



Un Bore Mercher

gan

Matthew Hall

CYFRES DAU, PENNOD UN

Cyfieithu Gan Anwen Huws

PRE-TITLE SEQUENCE:

TITLES

CAPTION: 18 MONTHS LATER

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - MORNING

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

FAITH (V.O.)

Alys! Ti ddim yn mynd i'r ysgol heb
frecwast eto, bach!

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING

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

MEGAN

Pam so ni'n ca'l y rhai chocolet?

FAITH

Achos bydd dim dannedd ar ôl 'da
ti. O'dd dim dannedd 'da Grandad.
Ac o'dd e'n dishgwyl fel crwban. Not
a good look, wy'n gweud 'tho ti.

She pulls a face, imitating the toothless old man.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Ife, dyna be' ti moyn? Mmm?

MEGAN grudgingly shakes her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Reit. Pwy s'moyn wy?

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

She brings them to the breakfast bar.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(calling up the stairs)

Alys, Sweetie! Ma' hi'n ugen muned
wedi wyth!

MEGAN

Bydd hi ar yr headphones.

FAITH

(decapitating the eggs)

Oh, bydd hi'n clywed fi mewn muned.

MEGAN

Nei di'm anghofio stwff fi o'r siop
gelf, na mami?

FAITH, a look.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Project fi.

FAITH

Ie! Miss Gwyn. Good old, Miss Gwyn.

MEGAN

Glitter, ffelt -

FAITH

A carden glas ... Ti'n gweld?

She marches towards the stairs.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Alys! So fe'n ddoniol rhagor!

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

ARTHUR

(brightly)

Bore da, Bore da. O'dd hi'n choppy
nithwr. Bydd raid fi ffindo digs ar
y lan cyn bo hir.

FAITH

Ma' stafell wag uwchben y dafarn.

ARTHUR

Wy'n mynd i weld isie Terry a'r tîm
cwis. Fi o'dd y bachan 'Pop'.

FAITH

Dylet ti ddachre tîm dy hunan.
Llanw'i sgitchie fe.

ARTHUR

Symo i hanner y dyn ag o'dd e.

FAITH

(shouts up the stairs)
Alys, lawr nawr ne' bydd raid ti
starfo.

ARTHUR

(to FAITH)

'Sorta di dy hunan mas. Gw on.

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

FAITH
 Y ferch 'na. Ma'i'n troi fi mewn
 i'n fam i.

She heads over to RHODRI and MEGAN.

FAITH (CONT'D)
 So long, te. Welai chi nes mla'n.

She kisses them both on the head.

MEGAN
 Ody ni'n gallu 'neud pizzas heno?

FAITH
 You bet.

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

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

ALYS
 (stepping past, avoiding
 her)
 T'ra, Mam.

She heads for the kitchen.

ARTHUR
 (sotto)
 Phase yw e.

FAITH
 Am flwyddyn a hanner?

ARTHUR
 (smiles)
 Siwr o ddod i ben, whap.

FAITH smiles back, wanting to believe him.

FAITH
 Byhafiwch, bawb. Ta'ra.

She lets herself out of the house.

ARTHUR
 Reit, t'en. Pwy s'moyn Choco
 Wheats?

MEGAN AND RHODRI
 Fi!

EXT. GARDEN CENTRE - MORNING

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

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

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

CROUDACE
(snatching her envelope and
thrusting his at her)
Chi lot. Chi'n 'neud fi'n sic.

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

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

INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - MORNING

TOM, fit and suntanned, ushers a FEMALE CLIENT out of the conference room that now doubles as his office.

TOM
(steering her towards the
exit)
Peth dwetha' wy moyn yw i chi
fecso, Mrs Boyd. Fydda i mewn
cysylltiad yr eiliad glywa i wrthyn
nhw. Cofiwch fi at 'ych gwr.

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

TOM closes the door and turns.

TOM (CONT'D)
Wy'n ofni y bydd hi'n gyflafan 'ma.
Adawodd y fam bopeth i furch
anwadal yr ail wr.

DELYTH
(hands him a file)
Ma' cyfarfod ar safle Alwyn Thomas
am 11 - ynglyn ag anghydfod y ffin.

TOM
Bydd y bachan 'na'n ffindo rhywun
i'w erlyn o'i fedd.

DELYTH

A ma' Corran Energy mewn dyled o
£32,000 i ni. Bydd gofyn i chi
siarad efo nhw.

TOM

(with no relish)
Gwych.

DELYTH

Wn i 'ch bod chi'n ffrindiau, Tom ,
ond busnes yw hyn.

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

DELYTH (CONT'D)

O ... A ma' Marion wedi ffonio eto.
Ddudish i'ch bo' chi'n brysur.

He nods awkwardly.

DELYTH (CONT'D)

(firmly)
Mae angen i chi ddweud wrthi hi i
beidio'ch styrbio chi'n y gwaith,
Tom. Ddeith hi arfer. Ma' pobol yn -

FAITH enters, unfastening her briefcase.

FAITH

(unloading files onto
DELYTH'S desk)
Witness statements ar gyfer
Jameson. A fi angen y papure ar
gyfer y prynhawn.

DELYTH hands her another file.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Pwy yw'r Barnwr?
(off DELYTH'S apologetic
look)
O God, Delyth. Fi 'di addo i'r
cleient gewn ni access. Ma' Merrick
yn byta babis i freqwast.

CERYS (V.O.)

(gently)
Faith, ni angen chat 'bytu 'nn y -

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

CERYS

Yr holl achosion teulu. Gytunon ni
bo' angen i ni fynd â pethe i
gyfeiriad mwy masnachol.

TOM

Ma' angen i ni asesu'r ffordd ni'n
 gwitho, Faith. Ni dala'i ga'l
 trafferth i gadw'n pen uwchlaw'r
 dwr a gallwn ni byth â bodoli ar
 jacyracs.

FAITH

Pwy ti'n meddwl dylen i dropo gynta
 - mame sengl? Ma' nhw'n eitha'
 sgint fel arfer.

TOM

Sneb yn gweud bo' angen 'neud 'nny.

FAITH

Ody Corran Energy 'di talu 'to?

No answer.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Credu na i stico 'da'n jacaracs te,
 diolch. Fi'n goffod mynd i'r llys.

CERYS

Faith, cym on -

She heads back out of the door.

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

CERYS (CONT'D)

(to DELYTH, despairing)
 Ife fi yw'r unig un sy'n trial
 rhedeg busnes fyn hyn?

DELYTH mouths a silent 'Na'.

CERYS marches back into her office.

EXT. ABERCORRAN HIGH STREET / ESTUARY - MORNING

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

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

MARION (V.O.)

Helo, Marian Howells yn siarad. I
 am unable to take your call at the
 moment. Please leave a message,
 gadewch neges, diolch.

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

TOM

(into the phone)

Marion, wy'n hapus i drafod 'da
 chi. Falle dros y Sul? Ond, wir i
 chi, sa i'n gofyn i chi werthu'r
 ty. Gawn ni air yn fuan.

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

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

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

TOM watches as MADLEN and the detective climb into the car. They move off.

TOM heads over to PC WILLIAMS.

TOM (CONT'D)

Madlen?

DI BREEZE

Not now, please, sir.

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

TOM stops PC WILLIAMS.

TOM

Susan? Be' ma' fe'n neud 'da
 Madlen?

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

PC WILLIAMS

Corff. Dyn.

TOM

Dim Will Vaughan? O'r nefoedd... 'di
 boddi?

She shakes her head.

TOM (CONT'D)

Beth-?

PC WILLIAMS

(touching Tom's arm)
 'Ni'm yn siwr 'to.

She goes to join the SCENES OF CRIME OFFICERS.

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

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

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

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

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

JUMP CUT TO:

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

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

(From the final scene of series 1)

FAITH, on the brink of kissing STEVE.

MEGAN (V.O.)

Mami!

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

STEVE melts away.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

MEGAN (V.O.)

Lle ti 'di bod, Dad?

EVAN (V.O.)

O'dd raid fi fynd bant, cariad.
Business. Wi'n sori.

ALYS (V.O.)

So ti'n mynd i fynd 'to, 'yt ti?

EVAN (V.O.)

Nagw, cariad bach. Fydda i'm yn
mynd i unrywle. Nos da, nawr. Ma'
'ddi'n hwyr.

The GIRLS murmur 'Nos da'.

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

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

EVAN

'Sda ni rwbeth i yfed?

FAITH

'Th gwrs.

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

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

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

SMASH! The flying glass shatters against the door missing his head by a whisker.

FAITH hurls herself at him. She pounds him with her fists. He doubles up, covering his head. She kicks him, hard. Exclaiming in pain, he tries to grab her arms. She writhes and twists and scratches. They tumble, wrestling, to the ground. In the struggle she thrusts her knee sharply up into his groin. He exclaims, then groans.

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

FAITH

Y bastard, bastard celwyddog ...
Uh!

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

FAITH (CONT'D)

Gwn, Evan. On nhw'n dal ffycin gwn
at 'y mhen i - heno; i gyd achos
ti. A nath Alyw weld popeth ... On
nhw 'di abducto hi. Ac o'dd gwn 'da
nhw ... Sut ti'n mynd i egluro
hwnna iddi hi? Sut ti'n meddwl
bydd hi'n dod dros hwnna? Ti 'di
damagio hi, Evan ... am byth...
(MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)
 Pwy fath o ddyn sy'n 'neud 'na?...
 Cachgi. Cachgi, cachgi-shit!

FAITH gets to her feet.

FAITH (CONT'D)
 Cer mas. Cer mas o ty fi.

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

EVAN
 Wy'n caru'r plant 'na, Faith; 'da
 pob gewyn o nghorff i ...

FAITH
 (pointing to the door)
 Cer!

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

FAITH (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Yn siarad....fi'n gweld...ydy'n
 mynd i fyw?...Diolch.

She rings off. Glares at the closed door.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. PRISON. CORRIDOR - MORNING

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

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

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

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

INT. PRISON. VISITING ROOM - MORNING

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

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

An awkward moment of silence.

FAITH
Ges di lythyr Megan?

EVAN
A'r llun. Ma' llygad dda 'da'i.
S'mo ddi'n ca'l hwnna wrtho i.
Rhodri?

FAITH
Yn tyfu. Anodd credu. Hanner tymor
wthnos ar ol nesa'. Na i ddod â
nhw mewn.

EVAN
Na -

FAITH
Ma' nhw isie.

EVAN
... Diolch. Wy'n colli chi gyd ...
er sa i'n colli'r holl alwade
wrtho'n fam.

She laughs and raises a smile.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Ti dala'i fynd i'r gym?

FAITH
Pan fi'n gallu.

EVAN
Gwaith?

FAITH
So-so. T'mo.

EVAN
Ond ti'n dod i ben?

FAITH
O, odw. Ma' fe' uh ... 'run peth ag
arfer ... mwy ne' lai.

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

EVAN
Ma' rwbeth yn bod.

FAITH
Na -

EVAN

Faith ... 'Sdim raid ti 'neud hyn.

FAITH

(sharply)

Jyst ca' dy geg, nei di?

A beat.

EVAN

Shwt ma' Alys?

FAITH

Ar y ffordd i fod yn Goth. A ti'n
gwbod y thing 'na ma' Mam ti'n
'neud? Pan mae'n edrych i ffwrdd,
fel bo' hi'm yn clywed ti?

EVAN

O, God -

FAITH

Dilyn ti ma'i, Evan Howells. Genes
ti. A job ti fydd sorto'i mas
rwbeth i ti edrych mlaen ato fe.

They laugh with relief.

INT PRISON. CORRIDOR - MORNING

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

EXT. PRISON - MORNING

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

FAITH

(impatiently into the
phone)

I'll drop it off later.

(firmly)

I'm at work.

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

EXT. REARDON'S HAULAGE DEPOT - MORNING

GAEL REARDON

Don't mess me around, Faith.

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

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

EXT. CARMARTHEN STREET - AFTERNOON

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

FAITH

(into the phone as she checks her watch)

Plis dweud bod da ni farnwr arall

DELYTH (V.O)

Madlen Vaughan wedi ffonio o'r swyddfa heddlu. Mae'n gofyn amdanoch chi.

FAITH

Madlen?...Madlen Ty Melin?

DELYTH

Mae'n debyg bod ei gwr hi wedi cael ei llofruddio.

FAITH

Wil Vaughan? Yn Abercorran? No way.

DELYTH

Dwi'n credu bod hi'n dan ddrwgdybiaeth. Fedrwch chi fynd i'w gweld hi?

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

FAITH

(bewildered)

Wrth gwrs... 'di llofruddio?

DELYTH

Weda'i wrthi.

She rings off.

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

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

EXT. SEAFRONT - AFTERNOON

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

INT. SEAFRONT CAFE - AFTERNOON

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

CERYS
(as she sits)
Anya.

ANYA
Cerys. Shw ma' pethe?

CERYS
Sa i'n mynd i 'neud miliyne yn
gweithio i Howells of Abercorran,
so der i ni ga'l trafod hwn.

She fetches documents from her case.

CERYS (CONT'D)
Ma'r client yn berchen ar westy ar
yr arfordir.
(handing ANYA the papers)
Ma' nhw moyn treblu 'i seis e, troi
e mewn i 'spa resort'.

ANYA
Ydw i'n siarad 'da ti neu'r firm?

CERYS
Ma' hyn rhwngto ni'n dou - jyst
rhwng ti a fi.

ANYA gives a cautious nod.

ANYA
(leafing through the
papers)
Faint ma' nhw'n whilo amdano fe?

CERYS
Tri-pwynt-dou.

ANYA
(daunted)
Bydden i angen cynllun busnes a
hanner i werthu benthyciad seis
'nny i'r Swyddfa Ganolog.

CERYS
(holding ANYA'S gaze)
Trysta fi. Fi sgwennodd e.

ANYA pulls her eyes away and leafs through the pages.

ANYA
A'r amcan o'r elw -

CERYS
 Tab glas. Wy 'di egluro popeth i'r
 ginnog olaf.

ANYA turns to it and reads with nervous excitement.

CERYS (CONT'D)
 Ma'n ffîs ni'n dod mas o gronfa'r
 pensaer a'r project management. 25k
 ... yr un.

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

CERYS (CONT'D)
 Gei di dalu am gino.

EXT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

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

INT. POLICE STATION. RECEPTION - AFTERNOON

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

FAITH
 Susan. Fi 'ma i weld Madlen.

PC WILLIAMS
 Mrs Howells. Os hoffech chi ddilyn
 fi.

FAITH
 Ydy hi'n oce?

PC WILLIAMS gives her a look: 'What do you think?'

She buzzes the security door.

INT. POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

PC WILLIAMS leads FAITH to an interview room.

PC WILLIAMS
 (handing her a sheet of
 hand written notes)
 Flin gen i,dyna'i gyd 'sda ni ar
 hyn o bryd.

FAITH
 (quickly skimming them)
 'Di saethu? ... Ma'n rhaid bo'
 mistêc. Fi'n nabod Madlen.
 (MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)
 Ma'n plant ni'n yr un flwyddyn. Hi
 yw'r person dwetha' ...

PC WILLIAMS
 (nods, sharing FAITH'S
 sentiment)
 On'd dy'n nhw wastad.

They exchange a look.

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

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

FAITH
 We've met.

PC WILLIAMS
 Of course.

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

DI BREEZE
 You can have ten minutes.

FAITH enters the interview room alone.

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

PC WILLIAMS
 Yes, sir. Milk and sugar?

DI BREEZE
 Just a drop of milk, please.

He moves off along the corridor.

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - AFTERNOON

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

FAITH

(gently)

Madlen? Be' sy'n mynd mla'n?

MADLEN

Dwi angen gweud 'tho Dyfan, bydd e
gatre o'r ysgol cyn bo' hir -

FAITH

Beth am 'i Anti? Hannah?

MADLEN

(she nods, tears flooding
her eyes)Alli di ffonio'i? Ma' 'da fe nofio
prynhawn 'ma.

FAITH brings out her phone and a tissue.

MADLEN (CONT'D)

(pressing the tissue to her
eyes)

Wy'n sori -

FAITH

Na'i ffonio hi.

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

FAITH (CONT'D)

Madlen, wy angen ti weud 'tho i
beth ddigwyddodd. Mae'r adroddiad
yn dweud nethon nhw ffindo fe'n y
dwr lawr wrth yr Aber. Ma' nhw'n
credu bo' fe 'di ca'l 'i gario'n yr
afon o'r fferm.

MADLEN

Sa i'n gwibod, wy'n ...

She trails off, the words refusing to come.

FAITH

Pryd welest ti fe ddwetha'?

MADLEN

Ddoe. Amser cino ddo. A'th e'n y
Land Rover 'da'r trailer gro's y
caeau.

FAITH

Wedyn beth?

MADLEN

Es i'r ysbty ... Ma' nhw'n meddwl
bo' 'da fi MS.

FAITH

Na. Ma hwna'n....sori...

MADLEN

Ma' nhw 'di dodi fi ar ryw dablets
... ma' Dyfan 'di bo'n 'neud popeth
drosto i.

FAITH

Ma' fe'n grwtyn da.

(glancing at TERRY'S notes)

Ma'r heddlu 'di siarad 'da Madog, y
gwas. O'dd e'n gweud bo' ti a Wil
'di bod yn cweryla ddo, cyn 'ddo fe
fynd i'r mart.

MADLEN

Nes i ddim rhoi lo's 'ddo fe, Faith
... Shwt alla i? Wy prin 'di gadel
y ty ers w'thnos.

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

FAITH

Pan ddest ti gatre o'r sbyty, le
o'dd Wil?

MADLEN shakes her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)

O'dd e ar goll?

MADLEN

Nath Dyfan a fi ffendo'r Land Rover
yn y caeau - pan nath e'm dod gatre
amser te ... O'dd dim golwg 'no fe.

FAITH

A nath e'm dod gatre neithwr?

MADLEN shakes her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Ydy e'n neud 'nny'n amal?

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

DI BREEZE

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

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

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)

The core temperature suggests death occurred some time yesterday afternoon. Where is your husband's shotgun, Mrs Vaughan?

FAITH

Is this an interview, Inspector?

DI BREEZE

It seems a simple enough question.

MADLEN

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

DI BREEZE

You're quite sure of that?

MADLEN nods. DI BREEZE studies her intently.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)

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

FAITH

(dumbfounded)

What? ... On what evidence?

DI BREEZE

(ignoring Faith)

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

(pushing up from the table)

I'll request lab results by the morning.

He exits.

INT. POLICE STATION. CELL - AFTERNOON

MADLEN, lost in confusion as FAITH talks to her:

FAITH

Allen nhw ddim chargio ti heb
tystioleth, ocei? Ma'n rhaid bo'
'na rhywbeth concrit i lincio ti i
beth sydd 'di digwydd i Wil. Ti'n
deall?

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

FAITH (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Oes 'na unrhywbeth fi angen gwbed?

MADLEN shakes her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Rhaid i ti weud 'tho fi!! Naf fi'n siwr bo' Dyfan yn ocei a bydda i nôl peth cynta'.

MADLEN

Pwy 'sen neud hyn i Wil? Sa i'n dyall.

PC WILLIAMS looks down at her shoes.

MADLEN (CONT'D)

Fi'n ofn, Faith.

FAITH

(feeling the weight of responsibility)

Ffindwn ni mas.

MADLEN

Ti' credu bod Dyfan yn saff?

PC WILLIAMS clears her throat.

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

PC WILLIAMS locks the door.

FAITH and PC WILLIAMS walk back along the corridor.

PC WILLIAMS

(quietly)

Wy'n dyall 'i fod e mewn lot o drafferth ariannol? Falle bo' arno fe arian i bobol?

FAITH

Pam ti'n gweud hyn 'rtho fi?

PC WILLIAMS

Wy'n gobitho bo' popeth ddigwyddodd rhynto ni'n hen hanes. Ni gyd 'di goffod talu'r prish.

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

PC WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
 Shwt ma' Terry a Bethan yn setlo'n
 Aberystwyth?

FAITH
 Wel. Ma'r babi fod cyrredd mish
 nesa'.

PC WILLIAMS
 Cofiwch fi atyn nhw, newch chi?
 Roedd e'n blismon da.

They walk on.

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

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

FLASHBACK TO:

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

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

EVAN
 Ma' Terry a Bethan 'da hi. Newn nhw
 ffonio os o's unrhyw newydd.

FAITH waits, unmoved.

EVAN (CONT'D)
 Nes i'm meddwl ... na cynllunio ...
 on i jyst -

Faith gestures for him to keep his voice down and the scene
 continues in hissed whispers.

FAITH
 'Di mynd i'r docks a dympo'r car
 'na.

A beat.

EVAN
 On i'm yn meddwl yn streit ... Y
 bore 'na, ffonodd DCI Parry fi. Cyn
 i ti godi.

FAITH
 Wedodd e. O'dd e'n mynd i arresto
 ti.

EVAN looks up in surprise.

FAITH (CONT'D)

O, 'sdim syniad 'da ti. Dim y fenyw
nest ti adel sy'n sefyll fyn hyn
nawr ... fi 'di delio gyda Parry.
Caria mla'n.

EVAN

Delio 'da fe? Shwt?

FAITH

Fi sy'n gofyn y blydi cwestiyn.
Lle ddiawl ot ti?
(off his silence)
Dwr yn edrych bach yn oer, o'dd e?

EVAN

Neidies i.

This stops her dead.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Oddi ar wal yr harbwr. Port Talbot.
Nofies i mas. On i moyn boddi ...
rhaid bo'r llanw 'di tynnu fi nôl
mewn.

FAITH

Nest ti adel ni te.

EVAN

Sa i'n gwbot Faith ... wy'n cofio
neidio ar y trêñ, a benu lan yn
Cernyw ...

FAITH

Shwt dalest ti am y trêñ? Cwestiwn
dwl. Ti'n criminal mastermind.

EVAN

Sa i'n cofio. 'Sdim amcan 'da fi le
on i ... am ddyddie ...'Stafell
aros mewn sbyty... 'odd e'n
dwym..glywes i lais Alys..fideo ar
ffon rhywun..
(realising he's not making
sense)
Fi'n dy garu di, Faith, wy - ...
Wy'n sori.

He wipes away tears.

FAITH

Ti'n sori?

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

EVAN

Ti a Steve Baldini ... ot ti'n 'i
freichie fe.

FAITH

Ma' Steve jyst 'di bod yn cadw
golwg arno ni. Fe o'dd yr unig un
o'dd yn becso.

EVAN

'Yt ti a fe -?

FAITH

Ife dyna be' ti'n meddwl o'no fi?
Cer i nôl dy stwff. God, ot ti moyn
boddi.

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

FAITH halts him with a glare.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Pam nest ti dderbyn arian gan y
Glynns?

He meets her eyes.

EVAN

On ni angen e. O'dd y cwmni - o'dd
yr hwch 'bytu mynd drw'r siop..

FAITH

Pam ddim gweud?

EVAN

Dries i.

FAITH

Trio?

EVAN

Ot ti ddim moyn clywed, Faith.

They stare at each other in cold silence.

FAITH

Ti'n rhy blydi proud, 'na beth sy'
tu ôl hyn i gyd.

EVAN shakes his head.

EVAN

On i'n wynebu'r sefyllfa. Ot ti'n
'i osgoi fe.

FAITH

Do, nes i sgriwio Steve ... dro ar
ôl tro! A i nôl dy stwff, nawr.

She exits, slamming the door behind her.

BACK TO PRESENT:

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

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

FAITH

Mae e'n iawn . Fi 'ma. Na'i aros
'da fe. Hwyl Hannah.

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

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

FAITH (CONT'D)

Dyfan, calon. Fi yw Mam Megan -
Ti'n 'nabod fi.

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

FAITH (CONT'D)

Ma' Anti ti'n dod mewn muned ond fi
angen ti aros gyda fi.

DYFAN

Lle ma' Mam?

FAITH

Yn y dref, yn helpu'r heddlu. A
fi'n helpu hi.

He looks at her, tears glistening

DYFAN

Dad?

FAITH

(reaching for his hand)

Calon -

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

FAITH (CONT'D)

(chasing after him)

Dyfan!

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

FAITH (CONT'D)
Dyfan, cariad!

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

EXT. TY-MELIN. FARM TRACK. - AFTERNOON

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

EXT. TY MELIN. FIELD. - AFTERNOON

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

END OF PART TWO

INT. HOWELLS. CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

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

SARAN
'Ych cleient chi. Gael Reardon.

TOM
Reardon? Na, sa i'n credu bod hi'n
gleient i ni.

SARAN
Bythefnos yn ôl nath Faith Howells
ddod ato i gyda chynnig gan Mrs
Reardon i brynu'n salons gwaltt ni.
Wrthodes i.

TOM swallows his alarm.

SARAN (CONT'D)
A nawr, ma' Mrs Reardon yn bygwth
strwa'r busnes oni bai bo' fi'n
derbyn.

TOM
Wel, os 'ych chi'n ca'l 'ych bygwth
yna ma'n rhaid i chi fynd at yr
heddlu.

SARAN
Gynigodd hi gynllun arall - y bydde
Mrs Howells yn trefnu i fi wneud
taliade misol.

TOM

Gadewch i fi ddelio 'da hyn, Mrs James. Fydd a i mewn cysylltiad.

SARAN

Peder awr ar hugain.

She lets herself out. TOM reaches for the phone.

EXT. REARDON'S HAULAGE DEPOT - AFTERNOON

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

FAITH

Ie?

TOM (V.O.)

Faith, ma' Saran James newydd fod mewn. Yn gweud bo' ti'n cynrychioli Gael Reardon.

FAITH

Sori. Ma'r lein yn awful. Na i ffono ti nôl nawr.

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

INT. REARDON'S HAULAGE DEPOT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

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

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

INT. GAEL REARDON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

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

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

GAEL

Come in.

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

FAITH

He wasn't happy, whoever he was.

GAEL
You don't need to know.
(dismissing FAITH)
I'll be in touch.

FAITH remains standing at the desk.

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

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

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

GAEL
(smiles)
Sarah James kicking up? Weren't she and Evan an item once?

FAITH meets her gaze. She laughs.

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

GAEL
Your Steve doesn't complain. I keep him on a tight leash.
(off FAITH'S reaction)
Sorry. Sore point?

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

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

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

FAITH
Good bye, Gael.

FAITH smiles and turns to the door.

GAEL

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

FAITH pauses. Glances back at her.

GAEL (CONT'D)

Get me the right deal, we'll call
it quits.

FAITH

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

GAEL

So help me save them.

A beat.

FAITH gives an uncertain nod and goes.

GAEL smiles faintly and turns her attention to the envelope.

EXT. PETROL STATION - AFTERNOON

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

FLASHBACK TO:

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

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

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

She grabs it.

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. VERANDA - NIGHT

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

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

FAITH

O' dd Marion yn gweud taw nage Tom
yw dy dad di.

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

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

EVAN
Jyst enw.

FAITH
Enw shit. Wig shit. Fi'n blydi
gwbod pwy o'dd e. Wedodd Saran
James.

EVAN
Na, ti ddim yn gwbod.

FAITH
Ffrind ti. Yr un nath foddi.

EVAN
O'dd e ddim yn ffrind i fi ... o'dd
e'n frawd i fi.

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

FAITH
Tad Alec o'dd dy dad-? Nest ti byth
ame'? I mean, pryd 'nny - pan o'
chi'n blant?

EVAN
(shrugs)
O ni'n agos ... Bai fi o'dd e.
Mynnu mynd â'r cwch mas ... Wedes i
wrth 'i dad e taw fe o'dd moyn.

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

EVAN (CONT'D)
S'bos bo' fi'n haeddu hyn i gyd.

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

EVAN (CONT'D)
'I fywyd e ddyle hwn fod.

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

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

And just as suddenly, she pulls away.

FAITH

Faint o weithie nest ti screwo Gael
Reardon?

EVAN

Byth! Ddim erio'd, Faith. Wedith hi
unrywbeth.

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

FAITH

Unweth ma'r plant yn mynd i'r ysgol
ti'n mynd i weud popeth.

She goes, leaving him with a shred of hope.

BACK TO PRESENT:

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

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

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

EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

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

FAITH

Alys? Pam so ti gatre?

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

FAITH (CONT'D)

Ody Arthur yn gwbot lle wyt ti?

She doesn't answer.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Ti ddim 'di gweud 'tho fe? Reit,
fi'n gweld. Pam ddim?

ALYS shrugs.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(to the other girl)

Fi'm yn meddwl bo' ni 'di cwrdd.

ALYS
Angie. Ma' hi'n newydd.

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

FAITH
Hi, Angie. Ody rhieni ti'n gwbod lle 'yt ti?

ANGIE
Ma' dad fi draw fyn'na.
(to ALYS)
Gweld ti fory.

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

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

FAITH freezes. STEVE keeps on coming.

ALYS glances between them, sensing the charged atmosphere.

STEVE
(offering his hand)
Faith. Ma'i 'di bod yn amser hir.
Amser hir iawn.

FAITH, shakes it in a charade of politeness.

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

STEVE
Ti'n cadw'n iawn?

She nods, her hand trembling as she withdraws it.

He smiles, his eyes fixed on her.

STEVE (CONT'D)
'Drycha ar ôl dy hun.

He steers ANGIE back to the car.

INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR - EVENING

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

FAITH
O lle ma' Angie'n dod, te?

ALYS

Dinbych y Pysgod. O'dd Mam hi 'di
ca'l babi ac o'dd hi ffaelu godde
fe, so a'th hi fyw 'da dad hi.

FAITH

Uh huh.

A beat.

ALYS

Ma' hi'n gwbot 'bytu ni.

FAITH, a look.

ALYS (CONT'D)

Shwt bo' Dad yn drug dealer -

FAITH

O'dd e ddim yn drug dealer, Alys.
Nath e mistecs, Fi 'di gweud 'tho
ti. Pobol erill nath adel e lawr.

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

FAITH (CONT'D)

Nath Dad byth frifo neb, Alys. Jyst
busnes o'dd e.

ALYS

(turning her gaze out of
the window)

Ie. A ma' Steve jyst yn ffrind.

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

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

FAITH

Sori bo' fi'n hwyr.

ARTHUR

(ferrying food to MEGAN and
RHODRI at the breakfast
bar)

O, helo.

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

MEGAN

Ti'n rhy hwyr i 'neud pizzas.

FAITH

Sori, cariad. Fory, ocei? Fi'n
addo.

MEGAN

Ydy e'n wir? Ydy dad Dyfan 'di
marw?

FAITH

(glancing at ARTHUR)
Pwy wedodd wrtho ti?

ARTHUR gestures 'Not me'.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Mae'n drist, drist iawn. Ond newn
ni edrych ar ol Dyfan

She kisses MEGAN and RHODRI in turn.

TOM

(pouring FAITH some wine)
Alwes i miwn i weud helo wrth y
plant.

He hands her the glass.

FAITH

Ody Rhodri 'di bod yn byta
chocolate? Tom! Sawl gwaith -?

TOM

(stroking RHODRI'S head)
Symo fe 'di sbwylo'i archweth e,
ody e?

LISA

Wedes i 'tho fe.
(to FAITH)
Crys newydd? Lysh.

FAITH

(to ARTHUR)
'Di anghofio am Alys, 'yt ti?

ARTHUR

(sotto)
O'dd hi bwys y swings.
(holding up his phone)
Wy'n tracio hi 'da hwn, t'wel?

LISA

Ma' popeth dan reoleth, Babes. Team
effort.

MEGAN

Ges di stwff celf fi, Mam?

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

FAITH

Ma' syniad gwell 'da fi ... Cregyn.
 Ma' gyda ti fag mawr o nhw. Allwn
 ni dorri hen flocs lan, peintio fe,
 'neud collage. Eco friendly a neith
 e ddim costu ceiniog.

ARTHUR shoots FAITH a look - '*Well saved*'.

MEGAN

(reluctantly)
 Ocei -

ARTHUR

Byt dy dê nawr, Megs. A ti Alys.

MEGAN climbs back on her stool.

TOM

(to FAITH, nodding towards
 the veranda)
 Gair clou? Wy 'di bwco ford.

FAITH

Ocei.
 (to MEGAN, as she meets
 TOM'S gaze)
 Byt y brocli, nawr. Clira dy blat.

She follows TOM out onto the veranda.

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. VERANDA - NIGHT

TOM stares awkwardly at his feet.

FAITH

(teasing)
 Rywle neis? Pwy yw hi? Odw i'n
 'nabod hi?

TOM

(gravely serious)
 Ambytu Gael Reardon -

FAITH

Nath hi ofyn i fi gyflwyno cynnig.
 'Na i gyd nes i.

TOM

Am ffî?

FAITH

Ti'n gwabd popeth, Tom. Beia Evan;
 ddim fi.

TOM
Gadwest ti hwnna'n dawel.

FAITH
Rhaid cadw at y firm traditions,
nago's e?
(firmly)
Gaf fi wared ohoni.

TOM
Ma'n rhaid i ti.

FAITH
Ma'i isie prynu Corran Energy. Ac
os alla i ga'l pris da iddi hi, ma'
hi'n barod i anghofio popeth ...

TOM, a look.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Nes bo' rhywun yn cymryd nhw
drosto, so ni'n mynd i weld 'yn
thirty-two grand, ydyn ni? Wedyn -
falle - bo' hwn yn beth da i ni
'fyd.

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

TOM
Olreit ... wy'n folon 'neud cwpwl o
ymholiade i ti.
(looks up at her)
Paid amddiffyn Madlen Vaughan.

FAITH
Ti'm yn serious! ... Murder brief
yw e, Tom ... I un o'n cleients
mwy'a' ffyddlon.

TOM
William Vaughan o'dd 'yn cleient
ni, Faith. O un o deuluoedd hynaf
y dre' . Ac os 'yn ni'n amddiffyn
'i lofrydd e gollwn ni hanner 'yn
busnes.

FAITH
(rounding on him)
Llofrydd *honedig*, Tom. Innocent
until proven guilty? Ti'n cofio
beth yw hwnna'? S'neb yn gwbot beth
ma'r fenyw druan na'n mynd drwyddo
fe yn fwy na fi. Neb.

TOM
'Sdim profiad 'da ti o ddelio 'da
achos o lofruddieth, Faith -

FAITH

(cutting him off)

Ma' nhw 'di dewis y person rhwydda
i gyhuddo.

TOM

A ti'n rhy agos ati 'ddi. Shgwla
arnot ti! Ti'n siwr o beryglu'r
achos iddi hi.

FAITH turns away, suddenly emotional.

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

She rallies.

TOM (CONT'D)

Ni gyd yn dymuno i bywyd fod yn
deg.

He gives her a placatory smile.

TOM (CONT'D)

Flin 'da fi 'bytu'r siocled.

He goes back indoors, leaving her alone.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

LISA

Goffod mynd, Babes. Tom yn rhoi
lifft i fi.

She pecks FAITH on the cheek and exits with TOM.

ARTHUR

(emptying a carrier bag of
seashells onto the
counter)Holodd e jyst cyn ti ddod gytre.
Dipyn o smooth operator, os ti'n
gofyn i fi.

They exchange a look.

FAITH

(dismissing the notion)

Na ... o for God's sake.

ARTHUR

Paid ti becs 'bytu'r collage -
sortwn ni fe.

He ruffles MEGAN'S hair. She smiles.

FAITH
Ma'n saith o'r gloch.

ARTHUR
Meter bant heno. Wy 'ma i joio.

ALYS rolls her eyes.

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

INT. POLICE STATION. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - NIGHT

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

DI BREEZE enters.

DI BREEZE
No home to go to, Constable?

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

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

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

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

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

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

DI BREEZE
Spoken out of experience?

PC WILLIAMS nods.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)
Don't stay up all night.

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

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - NIGHT

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

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

FAITH

Yn flinedig ac yn llwglyd, ond yn
 falch hyd bodiau eu traed o gael
 cyrraedd gartref, cwtshiodd y pump
 mwnci bychan yn dynn yn y nyth. Y
 diwedd ... Ti'n lico hwnna?

MEGAN

Falle saith mas o ddeg.

FAITH

Cheeky!

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

FAITH (CONT'D)

Der mla'n, te. Lan i'r gwely. Der i
 ni weld os allwn ni ga'l Alys i
 gadw'r swn 'na lawr.

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

FAITH (CONT'D)

(sensing MEGAN'S mood
 flattening)

Megs?

MEGAN

Fi'n colli Dadi.

FAITH

Fi'n gwbed, cariad. Ma' fe'n colli
 ti 'fyd.

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

INT. PRISON. CELL - NIGHT

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

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

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

END OF PART THREE

EXT. ABERCORRAN ESTUARY - MORNING

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

EXT. ABERCORRAN HIGH STREET - MORNING

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

FAITH hurries across the road and intercepts her.

SARAN (V.O.)

Faith?

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

FAITH

Saran. On i jyst moyn ti wbod bod
fisit Mrs Reardon yn ddim byd i
'neud 'da fi na firm fi. Ond ta
beth am 'nn y - fi'n sori.

SARAN

(to her son)

Arosa di fyna am dy frawd.

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

FAITH

Ac o ran involvo'r polis, wel,
'sdim angen. Fydd Mrs. Reardon ddim
yn trwblu ti rhagor.

SARAN
 (cutting her off)
 Ma' hyn i gyd o achos Evan, nagyw
 e?

FAITH shakes her head, her professional mask slipping.

SARAN (CONT'D)
 Edrycha, gad fi weud un peth wrthot
 ti, Faith - fel ffrind. Gad e. Cer.
 I 'neud bywyd i ti dy hunan cyn i
 ti fynd lawr gydag e.

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

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

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

FLASHBACK TO:

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

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

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

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

FAITH enters, still in last night's clothes.

FAITH
 'Sbyty'n dweud bod Marion yn
 ymwybodol.

EVAN
 Diolch....

She waits for him to speak.

EVAN (CONT'D)
 Dylen i byth 'di dod gatre ...
 Dylen i 'di mynd yn streit at yr
 heddlu a gweud popeth wrthon nhw.

FAITH
 Wedyn bydde'r ddou 'no ni 'di ca'l
 'yn aresto.

EVAN glances towards her in surprise.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(all business)

Steve Baldini shiftodd y drygs 'na
nest ti ordro wrth Gael Reardon i
dalu dyled y Glynn's ac i glio
dyled y firm. A nes i ddêl gyda
Parry o' dd yn golygu taw jyst Gael
o' dd mas o boched. Ond, manylion yw
rhei'na. Sorta i fe.

EVAN sits up. He looks at her in astonishment.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Beth ot ti'n dishgwl fi 'neud -
ishte nôl, gadel i ni golli popeth?

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

FAITH (CONT'D)

Nawr bo' fi 'di ca'l ti mas o dwll,
ti'n goffod dewis beth ti am 'neud,
Evan. Ma' 'da ti dri o blant lan
star.

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

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

EVAN

Wy moyn dishgwl ar ôl chi ... wy
isie dachre 'to ... wy isie profi i
ti pwy 'yf fi.

FAITH

Wel, pwy wyt ti, Evan? ... So ti'n
lot o gop fel cyfrithwr, ni'n gwbed
'na.

EVAN

Wy moyn ... wy jyst moyn i ni fod
yn hapus.....dwi di penderfynu mynd
at yr heddlu..

FAITH

So beth sy'n stopo ti?

He hangs his head.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Drycha arno i. Fi'n sefyll 'ma.
Sy'n blydi miracle i ddachre ... A
fi 'ma, achos y plant, achos y peth
sy'n fwyaf pwysig i ni'n dou ... a
falle bo' fi off 'y mhen, ond fi'n
barod, Evan, I roi cyfle arall i ti
... ond dim ond ...

(MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)
 dim ond os ti'n addo nei di byth,
 byth ddweud celwydd wrtho i 'to.

EVAN looks up at her.

EVAN
 Faith? Ti'n madde i fi?

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

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

FAITH
 (into the phone)
 Cerys?

CERYS (V.O.)
 'Da fi newyddion drwg.

Her voice carries clearly to EVAN.

CERYS (V.O.)
 Yr ebost 'na wedest ti wrtho i bido
 hala ... on i ishws wedi hala fe.
 I'r Met.

A beat.

FAITH
 (into the phone)
 Ocei ... Gewn ni chat nes mla'n.

She rings off. Meets EVAN'S gaze.

FAITH (CONT'D)
 'Na ddiwedd arni te. Dries i ngore.

Upstairs, an alarm clock goes off.

FAITH (CONT'D)
 Naf fi'r bocsys bwyd. Gwna di'r
 brecwast. A stopa lefen fel crotan
 fach.

She exits and goes up the stairs.

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

FAITH enters. She has changed into pyjamas.

FAITH
 (brightly)
 Wakey, wakey!

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

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

BACK TO THE
PRESENT:

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

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

PC WILLIAMS
(flushed and breathless)
Mrs Howells. Ni 'di derbyn y
fforensics yn ôl. So fe'n newyddion
da iddi hi, yn anffodus.

FAITH
Shgwl, ym, fall e bo' fi'm yn aros
yn hir ... Ma'r partnered yn
meddwl dyle hi ga'l cyfrithwrs sy'
'di arfer 'da stwff fel hyn.

PC WILLIAMS
Wy'n gweld ... Wel, am wn i bydd
raid 'ddi bledio'n euog te. Treni.

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

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

The video camera is recording.

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

DI BREEZE, by contrast, is sharp and fresh.

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

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

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)
Mrs Vaughan?

MADLEN
I locked it in there.

FAITH and PC WILLIAMS exchange a glance.

DI BREEZE
When?

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

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

MADLEN doesn't reply.

PC WILLIAMS
Did you pick it up, Madlen?

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

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

DI BREEZE
You left the trailer in the field?

MADLEN
Ground was too wet. Wheels were
spinning.

DI BREEZE studies her with unnerving stillness.

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

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

DI BREEZE
And Dyfan will verify that?

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

FAITH
 (in Welsh)
 Na i fynd gyda nhw, Madlen.

PC WILLIAMS coughs pointedly.

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

They lock eyes across the table.

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

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

TOM (V.O.)
 Faith, wy 'di bod mewn cysylltiad
 'da firm o Ga'rddydd. Ma' nhw'n hala
 rhywun draw at Madlen Vaughan
 prynhawn 'ma. Ti wedi gweud 'thi
 bo' ti'n gollwng yr achos, dofe?

She winds down the window letting the wind rush in.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - MORNING

A busy playground filled with happy, noisy KIDS.

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

A TEACHER approaches.

He looks round. She smiles.

INT. CORRIDOR. PRIMARY SCHOOL - DAY

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

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

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

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)
Mrs Howells -

INT. CORRIDOR. PRIMARY SCHOOL. CLASSROOM - MORNING

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

FAITH
 Haia Dyfan. Ma' Mami'n cofio atot
 ti. Gei di weld hi mewn tam bach.

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

FAITH (CONT'D)
 Ma' hi moyn ti ateb cwestiynne'r
 dyn 'ma gore galli di, ond jyst
 gwed 'tho fe beth ti'n gallu cofio.

DI BREEZE
That's enough.

FAITH
Fydda i jyst fyn hyn.

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

THE TEACHER joins FAITH.

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

DYFAN looks at them without expression.

JUMP CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

He nods.

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

DYFAN
Put it in the Land Rover.

DI BREEZE
This one?

He hands him a photograph of the Land Rover.

DYFAN nods again and rubs his eyes.

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

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

DYFAN
Eighty-five steps.

DI BREEZE looks at the TEACHER.

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

He nods.

DI BREEZE
So you went down to the river?

DYFAN
Mam called me back.

DI BREEZE
Did she go there?

He shakes his head.

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

PC WILLIAMS casts FAITH with an ominous glance.

INT. CORRAN ENERGY. BOARD ROOM – AFTERNOON

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

JERNIGAN
 Deng mlynedd ar hugen 'yn ni 'di
 bod yn y busnes 'ma. Yn tyfu,
 buddsoddi. Ond yr eiliad ni'n
 dachre cystadlu 'da'r cwmnie mowr
 ... 'sdim gobeth caneri 'da ti.

He drops into a chair.

TOM
 Ma' fe'n lot o arian i ni aros
 amdano fe, Geraint.

EMRYS HUWS
 Ni'n ystyried ehangu'n sylweddol.
 Codi safle newydd yn Ghana –

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

TOM
 Wy'n dymuno'r gore i chi, ond yn y
 cyfamser ma' arno Corran Energy
 £32,000 i Howells, Abercorran.
 (MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
 Ma'n flin 'da fi ond ma'n rhaid i
 ni fynnu'r taliad.

JERNIGAN and HUWS exchange a look of surprise.

TOM (CONT'D)
 Beth 'sen i'n gweud tri rhan-daliad
 yn fisol?

JERNIGAN looks away.

TOM (CONT'D)
 (to HUWS)
 Emrys?

Silence.

Finally ...

HUWS
 Mae'n benderfyniad anodd i ni Tom.
 'Da ni angen mwy o amser.

TOM
 Ma' rhywun 'di bod mewn cysylltiad,
 ma' 'da nhw ddiddordeb mewn prynu'r
 busnes. Ma' nhw'n gofyn i chi
 enwi'ch prish.

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

JERNIGAN
 Na ... Shgwlwch, dalwn ni chi, Tom.
 Wrth gwrs y gnewn ni. Rhowch
 bythywnos i ni -

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

JERNIGAN (CONT'D)
 (with sudden malice)
 Shwt ma'r mab, Tom?

TOM meets his gaze, shocked.

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

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - AFTERNOON

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

DI BREEZE

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

MADLEN shakes her head.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)

Why didn't you go down to the river?

MADLEN doesn't answer.

DI BREEZE (CONT'D)

Wasn't it an obvious place to look?

Trapped, MADLEN looks from DI BREEZE to FAITH.

FAITH

Take your time, Madlen. It's OK.

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

MADLEN

I was scared ...

She chokes up, emotion overwhelming her.

PC WILLIAMS

What were you scared of, Madlen?

MADLEN

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

She sobs into her hands.

FAITH looks across at DI BREEZE. They lock eyes.

DI BREEZE

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

OVERLAPPING:

FAITH

You can't charge her. You've absolutely no evidence she fired that gun.

(to PC WILLIAMS, in Welsh)
Susan, plis paid gadel i hyn ddigwydd. Ddim eto! Paid.

DI BREEZE

Interview terminated at 16:08.

FAITH

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

PC WILLIAMS

(in Welsh)
Mrs Howells, plîs! Pwyllwch.

FAITH glares defiantly back at him.

DI BREEZE

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

He exits.

PC WILLIAMS

(avoiding FAITH'S gaze)
Dwy funed.

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

FAITH

Bastard.

She places a hand on MADLEN'S and squeezes.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Fi ddim yn mynd i adael e neud hyn
i ti.

INT. HOWELLS. FAITH'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

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

FAITH

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

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

FAITH (CONT'D)

(into the phone)
Thank you.

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

TOM

Roddest ti dy air i fi, Faith.
O'dd 'da ni gytundeb.

FAITH

Ma' hi'n ddi-euog.

TOM

Wel, dwi di cadw'n ochr i o'r
fargen. Ma' 'da fi rif wrtho Bwrdd
Corran Energy.

A beat.

FAITH

Ti'n mynd i weud 'tho i?

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

CERYS

Ti'n gorfod gadel fynd, Faith.

FAITH

Ma' hi'n trysto fi.

TOM

Ma' 'da ti dri o blant 'da ti,
morges i'w dalu a gwr yn y carchar.

He snaps, slamming his fist on the desk.

TOM (CONT'D)

Er mwyn dyn, Faith. Dihuna, nei di!

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

CERYS

Ni fod yn dîm. Partners, yn
adeiladu busnes, 'neud arian teidi.

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

FAITH looks guiltily back at her.

CERYS (CONT'D)

Beth sy'n bod, Faith? ... Fi'n
timlo fel 'se fi 'di colli ti rwle.

She exits.

EXT. TY MELIN. FIELD - MAGIC HOUR

Birdsong.

A pristine 10 acre meadow on a gently sloping hillside.

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

FAITH
Wythdeg pedwar. Wythdeg pump.

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

Finally ...

She turns and walks away across the field.

INT. REARDON'S HAULAGE DEPOT - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She walks off resuming her call.

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

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

INT. POLICE STATION. CELL - NIGHT

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

PC WILLIAMS
Well na dim. Sori.

MADLEN
(ignoring the tray)
Pryd alla i weld 'yn fab i?

PC WILLIAMS
Gewn ni weld beth ddigwyddith yn y llys.

MADLEN
Alla i'm ffono fe? Nithwr o'dd y tro cynta' i ni ario'd fod ar wahan.

PC WILLIAMS
(with a hint of sympathy)
Allwn ni ddim caniatau 'nny.

She steps towards the door.

MADLEN
(pleading)
Plîs ...

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

PC WILLIAMS
Pum muned. A cadw dy lais lawr.

MADLEN
Diolch. Mrs Howells - ma' hi'n gyfrithwraig dda, nagyw hi?

PC WILLIAMS
Ody ... Ody, ma' 'ddi.

MADLEN
(grateful)
Weda i 'tho fe.

PC WILLIAMS exits the cell and closes the door.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

LISA

Pizzas yn barod mewn pum muned!
(setting FAITH'S glass on
the shelf)
Iawn i fi aros am swper?

FAITH

Dim Tom, heno?

LISA

(squirming)
Jyst pryd o fwyd o'dd e, 'na'i gyd.

FAITH

A bach o footsie cyn mynd nôl i'r
cwch?

LISA

Faith! Ych â fi! Ma' fe'n ddigon
hen i fod yn dad i fi.

FAITH

Ie - a? Edwin? Ti'n cofio fe?

LISA

O, paid, plîs! On i'n pissed ac yn
desbret.

They laugh.

LISA (CONT'D)

Sôn bytu bod yn desbret ... Ti'm
rili'n mynd i aros amdano fe, wyt
ti? Dwy flynedd? Onestly.
(off FAITH'S silence)
Ti yn dy prime, Babes. Bydde bois
yn ciwo rownd y bloc amdanot ti.

FAITH

(shrugs)
Anyway, yr unig beth fi'n gallu
meddwl amdano fe yw'r murder trial.

LISA

Ar ôl popeth ddigwyddodd i Evan?
Jyst gad e i Cerys.

FAITH

Nath hi sgrïwo lan gyment â fe.

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

FAITH (CONT'D)
 Fi'n mynd i ddangos 'ddyn nhw'i gyd
 shwt ma' 'neud e.

LISA looks at her dubiously.

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

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

Unable to sleep, she climbs out and paces.

JUMP CUT TO:

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

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

INT. MAGISTRATES' COURT - MORNING

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

CPS PROSECUTOR

Ma'am, mae Mrs Vaughan wedi ei
 chyhuddo o lofruddio ei gwr,
 William Vaughan. Gofynwn i'r achos
 gael ei drosglwyddo'n uniongyrchol
 i Lys y Goron. 'Dy ni ddim yn
 rhagweld cais am fechniaeth.

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

MAITLAND

Ma'am, rwy'n cynrychioli Mrs
 Vaughan.

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

MAITLAND (V.O.)

A thra bo' ni ddim am wneud cais am
 fechniaeth bore yma, fe fyddwn ni'n
 sicir o wneud hynny os na fydd y
 Goron yn parhau gyda'r camau nesaf
 o fewn amser boddhaus.

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

MAITLAND

Mae Mrs Vaughan yn fam sengl ac
bellach yn berchen nog ar fferm.

MADLEN

(calling up to the gallery)
Faith, pam ti ddim yn helpu fi?

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

MADLEN (CONT'D)

(her voice lowering to a
whimper)

Faith ... Plîs ...

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

MAITLAND (V.O.)

Mae'r dystiolaeth yn ei herbyn hi'n
amgylchiadol a dweud y lleiaf.
Felly er tegwch, ddylie hi ddim
gorfod aros yn hir am ei hachos.

INT. BOXING GYM - AFTERNOON

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

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CROWN COURT - 18 MONTHS BEFORE - AFTERNOON

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

JUDGE DANIELS

Rwy'n gwerthfawrogi ichi bledio'n
euog ac ichi roi dystiolaeth ar
gyfer yr erlyniad, Howells, ond 'da
chi wedi cyflawni trosedd ddifrifol
iawn ac yn sgîl hynny, bydd yn
rhaid i chi gael eich cosbi.

INT. BOXING GYM - AFTERNOON

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

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CROWN COURT. 18 MONTHS BEFORE - AFTERNOON

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

JUDGE DANIELS

Mr. Howells, tra mod i'n cydnabod i
chi roi gwybodaeth i'r heddlu a
darparu tystiolaeth i'r Goron, mae
maint eich trosedd yn ddifrifol.
Rydych chi hefyd wedi dwyn anfri ar
eich proffesiwn fel cyfreithiwr .
Felly, am drosglwyddo eiddo
troseddol, swm o chwarter miliwn o
bunnau yn gaffaeledig ar ran Mr
Dewi Glynn, rwy'n eich dedfrydu chi
i bedair mlynedd o garchar.

INT. BOXING GYM - AFTERNOON

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

END OF EPISODE