint of sympathy)  
It's not permitted.

She steps towards the door.

MADLEN

(pleading)  
Please ...

PC WILLIAMS stops in the doorway. She glances back at MADLEN, and knows she can't refuse her. She brings out her phone and hands it to her.

PC WILLIAMS  
Five minutes. And speak quietly.

MADLEN  
Thank you. Mrs Howells - she's a  
good lawyer, isn't she?

PC WILLIAMS  
Yes ... Yes, she is.

MADLEN  
(grateful)  
I'll tell him.

PC WILLIAMS exits the cell and closes the door.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT

FAITH lies in the bath. A tap at the door. LISA enters with  
two glasses of wine.

LISA  
Pizzas ready in five minutes.  
(setting FAITH'S glass on  
the shelf)  
Alright if I stay for dinner?

FAITH  
No Tom, tonight?

LISA  
(squirming)  
It was a meal, that's all.

FAITH  
A little bit of footsie and back to  
the boat?

LISA  
Faith! Yuck! He's old enough to be  
my dad.

FAITH  
Wouldn't be the first time - Edwin?  
Remember him?

LISA  
Oh, don't, please! I was drunk and  
desperate.

They laugh.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Talking of desperate ... You're not  
really going to wait for him, are  
you? Two more years? Honestly?  
(off FAITH'S silence)  
(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)  
You're in your prime, Babes. You'd  
have a queue round the block.

FAITH  
(shrugs)  
Still love him ... I think.  
Anyway, all I can think of is my  
murder trial.

LISA  
You're not, Faith. Not after what  
happened to Evan? Can't you leave  
it to Cerys?

FAITH  
She screwed up as much as he did.

She confidently picks up her glass, clinking it to LISA'S.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
I'm going to show them how it's  
done.

LISA looks at her dubiously.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

FAITH lies in a single bed in what used to be the downstairs  
back sitting room.

Unable to sleep, she climbs out and paces.

JUMP CUT TO:

FAITH, sitting up in bed, scribbling notes in a blue legal  
pad, papers strewn across the covers in front of her. She  
looks up with an anguished expression. Her features contort  
in anger and frustration.

FAITH  
Who are you kidding?

She hurls the notebook across the room and slumps tearfully  
back against the headboard.

INT. MAGISTRATES' COURT - MORNING

A CPS PROSECUTOR rises to address the bench. In the dock,  
MADLEN VAUGHAN is seated next to a burly SECURITY GUARD.

CPS PROSECUTOR  
Ma'am, Mrs Vaughan is charged with  
the murder of her husband, William  
Vaughan.

(MORE)

CPS PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)  
We ask that the matter be  
transferred directly to the Crown  
Court. We don't envisage any  
application for bail.

A polished Cardiff QC, DAVID MAITLAND, rises to his feet.  
DI BREEZE is sitting in the row behind him.

MAITLAND  
Ma'am, I appear on behalf of Mrs  
Vaughan.

MADLEN looks across the court to the public gallery, from  
where FAITH is watching. She meets FAITH'S gaze, her eyes  
filled with the bitterness of betrayal.

MAITLAND (CONT'D)  
While we make no application for  
bail this morning, we will  
certainly do so if the Crown  
proceed in anything less than a  
timely fashion.

FAITH glances away and inadvertently catches the eye of DI  
BREEZE. He looks at her, intrigued by her presence here.

MAITLAND (CONT'D)  
Mrs Vaughan is a single mother and  
is now the sole proprietor of a  
farm.

MADLEN  
(calling up to the  
gallery)  
Faith, why aren't you helping me?

MAITLAND pauses. The SECURITY GUARD places a hand on her.

MADLEN (CONT'D)  
(whimpering)  
Faith ... Please ...

THUD. THUD. THUD. FAITH looks away, the sounds of the court  
giving way to those of rhythmical, violent pounding.

MAITLAND (V.O.)  
The case against her is  
circumstantial at best. Justice  
would not be served by a long  
period awaiting trial.

INT. BOXING GYM - AFTERNOON

FAITH, pouring sweat, pounds the heavy bag in the corner.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CROWN COURT. 18 MONTHS BEFORE - AFTERNOON

FAITH, in the public gallery, meets EVAN'S gaze as he stands in the dock. DI BREEZE watches from the gallery.

JUDGE DANIELS

I give credit for your guilty plea  
and for giving evidence for the  
prosecution, Mr Howells, but you  
have committed a serious crime for  
which you must be punished.

INT. BOXING GYM - AFTERNOON

Fire and fury are concentrated into FAITH'S fists as she vents her rage with every fibre of her being.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CROWN COURT. 18 MONTHS BEFORE - AFTERNOON

FAITH'S eyes, still locked with EVAN'S.

JUDGE DANIELS

Mr Howells, I give you credit for  
offering yourself as a police  
informer and for giving evidence  
for the Crown in this case, but  
nevertheless, you have committed a  
serious offence and abused your  
position of trust as a solicitor.  
For the offence of converting  
criminal property, namely the sum  
of £250,000 acquired on behalf of  
Mr Dewi Glynn, you will go to  
prison for four years.

INT. BOXING GYM - AFTERNOON

FAITH drops onto a stool dripping sweat and self-loathing.

END OF EPISODE