

UN BORE MERCHER



Gan

Matthew Hall

Cyfieithwyd gan Anwen Huws

PENNOD UN

Sgript Saethu Gwyn
13/04/17

PRE TITLES

1 EXT. ESTUARY. ABERCORRAN. WEST WALES - EVENING (SEPT 2016) 1

A twilight panorama.

A vast orange sun dips beneath the horizon. The lights of a small town clustered around a natural harbour are starting to twinkle.

Down on the beach, flames flicker from a cooking fire.

We ZOOM IN closer.

EXT. BEACH - LATE EVENING (SEPT 2016)

An extended family group of three generations is gathered around a bonfire. Grandparents TOM (59) and MARION (early 60s) are seated on camp chairs. FAITH (37), six months-pregnant, and sister-in law BETHAN (35) sit at opposite ends of a bench fashioned from driftwood. BETHAN'S husband, TERRY (38), is sprawled on a picnic blanket with nieces ALYS (9) and MEGAN (7).

FAITH'S husband, EVAN HOWELLS (40), a slim, fit man in surf shorts, is making an impromptu speech.

EVAN

Deg mlynedd yn ôl i heddi o'n i'n
meddwl bod Faith wedi ngwneud i'n
hapusach na allen i byth fod.

He gazes at his wife. She smiles warmly. Barefoot and suntanned, she's pretty, contented and clearly besotted.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Ond dyma fi, ddeg mlynedd yn
ddiweddgarach - hyd yn oed yn
hapusach. Gyda gwraig sydd bellach
yn rhugl yn y Gymra'g ...

*
*
*

FAITH - winces, unsure about this accolade, which others seem to applaud.

*
*
*

EVAN (CONT'D)

Dau o blant "biwtiffwl", un arall
ar y ffordd, mewn cariad dyfnach
nag erioed ...

MARION casts FAITH a smile, but something in her eyes carries a faint hint of disapproval. Like her daughter, BETHAN, and unlike FAITH, MARION is neatly dressed and made-up for a proper occasion.

EVAN (CONT'D)

... 'y nheulu o nghwmpas i ac yn
byw yn y dre' lle ges i'n fagu.
Bydden i'n dweud bod ny'n dipyn o
gamp.

TOM

Clywch, clywch!

EVAN

Felly, diolch i chi gyd. Ac er
waetha'r mân gweryla o bryd i'w
gilydd, ma' Faith a fi isie chi gyd
w'bod 'yn bod ni'n gwerthfawrogi
popeth. Nawr, cyn i fi fynd yn rhy
sappy, mam -

He smiles at MARION. She smiles indulgently back.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Wi'n 'ych caru chi gyd. Ac i'r deg
mlynedd nesaf.

TERRY

(struggling to push the
cork out of a champagne
bottle)

Co ni off.

It shoots out like a bullet. Champagne fountains. ALYS and
MEGAN cheer and clap.

BETHAN

(furiously wiping her
trousers)

Bydd yn ofalus, Terry! Ti'n sblasio
fi!

TERRY

Sori, calon. Glou, cer i hôl glass
i fi, Alys, ni'n colli fe!

EVAN leans over and kisses FAITH full on the lips. BETHAN
glances away.

TOM rises to his feet.

TOM

Os gaf finne weud gair neu ddou -

MARION rolls her eyes good-naturedly.

TOM (CONT'D)

Evan, pan briodest ti'r fenyw arbennig 'ma nage dim ond ennill merch-ynghyfreth wnetho i, wnethon ni'n dou ennill partner busnes. Llunden, Hong Kong, Efrog Newydd - galle hi fod wedi cerdded mewn i'r cwmnie cyfreithiol mwya'n y byd, ond yn ddoeth iawn, fe ddewisiodd hi Howells, Abercorran. Mae hi 'di bod yn bleser cydweithio gyda ti, Faith. A wy'n gwbed yn iawn, ar ôl cyfnod gatre'n magu'r crwt bach hwn, y byddi di'n nôl unryw ddydd nawr - a dros 'y nghrogi, symo i'n mynd i gyrraedd Oed yr Addewid gyda'n handicap i mewn double figures; felly rwy' wedi penderfynu rhoi'r twls ar y bar.

BETHAN looks at her mother in surprise. MARION shrugs - she knew it was coming, but it doesn't make it any easier. FAITH glances uncertainly at EVAN. This is news to them both.

TOM (CONT'D)

Allen i ddim byth â gadel y firm mewn dwylo gwell. Gan obeithio y daw e a phopeth chi'n 'i haeddu. Pen-bwydd Priodas Hapus.

TERRY

Pen-blwydd Priodas Hapus!

EVAN

(clutching FAITH'S hand)

Wow, Dad. Chi'n siwr -?

TOM nods.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Wi'm yn gwbed beth i'w weud -

He glances from BETHAN to MARION, sensing their misgivings.

TERRY

Ymddeoliad hapus, Tom! A phidwch mynd yn rhy glefyd gyda'r pyttyr 'na nawr - ma'n rhaid i chi adel i fi ddwgyd gêm ne' ddou wrtho chi!

EVAN

Ymddeoliad Hapus, Dad.

FAITH

Ymddeoliad Hapus.

BETHAN and MARION murmur congratulations.

TOM
Nawr te, le ma'r champagne?

FAITH and EVAN exchange a look.

FAITH
Ffansi padl?

He glances uncertainly at the others. FAITH takes his hand.

3 EXT. BEACH - EVENING (CONTINUOUS) (SEPT 2016)

3

EVAN and FAITH stroll hand in hand away from the family group leaving TERRY pointing out stars in the night sky to ALYS and MEGAN, and BETHAN and MARION huddled around TOM.

FAITH
Nath e'm gweud 'tho ti?

EVAN
O'dd 'da fi'n amheuon.

FAITH
Gwyneb dy fam.

EVAN
Ti'n gwibod fel ma'i. Mynnu credu
bod hi dal yn bedwar deg pump.

FAITH
O'dd Bethan ddim yn edrych yn
hapus.

EVAN
Ma' pethe'n newid ... Sy'n dda i
ni, cofia. Allwn ni 'neud beth ni
moyn nawr - ehangu meysydd y
practis, falle hyd yn o'd -

FAITH
Evan?

EVAN
Mmm?

FAITH
Fi ishe gofyn rhywbeth i ti ...
O'dd rhaid i fi fynd syth nôl i'r
gwaith ar ôl cal Megan. Bydde ots
'se fi'n aros i ffwrdd tipyn bach
yn hirach tro hyn?

EVAN
Sbos gallen ni ddod i ben -

FAITH, a look.

A phone rings in his pocket. He brings it out and glances at the screen. FAITH gives him a look.

EVAN (CONT'D)
 (switching off the phone)
 Sori. Client.
 (he smiles)
 Beth bynnag sy'n 'neud ti'n hapus.
 (off her look)
 Wir.

She smiles, then stops and kisses him.

FAITH
 Fi'n caru ti siwd gymaint.

They kiss again, passionately. FAITH breaks off, breathless, and glances back at the others - they're all caught up with their own conversations - then mischievously back at EVAN.

She nods towards the beach huts. EVAN gives her a look - *Are you serious?*

FAITH (CONT'D)
Like old times.

Giggling, they dart off towards the painted huts.

TITLES

4 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING (DAY 1 - TUESDAY) 4

A detached house perched high above the estuary with colourful flowers in window boxes.

TITLE CARD: NAW MIS YN DDIWEDDARACH

FAITH (V.O.)
 Be sy'n bod da'r thing ma? Evan,
 nei di helpu fi?

EVAN (V.O.)
 Sa' funed -

A taxi pulls up outside and sounds its horn.

5 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - EVENING (CONTINUOUS) 5
 (DAY 1 TUESDAY)

FAITH struggles with the zip on her red party dress. The boisterous squeals of Megan and Rhodri travel across the landing from the bathroom where EVAN is bathing them.

FAITH

God! Ma'r taxi ma'n barod! Fi ddim
'di neud make-up fi eto!

EVAN appears in the doorway, dressed in a business shirt, carrying six-month old RHODRI in a towel. He looks tired, and a little older and balder.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Ti'n gallu zipo fi lan?

EVAN

Wi'm 'di gweld hon ers sbel. Chi'n
dathlu rhywbeth?

FAITH

Fi di dweud wrtho ti! Da'th divorce
Lisa drwyddo. Ma gang o ni'n cael
swper yn Bella Bellisimo. Gofalus,
ti'n wlyb.

EVAN makes no comment and tries the zip while still holding RHODRI - it won't budge. FAITH breathes in. He forces it up.

EVAN

Ti'n siwr bo' ti'n gyfforddus?

FAITH

Watcha'i.

EVAN

Ti'n edrych mor bert.

He kisses her cheek.

EVAN (CONT'D)

O, tra bo' fi'n cofio - ma'
cyfarfod y firm yn dod lan. Bydd
Cerys eisie gwbod pryd ti'n dod
nôl.

*
*
*

FAITH

Os rhaid i ni siarad am hyn nawr?

EVAN

Gadwith e. Joia dy hunan.

He squeezes her shoulder and goes back to Megan.

FAITH turns sideways, checking her profile in the mirror. She can hardly breathe.

ALYS, now 9, comes to the door dressed in pyjamas and her hair up in a towel, and carrying a book. She looks FAITH up and down.

ALYS

Mam, do's no way bod lle yn y thing
'na i pizza. Dylet ti fynd am yr un
glas.

She nods to one of the several dresses laid out on the bed.

FAITH

Alys! Ma hwnna'n maternity dress.

ALYS

Ie. Ni yn gwbed ...

FAITH sighs.

FAITH

(calling out to EVAN as
she grabs the blue
dress)

Fi'n mynd nôl i'r gym. Fory!

ALYS

Nos da Mam. A byhafia.

FAITH

(giving ALYS a look)

Nos da, cariad bach.

ALYS smiles and exits. FAITH unzips her dress and exhales in relief. The taxi sounds its horn again.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Oreit! Fi'n dod!

6

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - EVENING (DAY 1 - TUESDAY)

6

The taxi idles outside the house.

ALONG THE STREET:

Drawn by the sound of the horn, EIRA JONES (70) comes out of the house next door that she runs as a Bed and Breakfast carrying a bin liner. She sets the bag down and peers over at FAITH teetering to the taxi on narrow heels.

7

INT. TAXI - EVENING (DAY 1 - TUESDAY)

7

FAITH fiddles self-consciously with her dress. It's a little loose around her chest revealing more than she'd like.

FAITH

(to GARETH (50s), the
driver)O'dd rhaid i ti disturbo'r holl
stryd, Gareth?

GARETH

Mas o garedigrwydd on i'n 'neud e,
Mrs Howells. On i'n meddwl i fi'n
hunen, bydd 'da'i whech ffroc 'di
leino lan, dim un o nhw'n ddigon
da. Y plant yn whare bêr ac Evan yn
ca'l y bai am y lot. Wedyn gwell
dod â'r cwbwl i fwcwl.(he smiles in the rear-
view)Nosweth wyllt arall 'da'r merched
ife?

FAITH

Hei!

GARETH

Ffroc neis, gyda llaw.

FAITH

Eyes on the road, Gareth.

She smiles.

8

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KIDS' BEDROOM - EVENING (DAY 1 -
TUESDAY)

8

The curtains are drawn and the kids' fairy lights are on.

Perched on a stool between ALYS and MEGAN'S bunk bed and
RHODRI'S cot, EVAN reads to MEGAN, now 7, and RHODRI, while
ALYS devours her own book.

EVAN

'Nos Da, Crwban,' meddai'r Madfall.
'Welai di'n y Gwanwyn!' 'Nos Da,
Madfall!' meddai'r Crwban. A dyma
nhw'n llithro mewn i'r gors mwdlyd,
ble roedd hi'n gynnes, glyd.
'Cysga'n dawel!' sibrydodd Crwban.Without looking up from her book, ALYS chimes in on the final
line with MEGAN and EVAN.

EVAN, ALYS, MEGAN

A dyna wnaethon nhw. Drwy gydol y
gaeaf.EVAN closes the book. He glances over at RHODRI - he's fast
asleep.

EVAN
(whispers)
Nos da, ferched.

He kisses each of them in turn, exchanging more whispered 'Nos Da'. He moves quietly to the door, stops and gazes back at them for a moment with almost painful devotion. He switches out the lights and exits.

ALYS reaches under her pillow, brings out a torch and opens her book. EVAN steps back in.

EVAN (V.O.)
'Di dala ti!

ALYS
Plîîîîs, Dad? Ma'r bit ma'n dda.

EVAN
Dwy funed. Ysgol yn y bore.

He blows her a kiss and gently closes the door.

9 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT (DAY 1 - TUESDAY) 9

EVAN enters, restless and preoccupied. He brings out his phone, nervously checks it. Pockets it again. He thinks for a moment, then opens a drawer and brings out a key. He moves to the French doors that open onto the garden and steps quietly outside.

10 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. GARDEN - NIGHT (DAY 1 - TUESDAY) 10

EVAN crosses the patio in the pitch black. He trips over a child's tricycle and curses.

11 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KIDS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 1 - TUESDAY)

ALYS looks up from her book at a sound outside the window. She leans out from the bed and tugs back the blind. She peers out into the dark.

12 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. GARDEN - NIGHT (DAY 1 - TUESDAY) 12

EVAN, hiding in the shadows, looks up at ALYS'S face at the window. Seeing nothing, she disappears behind the blind. The faint light in the bedroom goes out.

EVAN brings out his phone, switches on his torch and makes his way across to a wooden summer house. He unlocks the door and goes inside.

13

INT. BELLA BELLISIMO - NIGHT (DAY 1 - TUESDAY)

13

FAITH and her friends LISA (30), JO and LOUISE are seated at a corner table drinking champagne. LISA has newly single written all over - dyed blonde hair, bright red lipstick and slinky dress. Balloons emblazoned with 'Happy Divorce' are tied to her chair.

A good-looking waiter, SILVIO, moves around the table topping up their champagne glasses.

LISA

Ma' fe'n timlo'n grêt. Ma' fe, rili
yn. Ond ti'n gwbed beth yw'r un
peth sy'n weird? ... Y syniad o
ga'l secs 'da dyn arall.

FAITH

Nei di faneijo.

LISA

Fi'm yn gwbed le i ddechre -
(off FAITH'S smirk)
Ddim fel'na! Datio, fi'n feddwl.

FAITH

Hei, Silvio, be ti'n neud ar ôl dy
shifft?

LISA

Stopa 'i!

SILVIO smiles and winks at FAITH. He goes.

They snort with laughter.

At another table, a middle-aged COUPLE look over disapprovingly at the rowdy group, then exchange a glance - in the way that only small town people can.

14

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 1 - TUESDAY)

14

EVAN lies awake, staring at the ceiling, his mind churning. He turns his head at the sound of a vehicle drawing up outside. He swings out of bed dressed in boxers and T-shirt.

14A INT./EXT. EIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 1 - TUESDAY) 14A

EIRA peers out to see the tail lights of the taxi and FAITH staggering out of the taxi.

15 EXT. FAITH'S STREET - NIGHT (DAY 1 - TUESDAY) 15

FAITH weaves towards the porch, fishes out her key and aims it at the lock. She misses. Tries again. Another miss.

The door opens. EVAN looks back at her.

FAITH
Hello, handsome.
(she sways, grinning,
looking him up and down)
Ti 'di bod yn aros i fi?

She stumbles through the door. EVAN steadies her.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Ti'n edrych yn rili, rili, rili ...
(she gropes for the word)
Rili -

EVAN presses a finger gently to her lips.

EVAN
Ssh. Amser gwely.

FAITH
Bachgen drwg!

He just manages to shut the front door.

16 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. SPARE ROOM - MORNING (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 16

FAITH blinks awake. Light streams through the closed curtains. Children's voices carry up the stairs. She sits up with a start, then realises where she is: still in her dress, lying on top of the duvet, in a camp bed, in the spare room.

She lets out a hung-over groan.

16A INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - MORNING (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 16A

ALYS, MEGAN and RHODRI (strapped into a high chair) are eating breakfast at the table, the girls dressed in their school uniforms. FAITH creeps up the stairs in her dress, only seen by EVAN, who smiles to himself.

17

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - MORNING (DAY 2 -
WEDNESDAY)

17

FAITH comes downstairs in her dressing gown, trying to look sober. The kids are still eating their breakfasts.

EVAN hurriedly pulls on his suit jacket and grabs his laptop from the counter, while the kids continue to eat their breakfasts.

FAITH

Nes di ddim di'no fi.

EVAN

(slotting his laptop into
his briefcase)Tegell newydd ferwi. Caru ti.
Hwyl bois!

MEGAN

Ta-ra.

ALYS

Tei, Dad.

EVAN

O, diolch.

He snatches his striped tie from the back of a chair, stuffs it in his jacket pocket and pecks FAITH on the cheek.

FAITH

(contrite)

Evan, fi'n rili -

EVAN

Sori. Dwrnod bishi. Goffod mynd.

He hurries out. FAITH shuffles to the kitchen counter.

ALYS

Ot ti'n feddw nithwr, mami?

FAITH

Alys!

She searches one drawer, then another.

ALYS

So pam o'dd Dadi'n gweud bo' ti 'di
cysgu yn y drunk bunk?

FAITH

Falle o'dd e'n trio bod yn ddoniol.

ALYS

Ar y cownter. Ma' fe 'di gadel nhw
mas i ti.

FAITH grabs the packet and pops two painkillers out of the foil.

ALYS (CONT'D)
Ti'm yn edrych yn dda iawn.

FAITH
Fi'n fine.

She pastes on a smile and turns back to the sink. She glances out of the window and sees EVAN sitting in the front seat of his stationary car, perfectly still, staring straight ahead. Then, suddenly, as if jolted, he starts the engine and drives away.

18 INT. BROWN'S. HIGH STREET - MORNING (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 18

FAITH comes away from the counter wincing at the sound of steam jetting from the coffee machine. RHODRI is strapped to her front in a baby sling.

Carrying her cappuccino, she navigates to her usual spot by the window and drops into an armchair. Peace. RHODRI sucks, droopy-eyed, on a dummy. *

Moments later, LISA pushes through the door wearing dark glasses and clutching a bottle of water. She joins FAITH. *

LISA
Oh my God, Faith, y mhen i.
(flopping into the chair opposite)
Beth ddiawl o'dd y drinc na nest ti
roi i fi? Hi, Rhodri. *

FAITH
Sambucca. Syniad ti, Lisa, dim fi.

LISA
Paid. Jyst paid.

She glances behind her, then takes off her glasses revealing bloodshot, baggy eyes. FAITH smiles.

LISA (CONT'D)
Beth?

FAITH
Werth e?

LISA
Fi'n rhydd, babes. Yn teimlo'n
crap, ond fi'n rhydd fel aderyn mas
o'r câj.

FAITH

So, be' nawr?

LISA'S phone wolf-whistles in her bag.

LISA

Hold on -

She fishes it out and swipes the screen.

FAITH

(glancing at the screen)

Yn barod?

LISA

Sshh.

(perking up)

O, so fe'n rhy ffôl. Matt. 38. Self-employed software rhwbeth ne'i gilydd ... Isie 'neud i fi dimlo'n sbesial.

FAITH, a look.

LISA (CONT'D)

Cynical.

FAITH

Dangos.

LISA shows her the screen.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Ych, na! Barf.

FAITH'S phone rings. She takes it from her pocket as she hands LISA'S back. She checks the caller: 'OFFICE'.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Hi, cariad. O, sori, Cerys... Falle a'th e'n syth i'r cwrt? ... Dim syniad. Ok, na'i ffonio fe.

She rings off, mildly irritated.

LISA

(absorbed in her phone)

Ti'n iawn. Ddim 'da nghro'n i.

FAITH

Well i fi fynd.

LISA

O, cym on. Helpa fi ffindo un. Ma' tast ti'n lot gwell na un fi.

FAITH
 (pushing up form her
 chair)
 Gei di ddod i wthio'r troli os ti
 ishe.

LISA pulls a face.

FAITH (CONT'D)
 (patting LISA'S shoulder
 as she goes)
 Cer amdani. Alle ti gal unrhyw ddyn
 ti ishe.

She goes. LISA smiles uncertainly and returns to her phone.

19 EXT. HIGH STREET - MORNING (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 19

FAITH walks away from BROWN's towards the harbour, RHODRI still strapped to her chest, her phone pressed to her ear. Her call connects to Evan's voicemail.

EVAN (V.O.)
*Ma'n flin da fi na alla i gymryd
 'ych galwad ar hyn o bryd. Plîs
 gadewch neges.*

FAITH
 (into the phone)
 Evan, Faith sy ma. Rho ring i fi
 pan gei di hwn. Caru ti.

CERYS (V.O.)
 Faith?

FAITH looks round to see an attractive young woman in a smart, well-cut business suit walking towards. She has a file in one hand and a briefcase in the other. This is CERYS.

CERYS
 Unrhywbeth gan Evan?

FAITH
 (taken aback)
 Na -

CERYS
 Ma' Arthur Davies angen bail. Ma'
 fe lan mewn ugen munud. Ma' 'da fi
 sentencing yn llys y goron. Be'
 ni'n mynd i 'neud?

FAITH
 Neith a droi lan.

CERYS

Ac os ddim, geith y cleient ei gloi
 lan a neith e'n siwo ni.

FAITH

Arthur? Ti'n meddwl?

CERYS hands FAITH the file.

CERYS

Jyst bail app' yw e - 10.30. Ta
 beth, o'dd Evan yn gweud bo' ti'n
 dod nôl unryw ddiwrnod nawr.

FAITH, a look.

CERYS (CONT'D)

Diolch byth.

She heads off.

FAITH

Cerys -

CERYS

Wi'n hwyr!

She hurries off the way she came. FAITH exclaims in frustration, then checks her watch.

FAITH

Damn! Shit!

She dashes off up the High St.

20

INT HAIRDRESSER'S - MORNING (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

20

MARION is under a hair drier absorbed in a magazine. She's a little greyer and than a year ago.

MARION looks up and sees FAITH. Her face falls.

FAITH

Marion, haia. Ti'n gallu neud ffafr
 i fi? Edrych ar ôl Rhodri am gwpwl
 o orie?

MARION

Nawr? Wi'n brysur.

FAITH

Ma Evan yn styc rhywle. Falle bod
 rhaid i fi fynd i'r cwrt.

MARION (V.O.)

Chi? Yn y llysy? Ond on i'n meddwl -

FAITH

Be?

MARION

Ond, chi'n ... wraig ty.

FAITH bites her tongue.

FAITH

(unstrapping RHODRI and
handing him to MARION)

Byddan fachgen da i mamgu, Rhodri.

MARION

Ydy Evan yn iawn?

FAITH

Ydy, nes i fi gal gafel arno fe.

MARION, a look.

FAITH exits. MARION, unsettled, stares after her.

21 EXT. STREET. ABERCORRAN - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 21

FAITH runs quickly towards home over the little humped back bridge.

FAITH

"Gwraig ty"? Piss off, Marion!

22 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 22

FAITH rifles through her wardrobe in search of a suit and blouse while on the phone. She gets EVAN'S voicemail.

EVAN (V.O.)

*Ma'n flin 'da fi na alla i gymryd
'ych galwad ar hyn o bryd. Plis
gadewch neges.*

FAITH

(into the phone)

Lle wyt ti Evan? Dyw hyn ddim yn
ddoniol! A ma dy fam yn bod yn
bitsh eto. Fel arfer.

She exclaims in frustration.

She rings off, yanks out a suit and tosses it on the bed.

JUMP CUT TO:

FAITH pulls her jacket on over her blouse and tries to button it. It won't meet across her middle.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Bloody hell!

She clasps her hands over her face.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Bollocks!

She hurls herself out of the room, picks her way between the toys scattered across the landing and clatters down the stairs.

23 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 23

With RHODRI now strapped to her front, MARION walks along and nods politely to PASSERS-BY.

24 EXT. CASTLE - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 24

MARION turns off the High Street into the quiet of a castle. She pulls out her phone and dials Evan's number. She reaches his voicemail.

EVAN (V.O.)
*Ma'n flin 'da fi na alla i gymryd
'ych galwad ar hyn o bryd. Plîs
gadewch neges.*

MARION
(into the phone)
Evan, dy fam sy' ma. Lle wyt ti?
... Ody popeth yn olreit? ... Evan?

25 EXT YACHT. ABERCORRAN HARBOUR - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 25

The choppy sea broods beneath a shifting sky.

Evan's mobile is lying on the deck of a well-used four berth sailing yacht (the family boat) moored amongst others in the harbour. On its screen a notification of a missed call: 'Mother 9.45'.

The boat rocks gently, the only sound that of the water lapping its hull.

END OF PART ONE

26 INT. CELLS BENEATH MAGISTRATES' COURT - MORNING DAY 2 - 26
 WEDNESDAY)

FAITH clips along the narrow corridor clutching a blue legal notebook, the tight suit and uncomfortable heels adding to her already considerable annoyance.

She stops outside a cell with the name, 'DAVIES, ARTHUR', marked on the white-board outside it. She opens the inspection hatch.

FAITH

Mr Davies?

An unkempt, unshaven young man in his late 20s looks up from the cot-shelf with bright, playful eyes.

ARTHUR

Faith! Hei! O'n i'n meddwl bo' ti'n
 woman of leisure dyddie hyn.

FAITH

(briskly, as she opens her
 notebook)

Maternity leave o'dd e, dim
 ymddeoliad.

ARTHUR

Le ma' Evan?

FAITH

Dim syniad. Charj?

ARTHUR

Wedi dwgyd hanner o vod' o'r Co-op,
 apparently.

FAITH

Plea?

ARTHUR

Nes i'm yfed dropyn.

FAITH

(she nods wearily)

Defence?

ARTHUR

Mistaken identity.

FAITH, a look.

FAITH

Ble o't ti pan ges di dy arrestio?

ARTHUR

Yn rhedeg mas o'r drws.

FAITH

So siwd galle ti gal dy fisteco am
rhywun arall?

ARTHUR

Ddim fi. Y botel. O'n i di prynu
fe'n barod, ti'n gweld. Ond o'n i
'di anghofio. Y pills fi'n cymryd,
ma' nhw'n messo pen fi lan. Ffansi
coffi wedyn?

Her eyes widen, but she keeps her rejoinder to herself.

A SECURITY GUARD approaches. He nods to FAITH that it's time.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Ti'n mynd i ennill, Faith. Ma' fe
yn y ser.

FAITH

Paid bancio arno fe.

She slams the hatch shut and marches off along the corridor
tugging at her jacket.

27

INT. MAGISTRATES' COURT. LOBBY - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 27

FAITH emerges from the Ladies making a call, having finally
managed to button her jacket.

FAITH

(into the phone)

Evan, os taw hwn yw dy ffordd di o
ddweud bod ti angen fi nôl yn y
gwaith, fi just ishe i ti wbold bod
e'n crap.

She scans the faces of the LAWYERS and their CLIENTS milling
in the lobby. There's no sign of EVAN.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Fine, na'i neud bail app Arthur,
ond ni angen siarad. Ffonia fi!

TANNOY (V.O.)

All pawb yn achos Davies fynd i Lys
Rhif Un, os gwelwch yn dda.

FAITH switches off the phone and strides up the staircase
towards the courtroom. Her jacket bursts open. The button
skitters across the floor. She tenses in frustration but
presses on.

28

INT. MAGISTRATES' COURT - DAY

28

Three severe-looking MAGISTRATES look down from their elevated bench. The CHAIRWOMAN, MRS WALKER, peers over her glasses at FAITH.

MRS WALKER

Mrs Howells. On i dan yr argraff
bo' chi 'di rhoi'r ffidil yn y to.

FAITH

(stands)
Fi di dwsto fe off eto.

MRS WALKER

Falch o glywed. Ple euog, wy'n
cymryd?

FAITH

Di-euog.
(firmly)
Dyna'n instructions i.

MRS WALKER

Digon teg. I'w gadw yn y ddalfa am
saith diwrnod.

(consulting her list)
Nesaf.

ARTHUR coughs loudly.

FAITH

Ma'am, fi'n meddwl bod chi wedi
anghofio rhywbeth?

MRS WALKER looks up impatiently.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Bail?

REES (THE CPS PROSECUTOR)

Ni'n gwrthwynebu ar sail yr holl
ddadleuon arferol, Ma'am.

FAITH hesitates.

MRS WALKER

Ie, Mrs Howells?
(prompting)
Mae'r erlyniad yn poeni y bydd eich
cleient yn dianc ac yn troseddu eto
-

FAITH glances at ARTHUR. He urges her on.

FAITH

Ie, wel, sai'n cofio Mr Davies yn
 mynd yn bellach na'r Spar ar
 Carmarthen Road byth. Ac ynglyn â'r
 risg bod e'n troseddu eto... Bob
 hyn a hyn ma'r pobol mwya annisgwyl
 yn synnu ni... Falle bod Mr Davies
 yn barod am ddechre newydd.

MRS WALKER frowns, then consults in stern whispers with her two COLLEAGUES.

FAITH throws ARTHUR a look - *You really don't deserve this.*

MRS WALKER

Ni ddim am wasgu adnoddau'r
 carchardai fwy na sydd raid, Mrs
 Howells, ond allai'ch sicrhau chi,
 dan glo bydd e os geiff e'i
 ddyfarnu'n euog.

FAITH

Diolch, Ma'am.

MRS WALKER

Newn ni'ch gweld chi mewn saith
 diwrnod, Mr Davies.

ARTHUR balls his fist in triumph as he's sprung from the dock.

29

EXT. MAGISTRATES' COURT - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

29

FAITH shoves out through the doors bringing out her phone. ARTHUR follows at her heels across the square, sticking to her like a limpet.

ARTHUR

Dweud wrth Evan bo' fe'n sacked. Fi
 isie ti bob tro.

FAITH

Beth am drio aros mas o drwbwl.

ARTHUR

Fel o' ti'n dweud, mae heddiw'n
 ddechre newydd. A fi'n dechre
 business newydd. Dolphin watching -
 o' Evan fi 'di ca'l y syniad. A os
 ti'n rhoi tennер i fi, ti'n gallu
 cael shares a popeth.

*

*

*

FAITH

Y peth yw, Arthur, ti fod i dalu
 fi.

FAITH's phone connects. ARTHUR takes his cue to slink away.

FAITH (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Hi Delyth. Chi di clywed rhywbeth?
 ... Beth?
 (snatching a look at her
 watch)
 Sdim lot o ddewis 'da fi. Rho ugen
 munud i fi.

She ends the call, breathes deeply.

FAITH (CONT'D)
 Ti'n dead, Evan Howells.

29A EXT. ABERCORRAN HIGH STREET. DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 29A

FAITH slams her car door shut and races into the front door of HOWELLS solicitors office on the corner opposite the castle.

30 INT. HOWELLS. STAIRWELL/RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

FAITH climbs the narrow stairs to the offices. She enters through the door to find DELYTH (55), the bespectacled receptionist, dealing with an irate client, ALUN JENKINS (40s), a businessman dressed in a sharp suit.

JENKINS
 Mae o 'di ca'l drw'r bora i ganslo.
 Dwi 'di gyrru'r holl ffordd o
 Abertawe ar gyfer y cyfarfod 'ma.

DELYTH
 Ma'n wir ddrwg gin i, Mr Jenkins -

FAITH
 (stepping in)
 Faith Howells. Partner.
 Ymddiheuriade mawr, Mr Jenkins. Mae
 ngwr i wedi cael ei ddal gyda
 rhywbeth arall.

She offers her hand. He ignores it.

JENKINS
 Wedi ca'l 'i arrestio, ydy o?

FAITH
 (with a glance at DELYTH)
 Ma fe'n delio gyda achos mawr...
 llofruddieth ... A i ffindo'ch
 ffeil. Un funud.

She turns to EVAN'S office.

JENKINS

A 'da ti'n gyfarwydd efo'n achos i? *

FAITH

Fi'n siwr neith e ddim cymryd yn
hir i fi -

JENKINS

Ti'n meddwl bod Bassett jyst yn
mynd i rolio drosodd fel ci bach? *

FAITH

Sori?

JENKINS

Bassett. Detective Superintendent.

FAITH looks at him blankly.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Fraud Squad. Yr un sydd tu ôl hyn i
gyd. Ella mai chdi ddylia fo fod yn
'i erlyn, ddim fi. Anghofia fo. Nai
ffeindio cyfreithwyr neith
werthfawrogi musnes i. *

He marches out through the door, slamming it behind him.

DELYTH waits for FAITH to go after him. And when she doesn't, gets up from her chair and heads for the door.

FAITH

Be ti'n neud?

DELYTH

Fo ydi'n cleient gora ni -

FAITH

Fe o'dd. Gwynt teg...

DELYTH goes uncertainly back to her desk.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Dim byd gan Evan?

DELYTH

Tydi hyn ddim fatha fo o gwbwl.

FAITH

(with feeling)

Ti'n gwbod fel ma' dynion. Nai
checo'i computer e.

She turns towards EVAN'S office.

DELYTH

'Da chi'n meddwl y dyliwn ni roi
caniad i'r 'sbyty? *

FAITH looks back.

DELYTH (CONT'D)

Rhag ofn 'i fod o 'di bod mewn
damwain? *

FAITH considers this and dismisses it.

FAITH

Bet bod fi'n gwbed ble mae e.
(crossing to the door)
Fyddai nôl nawr.

She exits.

31

INT./EXT. YACHT / HARBOUR - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

31

FAITH climbs aboard the family boat, sitting in the estuary in front of the castle. The phone from earlier is missing. She kicks off her heels and goes down the ladder. *

FAITH

Evan? Evan ti 'na?

She tugs open the door to the cabin and looks inside. Everything as they left it. The kids' colouring books are still open on the table. Evan's cap is lying on the bench.

FAITH emerges from the cabin onto the deck and stares out to sea, suddenly beset by a host of irrational fears. The wind scatters her hair across her face. She pushes it away.

INTERCUT WITH SC
32:

32

INT. ABERCORRAN POLICE STATION. FRONT DESK - DAY (DAY 2 - 32 WEDNESDAY)

(INTERCUT WITH SC 31/33)

CONSTABLE TERRY PRICE (35) (FAITH'S brother-in-law) sets down an Atlas of the Universe and answers the phone.

TERRY

Gorsaf Heddlu Abercorran. Shwd alla
i helpu?

FAITH (V.O.)

Terry, Faith 'sy ma.

TERRY glances through the glass screen into the waiting area.

TERRY

O, helo. Nawr, so ti'n mynd i adel
fi lawr ar gyfer y cwis, gobitho?
Ni'n dibynnau arno ti.

FAITH (V.O.)

Byddai 'na. Gwranda, fi di colli
Evan.

TERRY

Beth?

A beat.

FAITH (V.O.)

A'th e i'r gwaith bore ma ond na'th
e byth cyrredd. A nawr ma fe 'di
colli apwyntiad pwysig.

TERRY

O ... wy'n siwr droith e lan. Ma'
fe'n ca'l cino 'da Bethan bob dydd
Mawrth. Ti 'di ffono hi?

33

EXT. YACHT - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

33

(INTERCUT WITH SC 32)

FAITH, on the phone, looking out over the bay from the deck,
lost in thought.

TERRY

Faith?

FAITH

Mmm -

TERRY

Ma' bownd o fod rheswm da 'da fe.
'Di ca'l 'i ddala lan 'da cleient,
siwr o fod.

FAITH

Siwr o fod. Sori.

TERRY (V.O.)

7.30. Nos Iau, te. Paid bo'n hwyr.
So long nawr.

34 INT. ABERCORRAN POLICE STATION. FRONT DESK - DAY (DAY 2 - 34 WEDNESDAY)

DI WILLIAMS (40s), an unsmiling woman with short hair and sensible shoes enters as TERRY puts down the phone. She reaches a file from the shelf.

DI WILLIAMS
Galwad personol arall, Price?

TERRY
Na, ma'am. Jyst plant yn creu
trwbwl lawr ar y ffrynt.

DI WILLIAMS nods, not wholly believing him. She glances at his atlas.

DI WILLIAMS
Fi'n awgrymu bo' ti'n ceued y ddesg
'ma ac yn siapo 'ddi lawr 'na te,
Cwnstabl. Ti ffaelu fforddio unrhyw
cock-ups os ti'n moyn mynd yn
Sarjant.

TERRY
Iawn, ma'am.

She exits with the file. TERRY flicks a V sign at the door and slips the atlas into a drawer.

34A EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

34A

DELYTH peers out of the window of Evan's office, looking down the High Street to see if she can see Evan.

35 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE/RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 2 - 35 WEDNESDAY)

A neat, orderly office with a large window overlooking the High Street and the estuary beyond. A large poster-sized photograph of leaping dolphins hangs on the wall. A collection of amateur running trophies is arranged on a shelf.

FAITH stands at EVAN'S desk, scrolling through the emails on his PC. DELYTH is at her shoulder.

DELYTH
'I gluniadur mae o'n 'i ddefnyddio
i'r gwaith gan amla'.

*
*

FAITH

Ond ma' emails heddi di bod yn
downloadio fan hyn. Ydy hwnna'n
meddwl bod e ddim yn pigo nhw lan?

DELYTH

(uncertain)
'Swn i'n feddwl -

FAITH turns at the sound of someone entering reception. She heads for the door.

FAITH

Evan?

FAITH emerges to find CERYS sorting through her mail. FAITH can't help noticing how her suit hugs her shapely hips.

CERYS

Nagyw e fod gyda Jenkins? Well 'ddo fe bido sgrivo hwnna' lan. Bron bod rhaid i fi roi'n hunan ar blât 'ddo fe i ennill cês 'na. Shwt ti'n ffansi delio 'da cwpwl o matrimonials? Ot ti wastad yn dda 'da stwff teulu -

DELYTH comes out of EVAN'S office.

FAITH

Hold on. Nes i gytuno sefyll mewn
am un bail app.

*

A beat. CERYS and DELYTH exchange a look.

CERYS

Sa i'n deall. Ma' Evan 'di bod yn gofyn i fi fynd ar ôl gwaith i ti ers wthnose.

FAITH

Ydy e?

CERYS

Drycha, o's rwbeth yn mynd mlan fyn hyn ... ryw broblem rhyngto chi achos... Achos os yw e'n mynd i beryglu cesys cleients; wi'n credu bo' hawl 'da fi ga'l gwbed.

FAITH

Na, just ... sdim ... Crossed wires, siwr o fod. Caria di mlan. Ma popeth yn iawn.

Far from convinced, CERYS marches towards her office on the far side of reception.

FAITH (CONT'D)
God, mae'n rude.

DELYTH keeps her thoughts to herself. CERYS reappears at her door, regretting her sharpness.

CERYS
Sori. Jyst ... Tro dwetha' o' dd e'n
hwyr i weld cleient o' dd e gyda'r
doctor. Alle ti farw'n aros dy dro
yn y syrjeri 'na.

She goes back into her office.

FAITH hides her sudden concern, turning calmly to DELYTH.

FAITH
Ond bydde apwyntiad yn y calendar,
bydde fe?

DELYTH
(anxious)
Wel, y ... Bysa.

*

A beat. FAITH assesses the evidence ...and concludes.

FAITH
Paid becso Delyth. Fi'n gwbod beth
yw hyn. Dyma'i ffordd stiwpid e o
weud bod ishe i fi ddechre tynnu
mhwyse i eto.

She holds back on what she'd like to say and instead take a calming breath.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Reit, te.

She goes into Evan's office.

36 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 36

FAITH scans through the diary on Evan's computer. She sits back, puzzled and scans the room as if searching for clues.

Her gaze falls to a little wooden box sitting on the desk top decorated by one of their daughters. She opens it. Inside is a packet of cigarettes. She lifts it out and stares at it disbelief.

After a moment, she brings out her phone and dials. Her call connects once again to Evan's voicemail.

EVAN (V.O.)
*Ma'n flin 'da i na alla i gymryd
 'ych galwad ar hyn o bryd. Plîs
 gadewch neges.*

FAITH
 (into the phone, deadly
 serious)
 Be ddiawl sy'n mynd mlan, Evan? ...
 So fe'n ddoniol rhagor.

She rings off and stares into space, with a very bad feeling.

END OF PART TWO

37 EXT. ESTATE AGENTS'. HIGH STREET - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

BETHAN, immaculately made-up and dressed in a neat dark suit, hurries out of her office and along the pavement.

She crosses with MRS WALKER, the magistrate, in the doorway.

BETHAN
 Diolch o galon am yr enwebiad.

MRS WALKER
 Newch chi jobyn wych. Ma'n hen
 bryd i'r cyngor ga'l bach o wa'd
 newydd. Sut ma' Evan, gyda llaw? On
 i'n gweld bod 'i wraig e wedi camu
 i'r adwy bore 'ma.

BETHAN
 (surprised)
 O ... Ma' fe'n iawn, diolch.

MRS WALKER
 Falch o glywed. A phob lwc.

She smiles and walks on. BETHAN goes inside.

38 EXT. PUB - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

38

BETHAN sits alone at a table outside a pub overlooking the estuary. She checks her watch and looks expectantly at the door. There's no sign of Evan. She brushes a speck of dust from her sleeve.

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS
 Chi'n barod i ordro?

BETHAN
Geiff e un funed arall 'da fi.

BETHAN checks her phone. No messages.

WAITRESS
S'mo fe 'di sefyll chi lan wthnos
'ma gobitho. A chi 'di ca'l 'neud
'ych ewinnydd a'r cwbwl.

BETHAN
Fe yw'n frawd i. Ti'n nabod 'y ngwr
i - ma fe'n whare pel droed gyda da
frawd di, Dave.

WAITRESS
O, yr un tawel.

BETHAN
Ma fe'n heddwlas, actiwali. Dyw e
ddim yn un i glochdar am y peth,
na'i gyd.

The WAITRESS mouths a quiet, 'Sori', but can't suppress a
smirk.

BETHAN gets up pointedly from the table.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
Esgusodwch fi.

She exits.

39 INT. HOWELLS. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 39

A small, wood-panelled conference room.

FAITH is sitting at the table opposite ALWYN THOMAS (60s), a
man obsessed. He has brought a foot-high stack of dog-eared
files and is spreading out a large scale map.

THOMAS
A dyma ni, ar gopi'r drafftsmon o
fap y Plwy 1878, llinell terfyn y
clawdd.

FAITH glances at her watch.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Union tair troedfedd i'r dde o le
ma' fe'n honni ma' fe.

FAITH
Tri troedfedd cyfan...

THOMAS

Llusowch chi dri gyda pymtheg ar
hugain a dyna chi gant a phump! Ma'
gyment â hynny o dir yn werth 'bytu
bod £5,000.

FAITH nods, struggling to be interested.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(reaching for one of his
many files)

A tase ni angen mwy o dystioleth,
ma negatifs arolwg awyrol 1939 y
Swyddfa Rhyfel -

FAITH

(interrupting him)

Faint mwy chi'n fodlon gwario i
ymladd y dyn drws nesa', Mr Thomas?

THOMAS

Fel wedes i wrtho'ch gwr chi lawer
tro, Mrs Howells, ma' fe'n fater o
egwyddor. Lladrad yw peth fel hyn.
Ma'r dyn yn droseddwr. Dyle bo'
fe'n ca'l 'i ddodi dan glo!

FAITH looks him in the eye and gives it to him straight.

FAITH

Ma bywyd yn fyr. A gwerthfawr. Wyth
mlynedd ma hyn 'di bod yn mynd
ymla'n. Dyw'r dyn 'na ddim yn
haeddu'r holl egni 'na chi di
wasto. Be the bigger man, Mr
Thomas. 'Na fel ma ennill hwn.THOMAS looks at her with an open-mouthed expression that
hovers between horror and admiration. Then, finally, he beams
with a zealous fervour.

THOMAS

Chi yw'r union fath o fenyw wy
isie'n ymladd 'y nghornel i'n y
llys!

FAITH inwardly groans.

40

INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

40

From outside the bay window we see MARION staring out; pale
and fraught. TOM, looking healthy in retirement, cradles a
grizzling RHODRI.

TOM

Bydd e 'di sôn rwbeth wrth rywun.
'Sdim isie i neb fynd i banic.

MARION

Dyw e byth yn methu cinio gyda
Bethan.Her face crumples. She stifles tears. RHODRI continues to
cry.

MARION (CONT'D)

Pryd 'ych chi 'ario'd di weld e'n
'neud unrywbeth fel hyn o'r bla'n?

TOM puts a hand on MARION'S shoulder, unable to answer.

41

INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

41

FAITH shows MR THOMAS out through the door, ignoring RHODRI'S cries.

THOMAS

Rwy' am 'ddo fe ga'l gwbod bo' fi
ddim yn mynd i ildio ar hyn.

FAITH

Ie, iawn, na i gysylltu'n fuan.

She shoos him out of the door and turns, relieved to be shot of him.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Ma' fe 'di colli'r plot.

DELYTH

Unig ydi o, os 'da chi'n gofyn i
fi.

*

RHODRI'S cries grow louder. FAITH braces herself.

FAITH

Oh God, co ni off. Payback time.

FAITH shoves through the door into EVAN'S office.

42

INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

42

FAITH enters and finds TOM attempting to placate RHODRI and MARION dabbing her eyes.

FAITH

Lovely! Ma'r teulu i gyd yma.

TOM throws her a glance, tipping her off to MARION'S distress.

TOM

So fe'i weld ' hunan.

MARION

Sa i'n gweld bai arno fe.

FAITH

(taking RHODRI from him)

Dere bach. Ma' Mami 'ma.

She rocks and cuddles and him, and has an immediate, magical effect.

TOM

Cleient pwysig sy' 'di mynnu bo'
 fe'n gollwng popeth, siwr o fod.
 'Sdim isie mynd o fla'n gofid.

MARION

Wy yn gofidio. Wrth gwrs bo' fi.
 Pam nagw i'n ca'l gofidio am 'yn
 fab 'yn hunan?

FAITH

(reassuringly, to MARION)

Marion, ma fe ishe fi nôl yn y
 gwaith. Fi'n meddwl taw dyma'i
 ffordd twp e o neud iddo fe
 ddigwydd... A ma fe 'di gweithio.
 (she squeezes MARION'S
 hand)

Evan ni'n siarad am. Mr Reliable.

MARION'S sobs subside. She nods. Wanting to believe it.

FAITH (CONT'D)

So pam nagyn ni gyd yn cario mlan
 da'n diwrnod ni, a rhoi slap dda
 iddo fe pan ma fe'n dod nôl.

MARION manages to smile.

MARION

Siwr bo' golwg ofnadwy arno i.
 (to TOM)
 Esgusodwch fi.

She exits.

TOM

Ma' hi weld yn ddelicet iawn dyddie
 hyn.

FAITH

Dyw hi ddim wedi bod yn dda.

They exchange a look. TOM nods.

TOM

Ma'n braf dy weld di'n nôl Faith.
 Diolch.

TOM gratefully touches her arm.

FAITH

Tom, fi ddim "nôl". Fi jyst yn
 cyfro am sbel... Sori.. Pam se fe
 ddim 'di jyst siarad â fi?

TOM doesn't have an answer.

43

INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

43

TOM emerges from Evan's office and shuts the door. He exchanges an awkward look with DELYTH.

TOM

Chi'n llwyddo i gadw'r blaidd rhag
y drws hebddo i, te?

DELYTH

'Da ni'n trio'n gora'.

*

She smiles faintly. TOM senses she has something difficult to say.

DELYTH'S eyes flit to the black and white 1940s photograph of his father, MAJOR ROGER HOWELLS, displayed prominently on the wall.

DELYTH (CONT'D)

(delicately)

Nath 'ych tad ddiflannu unwaith efo
Sally Phillips, am y penwthnos.

*

*

TOM

Gath y rhyfel effeth mowr arno
fe, pwr dab.

DELYTH, a look, wishing he would engage instead of deflecting.

MARION emerges from the cloakroom, saving him.

TOM (CONT'D)

(breezily)

Hwyl fawr, Delyth.

He opens the door for MARION. They exit.

The phone rings. DELYTH grabs the receiver.

DELYTH

Bore da, Howells? ... O, Mr
Baldini. Na ... Ydw, dwi'n ... Mi
wna i'n siwr 'i fod o'n ffonio
munud y bydd o'n 'i ôl.

*

*

*

*

She sets down the phone and glances again at the dashing, MAJOR HOWELLS - a man with a devilish glint in his eye.

44

INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 44

FAITH, sitting at the desk, has papers spread out in front of her and RHODRI messily eating a piece of banana, balanced on her knee.

She tries to concentrate. It's impossible. She grabs her phone and checks her text messages. Nothing.

FAITH

Ti'n meddwl bod Dadi'n grac da fi
am feddwi'n racs neithiwr?

She hugs him close.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Reit! Well i ni checo bod e heb
hedfan i Rio.

She stands up then loads her papers into a briefcase.

44A EXT. HOWELLS - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

44A

FAITH exits with RHODRI strapped to her chest, briefcase in hand.

45 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 45

RHODRI is sitting on a play mat thumping his rattle, as FAITH, juggling a phone, searches through the wooden dresser and brings out a folder of family papers.

FAITH

(into the phone)

Mr Evan and Mrs Faith Howells.
We've each got a debit card. I just
want to check if there's been any
activity on the account today ...

She opens the file on the kitchen table, pulls out a bunch of passports and flicks through them.

FAITH (CONT'D)

That's all? Nothing else? OK,
thanks.

She rings off and stares at the passport open at Evan's photograph.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Dal yn y wlad, Rhodri. Ma hwnna'n
un peth da.

She closes the passport, trying to put on a brave face. Her eyes flit to the clock on the oven.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Kit nofio. Gogyls

She presses her fingers to her temples.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Ma fe'i gyd yn mynd i fod yn OK. Ma
popeth yn iawn.

She sets off in search of towels and swimming costumes.

46

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

46

FAITH comes out of the side door of her house, the estuary view behind her. She shoves RHODRI'S buggy and two rucksacks stuffed with swimming kit into the back of her car and slams the boot shut. She dashes to the driver's door and jumps in.

47

INT. FAITH'S CAR - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

47

FAITH drives away from the house with RHODRI strapped into the back seat. She spots an empty parked police car **outside Eira's house just up the road.**

48

INT. EIRA JONES'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

TERRY follows EIRA into a chintzy room that serves as a lounge for her paying guests, with the view of the estuary beyond.

TERRY

Yn gwbwl gyfrinachol, Mrs Jones -

EIRA

Ma' fe'n arfer wafo. Ond ddim
heddi. Cofiwch chi - o gofio'r stâd
o'dd arni nithwr. O'dd hi'n shilts!

TERRY

Mrs Howells?

EIRA

(nods)

Deg muned wedi hanner. Ffaelu hyd
yn o'd ca'l yr allwedd yn y drws.
'Sdim ryfedd iddi offod cysgu'n y
stafell sbâr.

(off TERRY'S surprise)

Weles i'r gole'n mynd mla'n,
ch'wel. A rhyngtoch chi a fi, ma'
'ddi'n cysgu 'na'n amlach na phido
A chi'n gwibod beth ma' nhw'n weud.
Dim ond un lle sy'n oerach na gwely
gwag.

TERRY, a look.

MRS JONES
Y bedd.

49 INT. GP'S SURGERY. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 49

FAITH waits in the reception area between a wheezing OLD MAN and a sniffing WOMAN.

She rocks RHODRI gently in his buggy, her face glazed over.

A green light illuminates above the consulting room door.

RECEPTIONIST
Mrs Howells.

Lost in thought, she doesn't hear. The OLD MAN nudges her.

FAITH
O. Sori -

Flustered, she makes her way through.

50 INT. GP'S SURGERY - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 50

DR SAMANTHA BEYNON (early 30s), one of the new breed of user-friendly doctors, looks up from her desk as FAITH enters pushing the buggy. RHODRI is deeply and contentedly asleep.

SAM
Helo, Faith. Shw ma' pethe?

FAITH
(dropping into a chair)
Ddim yn rhy ddrwg. Arwahan i mild hysteria, a gwr ar goll.

SAM
Wedodd Jill yn y dispensary rwbeth -

FAITH
Siwt ma' hi'n gwibod?

SAM
Ma'i gwr hi, Frank, yn gefnder ne'
nai ne rwbeth i Delyth Lloyd.

They both laugh. FAITH gathers her strength for the difficult question.

FAITH
Sam, fi angen gwibod pam bod Evan
'di bod yn gweld ti ...

SAM

Ot ti'n arfer bod yn gyfrithwr -
 ti'n gwbod bo' fi ffaelu.

FAITH

Fi dal yn gyfreithiwr. A sdim
 cyfrinache 'da fi a Evan ... wel,
 o'dd dim.

SAM avoids eye contact, checking her computer screen. FAITH tries to keep super calm.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Plîs, Sam.

SAM weakens.

SAM

Cwpwl o weithie fuodd e 'ma.

FAITH

Just dwed wrthai. Ydy e'n mynd i
 fyw?

SAM

Na, hynny yw, odi ...

FAITH closes her eyes. Exhales in relief.

SAM (CONT'D)

Ma' fe 'di bod yn timlo'n stressed,
 'na'i gyd.

FAITH

Am beth?

SAM

(evasive)

Pethe arferol ... Hales i fe'i weld
 cwnselydd. A wy'n cymryd iddo fe
 ga'l budd. So fe 'di bod nôl wedyn.

FAITH

(incredulous)

Counselling? Evan?

FAITH struggles to imagine it. She can't.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Pryd... Fi o'dd e? O'dd e'n
 stressed bod fi dal gatre da'r
 plant?

SAM

Na, nath e'm gweud dim 'bytu 'nny.

FAITH

Be nath e weud te?

SAM

Getho i'r timlad ... bo' fe'n fwy o
 gyfuniad o bethe. Shgwl, wy wir
 ddim yn gyfforddus -

FAITH

Ma fe di bod yn smoco eto. Dyw e
 heb smoco ers deg mlynedd. Wedodd e
 'na?

SAM shakes her head. She stares at FAITH, desperate to help her.

SAM

Shwt ma' pethe 'di bod rhyngtoch
 chi'ch dou? Ti'n gwbed -

FAITH

Ydyn ni'n ca'l rhyw? ... Sort of.

It's evidently a sore point. SAM takes the hint.

SAM

Alla i roi rwbeth i ti os ti moyn
 ... i helpu.

FAITH spots the clock on SAM'S desk. It's nearly 3.30.

FAITH

Oh God, fi'n hwyr i ôl y merched.

She leaps up from her chair and kicks the brake off RHODRI'S buggy.

SAM

Faith?

FAITH looks back.

SAM (CONT'D)

Wy'm yn meddwl bod e'r teip i 'neud
 dim byd - ti'n gwbed.

FAITH

Wrth gwrs nagyw e.

FAITH stares at her. This hadn't even crossed her mind as a possibility. She nods, trying to take this crumb of comfort and exits.

COACH

'Na fe, Aly - coese syth. Cofia
gico o'r hips.

Sitting amongst the PARENTS in the public gallery, FAITH, with RHODRI one side and a briefcase on the other, tries to focus on a set of case papers headed, *BALDINI vs BALDINI*.

FAITH stares at the papers on her lap but none of it registers. She glances furtively at the other PARENTS, convinced they're staring at her (they aren't). It's as much as she can do to keep herself from wailing.

51A EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

51A

FAITH's car travels along the narrow road, sheep grazing in the fields. A calm rural idyl.

CONTINUE TO:

52 INT. FAITH'S CAR (MOBILE) - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 52

FAITH drives home with the three KIDS in the back. Peppa Pig is playing loudly on the stereo. MEGAN sings along deliberately tunelessly making RHODRI shriek and laugh. ALYS covers her ears.

ALYS

Ti'n brifo cluste fi, Megan!

FAITH grins and bears it - caught between wanting to laugh and cry. She wipes away a tear, then sees ALYS looking at her in the mirror. FAITH forces a big, comforting smile. ALYS smiles back.

FAITH steals another glance in the mirror and sees ALYS looking out of the window at the stunning sweep of the estuary with sad, unblinking eyes. And FAITH wishes she could tell her it will all be OK. But ALYS is 9 going on 19, and * won't be fooled for a moment.

FAITH swallows the lump in her throat, refusing to cry, and keeps on driving.

END OF PART THREE

53 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 53

ALYS neatly arranges fish fingers on a baking tray. MEGAN is at the table doing homework and RHODRI down on the floor on his play mat amongst a heap of toys.

ALYS glances out through the kitchen window at FAITH pacing up and down the verandah with her phone.

CONTINUE TO:

54

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. VERANDAH - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 54

Back in baggy, comfortable clothes, FAITH is talking to a call handler in India.

FAITH

(into the phone)

I need to access my husband's phone records. He's gone missing.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I'm sorry to hear that, madam. My sympathies. The phone is registered in his name?

FAITH

Yes. But I'm his next of kin.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I'm afraid that such data can only be accessed with the secure password registered to the account.

FAITH

What if I don't know his password?

She spots a cigarette butt lying the grass and stoops to pick it up.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I'm afraid that would be hard cheese, madam.

FAITH

Hard cheese?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Precisely. May I be of any further assistance to you today?

FAITH

(distracted by the fresh butt)

Forget it!

She rings off and looks round to see ALYS standing outside the open French doors looking at her.

ALYS
O's rwbeth yn bod gyda Dad?

FAITH
(furtively throwing the
butt into the border)
Na.

ALYS
Chi'n ca'l difors?

FAITH
Paid bod yn sili bili, bach.

ALYS looks at her mistrustfully. FAITH can't hide anything from her big, searching eyes.

The doorbell rings.

MEGAN (V.O.)
Ma' rhywun wrth y drws!

FAITH
Falle taw Dadi yw e.

ALYS
Ma' 'da fe allwedd. S'well i ti
fynd.

She goes back inside. FAITH follows, dreading who it might be.

55 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 55

FAITH composes herself. Opens the front door. It's LISA.

LISA
Ody fe'n wir, te? Ody Evan 'di
redeg?

FAITH
God -

LISA
Ma' fe'n bobman. Ma' 'da fe hyd yn
o'd hashtag 'i hunan - BleMaeEvan?
So Tracey o'r cafe bar 'di stopo
posto stwff.

FAITH
Beth sy'n bod ar bobol?

She sighs. Of course they haven't.

LISA
 (stepping inside)
 Ti'n dishgwyl fel bo' ti angen
 drinc.

FAITH
 Dyw hi ddim yn bump o'r gloch
 eto!

LISA
 Emergency rules, babe.

LISA heads off into the kitchen. FAITH trails in her wake.

56 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. VERANDAH - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 56

LISA takes a bottle of white wine from the fridge and fetches glasses as FAITH shoos the KIDS through the door, across the hall and into the play room.

FAITH (V.O.)
 Nai alw chi pan ma te'n barod.
 Ffindwch DVD neu rhywbeth.

FAITH reappears, harried and tense. LISA looks her up and down.

LISA
 Chi 'di bod yn cwmwo mas?

FAITH
 Na ... Dim mwy na'r arfer.

LISA
 Ti rili ddim yn gwibod pam?

FAITH shakes her head.

FAITH
 O'n i'n meddwl taw jyst 'i ffordd e
 o gal fi nôl yn y gwaith o'dd e...
 ond pam dyw e ddim nôl eto? Dylen i
 fecso? Sai'n gwibod. Be fi fod i
 neud?

LISA sloshes wine into glasses.

LISA
 Dyw e'm fel fe. Ma'n rhaid bo' ti
 'di senso rwbeth.

*

FAITH
 Nes i ddim senso bod e di bod i
 weld counsellor.

LISA
No way! Pryd?

FAITH
Yn ddiweddar. Na'th Sam weud.
Stress apparently.

LISA
And nath e'm dangos dim?

FAITH shakes her head.

LISA (CONT'D)
(adding it up)
Classic. Boi neis. Bach yn
repressed. Addoli ti. Ffaelu
cyfadde bo' gyda fe anghenion.
(off FAITH'S look)
Sex famine. Dyw dynion ddim yn
gallu ca'l e a dal bod yn stressed.
Fact of life.

FAITH
Lisa! Sshh!

LISA
Falle bo' fe'm yn PC, ond
weithie, you've just got to take
one for the team.

FAITH pushes her glass away, leaving it untouched.

FAITH
Pam bod pawb yn cymryd bod e achos
rhyw?

LISA
Pryd o'dd y tro dwetha' i chi'ch
dou shaggo. A fi'n meddwl rili
mynd amdano fe.
(off FAITH'S appalled
reaction)
'Na 'ny te.

A knock on the side door.

57 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. SIDE DOOR - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 57

BETHAN calls out to FAITH who she has spotted on the verandah.

BETHAN
Faith.
(ignoring LISA)
Unryw newydd?

FAITH shakes her head.

BETHAN looks past her to LISA, who's come out onto the verandah to see who it is. They exchange a frosty glance.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
Dyw hyn ddim yn iawn o gwbwl.

BETHAN tries the door and marches in.

58 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 58

FAITH and LISA come in from the verandah and meet BETHAN in the kitchen. LISA goes to top up her glass.

BETHAN
Pasbort a trwydded gyrru? Cerdie
banc? Ffôn?

FAITH
Passport dal 'ma. Dyw e ddim wedi
twtsho'r cerdie banc a ma'i ffôn e
off.

BETHAN
Falle bo' fe'n pwdu rwle. O'dd e'n
arfer 'neud 'na fel plentyn, t'wel.

FAITH ignores LISA'S knowing look.

FAITH
Am be'?

BETHAN
Ti yw 'i wraig e.

FAITH
Dyw e ddim wedi mynd â dim, Bethan.
Na'th e ddim plano fe. Sdim nodyn.
Be ti'n meddwl dylen i neud nesa'?

BETHAN
O'dd Mami a fi 'di sylwi bo' fe'n
edrych yn hyn. *

FAITH
Ma' fe'n bedwardeg.

BETHAN
Ac yn smoco 'to.

LISA
Evan yn smocio eto? No way.

FAITH
Hang on -

BETHAN

Frank Lloyd wedodd wrtho i. 'Di
gweld e ar y fire escape wrth gefen
yr offis.

*

(fixing her with a look)

Ma'n rhaid bo' ti 'di gwynto'i
anadl e... So fe 'di bod yn hapus
ers misho'dd, Faith. O'dd e'n
amlwg.

Another knock on the side door.

FAITH

O, reit. Diolch am rhannu.

FAITH exits.

59 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. SIDE DOOR - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 59

FAITH opens the door to TOM. He looks at her expectantly.

FAITH shakes her head, then notices EIRA JONES on her balcony, peeking over the hedge.

FAITH

Ma Bethan 'ma. Ti ishe dod mewn?

TOM

Os ti'n siwr. On i'n meddwl licet
ti rhywun yn gefen i ti.
Fydd Marion 'ma'n y funed.

FAITH

Great.

She looks at him, barely keeping it together. TOM pauses on the threshold. He opens his arms to give her a hug.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(hanging back, she puts on
a brave face)

Fi'n fine. Paid bod yn neis, neu
byddai'n -

TOM closes the side door, so they can speak privately outside.

TOM

'Shgwl, jyst rhyngton ni'n dou,
shwt ma'r sefyllfa ariannol? Ges
i'r argraff wrtho Delyth bod
busnes 'di bod bach yn slac.

FAITH

Dal o fewn y limit, tro dwetha nes
i checo.

TOM
Over-draft?

FAITH
Ni'n gallu ffordo luxuries fel y
bill gas.

TOM looks at her with sober concern.

TOM
Ti'n meddwl taw rywbeth yn y gwaith
yw e?

FAITH
(shrugs)
Dyw e ddim yn lico siarad siop
gatre. Ydy e 'di dweud rhywbeth
wrtho ti?

TOM shakes his head. But there's a hint in his expression
that suggests he's keeping something to himself.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Pam ddylen i wbod? Ni dim ond 'di
priodi ers unarddeg mlynedd.

She opens the door and they both go into the house.

59A INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 59A

FAITH and TOM come into the kitchen.

LISA
Helo, Tom. Chi 'di colli pwysa.

TOM
Diolch yn fawr.

BETHAN
(with a glance at LISA's
empty glass)
Ma' fe'n dishgwyl ar ôl 'i hunan.

The oven pings.

FAITH
(calls across the hall)
Tê'n barod! Alys! Allwch chi gyd
ddod i iste lawr?
(to LISA, TOM and BETHAN)
Os allwch chi gyd gliro'r lle, ma
da fi blant i fwydo.

LISA
 (holding up an empty
 bottle)
 'Sda ti fwy?

She nods to the fridge. Then spots TOM glancing at a bank statement in a pile of post on the counter.

FAITH
 Tom!

He pretends to be admiring one of the children's pictures Blu-Tacked to the wall. BETHAN steers him out as the KIDS bundle in.

FAITH (CONT'D)
 (lifting RHODRI into his
 high chair)
 Olreit. Setlwch lawr. Ma fe ar 'i
 ffordd!

60 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 60

Late afternoon sun streams into the kitchen as FAITH sits on a stool at the kitchen counter with a brave smile. The KIDS are at the table eating ice cream. ALYS, playing mother, spoons RHODRI'S into his mouth.

FAITH checks her watch. She pushes her anxious thoughts aside.

FAITH
 Siwd o'dd y prawf maths heddi, Meg?

MEGAN
 Wyth mas o ddeg.

FAITH
 Da iawn cariad.

MEGAN glances at FAITH, then at ALYS, urging her to say something. ALYS looks away, avoiding the issue.

MEGAN
 Mam. Ma' gyda Alys rwbeth i weud
 'tho ti.

FAITH looks up.

MEGAN urges ALYS with a look.
 ALYS remains tight-lipped.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 Ni'n meddwl bod rhywun ffyni 'di
 ffonu dad heddi.

FAITH
Be' ti'n meddwl, ffyni? Be wedodd
e?

MEGAN
Ddim lot -

FAITH
Alys? Glywest ti rwbeth?

ALYS shrugs.

The doorbell rings again.

LISA (V.O.)
Af fi!

FAITH
Come on, Alys. Ti'n gweld popeth.

ALYS
Dyw e'm byd, ok? Sa i even yn
gwbod pam nath hi weud 'na.

FAITH
Megan?

BETHAN'S voice carries from the front door.

LISA (V.O.)
O, hi Marion, Terry ... Na. Dim pip
'to. Dewch mewn.

FAITH glances through the partially open door and sees LISA bring MARION and TERRY into the sitting room.

MEGAN
Nath e droi'n wyn, fel 'se fe'n
mynd i fod yn sic.

ALYS
Ma' fe'n fine. Fi'n gwbod bo' fe.

ALYS jumps down from the table and heads for the door.

FAITH
(going after her)
Alys -

MEGAN
Rhodri! Mam, co beth nath e.

FAITH turns in the doorway as ALYS runs upstairs. RHODRI has tossed his bowl, splattering ice cream across the floor.

RHODRI grins and bangs the table.

FAITH

Nice one, Rhodri.

She goes to fetch kitchen roll, smiling bravely through welling tears.

61

INT. KIDS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

61

RHODRI drifts off to sleep in his cot while FAITH reads to him. MEGAN, dressed in her pyjamas, lies pensively on the top bunk. The curtains are drawn shut, little fairy lights twinkling on.

FAITH

(a faint tremor in her voice)

Helpodd Percy y Cadno nôl at ei draed. "Rhoiest ti sioc i fi" meddai Percy. "Rhoiais i sioc i fi'n hun" meddai'r Cadno. "Ond mae e wedi gwella fy igian!"

FAITH closes the covers of the book.

MEGAN

Fydd e'n nôl yfory?

FAITH

Fi'n siwr bydd e. Ma hwnna'n atgoffa fi. Dydd Iau - PE. Nethon ni anghofio trainers ti wythnos dwetha.

MEGAN

Na i ddim anghofio.

FAITH smiles and kisses MEGAN'S forehead. MEGAN looks at her with anxious eyes that beg for reassurance.

FAITH

Ma fe'n mynd i fod yn fine. Paid becso.

MEGAN

(bravely)

Oce. Nos da.

FAITH strokes her cheek then turns to RHODRI'S cot and kisses his forehead.

FAITH

Nos da, cariad. Cysga'n dda.

61A INT. LANDING/STAIRS. NIGHT (DAY 2 WEDNESDAY)

61A

FAITH makes her way quietly onto the landing where she finds ALYS sitting at the top of the stairs with a closed book on her lap.

FAITH sits next to her and puts her arm around her shoulder.

They remain in silence for a long moment, ALYS needing her mother's comfort.

ALYS

Dyw pobol ddim jyst yn diflannu.
Fi hyd yn oed yn gwbod 'na.

FAITH

Dad yw'r dyn mwyd ... fe yw'r dyn
mwyd caredig a'r dad gore fi'n
nabod. Bydd e nôl.

ALYS nods.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Dere, lyfli. Lan â ni.

ALYS

Alla i fynd 'yn hunan.

She gets up.

FAITH

Ti ishe i fi tyco ti mewn?

ALYS

Fi'n naw nawr, mam.

She goes into her bedroom and pushes the door closed.
FAITH takes a deep breath and makes her way down.

From the top of the stairs FAITH can hear tense, whispered voices carrying from the sitting room.

TERRY (V.O.)

(protesting)

Wy 'di 'neud popeth alla i, Bethan.
Ti'n gwbod alla i'm helpu achos y
red tape.

BETHAN (V.O.)

Wel sai'n meddwl bod e'n ddigon da.
Dim jyst rhywun rhywun yw hwn. Ma
fe'n gyfrithwr.

*
*
*
*

LISA appears with a newly filled glass.

LISA

'Dyn nhw'n ocei?

FAITH nods bravely.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Ti isie fi ga'l gwared o'r lot 'ma?
 Ma'r whar-ying-nghyfreth 'na 'sda ti
 - fi ffaelu credu bo' hi a Evan 'di
 dod mas o'r un lle!

FAITH
 Na i handlo nhw.

62 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

FAITH enters. BETHAN, with her back to the door, doesn't see her.

BETHAN
 'Stafelloedd gwely ar wahan ma'n
 debyg - yn ôl Eira.

The others look round in alarm.

FAITH clears her throat.

A moment of dreadful silence. TERRY and TOM stare at the floor. BETHAN and MARION exchange a glance.

MARION
 Ma' pob priodas yn ca'l 'u ups and
 downs, Faith.

TOM glances away.

BETHAN
 Hyd yn o'd Terry a fi. Ma' fe 'di
 ca'l 'i siâr o siomedigaethe, ond
 ni'n dod i ben.

TERRY stares at the floor.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
 Ni'n deulu, Faith. Ni gyd yn caru
 Evan ... Ma' gyda ni hawl i ga'l
 gwibod.

FAITH stares at her, ready to explode. The doorbell rings.

FAITH
 Y sex therapist fydd hwnna' nawr.
 'Scuse me.

She storms towards the door and yanks it open.

63

EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

ARTHUR is standing on the step, bleary-eyed and holding a ragged bunch of stolen flowers. A shabby rucksack hangs from one shoulder.

ARTHUR

Blydi brilliant, 'na beth 'y ti.

FAITH

For God's sake, Arthur. Plîs, sod off.

ARTHUR

(handing her the flowers)
 Glywes i am Evan. Crazy! Ma' fe'n
 gyment o stiff fel arfer. Ond
 fi'n mynd i rhoi'r gair mas yna,
 OK? ... A unrhywbryd ti angen
 babysitter -

FAITH

Fydd a i'n gwbod pwy i beidio
 ffono. Nos da.

She heads back inside.

63A

INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

FAITH comes back in still clutching the flowers.

FAITH

Actually, allwch chi gyd adel fi
 fod. Nawr. Plîs.

TOM

(giving the others no
 choice)

Wy'n credu bo' hwnna'n syniad da
 iawn.

TOM leads MARION to the door. MARION refuses to meet FAITH'S eyes as she passes.

TOM (CONT'D)

Ffonia fi, os -

She nods impatiently.

TERRY follows at BETHAN'S heels.

TERRY

(earnestly)

Bydd y ffurflen missing person
 miwn peth cynta' - y funed bydd y
 peder awr ar hugen lan. Gad e 'da
 fi.

FAITH
Diolch.

TERRY
Ac os ti dal ffansi'r cwis -?

BETHAN
Terry.

He pats FAITH'S arm and goes.

LISA comes last in line.

LISA
Pam na'i ddim aros draw? Cadw cwmni
i ti?

FAITH
Fi just angen bach o amser ar ben
fy hunan. Ond diolch.

LISA gives her a hug.

LISA
Bydd a'n gryf. Caru ti.

FAITH
Caru ti.

LISA
(suddenly serious)
Beth bydden i'n 'neud, babes,
bydden i'n mynd drwyddo popeth 'sda
fe ...
(with a meaningful look)
Ma' secrets 'da pawb.

She goes. FAITH closes the door. LISA'S words hang in the silence.

Trying to ignore them, she goes through to the kitchen.

Seen through the glass window, FAITH enters, grabs a bottle of Flash and a scourer and starts to clean the sink. She scrubs furiously, focusing all her fears and anxieties into making it shine ... But they refuse to go. And they loom larger and larger in her imagination until there's nothing else.

She straightens, rigid with fear. Then dashes upstairs.

65 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. EVAN'S STUDY - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

FAITH manically searches the shelves above Evan's desk, pulling out box files and rifling through papers. Bills, tax returns, business receipts ... Reams and reams of sterile paper.

66 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 66

FAITH pulls open the drawer at Evan's side of the bed - Socks. Pants. A jar of Vapo-rub. An unopened packet of condoms - fruit flavoured. She looks at them, baffled, and tosses them aside.

She flings open the door to Evan's side of the wardrobe and rummages through his suit pockets. She finds crumpled tissues, sweet wrappers, a train ticket.

She re-groups. Sets it aside. Re-launches her attack on the wardrobe.

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS:

She searches his shirts, turfing them onto the bed as she goes. She scoops out his shirts, emptying the rail. She hauls out his sweaters and searches each of his shoes.

UNTIL

She's staring into the empty wardrobe. And then she spots it - a tiny, finger-sized hole.

She gets down on her hands and knees and lifts out a small square panel. She reaches into the void beneath and brings out a folded carrier bag.

She empties it onto the bed. Inside is a chestnut-brown wig and a pair of black-rimmed glasses.

With trembling fingers, she picks up the wig. Something falls out: a small, plastic card holder. She flips it open. Inside is a driving licence in the name of 'Alec J Fenton' with a Cardiff address.

The photograph is of Evan, but with a full head of hair and wearing the glasses.

FAITH sinks onto the bed and stares at the fake driving licence, her world tilting on its axis.

67 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 67

FAITH dashes in, grabs the iPad from the counter and searches 'Alec Fenton.'

She scrolls furiously through the results. They go on and on. Overwhelmed, she looks up from the screen. The phone rings. She grabs it and answers.

FAITH
(into the phone)
Hello.

CEFYNN (V.O.)
Faith. Hello, bach. Cefyn sy ma.

FAITH
Hi Cefyn, sori, fi -

CEFYNN (V.O.)
Dyw e ddim nôl, te?

FAITH
... Ti di clywed?

CEFYNN (V.O.)
Weles i rhywbeth ar Facebook.

FAITH
O ... A'th e i'r gwaith bore ma, a
wel, sneb wedi gweld e ers 'ny.

CEFYNN (V.O.)
Weles i'w gar e dim ond awr yn ôl.

FAITH
(leaping on this)
Ble?

CEFYNN (V.O.)
Yn yr Filling Station. Mas ar
Ffordd Gafyrdin.

FAITH
Ti'n siwr ?

*

CEFYNN (V.O.)
Fi werthodd e y car 'ddo fe, cofio?

*

FAITH
Diolch, Cefyn! Diolch, diolch
byth. Hwyl.

*

She slams down the receiver. Presses her hands to her face.

68 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KIDS' BEDROOM/LANDING - NIGHT (DAY 2 - 68 WEDNESDAY)

FAITH silently nudges open the door and looks inside. The three children are sleeping soundly.

She stands looking at them, caught in a dilemma. She agonises, then tip-toes out onto the landing.
She glances back ... but knows she has no choice.

69 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. SIDE DOOR - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 69

FAITH, dressed in an anorak and hat, quietly lets herself out of the back door.

70 OMITTED 70

71 EXT. HIGH STREET. ABERCORRAN - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 71

FAITH'S car heads out of town and zooms off into the night.

72 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - NIGHT (DAY 2 - 72 WEDNESDAY)

FAITH wipes away the sweat beading on her forehead. She grips the wheel with tense, white knuckles as she drives along the dual carriageway.

73 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 73

A battered Toyota pick-up truck pulls up outside the house.
The lights go off.

A big, imposing man, whom we will later know as STEVE BALDINI (late 30s), dressed in filthy work clothes, climbs out. He glances up and down the street with hunted eyes, then makes his way towards FAITH'S front door.

Glancing over his shoulder, he rings the doorbell.

74 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LANDING/FAITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 24 - WEDNESDAY)

ALYS comes out of the bedroom onto the unlit landing as the bell rings a second time. The door to FAITH'S bedroom is partially open. She calls through.

ALYS

Mam?

No reply.

ALYS (CONT'D)

Mam? Ma' rywun wrth y drws.

She pushes open the door and sees the bed piled with Evan's clothes. She switches on the light.

ALYS (CONT'D)

(with rising panic)

Mam, lle wyt ti? Mami!

The doorbell rings again. ALYS moves to the top of the stairs and looks down over the bannister. STEVE calls through the letter box.

STEVE (V.O.)

Evan!... Evan?

ALYS remains frozen. A long moment of silence. The letter box snaps shut.

75 EXT. FAITH'S STREET - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY)

75

STEVE hurries back to his pick-up. He yanks open the driver's door and jumps in. We catch a glimpse of a sawn-off shotgun lying across the passenger seat as the door closes.

In EIRA'S window along the street, a curtain twitches.

76 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. GARDEN - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 76

ALYS comes out of the French doors to onto the verandah with a torch. She crosses the garden to the summerhouse and tries the door - it's locked.

She shines the torch through a pane in the door and squints inside.

ALYS

Mam?

77 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / HARVESTER - NIGHT (DAY 2 - 77
WEDNESDAY)

FAITH approaches the illuminated sign for the out of town chain restaurant. She turns in.

78 EXT. HARVESTER. CAR PARK - NIGHT (DAY 2 - WEDNESDAY) 78

FAITH pulls up. She rushes over to the building, peers in, hammers on the glass doors. The place has closed for the night. She scans the empty car park.

FAITH

Evan? ... Fi sy' 'ma. Faith.

No one answers. The wind rustles nearby trees.

Something catches the corner of her eye - a tie blowing across the tarmac. She hurries over and picks it up. It's Evan's - the striped one he took with him that morning.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(bewildered tears
streaming down her
cheeks)

Evan! Evan, lle wyt ti?

Evan! Evan, plís!

*

Her cries are swallowed up by the night.

END