

UN BORE MERCHER



Gan

Matthew Hall

Cyfieithwyd gan Anwen Huws

PENNOD PUMP

Sgript Saethu Gwyn
21.07.17

CATCH UP SEQUENCE

ALYS (in episode one) telling Faith that even she knows people don't just go missing;

FAITH'S speech to STEVE (episode 4):

FAITH
*Fi ofn, Steve - o pwy bynnag a beth
bynnag ma' Evan yn involved ynddo
fe ... Fi ffaelu risgo'r peth - ma'
fe'n wr i fi ...*

The police dog discovers a gun in woodland;

CERY'S exchange with DR ALPAY (episode 4):

DR ALPAY
*Ti ishe gw bod be' ddigwyddodd i
Evan?*

CERY'S
Ti'n gw bod?

DR ALPAY
*Fi'n gw bod rhywbeth. Fi'n gw bod pwy
sy'n gw bod.*

DEWI GLYNN tells FAITH EVAN owes him £80,000;

FAITH shows STEVE the holster she found on the boat;

The quarry is dredged; TERRY announces that the recovered remains are not EVAN'S;

FAITH declares to STEVE: 'From now on, I'm the one who needs to be feared; TERRY watches them drive away together;

FAITH comes home to a ransacked house.

1 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE. SIX MONTHS BEFORE - DAY 1
(DECEMBER 2016)

*EVAN, standing relaxed at the window, talking on his mobile.
Outside, snow is falling.*

EVAN
*(into the phone,
lightheartedly)
Wy'n gw bod, rhif tri, fi prin yn
gallu credu'r peth 'yn hunan ...
Na, ma fe'n grêt, fi ffaelu aros
... Diolch.*

A knock at the door.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Naf fi. Siarad yn fuan, ife? Hwyl,
Saran.

He rings off.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Ie?

DELYTH enters.

DELYTH
Ma' 'na fachan moyn gair 'da chi.
Ma' fe'n benderfynol iawn. Hales i
fe i'r 'stafell gyfarfod.

He glances at his watch and grabs a pen and notebook, and he
picks them up he reveals a file marked PEDERSEN which he
hastily shoves in a drawer. *
*
*

2 INT. HOWELLS. CONFERENCE ROOM. SIX MONTHS BEFORE - DAY 2
(DECEMBER 2016)

EVAN enters. DEWI, dressed in a long, dark overcoat with his
back to the door, is looking out of the window at the falling
snow. He has the ill-boding stillness of a large, black crow.

EVAN
Mr Glynn. Shwt alla i'ch helpu chi?

DEWI
Dwi dal yn aros am y cytundebe 'na.

EVAN
Dyle bo' nhw'n barod mewn diwrnod
neu ddau.

DEWI finally turns away from the window but remains standing,
as does EVAN.

DEWI
Brysur, wyt ti?

EVAN
Ma'r pethe technegol ma'n cymryd
amser ... So fe mor rhwydd â chi'n
meddwl.

DEWI
Dwi'm yn rhoi cut i chdi i gymryd
pethe'n ganiataol, Evan. Os ti'n
gweithio i fi, dwi'n dishgwyl gweld
chdi'n chwysu.

EVAN meets his gaze. Nods.

A tap at the door. DELYTH looks in.

DELYTH

Te neu goffi i un 'no chi?

DEWI shakes his head.

EVAN

(smiling to cover for

DEWI'S rudeness)

Ni'n iawn diolch Delyth.

She glances at DEWI, sensing his menace, then at EVAN, who's still wearing a forced smile. She quietly withdraws.

DEWI

(reaching a letter from
his pocket and sliding it
across the table)

Ddo'th hwn o Ddilyn - wrth Shane
Patrick, y bos. Ma'r Reardons isho
compo. Achos be' ddigwyddodd i
Paddy.

*

*

EVAN unfolds and reads the letter, his forehead creasing in concern.

DEWI (CONT'D)

Hanner miliwn. Beth ti'n meddwl?

*

EVAN looks up, far out of his depth.

EVAN

'Y nghyngor i fydde mynd â hwn
ato'r heddlu.

DEWI

Pan ddaw'n amser i, sa'n well gyn i
ga'l carreg ar 'y medd. Ti'n dallt
be 'sgen i?

EVAN

Dewi, s'mo hwn o fewn 'yn
arbenigedd i. Dyle ti fynd at yr
heddlu. Blackmail yw hyn - ma'
nhw'n dy fygwth di.

*

DEWI

Ddudis di fysa ti mewn cysylltiad.
Dwi isho dêl Evan - un fedrwn ni
gyd fyw efo.

EVAN gives a hesitant nod.

DEWI (CONT'D)

Welish i dy wraig di'n dre. Rhaid
bo' hi'n disgwl unryw ddydd wan.

EVAN
(distracted)
Wthnos nesa'.

DEWI
(smiles)
Well i chdi frysio ta. Fyddi di
isho chydig o amser efo'r teulu,
dwi'n siwr.

He moves to the door. EVAN offers him back the letter. DEWI ignores it and pats EVAN on the shoulder as he moves to the door and exits.

FADE

*

3 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BACK TO THE PRESENT - NIGHT (DAY 5 - 3
SATURDAY)

FADE UP ON

ALYS'S pale, bewildered face, pressed to the window of TOM and MARION'S retreating car.

FAITH waves bravely from the kerb as TOM'S car turns the corner and vanishes from sight.

All the while, a distant police siren grows closer.

Biting her lip as she holds back tears, FAITH quickly turns back to the house, then remembers something. She stops on the path, caught in a dilemma. She runs back to her car, opens the boot and snatches out the carrier bag containing the holster.

The siren draws closer ...

Panicking, she looks for somewhere to dispose of the bag.

FAITH
Shit!

She hurries inside still clutching it.

4 OMITTED 4

5 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 5

FAITH comes through the door. The contents of the drawers and wardrobe have been tipped onto the bed.

She frantically rifles through the jumbled heap of clothes as the police siren arrives outside the house. A strobing blue light illuminates the window.

Panicking, she dives onto the floor and searches under the bed. Jammed in the narrow gap between the bed and the low chest of drawers she finds the 'Alec Fenton' driving licence. She grabs it and tucks it into her bra.

6 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LANDING - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 6

FAITH exits the bedroom.

A voice calls up from the front step.

TERRY (V.O.)
Helo? Rywun 'ma?

Cornered, FAITH flies into the children's bedroom.

7 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 7

FAITH crosses the room (which has remained undisturbed by the burglars) and throws open the window.

TERRY (V.O.)
Faith?

She hurls the bag in the direction of the neighbour's garden and hurriedly shuts the window.

8 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. GARDEN - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 8

The flying bag snags on a branch on FAITH'S side of the fence.

FAITH comes down the stairs, pale and breathless, as TERRY steps into the hall.

TERRY
(looking at her with
concern)
Ti'n olreit?

FAITH nods, wiping her perspiring forehead.

FAITH
Ethon nhw drw'n stafell gwely ni.

She reaches the foot of the stairs as DI WILLIAMS and PC JONES appear behind TERRY.

DI WILLIAMS
Pam na newch chi ddod mas am
funed, Mrs Howells?

TERRY'S look urges her to comply. FAITH exits through the front door. TERRY follows her.

9 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 9

Two police cars are double parked, blue lights flashing.

TERRY

Bydd fforensics 'ma whap ... ti
moyn fi weld os yw Eira dala lan -
rwle i ti ga'l mynd i ishte?

FAITH

Fi'n oeci.

TERRY looks at her with deep concern, something about her manner troubling him deeply.

TERRY

Nage cyd-ddigwyddiad yw hyn, Faith.
Ddim ar ôl i rywun dorri miwn i'r
swyddfa.

FAITH

Sa i'n gwbod, Terry ... Fi jyst ...

She trails off helplessly, welling with emotion.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(wiping her eyes)

Sori.

TERRY notices her bare fingers.

TERRY

So ti'n gwishgo dy fodrwy -

FAITH looks at her hand and blanks for a moment.

FAITH

... Ma'n rhaid bo' fi 'di tynnu nhw
... i olchi llestri ... O na -

She looks at him, crestfallen.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Ti'n meddwl bod nhw 'dal 'na?

She goes to step past him, but TERRY blocks her way.

TERRY

Sori, ddim nes bo' nhw 'di cwpla.
Naf fi whileo i ti.

FAITH

OK...

He looks at her with serious concern. Lowers his voice guiltily.

TERRY

Wi angen ti fod yn onest 'da fi,
Faith. O'dd Steve Baldini yn y car
'da ti pan adawest ti'r chwarel
gynne fach. Pam ?

FAITH

(taken aback by his
directness)

Ma' fe'n gleient. Ma' Evan 'di bod
yn dda iddo fe. Ma' fe ishe helpu.

TERRY

Ma' fe'n ddyn drwg.

*

FAITH

Ma' fe 'di newid.

A beat. TERRY reluctantly concedes.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Fi'n cymryd bo' ti 'di gweud 'tho
DI Williams.

TERRY

(shakes his head)

Ti'n deulu, Faith.

She nods gratefully.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Ond o'dd e'n gwbod bo' ti mas heno.
Falle taw ffrindie iddo fe nath
hyn.

A beat. FAITH looks him straight in the eye.

FAITH

Fi 'di dysgu un peth yn y dyddie
dwetha' Terry. Pwy alla i ddibynnu
arnyn nhw. A ges beth - Lisa,
meddwyn di-gartref ac ex-con ydyn
nhw ... Ma'r bobol barchus yn
croesi'r stryd i osgoi fi.

She heads off towards her car.

TERRY

Le ti'n mynd?

FAITH

Rwle neith pobol ddim beirniadu fi.

TERRY stands watching, unable to fathom her. She climbs into
her car and drives away.

9A INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 9A *

DI WILLIAMS rummages through the devastation in Faith's bedroom - upended furniture, the contents of Faith's underwear drawer, her jewelry scattered across the floor. WILLIAMS spots a dangly earring (which we saw Faith wear in ep 1) amongst the debris. She picks it up. *

10 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 10

TOM and MARION are lying in bed, both unable to sleep. MARION sighs deeply. TOM glances over. She rolls away from him.

Footsteps sound on the landing.

MEGAN (V.O.)
Mam-gu?

TOM
Af fi.

He climbs out of bed and reaches for his dressing gown.

11 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. LANDING - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 11

TOM comes out onto the landing and finds MEGAN in her pyjamas.

TOM
Ffaelu cysgu, blodyn?

MEGAN
Fi'n timlo'n sic.

TOM
(gently)
O diar. Ti moyn mynd i'r bathrwm?

She nods. He steers her in.

12 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 12

TOM rubs MEGAN'S back as she stands with her head over the basin.

TOM
Well nawr?

MEGAN
Tamed bach.

TOM
Barod i fynd nôl i'r gwely?

She shakes her head. Sniffles.

TOM (CONT'D)
O's rwbeth ti moyn 'i drafod 'da
fi? ... Hmmm?

She wipes away a tear.

TOM (CONT'D)
Dere 'ma, blodyn.

He gives her a reassuring hug. She sobs into his shoulder.

TOM (CONT'D)
Ma'n olreit. Bydd popeth yn olreit.

13 OMITTED 13

14 OMITTED 14

15 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 15

A FORENSICS OFFICER is at work dusting for fingerprints on the bannister.

TERRY passes and goes to the kitchen.

The French doors onto the garden are standing open. Someone with a torch is moving about outside.

He looks around the sink area for Faith's rings, but they aren't there. He opens a drawer. No luck. He picks up a plant pot and goes to put the upended plant back in it. As he does so something catches his attention ... *

He brings out a small, clear plastic bag containing a single bullet. *

Footsteps sound on the patio outside the French doors. He quickly stuffs the bag into his pocket. Turns round to see DI WILLIAMS entering. She's holding a carrier bag. *

DI WILLIAMS
Cer i hôl Mrs Howells, nei di?

TERRY
Ma'i 'di, er ... mynd am sbin...
Na'th rywun ffindo'i modrwyon hi?

We hear someone coming down the stairs.

TERRY looks at the bag in her hand.

PC JONES comes through from the hallway. She's holding a sealed plastic evidence bag containing Evan's wig.

DI WILLIAMS
Beth yw hwnna?

PC JONES
Dishgwl fel wig dyn.

DI WILLIAMS nods and glances at TERRY, who shrugs.

PC JONES (CONT'D)
Ma fe'n od - teli, stereo, pethe
gwerthfawr - ma' nhw'i gyd 'ma.

TERRY
(to DI WILLIAMS)
Timlo fel 'se rhywun 'di bod yn
whilo am rwbeth, 'so chi'n meddwl?

DI WILLIAMS
Sa i'n cymryd dim byd yn ganiataol.

She dips into her pocket and brings out a pair of latex gloves.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
(handing them to him)
Cera mas i checko'r bins.

TERRY
Iawn, Ma'am.

He exits. DI WILLIAMS waits for him to be out of earshot.

DI WILLIAMS
Wi 'di ffindo holster. Yn hongian
yn y goeden tu fas ... Baldini.

16 EXT. STREET - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 16

FAITH drives blindly through the night. She arrives at a crossroads and stops, not knowing which way to turn.

She grips the wheel, on the verge of succumbing to panic ... Then slams the car into gear and lurches off to the right.

17 EXT. CERY'S FLAT - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 17

FAITH arrives at the front door of a small block of newly built flats.

She rings the doorbell and hugs herself, shivering in the cold.

CERY'S spaced-out voice comes over the intercom, music playing in the background.

CERY'S (V.O.)
Ie?

FAITH
Cerys, Faith. Fi angen chat.

CERY'S (V.O.)
Nawr? Am ddou o'r gloch y bore?

FAITH
(sarcastic)
Dim byd gwell i 'neud ... Fi jyst
angen muned 'da ti.

A pause.

CERY'S (V.O.)
(with forced brightness)
Ocei!

The entry buzzer sounds.

18 INT. CERY'S FLAT - EVENING (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 18

CERY'S answers the door dressed in boots and a short grungy dress. FAITH'S surprise at her appearance registers on her face.

CERY'S
Dere miwn.

She leads her through the short hallway.

CERY'S (CONT'D)
Ni 'di yfed y booze i gyd - oni bai
bo' ti ffansi limoncello?

FAITH
Na'm diolch.

They enter the dimly lit, smoke-filled living area.

Another young woman, NATALYA, dressed even more grungily than CERY'S, is sitting crossed-legged on the sofa blowing clouds of vapour from a large vape pipe.

CERY'S
Faith. Natalya. Ma'i o Latvia.

FAITH
Hi.

NATALYA smiles blearily and returns to her pipe.

CERYYS leads FAITH into the kitchen area around the corner.
Leans back against the counter.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Beth 'yt ti'n gwbod am fusnes Evan
'da'r Glynns?

*

CERYYS
Beth ti'n feddwl, 'busnes'?

FAITH
Ma' nhw'n gweud bo' fe arno arian
iddyn nhw.

CERYYS
'Sdim clem 'da fi.

FAITH
Fi angen ti fod yn onest 'da fi,
Cerys. Ma' fe'n diflannu, ma' break-
in yn y swyddfa, wedyn heno ma'
rhywun yn torri mewn i ty fi ...

*

*

She fixes CERYYS with a look that demands an answer.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Helpa fi fyn hyn, Cerys!

Sensing the tension, NATALYA comes over and stands by CERYYS,
sliding an arm around her waist.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Ethon nhw drwyddo'n *underwear*
drawer i. 'Di tramplo ar injan dân
Rhodri!

A beat.

CERYYS
(to NATALYA)
It's OK.

NATALYA takes her cue and moves off to the other side of the
room.

CERYYS (CONT'D)
Ocei. Es i weld Dr Alpay heddi.
Wedodd hi bo' hi'n 'nabod rhywun
o'dd **yn** gwbod rwbeth 'bytu Evan.

*

FAITH
Pwy?

CERYYS
O'dd hi moyn cash.

FAITH, incredulous.

FAITH

Ot ti'n mynd i weud wrtho fi?

CERYS

On i jyst moyn checko bod dim byd
weird yn mynd mla'n, ti'n gwbod -

FAITH

Ti'n cymryd y piss? Dou burglary,
diflaniad, ceir dierth yn troi lan
tu fas i'n nhy i ... O, ma' 'nny'n
digwydd bob dydd o'r wthnos. Jesus!

She plunges her face into her hands.

CERYS

Beth ti'n mynd i 'neud?

FAITH

Fi'm yn blydi gwbod!

CERYS

Shgwla, wy'n gwbod bo' hwn yn
amseru crap, Faith, ond wy angen
gwbod le wy'n sefyll. Os yw'r hwch
'di mynd drw'r siop, wy angen 'neud
trefniade erill. Wi ffaelu para
mish arall ... wy'n sgint.

FAITH looks at her, fighting to contain her raging emotions.

FAITH

Os af fi ato'r heddlu byddan nhw
edrych mewn i bob detail bach.
Nodiade ti, popeth. Alli di fyw
gyda hwnna'?

CERYS

Wy 'di ca'l gwared nhw'i gyd.

FAITH

O, wel ma' hwnna'n olreit te! God,
Cerys! Pryd ?

CERYS

Diwrnod o'r bla'n.

(off FAITH'S horrified
reaction)

On i'n meddwl bo'r heddlu'n mynd i
droi lan unryw funed. Nagon i moyn
ca'l 'yn llusgo miwn i ddim byd!

FAITH

So o't ti'n meddwl yn syth bod Evan
yn diflannu yn rwbeth i 'neud gyda
trial Erin Glynn.

CERY'S (CONT'D)

I thought the police might turn up any minute. I didn't want to be dragged into anything.

FAITH

So you assumed Evan vanishing was linked to the trial?

CERY'S

The Reardons are a dangerous bunch.

FAITH

And you and Evan got Erin Glynn off with a corrupt witness.

CERY'S

We had no proof of that. We just did our jobs.

She looks at FAITH in a way which inspires no confidence whatever.

FAITH

(pulling herself back from the brink of a melt-down)

OK ... I have to find out what the hell's going on. Give me a bit of time.

*
*

CERY'S nods.

*

CERY'S

I can't wait forever, Faith.

*
*

FAITH goes.

*

19 INT. HOWELLS. ARCHIVE ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 5 - SATURDAY) 19

Sitting on the floor, FAITH searches urgently through files, pulling one after another off the shelves. She flicks through each one at high speed, then adds them to the heap accumulating on the floor.

She pauses for a moment, succumbing to a wave of exhaustion ... She regroupes. Presses on. Two more files checked, then a third. She opens it - it's empty.

She checks the spine: 'PEDERSON PLANT', and beneath it, the initials, 'EH'.

It's one of Evan's.

FAITH's phone chirrups. She checks the screen:

*
*
*

'Police just came round. What's going on? You OK??? Steve'

She stares at it for a moment, the doubts TERRY sowed preying on her. *

20 OMITTED 20 *

21 INT. TERRY AND BETHAN'S HOUSE. KITCHEN/DINER - EARLY HOURS 21
(DAY 6 - SUNDAY)

TERRY sits hunched over a laptop dressed in boxers and t-shirt, a pen in his hand. On the screen is a local press report featuring a photograph of a smiling EVAN on the deck of a boat with a number of KIDS. The headline reads, 'MAN WITH A PORPOISE. LOCAL LAWYER LEADS DOLPHIN CONSERVATION EFFORT.'

Another newspaper report appears, this one illustrated with an unsmiling photograph of the late PADDY REARDON with his wife GAEL..

*
*

TERRY stares hard at REARDON'S face for a long moment. His gaze drops to the plastic bag containing a single bullet sitting next to his computer.

BETHAN makes a silent appearance in the doorway. She stands watching him.

BETHAN
Ar beth ti'n dishgwyl?

TERRY, startled, slips the bullet under the laptop and looks round.

TERRY
Wi'n gwitho.

BETHAN
Am bedwar y bore?

TERRY
Cer nôl i gwely. Fydda i lan mewn muned.

He goes to fetch a glass of water from the sink. She follows him with her eyes, sensing his dark mood.

BETHAN
Ot ti'n arfer siarad â fi.

TERRY fills the glass.

TERRY
Ot ti'n arfer gwrando.

BETHAN stares at him uncomprehendingly, then abruptly turns and marches back upstairs.

BETHAN (V.O.)
Gei di gysgu ar y sofffa!

Thump! She slams the bedroom door shut.

TERRY stands defiantly in his underwear, sipping his water.

22 EXT. ESTUARY - DAWN (DAY 6 - SUNDAY)

22

FAITH and STEVE walk along a clifftop footpath as the first pink rays of dawn appear above the horizon.

FAITH
O'dd ffeil gwag gyda fe yn y swyddfa. Pederson Plant, ring any bells?

STEVE

Dwi'n cofio hen foi, Ifor Pederson.
O'dd gynno fo gwmni Plant. Ond nath
o farw 8 mlynedd yn nôl.

FAITH

O'dd y ffeil ma'n newydd.

It niggles her.

FAITH (CONT'D)

A pwy bydde fe'n cwrdda mewn clwb
lap dancing?

(beat)

Fi 'di byw 'da fe am ddeg mlynedd.
On i'n meddwl bo' fi'n 'nabod e'n
well nag o'dd e'n 'nabod 'i hunan
... troi mas bo' fi'm yn gwbod dim
byd ...

(trembling with emotion)

Fi moyn credu bo' fe'n ddyn da.

*
*

They walk on in silence, FAITH'S mind racing.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Ma'n rhaid taw'r Glynns yw e. Ma'
nhw'n gweud bo' fe arno wyth deg
mil ... ma'n rhaid bo' fe'n rhedeg
i ffwrdd wrthyn nhw.

(sensing STEVE'S doubts)

O'dd gwn 'da fe, Steve! O'dd e'n
ca'l 'i hasslo am cash gan ferch
o'dd 'di ca'l get away gyda lladd
rhywun ... Pam nath e'm gweud 'tho
i?

STEVE

'Sdim byd gwith na siomi pobol ti'n
caru.

This lands with FAITH. She stops to look out over the water.
STEVE stops alongside her. Follows her gaze out to the sun
rising over the horizon.

FAITH

Alla i jyst aros fan hyn.

STEVE

Ma'n rhaid i fi fynd i'r gwaith.

*

He glances at her. She wipes away a tear. She looks suddenly
fragile and very alone. He places a large arm around her
shoulder. She leans in against him, accepting his comfort.

STEVE (CONT'D)

'Sna ddim o hyn yn fai arna ti,
Faith.

She looks up at him. Their eyes meet. And for a fleeting second a spark jumps between them.

They step back from each, both shocked by what almost happened.

FAITH
Fi angen cysgu.

She strides off along the path.

END OF PART ONE

23	INT. SEAFRONT - MORNING (DAY 6 - SUNDAY)	23	*
	ARTHUR sits on a bench, rolling a cigarette. Lost in thought, he barely notices a figure approaching and dropping something into nearby bin before disappearing again.		*
	The sound of a phone ringing draws ARTHUR's attention. He realises it's coming from the bin.		*
	He walks over, glancing up and down the seafront but there's no-one around. He hesitates a moment then reaches in to discover a small, A5 Jiffy bag.		*
	He turns the package over in his hands. There's no name or address. Intrigued, he opens it. He reaches in and brings out a phone with several £20 notes rolled around it and secured with a rubber band. He unwraps them and touches the phone. The screen illuminates. A single text message appears: 'For Arthur Davies. Call this number 07700 900768.'		*

24	OMITTED	24	
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25	INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING (DAY 6 - SUNDAY)	25	
	Showered and dressed, her hair still wet, FAITH comes into the kitchen with a phone pressed to her ear. She surveys the mess as her call connects.		

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
Your call is being transferred.

Two more rings. A click.

DR ALPAY (V.O.)
Helo.

FAITH
(into the phone)
Am I through to Dr Alpay?

DR ALPAY

Yes. How may I help you?

FAITH

I've got the most horrendous
toothache. I don't suppose there's
any chance of being seen today?

DR ALPAY (V.O.)

Weekend emergency is £100 plus
normal fees.

FAITH

OK, I guess -

FAITH tugs open the drawer where she stowed the bullet. She
sees that it's no longer there.

DR ALPAY (V.O.)

One-thirty. Name, please.

FAITH

Edwards ... Helen Edwards. Thank
you.

DR ALPAY rings off. FAITH rifles deeper in the cutlery
drawer.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Shit. Bollocks.

26 INT. POLICE STATION. DI WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY (DAY 6 - 26
SUNDAY)

DI WILLIAMS is analyzing the contents of her whiteboard - the *
pictures of Evan, Faith, Steve - when there's a knock at the *
door. *

DI WILLIAMS

Mewn.

PC JONES enters. *

PC JONES

Ma' fforensics 'di cadarnhau bo'
dim prints allwn ni iwso. O'dd
pwy bynnag o'dd wrthi'n gwbod
beth on nhw'n 'neud.

DI WILLIAMS isn't really listening. She nods to STEVE'S *
mugshot. *

DI WILLIAMS

Beth ti'n meddwl ma' menyw fel
Faith Howells yn gweld yn
Baldini?

PC JONES
Bach o ddanjer ... ?

*

DI WILLIAMS ponders this.

DI WILLIAMS
Gall hi byth cashio'r *life*
insurance heb gorff.

They exchange a look, both indulging dark, suspicious thoughts.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Wi moyn ti ddilyn hi. Well ti bido
sôn dim wrth Terry.

PC JONES nods and goes with renewed purpose. DI WILLIAMS turns back to the wig. She returns it carefully to the evidence bag.

27 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN/HALLWAY - MORNING (DAY 6 - 27
SUNDAY)

Wearing rubber gloves, shorts and vest and with her hair tied back, FAITH is bringing the kitchen back into order. Pop music is playing on the radio.

She sweeps the remains of RHODRI'S crushed fire engine into a dust pan and tips it into the bin.

The doorbell rings.

She checks her watch, turns off the radio, and goes cautiously out into the hallway.

She stops at the front door - it feels like Russian roulette - and opens it.

An unfamiliar man greets her with a warm smile.

PARRY
Mrs Howells?

FAITH
Ie -

PARRY
Huw Parry. Detective Chief
Inspector. CID Abertawe. Wy'n
ffrind i Tom. Llicen i helpu.

*

28 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 28

FAITH peels off her rubber gloves and comes to the table where PARRY has already settled himself.

PARRY

Wedodd e wrtho i am y trafferth
chi'n ga'l gyda'r DI lleol.

*
*

FAITH observes him cautiously. PARRY smiles.

*

PARRY (CONT'D)

Wy 'ma fel ffrind, Mrs Howells.
Ffrind i'r teulu. Ma' Tom yn beco
bod Evan 'di 'neud rwbeth na ddyle
fe - yn ariannol ...

*
*
*

FAITH just about manages to hold her tongue.

*

PARRY (CONT'D)

O'dd e'n sgwrs gyfrinachol...
Nethon ni gwrdd yn yacht club...

*
*
*

FAITH

Wow ... So chi gyd yn Freemasons,
odych chi? ... God, o'dd Evan yn un
'fyd?

*
*

PARRY smiles and shakes his head.

PARRY

Fyddden i'm isie'i weld e mewn
trwbwl - os chi'n 'y nyall i?

*

FAITH

Ddim rili.

*
*

PARRY

Un o gryfderau cymuned fechan yw'n
bod pobl yn helpu'u gilydd. Ond os
'dde well 'da chi bo' fi ddim -

*

FAITH regards him challengingly.

*

FAITH

Caria mla'n.

PARRY

O'dd 'na alwad ffôn y bore
ddiflannodd e ... wedodd un o'r
merched wrtho Tom.

*

(studying her reaction)

Beth chi'n wbod am 'nny, Mrs
Howells?

FAITH

Dim mwy na ti.

He nods, though his expression remains doubtful.

PARRY

Allai ddim dy helpu di os nagyt
ti'n helpu fi.

*
*

(MORE)

PARRY (CONT'D)

Wy'n goffod bod yn ofalus i bido
damshgel ar gyrn Susan, ond naf
fi'n siwr bo'n swyddogion i'n 'neud
unrywbeth allen nhw. O'dd Evan yn
ddyn speshal a -

FAITH's phone rings. She grabs it urgently.

FAITH

(into the phone)

Delyth? ... Unrhyw newyddion? OK,
hang on ...

PARRY places one of his business cards on the table and
signals that he will let himself out.

FAITH continues to speak to Delyth, her eyes on PARRY as he
exits.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Delyth, mae'n ddydd Sul, fi jyst
angen bod gyda'r plant... Nagyw
Cerys yn gallu neud e?...
OK. Ok, Delyth... fi'n gwbod faint
o shit ni mewn... Fine. Danfon y
cyfeiriad.

*
*
*
*
*

She slams the phone down. Then rather than raging she assumes
immediate calm and focus.

29 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. ROUGH TRACK - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 29

FAITH, smartened up for a client visit, sunglasses on, drives
along a farm track through fields. The warm breeze blows in
through open windows. In the near distance, the sea is a blue
stripe beneath the horizon.

FAITH speaks into the hands free.

FAITH (V.O.)

Fi jyst isie iddyn nhw ddod gatre i
dy teidi, na'i gyd -

30 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM/HALLWAY - DAY (DAY
6 - SUNDAY)

MARION stands in the doorway with a martyred air. TOM has
RHODRI on his lap. ALYS and MEGAN are glued to a noisy
cartoon on TV.

MARION

(into the phone)

Wrth gwrs. Wrth gwrs, ma' nhw'n iawn.

*
*

(she moves along the hallway out of earshot)

Faith, newch chi'm gweud dim byd wrtho Tom am yn "fistec" i, newch chi?

31 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. ROUGH TRACK - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 31

FAITH rounds a corner, a cottage moving into view.

FAITH

Falle dyle ti fagu asgwrn cefn a gweud 'tho fe dy hunan? Bydde ti'n timlo'n well, cred fi.

(off MARION'S silence)

Welai ti wedyn.

She rings off and pulls up in a yard in front of an old stone cottage with a sagging roof. The small front garden is a riot of roses and hollyhocks.

32 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. HALLWAY/SITTING ROOM - DAY (~~DAY~~ 6 - SUNDAY)

Wide-eyed and indignant, MARION clutches the phone, hardly believing how FAITH just spoke to her.

As the shock passes, she turns back to the sitting room with rising dread.

ALYS looks up as MARION enters, registering her bruised and brooding demeanour as she replaces the phone and glances awkwardly at TOM.

MARION

Wy'n mynd lan stâr am sbel.

TOM

Reit-o.

ALYS glances again at MARION as she retreats from the room.

33 EXT. COTTAGE - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 33

FAITH walks around the side of the cottage to a large vegetable garden at the edge of a field. JOHN DAVIES, a stooped, quietly stoical man in his 70s, is at work between the rows with a hoe.

In the field beyond, a huge tractor ploughs up and down.

FAITH
Mr Davies?

He stops work and comes over, stiff in the joints from a lifetime of farm work.

FAITH (CONT'D)
(extending a hand)
Faith Howells. Nath merch ti
ffono'r swyddfa. Wedodd hi bo'r
landlord moyn ti mas o'r ty erbyn
diwedd y mis.

DAVIES glances over at the tractor.

DAVIES
Mynte fe.

FAITH
Licen i edrych ar y gwaith papur,
os gaf fi.

DAVIES
Sa i isie achosi unryw ffwdan -

FAITH
Ti ddim. Dere i ni weld beth ni'n
gallu 'neud i ti.

He nods hesitantly, too polite to refuse her. He picks up a basket laden with produce and leads the way inside.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Gardd lyfli.

DAVIES
(smiles)
Ma' fe'n cadw fi mas o drwbwl.

34 INT. JOHN DAVIES' COTTAGE. KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 34

FAITH sits reading through a folder of papers at an old wooden table in a kitchen suspended in time: stone flags, low beams and a coke-fired range. A black and white wedding photograph sits prominently on a dresser amongst an impressive array of trophies and prize vases.

DAVIES transfers the produce from his basket into several ceramic bowls on the kitchen counter.

FAITH
Ma' hwn yn denantieth oes. So ti'n
mynd i unman. Ma'r llythyre ma'
whatsisname 'di bod yn danfon -

He comes and sits down opposite her.

*
*
*

DAVIES

Watkins.

FAITH

Trio'i lwc ma' fe i weld os yw e'n
gallu ca'l gwared ohonno ti.

DAVIES nods, but with no conviction.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Drycha, hwn o'dd y deal: nes di
weithio am geinioge am bedwardeg
mlynedd a nethon nhw garantio to
uwch dy ben di nes bo' ti'n marw.
'Na shwt o'dd *tied cottages* yn
gwitho.

DAVIES

Ddim am eiliad, Mrs Howells ... Ond
os yw e moyn 'y ngwared i, 'sdim
gobeth 'da fi riteiro mewn heddwch.
Ma' 'da fe 'i lygad ar droi'r lle
'ma'n dy haf.

*

*

DAVIES looks down at the table. They both know the answer.

FAITH

Bwli yw e a mae fe'n stiwpid 'fyd.
Gad e'i fi. Nai siarad gyda'i
gyfrithwr e peth cynta'.

*

He smiles, encouraged.

DAVIES

Beth am y llythyre?

FAITH

Ma' harassment yn drosedd. Os yw
e'n cario mla'n welai fe yn y llys.

FAITH gathers up the papers.

DAVIES

Dewch i fi roi rwbeth bach i chi
fynd 'da chi.

FAITH

Ti'n garedig.

DAVIES

Ma' fe'n dda i chi. Lot gwell na'r
stwff gewch chi'n y siop.

He pushes stiffly up from the table.

35 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / ROUGH TRACK - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 35

FAITH drives away from the cottage with a cardboard box on the passenger seat laden with freshly dug vegetables and cut flowers.

A tractor comes to a gateway ahead of her. The driver, ALUN WATKINS, waits for her to pass. He frowns down at her from the cab as she drives by. She gives him a friendly wave.

36 OMITTED 36

37 EXT. BEACH - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 37

FAITH wanders over the deserted beach eating strawberries.

She kicks off her shoes and carries on down to the water's edge.

She stands looking out at the sea, the waves lapping her toes, deep in thought.

38 EXT. BEACH. ONE MONTH BEFORE - DAY. (MAY 2017) 38

FLASHBACK TO

FAITH stretched out on a sun lounger. She looks up from her book and sees EVAN in the water, holding RHODRI aloft and jumping into the breaking waves with MEGAN and ALYS.

Their laughter carries up the beach.

EVAN turns and waves at her. Smiling, FAITH waves back, her face etched with love.

39 OMITTED 39

40 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. LANDING - DAY 40

ALYS comes quietly up the stairs carrying a cup of tea. She stops outside MARION'S bedroom door, which stands slightly ajar.

ALYS knocks on the door. There's no reply. She knocks again. Silence. *

She nudges open the door to see MARION lying under the duvet feigning sleep. She goes in and quietly sets the cup down on the bedside table next to a smiling photograph of a young and fresh-faced EVAN.

ALYS glances again at MARION - her eyes remain tightly shut - and quietly leaves the room.

41 EXT. DENTAL SURGERY. SEAFRONT - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 41
FAITH'S car pulls up outside DR ALPAY'S surgery.
She climbs out and makes her way to the front door.

42 INT. DENTAL SURGERY. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 42
FAITH waits, enthralled by the tropical fish in their elaborately kitsch tank.
A voice issues from the partially open door to the treatment room.

DR ALPAY (V.O.)
Come through, Mrs Edwards.

43 INT. DENTAL SURGERY. TREATMENT ROOM - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY) 43
FAITH enters.
Buttoning her white coat, DR ALPAY motions her to the chair.

DR ALPAY
Sit down, please.

FAITH does as she's told - unsure how to play this. DR ALPAY picks up a probe and mirror from a trolley at the side of the chair.

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)
First time here?

FAITH
Yes -

DR ALPAY
OK, Mrs Edwards, tell me where it hurts.

FAITH
(losing courage)
Er, bottom left ... At the back.

DR ALPAY peers into her mouth, her face inches from FAITH'S.

DR ALPAY
When was your last check up?

FAITH
Umm ...

DR ALPAY

A long time. Mmm. Ah, yes. I see a cavity.

She probes into the tooth. FAITH winces in pain.

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

(reaching for a
hypodermic)

I'll numb that for you, now.

Giving FAITH no choice, DR ALPAY gently eases the needle into her gum.

She slowly presses the plunger into the syringe.

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)

OK?

FAITH nods. DR ALPAY bears down. Her eyes drill into FAITH'S from only inches away.

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)

Dwi'n gwbod pam chi yma, Mrs
Howells. Chi eisiau gwbod ble mae
Evan.

FAITH'S eyes widen to saucers.

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)

Allai helpu. Am ddauddeg mil. Cash.

She withdraws the needle.

FAITH swallows.

FAITH

Ti'n gwbod ble mae e?

DR ALPAY

Falle.

FAITH

Siwd allai fod yn siwr bod ti ddim
yn dweud celwydd?

DR ALPAY

Bydd rhaid i ti drystio fi.

FAITH

(her mouth numbing)

Cym on.

DR ALPAY

(reaching for the drill)

O'dd dy wr yn cymysgu gyda pobol
drwg.

FAITH

Fi'n gwbod ny'n barod. Fi angen
mwy. Beth o'dd e'n galw'i hunan?

*

DR ALPAY, thinks ... Then smiles.

DR ALPAY

Oh, 'Alec' ti'n feddwl. 'Alec
Fenton'.
Glywes i fe'n ateb ei ffôn.
(off FAITH'S surprise)
Alli di drystio fi, Faith. Dwi
eisiau helpu.

FAITH

Dwed wrthai os yw e'n fyw neu'n
farw, o leia'.

DR ALPAY

Agor dy geg yn llydan, plîs.

She presses her fingers into FAITH'S mouth and reaches for
the drill.

END OF PART TWO

44 OMITTED

44

45 INT. POLICE STATION. DI WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY (DAY 6 -
SUNDAY)

45

DI WILLIAMS thoughtfully puts down the phone and turns to the
image on her computer monitor of Faith leaving Alpay's
surgery.

*

*

A knock at the door. TERRY enters as WILLIAMS hastily closes
the window on her monitor. TERRY catches a glimpse of the
image of FAITH as it vanishes, but makes no comment.

TERRY

Ma'am, wi'n credu dylech chi
edrych ar rhein.
(handing DI WILLIAMS the
pages)
Achosion troseddol Evan dros y
flwyddyn dwetha'. So fe 'di bod
yn delio gyda pobol neis iawn.

DI WILLIAMS gestures to the sealed evidence bags sitting on
the table.

*

DI WILLIAMS

Beth chi'n weld fyn'na, Cwnstabl?

TERRY looks at the items: the gun, bullets, the wig ... a
holster.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Tystioleth ... Dim digon i brofi
trosedd, ond ma' fe'i gyd yn
pwyntio i'r un lle. A ni'n cadw
ffindo mwy ...
(she hands the bundle back
to him)
Ma' hi'n ddydd Sul. Cer gatre at dy
wraig, Terry.

*
*
*

TERRY meets her gaze with something approaching defiance.
DI WILLIAMS stares straight back at him, daring him to
overstep the mark ... Beaten, he turns and goes.

DI WILLIAMS scribbles DR ALPAY'S name on a post-it note, and
sticks it on the crime board in the column beneath FAITH'S
photograph.

46 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

46

Unknown POV of FAITH drawing up at the side of the road. Up
ahead, several WORKMEN are loading tools into the back of a
van.

STEVE crosses the road and joins FAITH on the far side as she
climbs out of her car, a hand pressed to her numb jaw. *

FAITH and STEVE conduct what looks like a tense and intimate
discussion.

47 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM - DAY (DAY 6 - 47
SUNDAY)

MEGAN and ALYS are watching TV on the sofa. RHODRI is
surrounded by toys on the floor.

TOM and FAITH enter from the hallway. FAITH is carrying the
box of produce from JOHN DAVIES.

TOM
(to FAITH)
Amseru da. On ni jyst yn mynd i
ga'l te.

FAITH
Hyia, bois.

ALYS
Hia, Mam.

FAITH
(to TOM)
'Di pigo'n fresh bore 'ma.

FAITH (CONT'D)
O's cwtch i fi, te?

FAITH hugs MEGAN and ALYS, then RHODRI.

FAITH (CONT'D)
(to RHODRI)
Sws i mami? ... Paid te!
(to MEGAN and ALYS)
O's lle i fi?

TOM
Allen ni ga'l gair bach glou?

FAITH
Wrth gwrs.
(to the KIDS)
Fyddda i nôl nawr.

She follows TOM out into the hallway.

48 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 6 - SUNDAY)

MARION looks up from setting the table as TOM and FAITH enter. They exchange a tense glance as TOM closes the door behind him.

FAITH
(sensing the atmosphere
between them)
Cheina gore. Chi'n siwr bo' chi
moyn risgo fe? *

TOM
(awkwardly)
Ma' Marion a fi 'di bod yn trafod
sefyllfa ariannol y ffirm. Llicen
ni helpu.

FAITH glances at MARION, trying to fathom her agenda. MARION avoids her gaze.

FAITH
Ma' hwnna'n garedig iawn ond ...
Na.

TOM
Gad i fi gwpla. Plîs. Dalwn ni'r
gorddrafft. A gall Howells dalu ni
nôl unweth bod trefn ar bethe eto.
(he glances at MARION)
Bydde fe'n well i bawb.

FAITH
Fi'n rili gwerthfawrogi'r cynnig
... Fi fod i drafod 'da'r banc yn
fuan. Fi'n siwr allai sorto rwbeth
mas.

TOM

Ond pam mynd i fwy o ddyled? Sdim cywilydd mewn gofyn am help.

FAITH

A beth os fi ffaelu talu ti nôl? Byddet ti'n bankrupto fi, rili? A ni'n gorfod cario mlan i ga'l cino dydd Sul 'da'n gilydd?

TOM

Alli di'm gadel i'r ffirm foddi, Faith - withes i bob dydd on o's ar gyfer y lle 'ma.

FAITH

Fi'n meddwl bod ti'n grac da'r person rong.

TOM

Wi'n trial cynnig bad achub fyn hyn.

TOM stiffens. That hurt.

*

MARION

(touching TOM'S arm)

Dylen ni barchu 'i phenderfyniad hi, Tom.

FAITH

Fi'n gwbod faint ma' hyn yn meddwl i ti. Nai 'y ngore. Ond plîs, gad i fi sortio fe. A sa i'n siwr bo' fi angen help Chief Inspector Parry, chwaith.

He sighs, furious at not getting his way.

TOM

Faith, so i'n credu bo' hi'n saff i fynd â'r plant nôl i'r ty.

FAITH

'U cartref nhw yw e. A ma' 'da nhw ysgol yn y bore.

MARION glances from FAITH to TOM.

TOM

(curtly)

Iawn. Wy ond yn trial helpu.

He exits. MARION goes back to her table laying. FAITH stands awkwardly watching her for a moment.

FAITH

Fi'n credu dyle fi fynd nawr.

MARION

Hwyl, te.

FAITH gives her a look and exits.

49 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KIDS' BEDROOM - EVENING (DAY 6 - SUNDAY)

FAITH brushes ALYS'S hair at the dressing table. MEGAN is sitting on the top bunk reading a book; RHODRI is asleep in his cot.

MEGAN

Nei di gofio cloi'r dryse i gyd,
Mam? A'r ffenestri?

FAITH

Wrth gwrs. A fi 'di gweud 'tho ti i
stopo beco, Megan. Ni'n hollol
saff.

ALYS and MEGAN exchange a glance.

MEGAN

So Ta'cu'n credu 'nny.

FAITH

Ma' hen bobol yn lico beco. Paid
cymryd sylw ohonno fe.
(to ALYS)
Na ni. Shwt 'ma hwnna?

ALYS hops off the stool, something playing on her mind. FAITH meanwhile takes the girls' school uniform out of a laundry basket and makes two piles on top of a chest of drawers.

ALYS

... Mam, pam ti'n meddwl o'dd Mam-
gu'n gofyn gyment o gwestiynnau i
ni heddiw?

FAITH

Pa fath o gwestiynne?

ALYS hesitates, embarrassed.

MEGAN

Fel os ot ti a Dad 'di bod yn
gweiddi ar eich gilydd.

FAITH

Wel, ni ddim, odyn ni?

A beat.

MEGAN

Pam ti ddim yn gwisgo modrwy
priodas ti?

FAITH

Nath y lladron ddwyn nhw.

ALYS

Ydych chi'n mynd i gal difors?

FAITH

Na! Ma' Dad a fi'n caru'n gilydd am
byth bythoedd.

She takes two pairs of socks out from a drawer, places them
with the uniform.

FAITH (CONT'D)

A ni'n caru chi gyd.
(chivying Alys)
Cym on. Gwely.

Alys climbs in.

She kisses each of them in turn.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Cysgwch yn dawel. Nai adel y drws
ar agor. Galwch fi os chi angen fi.

50 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LANDING/EVAN'S STUDY - EVENING (DAY 6 50
SUNDAY)

FAITH enters Evan's study.

The floor is littered with papers, the drawers hanging out of
the desk.

She launches into action, scooping up papers from the floor
and tidying them back into the drawers. In amongst them she
spots a small pocket diary. She flicks through it, finds
nothing out of the ordinary until she reaches the back cover.
A mobile phone number (07700 900768) has been written in it. *
Intrigued, she dials it from the landline on Evan's desk.

She waits as it rings three times.

VOICE (V.O.)

Helo? ... Evan? Ti 'na?

A beat.

FAITH

(coolly, into the phone)
Ei wraig e sy ma. Pwy wyt ti? Siwd
ti'n nabod 'y ngwr i?

The line goes dead. FAITH presses redial. Her call connects immediately.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
The number you are calling is
unavailable.

She rings off, brings up her camera and photographs the number.

51 EXT. ESTUARY - DAWN (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 51

A stunning sunrise across the water.

52 INT. FAITH'S BEDROOM - DAWN (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 52

Sitting at her dressing table in bra and pants, FAITH stares at her reflection in the mirror, daring herself to be strong.

Her mobile alarm rings. She switches it off.

53 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 53

FAITH, dressed sharply for the office, loads two packed lunches into school bags while dialling a number on her phone.

FAITH
(into the phone)
Dr Alpay? Faith Howells ... Screw
you. That's right. Good bye.

She grabs a cloth, wipes RHODRI'S face and lifts him out of his booster seat.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Ocei pawb, amser mynd i'r ysgol!

54 OMITTED 54

55 OMITTED 55

56 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 56

With a document case tucked under her arm, FAITH walks purposefully across the street and arrives outside the bank. She goes confidently inside.

57 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 57

OWENS, the Business Relationship Manager, rises from his chair as FAITH enters.

OWENS
(solemnly)
Mrs Howells. Bore da.

FAITH
(brightly)
Bore da.

She shakes his hand firmly and takes a seat. Thrown by her upbeat mood, he lowers himself into his chair and glances awkwardly at the figures on his computer screen.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Fi'n gwbod. Fi'n sori. Ma' lot o'r
cleients wedi bod yn hwyr yn talu
bilie a tra bo' fi 'di bod i ffwrdd
dyw pethe heb gael eu sortio fel
dyle nhw.

OWENS
(uncertainly)
Wi'n gweld -

FAITH
Ond fi nôl. Gyda plan i ga'l ni nôl
ar 'yn trad.

She reaches into her briefcase and fetches out a document. She hands it across to him.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Os fi'n re-mortgagio'r ty allai
glirio overdraft y ffirm. A'r unig
beth sy angen yn y cyfamser yw
estyniad i gyfro'r mis hyn.

OWENS studies the document.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Gan bo'r mortgage gyda ti, dyle fe
fod yn ddigon syml.

He shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

OWENS
Ma'r morgais yn enw'r ddou 'no chi,
wrth gwrs. Felly bydde'n rhaid i'ch
gwr arwyddo ... ody e dal - ?

FAITH
O'nd nest di godi overdraft y ffirm
gyda jyst llofnod fe.
(MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)
So pam ti methu 'neud e'n llai jyst
gyda'n un fi?

OWENS
(puzzled)
Nethoch chi'ch dou arwyddo am yr or-
ddrafft, Mrs Howells. Ma' fe 'da fi
fyn hyn.

He reaches into the file and hands a document across the desk to her.

There, next to Evan's signature, is hers.

OWENS (CONT'D)
Hwnna yw'ch llofnod chi, nage fe?

She nods and hands the document back, barely containing her rage.

FAITH
Ma'n rhaid bo' 'na ryw ffordd o
wneud hyn hebdo fe -

OWEN looks down at the desk, readying himself to deliver bad news.

OWEN
Yn anffodus, dyw'r mater ddim yn 'y
nwylo i rhagor. Fe ddylliech chi
dderbyn llythyr fory'n gofyn am ad-
daliad llawn ymhen saith diwrnod.

A beat.

FAITH
Diolch yn fawr. Ti 'di bod mor
garedig.

She gets up from her chair and goes.

END OF PART THREE

58 EXT. HOUSE FOR SALE - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY)

58

A FOR SALE sign stands outside a smart detached house.

BETHAN waits impatiently on the doorstep clutching sales brochures. She checks her watch for the umpteenth time, then glances at her phone. No messages.

Resigning herself to a no-show, she goes dejectedly inside.

59 INT. HOUSE FOR SALE. HALLWAY/KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY)

BETHAN moves through the house flicking off lights.

She passes through the kitchen and heads across to switch off the lamps over the counter. As she turns, her gaze is drawn to the double doors of a huge, American-style fridge.

She gravitates towards it and opens the door. It lights up with a soft, inviting glow illuminating an assortment of expensive food and several open bottles of wine.

She plucks a piece of stilton from a platter, then a grape. She opens a tub of olives and takes several.

The wine beckons ...

She hesitates ... then reaches for the Sauvignon and glugs straight from the bottle. She wipes her mouth on her sleeve and places it back on the shelf.

She closes the door and runs her eyes over the glimmering kitchen units. She gently pushes against a drawer. It glides open as if by magic.

Next to a pile of folded linen napkins is a set of silver napkin rings. She brings one out, turns it over in her fingers, and slips it into her handbag.

60 OMITTED 60 *

61 INT. POLICE STATION. DI WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 61

TERRY closes the door behind him and goes to DI WILLIAMS' computer. With trembling fingers, he clicks his way through to the master folder of photographs and scrolls through them.

He opens a file. The screen fills with thumbnails of PC JONES'S surveillance photographs. He enlarges one: FAITH appearing to paddle in the sea. He clicks through to the next: FAITH in close conversation with a shirtless STEVE.

His fears confirmed, he closes the folder and looks across at the evidence bags containing the holster, the bullets and the gun.

62 INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 62

FAITH bursts through the door. CERY'S is on her way out, carrying a briefcase. Behind her desk, DELYTH has RHODRI on her knee.

FAITH
(to CERY'S)
Fi angen gair. Stafell gyfarfod.

CERY'S, ready to object.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Nawr.

(to DELYTH)

Trefna gyfarfod i fi gyda Lloyd &
Lloyd i drafod John Davies. Gwed
'thyn nhw bo' fe'n urgent.

She marches across to the conference room. CERYS reluctantly about-turns.

63

INT. HOWELLS. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY)

63

CERYS follows FAITH through the door. FAITH turns to face her. Smiles.

FAITH

Shwt ma' Natalya?

CERYS

Fine. Ody hyn yn mynd i gymryd
amser hir? Wy fod i fynd i'r llys.

FAITH

Nest ti ofyn i fi nos Sadwrn beth
on i'n mynd i 'neud ... Mae'r banc
wedi rhoi wythnos i fi. Os ti'n
mynd i aros naf fi bopeth galla i i
achub y cwmni ma. Ond fi ffaelu
neud e ar ben fy hunan so fi angen
gw bod be ti'n mynd i neud, Cerys.
Os ti'n mynd i adel na'i jyst
canolbwyntio ar ffindo Evan.

She waits for CERYS'S response.

The silence stretches ... until FAITH takes it as an answer.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Falle taw na'r peth gore -

CERYS

Fi mewn.

FAITH'S eyes light up.

CERYS (CONT'D)

Ond ar un amod - bo' ti mor onest
'da fi ag 'yf fi 'da ti.

She holds FAITH in a direct gaze.

CERYS (CONT'D)

Fi'n lico gamblo. Fi 'di ca'l lot o
gariadon - dynion a merched - a'r
unig amser nes i drïo fe mla'n 'da
Evan - on i'n feddw gyda llaw -
nath e ymddwyn fel gent.

(MORE)

CERYS (CONT'D)

Sa i'n cymryd drygs, sa i'n dwyn,
ond os o's angen i fi blygu'r
rheolau i ennill, fe naf fi ...
Wy'n goffod mynd. Gei di gyffesu i
fi nes mla'n.

CERYS exits. FAITH, impressed, cracks into a smile and follows her out.

64 INT. LLOYD & LLOYD. MALCOLM LLOYD'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 7 - 64 MONDAY)

FAITH enters an office decorated with hunting prints and silver sconces. It could be the private study of a landed aristocrat.

MALCOLM LLOYD (50s), a smooth, patrician, tweed-jacketed type, steps out from behind an antique desk.

LLOYD

Faith. Wy'n ofnadw o flin i glywed
am Evan. Os unrhyw ...?

FAITH

(accepting his handshake)
Ddim eto.

LLOYD

On i'n 'i erbyn e'n y llys dim ond
pythefnos yn ôl.
(with a patronising smile)
O'dd e wastad yn un am yr underdog.
Fel chithe.

He motions her to a seat.

FAITH

(straight to business)
Dy gleient di, Alun Watkins.

LLOYD

Dyn da. Ma'r teulu 'di bod 'da ni
ers tair cenhedleth.

FAITH

Ma' John Davies yn aros. 'Sdim byd
i'w drafod.

LLOYD

S'mo deuddeg mil o bunne'n tyfu ar
go'd.

FAITH

Dyw e'n golygu dim byd 'ddo fe.

LLOYD
(hardening)
Ond ma'r tir i styried fyd. So fe'n
rhan o'r cytundeb.

FAITH
45 mlynedd o ddefnydd di-dor. Sa
i'n lico chances ti'n y llys.

LLOYD
Y llys? Mewn difri? Shwt bydde
fe'n ffwrdo mynd â ni i'r llys?

FAITH
Ma' 'da fe gyfrithwyr caredig.

LLOYD
Sentimental.

FAITH
Rhai sy'n beco am cyfiawnder. Rhai
sy'n gwrthod gwylio dyn di-euog yn
ca'l 'i dowlu mas o'i gartref.

He gives her a patronising smile. She stares straight back at him.

LLOYD
Hanner can mil. Cynnig olaf.

FAITH
Dyw cleient ti ddim ishe'r bwthyn,
ma' fe ishe'i ffordd 'i hunan. So
fe'n gallu ca'l e. A dim mwy o
lythyre neu fydda i'n mynd â fe i'r
llys am harassment.

LLOYD sits back in his chair with a supercilious smile.

LLOYD
So chi 'di colli dim o'ch angerdd,
Mrs Howells.

FAITH, a look that warns him not to push her.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Reit, ni'n tynnu pob cynnig yn ôl.

FAITH
Diolch. Fi'n gwerthfawrogi fe.

She exits, quietly triumphant. LLOYD shakes his head and reaches for the phone.

65

INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY)

65

FAITH enters with 2 take away coffees and a bag of cakes, which she gives to DELYTH, who sits at her desk, RHODRI on her knee.

*
*
*

FAITH
(to DELYTH)
Wedi sortio. O'n i ddim yn gwbod os
bydde well gyda ti Chelsea bun neu
donut...
(reaching for RHODRI)
Falle alli di a fi ddishgwyl ar yr
accounts cyn i fi godi'r merched?

*
*
*

DELYTH
Wrth gwrs.
(with a glance towards the
conference room)
Ma' 'na rhywun yma i'ch gweld chi.

*
*
*

FAITH looks across to the conference room but the blinds are drawn.

*
*

FAITH glances back at DELYTH who gives a hint of a shrug.

GAEL REARDON
(indicating RHODRI)
Could I?

FAITH responds to GAEL'S smile and lets her take RHODRI from her.

GAEL REARDON (CONT'D)
Hello, little man. Aren't you a cutie?

FAITH motions her to follow her to the conference room.

GAEL REARDON (CONT'D)
I don't suppose you could bring that?

She nods to a small, pull-along suitcase.
FAITH takes the handle and trundles it behind her.

66 INT. HOWELLS. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 66

FAITH enters, followed by GAEL. They sit on seats at the corner of the table, GAEL continuing to cwtch RHODRI.

FAITH
So, you're a client of my husband's -?

GAEL REARDON
Not exactly -

FAITH
Right ... Sorry, I didn't catch your name.

GAEL REARDON
I'm Gael. Gael Reardon.
(she smiles, disarmingly)
Yes, I'm Paddy's widow. But I appreciated Evan was just doing his job. He's a good man.

*

FAITH, confused and unnerved, looks at her bouncing RHODRI.

FAITH
What can I do for you?

GAEL REARDON
Evan and I had a deal. I'm here to complete my side of the bargain.

FAITH
Deal? What kind of deal?

GAEL REARDON
He ordered something from me.

She nods to the case standing on its end between them.

Gael Reardon (CONT'D)
Please, go ahead. Check it.

A beat. Faith lifts the case onto the table and unzips it. She pulls back the flap to reveal a number of film-wrapped packages of white powder.

Faith stares at it, as the penny starts to drop.

Gael Reardon (CONT'D)
Three kilograms of best Columbian.

Faith turns to look at her. Gael responds with the same charming, innocuous smile.

Gael Reardon (CONT'D)
Is something wrong?

Faith
Give me back my child.

Gael meets her gaze and hardens.

Faith (CONT'D)
Give him back to me, now.

Gael holds onto him for a moment longer, making her point.

Gael Reardon
(handing Rhodri back)
He's the spit of his dad, isn't he?

Faith
(getting to her feet,
clutching Rhodri)
I don't know what you think you're
doing here, but you're leaving.
Right now.

Gael calmly reaches into her pocket and brings out an envelope. She places it on the desk.

Gael Reardon
My invoice. One hundred and
twenty thousand. Bank transfer is
fine.

Faith
Do you seriously expect me not to
call the police?

Gael Reardon
You could, Mrs Howells, but
consider the consequences. I
married into a big and powerful
family, with a very long reach.
(MORE)

Gael Reardon (CONT'D)

If you were to take me on, you'd have to be a protected witness. You and your children would be moved to another town, with new identities. Cut off from the people you love. Always looking over your shoulder.

Faith

Don't you dare threaten me.

Gael smiles.

Gael Reardon

I'll make you a gesture of goodwill.

(tapping his case)

And mind this for you while you arrange payment.

(getting to her feet)

Nice to meet you at last. I do hope Evan hasn't come to any harm. Have you heard from him?

Faith makes no reply.

Gael zips the case and exits, pulling it behind her.

Faith stares at the closed door, clutching Rhodri close - she's ready to crumble, but fights it with every ounce of her will.

67	OMITTED	67
68	OMITTED	68
69	INT./EXT. TERRY'S CAR / STEVE'S CARAVAN - EVENING (DAY 7 - MONDAY)	69 *
	TERRY, wearing a baseball cap, keeps watch over a mobile home.	* * *
	STEVE emerges dressed in smart clothes. He sets off on foot.	*
	TERRY watches him go.	*
70	INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING (DAY 7 - MONDAY)	70
	FAITH is neurotically cleaning the surfaces. She has restored the room to perfect order.	*
	Focussed on her task, she's oblivious to the squealing, crashes and bangs from upstairs.	

The doorbell rings. She straightens, on full alert. Grabs a paring knife from the rack and goes to the front door.

71 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - EVENING (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 71

FAITH yanks open the door.

LISA
Special delivery!

She sees the knife in FAITH'S hand. They exchange a look.

LISA (CONT'D)
(nods, sensing her edgy
mood)
Dim ond Prosecco yw e.

She steps inside.

72 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 72

LISA sits at the table topping up her glass. She watches FAITH polishing around several photographs of EVAN she has put up in new frames on the dresser. The mini riot upstairs is still in full swing.

LISA
Ma'r lle'n dishgwl yn itha' teidi
'da ti o styried bod e'n *crime*
scene.

FAITH sprays more Pledge. Attacks it with a cloth.

LISA (CONT'D)
So ti 'di twtch â'r fizz.

FAITH
Mewn muned.

LISA nods, sensing something serious beneath the hyper-activity.

LISA
Pwy ma'r heddlu'n credu na'th e te?

FAITH
So nhw'n gwbod.

LISA
Beth gymron nhw?

FAITH
Pwy?

LISA
Y bobol dorodd miwn - pwy ti'n
feddwl?

FAITH
(evasive)
Dim lot.

LISA
So, nage lladrad normal o'dd e te?
On nhw'n while am rwbeth ... Neu
jyst yn trial hala ofon arnot ti?

FAITH ups the elbow-grease, polishing maniacally.

LISA (CONT'D)
Faith? ... Fi'n trial ca'l ti agor
lan, fyn hyn ... Hmmm?

FAITH stops work and looks at her reflection in the gleaming surface. There's nothing left to polish. She slowly turns and meets LISA'S gaze. LISA gives her a warm and sympathetic smile that cuts through her defences.

LISA (CONT'D)
Dere 'ma.

She opens her arms. FAITH holds back, afraid of the flood gates opening. LISA gets up from her chair and wraps her arms around her and RHODRI.

LISA (CONT'D)
'Na fe. 'Na welliant.

FAITH'S tense muscles slacken. She rests her head on LISA'S shoulder and clings to her.

LISA (CONT'D)
Nawr ti'n mynd i weud 'tho i beth
sy'n mynd mla'n?

The doorbell rings.

FAITH
(closing her eyes in pain)
O God. Beth nawr? Ma'n rhaid fi
ga'l y plant i'r gwely.

LISA
Cer di i sorto'r plant. Ga i hwnna.

*

She hands FAITH her glass and exits to the hall.

73 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - EVENING (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 73

LISA opens the door to STEVE. He's dressed in a smart shirt and pressed trousers.

STEVE
(caught off guard)
Hi.

LISA
Ie?

STEVE
(sensing LISA'S suspicion)
Dwi'n ffrind i Faith. Wel, cleient,
rili ... Steve. 'Di yma?

LISA looks at him dubiously, but can't help being intrigued.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Mae'n brysur. Paid poeni.

He starts to turn.

LISA
Sa funed.

She leaves him on the step and turns back inside.

74 INT./EXT. TERRY'S CAR / STREET OUTSIDE FAITH'S - EVENING 74

TERRY, sitting in a stationary car outside Eira Jones's house, watches STEVE stepping through Faith's front door.

It closes after him.

TERRY sits back in his seat, his worst fears confirmed.

*

75 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 75

LISA and STEVE eye each other from opposite sides of the table.

FAITH is upstairs dealing with the KIDS.

FAITH (V.O.)
Pyjamas pawb! Cym on, ma' 'ddi'n
hwyr.

STEVE takes a sip of orange juice, feeling awkward under LISA'S scrutiny.

LISA
Boi lleol?

*

STEVE
Na. Jyst di mynd yn styc yma.

*

LISA
Plant?

STEVE

Un. Hogan fach ... Nath Faith ga'l
access i fi. Dwi'm yn gwbod be'
swn i di neud hebddi hi.

*

LISA

So 'na shwt ti'n 'nabod hi?

STEVE

On i'n 'nabod Evan gynta ...
Conspiracy to rob, gath o fi off.

LISA nods, not sure whether she's impressed or scared.

FAITH'S phone rings on the counter. LISA reaches for it and checks the screen: UNKNOWN CALLER. She answers.

LISA

(into the phone)

Helo. Ffôn Faith ... Na, ma'i'n
fishi sori.

She pulls a face as she takes in an evidently strange message.

LISA (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Ocei. Weda i 'thi.

She rings off and turns her attention back to STEVE. He glances at the phone as she places it on the table.

A beat.

LISA (CONT'D)

Shgw!l, fi'n siwr bo' ti'n fachan
lyfli, Steve, ond dyw Faith rili
ddim angen dyn arall yn prowlan
ymbythdu ar y foment.

STEVE

Dwi jyst yn helpu hi i edrych mewn
i betha.

LISA

Dy bants?

STEVE, smiles, embarrassed.

LISA (CONT'D)

Crys newydd. Chinos newydd. Cym on -
siwr bo'r Calvin's yn ffresh mas o'r
bocs 'fyd.

She nails him with a look. He's cornered.

STEVE
Ti'n ffrind da.
(getting up from his
chair)
Deud 'thi bo' fi yma os 'di hi
angen rwbeth.

He goes.

76 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - EVENING (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 76

STEVE comes out of the front door and along the path typing a text on his phone. He pauses at the gate and presses 'Send'.

77 INT./EXT. TERRY'S CAR / FAITH'S STREET - EVENING (DAY 7 - 77
MONDAY)

TERRY watches STEVE walk away from the house.

*

78 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY/KITCHEN - EVENING (DAY 7 - 78
MONDAY)

FAITH makes her way quietly downstairs, listening out for conversation in the kitchen. All is quiet.

She comes to the kitchen door and finds LISA alone at the table sipping wine and flicking through messages on her phone.

FAITH
Ble ma' Steve?

LISA
(pouring FAITH a glass of
wine)
Gath e'r hint yn diwedd. Ma' fe
bendant moyn shaggo ti, tho.

FAITH
Lisa! For God's sake! Ma' fe'n foi
rili neis.

LISA
(handing her the glass)
Ma' 'da bois neis gocie, 'fyd.

FAITH slumps onto a stool, the strain of holding it all in overwhelming her.

LISA (CONT'D)
So, ti'n mynd i weud 'tho i?

FAITH'S mask slowly melts as all the squashed-down emotion rises to the surface.

FAITH
Ma' fe'n loads gwath nag o'n i'n
feddwl ...

She sniffs, struggling to hold tears at bay.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Ma' Evan 'di bod yn ... Shit! ...
Shit, shit, shit!

Tears stream down FAITH'S cheeks.

Her phone chirrups. A text pings up. She picks it up, but
can't focus.

LISA
(taking the phone from
her)
Steve. 'Ma' Alpay'n gwitho i'r
Glynns. Falle bo hi'n gweud y gwir.
S. Gwyneb Serious.' Pwy ddiawl yw
Alpay?

FAITH
Deintydd. 'Da pysgod.

LISA
Ocei -

FAITH stares into space, trying to compute.

LISA (CONT'D)
Nath 'na ryw fenyw ffono bytu
tractor 'fyd.

FAITH
Beth?

LISA
Rwbeth 'bytu gardd yn ca'l 'i
striwo. 'I thad ...?

FAITH
O, na. Na! Na!

She grabs her phone and leaps up from her chair.

LISA
Faith?

FAITH
(dashing to the door)
Edrych ar ôl y plant i fi. Ma'n
rhaid fi fynd.

She disappears into the hallway and crashes out of the front
door.

79 INT. TERRY AND BETHAN'S HOUSE. KITCHEN/DINER - NIGHT (DAY 79 - *
MONDAY)

We hear the front door close. Footsteps in the hall.
TERRY enters. He switches on the lights.

TERRY

Bethan?

The house is strangely still and silent.

His eyes travel slowly around the room and settle on the
pedal bin. The lid is partially open. He lifts it and finds
an empty wine bottle stuffed neck-first into the full sack of
rubbish.

He pulls it out and places it carefully into the recycling
crate.

80 INT. TERRY AND BETHAN'S HOUSE. LANDING/BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 80 *
7 - MONDAY)

TERRY comes up the stairs and finds the bedroom door ajar.
The light inside is on. He goes in.

BETHAN is lying fully clothed, face-down on the bed. Dead to
the world and gently snoring.

TERRY looks at her for a moment, reaches out to touch her,
but something stops him from making contact.

His gaze falls on her handbag lying at the side of the bed. A
rectangular packet of pills protrudes slightly from the open
zip. He stoops for a closer look. Prozac. Then something else
catches his eye. He reaches into the bag and brings out two
shiny, silver napkin rings.

FADE

81 INT./EXT. EVAN'S CAR / REARDON'S HAULAGE DEPOT. SIX MONTHS 81
BEFORE - DAY (DECEMBER 2016)

FADE UP ON

FLASHBACK TO

EVAN drives into the yard and parks up behind the office next
to a sleek Range Rover.

82 INT. GAEL REARDON'S OFFICE. SIX MONTHS BEFORE - DAY (DECEMBER
2016)

EVAN enters GAEL'S well-appointed office. A large framed
photograph of PADDY REARDON posing by one of his fleet of
trucks dominates the room.

GAEL, dressed in a skirt and silk blouse, remains seated and composed behind her desk, looking him up and down.

EVAN
(nervously)
Good of you to see me, Mrs Reardon.

GAEL REARDON
Have a seat.

She gestures him to one of two easy chairs positioned at the side of the office. She comes around the desk and joins him.

She sits and positions herself very deliberately, crossing her shapely legs. EVAN can't help but glance at them.

She waits for him to speak.

EVAN
I, er ... I'm sure you're aware of
the letter sent by your late
husband's brother to my clients,
the Glynnys.

GAEL REARDON
I thought it was very fair, didn't
you? Seeing as that girl shot him
down in cold blood.

EVAN
With respect, that's not what the
jury decided.

GAEL REARDON
I was watching you very carefully,
Mr Howells. You didn't believe that
alibi witness any more than I did.

EVAN shifts uneasily under her penetrating gaze.

EVAN
The fact is my clients would like
to come to satisfactory terms.
Which means allowing their business
to prosper alongside yours.

GAEL REARDON
Which business would that be?
Exactly?

A beat. EVAN meets her gaze. Her still, level eyes are captivating.

EVAN
Two hundred thousand, is a more
realistic figure.

GAEL REARDON
Four hundred.

EVAN
Two hundred and fifty is their
limit.

GAEL REARDON
And if I refuse?

EVAN
I would advise you not to.

She smiles, impressed with him.

GAEL REARDON
I like you. I think you're a clever
and resourceful man ... who's
wasted on those people.
Four hundred.

EVAN
I'll talk to them.

GAEL REARDON
When this is settled, maybe you and
I should talk?

They exchange a look. EVAN'S eyes drift from her face to her
legs and back again.

GAEL REARDON (CONT'D)
Good.
(rising from her seat)
I'll look forward to that very
much.

EVAN stands. She shakes his hand, delicately wrapping her
fingers around his.

GAEL REARDON (CONT'D)
Good bye, Evan.

EVAN
Good bye.

He turns to the door, his heart pounding in his chest.

83 OMITTED

83

84 INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL. ASSEMBLY HALL. SIX MONTHS BEFORE -
EVENING (DECEMBER 2016)

84

A very pregnant and sensibly dressed FAITH sits in the
audience, an empty seat beside her.

ALYS is singing a solo accompanied by piano. Her voice is beautiful, pure and innocent as she performs Dawel Nos. *

EVAN enters, sheepishly, trying to be inconspicuous as he squeezes past other parent to sit next to FAITH.

FAITH
(whispers)
Be' sy' 'di digwydd i ti?

EVAN
Fi'n styc 'da client. Sori.

FAITH reaches for EVAN'S hand and nestles close to him.

EVAN, expressionless, gazes out with unfocussed eyes, churning with guilt.

FADE

85 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT (DAY 7 - 85
MONDAY)

FADE UP ON

BACK TO THE PRESENT

FAITH drives at speed along a narrow, winding lane.

She turns through a gateway and onto an unmade track.

86 EXT. JOHN DAVIES' COTTAGE - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 86

FAITH skids to a halt in the yard. The windows of the cottage are lit up. She jumps out of the car and runs to the front door. She raps the knocker.

No reply.

She calls through the letter box.

FAITH
John? Faith Howells.

Silence.

She runs back along the path and around to the side of the house.

She arrives at where the garden used to be. The moonlight scatters across a freshly ploughed field.

She spots something in the deep furrows. She hurries forwards, stumbling over the clods of earth and arrives at the prone figure of JOHN DAVIES.

Lying next to him is an upended wicker basket containing a few runner beans and potatoes he has retrieved from the carnage.

FAITH (CONT'D)

John?

She stoops to touch his face. He's cold. And very definitely dead.

She sinks to her knees and clasps his hand.

FAITH (CONT'D)

John ... Sori ... O'n i'n meddwl
bo' ni 'di ennill ... O'n i byth yn
meddwl ...

A small, desperate sound escapes her lips.

She rights the basket, puts the salvaged beans and potatoes back into it and brings out her phone. Still clutching his hand, she dials 999 and stares out into the empty night.

87 EXT. FAITH'S ROAD - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 87

A black BMW approaches out of the darkness and pulls up outside Eira Jones's house. *

Its occupants remain invisible behind the glare of the headlights. A door opens, then closes. The car moves off leaving a figure standing on the pavement. ARTHUR.

He's washed, shaved, dressed in new clothes and carrying a holdall. He goes through the gate to Eira's Bed and Breakfast.

A 'Vacancies' sign hangs in the front window. He arrives at the front door, glances nervously over his shoulder at Faith's house and rings the bell.

87A INT./EXT. STEVE'S CARAVAN. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 87A *

STEVE is asleep on the sofa with the TV on mute when the sound of a car horn stirs him. *

He sits up and tugs back the curtain. *

Outside his pick-up is parked-up. He glances up and down - the place is quiet and empty. *

87B EXT. STEVE'S CARAVAN - NIGHT (DAY 7 - MONDAY) 87B *

STEVE comes out of the caravan and takes a look around. The coast is clear. He steps warily towards the pick-up. *

THUD!

A pick-axe handle thumps between STEVE'S shoulders pitching him to the ground. He lies insensible for a moment, then rolls onto his side to see ERIN GLYNN, flanked by her two cousins - LLEW and DAFYDD - looking down at him.

STEVE blinks, his eyes refusing to focus.

LLEW steps on his wrist, pinning it to the ground. STEVE grimaces in pain.

ERIN

Your girlfriend still owes us 80k,
Steve.

STEVE

She hasn't got it.

LLEW presses harder. STEVE groans. ERIN crouches down next to him.

ERIN

If she wants her kids to have a
mother, she'd better try harder.

STEVE nods. ERIN nods to LLEW to step away. He drops a set of car keys into STEVE'S hand.

ERIN (CONT'D)

We could still be good, Steve. I
don't like to see you like this.

She stands and walks off with her cousins leaving STEVE lying prone on the ground.

END OF EPISODE