

# **THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT**

## **EPISODE 3**

### **POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT**

**Writer**

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**Producer**

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**Director**

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Wild Mercury Productions, 12-14 Amwell Street, London EC1R 1UQ





Scene:  
10:00:24

MARTYN  
Cut anywhere you like, and it will be your card.  
It will be nine of clubs.

GIRL  
Two of diamonds.

MARTYN  
Erm... If you could just, um... cut the deck  
again.

GIRL  
Piss off, wanker.

RUGBY LAD  
Mate, mate, mate you are a loser.

CROWD  
You're shit! You're shit! You're shit! You're shit!  
You're shit! You're shit! You're shit! You're shit!  
You're shit! You're shit! You're shit!

<p>MARTYN turns and heads backstage. The chants rise, the hooting boys, the shrill girls...</p> <p>OUT on BEN at the bar looking after MARTYN.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. UNIVERSITY OF BUCKINGHAM.</u></b> <b><u>STUDENT'S UNION</u></b> <b><u>BAR. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT</u></b></p> <p>Back in the passageway. Shattering levels of noise from the bar with music now. MARTYN sits, exhausted, almost broken by the experience. The humiliation of it. Perhaps he's shed a few tears. Footsteps nearby and he looks up to see BEN looking down at him, kind, concerned.</p> <p>A moment. MARTYN nods.</p> <p>A beat. MARTYN is surprised. Perhaps he never expects to be noticed. He's flattered. BEN holds out a hand to shake his. A wide sweet smile. MARTYN is astonished that this tall, confident man is friendly to him. He smiles, shakes BEN's hand. His life will never be the same again.</p>	<p>BEN They're oafs. Gibbering, entitled bullying oafs. Don't give them another second of your time.</p> <p>MARTYN I've seen you in the library.</p> <p>BEN I've seen you too.</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) It's Martyn, right? I'm Ben. Ben Field.</p>	<p>Scene, Music Out &amp; Music In: 10:01:04</p>
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<p><b>CUT TO TITLES:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. ROAD.</u></b>  <b><u>COUNTRYSIDE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>The deafening roar of a motorbike as it flies down a quite country road. The grass in the verges shuddering and swaying in the wake as the bike passes.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. POLICE STATION</u></b>  <b><u>CAR PARK - DAY</u></b></p> <p>The motorbike pulls into the carpark.</p> <p>The bike comes to a stop and the rider gets off, pulls off his helmet to reveal DCI MARK GLOVER. He's 49. Quiet, intense and utterly driven. He rarely smiles. When he does, you know about it.</p> <p>He put on a pair of horn rimmed glasses that make him look like a Humanities lecturer. He opens the pannier on the back of the motorbike, takes out a suit carrier. He heads across the car park.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p>	<p><b>THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT</b></p> <p><b>ÉANNA HARDWICKE</b></p> <p><b>ANNABEL SCHOLEY</b></p> <p><b>CONOR MACNEILL</b></p> <p><b>ADRIAN RAWLINS</b>  <b>AMANDA ROOT</b></p> <p><b>BEN BAILEY SMITH</b></p> <p><b>JONATHAN ARIS</b>  <b>JAMES HARKNESS</b>  <b>ANNA CRILLY</b></p> <p><b>WITH SHEILA HANCOCK</b></p> <p><b>AND TIMOTHY SPALL</b></p> <p><b>EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS</b>  <b>DEREK WAX</b>  <b>BRIAN WOODS</b></p>	<p>          Titles In,        Music Out &amp;        Music Out:        10:01:42</p> <p>Scene:        10:01:47</p> <p>Credit In:        10:01:49</p> <p>Credit In:        10:01:53</p> <p>Credit In:        10:01:57</p> <p>Scene:        10:02:00</p> <p>Credits In:        10:02:03</p> <p>Credit In:        10:02:08</p> <p>Credits In:        10:02:11</p> <p>Credit In:        10:02:16</p> <p>Credit In:        10:02:21</p> <p>Credits In:        10:02:26</p>
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<p><b><u>INT. POLICE STATION.</u></b> <b><u>CORRIDOR - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK, now dressed in a suit, waits. This is obviously a high level admin area of the station. Hushed because of a better quality of carpet. MARK waits, impatient.</p> <p>Another man in a suit comes hurrying up the corridor. CHRIS WARD Head of Major Crime. Burly, overworked, seen it all and not much of it is good.</p> <p>We go with MARK as he follows CHRIS into his office, crowded with files, papers, a computer. CHRIS dumps his briefcase, takes a file OPERATION NASEBY from his desk and passes it to MARK. CHRIS shuts the door.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. POLICE STATION.</u></b> <b><u>OFFICE - DAY -</u></b> <b><u>CONTINUOUS</u></b></p> <p>MARK who opens the folder and sits down.</p> <p>The first thing MARK sees is ANN's face.</p> <p>MARK turns the page.</p>	<p><b>EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS</b> <b>SARAH PHELPS</b> <b>SAUL DIBB</b></p> <p>CHRIS Sorry to keep you waiting. Days...</p> <p><b>CREATED &amp; WRITTEN BY</b> <b>SARAH PHELPS</b></p> <p>CHRIS (CONT'D) ...barely started it's already a giant pain in my arse.</p> <p><b>PRODUCED BY</b> <b>FRANCES DU PILLE</b></p> <p><b>DIRECTED BY</b> <b>SAUL DIBB</b></p> <p>MARK What is this?</p> <p>CHRIS Will fraud. Suspected homicide. I've got that feeling about it though. Which is why I'm giving it to you.</p> <p>MARK Uh thanks.</p> <p>CHRIS Requires delicate handling is what I mean.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:02:28</p> <p>Credits In: 10:02:29</p> <p>Credit In: 10:02:34</p> <p>Credit In: 10:02:38</p> <p>Credit In: 10:02:42</p> <p>Scene: 10:02:45</p>
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<p>On image of PETER.</p> <p>MARK continues to flip through. Lands on MARTYN and BEN's faces.</p> <p>A beat.</p> <p>MARK nods as CHRIS's desk phone starts ringing.</p> <p>On MARK as he gets up to leave.</p> <p>MARK exits.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. POLICE STATION.</u></b> <b><u>STAIRCASE /</u></b> <b><u>CORRIDOR - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK makes his way down the stairs and through the corridor greeting COLLEAGUES in passing.</p>	<p>CHRIS (CONT'D) Ah! He, is another potential victim.</p> <p>CHRIS (CONT'D) A retired teacher from Stowe.</p> <p>CHRIS (CONT'D) (O.O.V) And those two are suspects. That's a trainee vicar. And the other is a wannabe magician.</p> <p>CHRIS (CONT'D) Headlines just write themselves now days don't they? How long till you retire, is it a year?</p> <p>MARK Just under.</p> <p>MARK (CONT'D) If I wasn't retiring, I'd be asking for a desk job.</p> <p>CHRIS The bodies do pile up... Well that'll keep you ticking over till then.</p> <p>CHRIS (CONT'D) I've gotta crack on, Mark. I am sorry.</p> <p>CHRIS (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Chris Ward.</p> <p>CHRIS (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D) Why have I gotta hold? You called me?</p> <p>COLLEAGUE Morning, boss.</p> <p>MARK Morning.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:03:52</p>
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<p>On MARK.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. POLICE STATION. KITCHEN - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK boils the kettle and opens a Pot Noodle.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE MARK'S OFFICE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK enters his office with the file and his Pot Noodle.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. POLICE STATION. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS</u></b></p> <p>The office is plain, neat, ascetic. MARK opens the file looking at the reports. He opens his laptop and starts listening to audio data files from the police archive of recordings of 999 calls. MARK listens, attentive, finishing his Pot Noodle.</p> <p>MARK plays the next one.</p>	<p>MAN (O.O.V) Sir.</p> <p>MARK Hi.</p> <p>ANN-MARIE (THROUGH LAPTOP) I need to talk to someone about what's been going on with my Aunt. She's er in hospital right now. But she's been spending a lot of time with this young man. He's sort of moved into her house. His name is Ben Field and I think um, I think he's been doing something to her.</p> <p>BEN (THROUGH LAPTOP) Good morning, I'm err my name's Ben Field. I'm calling because in, in brief a friend of mine was been admitted to hospital-</p> <p>OPERATOR 1 (THROUGH LAPTOP) Right?</p>	<p>Scene: 10:03:59</p> <p>Scene: 10:04:02</p> <p>Scene: 10:04:09</p> <p>Music In: 10:04:17</p>
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<p>From MARK.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT./EXT. NATALIE'S CAR/LONDON ROAD - DAY</u></b></p> <p>A residential suburban area. NATALIE drives with MARK sitting next to her. The ordinary day slides past the car windows. NATALIE turns onto a residential road, finds a space and pulls up. Her SAT NAV continues to instruct.</p> <p>NATALIE turns off the engine. They sit for a moment. Gather themselves.</p> <p>NATALIE and MARL exit the car.</p>	<p>BEN (THROUGH LAPTOP) When I've called the hospital or tried to visit, the security have said that I can't see her. Her, her name is Ann Moore-Martin.</p> <p>YULIA (THROUGH LAPTOP) Hello, can you hear me?</p> <p>OPERATOR (THROUGH LAPTOP) Yeah I can hear you. Is he responding to you at all?</p> <p>YULIA (THROUGH LAPTOP) No he's very cold.</p> <p>OPERATOR (THROUGH LAPTOP) He's very cold?</p> <p>YULIA (THROUGH LAPTOP) Yeah he's very cold. Peter? Peter?</p> <p>SAT NAV (THROUGH MOBILE) You have reached your destination.</p> <p>MARK I hate this bit.</p> <p>NATALIE Never gets any better, Sir.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:05:10</p> <p>Music Out: 10:05:13</p>
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<p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. IAN AND SUE'S HOUSE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>IAN enters the living room and joins SUE at the window, looking out at the drive. They stiffen lightly as they see NATALIE and MARK heading up the drive. IAN leaves to answer the door.</p>		<p>Scene: 10:05:34</p>
<p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. IAN AND SUE'S HOUSE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>At the front door with IAN as he opens it.</p>	<p>NATALIE (CONT'D) Mr Farquhar, we spoke on the phone, I'm Natalie Golding. This is Detective Chief Inspector Mark Glover.</p> <p>IAN Please come in.</p> <p>MARK Thank you.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:05:46</p>
<p>They enter.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. IAN AND SUE'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY</u></b></p> <p>IAN, SUE, MARK and NATALIE. Coffees have been poured. No-one drinks.</p>	<p>NATALIE (V.O) Recently...</p> <p>NATALIE (CONT'D) ...a neighbour of your brother passed away. Ann Moore-Martin.</p> <p>SUE Oh the lady with the little dog? The um headmistress? Oh, dear I'm sorry.</p> <p>IAN That's very sad but I don't understand what that has to do with us?</p>	<p>Scene: 10:06:00</p>



IAN and SUE look at each other.	<p>NATALIE In the months leading up to Miss Moore Martin's passing, she'd become involved with a young man called Ben Field. Miss Moore-Martin's family have raised concerns about the relationship and the fact that Miss Moore-Martin changed her will in favour of Ben. We're also extremely concerned about the sudden deterioration of her health.</p>	
	<p>IAN What did he do something to her?</p>	
	<p>MARK That's what we're looking into.</p>	
Another long silence. The shock waves eddy and ripple. Like a muscle coiling. SUE takes IAN's hand.		
A beat.	<p>IAN Peter got ill. He'd, he'd always been healthy. A bit of wear and tear like the rest of us but healthy. Active. But he, he got so ill.</p>	
A moment.	<p>IAN (CONT'D) Ben was, Ben was so helpful, he'd he... take him to his hospital appointments, and he'd looked after him.</p>	
	<p>IAN (CONT'D) I could never square it in my mind that Peter was an alcoholic, that drink had killed him. He kept bottles of spirits and wine for years. Years, without touching them.</p>	
On IAN.	<p>MARK (O.O.V) And did Peter ever talk to you about Ben Field?</p>	
	<p>MARK (CONT'D) Did he say anything about their friendship?</p>	
	<p>IAN Well only to tell us how marvellous he was. How clever and charming and kind.</p>	
A beat. The words are ashes in his mouth.	<p>IAN (CONT'D) Peter changed his will in favour of Ben.</p>	



<p>A few moments tick away. SUE swallows.</p> <p>A beat.</p> <p>A moment as SUE gathers herself for this disclosure. On NATALIE.</p> <p>To IAN.</p> <p>IAN's drawn face, the slightest move of his head, he knows she's right.</p> <p>From SUE.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. IAN AND SUE'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER</u></b></p> <p>MARK, wearing evidence gloves, flicks through one of PETERS journals as IAN arrives with another box.</p> <p>On NATALIE and MARK.</p>	<p>SUE They were very close. Very...</p> <p>SUE (CONT'D) Peter loved him.</p> <p>SUE (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Was in love with him.</p> <p>SUE (CONT'D) If something's been done then they need to know. They do.</p> <p>SUE (CONT'D) There were probably things that er, Peter didn't tell us about Ben, about um their lives together. But he might have written about them. He wrote about everything.</p> <p>IAN He, Ben, said he wanted to write something for Peter. He wanted the last diaries. The final ten months of Peter's life. When he was so ill.</p> <p>NATALIE He never gave them back?</p> <p>SUE (O.O.V) No.</p> <p>SUE (CONT'D) No, he didn't.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:08:37</p>
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<p>Both SUE and IAN look like they've had the breath knocked out of them.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. BEN'S FLAT - DAY</u></b></p> <p>BEN in a scrappy singlet and joggers is lifting weights. His flat is untidy, papers, books everywhere. A weights bench set up, expensive looking weights. A Bluetooth loudspeaker thumping out rap from his mobile.</p> <p><b>JUMP CUT TO:</b></p> <p>BEN takes a tape measure, measures his biceps. Records the result in a black moleskin workbook. We see over his shoulder as he writes, the pages crowded already with writing. Lines of poetry, quotes from the bible. He writes the results sideways in a narrow margin along the spine.</p> <p><b>JUMP CUT TO:</b></p> <p>He drinks from his massive shaker of whey protein. He strips off his singlet. Admires his appearance in the mirror.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. BEN'S FLAT - DAY - LATER</u></b></p>		<p>Music In: 10:09:11</p> <p>Scene: 10:09:13</p> <p>Scene: 10:09:33</p>
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<p>BEN now dressed in chinos and a polo shirt with the logo of the care-home. He takes his phone and changes the music from the speaker from rap to a Bach chorale.</p> <p>He pulls the cross out from round his neck so it sits on the front of his shirt. He smiles gently at his own reflection. Transformed from beast to lamb.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. LAVENDER TREE CARE HOME. CORRIDOR - DAY</u></b></p> <p>The Bach chorale plays over. BEN walks up the corridors of the nursing home. To RESIDENTS in passing. He has a rucksack slung over one shoulder, he carries his Bible. He wears his cross.</p> <p>BEN turns into a RESIDENTS room and shuts the door.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. LAVENDER TREE CARE HOME. DYNAH'S ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS</u></b></p> <p>In the residents room, an elderly frail lady APRIL HEXTON is sitting in a chair staring out of the window.</p>	<p>BEN Good morning.</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) Good morning.</p>	<p>Music Out &amp; Music In: 10:09:44</p> <p>Scene: 10:09:56</p> <p>Music Out: 10:10:06</p> <p>Scene: 10:10:15</p>
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<p>Her face is furrowed with anxiety, an unhappy, untethered tension to her. Her eyes are confused and lost. BEN sits down opposite her.</p> <p>He goes into his rucksack and takes out a digital camcorder. He switches it on.</p> <p>No answer. He wasn't expecting one.</p> <p>A beat.</p> <p>APRIL gets up as if she desperately wants to get away from him, BEN puts out a gentle hand to stop her. APRIL sits. BEN studies her.</p> <p>APRIL turns to look at him. And we see her eyes through the camera. Lost yes, but not so lost that she doesn't know that what is happening to her is very bad indeed.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p>	<p>BEN (CONT'D) I'm here to bring you the joyful word of Christ.</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) How are you feeling today?</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) You might feel confused because you've got dementia. You always used to feel sad, didn't you?</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) Is that because you were always lonely?</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) Sit back down.</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) And why did you feel lonely?</p> <p>APRIL Because I...haven't got anybody.</p> <p>BEN Because you haven't got anybody, yes. And, and you don't have any friends. No family. Why is that?</p>	<p>Music In: 10:10:59</p> <p>-----</p> <p>Music Out: 10:11:27</p>
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<p><b><u>INT. AYLESBURY POLICE STATION. CORRIDORS / INCIDENT ROOM - DAY</u></b></p> <p>NATALIE follows a large trolley stacked with the boxes of PETER's diaries through the corridor and into the incident room.</p> <p>It is full of desks and computers, staffed by plain clothes detectives. NATALIE heads over to DS RICHARD EARL. He's crouched over his laptop watching bodycam footage. It's PETER's living room. PETER's body, turned away from the black square of the television. Next to him on a small table, an almost empty bottle of whiskey. There is a tumbler on the floor by PETER's feet.</p> <p>From NATALIE.</p> <p><b><u>CUT TO:</u></b></p> <p><b><u>INT. EVIDENCE ARCHIVE ROOM - DAY</u></b></p> <p>Long stacks of shelves with evidence bags.</p>	<p>NATALIE The diaries are here Rich.</p> <p>NATALIE (CONT'D) Is that Peter's living room?</p> <p>RICHARD Attending officer did a body cam sweep.</p> <p>NATALIE What did you find?</p> <p>RICHARD Bottle of whiskey...a glass...seized as evidence. Never got called.</p> <p>NATALIE Probably thrown away by now.</p> <p>RICHARD Probably. Maybe it just got forgotten about. Worth a look?</p> <p>NATALIE M-hm.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:11:39</p> <p>Music In: 10:12:11</p> <p>Scene: 10:12:11</p>
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<p>RICHARD enters and starts searching boxes, looking for the right label, the right year, the right log numbers.</p> <p>He finds one behind some evidence bags. A label showing '2015 Maids Moreton'.</p> <p>He pulls the box towards him and opens it, searches through the other bagged pieces of forgotten evidence. And there at the bottom, the whiskey glass.</p> <p>RICHARD does a quiet fist pump "yes!", repacks the box and returns it to the shelf.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK is at the head of the table. The table is crowded with plain clothes officers, men and women, NATALIE, RICHARD. EVERYONE taking notes, everyone with files.</p> <p>Now we see the nine seconds of the bodycam footage properly as it plays on the screen. The sweep of PETER's room. The closed curtains to the street.</p>	<p>RICHARD Yes!</p> <p>MARK The coroner ruled that Peter Farquhar died from <i>alcohol asphyxiation</i>. He drank himself to death. Ben Field told the attending officer that Peter had a long history of alcoholism, something that Peter's family refute. Field also told the attending officer that Peter took sleeping pills regularly and that's true, so perhaps Peter did have a problem with alcohol and hid his addiction from his family. Perhaps Field was being truthful. Perhaps. However. Let's have another look at the crime scene.</p> <p>MARK (CONT'D) The lights are off. The TV is off. The curtains on the window to the road are drawn.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:12:45</p> <p>Music Out: 10:12:51</p>
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<p>The angle of PETER's body. The bottle, the glass. The dark TV. Nine seconds, that's all. And then it's over.</p> <p>RICHARD, presses keys on the laptop and on the screen, high definition photographs of the bottle and the glass showing finger prints.</p> <p>On another HD image. An inverted fingerprint of the inside of the glass. As clear as a boot-print on the moon.</p> <p>On RICHARD.</p> <p>On the OFFICERS as they start to file out.</p> <p>NATALIE stays behind.</p>	<p>MARK (CONT'D) So, Peter, who had recently recovered from a mystery illness, an illness that strongly resembles Ann Moore-Martin's symptoms of seizures and hallucinations, Peter who is so happy, so relieved to be feeling better, he sits facing a curtained window, downs a bottle of single malt. He drinks it alone...in darkness. Perhaps. Rich?</p> <p>RICHARD The whiskey's just whiskey, no noxious substance, no poisons. There's partials on the outside of the bottle and the glass and then there's this-</p> <p>MARK (O.O.V) I don't think that is Peter Farquhar's...</p> <p>MARK (CONT'D) ...fingerprint. I think <i>that</i> fingerprint belongs to Ben Field. And I think he was there when Peter Farquhar died. That's the working hypothesis. We've just got to prove it and right now, the best evidence we've got are Peter's diaries and they're being transcribed as we speak.</p> <p>RICHARD And Ben Field took the last two diaries.</p> <p>MARK (O.O.V) We have to assume they've been destroyed. But the...</p> <p>MARK (CONT'D) ...ones we've got are still gonna give us the <i>best</i> picture of what was going on in that house. Now obviously we don't have Peter's body and unfortunately the forensic examinations of Ann and her house haven't given us any results. So read absolutely everything because the devil is in the details. OK thank you.</p> <p>OFFICERS (AT TE SAME TIME) Thanks. / Thank you boss.</p>	
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<p>MARK nods.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NATALIE'S CAR - DAY</u></b></p> <p>NATALIE drives, MARK in the passenger seat.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. BLAKE HOUSE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>NATALIE's car pulls in. She and MARK get out and head to ANN-MARIE's front door.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. BLAKE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY</u></b></p> <p>Round the living room table with mugs of tea, SIMON, ANN-MARIE, MARK and NATALIE. On ANN-MARIE and SIMON.</p> <p>ANN-MARIE ringing with tension, SIMON looking as if his life is increasingly sliding away from his control, trying to keep track of details.</p> <p>On ANN-MARIE and SIMON.</p>	<p>NATALIE I'll arrange a meeting with Ann-Marie.</p> <p>ANN-MARIE But he <i>was</i> drugging her. Auntie Ann said he was giving her a white powder.</p> <p>MARK (O.O.V) Her house has been searched, there's no trace-</p> <p>SIMON Perhaps he was cleaning up after himself-</p> <p>ANN-MARIE It would be in her hair, in her body.</p> <p>MARK (O.O.V) We haven't been able to find evidence...</p> <p>MARK (CONT'D) ...of any drugs or poisons.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:15:15</p> <p>Scene: 10:15:18</p> <p>Scene: 10:15:25</p>
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<p>A moment passes as ANN-MARIE absorbs that, or tries to because how does anyone process this?</p> <p>SIMON puts his hand over hers, a familiar gesture. Normally, ANN-MARIE would hold his hand back, but she moves it away.</p> <p>But for ANN-MARIE, it's not enough. Not enough.</p> <p>Silence, a tableau, ANN-MARIE turned away from them.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p>	<p>NATALIE Your aunt was in hospital for a long time. And then the nursing home. She'd had a lot of other medications.</p> <p>ANN-MARIE I should never have left her. She shouldn't have died alone. Should've been by her side. Holding her hand.</p> <p>SIMON Can we have a funeral? Lay her to rest?</p> <p>MARK Yeah.</p> <p>SIMON That's something, Ann-Marie-</p> <p>ANN-MARIE He could be doing anything right now. Anything at all. And what if he leaves the country? He can do that. He can just leave.</p> <p>MARK Field and Smith don't know that we're looking at them. But we know where they are, we know what they're doing. This isn't the end Ann-Marie. We're not forgetting about your aunt, far from it, we're barely getting started.</p> <p>ANN-MARIE You didn't look him in the eyes, we did, me and Simon and he doesn't care about anything. Not one single thing. He does not care. He's just walking around doing what he wants. I feel like I'm going mad from it.</p>	<p>Music In: 10:16:42</p> <p> </p> <p> </p> <p> </p>
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<p><b><u>INT. POLICE CAR / EXT. GIRLFRIEND'S HOUSE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>We'll come to recognise this street. From inside the car we see BEN exit the front door.</p> <p><b>JUMP CUT TO:</b></p> <p>BEN turns back and shares a lingeringly kiss with a YOUNG WOMAN, in her kimono dressing gown, her hair bundled up. BEN is dressed vest and shorts for running heads away.</p> <p><b>JUMP CUT TO:</b></p> <p>From the car we see BEN run into the park.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. PARK - DAY - CONTINUOUS</u></b></p> <p>BEN starts his run.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. GIRLFRIEND'S HOUSE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>A few moments later, we see a plain saloon driven by TWO OFFICERS we recognise from the incident briefing. They pull on their seat belts.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - DAY</u></b></p>	<p>BEN Bye.</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) I'll text you later.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:16:47</p> <p>Scene: 10:17:08</p> <p>Scene: 10:17:12</p> <p>Scene: 10:17:16</p>
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Living room. MARTYN changes the batteries in the TV remote and turns the tele on. They grin at each other happily, enjoying the back and forth-	<p>MARTYN They you go.</p> <p>LIZ Brilliant! Now you can fix my guttering.</p> <p>MARTYN I don't know anything about guttering.</p> <p>BEN (O.S) I'll do it.</p> <p>LIZ Oh! Oh you made me jump.</p> <p>BEN Back door was open. You should be more careful, Martyn. Anyone can walk in.</p> <p>MARTYN I'll er, I'll see you later Liz.</p> <p>LIZ Okay.</p> <p>To LIZ.</p> <p>BEN Curry club tonight?</p> <p>On MARTYN and BEN.</p> <p>LIZ (O.O.V) Oh curry club any night. We're gonna be watching Formula One...</p> <p>To BEN.</p> <p>LIZ (CONT'D) ...d'you want to join us?</p> <p>To LIZ.</p> <p>BEN Sounds perfect. Right, see you later.</p> <p>On BEN and MARTYN.</p> <p>LIZ (O.O.V) Yep.</p> <p>To MARTYN.</p> <p>BEN Come on.</p> <p>MARTYN and BEN exit. Out on LIZ, happy.</p>		
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<p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. STOWE SCHOOL - DAY</u></b></p> <p>The beautiful grounds, parklands and woods. BEN runs, athletic and agile. MARTYN toils behind, his breath rasping. He stops and leans against a tree. BEN checks over his shoulder at MARTYN collapsing, the hoarse breathing. He jogs back to him.</p> <p>A beat.</p> <p>BEN starts to head away. A beat as BEN comes back.</p> <p>A long watchful silence. The dappled light of the parkland seems dangerous suddenly. Apex predator and dumb ox.</p>	<p>BEN (CONT'D) What's wrong, Martyn? I know there's something.</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) It's Ann-Marie, isn't it? You haven't been the same since she vented her bile. Don't worry about her, you know I've got plans if she carries on.</p> <p>MARTYN Ben?</p> <p>MARTYN (CONT'D) About Liz...</p> <p>BEN Yes?</p> <p>MARTYN It-</p> <p>BEN Hm?</p> <p>MARTYN I-</p> <p>BEN It's your anxiety. It's derealisation. That's all.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:18:01</p> <p>Music Out: 10:18:34</p>
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<p>BEN sets off running again. Shouting back over his shoulder.</p> <p>MARTYN watches him run forward into the trees and then he stumbles after him.</p> <p><b>JUMP CUT TO:</b></p> <p>BEN runs along a path. MARTYN follows a distance behind. On MARTYN.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. BLAKE HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT</u></b></p> <p>The room is dark. SIMON sleeps, ANN-MARIE lies awake, staring at the ceiling. A DOG BARKS. ANN-MARIE gets out of bed and goes to the window. She looks out.</p> <p>ANN-MARIE gasps, frozen because standing in a pool of light from the streetlight is BEN, staring up at the house. Stock still. ANN-MARIE doesn't take her eyes off him.</p> <p>SIMON bolts out of the bed and comes to the window-</p> <p>SIMON looks out the window.</p>	<p>BEN (CONT'D) Breathe, Martyn. Breathe!</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) (O.S) BREATHE!</p> <p>ANN-MARIE Simon. Simon, wake up. Wake up now, he's outside.</p> <p>SIMON What?</p> <p>ANN-MARIE He's outside. He, he's looking up!</p> <p>SIMON There's no-one there... Hey Ann-Maire, hey?</p>	<p>Scene: 10:19:39</p> <p>Music In: 10:20:34</p>
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<p>And only then does ANN-MARIE look at him in shock- A long beat.</p> <p>SIMON watches her head downstairs. How unreachable she is, death or BEN Field the third person in their marriage.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. BLAKE HOUSE.</u></b> <b><u>KITCHEN - NIGHT</u></b></p> <p>ANN-MARIE boils the kettle. Rubs her hands over her face and then through her hair.</p> <p>The sound of the kettle getting louder and louder.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. ST MARY'S.</u></b> <b><u>STOWE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>Establishing shot.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. ST MARY'S.</u></b> <b><u>STOWE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>The VICAR, BEN and the CONGREGANTS singing lustily "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind". The hymn finishes, the congregants sit and BEN walks to the pulpit.</p>	<p>SIMON (CONT'D) There's no-one there.</p> <p>ANN-MARIE I'm gonna go make a cup of tea.</p> <p>CONGREGATION (SINGING) (O.S) O still, small voice of...</p> <p>CONGREGATION (SINGING) (CONT'D) ...calm! O still, small voice of calm!</p> <p>BEN Good morning.</p> <p>CONGREGATION (TOGETHER) Good morning.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:20:58</p> <p>Scene, Music Out &amp; Music In: 10:21:19</p> <p>Scene: 10:21:23</p> <p>Music Out: 10:21:35</p>
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<p>Most of the CONGREGATION raise their hands.</p> <p>He gazes round the room, soft, expectant. Almost playful. A good teacher.</p> <p>A murmur from a few congregants-</p> <p>On CONGREGANTS.</p> <p>From BEN.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY</u></b></p> <p>The church empty. At the front of the church on a trestle, a coffin. ANN-MARIE is alone with the coffin. The church is silent around her.</p>	<p>BEN Can you all hear me?</p> <p>CONGREGATION (TOGETHER) Yes.</p> <p>BEN Good. Because if I'm going to speak, then I want you to listen. Who here lives by a moral code?</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) I'm glad I'm not alone. I want us all to think today about the moral codes and Christian principles we practise as devout believers in God's holy word. I want us to consider the commandments. Now, I'm thinking of one specifically. Can anyone guess which one?</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) It rhymes with... Thou shalt not thrill?</p> <p>CONGREGATION Thou shalt not kill.</p> <p>BEN (O.O.V) Yes.</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) Fantastic. Thou shalt not kill. That is the benchmark of our entry into heaven.</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) (V.O) Thou shalt not kill because it's illegal. It's a monstrous, heinous act to take the life of another.</p>	<p>Music In: 10:22:26</p> <p>Scene: 10:22:52</p>
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<p>ANN-MARIE places her shaking hand on the coffin.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. ST MARY'S.</u></b> <b><u>STOWE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>Back with BEN on the pulpit.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH / ST MARY'S.</u></b> <b><u>STOWE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>Back with ANN-MARIE as she lays her head on the coffin.</p> <p><b>JUMP CUT TO:</b></p> <p>Back with BEN on the pulpit.</p> <p><b>CUT BACK TO:</b></p> <p>ANN-MARIE straightens up and she puts one hand where ANN's head would be and another at ANN's feet.</p> <p><b>JUMP CUT TO:</b></p> <p>Back with BEN on the pulpit.</p> <p>He bows his head and the CONGREGANTS murmur with him.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p>	<p>BEN (CONT'D) (V.O) But what about...</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) ...as an end to people's miserable conditions? Or the greater good? What then?</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) (V.O) I'm not going to tell you what to think...</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) ...but if you know what's right, you must act accordingly and live as your conscience dictates.</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) (V.O) I am bound by scripture. My conscience...</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) ...is captive to the word of God. Here I stand. Amen.</p> <p>CONGREGATION Amen.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:23:22</p> <p>Scene: 10:23:30</p>
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<p>On ANN-MARIE trying to gather herself.</p> <p>On ANN-MARIE.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAY</u></b></p> <p>A Sunday quiet. Desks empty.</p> <p>RICHARD sits at his desk reading a transcribed copy of PETER's diaries. There's a tall pile next to him on the desk with a cover page THAMES VALLEY POLICE: MAJOR CRIME UNIT. Transcript of journals belonging to Peter A S Farquhar MAY- JUNE 2014. The transcription RICHARD reads from is bristling with post-it notes. He reads with absolute concentration, hand in hair. RICHARD leans closer to the page, frowning. He reads again. Then flicks through to another page looking for something.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. PETER'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY / FLASHBACK</u></b></p> <p>FLASHBACK: Through the obscured glass we see BEN leaving for a run.</p>	<p>SIMON Yeah.</p> <p>PRIEST (O.O.V) Ann-Marie?</p> <p>SIMON (O.O.V) Yeah she's um. She's being very strong.</p> <p>PETER (V.O) I love him so much.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:26:41</p> <p>Music Out: 10:26:43</p> <p>Music In: 10:26:47</p> <p>Scene: 10:26:59</p>
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<p><b>JUMP CUT TO:</b></p> <p>PETER about to head into the living room with a cup of tea clocks BEN's rucksack hanging on the banister. He is compelled by curiosity. Unzipping the rucksack he pulls out the notebook.</p> <p><b>CUT BACK TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK flicks through the transcript.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. PETER'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY / FLASHBACK</u></b></p> <p>FLASHBACK: PETER opens the notebook and reads, excited, anticipatory, a glimpse into his lover's private thoughts. And his face falls.</p> <p>We see a page written quite clearly: At least 1. Gin and tonic (large) 2. whiskey (neat) 3. Bottle of red 4. Neat vodka !!!</p> <p>He frowns, turns pages, disbelieving. The pages are covered with a record of his drinking...</p> <p><b>CUT BACK TO:</b></p>	<p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) Except for one very disconcerting aspect.</p> <p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) Some days ago, I noticed a black notebook. I know, I should not have read it.</p> <p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) Ben fictitiously records how much alcohol I drink.</p> <p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) Ludicrous quantities are invented.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:27:31</p> <p>Scene: 10:27:33</p>
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<p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK reading through the transcripts.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. PETER'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT / FLASHBACK</u></b></p> <p>FLASHBACK: BEN tears pages out of the notebook and leaves. PETER tries to say goodbye but BEN exits.</p> <p>PETER, picks up the shredded pages of the notebook littering the kitchen floor. And sudden fear in PETER of BEN leaving, not loving him anymore.</p> <p><b>CUT BACK TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK reading through the transcripts. MARK gets up.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. PETER'S HOUSE - NIGHT / FLASHBACK</u></b></p> <p>FLASHBACK: The upstairs landing. PETER stands at the spare room door. He knocks softly. The door opens and BEN is stood there, wearing just his pants. The soft light gilds him. He waits.</p>	<p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) When I confronted him...</p> <p>PETER (CONT'D) Err- Er-</p> <p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) Ben was furious.</p> <p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) He said it was for a play he was writing.</p> <p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) I genuinely feared that I would lose him.</p>	<p>  Scene: 10:27:44</p> <p>  Scene: 10:27:46</p> <p>  Scene: 10:27:54</p> <p>  Scene: 10:27:58</p>
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<p>BEN steps forward and takes PETER in his arms and PETER clings to him tightly.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAY</u></b></p> <p>RICHARD look over to MARK.</p> <p>MARK looks up from his own pile of transcripts. RICHARD picks up the transcript and heads over.</p> <p>MARK goes patting RICHARD on the shoulder as he leaves. RICHARD smiles shyly to himself, pleased.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. GIRLFRIEND'S HOUSE / INT. POLICE CAR - DAWN/DARK</u></b></p>	<p>RICHARD I've got it.</p> <p>RICHARD (CONT'D) Really early doors, Ben's laying the groundwork. Peter and his drinking problem. The addiction that only Ben sees. Well Ben and Martyn, because he's in the house too. And then when Peter dies, Ben makes his statement to the police about Peter's cause of death being alcoholism. This was a long-term plan.</p> <p>MARK Alright. How many addresses we got for Field?</p> <p>RICHARD Two. His own and his current girlfriend.</p> <p>MARK We'll pull Martyn too. Phones. Laptops. Everything they've got. Nice. Good.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:28:09</p> <p>Music Out &amp; Music In: 10:28:14</p> <p>Scene: 10:29:02</p>
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<p>A convoy of police cars drive down the road slowly.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. BEN'S BUILDING - DAWN/DARK</u></b></p> <p>On feet and shadows passing a gate.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. GIRLFRIEND'S HOUSE - DAWN/DARK</u></b></p> <p>The police cars come to a stop and turn off their headlights.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. BEN'S BUILDING - DAWN/DARK</u></b></p> <p>A dark stairwell. Automatic lights flicker on as OFFICERS head quietly up the stairs. One of them is carrying an Enforcer battering ram.</p> <p>They reach the top of the stairwell and congregate outside a door.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAWN/DARK</u></b></p> <p>MARK with two-way radio for contact, RICHARD, NATALIE. A clock on the wall shows the second hand ticking round to 6...</p>		<p>  Music Out: 10:29:03</p> <p>Scene &amp; Music In: 10:29:10</p> <p>-----</p> <p>Scene: 10:29:13</p> <p>-----</p> <p>Scene: 10:29:20</p> <p>-----</p> <p>Scene: 10:29:28</p> <p>-----</p>
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<p>Everyone tense, waiting. They watch the clock inching round, it hits six on the dot.</p> <p>Picking up the radio.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. BEN'S BUILDING - DAWN/DARK</u></b></p> <p>The OFFICERS wait outside bens door.</p> <p>With a nod. An OFFICER smashes the door open.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. BEN'S FLAT - DAWN/DARK - CONTINUOUS</u></b></p> <p>All dark. The door flies open and bangs against the wall and the flat is flooded with POLICE and torchlight, shouting. The shouts are jagged as the POLICE search the dark flat.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAWN/DARK</u></b></p> <p>Back with MARK, NATALIE and OTHERS listening to the radio.</p>	<p>POLICE OFFICER (THROUGH RADIO) Outside location one.</p> <p>MARK Right let's do it.</p> <p>MARK (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D) Location...</p> <p>MARK (THROUGH RADIO) (CONT'D) ...one. Go!</p> <p>POLICE OFFICER 1 (O.O.V) Police!</p> <p>POLICE OFFICER 2 (O.O.V) Go! Go! Go!</p> <p>POLICE OFFICER 1 (O.O.V) Police, we're coming in!</p> <p>FEMALE OFFICER (O.S) Living room, clear!</p> <p>POLICE OFFICER 2 (O.S) Bedroom, clear!</p> <p>POLICE OFFICER 1 (THROUGH RADIO) Male, not present. Repeat, male not present.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:29:38</p> <p>Scene: 10:29:40</p> <p>Scene: 10:29:45</p>
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<p>MARK switches channels-</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. GIRLFRIEND'S HOUSE - DAWN/DARK</u></b></p> <p>The POLICE get out of their cars and move quietly down a residential road. A nice residential road. Front gardens, gates leading to back gardens. Silent, silent, just the tread of boots and the rustle of clothing. They stop. On a signal. They wait. Taut, silent.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAWN/DARK</u></b></p> <p>MARK and his TEAM listen through the radio.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. GIRLFRIEND'S HOUSE. BEDROOM / LANDING / STAIRCASE / HALLWAY - DAWN/DARK</u></b></p> <p>Dark. Sleeping shapes in a feminine bedroom. Distantly, the sound of knocking on the door and a voice- On BEN up and out of bed.</p> <p>BEN races down the corridor.</p> <p>BEN races down the stairs.</p>	<p>MARK (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D) Location...</p> <p>MARK (THROUGH RADIO) (CONT'D) ...two. Go!</p> <p>POLICE OFFICER 1 (O.S) BEN FIELD! THIS IS POLICE! WE'RE COMING IN!</p> <p>GIRLFRIEND (O.O.V) What the fuck is going on?</p> <p>POLICE OFFICER 1 (O.S) POLICE! WE'RE COMING IN!</p>	<p>Scene: 10:29:50</p> <p>Scene: 10:30:15</p> <p>Scene: 10:30:18</p>
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<p>As he reaches the bottom the front door is forced open. He heads towards the back of the house.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAWN/DARK</u></b></p> <p>As before, the team, hearing the commotion, the girl still screaming-</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. HOUSE. GARDEN / PARK - DAWN/DARK</u></b></p> <p>All dark, BEN exits the conservatory and jumps the garden fence leaving the commotion behind him. BEN runs but quickly changes direction seeing OFFICERS coming towards him, running back past the garden. More POLICE come at him. BEN changes direction again and runs out into the park. SEVEN OFFICERS are on his tail.</p> <p>Eventually BEN is taken down by the OFFICERS.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAWN/DARK</u></b></p> <p>As before but now they're grinning at each other as we hear over the radio-</p>	<p>POLICE OFFICER 2 (O.S) GO! GO!</p> <p>POLICE OFFICER 3 (O.O.V) He's gone out...</p> <p>POLICE OFFICER 6 (THROUGH RADIO) (CONT'D) ...the back! GO! GO! GO!</p> <p>GIRLFIREND (O.S) ...get out of my fucking house!</p> <p>POLICE OFFICER 3 (O.S) Quick, round the back!</p> <p>POLICE OFFICER (O.O.V) Ben Field! STOP!</p> <p>POLICE OFFICER 1 (O.O.V) Stay there!</p> <p>POLICE OFFICER 3 (O.O.V) There he is! Go! Go! Stop there!</p> <p>POLICE OFFICER 1 Stop! Stop!</p> <p>POLICE OFFICER 5 (THROUGH RADIO) We got him. Suspect's been tapped. Secure.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:30:30</p> <p>Scene: 10:30:31</p> <p>Scene: 10:30:59</p>
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<p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. AYLESBURY POLICE STATION. CUSTODY SUITE / CELLS - DAY</u></b></p> <p>BEN stands in front of the CUSTODY SERGEANT being booked in. He's dressed, wearing his glasses. He's adjusted his demeanour, polite, charming, low status, what a horrible mistake this all is. How embarrassing for them. The CUSTODY SERGEANT is blandly polite. To other OFFICERS.</p> <p><b>JUMP CUT TO:</b></p> <p>BEN is walked down to the cells by a couple of OFFICERS. When they reach his cell BEN has to remove his shoes. He kicks his trainers off and is shown in.</p> <p>On BEN.</p> <p>BEN enters.</p>	<p>CUSTODY SERGEANT Okay finally what's your occupation, Mr Field?</p> <p>BEN I've just finished a book on the Romantic Poets.</p> <p>CUSTODY SERGEANT So I should put author?</p> <p>BEN Author's fine. Author's fine.</p> <p>CUSTODY SERGEANT Okay thanks guys.</p> <p>BEN I suspect I'm in for a, a rather a dull time. I don't suppose you have such a thing as a book I could read?</p> <p>CUSTODY SERGEANT Sure I'll see what I can do.</p> <p>BEN That'd be great. Thanks so much.</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) Thank you.</p> <p>FEMALE OFFICER Shoes off.</p> <p>BEN That everything?</p> <p>FEMALE OFFICER (O.O.V) Yeah.</p> <p>BEN Thank you.</p>	<p>Scene &amp; Music Out: 10:31:04</p>
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<p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. AYLESBURY</u></b> <b><u>POLICE STATION.</u></b> <b><u>BEN'S CELL - DAY -</u></b> <b><u>CONTINUOUS</u></b></p> <p>BEN steps into the cell, the door is closed and locked behind him.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. AYLESBURY</u></b> <b><u>POLICE STATION.</u></b> <b><u>BEN'S CELL - DAY -</u></b> <b><u>CONTINUOUS</u></b></p> <p>CCTV FOOTAGE: BEN sits down and clocks a camera on the wall.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. AYLESBURY</u></b> <b><u>POLICE STATION.</u></b> <b><u>MARTYN'S CELL - DAY</u></b></p> <p>CCTV FOOTAGE: MARTYN sits on the edge of the bench.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. BEN'S FLAT.</u></b> <b><u>LIVING ROOM - DAY</u></b></p> <p>SOCO in gloves and overalls slowly sifting BEN's belongings with MARK surveying the chaos of the flat. The laptop being placed in evidence bags. So many mobile phones. MARK walks over to the table covered in evidence bags.</p>	<p>SOCO OFFICER (O.O.V) Sir.</p> <p>MARK Alright.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:31:56</p> <p>Scene: 10:32:06</p> <p>Scene: 10:32:13</p> <p>Scene: 10:32:17</p>
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<p>Wearing gloves, he picks one up - a clear baggie with packets inside it. Substances. Another bag contains a Dictaphone, MARK, presses play and BEN's voice comes out of it. A rap rhythm but it's terrible. MARK clicks the Dictaphone off. An OFFICER hands MARK a black notebook.</p> <p>On MARK moving towards some light.</p> <p>Inside we see the crammed, chaotic black writing, symbols, dates, abbreviations, a strange, unnerving, illegible riot like hieroglyphs or runes. And written in red: 'I moved in so he could die.'</p> <p>MARK frowns, flips the page. A SOCO OFFICER calls from the bedroom.</p> <p>MARK hands the notebook back to the OFFICER.</p> <p>MARK heads into the bedroom.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. BEN'S FLAT.</u></b> <b><u>LIVING ROOM - DAY -</u></b> <b><u>CONTINUOUS</u></b></p> <p>As MARK enters he see a SOCO OFFICER holding two blue journals.</p>	<p>BEN (THROUGH DICTAPHONE) So I'll punch you, not even punk you. Straight up, this is my class and I'm a funk you.</p> <p>MARK What's this?</p> <p>SOCO OFFICER 2 (O.S) Sir?</p> <p>MARK Thank you. Bag that please.</p> <p>OFFICER Yes, Sir.</p>	<p>Music In: 10:32:43</p> <p>Scene: 10:33:37</p>
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<p>MARK flips through the pages with his gloved fingers. MARK's mobile rings and he answers-</p> <p>SOCO puts the journals in evidence bags.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK at the screen. Watching, BEN walking into the interview room to be interviewed he is smiling and friendly to the OFFICER, he is easy and graceful.</p> <p>MARK studies the way he moves, where he looks, who he smiles at. Misses nothing.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 1 - DAY</u></b></p> <p>NATALIE and a FEMALE DETECTIVE. BEN and his BRIEF. BEN is at his most helpful and charming. He has plastic cups of water in front of him. The tape is running.</p> <p>BEN's BRIEF clears his throat. He has a handwritten statement.</p>	<p>MARK (INTO MOBILE) Nat, we've got Peter's missing diaries. Great, I'm heading back now.</p> <p>BEN (THROUGH LAPTOP) <i>[UNCLEAR DIALOGUE]</i> That's brilliant, thank you.</p> <p>BEN (THROUGH LAPTOP) (CONT'D) Okay.</p> <p>BEN'S BRIEF Before we start.</p> <p>BEN'S BRIEF (READING) (CONT'D) I, Benjamin Luke Field wish to make a statement and I want my legal representative to read it out on my behalf.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:34:13</p> <p>Scene: 10:34:29</p> <p>Music Out: 10:34:38</p>
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<p>A moment. BEN sips water. All his muscles relaxed, his limbs easy. He looks big in that small room.</p> <p>BEN considers. The softness of his expression, as if he pities the OFFICERS for having to perform such a banal process. And even though he doesn't look at it directly, he is profoundly aware of the blinking camera high up in the corner of the interview room. That knowledge of being watched.</p> <p><b>CUT BACK TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAY</u></b></p> <p>Back with MARK watching the interview through his laptop.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 1 - DAY</u></b></p> <p>Back with NATALIE interviewing BEN.</p>	<p><b>BEN'S BRIEF (READING) (CONT'D)</b> I did not murder Ann Moore-Martin nor did I have any involvement in her death. I did not murder Peter Farquhar nor did I have any involvement in his death. I do not wish to answer any questions at this stage. I have made this statement of my own free will and the contents are true. It bears my signature.</p> <p><b>NATALIE</b> Doesn't stop us asking questions though, does it, Ben? When did you decide to target Peter Farquhar?</p> <p><b>BEN</b> No comment.</p> <p><b>NATALIE (THROUGH LAPTOP)</b> Where were you the night...</p> <p><b>NATALIE (CONT'D)</b> ...Peter Farquhar died?</p> <p><b>BEN</b> No comment.</p>	<p>Music In: 10:35:10</p> <p>Scene: 10:35:13</p> <p>Scene: 10:35:17</p>
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<p>A beat.</p> <p>A beat.</p> <p>On BEN.</p>	<p>NATALIE You were with him though, weren't you?</p> <p>BEN No comment.</p> <p>NATALIE We found Peter's missing diaries in your flat. Must've been something really important in there for you to want to hide them?</p> <p>NATALIE (CONT'D) What was Peter writing about you?</p> <p>BEN No comment.</p> <p>NATAILE Got your notebooks too.</p> <p>NATAILE (CONT'D) What we gonna read in them?</p> <p>BEN No comment.</p> <p>NATALIE Why would Ann-Marie Blake think that you were trying to do something to Ann Moore- Martin?</p> <p>BEN No comment.</p> <p>NATALIE (O.O.V) What can you tell us...</p> <p>NATALIE (CONT'D) ...about the events leading up to her death?</p> <p>BEN No comment.</p> <p>NATALIE And what about Martyn Smith, what was his roll in all of this?</p> <p>BEN No comment.</p>	
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<p>From BEN.</p> <p><b>CUT BACK TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAY</u></b></p> <p>Back with MARK.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. POLICE VAN. POLICE YARD - DAY</u></b></p> <p>A UNIFORMED OFFICER opens the back doors for MARTYN to get in. MARTYN gets in and sits. The door shuts. And for a second, it's just MARTYN, his uncertain breathing. And then the door opens and BEN's getting in. MARTYN's eyes follow him but BEN doesn't seem to look at him. The door shuts and the van starts.</p>	<p>NATALIE He moved in with Peter Farquhar first and now he lives with Elizabeth Zettl? What is he? Your scout?</p> <p>BEN No comment.</p> <p>NATALIE And what d'you think Martyn's gonna tell us about you, when we interview him?</p> <p>BEN No comment.</p> <p>UNIFORMED OFFICER That's it, watch your head.</p> <p>UNIFORMED OFFICER (CONT'D) OK. Watch your head.</p> <p>MARTYN Where are we going?</p> <p>BEN Magistrates. So they can keep us longer. You doing no comment?</p>	<p>Scene: 10:36:19</p> <p>Scene &amp; Music Out: 10:36:24</p> <p>Music In: 10:36:40</p>
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<p>MARTYN nods.</p> <p>A beat.</p> <p>Out on MARTYN.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAY</u></b></p> <p>A briefing: RICHARD enters with print outs, hands them round to MARK, NATALIE and the TEAM who are gathered around the table.</p> <p>MARK scans the pages of the text message. His face betrays nothing.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. AYLESBURY POLICE STATION. MARTYN'S CELL - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARTYN sits on the edge of the bench, his hands tight between his knees, his shoulders hunched round himself.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. AYLESBURY POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CELL - DAY</u></b></p> <p>An OFFICER opens MARTYN's cell.</p>	<p>BEN (CONT'D) Yeah me too.</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) They haven't got anything really. Ben's a weird man. That's what they've got. That's all they've got.</p> <p>RICHARD Right, there are thousands of files and photos. Thousands. But some results from the bottle and glass. Field's fingerprint is on the inside of the glass and around the bottle. And Smith's DNA's round the neck of the bottle. And there's some text messages. They're pretty nasty.</p> <p>OFFICER Follow me then.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:37:29</p> <p>Music Out: 10:37:39</p> <p>Music In: 10:37:49</p> <p>Scene: 10:37:58</p> <p>Scene: 10:38:01</p>
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<p>MARTYN exits his cell and follows the OFFICER to the interview room.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. INTERVIEW ROOM</u></b> <b><u>2 - DAY</u></b></p> <p>NATALIE, the FEMALE detective, the BRIEF and MARTYN who is beginning to look ragged. His cheeks flushed.</p> <p>On MARTYN.</p> <p>On MARTYN.</p> <p>MARTYN, his eyes fixed on the table.</p>	<p>NATALIE Did you know Ben and Peter were in a relationship? A romantic relationship?</p> <p>MARTYN No comment.</p> <p>NATALIE (O.O.V) What about Ben and Ann Moore-Martin? Did you know he'd proposed to her?</p> <p>MARTYN No comment.</p> <p>NATALIE (O.O.V) You must have...</p> <p>NATALIE (CONT'D) ...thought that was a bit unusual, Ben being so young, involved with people that much older than him.</p> <p>MARTYN No comment.</p> <p>NATALIE D'you remember when you came in, we swabbed your mouth for DNA? Your DNA is round the neck of that whiskey bottle. Which means that you drank from it, Martyn. When'd you do that?</p> <p>MARTYN No comment.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:38:23</p> <p>Music Out: 10:38:24</p> <p>Music In: 10:38:59</p>
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<p>From CLOSE-UP on MARTYN.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. POLICE STATION.</u></b> <b><u>MARK'S OFFICE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK watching the interview through his laptop.</p> <p><b>CUT BACK TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. INTERVIEW ROOM</u></b> <b><u>2 - DAY</u></b></p> <p>On MARTYN as he stares in shock.</p> <p>On MARTYN.</p>	<p>NATALIE Was Ben there, Martyn? Were you there that night?</p> <p>MARTYN No comment.</p> <p>NATALIE We've got texts between you and Ben, and we've seen the sort of things you say about Peter.</p> <p>NATALIE (THROUGH LAPTOP) (CONT'D) You call...</p> <p>NATALIE (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...him Lord Fuckwad. You call him retard and cunt. Peter had been kind to you. Left you a lot of money in his will.</p> <p>NATALIE (CONT'D) Ten thousand pounds. Why would you say such nasty things about him?</p> <p>MARTYN No comment.</p> <p>NATALIE (O.O.V) Martyn, you know you're under caution? There's a really important bit of that caution that I want you to have a little think about. "If you fail to mention, when questioned, something which you later rely on in court..."</p>	<p>Scene: 10:39:22</p> <p>Scene: 10:39:24</p>
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<p>From MARTYN, trembling.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. POLICE STATION. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK watching the screen closely.</p> <p><b>CUT BACK TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 2 - DAY</u></b></p> <p>CLOSE on MARTYN.</p> <p>After a long beat.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. POLICE STATION. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK leans back in his chair.</p> <p><b>CUT BACK TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 2 - DAY</u></b></p> <p>Back with NATALIE asking questions.</p> <p>But his head is down. His breathing uncertain.</p>	<p>NATALIE (CONT'D) It's quite shocking, when you're arrested. It's quite frightening, so maybe you've forgotten but if there's anything that you're going to mention in court, then you need to say it now.</p> <p>SOLICITOR I've advised my client.</p> <p>MARTYN No comment.</p> <p>NATALIE Do you always do as you're told, Martyn?</p> <p>MARTYN No comment.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:40:08</p> <p>Scene: 10:40:10</p> <p>Scene: 10:40:24</p> <p>Scene: 10:40:27</p> <p>Music Out: 10:40:30</p>
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<p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. POLICE STATION.</u></b> <b><u>MARK'S OFFICE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK closes his laptop and leans back in his chair.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. CUSTODY SUITE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARTYN is at the custody desk with NATALIE and some officers, he looks unshelled and numb.</p> <p>MARTYN and the OFFICERS leave.</p> <p>NATALIE takes up a position as BEN is brought down to the custody desk. BEN easy, confident but his eyes cold and hard.</p>	<p>MARTYN (CONT'D) Um but um my family home is in Cornwall, how will I get there?</p> <p>NATALIE The officers will drive you.</p> <p>MARTYN And my phone, my laptop?</p> <p>NATALIE No. We need to keep those.</p> <p>MARTYN OK.</p> <p>NATALIE You're being released on bail to your family home, the bail comes with strict conditions. You will need to sign in with your local police station and you're not permitted to be in contact with Martyn Smith, nor any members of the Blake or Farquhar families, anyone associated with St Mary's Church, nor are you permitted to enter for any reason, the county of Buckinghamshire.</p> <p>BEN I'll need to explain to the Church and the Bishops Advisory Panel so they can understand what a hideous mess this all is and, and pause my journey to ordination.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:40:33</p> <p>Scene: 10:40:37</p>
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<p>He leaves, following a pair of UNIFORMED OFFICERS. He's gone. MARK comes through a door and joins her, taut and angry with failure to charge.</p> <p>On the security cameras, BEN turns to look up at them as he gets into the back of a police car. That cockiness. MARK sighs.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. IAN AND SUE'S HOUSE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK and NATALIE drive down the road to IAN and SUE's house.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. IAN AND SUE'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY</u></b></p> <p>NATALIE and MARK, IAN and SUE. IAN and SUE stunned. Long moments tick by.</p> <p>On IAN and SUE.</p>	<p>NATALIE They'll be informed. Do you understand the conditions for your bail and that these conditions are binding?</p> <p>BEN I think I've managed to grasp it.</p> <p>MARK Well it's not every day you bail a murderer.</p> <p>MARK (CONT'D) We need a body.</p> <p>IAN He's been buried for two years. You don't know what sort of... sort of condition...</p> <p>MARK (O.O.V) No, we don't. And its...</p>	<p>Scene: 10:42:02</p> <p>Scene: 10:42:08</p>
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<p>A long silence.</p> <p>From IAN and SUE.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. GRAVEYARD.</u></b> <b><u>DAWN</u></b></p> <p>Music. A lament. A muted, washed light. A sombre, overwhelmingly sad atmosphere. So quiet, no-one speaks. The air heavy.</p> <p>OFFICERS erect a temporary wall around the graveyard. SOCO OFFICERS cover headstones in bubble wrap as well as PETER's.</p> <p>TWO GRAVEDIGGERS arrive with shovels and mattocks. They trace knowledgeably the dimensions of the pit.</p> <p>MARK and RICHARD watch as the GRAVEDIGGERS put the blades of their spades into the earth, the spades bite the earth with a rasp.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. PATHOLOGY LAB.</u></b> <b><u>CORRIDOR - EARLY MORNING</u></b></p>	<p>MARK (CONT'D) ...delicate work so the original gravediggers who laid Peter to rest would be lifting him up.</p> <p>IAN We believe that Peter's body's done it's work in this world. His soul is with God. But if his remains still have things to tell us, we have to know the truth.</p>	<p>Music In: 10:42:50</p> <p>Scene: 10:42:58</p> <p>Scene: 10:43:52</p>
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<p>The two SOCO officers push the large plain box containing PETER's coffin on the gurney into the examination room.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - EARLY MORNING</u></b></p> <p>The lid of the box is lifted off and inside we see, tarnished and worn, PETER's coffin. DR BRETT LOCKYER, Home Office pathologist (40's) brushes the earth away from the brass plaque on the coffin lid. Peter Anthony Scott Farquhar. One of the ASSISTANTS leans over to take a photograph.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. PATHOLOGY LAB/ VIEWING ROOM - EARLY MORNING</u></b></p> <p>With RICHARD and MARK as BRETT and the ASSISTANTS cluster round PETER. We see the coffin lid is lifted off.</p> <p><b>JUMP CUT TO:</b></p> <p>The ASSISTANTS are gathered round again.</p> <p>On MARK and RICHARD watching from the viewing room.</p> <p>The ASSISTANTS take photos and samples.</p>	<p>BRETT Okay.</p> <p>BRETT (CONT'D) Okay.</p> <p>BRETT (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Let's start...</p> <p>BRETT (CONT'D) ...in the cavity please.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:43:55</p> <p>Scene: 10:44:05</p>
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<p><b>JUMP CUT TO:</b></p> <p>Back with MARK, just too much. The body. Too much death. He leaves.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. PATHOLOGY LAB.</u></b> <b><u>CORRIDOR - DAY</u></b></p> <p>RICHARD and MARK wait, exhausted MEN under harsh white strip lights. MARK drinks a dismal cup of coffee.</p> <p>Then BRETT is walking up the corridor towards him, holding a cup of coffee.</p> <p>On MARK and RICHARD.</p>	<p>BRETT (CONT'D) We have stomach contents.</p> <p>RICHARD You're joking.</p> <p>BRETT (O.O.V) No, the...</p> <p>BRETT (CONT'D) ...body's remarkably well preserved. There's alcohol in the stomach. We can smell it. Be able to let you know exactly how much alcohol as well.</p> <p>MARK Whether there was enough to kill him?</p> <p>BRETT Maybe, yeah. Well preserved hair too. It's remarkable, really. We send that off to a specialist laboratory in France. It takes time. And you have to let them know exactly what to look for.</p> <p>MARK Well we don't know Brett.</p> <p>BRETT Well when you do we'll send off the samples. Can't do anything with it till then.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:44:36</p> <p>Music Out: 10:44:42</p>
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<p>BRETT leaves. MARK and RICHARD look at each other and leave.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAY</u></b></p> <p>On one of the printers, a page is printing out, we are close on that. It is the front page of the LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT of ELIZABETH SCARLETT ZETTL.</p> <p>PULL-OUT TO: the evidence wall of photographs and timelines has grown, taking over the wall.</p> <p>RICHARD at his desk, the work of the incident room going on around him. He lays out PETER's missing diaries and the stack of BEN's workbooks. On one side, the neat, ordered entries of Peter's diaries.</p> <p>RICHARD opens one of BEN's workbooks and the comparison is startling, the aggressive, disorienting whirl of abbreviations, the different pens, the scrawl, the symbols. Using his phone RICHARD zooms in on some of the text. We see via the phone, clear in block capitals amidst the jumble 'I have become promiscuous in the matter of death.'</p>		<p>Scene: 10:45:23</p> <p>Music In: 10:45:41</p> <p> </p>
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<p>With NATALIE, at her laptop, what is recognisably one of BEN's phones plugged into it. We see images on her screen, selfies of BEN posing in the mirror with his top off. A selfie of BEN and ANN beaming at the camera and then we look only at NATALIE's face as she sees the next lot of images, her face falls. She angles her laptop screen down and calls to MARK.</p> <p>MARK heads over.</p> <p>RICHARD looks up from the notebooks.</p> <p>NATALIE lifts the laptop screen and shows MARK. MARK gasps.</p> <p>NATALIE lowers the screen. From MARK.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. BLAKE HOUSE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>Through the window we see MARK and NATAILIE exit their car and head towards ANN-MARIE's house.</p> <p>ANN-MARIE steps into vision, sees them.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p>	<p>NATAILE Sir.</p> <p>MARK Yeah.</p> <p>NATALIE He's taken these.</p> <p>MARK Oh, shit.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:47:21</p> <p>Music Out: 10:47:23</p>
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<p><b><u>INT. BLAKE HOUSE - DAY</u></b></p> <p>SIMON, ANN-MARIE, NATALIE and MARK round the table. A deafening weight of shock, horror. SIMON and ANN-MARIE just staring at them.</p> <p>A beat.</p> <p>CLOSE on ANN-MARIE.</p> <p>CLOSE on ANN-MARIE, like she's going to throw up.</p> <p>ANN-MARIE suddenly pushes her chair away from the table, she cannons down the room to the doors to the garden, wrenches them open and stumbles outside, vomiting. SIMON goes after her.</p> <p>MARK and NATALIE stay where they are.</p> <p><b>JUMP CUT TO:</b></p> <p>The door to the garden open, we can see SIMON trying to help ANN-MARIE.</p> <p><b>JUMP CUT TO:</b></p> <p>MARK and NATALIE almost pilloried with the BLAKE's pain.</p>	<p>SIMON W- what do you mean, photos?</p> <p>NATALIE Erm... Intimate photos.</p> <p>SIMON (O.O.V) Intimate. You mean...</p> <p>NATALIE (O.O.V) Sexual. It doesn't look as though your aunt is aware that they're being taken.</p> <p>SIMON Ann-Marie!</p>	<p>Scene: 10:47:35</p>
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<p>NATALIE's mobile beeps for a text, she checks it.</p> <p>From MARK.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. CREMATORIUM - DAY</u></b></p> <p>A hearse pulls up outside a chapel. Beautiful shrubs and trees. The tall chimney of the crematorium.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. / EXT. CREMATORIUM - DAY</u></b></p> <p>The FAMILY exits the cars and head into the chapel. The coffin is brought in on the shoulders of the pallbearers. One of the pallbearers is BEN. He wears the same official suit as the others. The coffin covered with its floral tributes rests on his shoulder, his face pressed against the grained wood. The coffin is laid down and BEN and others leave through a side exit.</p>	<p>NATALIE Oh...</p> <p>MARK What is it?</p> <p>NATALIE It's Ben's bail officer. He's got himself a job.</p> <p>MARK Doing what?</p>	<p>Music In: 10:48:29</p> <p>Scene: 10:48:31</p> <p>Scene: 10:48:40</p>
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<p>On the pall bearers as they leave the chapel but BEN stays discreetly by the wall.</p> <p>His eyes rove over to the weeping WIDOW soft hair under a black hat.</p> <p>BEN watches her.</p> <p>Later: the coffin disappears slowly.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. CREMATORIUM - DAY</u></b></p> <p>The weeping WIDOW is sitting alone.</p> <p>BEN walks over and he offers his own sparkling white handkerchief. She gazes at him for a moment.</p> <p>BEN gives her the gentlest, kindest smile and leaves.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. CREMATORIUM - DAY</u></b></p> <p>As BEN exits the grounds he pulls out a small black notebook and writes something down. Behind him we see the towering chimney and smoke. A human being in smoke.</p>	<p>PRIEST (O.O.V)</p> <p>We are here today to celebrate the life and times of Thomas Ryan Penwell. Tommy to friends and family.</p> <p>WIDOW</p> <p>Thank you, thank you. That's really kind, thank you.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:49:30</p> <p>Scene: 10:49:40</p>
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<p>BEN turns back and watches it rise up and up with a kind of spellbound wonder.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK walks along the corridor heading to CHRIS' office. He knocks on the door.</p> <p>MARK opens the door and steps in.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. CHRIS'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS</u></b></p> <p>MARK enters.</p> <p>CHRIS sits behind his desk.</p> <p>MARK closes the door and heads to CHRIS' desk.</p> <p>MARK sits down. And pulls a printout from his pocket. On CHRIS</p> <p>MARK reads.</p>	<p>CHRIS (O.S) Come in.</p> <p>MARK Have you got a minute?</p> <p>CHRIS Yeah, come in.</p> <p>MARK I can't retire, Chris.</p> <p>CHRIS You sort of have to. It's the law.</p> <p>MARK (O.O.V) From Ben Field's notebook.</p> <p>MARK (READING) (CONT'D) I could walk from house to house suffocating otherwise beating neighbours to death and have around fifty in one night. Care homes also.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:50:04</p> <p>Music Out: 10:50:10</p> <p>Scene: 10:50:11</p>
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<p>On CHRIS.</p> <p>A moment.</p> <p>MARKS stands up and leaves.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. POLICE STATION.</u></b> <b><u>CORRIDOR - DAY -</u></b> <b><u>CONTINUOUS</u></b></p> <p>MARK closes the door behind him.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - NIGHT</u></b></p> <p>RICHARD works. Most of the room is dark, the blueish light from screen savers on pcs. Pools of light where RICHARD is hunched over the angry snarl of BEN's workbooks.</p> <p>RICHARD's face is hollowed, dark shadows under his eyes which are red- rimmed.</p>	<p>MARK (CONT'D) (O.O.V) He's just getting started.</p> <p>MARK (CONT'D) Come on Chris.</p> <p>CHRIS I suppose I could bring you back as a civilian investigator?</p> <p>MARK Right. I'll do that then.</p> <p>CHRIS Why don't you think about it.</p> <p>MARK I have. Thanks. I appreciate it.</p> <p>PETER (V.O) Late evening I can hardly stand up. I feel so tired.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:51:21</p> <p>Scene: 10:51:23</p> <p>Music In: 10:51:26</p>
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<p>He cross checks dates in PETER's diaries, goes backwards and forwards through BEN's workbooks.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. UNIVERSITY OF BUCKINGHAM.</u></b> <b><u>LECTURE ROOM – DAY/ FLASHBACK</u></b></p> <p>FLASHBACK: PETER is in the lecture hall. He turns the pages of a book murmuring to himself.</p> <p><b>CUT BACK TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - NIGHT</u></b></p> <p>RICHARD has a spreadsheet open, dates from PETER's diary.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. PETER'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING / FLASHBACK</u></b></p> <p>FLASHBACK: BEN, wearing his pants, looks out of the window as he fills the kettle and puts in on.</p> <p><b>CUT BACK TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - NIGHT</u></b></p> <p>RICHARD makes a note about hallucinations.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p>	<p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) A bad thing has entered my...</p> <p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) ...brain.</p> <p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) Ben gave me breakfast in bed.</p> <p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) Hideous packs...</p>	<p>Scene: 10:51:39</p> <p>Scene: 10:51:42</p> <p>Scene: 10:51:50</p> <p>Scene: 10:51:51</p>
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<p><b>CUT BACK TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - NIGHT</u></b></p> <p>RICHARD makes a note about sickness in PETER's journal then turns his attention to BEN's notebook.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. PETER'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING / FLASHBACK</u></b></p> <p>FLASHBACK: CLOSE on kettle boiling.</p> <p><b>CUT BACK TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - NIGHT</u></b></p> <p>RICHARD reads BEN's notebook: 'SWARM OF LOCUSTS'</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. PETER'S HOUSE. LANDING - NIGHT / FLASHBACK</u></b></p> <p>FLASHBACK: PETER is frightened, despairing, his legs weak, the vertigo spiralling. We can see his hands the tremble.</p> <p><b>CUT BACK TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - NIGHT</u></b></p> <p>RICHARD is exhausted.</p>	<p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) Somethings not right about it!</p> <p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) I fell...</p> <p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) ...over several times.</p> <p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O) Utterly humiliated.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:52:09</p> <p>Scene: 10:52:15</p> <p>Scene: 10:52:16</p> <p>Scene: 10:52:18</p> <p>Scene: 10:52:20</p>
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<p>He cracks open a packet of tablets, washes a few down with Coke, has a stretch and bends over his work again.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARK enters the office with a cup of tea and a plate of biscuits. Putting them down he clears his throat. RICHARD is asleep on the floor next his desk. He wakes dazed. Sitting up.</p> <p>On RICHARD eyes red rimmed, face tight with exhaustion.</p> <p>Re. the spreadsheets and workbooks.</p> <p>MARK walks away.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. NASEBY INCIDENT ROOMS - DAY</u></b></p> <p>The TEAM gathered. RICHARD sits at his laptop which is cabled to show on the large screen. On the screen, pages from BEN's workbook, the scrawled names of drugs and the doses and the dates.</p>	<p>PETER (CONT'D) (V.O)          So many things have gone wrong. Please, Dear Lord, let nothing else go wrong.</p> <p>RICHARD          Morning Sir.</p> <p>MARK (O.O.V)          You don't have to call me...</p> <p>MARK (CONT'D)          ...Sir anymore. Just don't make a big song and dance about it or I won't make the tea.          God you're a terrier.</p> <p>RICHARD          Ben's workbooks are a nightmare. Nothing's chronological. November's at the front of one book, and May of the same year is at the back of a different book.</p>	<p>Scene:          10:52:34</p> <p>Music Out:          10:52:39</p> <p>Scene:          10:53:04</p>
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<p>The camera PANS around the table on the TEAM listening, then on the projector screen.</p> <p>RICHARD shows on screen a clip of Peter's diary.</p> <p>On the TEAM, listening carefully.</p> <p>On NATALIE.</p> <p>On NATALIE and MARK.</p> <p>MARK nods to RICHARD.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. RESIDENTIAL ROAD - DAY</u></b></p> <p>BEN running. His t-shirt dark with sweat. He puts on a sprint as he heads down the road and then slows.</p>	<p>RICHARD (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Now the one thing that Ben does keep an ordered record of, where he does date things, is all the drugs that he gives to Peter. Now, its' all on different pages, but it's dated.</p> <p>RICHARD (CONT'D) Peter never mentions that Ben is giving him anything unfamiliar. No white powder, like Ann mentioned she was given. Peter gets ill, so Ben brings him cups of tea, makes him dinner. Tea in bed.</p> <p>RICHARD (CONT'D) (O.O.V) The only medication that Peter thinks he's taking is the one prescribed to him by his GP, the one that he's been on for years.</p> <p>RICHARD (CONT'D) Peter drinks his tea, eats his toast grateful to Ben for taking such good care of him.</p> <p>NATALIE Fucking hell.</p> <p>RICHARD (O.O.V) Anyway.</p> <p>RICHARD (CONT'D) I've made a table of all the drugs that Ben gives to Peter. And how it affects him... It's Benzodiazepines and psychoactives. That's what we're looking for in Peter. That's what will be in his hair.</p>	<p>Music In: 10:54:08</p> <p>Scene: 10:54:19</p>
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<p>Ahead of him, NATALIE and a group of uniforms. BEN stops, starts walking as he eyeballs NATALIE. He looks behind him. Spread out on the pavement and road more uniforms. NATALIE and the OFFICERS approach him, he doesn't look trapped or cornered.</p>		<p>Music In: 10:54:45</p>
<p>On BEN, he just looks... dismissive.</p> <p>BEN doesn't say anything, he's almost smiling. He looks up to the sky.</p>	<p>NATALIE (O.O.V) Hello Ben.</p>	<p>                       </p>
<p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. POLICE VAN.</u></b> <b><u>POLICE YARD - DAY /</u></b> <b><u>FLASHBACK</u></b></p>		<p>                       </p>
<p>FLASHBACK: A UNIFORMED OFFICER shuts the back door on BEN and MARTYN. The van starts. On MARTYN.</p> <p>MARTYN affects a half-smile.</p>	<p>BEN (O.O.V) Sorry about all this.</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) Not exactly the 2017 we had planned is it?</p>	<p>Scene: 10:54:55</p> <p>  </p> <p>Music Out: 10:54:56</p>
<p>Out on MARTYN.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>EXT. HMP</u></b> <b><u>BULLINGDON - DAY</u></b></p>	<p>BEN (CONT'D) Reckon I'm gonna get a trial though... Yeah, I'm gonna get a trial... I think I'll get away with most of it.</p>	<p>  </p> <p>Music Out &amp; Music In: 10:55:27</p> <p> </p> <p>Scene: 10:55:31</p> <p> </p>



<p>BEN is brought out of the police van in the clothes he was wearing. His hands are cuffed. To OFFICERS as he is lead through the gates.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. HMP BULLINGDON. CORRIDORS / CELL - DAY</u></b></p> <p>BEN in the prison grey of sweatshirt and joggers follows an OFFICER along corridors.</p> <p>BEN carries his prison issue folded blankets, a small pack of toiletries. The PRISON WARDEN stops at a cell door, unlocks it and gestures for BEN to go in.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. HMP BULLINGDON. CORRIDORS / CELL - DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARTYN is being shown to his cell.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. HMP BULLINGDON. BEN's CELL - DAY</u></b></p> <p>BEN stands and paces the confines of the cell. And then he is shadow boxing, uppercuts, an elbow to the face, a knee to the balls.</p>	<p>BEN (CONT'D) Morning. Morning.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:55:39</p> <p>Scene: 10:55:53</p> <p>Scene: 10:55:58</p>
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<p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. HMP</u></b>  <b><u>BULLINGDON. CELL -</u></b>  <b><u>DAY</u></b></p> <p>MARTYN sits on his bed crying.</p> <p><b>CUT TO:</b></p> <p><b><u>INT. HMP</u></b>  <b><u>BULLINGDON. BEN's</u></b>  <b><u>CELL - DAY</u></b></p> <p>Through the small window in the door we see BEN come close.</p> <p><b>CUT TO BLACK:</b></p> <p><b>CUT TO END CREDITS:</b></p>	<div> <div>MARTYN SMITH DAYA CHANBAL BEN FIELD DCI MARK GLOVER CHRIS WARD DS NATALIE GOLDING</div> <div>CONOR MACNEILL NIKHITA LESLER ÉANNA HARDWICKE JONATHAN ARIS BARRY AIRD ANNA CRILLY</div> </div> <div> <div>IAN FARQUHAR SUE FARQUHAR APRIL HEXTON DS RICHARD EARL PETER FARQUHAR ANN-MARIE BLAKE SIMON BLAKE</div> <div>ADRIAN RAWLINS AMANDA ROOT MARY McCALLUM JAMES HARKNESS TIMOTHY SPALL ANNABEL SCHOLEY BEN BAILEY SMITH</div> </div> <div> <div>BEN'S GIRLFRIEND ELIZABETH ZETTL VICAR CUSTODY SARGEANT BEN'S BRIEF OFFICER MARTYN'S SOLICITOR DR BRETT LOCKYER</div> <div>ZANNAH HODSON SHEILA HANCOCK JON BARD MICHAEL CUSICK TOM SWALE MATTHEW BROMWICH BENEDICT HURLEY JOSEPH THOMPSON</div> </div> <div> <div>FIRST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR SECOND ASSISTANT DIRECTOR THIRD ASSISTANT DIRECTORS</div> <div>GERAINT HAVARD JONES  BEN TABINER</div> </div> <div> <div>FLOOR RUNNERS STUNT COORDINATOR</div> <div>LAURA RICKARD JASMIN GREENLAND ALICE ONISTO OWEN DEAN DANI BIERNAT</div> </div>	<p>Scene: 10:56:16</p> <p>Scene: 10:56:20</p> <p>Cut to Black: 10:56:26</p> <p>End Credits In, Music Out &amp; Music In: 10:56:28</p>
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	STUNT PERFORMERS	CHRISTINA LOW ELDREDD WOLF GEORGE HARRIS ROBBIE KEANE	
	SCRIPT SUPERVISOR	LLINOS WYN JONES	
	PRODUCTION MANAGER	KIZZY DHALIWAL	
	PRODUCTION COORDINATOR	RODERICK KERGOZOU DE LA BOËSSIÈRE	
	ASSISTANT PRODUCTION COORDINATOR	ANGHARAD WILLIAMS	
	PRODUCTION RUNNER	NAJMA ALINOUR	
	RUSHES RUNNER	NANCY-BELLE HANNAH	
	ASSISTANT ACCOUNTANT	SUSAN R. WALL	
	ACCOUNTS ASSISTANT	JACK WHITBY	
	LOCATION MANAGER	JASON KEATLEY	
	ASSISTANT LOCATION MANAGER	JES FLAY	
	UNIT MANAGER	IZZY ISLAM MIAH	
	LOCATION ASSISTANTS	DEAN MICHAEL CUMMINGS STEVE WARD	
	COVID & LOCATION ASSISTANT	SCOTT WEAVERS	
	STILLS PHOTOGRAPHER	AMANDA SEARLE	
	COVID SUPERVISOR	REBEKAH HARVEY	
	COVID TESTING COORDINATOR	STEVIE-LEE BENNETT	
	COVID ASSISTANTS	BETHANY MORGAN ANNA ANGERMAN	
	TRANSPORT CAPTAINS	SVEN HAYWARD RICH COLLINGS	
	UNIT DRIVERS	STEVE PALMER ANDY BOULTON SEAN EVANS JAMIE VOWLES	
	2ND UNIT DOP / STEADICAM OPERATOR	NICOLAS SAVARY	
	FIRST ASSISTANT CAMERA	RICH TURNER MANI BLAXTER PALIWALA DUNCAN FOWLIE	
	SECOND ASSISTANT CAMERA	CONNOR TRAVIS-HUNTER VIVIEN GODDARD-STEPHENS EVANGELINE DAVIES	
	CAMERA TRAINEES	OWEN EDWARDS NABEEL MAHMOOD	
	DIT	CONOR GILMOUR	
	GRIP	BEN MOSELEY	
	B CAM GRIP	AARON WILLIAMS	
	GRIP TRAINEE	GARETH WYN ROBINSON	
	GAFFER	GRANT ARMSTRONG	
	BEST BOY	LEE MASTERS	
	ELECTRICIANS	KEVIN STANWORTH GARETH CREAN GEOFF HOLLOWAY	
	STANDBY RIGGER	NEIL ECKERSLEY	
	FIRST ASSISTANT SOUND	SARAH QUINN	
	SECOND ASSISTANT SOUND	TASHA ROPER	
	SOUND TRAINEE	AARON KENNEDY	
	ART DIRECTOR	NANDIE NARISHKIN	
	ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR	KATYA CROYDON	
	PRODUCTION BUYER	DAISY MASON	
	PETTY CASH BUYER	INDIA FOSTER	
	STANDBY ART DIRECTOR	CASSIE AUSTIN	
	GRAPHIC DESIGNER	EMMA SAUNDERS	
	GRAPHIC ASSISTANT	CAROLYN BROWSE	



	<p>PROPS MASTER STORE PERSON PROP HANDS</p> <p>STANDBY PROPS</p> <p>ACTION PROP BUYER SET DECORATOR SET DECORATOR ASSISTANT</p> <p>COSTUME SUPERVISOR COSTUME STANDBY JUNIOR COSTUME STANDBY COSTUME TRAINEE MAKE-UP &amp; HAIR SUPERVISOR MAKE-UP &amp; HAIR ARTISTS JUNIOR MAKE-UP &amp; HAIR ARTIST</p> <p>POST PRODUCTION SUPERVISOR POST PRODUCTION COORDINATOR POST PAPERWORK COORDINATOR FIRST ASSISTANT EDITOR ASSISTANT EDITOR MUSIC EDITOR MUSIC SUPERVISOR</p> <p>SUPERVISING COLOURIST COLOURIST ONLINE EDITOR CONFORM ARTIST POST FACILITY PRODUCERS POST FACILITY COORDINATOR VFX TITLES</p> <p>FOLEY ARTISTS</p> <p>FOLEY MIXER FOLEY EDITOR DIALOGUE EDITOR SOUND EFFECTS EDITOR SUPERVISING SOUND EDITOR RE-RECORDING MIXER</p> <p>FOR WILD MERCURY PRODUCTIONS</p> <p>HEAD OF PRODUCTION HEAD OF LEGAL &amp; BUSINESS AFFAIRS LEGAL &amp; BUSINESS AFFAIRS EXECUTIVES</p> <p>FINANCE DIRECTOR FINANCIAL CONTROLLER HEAD OF POST PRODUCTION POST PRODUCTION COORDINATOR PRODUCTION ASSISTANT</p> <p>FINANCIAL CONTROLLER CASTING BY CONSULTING PRODUCER SCRIPT EDITOR SCRIPT CONSULTANT PRODUCTION SOUND MIXER</p>	<p>MIKE PARKER LILLY ROBBINS AXI BUTTERWORTH GEORGE NELMES CHRIS BUTCHER RICH MOULES GENAYA HARTLEY GORDON ELIZABETH MARCUSSEN SOPHIE BLAKE</p> <p>CHARLIE BESTWICK CHLOE HENDERSON IMMY HOWARTH NIA KANELLAKE INMA AZORIN HEATHER JONES ZARA BRAY ISSY GRIGSBY</p> <p>NATALIE PARKER</p> <p>SUZIE VOCE</p> <p>ANASTASIA KYRIACOU</p> <p>GARETH PUGH CHARLOTTE BAKER JUSTIN KWOK AMELIA HARTLEY</p> <p>THOMAS URBYE GRACE WESTON AIDAN BENNETT LLOYD THOMAS ALEXANDER COHEN SOL RIKWEDA SAMUEL ALLGOOD THE FLYING COLOUR COMPANY NANOOK STUDIOS</p> <p>LOUISE BROWN MELTEM BAYTOK JAMIE TALBUTT HELEN FAULKNER JAMIE CAPLE FREYJA ELSY DOUG SINCLAIR NEIL COLLYMORE</p> <p>ALISON BARNETT SARAH KITTERHING-BEST</p> <p>EMILY HOBAN OLIVIA DUNGATE-JONES JAMES FORDE MICHAEL WILSON DANI GORDON JASMIN AMBROSE</p> <p>JESSICA GAGE</p> <p>SANDRA STEWART JULIE HARKIN &amp; NATHAN TOTH JEZZA NEUMANN JESSICA LEECH JESSICA STEVENSON CHRIS DURFY CAS/AMPS</p>	
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	<p>MAKE-UP &amp; HAIR DESIGNER COSTUME DESIGNER</p> <p>MUSIC BY EDITOR</p> <p>PRODUCTION DESIGNER DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY CO-PRODUCER EXECUTIVE PRODUCER FOR THE BBC</p> <p>ROSEANN SAMUEL AMANDA PERRYMAN</p> <p>RAEL JONES STEVEN WORSLEY BFE GEMMA RANDALL RIK ZANG SBC MATT BROWN LUCY RICHER</p>  <p>End Card with Logos In: 10:56:55</p> <p>Music Out: 10:56:58</p> <p>Cut to Black: 10:57:03</p>	
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