

VOX PICTURES



# keeping faith

KEEPING FAITH

SERIES TWO

episode two

by

Matthew Hall

© Vox Pictures Ltd.  
59 Mount Stuart Square, Cardiff, CF10 5LR  
T: +44 (0)2921 303 335

*CATCH-UP SEQUENCE:*

*Faith, with the kids at the breakfast table;*

*Faith swaps envelopes with the unknown man at the garden centre;*

*Faith receives a phone call from Delyth - Madlen Vaughan has been charged with murder;*

*DI Breeze challenges Madlen in interview - 'Did you shoot your husband?'*

*Faith confronts Gael - 'What is it you want Gael?'*  
*Gael replies - 'Your Steve doesn't complain. I keep him on a tight leash'.*

*Faith and Steve meet again in the park. They shake hands. Faith trembles and reminds him of the court order;*

*Tom warns Faith away from defending Madlen Vaughan - 'You're too invested. Look at you. You'll be a danger to her.'*

*Madlen, in the dock, calls up pleadingly to Faith: 'Faith! Why aren't you helping me?'*

TITLE CARD: SIX WEEKS LATER

INT. STEVE'S CARAVAN. BEDROOM - DAWN

Grey dawn light seeps through thin curtains.

STEVE lies awake, sleep eluding him as it has done all night. He climbs out of bed. Pulls on a shirt.

EXT. PENDINE BEACH - DAWN

STEVE strides barefoot along the water's edge. He stops and turns to look out at the moody sunrise. Dark clouds shot through with orange light.

He takes a cheap phone from his jeans pocket. Weighs it in his hand, then types in a text.

ON THE SCREEN: I love you, Faith.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING

FAITH, dressed for work, wipes a complaining RHODRI'S face as MEGAN carries their empty bowls to the sink.

FAITH

Come on, Rhods, it's not that bad.

His high-pitched scream says, 'It damn well is'.

MEGAN

I think he's got the rash again.

FAITH

What? Where?

MEGAN

On his tummy.

FAITH

(lifting him off his  
booster seat)

Let's have a look at you.

(to MEGAN)

Get your bag together now. And  
don't forget your new pumps.

(she calls up the stairs)

Alys!

(lifts RHODRI'S shirt and  
inspects his stomach)

I don't know ... You'll live. Go  
on, then.

(sets him down on the  
floor)

Just hates being clean.

She laughs and watches with a bemused expression as he races  
off across the floor towards a small mountain of toys.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Not the same, boys, are they?

She runs a hand distractedly through her hair, blanking for a  
moment. She looks at the dirty dishes stacked up by the sink,  
then at her watch.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Arthur can do that.

(announcing to the whole  
house)

Two minutes!

She rushes to the table, gathers up papers into her  
briefcase.

ALYS

(as she comes downstairs)

Why isn't Arthur taking us?

FAITH  
 His boat was sinking! He'll be  
 there at pick-up.  
 (to MEGAN, as she buckles  
 her briefcase)  
 Be a love and grab Rhodri's coat,  
 would you? And yours - it's  
 pouring.

FAITH pulls on her suit jacket. Grabs her yellow coat from  
 the back of a chair. She turns to see ALYS wearing tight  
 black trousers with her school uniform.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 Detention all lunch hour - wasn't  
 that what Mrs Cottrell promised?

ALYS shrugs. Couldn't care less.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 Your problem.

She takes RHODRI'S coat from MEGAN and wrangles him into it.

MEGAN  
 They look dumb anyway.

ALYS gives her a shove.

FAITH  
 I saw that, Alys!

ALYS  
 Keys.

FAITH tosses her car keys, giving her a look. ALYS lets  
 herself out of the front door.

FAITH smiles radiantly and hoists RHODRI onto her hip.

FAITH  
 Come on, my beauty.

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

FAITH bundles RHODRI into his car seat. Runs around the car  
 and jumps in.

FAITH  
 (smiles)  
 Everybody happy?

ALYS, in the passenger seat, refuses to respond. FAITH'S phone bleeps. She checks it as she buckles up and turns the ignition.

ON THE SCREEN: I love you, Faith.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(sotto, as she puts the  
phone away and backs out  
of the drive)  
Funny way of showing it.

EXT. LANE - MORNING

PC WILLIAMS cycles uphill towards Ty-Melin. It's a hard, gruelling effort.

EXT. TY-MELIN. YARD - MORNING

PC WILLIAMS coasts into the yard and comes to a halt.

The farm is eerily quiet except for a few bedraggled chickens. Curtains are drawn across the windows of the farm house on the opposite side of the yard.

She climbs off her bike and parks it in an open-sided barn. Unclipping her helmet, she starts to look around. She stops to examine a strange piece of apparatus - three inverted cones on a stand and a trough beneath.

EXT. RIVERBANK FIELD - MORNING

PC WILLIAMS walks towards the river. She stops. Looks at the ground and surveys the field and the estuary beyond.

She turns away, frowning - troubled by something just beyond her grasp. She heads back up the field towards the yard.

INT./EXT. STEVE'S PICK-UP / SECONDARY SCHOOL - MORNING

STEVE pulls up near the school with ANGIE in the passenger seat. KIDS are arriving at the school gate.

ANGIE  
Are you going to pick me up today?

STEVE  
You'll have to walk. Sorry, love.  
(he touches her cheek)  
Can't get off early every day.

FAITH's car approaches from the opposite direction and double parks. ALYS jumps out and dashes into school.

ANGIE

I could go back to Alys's. Arthur doesn't like me hanging out with them.

STEVE looks out at FAITH'S car as it moves towards them. FAITH glances over and sees him watching her.

STEVE

OK ... Text me and let me know what you're up to.

He leans over and kisses her cheek.

ANGIE

Thanks, Dad.

She jumps out. STEVE watches her cross the road then brings out his phone and checks his messages. Nothing from FAITH. Swallowing his pain, he starts the engine and moves off.

INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY

DELYTH, on the phone at her desk.

DELYTH

(into the phone)

She's not here yet, Mrs Vaughan.

(she sees TOM emerging  
from the conference room)

I'll put you on to Mr Howells.

She hands TOM the receiver, giving him no choice.

INT. HOWELLS. STAIRWELL / RECEPTION - DAY

FAITH pushes through the door into reception with a coffee and roll. TOM, his back to her, is on the phone.

TOM

(into the phone)

I'm sorry, Mrs Vaughan. There really is nothing we can do. I suggest you try another firm -

FAITH strides over to the desk. Presses the speakerphone button.

FAITH  
(as TOM wheels round)  
Madlen. It's Faith Howells. What's  
going on?

MADLEN (V.O.)  
(against background sounds  
of a prison)  
They wanted me to plead guilty,  
Faith -

FAITH  
Your lawyers?

TOM gesticulates, urging FAITH 'No!'.

MADLEN  
I got rid of them. The trial's on  
Monday.

CERYs enters from her office, listening intently.

MADLEN (CONT'D)  
Faith, you're the only one I trust.  
Please ...

TOM glares at FAITH.

Two beeps sound.

MADLEN (CONT'D)  
I've got no credits left ... Faith -

A beat.

CERYs (V.O.)  
We'll do it, Mrs Vaughan.

The line goes dead. Dial tone. FAITH takes the receiver from  
TOM'S hand and replaces it.

TOM stares at CERYs in cold silence.

TOM  
We had an agreement.

CERYs  
Six weeks ago. Different  
circumstances. She's been let down  
twice now. No one should have to  
suffer that ... Faith and I will  
handle her case.

TOM  
You're too busy.

CERYS  
And your best argument?

DELYTH  
I can rearrange the diary.

FAITH  
Two to one, Tom.  
(to DELYTH)  
Call Thompson and Green and tell  
them to put her file on a bike.  
We'll meet them half-way.  
(to CERYS)  
We'd better go.

FAITH heads back out of the door. CERYS looks to DELYTH.

CERYS  
I've got an 11.00 and a -

DELYTH  
Go.

CERYS darts into her office, grabs her bag and goes after FAITH.

TOM  
A murder? What do they think  
they're doing?  
(to DELYTH)  
Evan wouldn't have put up with  
this.

He marches back into the conference room.

EXT. ABERCORRAN. STREET - DAY

FAITH and CERYS walk away from the office.

FAITH  
Thank you.  
(she gives CERYS a guarded  
look)  
Why, though?

CERYS  
I've been locked in my office  
drafting leases for three weeks. My  
fantasy life was starting to scare  
me.



They laugh.

EXT. COAST ROAD - DAY

A bike courier idles in a lay-by. CERY'S red mini approaches at speed. She pulls in. FAITH jumps out, hood up, and dashes to the bike as CERY'S executes a swift and skillful three-point turn.

The BIKE COURIER hands over the files and FAITH runs back to the car.

CERY'S floors the throttle and they're away in a hail of gravel.

INT. HOWELLS. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

TOM, at the table, brooding.

A tap at the door. DELYTH enters carrying coffee. She comes over, sets the cup next to him and leans back against a chair.

DELYTH  
How's life on the boat? I'd like to  
see it some time.

He gives a sulky nod.

DELYTH (CONT'D)  
What exactly are you frightened of,  
Tom?

He sighs.

TOM  
They're so impetuous. They're High  
Street solicitor advocates, not  
QCs. I wouldn't dream of conducting  
such a case.

She touches his arm and lets it rest there.

DELYTH  
Evan managed it. And won.

She waits for his acknowledgement. TOM looks up at her with grudging acceptance.

SCENE MOVED TO 6A

SCENE MOVED TO 6B

EXT. CERY'S CAR - DAY

CERY'S car drives along the road.

FAITH (V.O.)  
Fingerprints ... ballistics ...  
Madog - he's the farm worker ...  
and financials.

CERY'S (V.O.)  
In debt up to his neck.

INT. WOMEN'S PRISON. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

FAITH and CERY'S pore over witness statements at the small table.

The door opens. A PRISON OFFICER shows MADLEN through the door.

FAITH  
(rising from her chair)  
Madlen -

The weight lifts visibly from MADLEN'S slender shoulders. For a moment she's speechless. She drops into a chair, overwhelmed with relief.

MADLEN  
Thank you ... I'd begun to think  
I'd never see my boy again ...

FAITH  
Dyfan's still with his auntie, is  
he?

MADLEN nods. Exhales. Reality slowly sinks in.

MADLEN  
They wouldn't believe me, Faith ...  
Kept staring at me like I was a  
barefaced liar ...

FAITH  
I'm sorry ... I'm sorry that  
happened ...  
(flooding with guilt)  
I'm sorry.

CERYS

(interjecting)

OK. Let's get on, shall we?

(turning through witness  
statements)

The case against you isn't strong.  
Your story tallies with all the  
evidence and as far as we can see  
the police have made no effort to  
look for anyone else.

FAITH

That's where we're going to need  
your help, Madlen. We can create  
reasonable doubt but we need some  
idea who else might have had a  
motive.

MADLEN shakes her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)

The field going down to the river -  
Will wanted to build houses on it.  
If he'd got planning it would have  
solved all your problems.

MADLEN

If ...

CERYS

The farm's account has been frozen  
for several months.

(turning a page, she spots  
something new)

Blimey! Ninety grand in the red.

MADLEN looks at her blankly.

FAITH

So, where was the money coming from  
Madlen? You weren't starving. Will  
must have been borrowing from  
someone.

CERYS

(off MADLEN'S mystified  
expression)

You never discussed it?

MADLEN

I stopped trying. I wasn't feeling  
well.

FAITH  
How is your health?

MADLEN  
They're still not sure. Want to do  
more tests.

Her expression hardens.

MADLEN (CONT'D)  
(directly to FAITH)  
I should have left him years ago,  
but ... People stay, don't they?  
When they shouldn't.

FAITH meets her eyes, feeling every word.

MADLEN (CONT'D)  
Especially when there's kids ... Do  
you think I was a coward?

FAITH  
No. No, I don't.

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

FAITH and CERYs walk down the street.

CERYs  
I'd have looked at the books.

FAITH  
(checking her phone  
messages)  
Maybe he didn't let her?

CERYs  
Helpless innocent ... I've had  
easier defences. Ninety K, though  
... Hard to hide that.  
(off FAITH'S aghast  
expression)  
What?

FAITH  
Email from the prosecution. They  
want to add a new witness. Guess  
who?

CERYs  
Clue?

FAITH  
Chasing a woman young enough to be  
his daughter ...

CERYS  
Nearly every man over forty.

FAITH  
... who happens to be my oldest  
friend.

CERYS  
Tom? ... Mind games. Smart move.

FAITH  
(turning her gaze away)  
Shit.

EXT. OPEN PRISON - DAY

DI BREEZE drives up and parks in the car park. As he walks through the entrance, he passes several PRISONERS coming and going freely across the threshold.

EXT. OPEN PRISON GROUNDS - DAY

A PRISON OFFICER in uniform directs DI BREEZE to a poly-tunnel in which EVAN and a number of other PRISONERS are tending to plants.

He goes inside. EVAN turns to see him. DI BREEZE beckons him outside.

They meet on the path.

DI BREEZE  
Your transfer here cost me a good  
deal of capital.

EVAN  
You know I'm grateful.

DI BREEZE  
Your wife is still meeting with  
Gael Reardon.

EVAN  
The Reardons want to buy a company  
called Corran Energy - clients of  
the firm since the 80s.  
(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)  
(sensing DI BREEZE'S  
scepticism)  
It's perfectly legitimate.

DI BREEZE looks out over the grounds.

DI BREEZE  
I can't help thinking you're  
playing games with me, Evan. I'm  
not going back to London until I've  
got the Reardons. You promised me  
Gael.

EVAN  
And I'll deliver. These things just  
take a little time.

DI BREEZE turns to meet EVAN'S gaze.

DI BREEZE  
Steve Baldini. Just how close are  
he and your other half?  
(gauging EVAN'S reaction)  
I'll be in touch.

He goes. EVAN watches him walk away, his mood darkening.

INT. HOWELLS. TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

TOM looks up from his work as FAITH enters with CERY'S.

FAITH  
Prosecution witness.

TOM  
I had no choice, Faith.

FAITH  
When? When did they approach you?  
(off his silence)  
You didn't ... You didn't go to  
them?

TOM  
Will Vaughan was my client. I'd  
known him from a boy ...

FAITH wheels round and exits.

FAITH  
Right. Game on.

TOM meets CERY'S gaze. He shrugs, unrepentant.

CERYs  
Low blow, Tom.

She follows FAITH out.

INT. HOWELLS. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CERYs follows FAITH through the door.

FAITH  
(shoving papers into her  
briefcase)  
At least now I know who I'm dealing  
with. A man who would rather risk  
an innocent woman going to prison  
than a stain on his precious  
reputation.

CERYs  
A little perspective here? Tom was  
his lawyer. You'd do the same.

FAITH  
How am I meant to cross-examine my  
own father-in-law?

CERYs  
This is it. This is your moment.

FAITH nods, drawing strength from her. She puts down her case  
and hugs her.

FAITH  
(whispers)  
Our moment. Ours.

INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION / TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

DELYTH comes out of the archive room with a file. She glances  
across reception and through the glass wall to see FAITH and  
CERYs embrace.

She taps on TOM'S door and goes in.

TOM is at his desk, his head in his hands. He looks up,  
embarrassed, as DELYTH enters. She smiles, hands him the file  
and exits without a word.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING

FAITH comes through the front door to a tranquil scene:  
ARTHUR cooking, MEGAN doing homework, RHODRI on the floor  
with a pile of books.

MEGAN  
(barely looking up from  
her work)  
Hi, Mam.

ARTHUR  
Here she is. Mrs Big Shot.

FAITH  
Wow. What have you given them,  
Arthur?

ARTHUR  
Orders to respect their important  
mother. I got your message. How's  
it going? Nervous?

FAITH  
(a little embarrassed)  
You know -

She lifts RHODRI and kisses him.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Oh, you smell nice. For a change.

RHODRI  
Love you, Mammy.

FAITH  
(rubbing noses with him)  
And I love you, little man.  
No Alys?

ARTHUR nods towards the window.

FAITH glances out at the patio. ALYS and ANGIE are sprawled  
over chairs at the outside table.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Joined at the hip, those two.

ARTHUR  
I'll drop Angie home when I go.

FAITH, a look.



ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Unless you'd like to -

FAITH  
No. That's fine. Thanks.

MEGAN  
Alys got detention. She says she doesn't care. And she's getting her belly button pierced.

FAITH  
Ha!

ARTHUR  
(heading off FAITH'S reaction)  
Good sign, Faith. Honestly. Always best to get your rebellion over early. That was my mistake. Fish pie OK? - brain food.

FAITH  
(preoccupied with ALYS)  
If that's what she wants, I'll get one done too, at the same time, and I'll wear my green slacks. See how she likes that.

MEGAN  
I think it's disgusting. Dad wouldn't let her.

FAITH  
(under her breath)  
Well, he's not here, is he?

She marches off to her study.

ARTHUR  
Green slacks -

He tries to picture it.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. STUDY - LATE EVENING

FAITH, dressed in T-shirt and tracksuit bottoms, is surrounded by papers spread out across the desk: witness statements, a photograph of WILL VAUGHAN'S body and of the field where he was shot.

She rhythmically squeezes a grip trainer as she reads. Something isn't adding up.

A tap at the door. FAITH glances round to see ALYS enter, dressed in pyjamas.

FAITH  
(covering the photograph  
of the body)  
Can't sleep?

ALYS shrugs, drifts over towards the desk, stealing a glance at FAITH'S papers.

ALYS  
Dad did a murder case once.

FAITH  
Sweetie, have the kids at school  
been saying stuff, upsetting you?

She shrugs.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(reaching for ALYS'S hand)  
Tell me.

She waits for ALYS to speak ...

ALYS  
Do you still love, Dad?

FAITH hesitates.

FAITH  
I do. Yes ... I love him with all  
my heart.

ALYS gives her a doubtful sideways look.

ALYS  
Because of us?

FAITH  
No. Not just because of you ...  
Why? What's on your mind, lovely?  
... Come on, Alys, We don't have  
secrets any more.

A long moment of silence.

ALYS  
If you win this case, can I have my  
belly button pierced?

FAITH  
Only if I can have a full back  
tattoo of Rick Astley.

ALYS  
Who's that?

FAITH  
He's an absolute hero, Alys. And  
still going strong.

ALYS  
(dismissively)  
Do what you like. You can't stop  
me.

She turns to the door and exits.

FAITH sighs. Grabs the grip trainer and clenches it in her  
fist.

EXT. OPEN PRISON - DAY

FAITH, pulls up in a parking space as she talks hands free.  
She's in her best suit with perfect hair and make-up.

FAITH  
I'll be right there.

CERY'S (V.O.)  
Faith, we've got twenty-four hours.  
Where are you? ... You're visiting  
Evan -

FAITH  
No, I'm not. See you in a minute.

She rings off. Looks at herself in the mirror.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
What are you doing, Faith?

She climbs out of the car and makes her way towards the  
visitor's reception, passing a PRISONER heading towards the  
prison entrance.

INT. OPEN PRISON. VISITORS' RECEPTION - DAY

VISITORS, mostly WOMEN, some with CHILDREN, wait outside a  
visiting area.

FAITH shows her driving licence to a PRISON OFFICER, who nods her through to a second OFFICER who runs a metal detector over her clothes.

The atmosphere here is good-natured. The air is filled with lively chatter. FAITH smiles at a young GIRL.

INT. OPEN PRISON. VISITING AREA - DAY

EVAN makes his way across the busy room. He stops at a table at which a PRISONER (50s) is seated in the green prisoner's chair.

EVAN gestures him to move. The other man looks up at him. EVAN looms, menacing.

EVAN

Move it.

The other PRISONER gives up his seat and skulks away.

FAITH comes away from a coffee machine with two cups. She comes to then table at which EVAN is now sitting in the prisoner's chair. She takes a seat opposite him.

EVAN (CONT'D)

(relaxed)

What do you think? Bit different, eh?

FAITH

Unexpected, wasn't it?

EVAN

I was a good boy.

He leans across and kisses her on the cheek.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Give it a week or two they'll let me into town on a temporary licence. Maybe get some home leave.

(he smiles, meeting her eyes)

Can't wait.

FAITH remains silent.

EVAN (CONT'D)

You OK?

FAITH

(briskly)

I've taken over Madlen Vaughan's defence. Long story. Trial starts tomorrow.

(ignoring his surprise)

She has no idea who might have killed him. You knew Will. Any ideas?

EVAN

(after a moment's thought)

You're sure you should be -

FAITH

(snaps)

Would I take on a case I couldn't handle? I've defended a GBH, a rape ... What's the difference?

(more calmly)

I need you to help me - people he was in debt to, fallen out with. Think, Evan. This is more your field.

He ponders. Shakes his head.

FAITH (CONT'D)

He was borrowing money, and not from the bank. Where would you go?

EVAN

(very calmly)

Reasonable doubt. That's all that matters.

(meeting her gaze)

If you're going to stand a chance you've got to be cold. Dispassionate. You can do it. Look how you handle my mother.

She smiles.

EVAN (CONT'D)

You look killer gorgeous, by the way.

He laughs. FAITH is too absorbed to laugh with him.

FAITH

I'd better go.

(rising from her chair)

(MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Oh, thanks for the text yesterday,  
but you shouldn't have a phone in  
here, Evan. You'll be straight back  
to Cat B.

EVAN  
(puzzled)  
Text?

FAITH  
I'll take killer gorgeous.

She goes.

EVAN follows her with his eyes, his face turning to stone.

EXT. OPEN PRISON. CORRIDOR - DAY

FAITH walks quickly away from the visitor's reception, her heart racing. She loosens her collar but her panic refuses to recede. She breaks into a run.

END OF PART ONE

EXT. TOM'S BOAT - EVENING

TOM pours LISA wine at a small table on deck against the twinkling lights of the harbour. He pours her a glass of white wine.

TOM  
She's not getting it. It only takes  
a few big clients to leave and  
we're finished.

LISA  
She cares, Tom. You know Faith.

TOM  
I'll survive, but she's the one  
with family to support. Can't you  
talk to her, Lisa?

LISA  
(sipping her wine)  
That's why you invited me. I see.

TOM  
No.  
(off her look)  
I'd thought it would be nice.

LISA  
I'm too close to Faith to get  
involved with her work. I'm not  
going to spoil things.

TOM  
(relenting)  
Of course. Quite right.

He looks out over the sea.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Faith, she's ... she's like a  
daughter to me ... I'm afraid this  
case will hurt her ... Madlen  
Vaughan is guilty. I'm sure of it.

LISA  
She's a big girl, Tom. And so are  
you.

He laughs.

LISA (CONT'D)  
And I am bloody starving. Haven't  
you got any food on this thing?

TOM  
Oh, sorry, I thought -

LISA  
Drinks and nibbles don't cut if for  
me, I'm afraid. I'm an expensive  
date, me - beans, corned beef,  
crust of bread.

TOM  
I'll see what I can do.

He gets up from his chair and disappears down the stairs into  
the galley.

She reaches for her glass.

INT. HOWELLS. FAITH'S OFFICE - EVENING

CERYs is on her feet next to a flip chart on which she has  
drawn a complex diagram. FAITH, at her desk amidst files,  
scrolls through her messages, only half-listening. She stops  
at: I love you, Faith.

CERYs  
 (slugging beer from a  
 bottle)  
 Trusting. Loyal. Dutiful. All  
 Madlen's guilty of is being too  
 good a wife and mother. That's our  
 narrative. We hammer it every  
 chance we get.  
 (she glances round)  
 What do you think?

FAITH looks up guiltily from her phone.

FAITH  
 Perfect. That's it.

CERYs  
 You're not convinced ... Anything I  
 should know? We need to be on fire,  
 Faith.

FAITH  
 I need a good night's rest, that's  
 all.

She closes up her files and loads them into her case. CERYs  
 studies her.

CERYs  
 Do me a favour? Stay away from Evan  
 until this is over.  
 (off FAITH'S surprise)  
 This is a lot for his pride to  
 take.  
 (picks up her file)  
 Sleep well.

She exits.  
 FAITH'S phone rings. She looks at the screen and her heart  
 sinks. She has no choice ...

FAITH  
 (into the phone)  
 One minute.

EXT. CAR PARK OVERLOOKING THE ESTUARY - EVENING

FAITH approaches the waiting Range Rover parked below the  
 castle.

GAEL lowers her window, making FAITH stand on the pavement.



Gael

Corran Energy. It's been six weeks. Dublin are climbing the walls. I promised them the deal would be done by now.

Faith

Good evening, Gael. They've had interest from another party. I heard the bank extended their loan.

Gael

(interrupting)  
Which other party?

Faith shrugs.

Gael (CONT'D)

Find out.

She hands a package out through the window.

Gael (CONT'D)

You'll get a message with instructions.

Faith

(refusing to take it)  
I'm about to start a murder trial.

Gael

Maybe I should pay Saran James another visit?

Faith

No, no. You promised you'd leave her alone.

Gael

Or I maybe could send your friend, Stevie?

(taunting)

He's sick for you, Faith. Never seen a man get it so bad.

(tossing the package onto the pavement)

A debt's a debt. Clear it.

She rolls up the window and drives off.

Faith

Jesus!

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

Through the veranda window we see FAITH come to the sink and pour herself a glass of water. She drains it in two gulps. She sets it down and stares out of the window into the darkness.

EXT. TOM'S BOAT - NIGHT

TOM, alone on the deck. Empty glasses and plates on the table.

He takes a slug of whiskey from a tumbler and stares out over the lights of the harbour. Alone and pensive, the beautiful scene seems to mock his attempts at happiness.

INT. POLICE STATION. EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

PC WILLIAMS has set out the court exhibits on a trestle. A shotgun, mobile phone, items of clothing, shotgun cartridge. Each is bagged and tagged.

She takes a careful photograph of each in turn on her phone.

DI BREEZE enters. He looks at her, puzzled.

PC WILLIAMS

Continuity, sir. I always like to photograph every piece of evidence in situ before it's moved. You know what defence lawyers are like.

DI BREEZE

No harm in belt and braces.

She nods and goes back to her task.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)

(sensing her  
preoccupation)

Something troubling you, Constable?  
Have we slipped up?

PC WILLIAMS

No, sir ... I just ... I suppose  
I'm concerned about a lack of  
compelling motive.

DI BREEZE

Our job is dispassionately to  
compile the evidence. Surely where  
that leads is up to the jury.

PC WILLIAMS  
I like to think we believed in our  
case.

PC WILLIAMS nods, keeping her reservations to herself.

DI BREEZE  
I appreciate this is difficult for  
you on several levels, Constable,  
but I won't have my authority  
questioned or my case undermined,  
is that understood?

PC WILLIAMS  
Perfectly, sir.

DI BREEZE  
Good. Let me know when you're  
finished. I'll take charge of the  
evidence from there.

He goes.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - EARLY HOURS

FAITH lies painfully awake in a her single bed in what was  
once the back sitting room. An alarm clock at her side shows  
3 am.

She wrestles with painful, turbulent emotions. Reaches for  
her phone.

She starts to write a text: Steve, that text was from you,  
wasn't it? I need to know. Fx

Her thumb hovers over the send button. She teeters  
dangerously on the brink ... but resists.

She tosses the phone aside and buries her head in the pillow.

EXT. STEVE'S CARAVAN - EARLY HOURS

STEVE, standing on the deck of the caravan, stares out at the  
night, the moon reflected in his eyes.

Finally ...

He reaches out a phone and texts: 'Thanks for having Angie.  
It means a lot. Sx'

INT. SWANSEA CROWN COURT. ROBINING ROOM - MORNING

FAITH, dressed in court collar and gown, checks herself in the mirror inside her locker door. Heavy make-up covers dark rings under her eyes. She glances down at her phone and reads STEVE'S text for the fifteenth time ... She presses 'REPLY'.

CERYS steps up behind her, interrupting the moment.

CERYS  
Prison van's arrived.

FAITH puts away her phone and grabs her file. They turn to the door.

A tall man oozing charm dressed in QC's robes, alights on FAITH.

SWANCOTT  
Mrs Howells? Hayden Swancott.  
(he smiles)  
Hayden

FAITH  
(guarded)  
Pleased to meet you.

SWANCOTT  
(he glances at CERYS)  
Your junior?

CERYS  
Colleague. Cerys Jones.

SWANCOTT smiles indulgently.

SWANCOTT  
Listen, we're prepared to consider  
a realistic offer.  
(prompting)  
Manslaughter? On grounds of  
provocation?

FAITH  
No thank you.

SWANCOTT  
(with a look of amused  
sympathy)  
Four or five years versus life,  
Faith?

FAITH  
Mrs Howells.

SWANCOTT  
On your head.

She goes, taking CERYs with her.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

FAITH'S poker face hides a void of self-doubt as SWANCOTT makes his opening speech to the jury. She glances around the public gallery checking who has come to watch.

SWANCOTT  
(with absolute conviction)  
This was not a domestic argument  
that got out of hand. The evidence  
will show that William Vaughan's  
murder had all the hallmarks of a  
most deliberate execution.

From a seat at the side of the court, DI BREEZE watches closely.

SWANCOTT (CONT'D)  
Committed by an unlikely but  
ruthless and wholly unrepentant  
executioner.

FAITH looks across at MADLEN - a tiny, inoffensive figure swallowed up by the dock.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

MADOG JONES (50s), a farm worker with features scoured by the elements, gives evidence from the witness box.

MADOG JONES  
There were frequent arguments, or  
cross words you might call it ...  
Months they'd been going on,  
longer.

SWANCOTT  
On what subject?

MADOG JONES  
Oh, petty things, mostly ...  
Bickering. I tried not to listen.  
But lately ... they hardly said a  
word to each other.

SWANCOTT

Mr Jones, as their sole employee,  
someone close to them both, how  
would you describe the state of  
their marriage at the time of Mr  
Vaughan's death?

JONES sighs. Casts a guilty glance at MADLEN.

MADOG JONES

Not happy. Not at all.

JUMP CUT TO:

FAITH, cross-examining JONES:

FAITH

Will Vaughan had spent nearly five  
years failing to get permission to  
build houses on the 10 acre field.

MADOG JONES

Yes.

FAITH

He was flat broke.

MADOG JONES

Not my business to know.

FAITH

He didn't tell you?

MADOG JONES

No.

FAITH

That's odd. You didn't guess? Not  
even when he cut your hours, put  
you on the bread line?

She has touched a nerve. JONES' silent reaction betrays  
simmering resentment.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Did he ever tell you anything of a  
personal nature, Mr Jones? In 15  
years of working for him?

MADOG JONES

Can't say he did.

FAITH

What about Madlen Vaughan? Was she a quiet, cold person?

MADOG JONES

Oh, no ... Madlen's always been very kind to me ... She's a good mother, too.

CERYs smiles.

FAITH

Mr Swancott described her as a 'ruthless executioner'.

JONES

(sincerely)

No ... No.

FAITH sits. CERYs squeezes her arm in congratulation.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

HANNAH LEWIS (mid 30s), is in the witness box. She has the smart, but not sophisticated appearance of a small town businesswoman and a shrewd demeanour to match.

FAITH and CERYs study her intently.

SWANCOTT

You inherited 25% of the farm and your brother 75%, is that correct?

HANNAH LEWIS

Yes. But he ran the business.

SWANCOTT

You must have been aware of the debts. Did you advise him to sell?

HANNAH LEWIS

He was putting in for the planning again, third time. He was looking at over a million once the debts were cleared.

SWANCOTT

And did Madlen Vaughan understand?

HANNAH LEWIS

Didn't she just. Hopping the last time he was refused, she was. All set to buy a villa in Portugal.

CERYS  
 (sotto, trading a glance  
 with FAITH)  
 Bitch ...

SWANCOTT  
 She told you this?

HANNAH LEWIS  
 She had brochures on the kitchen  
 table. It was going to be the high  
 life.

DI BREEZE catches FAITH'S eye, enjoying her unease.

SWANCOTT  
 Did your brother want a villa?

HANNAH LEWIS  
 All Will cared about was the farm.  
 Not in her blood, is it?  
 (looking directly at  
 MADLEN)  
 She wanted out. She wanted money.  
 Spending money.

CERYS  
 (sotto)  
 Take her out.

JUMP CUT TO:

FAITH cross-examines HANNAH LEWIS.

FAITH  
 Something I'm failing to  
 understand, Mrs Lewis, is how your  
 brother was getting by - with his  
 bank account frozen. Any ideas? ...  
 Loan sharks?, perhaps?

A pause. FAITH glances at DI BREEZE and sees him stiffen.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 Is there something you should have  
 told the police? Maybe you should  
 tell the jury now?

SWANCOTT  
 (rising to object)  
 My Lord -

JUDGE DANIELS  
 Answer the question, please.



HANNAH LEWIS  
My husband and I lent him £20,000.

FAITH glances at CERYs, caught off guard by the answer.  
Beneath the desk, CERYs mimes plunging in a dagger.

A pause. FAITH gathers her thoughts. Thinks furiously.

FAITH  
This loan, was it secured against  
anything?

HANNAH LEWIS  
... No.

FAITH  
So it was what? Just a gamble? On a  
failing business? Must be nice to  
have that sort of money to waste.

HANNAH LEWIS  
He's my brother ... Was.

FAITH looks at the jury, sensing their scepticism of the  
witness. CERYs grasps her imaginary blade.

FAITH  
If Madlen Vaughan is convicted of  
murder, she stands to inherit  
nothing. The whole estate will go  
to her son, Dyfan. And you are his  
legal guardian, is that right?

HANNAH LEWIS  
(ice cold)  
What are you accusing me of?

FAITH  
I'm just establishing the position.  
(she shrugs)  
The jury can make of it what they  
will.

She sits.

CERYs  
(sotto)  
Fucking brilliant.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

FAITH, on her feet, smiles disarmingly at the witness - DR SARAH COLLINS, a forensic scientist who is holding a shotgun in a tagged evidence bag.

FAITH

Two sets of fingerprints. Hers and her husband's?

DR COLLINS

That's all I found.

FAITH

(gently coaxing)

So if a third person fired the gun -?

DR COLLINS

(swallows)

Well, I, er ... If ... They must have been wearing gloves.

FAITH

Gloves. Pretty logical, really. If you're going to shoot someone.

DR COLLINS

(caught in her gaze)

Yes.

SWANCOTT looks over at DI BREEZE indicating they're in trouble. DI BREEZE remains unmoved.

FAITH

(reading from witness statement)

Two shots fired at a range of 40 feet. Two wounds neatly grouped 5 inches apart. That requires careful aim. A steady hand. A lot of practice.

DR COLLINS

I, um ... a certain skill, yes.

FAITH

And hit square in the chest. You could almost call it professional.

DR COLLINS

Competent, certainly.

JUDGE DANIELS smiles, appreciating the demolition.

FAITH

And the bloodstain on her coat cuff. For all we know there could have been traces of blood on the grass where she stooped to pick up the gun?

DR COLLINS

I ...

(her mouth works silently  
for a moment)

I suppose so.

FAITH

Thank you, Dr Collins.

She turns to smile triumphantly at MADLEN and sits.  
DI BREEZE looks down at SWANCOTT with deep concern.

JUDGE DANIELS

I think that's a suitable time to  
break for lunch. Two o'clock,  
members of the jury.

He stands.

COURT USHER

All rise.

INT. CHEMIST'S SHOP - AFTERNOON

LISA moves along the aisle, surreptitiously plucks condoms  
from the shelf and adds them to her basket.

She arrives at the counter. MARION steps up behind her,  
clutching a prescription.

MARION

Oh, hello, Lisa.

(glancing into her basket)  
I thought you had a job at the  
dress shop?

LISA

(lifting her basket onto  
the counter)  
Part time at the moment. Off  
season.

MARION

(glancing into her basket)  
Not had much luck since your  
divorce, have you?

LISA

How are you coping all by yourself?  
Must be hard with Evan and Bethan  
away.

MARION

Faith's got no time for anything.

LISA

A murder trial. You must be proud  
of her.

MARION glances away.

LISA (CONT'D)

I think she does so well - single  
mother.

MARION

Is she?

LISA

Yes, sadly. I have to do the  
shagging for both of us. I do my  
best.

MARION glances away, pained. LISA taps her credit card and  
picks up her bag.

LISA (CONT'D)

You look tired. Do you want to sit  
down and let me fetch your  
prescription?

MARION

(mustering her dignity)  
No, thank you.

She steps up to the counter. LISA gives her a saccharine  
smile and goes with a cheerful, 'Bye'.

INT. COURT CELL - DAY

FAITH and CERYs enter. MADLEN sits huddled on the mattress,  
hugging her knees. An untouched tray of food sits next to her  
on the cot shelf.

FAITH

(taking off her jacket and  
fanning the wet armpits  
of her shirt)  
We've got them on the ropes.  
(MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)  
All they've got is a circumstantial  
case and no compelling motive.

MADLEN, unmoved by FAITH'S excitement, stares at the wall.

CERYS  
Tell me about the villa.

MADLEN  
Just a bit of fun, you know.  
(shakes her head)  
I can't believe that's what she  
thought of me ...

FAITH and CERYS trade a glance.

FAITH  
(delicately)  
Madlen, love ...

CERYS  
(taking over)  
The point is Madlen - could Hannah  
have -? ... You know - does she  
know where the gun is kept?

MADLEN hugs her knees tighter and buries her face.

FAITH motions CERYS to follow her out of the cell.

INT. COURT CELL CORRIDOR - DAY

FAITH and CERYS exit MADLEN'S cell pulling the door nearly  
closed behind them. FAITH draws CERYS aside out of MADLEN'S  
earshot.

FAITH  
We've got reasonable doubt, but  
it's not enough... What do we think  
about Madog Jones? I bet he can  
shoot.

CERYS  
Why would she protect him?

FAITH, a look.

CERYS (CONT'D)  
Madog? No way.

Her phone rings.

FAITH  
 (fishing it from her  
 pocket)  
 God. What now?

She checks the screen: 'GR'.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 (quickly switching the  
 phone off)  
 Rhodri's bloody prescription. I've  
 got to pick it up. Talk to her  
 about Madog.

She dashes off along the corridor.

CERY'S  
 Faith!

CERY'S exclaims in frustration.

INT. COURT BUILDING. LOBBY - DAY

DI BREEZE emerges from a corridor with SWANCOTT. They make  
 their way across the lobby.

SWANCOTT  
 She'll run out of luck soon enough.

DI BREEZE  
 And if she doesn't?

Hurried footsteps sound behind them. FAITH dashes past them  
 heading for the exit. SWANCOTT stares after her.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)  
 (coldly)  
 Excuse me.

DI BREEZE walks quickly after FAITH.

INT./EXT. DI BREEZE'S CAR / SWANSEA. JEWELLER'S SHOP - DAY

DI BREEZE pulls up across the street from a shop front.

Through the window he sees FAITH standing at the counter. He  
 brings out his phone and videos what he sees:

The PROPRIETOR (50s), turns the sign in the doorway to  
 'CLOSED'. He returns to the counter. FAITH hands a package to  
 him. He checks the contents and places the envelope aside.

He brings out something out from under the counter and shows it to her. She examines it briefly and nods. They exchange a few words. The PROPRIETOR laughs, places the item back beneath the counter and produces a receipt which he hands to FAITH.

She tucks it into her pocket, hurries out of the shop and jumps into her car.

INT. SWANSEA. JEWELLER'S SHOP - DAY

The PROPRIETOR is at a computer behind the counter. He makes a bank transfer of £18,000. Presses CONFIRM.

A bell rings as the door opens. He clicks the window closed and gets up from his chair.

DI BREEZE steps up to the counter producing his warrant card.

DI BREEZE  
Detective Inspector Breeze. CID.  
I'd like to ask you a few  
questions, sir.

END OF PART TWO

INT. COURT BUILDING. CORRIDOR - DAY

CERYs, waiting anxiously outside the court, checks her watch.

FAITH runs along the corridor fastening her collar.

CERYs steps away from the wall and into her path.

CERYs  
Are you trying to give me a heart  
attack?

FAITH  
(breathless)  
Sorry ... Bloody chemists ... I had  
to try several ... Sorry.

CERYs  
If you're having a crisis, Faith -

FAITH  
I'm fine ... Just ...  
(she exclaims in  
frustration)  
I'm here, OK? I'm here. I made it.

CERY'S looks at her with concern.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(calming down)  
I've had an idea.

EXT. REARDON'S HAULAGE DEPOT. MAIN SHED - DAY

GAEL REARDON checks an account balance on her phone. She finds the transfer: £18,000.

She approaches STEVE as he climbs down from the cab of a truck.

GAEL  
Samson's have had stowaways coming in from Rosslare. Warn the others. I'm not paying any more bloody fines. And I need you to do a Dublin run tomorrow.

STEVE  
Can't do it. We agreed shifts at the start of the month.

GAEL  
Hollyhead. 9 o'clock.

She turns to go.

STEVE  
You can have my notice.

GAEL stops and wheels round.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
I've got a daughter at home -

GAEL  
Just a regular family guy. How's Faith buying that? Doesn't seem to be working yet.

STEVE stares at her in hard silence.

GAEL (CONT'D)  
(softening)  
I should be careful with what I say. You might put another contract out on me.



STEVE

Why don't you leave her alone? Let me clear what she owes.

GAEL

If only she cared that much about you.

(off his pained reaction)

Sorry, that was cruel. But really, sometimes I wonder why you stick around.

STEVE

I want to set things right.

She looks at him with a mixture of curiosity and admiration.

GAEL

She's standing by her man, Steve. I think you might be wasting your time.

STEVE

I'll be judge of that.

GAEL

Sort me another driver for Dublin.

(she smiles, pleased with her generosity)

And clean the crap off that truck, you're showing us up.

She goes.

JUMP CUT TO:

STEVE, in grubby overalls, polishing the grille at the front of the truck. He glances over to see GAEL watching him. She circles her palm, indicating that she wants to see it gleaming.

EXT. COURT BUILDING - DAY

TOM, on edge, waiting outside the main entrance, delaying his entry until the last moment. DI BREEZE walks quickly along the pavement towards him, tucking away his phone at the end of a call.

DI BREEZE

Mr Howells. Are we ready?

TOM nods and follows him inside.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

FAITH rises to her feet.

FAITH

My Lord, before we proceed with the next witness the defence would like leave to recall Mr Madog Jones on a point of clarification.

JUDGE DANIELS

(nods)

Unless you've a specific objection, Mr Swancott?

SWANCOTT glances up to the gallery to see DI BREEZE taking his seat.

He pauses to consider, but can think of no grounds to resist.

SWANCOTT

(half rising)

No, my Lord.

JUDGE DANIELS

Very well.

(to the USHER)

Bring Mr Jones back, please.

DI BREEZE looks questioningly at SWANCOTT, who studiously avoids his gaze.

JUMP CUT TO:

MADOG JONES back in the witness box.

FAITH

Mr Jones, how good a shot are you?

MADOG JONES

(cautiously)

Not bad.

FAITH

You've been firing a gun most of your life, I expect?

MADOG JONES

(muted)

Yes.

FAITH

Madlen Vaughan - is she much of a shot?

MADOG JONES

I wouldn't know. I've never seen her with a gun.

FAITH

Never seen her with a gun ...

(enjoying the moment)

That's quite a significant admission, Mr Jones, especially this late in the day. It makes one wonder why you didn't mention it in your statement to the police?

MADOG JONES remains silent. FAITH senses she has him cornered.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Mr Jones.

MADOG JONES

They didn't ask me.

FAITH

Or was there another reason for that? We need the whole truth, Mr Jones. Did you have something to hide?

A beat. MADOG JONES glances guiltily at MADLEN.

MADOG JONES

Yes.

The atmosphere is suddenly electric. SWANCOTT and DI BREEZE exchange a look.

MADOG JONES (CONT'D)

Before I left for market I heard her yelling at him. She was saying, 'Who is she?'. Over and over.

JUDGE DANIELS

(making a careful note)

Mrs Vaughan was repeatedly yelling, 'Who is she?'

FAITH

(with a note of panic)

My Lord, whatever Mr Jones thinks he heard is purely hearsay -

JUDGE DANIELS

Of course.

(to the JURY)

(MORE)

JUDGE DANIELS (CONT'D)  
Mr Jones' evidence is evidence only  
that the words were spoken by Mrs  
Vaughan, not of what she may have  
meant when she yelled, 'Who is  
she?'

SWANCOTT sits back in his seat, a smile spreading across his  
face as he looks up at DI BREEZE with an expression that  
says, 'I told you so.'

JUDGE DANIELS (CONT'D)  
Is that all, Mrs Howells?

CERYS kicks her under the desk.

FAITH  
Yes, my Lord.

She sits, still reeling.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

TOM in the witness box, giving evidence to SWANCOTT. FAITH  
and CERYS listen with rising anxiety.

TOM  
It was in March. William Vaughan  
came to me for advice on how his  
assets might be divided in the  
event of divorce.

SWANCOTT  
Was he intending to leave his wife?

TOM  
He didn't specifically say that.

JUDGE DANIELS  
Then what advice did he want,  
exactly?

TOM  
Well, he, er ... he was aware that  
if things went his way with the  
field he might make a lot of money.  
He wanted to know how to protect  
it.

SWANCOTT  
He was seeking ways to conceal  
assets?

TOM  
He wouldn't have been the first.

FAITH  
(sotto, to CERYs)  
Nice guy.

SWANCOTT  
(turning to the jury)  
Mr Howells, was there any  
suggestion from Mr Vaughan as to  
the reason for his marital  
unhappiness? Another woman,  
perhaps?

FAITH  
(jumping up in protest)  
My Lord, Mr Swancott can't just  
lead a witness.

JUDGE DANIELS  
(to TOM)  
You will answer the question, Mr  
Howells. But please ignore  
counsel's suggested answer.

He motions FAITH to sit.

TOM  
(glancing uncomfortably at  
FAITH)  
He confided that there was a side  
to her character she kept well  
hidden ... Unpredictable rages -

FAITH  
(protesting)  
Now it's hearsay and innuendo! Does  
Mr Swancott think the laws of  
evidence don't apply in this court?

JUDGE DANIELS  
Mrs Howells, I will again make  
plain to the jury that it is  
evidence only of what Mr Vaughan  
may have said, not that the words  
were true.

FAITH  
I see. They really don't.

CERYs  
(in an urgent whisper)  
Faith!

JUDGE DANIELS  
Mrs Howells! Do you have any  
questions of this witness?

FAITH  
Yes, I most certainly do.

SWANCOTT gives way and sits.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Mr Howells, as Will Vaughan's  
solicitor I'm sure you must feel  
very loyal to him?

TOM  
Of course.

FAITH  
A dishonest man. Attempting to hide  
his money from his wife and child.

TOM  
(barely containing his  
rage)  
I merely advised him on the law.

FAITH  
I'm sorry. You seem upset. Is that  
a sore point? Do you now regret  
advising him as you did?

TOM  
It's not a question of regret. I  
was doing my job.

FAITH  
Yes - hiding the truth. I'm sure  
you do it very well.

TOM glares at her in cold fury.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Mr Howells. You've been  
most helpful.

She sits, pained by the vicious exchange.

INT. COURT CUSTODY AREA. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

CERYs sits with MADLEN at the table. FAITH paces, still  
coursing with adrenalin.

FAITH  
(bluntly)  
If you won't trust me, Madlen, I  
can't help you.

MADLEN looks away.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Madog wasn't making it up, was he?  
You said 'Who is she?' What did you  
mean?  
(off her silence)  
Life imprisonment. Call it fifteen  
years. What will Dyfan be - 24, 25?

FAITH waits. MADLEN still refuses to speak.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Alright ... We'll see you in the  
morning. Cerys.

She goes to the door.

CERYS, torn, looks between FAITH and MADLEN. She gets up from  
her chair and drags herself away. FAITH opens the door.

MADLEN  
(quietly)  
There were pictures in the post.  
Photographs.

FAITH and CERYS step back from the door.

MADLEN (CONT'D)  
She was young. Blonde. They were in  
a car. All over each other.

FAITH exhales, slowly coming to terms with this bombshell.

CERYS  
Any idea who sent them? ... Or took  
them?

FAITH  
Madlen?

MADLEN shakes her head.

MADLEN  
I told him to choose - her or me.  
Then I left. I didn't shoot him.

A beat.

FAITH  
What did you do with them?

MADLEN  
Put them on the fire.

FAITH  
Is that it? Is there any more?

MADLEN shakes her head.

FAITH sits. Thinks hard.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Nobody, nobody must find out about those photographs. Which means, Madlen, that you cannot go in the witness box.

MADLEN  
They'll think I've got something to hide.

FAITH  
You have. Are we're going to keep it hidden.

She gets up abruptly.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
See you tomorrow.

She goes to the door before MADLEN can object.

CERY'S  
(hurriedly)  
You're in good hands.

She goes after FAITH.

INT. COURT BUILDING. LOBBY - DAY

CERY'S struggles to keep pace with FAITH as she marches to the exit.

FAITH  
Now she tells us ... I knew, I knew she was hiding something.

CERY'S  
We need to talk. I'm going to buy you a drink.



FAITH  
No thanks. Bollocks!

She marches off.

CERYS starts after her. Then gives up.

Seagulls squawk mockingly from a nearby rooftop.

INT./EXT. DI BREEZE'S CAR / OUTSKIRTS OF SWANSEA - DAY

DI BREEZE drives out of the city talking hands-free on his phone.

DI BREEZE  
Your concerns about motive have been allayed, Constable. It seems Will Vaughan may have been playing away.... Talking of motive, what can you tell me about Mrs Howells relationship with one Gael Reardon?

PC WILLIAMS (V.O.)  
I wasn't aware she had one.

DI BREEZE  
There's a whole intelligence file on her in Swansea.

PC WILLIAMS (V.O.)  
We're just a local station.

DI BREEZE  
Stand by. I might have a job for you later.

He rings off.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

ARTHUR is playing Swingball with MEGAN. RHODRI is digging in the sand and ALYS and ANGIE are sitting close by talking intimately - ANGIE showing ALYS her belly piercing.

ARTHUR  
Shot, Megs.  
(glances at ALYS)  
And again -

MEGAN whacks it. ARTHUR lunges for the ball and tumbles into the sand.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
You win.

MEGAN  
You let me.

ARTHUR  
I wish.

His phone rings. He fetches it from his shorts pocket as he picks himself up.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
Hi Faith ... No, still at the beach  
... Lovely.

He turns to see STEVE approaching across the sand.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
No problem. See you later.

He puts away the phone.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Angie, your dad's here.

Disappointed to be going, ANGIE gathers up her things.

STEVE  
(a little stilted)  
Arthur. Thanks.

ARTHUR  
She's no trouble.

An awkward pause.

STEVE  
You're good with them. I'd like to  
invite Alys over, but, well, it's  
complicated.

ARTHUR gives a knowing nod.

ARTHUR  
Alright, Angie? See you soon, eh?

ANGIE and ALYS exchange 'Goodbyes.' Their mood is subdued.

STEVE  
Bye, kids.

He steers ANGIE away. MEGAN, playing with RHODRI, looks at him suspiciously, then at ALYS, who gets to her feet and walks off towards the sea.

ARTHUR

Alys -?

He goes after her.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(glancing back at MEGAN  
and RHODRI)

You OK? ...

(gently coaxing)

What's up?

ALYS

Do you think Mum should take Dad  
back?

ARTHUR

(taken by surprise)

Ha - ... Well, er ... Thing is,  
Alys ... Everyone has good and bad  
bits, see. Everyone ... And your  
mum, she sees the good in people.

A beat.

ALYS

You don't, do you?

He hesitates.

ARTHUR

She'll do what's right.

ALYS gives him a look that sees through the lie. ARTHUR glances away, then back at her.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Lovely girl, that Angie. Really  
like her.

ALYS half smiles.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Let's go back to the others.

ALYS

In a minute.

She walks down to the water and paddles moodily in the surf.

INT./EXT. STEVE'S PICK-UP / BEACH CAR PARK - DAY

ANGIE climbs into the passenger seat next to STEVE and buckles up. She notices him looking out through the windscreen at ARTHUR watching ALYS.

STEVE  
Is she alright?

ANGIE  
She doesn't want her dad to come home.

STEVE turns to her and smiles softly.

STEVE  
It's tough when someone's been away. She'll be OK.

ANGIE nods, but seems to see straight through to his soul.

ANGIE  
Why don't you ever talk to her mum?

STEVE  
It's a little bit complicated.

ANGIE  
Do you love her?

He laughs and ruffles her hair.

STEVE  
God! You kids!

She wriggles away, laughing, as he tickles her.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
You hungry? How about a burger? I'm starving.

He starts the engine and pulls away.

EXT. OPEN PRISON. PERIMETER FENCE - DAY

FAITH and EVAN stand opposite sides of a high wire fence topped with razor wire - an illicit meeting. FAITH'S expression is fragile, as if she's holding herself together only through a supreme act of will.

EVAN  
(glancing nervously over  
his shoulder)  
It's a trial. Things happen.

FAITH  
That's your advice? That's it?

EVAN  
Hey. Come on.  
(off her silence)  
I know it's a risk, but if it were  
me, I would put her in the box.  
Juries don't like silence.

FAITH  
Good idea. Then, she'll have to  
admit she received photographs of  
her husband with another woman  
minutes before he was shot!

EVAN  
Who's going to make her?

FAITH  
The whole truth, Evan! A little  
thing called ethics?

EVAN  
It's a street fight, Faith. If you  
want to defend a murder and win  
there is no nice way. You have to  
kick and bite and gouge and scratch  
your way to not guilty. Nice  
lawyers, good people, get their  
clients sent to jail. That's just  
how it is.

FAITH agonises, his challenge tearing her apart at the seams.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
You'd better go -

She presses her hand to the fence, her fingers thread through  
the wire mesh. EVAN places his fingers on top of hers. She  
closes her eyes, drawing strength from him.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
You've been seeing Steve Baldini.

FAITH  
No!

She tugs away her hand, but EVAN has her fingers clamped to the wire.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Ow! Let go!

She pulls free, her fingers throbbing.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
How dare you!

EVAN  
(instantly repentant)  
Sorry. Sorry, I didn't mean -

She walks away, head down, refusing to look back.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
(pleading)  
It was an accident. Faith! ...  
Faith!

She goes.

END OF PART THREE

INT. WINE BAR - EVENING

ANYA FLYE, the bank manager, pops a bottle of Prosecco and fills CERY'S glass. They're on high stools at the bar. Foam spews over the rim and onto CERY'S lap.

ANYA  
Whoops-a-daisy.

CERY'S smiles tolerantly and wipes her trousers as ANYA fills her own glass. ANYA'S flushed face gives away the fact that she's already had plenty.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
Well, cheers.

They clink glasses.

CERY'S  
Cheers.

ANYA  
Twenty-five lovely thousand will  
hit your account first thing  
tomorrow. Here's to the next time.

She smiles at CERY'S with gauche familiarity.

CERY'S phone - sitting on the bar - rings.

CERY'S  
 (taking the call)  
 Sorry.  
 (into the phone)  
 Hi.

INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / COAST ROAD CAR PARK - EVENING

FAITH makes the call leaning against her car at a spot overlooking the sea. Somewhere beautiful she has come to make a decision on her own.

FAITH  
 (into the phone)  
 Madlen's not giving evidence. We can't take the risk. He'd shred her.

CERY'S (V.O.)  
 I've had some thoughts about that -

FAITH  
 It's my decision, Cerys. I've made it. I'll live with the consequences.

She rings off. Turns her gaze defiantly out to sea.

INT. WINE BAR - EVENING

CERY'S places her phone back on the counter, troubled by FAITH'S tone.

ANYA  
 Your other half?

CERY'S  
 No, I ... Work ... I'm sort of ... single.

ANYA  
 Snap.

Emboldened by drink, she looks at CERY'S with more than a hint of a come-on. CERY'S glances off - this is the last thing she was expecting - then looks back. On second thoughts it's not such a bad idea.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN / LIVING AREA - NIGHT

FAITH comes through the door carrying several bags of take-away.

ALYS and MEGAN are glued to the TV.

FAITH  
(upbeat)  
Sorry I'm late. Had to pop to Hong Kong ... Well, Hong Kong Hut. It's take out and telly tonight. We are slobbering out.

ALYS and MEGAN issue distracted 'Hellos'.

FAITH heads straight for the counter where LISA is sipping wine.

LISA  
Hi, Babes. Arthur's putting Rhodri to bed.

ARTHUR  
(from the landing)  
He's being a right little beggar. Think he might be teething.

FAITH  
(calling over her shoulder)  
I'll be up in a minute. Try his new book.

LISA  
(lifting a carton)  
Carrot juice?

FAITH  
(taking foil containers from the bags)  
Very funny. Anyway, where've you been? Haven't seen you for days.  
(mischievously teasing)  
Your Sugar Daddy got other plans tonight, has he?

LISA  
We only had a drink.

FAITH  
I've heard that before.

LISA'S eyes cut urgently across the room.



LISA  
(sotto)  
Faith -

FAITH  
(oblivious to her warning)  
He is not my favourite person at  
the moment, Lisa. Not at all. Stuck  
the knife right into my client this  
afternoon. Still, I expect you'll  
get the benefit. He'll be full of  
himself.

Finally, she twigs and glances round.

Making her way towards her from the far side of the room is  
MARION.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Marion -

LISA swiftly refills her glass, and fetches another for  
FAITH.

MARION  
The worker returns. How's my Evan?  
I'd visit more often if I could.

FAITH  
I don't know how many times I've  
offered, Marion.

MARION  
(pretending not to have  
heard)  
Bethan's too busy to take me.

FAITH  
Your Evan is fine.

MARION looks at her with more than a hint of disapproval.

MARION  
Take away again, is it?

FAITH  
(straining to keep her  
temper)  
Care to join us?

MARION  
Thank you.

FAITH  
I'm sure we can spare some pork  
balls.

She arrives at the counter.

MARION  
Shall I get some plates? You will  
be -

FAITH  
(cutting her off)  
Yes, we've even learned to use  
knives and forks in this house.  
Who'd have thought? Were you just  
in my bedroom, Marion?

MARION  
The window was open. I went to  
close it.

FAITH and MARION lock eyes. LISA looks nervously from one to  
the other.

Upstairs, RHODRI cries loudly.

FAITH  
(pointedly)  
Excuse me.

She marches across the room and thunders up the stairs.

MARION takes over, lifting containers from the bags.

MARION  
Such a shame she doesn't have time  
to cook like she used to.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN / LIVING AREA - NIGHT

FAITH, ARTHUR, LISA, MEGAN, ALYS and MARION sit in a semi-  
circle around the television eating takeaway on their laps.

The silence is painful.

FAITH stares at the TV screen with unblinking intensity.

MARION has a napkin tucked into her collar and is the only  
one eating from a tray and with a knife and fork. She cuts up  
a precise slice of spring roll, eyes it dubiously and places  
it in her mouth. She chews, as if performing a penance.

LISA and ARTHUR exchange a glance, melting under the radioactive waves emanating from both women.

MARION

Very nice. Thank you, Faith.

FAITH

No hairs in mine tonight. They must have had an inspection.

ALYS reaches for FAITH'S hand. Silently urging her to stay calm.

MARION

Your mother's always had a sense of humour. It's what your father first said about her: 'I've met this funny girl'.

She smiles and takes another mouthful.

INT. OPEN PRISON. VISITING AREA - NIGHT

EVAN enters a visiting area that is deserted except for a solitary figure, DI BREEZE, sitting alone at a table reading a newspaper.

EVAN approaches, on his guard.

DI BREEZE

(putting the paper aside)

Evan. Have a seat.

EVAN sits opposite him in the green prisoner's chair.

DI BREEZE smiles, letting him sweat.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)

Your wife's doing well. Quite a performer. There's even an outside chance she might win, which would be a shame because Madlen Vaughan is most definitely guilty.

EVAN makes no reply.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)

You ever try to win an argument at home? ... Or just sit it out and wait for the storm to pass? ... Then it's all worth it.

EVAN  
You came here to talk about my  
marriage?

DI BREEZE takes his phone from a jacket pocket. Brings up a  
video. Hands it to EVAN.

DI BREEZE  
She skipped lunch today. Ran an  
errand instead.

EVAN presses PLAY. Sees FAITH at the jeweller's shop.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)  
(as the footage rolls)  
Twenty thousand in used notes. The  
shop owner issues a back-dated  
receipt for a Rolex, then buys it  
back minus a cut. At least, that's  
how I think it works. He wasn't  
exactly desperate to help.

EVAN watches the sequence play out, the blood draining from  
his face.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)  
I'll wait until the verdict, then  
see what she's got to say for  
herself ... Unless you've got  
something for me?

EVAN looks at him, caught in a dilemma. DI BREEZE takes back  
the phone.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)  
(standing up)  
Never mind. At least Baldini won't  
be able to get his hands on her in  
jail.

He walks away across the empty room. EVAN stares hard into  
space, pressure building in his head ... He sees the headline  
on the paper DI BREEZE left behind: 'MAN'S BODY FOUND IN  
PEMBREY DUNES'. He picks it up.

EXT. REARDON'S HAULAGE DEPOT - NIGHT

A shadowy FIGURE moves silently through the darkness. Unlocks  
a back gate in the yard's fence and comes through, not making  
a sound.

STEVE BALDINI.

He moves quickly and lightly across the yard towards the single storey office block.

He arrives at the door. Brings out a small bunch of keys and works one into the lock. It's sticky; rough edges catching. He persists until it turns.

INT. GAEL REARDON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

STEVE comes through an inner door. He closes the blind and switches on a headlamp on his forehead. By the dim light of the lamp he searches the four drawers in GAEL'S desk, working his way methodically down, not finding what he's looking for.

The bottom drawer is locked fast. He tugs at it in frustration. Getting nowhere, he brings out a screwdriver, starts to force it impatiently between the top of the drawer and the frame ... Then he stops. Sits back on his heels.

What's the point?

He switches off the lamp.

Total darkness.

STEVE strikes a match illuminating his face. And for a long moment he stares into the flame, then drops it very deliberately into the waste paper basket. The papers ignite. He watches the flames dance higher then slowly gets to his feet and makes his way out, leaving it to burn.

The flames illuminate the empty office with an eerie light. They lick the vertical blind which suddenly erupts, the violent burst of flame in turn igniting the polystyrene ceiling tiles, the fire spreading fast.

A connecting door opens. A tall, broad MAN (40s), steps through. He's holding a small fire extinguisher. Holding it in one large hand, he aims it at the flames and douses them in CO2. They die as quickly as they sprang to life.

The MAN steps over to the window and looks out. He sees STEVE BALDINI disappearing around the side of the warehouse. In the MAN'S watchful expression there is only curiosity, no hint of anger.

This is SHANE REARDON.

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

Rain drums on the roof.

RHODRI sleep peacefully in a child-size bed. FAITH lies alongside MEGAN in hers on the opposite side of the room.

MEGAN

Why did granny say Dad could live  
at her house when he gets out of  
prison?

FAITH

(this is news to her)  
She did? She's a funny one.

MEGAN

Where will he sleep, though? Alys  
has got your old room and -

FAITH

(a touch sharply)  
We'll figure something out.  
(softening)  
Take no notice of granny.  
(playfully)  
We'll put him in the shed with the  
spiders.

MEGAN giggles.

FAITH strokes her face. Kisses her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)

You've got to promise me something  
though, Megs - you're going to stop  
worrying.

MEGAN

(bravely)  
OK.

FAITH

That's my girl.  
(kisses her again)  
Go to sleep now.

MEGAN balls up and closes her eyes. FAITH slides quietly out from under the duvet.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LANDING - NIGHT

FAITH pads out of MEGAN and RHODRI'S bedroom and pulls the door nearly closed behind her

Across the landing, ALYS'S bedroom door is firmly shut.

FAITH  
Good night, Alys.

Silence.

FAITH stares at the shut door, fighting the urge to go in.

She turns and heads downstairs. As she reaches for the bannister, a sharp pain in her fingers makes her flinch.

She brings up her hand and sees black bruises across the insides of her knuckles.

They read like a bad omen.

Clutching her damaged fingers, she goes down.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

DI BREEZE climbs out of an anonymous black car. PC WILLIAMS is waiting for him, dressed in civilian clothes.

DI BREEZE  
All yours.

PC WILLIAMS  
Am I permitted to know the purpose  
of this operation, sir?

DI BREEZE  
Not at this stage, Constable. It's  
strictly a CID matter.

He goes inside the station. PC WILLIAMS climbs into the car.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

DI BREEZE enters and sits at PC WILLIAMS' computer.  
He brings up her web browser and clicks on search history.

It's blank.

He sits back in his chair, pondering the significance. Then runs his eyes slowly over the rows of neat files. He opens a drawer - not a thing out of place. Immaculate.

He smiles. Whatever she's hiding, she's hidden it well.

INT. OPEN PRISON. EVAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

EVAN sits pensively at the open window.

A single knock at the door.

A PRISON OFFICER looks in and gestures him to follow.

INT. OPEN PRISON. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

EVAN exits his room and follows the PRISON OFFICER down the silent, empty corridor.

INT./EXT. CAR / APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

EVAN brings the car to a halt outside a sleek apartment building. He looks up at a lighted window.

INT. GAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

GAEL pulls back the blind and watches EVAN climb out of the car. He sees her and raises his hand in greeting.

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

FAITH, in a baggy T-shirt, knickers and bare legs, paces up and down, silently rehearsing her defence speech.

She stops and picks up her phone. Brings up the 'I love you' message again.

She closes her eyes, bleeding confidence. She feels herself sinking and sinking into a mire of anguish and self doubt.

She pulls herself back together.

FAITH  
(whispering to herself as  
she paces)  
A 'ruthless executioner'. When you  
make that sort of claim, members of  
the jury, you had better have the  
evidence to back it up. What have  
they given us?

Two firm knocks at the door.

FAITH stops dead. The caller knocks again.

She moves cautiously towards the door. Stops inches from it.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Steve? Please don't.



Another knock.

FAITH can't help herself. She opens the door. DI BREEZE stares back at her.

DI BREEZE  
It's Laurence.

He produces a small evidence bag from his pocket and holds it out in his palm. It contains a gold watch.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)  
Is there anything you would like to  
tell me?

FAITH looks at him, open-mouthed.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)  
I thought not.

He places the bag carefully back in his pocket. He points to his eyes, indicating that he's watching.

He smiles and goes leaving her standing on the doorstep in her underwear, her features frozen in fear.

END OF EPISODE