



# Un Bore Mercher

gan

Matthew Hall

CYFRES DAU, PENNOD DAU

Cyfieithu Gan Anwen Huws

CATCH-UP SEQUENCE:

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Tom warns Faith away from defending Madlen Vaughan - 'A ti'n rhy agos ati 'ddi. Shgwla arnot ti! Ti'n siwr o beryglu'r achos iddi hi.'*

*Madlen, in the dock, calls up pleadingly to Faith: 'Faith, pam ti ddim yn helpu fi'.*

TITLE CARD: SIX WEEKS LATER

INT. STEVE'S CARAVAN. BEDROOM - DAWN

Grey dawn light seeps through thin curtains.

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

EXT. PENDINE BEACH - DAWN

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

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

ON THE SCREEN: *Caru ti, Faith.*

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING

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

FAITH  
 Der ml'an Rhods, so fe mor ddrwg â  
 'nny.

His high-pitched scream says, '*Ody ma' fe!*'.

MEGAN  
 Credu bo' 'da fe rash 'to.

FAITH  
 Beth? Yn lle?

MEGAN  
 Ar 'i fola.

FAITH  
 (lifting him off his  
 booster seat)  
 Der 'i ni ga'l gweld.  
 (to MEGAN)  
 Cer di i gasglu dy stwff. A paid  
 anghofio'r daps newydd.  
 (she calls up the stairs)  
 Alys!  
 (lifts RHODRI'S shirt and  
 inspects his stomach)  
 So fe'n rhy ffol ... Ddei di ben.  
 Gw on, te.  
 (sets him down on the  
 floor)  
 Sa i'n credu bo' fel'n lico bo'n  
 lân.

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

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 Bois - mor wahanol, nagyn nhw?

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

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 All Arthur 'neud 'nny.  
 (announcing to the whole  
 house)  
 Dou funed!

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

ALYS  
 (as she comes downstairs)  
 Pam so Arthur yn mynd â ni?

FAITH  
 O'dd 'i gwch e'n suddo! Bydd e  
 na'i godi chi.  
 (to MEGAN, as she buckles  
 her briefcase)  
 Pasa cot Rhods i fi, nei di, Calon?  
 A cer ag un ti. Ma'n arllwys hi.

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

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 Cosb amser cino - 'na beth wedodd  
 Mrs. Cottrell, nage fe?

ALYS shrugs. Couldn't care less.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 Paid mentro conan te!

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

MEGAN  
 Ma' nhw'n edrych yn ddwl.

ALYS gives her a shove.

FAITH  
 Weles i 'na, Alys!

ALYS  
 Allweddi.

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

FAITH smiles radiantly and hoists RHODRI onto her hip.

FAITH  
 Der mla'n, blodyn.

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

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

FAITH  
 (smiles)  
 Pawb Yn hapus?

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

ON THE SCREEN: *Caru ti, Faith.*

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 (sotto, as she puts the phone away and backs out of the drive)  
 Ffordd od y diawl o ddangos 'nnys.

EXT. TY MELIN YARD - MORNING

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

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

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

EXT. RIVERBANK FIELD - MORNING

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

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

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

ANGIE  
 Wyt ti mynd i gasglu fi heno?

STEVE  
 Fydd rhaid i ti gerdded. Flin gen i calon.  
 (he touches her cheek)  
 Dwi methu gadael yn gynnar bob dydd.

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

ANGIE  
 Af i i dy Aly. Stym ots da Arthur  
 bod fi'n chillo mas da nhw.

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

STEVE  
 Oce...tecstia fi i adael fi w'bod  
 beth sy'n digwydd.

He leans over and kisses her cheek.

ANGIE  
 Diolch, dad.

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

INT. HOWELLS. STAIRWELL / RECEPTION - DAY

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

TOM  
 (into the phone)  
 Flin 'da fi, Mrs Vaughan. 'Sdim byd  
 allwn ni 'neud. Falle allwch chi  
 drio cwmni arall -

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

FAITH  
 (as TOM wheels round)  
 Madlen. Faith Howells. Beth sy' 'di  
 digwydd?

MADLEN (V.O.)  
 (against background sounds  
 of a prison)  
 On nhw moyn fi bledio'n euog, Faith  
 -

FAITH  
 Y cyfrithwrs?

TOM gesticulates, urging FAITH 'Na!'.

MADLEN  
 Ges i wared ohonyn nhw. Ma'r achos  
 dydd Llun.

CERYS enters from her office, listening intently.

MADLEN (CONT'D)  
 Faith, ti yw'r unig un wy'n drysto.  
 Plîs ...

TOM glares at FAITH.

Two beeps sound.

MADLEN (CONT'D)  
 Ma'r credits ar ben ... Faith -

A beat.

CERYS (V.O.)  
 Gymrwn ni'r achos mla'n, Mrs  
 Vaughan.

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

TOM stares at CERYS in cold silence.

TOM  
 Gytunon ni.

CERYS  
 Whech wthnos yn ôl. Ma' pethe 'di  
 newid - 'na'r ail firm i'w siomi  
 'ddi; wedyn nawr, ma' Faith a fi'n  
 mynd i gamu i'r adwy.

TOM  
 Chi'n rhy fishi.

CERYS  
 'Na'r gore 'sda ti?

DELYTH  
 Mi fedra i ad-drefnu'r amserlen.

FAITH  
 Dau yn erbyn un, Tom.  
 (to DELYTH)  
 Ffona Thompson and Green a gwed  
 wrthyn nhw i roi'r ffeil mewn beic.  
 Newn ni gwrrda'n y canol.  
 (to CERYS)  
 S'well i ni hastu.

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

CERYS

Ma' 'da fi gleient am unarddeg ac  
am -

DELYTH

Ewch.

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

TOM

Achos llofruddiaeth. Beth 'ma nhw'n  
feddwel ma' nhw'n neud, gwedwch.

(to DELYTH)

'Dde Evan byth yn rhoi sêl 'i  
fendith i hyn!

He marches back into the conference room.

EXT. ABERCORRAN. STREET - DAY

FAITH and CERYS walk away from the office.

FAITH

Diolch.

(she gives CERYS a guarded  
look)

Ond pam?

CERYS

Wy 'di bo'n styc yn drafftio  
cytundebi lês ers tair wthnos,  
Faith. O'dd 'yn feddwel i'n dechre  
crwydro i lefydd o'dd yn hala ofan  
arno i!

They laugh.

EXT. COAST ROAD - DAY

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

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

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

INT. HOWELLS. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

TOM, at the table, brooding.

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

DELYTH

Sut ma' bywyd ar y cwch? Bydde'n  
braf 'i gweld hi ryw ddydd.

He gives a sulky nod.

DELYTH (CONT'D)

Be' sy'n 'ych dychryn chi, Tom,  
mewn difri calon?

He sighs.

TOM

Ma'r ddwy mor fyrbwyll. Ma' nhw'n  
gyfreithwyr- adfocad ar stryd fawr  
Abercorran nid QC's. Fydden i byth  
yn breuddwydio cymryd y fath 'nny o  
achos.

She touches him arm and lets it rest there.

DELYTH

Ma' nhw'n g'neud y peth iawn.

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

SCENE MOVED TO 6A

SCENE MOVED TO 6B

EXT. CERYS' CAR

CERYS' car drives along the road.

FAITH (V.O.)

Olion bysedd ... ballistics ...  
Madog - fe yw'r gwas ... a'r stwff  
ariannol.

CERYS (V.O.)

Sydd mewn uffach o strach.

INT. WOMEN'S PRISON. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

FAITH and CERYS pore over witness statements at the small table.

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

FAITH  
(rising from her chair)  
Madlen -

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

MADLEN  
Diolch ... on i'n dachre becso y  
bydden i byth yn gweld Dyfan 'to.

FAITH  
Ma' fe dal gyda'i Anti, nagyw e?

MADLEN nods. Exhales. Reality slowly sinks in.

MADLEN  
On nhw'n pallu nghredu fi ...  
dishgwyl arno i fel 'sen i'n 'u  
rhaffu nhw !

FAITH  
Fi'n sori ... sori bo' nhw'n trin  
ti fel'na.

CERYS  
(interjecting)  
Ocei. Dewch i ni ddechre, ife?  
(turning through witness  
statements)  
Dyw'r achos yn 'ych erbyn chi ddim  
yn gryf iawn. Ma'ch stori chi'n cyd-  
fynd 'da'r dystioleth a dyw hi'm yn  
dishgwyl fel bo'r heddlu 'di 'neud  
lot o ymdrech i whilo am unrywun  
arall.

FAITH  
A 'na le ni angen dy help di,  
Madlen. Beth ni angen yw enw - pwy  
fydde 'neud hyn?

MADLEN shakes her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 O'dd Wil isie codi tai ar y caeau a  
 gyda planning bydde 'nny 'di datrys  
 lot o brobleme ariannol y fferm.

MADLEN  
 Tase fe'n ca'l planning ...

CERYS  
 Yn ôl rhain, o'dd cownts y fferm  
 'di ca'l 'i rewi ers misho'dd.  
 (turning a page, she spots  
 something new)  
 Yffach! Naw deg mil yn y coch.

MADLEN looks at her blankly.

FAITH  
 Felly, lle o'dd e'n ca'l arian,  
 Madlen? Chi'm yn starfo. Ma'n rhaid  
 bo' Wil yn menthyg o rwle.

CERYS  
 (off MADLEN'S mystified  
 expression)  
 Nethoch chi'm ario'd drafod y peth?

MADLEN  
 O'dd dim pwynt. Nagon i'n timlo'n  
 dda.

FAITH  
 Shwt ma' pethe?

MADLEN  
 So nhw'n gwabd - moyn 'neud mwy o  
 brofion.

Her expression hardens.

MADLEN (CONT'D)  
 (directly to FAITH)  
 Dylen i fod wedi codi mhac  
 flynydde'n ôl, ond ... ma' pobol yn  
 aros, nagyn nhw? A pham ddim?

FAITH meets her eyes, feeling every word.

MADLEN (CONT'D)  
 'Nenwedig pan ma' plant ... Chi'n  
 gweld bai arno i?

FAITH  
 Na, ddim o gwbl.

INT. / EXT. CERYS' CAR / DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - DAY

FAITH and CERYS walk down the street.

CERYS

'Se'n i'n hi - bydden i 'di mynd  
drw'r llyfre i gyd.

FAITH

(checking her phone  
messages)

Os o'dd hi'n ca'l.

CERYS

Gret, di-euog a di-niwed ... wy 'di  
ca'l achosion rhwyddach, t'mo...w  
deg mil, ddo! Anodd cuddo hwna.

(off FAITH' aghast  
expression)

Beth?

FAITH

Ebost gan yr erlyniad. Ma' nhw isie  
enwi tyst newydd. Gesa pwy?

CERYS

Der â chliw i fi!

FAITH

Rhywun sy'n lico cwmni menyw hanner  
'i oedran e ...

CERYS

Pob dyn dros deugen, te!

FAITH

... menyw sy'n ffrind agos iawn i  
fi.

CERYS

Tom? ... Whare gêms, ife? Whare teg  
'ddyn nhw.

FAITH

(turning her gaze away)

Shit.

EXT. OPEN PRISON - DAY

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

EXT. OPEN PRISON GROUNDS - DAY

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

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

They meet on the path.

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

EVAN  
You know I'm grateful.

DI BREEZE  
Your wife is still meeting with  
Gael Reardon.

EVAN  
The Reardons want to buy a company  
called Corran Energy - clients of  
the firm since the 80s.  
(sensing DI BREEZE'S  
scepticism)  
It's perfectly legitimate.

DI BREEZE comes to a halt. Looks out over the grounds.

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

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

DI BREEZE turns to meet EVAN'S gaze.

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

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

INT. HOWELLS. TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

TOM looks up from his work as FAITH enters with CERYS.

FAITH  
Tyst i'r erlyniad, Tom!

TOM  
O'dd dim dewish 'da fi.

FAITH  
Pryd? Pryd nethon nhw gysylltu?  
(off his silence)  
O na ... nage ti ... Ti a'th ato  
nhw?

TOM  
O'dd Wil Vaughan yn gleient i fi.  
On i'n 'i nabod e ers bo' fe'n grwt  
...

FAITH wheels round and exits.

FAITH  
Reit. Game on.

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

CERYS  
O'dd e yn beth dan din i 'neud,  
Tom.

She follows FAITH out.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING

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

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

ARTHUR  
Co hi. Mrs Big Shot.

FAITH  
Wow. Be' ti 'di roi i'r plant,  
Arthur?

ARTHUR

Ordyrs i ddangos tam bach o barch i  
 bobol bwysig y byd hyn. Ges i'r  
 neges. Shwt ma'n mynd? Nyrfys?

FAITH

(a little embarrassed)  
 O, t'mo -

She lifts RHODRI and kisses him.

FAITH (CONT'D)

O, ti'n gwynto'n neis - am unweth!

RHODRI

Caru ti, Mami.

FAITH

(rubbing noses with him)  
 A fi'n caru ti, calon bach. 'Sdim  
 sôn am Alys?

ARTHUR nods towards the window.

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

FAITH (CONT'D)

Ma'r ddwy 'na fel dwy wha'r.

ARTHUR

Af fi ag Angie gatre ar 'yn ffordd.

FAITH, a look.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Neu os ti moyn -

FAITH

Na. Mae'n iawn, Diolch.

MEGAN

Gath Alys detention. Ma' hi'n gweud  
 bo' dim ots 'da'i a bo' hi'n mynd i  
 ga'l piercing yn 'i bogel.

FAITH

Hy!

ARTHUR

(heading off FAITH'S  
 reaction)

Ma' fe'n arwydd da, Faith. Well o  
 lower bo' nhw'n rebelo'n gynnar.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
 Na le es i'n rong, t'wel. Pei  
 pysgod yn ocei? Llawn omega 3 i'r  
 hen ben, ife?

FAITH  
 (preoccupied with ALYS)  
 Wel os yw hi wir moyn un, na i ga'l  
 un, yr un pryd, a na i wishgo'n  
 slacs gwyrdd. Siwr bydd hi'n lico  
 'na!

MEGAN  
 Wy'n meddwl bo' nhw'n salw. 'Dde  
 Dadi'm yn gadel 'ddi ga'l un.

FAITH  
 (under her breath)  
 Wel, s'mo fe 'ma, ody e?

She marches off to her study.

ARTHUR  
 Slacs gwyrdd -

He tries to picture it.

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. STUDY - LATE EVENING

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

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

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

FAITH  
 (covering the photograph  
 of the body)  
 Ffaelu cysgu?

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

ALYS  
 Nath Dad gymryd achos llofruddieth  
 unweth.

FAITH

Calon, odi'r plant yn yr ysgol yn  
gweud stwff i ypseto ti?

She shrugs.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(reaching for ALYS'S hand)  
Siarad 'da fi.

She waits for ALYS to speak ...

ALYS

Ti dal yn caru Dad?

FAITH hesitates.

FAITH

Odw ... Odw, fi'n caru fe 'da  
nghalon i gyd.

ALYS gives her a doubtful sideways look.

ALYS

Jyst achos ni?

FAITH

Na. Ddim jyst achos chi ... Hei,  
be' sy'n bod ... Der mla'n Alyss, so  
ni'n cadw cyfrinache rhagor 'yn ni?

A long moment of silence.

ALYS

Os ti'n ennill alla i ga'l piercing  
yn bogel fi?

FAITH

Dim ond gaf fi tatw Rick Astley  
dros 'y nghefen i gyd.

ALYS

Pwy yw hwnna'?

FAITH

Arwr go iawn, Alyss. A ma' fe  
dala'i gadw fynd.

ALYS turns to the door.

ALYS  
 (defiantly)  
 'Na i be' fi moyn. Ti ffaelu stopo  
 fi.

She turns to the door and exits.

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

INT. OPEN PRISON. VISITORS' RECEPTION - DAY

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

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

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

INT. OPEN PRISON. VISITING AREA - DAY

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

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

EVAN  
 (relaxed)  
 Haia Cariad. Ma' hyn tam bach fwy  
 cartrefol, nagyw e?

FAITH  
 Shwt, Evan?

EVAN  
 Wy 'di bod yn grwtyn bach da.

He leans across and kisses her on the cheek.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
 Mewn wthnos neu ddwy gaf fi fynd  
 i'r dref ar leisens dros dro. Falle  
 gaf fi bach o *home* leave.  
 (he smiles, meeting her  
 eyes)  
 Ffaelu aros.

FAITH remains silent.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Ti'n ocei?

FAITH  
(briskly)  
Fi sy'n amddiffyn Madlen Vaughan  
nawr a ma'r achos yn dechre fory.  
(Ignoring his surprise)  
So hi'n gwbed pwy laddodd e. Nawr  
o' ti'n 'nabod Wil. Os syniad 'da  
ti pwy fydd moyn 'i ladd e?

EVAN  
(after a moment's thought)  
Ti'n siwr dylet ti -

FAITH  
(snaps)  
Odw, Evan. Fi'n siwr.  
(more calmly)  
Wi angen help ti - i bwy o' dd arno  
fe arian - O' dd e 'di cwmbo mas  
'da rywun? Plîs Evan, meddylia.  
Ti'n sy'n dda 'da'r stwff 'ma.

He ponders. Shakes his head.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Lle bydde rywun sy' isie menthyg  
arian yn mynd?

EVAN  
(very calmly)  
Jyst creu amheuaeth yn meddylie'r  
rheithgor; 'na'i gyd sy' isie i ti  
'neud.  
(meeting her gaze)  
Os ti moyn ennill yr achos hyn ma'n  
rhaid i ti fod yn oer. Yn galon  
galed. Alli di 'neud 'na - yn union  
fel ti'n trin 'yn fam i!

She smiles.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Ma'r wên 'na'n lladd fi, ti'n  
gwbed.

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

FAITH

Fi'n gorfod mynd.

(rising from her chair)

A diolch am y tecst; ond os gei di  
dy ddala 'da ffôn fyn hyn Evan  
fyddi di'n streit nôl i Cat B.

EVAN

(puzzled)

Tecst?

FAITH

(playfully)

Paid 'neud fi wenu 'to.

She goes.

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

INT. OPEN PRISON. CORRIDOR - DAY

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

END OF PART ONE

INT. HOWELLS. FAITH'S OFFICE - EVENING

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

CERYS

(slugging beer from a  
bottle)Ma' hi'n berson ffyddlon, sy'n  
ymddiried yn bobol ac yn cymryd ei  
dylestwydde o ddifri. A'r unig beth  
ma' Madlen yn euog ohono fe yw bod  
yn wraig ac yn fam rhy dda. Hwnna  
yw'n naratif ni. A ni'n mynd i fynd  
mla'n a mla'n am 'nny bob cyfle  
gewn ni.

(she glances round)

Hapus?

FAITH looks up guiltily from her phone.

FAITH

Ie - ma' fe'n - berffeth.

CERYS

So ti'n swno'n rhy siwr ... Os 'na  
rwbeth ti heb weud 'tho i? Allwn  
ni'm fforddio methu dim, Faith.

FAITH

Fi jyst angen nosweth dda o gwsg,  
'na'i gyd.

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

CERYS

'Na ffafr â fi? Paid mynd i weld  
Evan nes' bo' hyn drosto.  
(off FAITH'S surprise)  
Ma' fe'n fachan balch. So hyn yn  
rhwydd iddo fe.  
(picks up her file)  
Nawr cysga!

She exits.

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

FAITH

(into the phone)  
One minute.

EXT. CAR PARK OVERLOOKING THE ESTUARY - EVENING

FAITH approaches the waiting Range Rover parked below the castle.

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

GAEAL

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

FAITH

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

GAEAL

(interrupting)  
Which other party?

FAITH shrugs.

GAEL (CONT'D)  
Find out.

She hands a package out through the window.

GAEL (CONT'D)  
You'll get a message with  
instructions. Delivery tomorrow.

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

GAEL  
Maybe I should pay Saran James  
another visit?

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

GAEL  
Or I maybe could send your friend,  
Stevie?  
(taunting)  
He's sick for you Faith. Never seen  
a man get it so bad.  
(tossing the package onto  
the pavement)  
A debt's a debt. You know how to  
clear it.

She rolls up the window and drives off.

FAITH  
Jesus!

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

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

EXT. TOM'S BOAT - NIGHT

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

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

INT. POLICE STATION. EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

DI BREEZE enters. He looks at her, puzzled.

**PC WILLIAMS**

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

**DI BREEZE**

No harm in belt and braces.

She nods and goes back to her task.

**DI BREEZE (CONT'D)**

Something troubling you, Constable?  
Have we slipped up?

**PC WILLIAMS**

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

**DI BREEZE**

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

**PC WILLIAMS**

I like to think we believe in our case.

PC WILLIAMS nods, keeping her reservation to herself.

**DI BREEZE**

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

**PC WILLIAMS**

Perfectly, sir.

## DI BREEZE

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

He goes.

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

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

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

She starts to write a text: *Steve, ti halodd y text 'na? Fi angen gwbed. Fx*

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

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

32A EXT. STEVE'S CARAVAN - EARLY HOURS

32A

STEVE, STANDING ON THE DECK OF THE CARAVAN, STARES OUT AT THE NIGHT, THE MOON REFLECTED IN HIS EYES.

Finally....

He reaches out a phone and text: 'Diolch am edrych ar ol Angie. Sx'

## INT. SWANSEA CROWN COURT. ROBING ROOM - MORNING

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

CERYS steps up behind her, interrupting the moment.

## CERYS

Ma'r fan 'di cyrredd o'r cwb.

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

CERYS (CONT'D)  
 (sharp whisper)  
 A tria gofio dy ti's a chi's  
 nenwedig yn y llys.

FAITH gives her an 'as if' look.

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

SWANCOTT  
 Mrs Howells? Hayden Swancott.  
 (he smiles)

FAITH  
 (guarded)  
 'Dda cwrdd a ti.

CERYS rolls her eyes as she doesn't even try.

SWANCOTT  
 (he glances at CERYS)  
 Y o'r staff iau, ife?

CERYS  
 Cyd-withwr. Cerys Jones.

SWANCOTT smiles indulgently.

SWANCOTT  
 G'randoedd, r'yn ni'n agored i  
 ystyried cynigion call.  
 (prompting)  
 Dynladdiad? Ar sail cael ei  
 phryfocio?

FAITH  
 Dim diolch.

SWANCOTT  
 (with a look of amused  
 sympathy)  
 Peder, pum mlynedd yn hytrach na  
 dedfryd o fywyd dan glo, Faith?

FAITH  
 Mrs Howells.

SWANCOTT  
 Dewr iawn.

She goes, taking CERYS with her.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

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

SWANCOTT  
(with absolute conviction)  
Nid anghytundeb domestig a aeth yn  
rhy bell sydd ganddon ni yma. Fe  
fydd y dystiolaeth yn dangos fod  
llofruddiaeth William Vaughan yn  
dangos arwyddion diamheul o  
ddienyddiad hollol fwriadol -

From a seat at the side of the court, DI BREEZE watches closely, listening to a simultaneous translation through an earpiece.

SWANCOTT (CONT'D)  
Un a gyflawnwyd gan ddienyddiwr  
anhebygol ond un sy'n gyfan-gwbl  
annhosturiol ac yn medru ar ddim  
mymryn o edifeirwch.

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

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

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

MADOG JONES  
On nhw'n cwmwo mas ddydd a nos ...  
ers misho' dd maith - neu'n hirach  
hyd yn o'd.

SWANCOTT  
Ynglyn â beth?

MADOG JONES  
O, pethe bach di-bwys gan fwya' ...  
Bigitan. On i'n trial pido grondo  
achos o'dd e'n ddim o'n fusnes i.  
Ond yn dd'weddgar ... on nhw prin yn  
torri gair â'i gily'.

## SWANCOTT

Mr Jones, fel yr unig berson o' dd  
 yn ca'l ei gyflogi ganddyn nhw,  
 rhywun oedd yn agos at y ddau, sut  
 y byddech chi'n disgrifio natur eu  
 priodas nhw pan fuodd Mr Vaughan  
 farw?

JONES sighs. Casts a guilty glance at MADLEN.

## MADOG JONES

Ddim yn un hapus. Ddim o gwbwl.

JUMP CUT TO:

FAITH, cross-examining JONES:

## FAITH

Am dros bum mlynedd nath Wil  
 Vaughan drial - a methu - ca'l  
 caniatad i adeiladu tai ar y cae  
 deg erw.

## MADOG JONES

Ie, 'na chi.

## FAITH

O' dd dim cinnog 'da fe.

## MADOG JONES

Wy'n cadw'n drwyn mas o bethach  
 fel'na.

## FAITH

Nath e'm erio'd sôn am unryw  
 broblemau?

## MADOG JONES

Naddo, byth.

## FAITH

Ac o' dd dim syniad 'da ti. Ddim hyd  
 yn oed pan nath e dorri oriau ti -

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

## FAITH (CONT'D)

Ti'n siwr bo' fe byth yn sôn am  
 bethe personol - yn y pymtheg  
 mlynedd ot ti'n gweithio iddo fe?

## MADOG JONES

Naddo.

FAITH

Beth am Madlen Vaughan? O'dd hi'n  
berson tawel, oer?

MADOG JONES

O, nago'dd ... O'dd Madlen wastod  
yn ffein iawn 'da fi ... Ag yn fam  
heb 'i hail 'fyd.

CERYS smiles.

FAITH

Nath Mr Swancott ei disgrifio hi  
fel

(scrambles for CERYS's  
notes and reads)

'Dienyddiwr annhosturiol'.

JONES

(sincerely)

Na ... Na.

FAITH sits. CERYS squeezes her arm in congratulation.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

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

FAITH and CERYS study her intently.

SWANCOTT

Etifeddoch chi bump ar hugen y cant  
o'r fferm a'ch brawd saithdeg pump  
y cant, ydi hynny'n gywir?

HANNAH LEWIS

Odi. Ond fe o'dd yn rhedeg y  
busnes, ch'wel.

SWANCOTT

Ond ma'n rhaid bod chi'n ymwybodol  
o'r dyledion. Nethoch chi'm awgrymu  
gwerthu'r fferm?

HANNAH LEWIS

O'dd e'n 'neud cais cynllunio  
arall, am y trydydd tro. O'dd e'n  
erfyn ca'l dros filiwn o bunne ar  
ôl 'ddo fe glirio'r dyledion.

SWANCOTT

Ac o' dd Madlen Vaughan yn ymwybodol  
o hyn?

HANNAH LEWIS

O, o' dd. O' dd hi'n tampan y tro  
dwetha' gath e'i wrthod. O' dd 'da'i  
golygon ar villa yn Portugal.

CERYS

(sotto, trading a glance  
with FAITH)

Bitch ...

SWANCOTT

Hi wedodd hynny wrthoch chi?

HANNAH LEWIS

O' dd 'da'i brochures ar ford y  
gegin a chwbwl. O' dd hi'n moyn  
gallu byw fel y crach.

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

SWANCOT

O' dd eich brawd isie villa?

HANNAH LEWIS

Ar glos y ffarm o' dd Wil hapusa.  
Ond so fe'n 'i gwa'd hi, ody e?  
(looking directly at  
MADLEN)  
O' dd hi moyn jiengyd. Moyn yr  
arian. Moyn 'i hala fe.

CERYS

(sotto)

Rho hemad iddi, Faith.

JUMP CUT TO:

FAITH cross-examines HANNAH LEWIS.

FAITH

Ma' un peth fi ddim yn ddeall, Mrs  
Lewis; o le o' dd e'n ca'l arian -  
ar ôl i'r banc rewi'r cyfri. Unryw  
syniad? ... Loan shark, falle?

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

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 O's 'na rwbeth ti 'di anghofio  
 gweud wrth yr heddlu? Rwbeth ti  
 moyn gweud wrth y rheithgor nawr?

SWANCOTT  
 (rising to object)  
 F'Arglwydd -

JUDGE DANIELS  
 Atebwch y cwestiwn, os gwelwch yn  
 dda.

HANNAH LEWIS  
 Gath e fencyd ucen mil wrtho ni; fi  
 a 'ngwr i.

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

A pause. FAITH gathers her thoughts. Thinks furiously.

FAITH  
 Y benthyciad 'ma, o'dd e wedi ...  
 ei warantu yn erbyn rywbeth?

HANNAH LEWIS  
 ... Na.

FAITH  
 Felly - beth? Jyst gambl o'dd e? Ar  
 fusnes o'dd yn methu? Licens i ga'l  
 arian fel'na i wasto.

HANNAH LEWIS  
 Ma' fe'n frawd i fi ... O'dd e'n  
 frawd i fi.

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

FAITH  
 Tase Madlen Vaughan yn ca'l ei  
 ffindo'n euog o lofruddieth, bydde  
 hi'm yn etifeddu cinniog. Bydde'r  
 cwbwl yn mynd i Dyfan - y mab. Odw  
 i'n iawn i feddwl taw ti sy'n  
 gwarchod Dyfan, Hannah Lewis? Yn  
 gyfreithiol?

HANNAH LEWIS  
 (ice cold)  
 Be'n gwmws chi'n trial 'i weud?

FAITH  
 Dim ond cadarnhau'r ffeithie.  
 Dyna'i gyd.  
 (she shrugs)  
 Wy'n siwr y gall y rheithgor ddod  
 i'w casgliad 'u hunen.

She sits.

CERYS  
 (sotto)  
 Ffycin' brilliant.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

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

FAITH  
 Dou set o olion bysedd. Rhai hi a  
 rhai'r gwr?

DR COLLINS  
 'Na'r oll ffindes i.

FAITH  
 (gently coaxing)  
 Felly tase trydydd person wedi  
 tanio'r gwn - ?

DR COLLINS  
 (swallows)  
 Wel, er ... Tase ... Bydde'n rhaid  
 iddyn nhw fod wedi defnyddio menyg.

FAITH  
 Menyg. Digon rhesymol, rili. Os  
 chi'n mynd i saethu rhywun.

DR COLLINS  
 (caught in her gaze)  
 Ie.

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

FAITH  
 (reading from witness  
 statement)  
 Ie. Felly gath y gwn 'i danio ddwy  
 waith, o bellter - o beth? Deugen  
 trofedd.  
 (MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)

A glanio'n bert ryw bum modfedd o'i  
gilydd. Bydden i'n meddwl bod isie  
dipyn o sgil i 'neud 'na. Llygad  
dda. Dwylo cadarn.

DR COLLINS

Wel, y, ... bydde angen arbenigedd  
penodol, bydde.

FAITH

Wedech chi rhywun a sgil  
proffesiynol?

DR COLLINS

Rhywun medrus, yn bendant

JUDGE DANIELS smiles, appreciating the demolition.

FAITH

A'r staen waedlyd ar waelod braich  
y got. Alle fod gwa'd ar y  
glaswellt lle nath hi blygu i  
godi'r gwn?

DR COLLINS

Y ...

(her mouth works silently  
for a moment)

Am wn i.

FAITH

Diolch, Dr Collins.

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

JUDGE DANIELS

Weden i bo' hynny'n gystal man ac  
unman i dorri am gino. Dou o'r  
gloch, aelodau'r rheithgor.

He stands.

COURT USHER

Sefwch yn y llys.

INT. CHEMIST SHOP - AFTERNOON

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

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

MARIION

O helo Lisa.  
 (glancing into her basket)  
 O ni'n meddwl 'bod chi'n gwithio  
 yn y siop ddillad.

LISA

(lifting her basket onto  
 the counter)  
 Rhan amser ar y funud. *Off season*  
 ch'wel.

MARIION

(glancing into her basket)  
 'Dy chi ddim wedi bod yn lwcus ers  
 eich ysgariad welai?

LISA

A sut 'dy chi'n dod i arfer ar 'ch  
 ben 'ch hunan bach? Rhaid bo' fe'n  
 anodd 'da Evan a Bethan ffwr'

MARIION

Does dim amser 'da Faith i neud  
 unrhywbeth

LISA

*Murder trial.* Rhaid bo' chi mor  
 browd.

MARIION glances away.

LISA (CONT'D)

Wy'n credu bod hi'n neud mor dda -  
 mam sengl

MARIION

Ydy hi?

LISA

Ydy, treni. Wy'n go'ffod neud y  
 shaggio i gyd i'r ddwy ohnonno' ni.  
 Wy'n neud yn ngore.

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

LISA (CONT'D)

Chi'n edrych di blino'n shwps. Chi  
 moyn ishte lawr a' a' fi nol 'ch  
 presgripsiwn?

MARION  
 (mustering her dignity)  
 Na ,dim diolch

INT. COURT CELL - DAY

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

FAITH  
 (taking off her jacket and  
 fanning the wet armpits  
 of her shirt)  
 Ni'n racso nhw. Yr unig beth 'sda  
 nhw yw achos circumstantial - dim  
 motive sy'n dala dwr.

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

CERYS  
 Busnes y villa hyn -

MADLEN  
 Jyst breuddwydio on i, 'na'i gyd.  
 (shakes her head)  
 'Na faint o feddwl 'sda nhw ohono i  
 ...

FAITH and CERYS trade a glance.

FAITH  
 (delicately)  
 Madlen, shgwla ...

CERYS  
 (taking over)  
 Y pwyt yw Madlen - ody'n e'n bosib  
 taw Hannah nath -? ... Ody hi'n  
 gwbed le ma'r gwn yn ca'l 'i gadw?

MADLEN hugs her knees tighter and buries her face.

FAITH motions CERYS to follow her out of the cell.

INT. COURT CELL CORRIDOR - DAY

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

FAITH

Dyw "amheuaeth rhesymol" byth yn  
ddigon ... Beth am Madog Jones? Bet  
bo' fe'n gallu saethu.

CERYS

Ond pam bydde fe'n amddiffyn  
Madlen?

FAITH, a look.

CERYS (CONT'D)

Madog? Cer o'ma!

Her phone rings.

FAITH

(fishing it from her  
pocket)

God. Beth nawr?

She checks the screen: 'GR'.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(quickly switching the  
phone off)

Presgripsiwn Rhodri. Ma'n rhaid fi  
godi e. Siarada di 'da hi am Madog.

She dashes off along the corridor.

CERYS

Faith!

CERYS exclaims in frustration.

INT. COURT BUILDING. LOBBY - DAY

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

SWANCOTT

She'll run out of luck soon enough.

DI BREEZE

And if she doesn't?

Hurried footsteps sound behind them. FAITH dashes past them  
heading for the exit. SWANCOTT stares after her. He glances  
to DI BREEZE to share his appreciation.

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

DI BREEZE walks quickly after FAITH.

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

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

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

The PROPRIETOR (50s), turns the sign in the doorway to 'CLOSED'. He returns to the counter. FAITH hands a package to him. He checks the contents and places the envelope aside. He brings out something out from under the counter and shows it to her. She examines it briefly and nods. They exchange a few words. The PROPRIETOR laughs, places the item back beneath the counter and produces a receipt which he hands to FAITH.

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

INT. SWANSEA. JEWELLER'S SHOP - DAY

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

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

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

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

END OF PART TWO

INT. COURT BUILDING. CORRIDOR - DAY

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

FAITH runs along the corridor fastening her collar.

CERYS steps away from the wall and into her path.

CERYS  
 Ti'n trial rhoi harten i fi ne'  
 beth?

FAITH  
 (breathless)  
 Sori ... Blydi chemists ... O'dd  
 raid fi drial sawl un ... Sori.

CERYS  
 Os ti'n ca'l crisis, Faith -

FAITH  
 Na! Wy'n iawn ... Jyst ...  
 (she exclaims in  
 frustration)  
 Fi 'ma, ocei? Fi 'ma.

CERYS looks at her with concern.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 (calming down)  
 'Da fi syniad.

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

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

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

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

STEVE  
 We agreed shifts at the start of  
 the month.

GAEL  
 Hollyhead. 9 o'clock.

She turns to go.

STEVE  
 You can have my notice.

GAEL stops and wheels round.

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

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

STEVE stares at her in hard silence.

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

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

GAEL  
If only she cared that much about  
you.  
(off his pained reaction)  
Sorry, that was cruel. But really,  
sometimes I wonder why you stick  
around.

STEVE  
I want to set things right.

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

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

STEVE  
I'll be judge of that

GAEL  
Sort me another driver for Dublin  
(she smiles, please with  
her generosity)  
And clean the crap off that truck,  
you're showing us up.

She goes.

JUMP CUT TO:

STEVE, in grubby overalls, polishing the grille at the front  
of the truck. He glances over to see GAEL watching him.

She circles her palm, indicating that she wants to see it gleaming.

EXT. COURT BUILDING - DAY

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

**DI BREEZE**  
**Mr Howells. Are we ready?**

TOM nods and follows him inside.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

FAITH rises to her feet.

FAITH  
F'Arglwydd, cyn i ni fynd at y tyst  
nesaf ar y rhestr f'isie ail-alw Mr  
Madog Jones i gadarnhau cwpwl o  
bethe.

JUDGE DANIELS  
(nods)  
Oni bai fod ganddoch chi  
wrthwynebiad arbennig, Mr Swancott?

SWANCOTT glances up to the gallery to see DI BREEZE taking his seat and fitting his earpiece.  
He pauses to consider, but can think of no grounds to resist.

SWANCOTT  
(half rising)  
Nagoes wrth gwrs, F'Arglwydd.

JUDGE DANIELS  
Yna -  
(to the USHER)  
Dewch â Mr Jones yn ôl, os gwelwch  
yn dda.

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

JUMP CUT TO:

MADOG JONES back in the witness box.

FAITH

Mr Jones, ti'n gallu saethu'n dda?

MADOG JONES

(cautiously)

Itha da.

FAITH

'Di bod yn trin gwn ers blynnydde,  
siwr o fod.

MADOG JONES

(muted)

Odw.

FAITH

Madlen Vaughan - beth amdani hi?

MADOG JONES

'Sdim clem 'da fi. Sa i ario'd 'di  
gweld hi'n iwso gwn.

FAITH

"Rio'd 'di gweld hi'n iwso gwn" ...

(enjoying the moment)

Manlyn braidd yn bwysig. Pam nest  
ti'm sôn am hyn yn gynt - fel yn dy  
ddatganiad i'r heddlu.

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

FAITH (CONT'D)

O's rheswm am 'nny? O's 'da ti  
rwbeth i gwato?

A beat.

MADOG JONES

O's.

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

MADOG JONES (CONT'D)

On i'n trial dishgwyl ar 'i hôl hi  
... achos cyn fi fynd i'r mart  
glywes i 'ddi'n coethan ar 'i ôl e -  
'Pwy yw hi?'.

JUDGE DANIELS

(making a careful note)

Mrs Vaughan waeddodd, 'Pwy yw hi?'

FAITH  
 (with a note of panic)  
 F'Arglwydd, cleber wast yw hwnna'.  
 Rwbeth ma' Mr Jones yn meddwl bo'  
 fe 'di clywed.

JUDGE DANIELS  
 Wrth gwrs.  
 (to the JURY)  
 Ma' tystiolaeth Mr Jones yn dyst i  
 Mrs Vaughan yngan y geiriau hynny,  
 yn hytrach nag awgrym o beth gallai  
 hi fod wedi feddwl wrth ddweud,  
 "Pwy yw hi".

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

JUDGE DANIELS (CONT'D)  
 Dyna'i gyd, Mrs Howells?

CERYS kicks her under the desk.

FAITH  
 Ie, F'Arglwydd.

She sits, still reeling.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

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

TOM  
 Mish Mawrth o'dd hi. Alwodd Wiliam  
 Vaughan am gyngor ynglyn â shwt y  
 bydde'i asede fe'n ca'l eu rhannu  
 petai 'na achos o ysgariad.

SWANCOTT  
 O'dd e'n bwriadu gadel ei wraig?

TOM  
 Wedodd e 'mo na'n benodol.

JUDGE DANIELS  
 Wedyn pa gyngor o'dd e moyn - yn  
 benodol?

TOM

Wel, o' dd e, uh ... o' dd e'n  
 ymwybodol - petai e'n llwyddo  
 gyda'r cais cynllunio - y bydde'i  
 asede fe'n werth llawer mwy, ac  
 o' dd e moyn cyngor am sut i'w  
 ddiogelu e.

SWANCOTT

O' dd e'n chwilio am ffordd i  
 guddio'i asedau ?

TOM

Nage fe fydder cyntaf.

FAITH

(sotto, to CERYS)

Bachan neis.

SWANCOTT

(turning to the jury)

Mr Howells, o' dd 'na unryw awgrym  
 gan Mr Vaughan ynglyn â pham o' dd y  
 briodas mor anhapus? Menyw arall, o  
 bosib?

FAITH

(jumping up in protest)

F'Arglwydd, so Mr Swancott yn ca'l  
 arwen tyst fel'na.

JUDGE DANIELS

(to TOM)

Atebwch y cwestiwn, Mr Howells gan  
 anwybyddu'r awgrym i'r ateb, os  
 gwelwch yn dda.

He motions FAITH to sit.

TOM

(glancing uncomfortably at  
 FAITH)

Nath e gyfaddef - ymddiried - yndda  
 i fod 'na agweddu tywyll iawn i'w  
 chymeriad hi, ochr sy'n cael ei  
 gelu fel arfer ... dicter ofnadw,  
 afreolus, hyd yn o'd -

FAITH

(protesting)

Mwy o glecs ... a nawr cyhuddiade  
 gwag! Ma'n amlwg bo' Mr Swancott yn  
 meddwl bo fe'm yn gorfod dilyn  
 rheolau y llys.

JUDGE DANIELS

Mrs Howells, wy'n cadarnhau unwaith  
yn rhagor mai tystiolaeth o beth  
allai Mr Vaughan fod wedi ei ddweud  
sydd yma, yn hytrach na bod y  
geiriau'n wir.

FAITH

Fi'n dyall 'na.  
(referring to jury)  
Dy'n nhw rili ddim.

CERYS

(in an urgent whisper)  
Faith!

JUDGE DANIELS

Mrs Howells! Oes ganddoch chi  
fwriad i holi'r tyst 'ma?

FAITH

O's, yn bendant.

SWANCOTT gives way and sits.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Mr Howells, fel cyfrithwr Wil  
Vaughan ti siwr o fod yn teimlo  
bach o deyrngarwch ato fe?

TOM

Wrth gwrs.

FAITH

Dyn anonest. Yn ceisio cuddio arian  
oddi wrth ei wraig a'i blentyn.

TOM

(barely containing his  
rage)

Dim ond ei gynghori fe ar faterion  
cyfreithiol nes i.

FAITH

Sori, ti'n swno'n ypset. Ti'n  
dyfaru rhoi'r cyngor yna iddo fe  
nawr?

TOM

S'mo fe'n fater o ddyfaru. On i'n  
'neud 'yn jobyn.

FAITH

Ie - yn cwato'r gwir. Swno fel bo'  
ti'n dda iawn yn dy jobyn.

TOM glares at her in cold fury.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Diolch, Mr Howells. Ti 'di bod yn  
lot o help.

She sits, pained by the vicious exchange.

INT. COURT CUSTODY AREA. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

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

FAITH

(bluntly)

Os ti'm yn trysto fi, Madlen, alla  
i ddim helpu ti.

MADLEN looks away.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Beth yw'r busnes 'Pwy yw hi?'. Am  
beth o'dd Madog yn sôn?

(off her silence)

Carchar am oes. Pymtheg mlynedd.  
Faint fydd Dyfan - dau ddeg pedwar,  
dau ddeg pump?

FAITH waits. MADLEN still refuses to speak.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Reit. Os taw fel'na ti moyn i bethe  
fod. Welai di'n y bore. Cerys.

She goes to the door.

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

MADLEN

(quietly)

O'dd llunie yn y post. Ffotograffs.

FAITH and CERYS step back from the door.

MADLEN (CONT'D)

Menyw ifanc. Gwallt gole. On nhw yn  
y car. Drost 'i gilydd.

FAITH exhales, slowly coming to terms with this bombshell.

CERYS  
Unryw syniad pwy gymerodd y llunie  
neu halodd nhw?

FAITH  
Madlen?

MADLEN  
(shakes her head)  
Wedes i 'tho fe i ddewis - hi neu  
fi. Wedyn adawes i. Nage fi  
saethodd e.

A beat.

FAITH  
Beth nest ti 'da nhw?

MADLEN  
Dodi nhw'n y tân.

FAITH  
A 'na fe, nawr? O's mwy?

MADLEN shakes her head.

FAITH sits. Thinks hard.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
All neb, neb ffindo mas am y llunie  
'na. Sy'n golygu Madlen bo' ni  
ffaelu gadel ti dystio.

MADLEN  
Ond bydden nhw'n meddwl bo' fi'n  
cwato rwbeth.

FAITH  
Ti yn cwato rwbeth. A ni'n mynd i  
gadw mla'n i gwato fe 'fyd.

She gets up abruptly.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Welai chi'n y bore.

She goes to the door before MADLEN can object.

CERYS  
(hurriedly)  
Chi mewn dwylo da.

She goes after FAITH.

INT. COURT BUILDING. LOBBY - DAY

CERYS struggles to keep pace with FAITH as she marches to the exit.

FAITH

On i'n gwbod, on i'n gwbod bo' hi'n  
cwato rwbeth.

CERYS

Ni angen trafod. Bryna i ddrinc i  
ti.

FAITH

Dim diolch. Bollocks!

She marches off.

CERYS starts after her. Then gives up.

Seagulls squawk mockingly from a nearby rooftop.

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

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

DI BREEZE

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

PC WILLIAMS (V.O.)

I wasn't aware she had one.

DI BREEZE

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

PC WILLIAMS (V.O.)

We're just a local station.

DI BREEZE

Stand by. I might have a job for  
you later

He rings off.

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

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

STEVE  
Ydy hi'n iawn?

ANGIE  
Dyw hi'm isie i Dadi hi ddod gatre.

STEVE turns to her and smiles softly.

STEVE  
Ma'n anodd pan ma' rywun 'di bod i ffwrdd. Fydd hi'n ocei.

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

ANGIE  
Pam ti ddim yn siarad 'fo mam hi?

STEVE  
Bach yn gymhleth.

ANGIE  
Ti'n caru hi?

He laughs and ruffles her hair.

STEVE  
Chi blant!

She wriggles away, laughing as he tickles her.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Tisio bwyd? Beth am byrgyr? Dwi jyst â chlemio.

He starts the engine and pulls away.

EXT. OPEN PRISON PERMITER - EARLY EVENING

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

EVAN  
(glancing nervously over  
his shoulder)  
(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)  
 Achos llys yw e. All unrywbeth  
 ddigwydd.

FAITH  
 A dyna fe? Dyna'r cyngor 'sda ti i  
 fi?

EVAN  
 Hei. Der mla'n.  
 (off her silence)  
 Wy'n dyall y risg, ond 'sen i'n ti,  
 'dde i'n gadel 'ddi dystio; neu  
 fydd y rheithgor yn synhwyro bo'  
 rwbeth ddim yn reit.

FAITH  
 Syniad da; wedyn bydd raid 'ddi  
 weud bo' hi 'di derbyn llunie o'i  
 gwr 'da "menyw" arall; 'chydig  
 funude cyn 'ddo fe ga'l 'i saethu!

EVAN  
 Pam bydde hi'n gweud 'nny?

FAITH  
 'Y gwir, yr holl wir', Evan! Mater  
 bach moesol?

EVAN  
 Ffeit yw hyn, Faith. Ffeit frwnt ac  
 os 'yt ti moyn amddiffyn achos o  
 lofruddiaeth ac ennill, yna ma'n  
 rhaid i ti ddysgu ymladd yn frwnt  
 'fyd. Ma'n rhaid i ti gico a brathu  
 - crafu llyged rhywun mas - i ga'l  
 y ddedfryd ti moyn. Ma' cyfrithwyr  
 bach neis yn colli, Faith a ma'u  
 cleients nhw'n mynd i'r carchar.  
 Dyna'r realiti ...

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

EVAN (CONT'D)  
 Well i ti fynd -

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

EVAN (CONT'D)  
 Ti 'di bo'n gweld Steve Baldini.

FAITH  
 Nagw!

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

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Aw! Gad fi fynd!

She pulls free, her fingers throbbing.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Paid 'neud 'na i fi byth 'to!

EVAN  
(instantly repentant)  
Sori. Ma'n flin 'da fi, nagon i  
moyn -

She walks away, head down, across the grass, refusing to look back.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
(pleading)  
Damwen o'dd e, Faith ! ... Faith!

She goes.

END OF PART THREE

INT. WINE BAR - EVENING

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

ANYA  
Wp-a-dei.

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

ANYA (CONT'D)  
Wel, iechyd da.

They clink glasses.

CERYS  
Iechyd.

ANYA  
Llai na deuddeg awr a bydd 'na bum  
mil ar hugen yn dy gyfri di. Tan  
tro nesa' ife?

She smiles at CERYS with gauche familiarity.

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

CERYS  
(taking the call)  
Sori.  
(into the phone)  
Hai.

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

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

FAITH  
So ni'n iwso Madlen fel tyst. Ni  
ffaelu cymryd y risg. Neith e dynnu  
'ddi'n bishys.

CERYS (V.O.)  
Wy 'di bod yn meddwl 'bytu 'na -

FAITH  
Penderfyniad fi yw e Cerys - a fi'n  
stico 'da fe. A na' i ddelio 'da'r  
canlyniade.

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

INT. WINE BAR - EVENING

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

ANYA  
Y cariad?

CERYS  
Nage, ... Gwaith ... Sa i'n gweld  
neb ... neb teidi.

ANYA  
Snap.

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

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

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

ALYS and MEGAN are glued to the TV.

FAITH

(upbeat)

Sori fi'n hwyr. O'dd raid fi alw  
heibio Hong Kong ... Yr Hong Kong  
Hut. Ni'n haeddu nosweth o takeaway  
o fla'n y teli, nagyn ni?

ALYS and MEGAN issue distracted 'Helo'.

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

LISA

Hi, Babes. Ma' Arthur yn rhoi  
Rhodri i'r gwely.

ARTHUR

(from the landing)

A ma' fe'n fe'n stranco heno. Credu  
bo' fe'n danneddu.

FAITH

(calling over her  
shoulder)

Fydda i lan nawr. Tria'i lyfyr  
newydd e.

LISA

(lifting a carton)

Sudd moron?

FAITH

(taking foil containers  
from the bags)

Ha-ha. Le ti 'di bod, ta p'un? Sa i  
'di gweld ti ers dyddie.

(mischievously teasing)

Y Sugar Daddy yn fishi heno, ody e?

LISA

Dim ond mynd i ga'l drinc nethon ni

-

FAITH

Wy 'di clywed hwnna' o'r bla'n.

LISA'S eyes cut urgently across the room.

LISA  
(sotto)  
Faith -

FAITH  
(oblivious to her warning)  
Ma' fe'n mynd ar 'yn wic i ar hyn o  
bryd. Nath e bethe'n lletwith iawn  
i fi heddi. Er, falle bo' 'nny'n  
beth da i ti. Bydd hwylie da arno  
fe heno!

Finally, she twigs and glances round.

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

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Marion -

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

MARION  
Dwrnod hir arall, wy'n gweld. Shwt  
ma'n Evan bach i? 'Dden i'n mynd  
i'w weld e'n amlach 'sen i'n gallu.

FAITH  
Wy 'di cynnig sawl gwaith, Marion.

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

MARION  
(with more than a hint of  
disapproval)  
Take away 'to, wy'n gweld?

FAITH  
(straining to keep her  
temper)  
Croeso i ti joino ni.

MARION  
Diolch.

FAITH  
Siwr allwn ni rannu'r pork balls.

She arrives at the counter.

MARION  
Licech chi fi estyn platie? Neu  
fyddwn ni'n -

FAITH

(cutting her off)

Odyn, ni wedi dysgu iwso cyllyll a  
ffyrc erbyn hyn, Marion - pwy  
feddylie. Ddes di mas o'n stafell  
wely fi jyst nawr?

MARION

O'dd y ffenest ar agor. On i'n  
meddwl 'dde fe'n well ar gau.

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

Upstairs, RHODRI cries loudly.

FAITH

(pointedly)

Sgiwsa fi.

She marches across the room and thunders up the stairs.

MARION takes over, lifting containers from the bags.

MARION

Ma' fe'n gyment o drueni bo' dim  
amser 'da'i gwcan fel o'dd hi'n  
arfer 'neud.

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

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

The silence is painful.

FAITH stares at the TV screen with unblinking intensity.

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

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

MARION

Hyfryd iawn. Diolch, Faith.

FAITH

O'dd dim blew yn un fi heno. Ma'n  
rhaid bo' nhw 'di ca'l inspection.

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

**MARION**

Ma' 'da dy fam yn gymeriad. 'Na'r peth cynta' wedodd dy dad amdani 'ddi: 'O wy'n 'di cwrdd â rial hadn'.

She smiles and takes another mouthful.

INT. OPEN PRISON. VISITING AREA - NIGHT

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

EVAN approaches, on his guard.

**DI BREEZE**

(putting the paper aside)

**Evan. Have a seat.**

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

DI BREEZE smiles, letting him sweat.

**DI BREEZE (CONT'D)**

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

EVAN makes no reply.

**DI BREEZE (CONT'D)**

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

**EVAN**

You came here to talk about my marriage?

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

**DI BREEZE**

She skipped lunch today. Ran an errand instead.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. REARDON'S HAULAGE DEPOT - NIGHT

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

STEVE BALDINI.

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

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

INT. GAEL REARDON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

*What's the point?*

He switches off the lamp.

Total darkness.

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

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

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

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

This is SHANE REARDON.

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

Rain drums on the roof.

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

MEGAN

Pam wedodd 'Gu bydde Dadi'n gallu  
byw yn ty hi pan ddaw e mas o'r  
carchar?

FAITH

(this is news to her)

Wedodd hi 'na? Credu taw hi yw'r  
haden.

MEGAN

Ond le fydd e'n cysgu? Ma' Alys 'di  
cymryd y stafell sbar a -

FAITH

(a touch sharply)

Newn ni feddwl am rwbeth.

(softening)

Paid cymryd sylw o 'Gu.

(playfully)

Newn ni ddodi fe'n y shed 'da'r  
pry' cops.

MEGAN giggles.

FAITH strokes her face. Kisses her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Plîs addo rwbeth i fi, Megs - bo'  
ti'n stopo becso shw' gyment.

MEGAN

(bravely)

Ocei.

FAITH

'Na gwgirl.

(kisses her again)

Nawr, cer i gysgu!

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

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LANDING - NIGHT

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

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

FAITH

Nos da, Alys.

Silence.

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

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

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

They read like a bad omen.

Clutching her damaged fingers, she goes down.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

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

DI BREEZE  
All yours.

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

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

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

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

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

It's blank.

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

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

INT. OPEN PRISON. EVAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

EVAN sits pensively at the open window pensively smoking a cigarette.

A single knock at the door.

A PRISON OFFICER looks in and gestures him to follow.

INT. OPEN PRISON. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

INT./EXT. CAR/ APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

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

INT. GAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

EVAN rings the bell. He plays nervously with his cuff as he composes himself.

The door opens. GAEL, dressed in relaxed clothes, looks out at him. She smiles and beckons him in.

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

FAITH, in a baggy T-shirt, knickers and bare legs, paces up and down, silently rehearsing her defence speech. Welsh / English dictionary in hand ?

She stops and picks up her phone. Brings up the 'Caru ti' message again.

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

She pulls herself back together.

FAITH  
 (whispering to herself as  
 she paces)  
*"Dienyddiwr annhosturiol".*  
 Aelodau'r rheithgor, ma' angen  
 tystiolaeth cryf iawn i gefnogi  
 cyhuddiad fel yna. Nawr, dewch i ni  
 ga'l gweld beth yn gwmws ma' nhw  
 'di gynnig i ni - ?

Two firm knocks at the door.

FAITH stops dead. The caller knocks again.

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

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 Steve? Plis paid.

Another knock.

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

**DI BREEZE**  
**It's Laurence.**

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

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

FAITH looks at him, open-mouthed.

**DI BREEZE (CONT'D)**  
**I thought not.**

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

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

END OF EPISODE