

VOX PICTURES



# Un Bore Mercher

gan

Matthew Hall

CYFRES DAU, PENNOD UN

Cyfieithu Gan Anwen Huws

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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 dishgwl 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. Fyddda 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 ferch  
anwadal yr ail wr.

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

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 frecwast.

CERYS (V.O.)

(gently)  
Faith, ni angen chat 'bytu 'nny -

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. Fyddda 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 Alys 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 gwyn 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 lofruddio.

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  
(bewlided)  
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 whileo 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 ffono'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 gwbod, 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 ysbyty ... Ma' nhw'n meddwl  
bo' 'da fi MS.

FAITH

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

MADLEN

Ma' nhw 'di doddi 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 ffindo'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 concrît 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 gwbod?

MADLEN shakes her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Rhaid i ti weud 'tho fi!! Naf fi'n  
siwr bo' Dyfan yn oeci 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 aresto  
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 cwestiynne.  
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 gwbod Faith ... wy'n cofio  
neidio ar y trê, a benu lan yn  
Cernyw ...

FAITH

Shwt dalest ti am y trê? 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 becsu.

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 prowdd, '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 gwallt 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. Fydda 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)  
Saran James kicking up? Weren't she and Evan an item once?

Faith meets her gaze. She laughs.

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

Gael  
Your Steve doesn't complain. I keep him on a tight leash.  
(off Faith's reaction)  
Sorry. Sore point?

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

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

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

Faith  
Good bye, Gael.

Faith smiles and turns to the door.

GAEL

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

FAITH pauses. Glances back at her.

GAEL (CONT'D)

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

FAITH

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

GAEL

So help me save them.

A beat.

FAITH gives an uncertain nod and goes.

GAEL smiles faintly and turns her attention to the envelope.

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 gwbod 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 gw bod '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 focs 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 ffi?

FAITH  
Ti'n gwbod 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  
mwyaf 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 gwbod 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 sw'n '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 gwbod, 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 'nny - fi'n sori.

SARAN

(to her son)

Arosa di fynd 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  
daludyled y Glynns ac i gliro  
dyled y firm. A nes i ddêl gyda  
Parry o'dd yn golygu taw jyst Gael  
o'dd mas o boced. Ond, manylion yw  
rhei'na. Sorta i fe.

EVAN sits up. He looks at her in astonishment.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Beth ot ti'n dishgwyl 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 dishgwyl 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 gwbod  
'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 ... Gwn 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 croten  
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  
Shgwyl, ym, falle bo' fi'm yn aros  
yn hir ... Ma'r partneried 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  
Fyddda 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 cwmnïe 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 caniatâu '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 berchennog 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 ... Plis ...

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 tystiolaeth 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