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INSIDE MAN

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The guard puts the phone on the table.

BETH
I'm not lying.

Grieff nods to Beth's phone, where it lies.

GRIEFF
The previous text - the one you
sent her. You're not friends.
Serial acquaintances at best.

Beth looks at the text in confusion.

Can't do Tuesday - in the US. Coffee when I'm back. Beth x

BETH
Because I cancelled a coffee?

GRIEFF
Because you signed the text. Good
friends know that their number is
in the address book. The truth
please.

Beth: stung but pressing on - knows she's been caught out.

BETH
I know her. I respect and admire
her. Over the last six months,
we've met several times for coffee.
During that time I've got to know
her well enough that I'm pretty
sure the picture she sent me was a
cry for help. I think it's probably
significant that I was the person
she sent it to.

GRIEFF
Or the last person who happened to
text her? What did the police say?

BETH
I haven't spoken to them.

GRIEFF
Why not?

BETH
I just - well -

GRIEFF
Because you thought your story
would sound flimsy.

BETH
Well - yes, I suppose -

GRIEFF
And embarrassment at explaining
your concern overcame your concern
for your friend.

BETH
No, that isn't fair -

GRIEFF
So instead of going to the police,
here you are consulting a convicted
murderer on Death Row, who a few
hours earlier you'd attempted to
interview for the reading pleasure
of the recreationally outraged. I'm
glad you're not *my* friend.

She stares at him - stung for a moment.

BETH
I think we're both glad about that.

DILLON
Well! It's all getting a bit *rude*
in here.

GRIEFF
From a man who made a letter rack
out of a librarian's ribcage.

DILLON
No, I didn't. I *didn't*.

BETH
Janice Fife -

DILLON
It was a nurse.

BETH
Janice Fife is a good person who
might be in trouble, so I thought
you might be interested. Moral
worth, that's what you want in your
cases. Atonement.
(Starting to get up)
But, you know, sorry to have
bothered you -

DILLON
No, wait, please.

They both look at him.

DILLON (CONT'D)
It was a librarian.

GRIEFF
Dillon -

DILLON
But it was a *drying* rack.

GRIEFF
Quiet!

DILLON
Copy that.

GRIEFF
(To Beth)
You thought your friend's possible
disappearance might be an
opportunity to watch me in action,
and write about it. That's right,
isn't it?

DILLON
Which in fairness is quite clever.

BETH
No. That's not why I'm here.

GRIEFF

Then let me make you an offer. I'm a man of my word, as Dillon will confirm.

DILLON

He's a man of his word.

GRIEFF

I'll allow you to observe my next case -

DILLON

For example his wife.

GRIEFF

Dillon!

DILLON

(Miming a strangle)
Till death us do part.

GRIEFF

Would you mind?

Dillon graciously waves him on.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

(To Beth)

I'll allow you to observe my next case and even write about it - but on one condition.

BETH

Being?

GRIEFF

I will *not* take the case of your missing friend Janice, and I expect never to hear you mention her again.

Beth: silent. She keeps her face very straight, but it's possible she might find this tempting.

BETH

Why?

GRIEFF

Do you agree?

BETH

Do you *have* another case?

DILLON

There's a case coming in today.

BETH

Today?

GRIEFF

Today, yes . My *promise*. You can sit in on my next case, you can write every word you ever want about it. You can even call me the Death Row Detective, I won't stop you. But only on the absolute, binding condition that there is no more talk of your missing friend. Not one word.

Beth: silent for a moment.

BETH

Is it a test? To see if I'll sell my friend down the river?

GRIEFF

Will you?

Beth stares at him. Oh God! Every professional instinct is luring her on.

BETH

Well clearly you're not interested in Janice, so I guess it doesn't make a lot of difference -

GRIEFF

Are you trying to make peace with your guilty conscience? This is death row, they have a procedure for that.

BETH

Christ! You're an evil piece of shit, aren't you?

GRIEFF

I'm under sentence of death for strangling my wife. Of course I'm an evil piece of shit. The question is - are you?

Silence in the room.

Beth can't stop her eyes flickering to the calmly folded, manacled hands on the table.

Grieff smiles, easily following her train of thought.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

Yes. With these hands.

Grieff detaches his gaze, looks up at the ceiling, like he's disappearing off into an abstraction of his own.

Dillon gives her a "what can you do?" shrug.

Finally.

BETH

Okay.

Grieff lowers his gaze to her again.

GRIEFF

Okay what?

BETH

I'll sit in on your case. I won't mention Janice again.

GRIEFF

Your friend Janice.

BETH

Yes.

He stares at her for a moment - a long, appraising look.

GRIEFF

Poor Janice.

Beth can't meet his gaze, looks away. Breathing hard, can't quite believe she caved that fast.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

I'll speak to the Warden. You'll need to be back in this room in one hour.

Grieff looks back to the ceiling.

Beth glances at him -

- then looks to his manacled hands again.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

3 INT. VICARAGE/HARRY AND MARY'S BEDROOM - DAY 3

(We are in the early evening. It being summer it is still daylight.)

On a bottom drawer as it is yanked open -

- revealing another pair of handcuffs.

Wider: Harry pulls the handcuffs from the drawer. He picks up a folded duvet from the bed.

As he turns to head to the door, he catches sight of himself in the full length wardrobe mirror. He's changed his clothes from the last time we saw him - now in his casual "at home" clothes.

He frowns at himself. As if not quite sure about what he sees.

CUT TO:

4 INT. VICARAGE - DAY 4

Harry, descending the stairs. He carries the duvet and a pillow over one arm, and the pair of handcuffs in the other. Significantly he now wears his clerical collar.

The camera descends, taking us down through the floor into:

CUT TO:

5 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - DAY

5

... the cellar.

Janice, cowering in the corner. The only illumination is the wedge of light now thrown by the opened door.

Harry, standing at the top of the stairs, still with duvet and handcuffs.

HARRY

You're allowed to keep the lights on, you know.

JANICE

Oh, that's nice. Nice to be allowed.

Harry clicks on the light.

JANICE (CONT'D)

I turned them off so my eyes would adjust to the dark. I thought that might be an advantage, in the circumstances.

On Harry: unnerved. Aware she's constantly clever, constantly scheming.

Now he tosses the handcuffs down to her.

HARRY

Look, sorry, but there's a pipe just behind you.

Janice looks bleakly to the pipe. Back to Harry.

JANICE

So?

HARRY

Could you ... just sort of - you know ...

JANICE

(Making him say it)
What?

HARRY
... attach yourself. Sorry.

JANICE
Why?

HARRY
I only want to talk to you. Just
... a chat.

JANICE

Do you always bring handcuffs to a chat, Vicar?

Harry laughs. It's a little forced. Like he's trying to normalise the encounter.

JANICE (CONT'D)

It's not funny. Not when I'm sitting down here in my own piss - it's not funny, Harry.

She starts handcuffing herself to the pipe, as Harry descends the stairs.

HARRY

I'm sorry about this. Ben will be back soon, we just want to make sure you don't ... you know ...

JANICE

Make a nuisance of myself?

HARRY

I really am sorry.

JANICE

Where did you get the handcuffs?

HARRY

We're going to sort this out, we are reasonable people who just got themselves - through no fault of our own - into a completely unreasonable situation -

JANICE

Are they yours, the handcuffs?

HARRY

We need to take a step back from this whole stupid business ...

JANICE

(Wrinkles her nose,
realising

Oh no! Are they a ... toy? I hope you haven't used them.

HARRY

... They were just a ... they're nothing, just a present. A sort of joke present, when we got married.

JANICE

I see, of course. Nothing dirty, oh no. Just like the child pornography on your son's flash drive was nothing to do with him.

Harry winces - like he's been slapped

JANICE (CONT'D)

(Of the handcuffs)

These better have been cleaned.

HARRY

It wasn't Ben's. What you saw, it truly wasn't.

JANICE

Here we go again. If I say I believe you, will you believe *me*? Can I go then?

Harry: silent. He lays the duvet and pillows down for Janice.

JANICE (CONT'D)

No. Of course not.

HARRY

Brought you some bedclothes.

JANICE

Why?

HARRY

I just don't ... there's no reason this has to be uncivilised.

She stares at him, incredulous.

Then reaches behind her, picks up a tied plastic bag, throws it to him. It lands with a soft thud

JANICE

Could you get me some plastic bags?

HARRY

What for?

JANICE

And some loo paper.

Harry's eyes go to the bag at his feet, putting it together. Closes his eyes. The sheer nastiness of it.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Could you do that? Some plastic bags and loo paper, please, Vicar.

HARRY

Yes. Yes, of course.

JANICE

You've changed your clothes.

HARRY

(Thrown by this)

Yes...

JANICE

And you put your collar back on. Why? You're home from work.

(A beat)

Is the collar for me?

(A beat)

Always strangely disgusting, isn't it? When someone is so keen to be trusted.

HARRY

The collar isn't for you, it's for me. It's a reminder that I have standards to live up to.

JANICE

Well seeing as you've got standards, Vicar, can I remind you of one tiny little thing?

(With everything she's got)

You have no right to keep me here.

Harry blinks. The sudden ferocity in her voice almost winds him.

Finally, in measured tones -

HARRY

It's only till I can prove to you that I'm telling the truth.

She just stares at him, blankly.

JANICE

Okay.

A beat on Harry, then he picks up the plastic bag, turns and heads up the steps.

JANICE (CONT'D)
 Nine o'clock tomorrow evening.

He looks round.

JANICE (CONT'D)
 Skype call with my sister. I never miss it without a very good reason. Like I told you, that's when they'll start looking for me.

HARRY
 By nine o'clock tomorrow, you will be home. This will be over.

JANICE
 Leave the lights on please.

HARRY
 (Nods assent)
 Goodnight.

He withdraws. We hear the key turn in the lock. We travel with Henry, through the wall, into the kitchen, then into the hallway, tracking him into ...

CUT TO:

6 INT. VICARAGE/HARRY'S STUDY - DAY

6

... the study.

Mary is sitting at the desk, on the laptop. She has a glass of whisky next to her - it's clearly not her first. Her face is drawn, her eyes haunted.

Harry comes through the door.

Mary doesn't react, or turn, or acknowledge him in any way.

HARRY
 Hey.

No reaction.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Okay?

Mary takes a drink.

MARY

I've been thinking. Just theoretically. About how you actually kill someone.

HARRY

Jesus!

MARY

No, but listen. Viewing this as a practical problem. How do you ... physically, on purpose ... actually make someone die? Have you ever thought about that?

HARRY

No. And I'm not thinking about it now.

MARY

In movies, it's all about alibis and getting rid of the body, and fair enough, those things need doing -

HARRY

Mary -

MARY

But how do you kill a person in the first place? I mean, in cold blood. What works, what do you use. How do you know when you're finished.
(Giggles slightly)
What if they don't co-operate?

Harry leans over, takes her whisky glass. Mary snatches it back, slams it down on the desk.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'm not drunk.

HARRY

You're being emotional

MARY

Don't you dare talk to me like that.

Harry silent for a moment.

She takes a slug of her whisky, refills.

MARY (CONT'D)

If she walks out of this house she will go straight to the police.

HARRY

We don't know that.

MARY

She has no choice.

HARRY

Of course she does.

MARY

There's a paedophile being protected by his father, the local vicar. You think she's just going to forget about that? You *assaulted* her. You think she's going to let bygones be bygones? Would you bet your son's whole future on it? If she leaves this house she has *no choice* but go to the police - so we have *no choice* but stop her leaving. How are we going to do that?? That is the *only question*.

HARRY

Look. The porn wasn't Ben's. Any investigation ... if there ever is one ... would *prove* that -

MARY

After everyone knows. *After* we keep our son home from school because they're kicking the shit out of him, and we've got a policeman on the door who doesn't even want to be there. *After* the *headlines*.

HARRY

What headlines??

MARY

What headlines?? The paedo teenager? With his Dad the violent vicar? Who threw a woman down the stairs to protect the evil family secret. The tabloids would have their biggest collective orgasm since Meghan met Oprah.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

And all of it, *all of that*, becomes inevitable the moment she walks out of this house!! *So what are we going to do??*

Harry: caught in the spotlight of that question.

Mary, waiting for an answer.

Silence. The he goes to her, hugs her tight. She clings on to him.

HARRY

Come on. We are not out of options yet - let's stay calm and consider them.

MARY

What options?

HARRY

Well for a start, I'm going to talk to Edgar.

MARY

That won't work.

HARRY

It might. I think it will. Let me try.

MARY

(Clinging to him)
You know what I've been doing.

HARRY

Drinking.

MARY

Googling.

HARRY

Googling what?

MARY

(Parting from him)
Let me tell you something ridiculous. We're supposed to be this murderous, warlike species, yeah? Well explain this. Why isn't there a single web page out there telling you how to kill a person. The internet, it's all just sex. Every kind of sex.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

There's not one handy hint on how to kill a human being, but there's a suggested kitchen implement for every size of anus. According to the internet, we are *crazy* about each other. It's non-stop action. No wonder this planet keeps spinning. I googled execution methods. I got *bondage dungeons*.

Harry laughs. She stares at him.

MARY (CONT'D)

Funny? It's funny, you think?

HARRY

(Grabbing his coat)
I'm going to find Edgar. I won't be long. Stay calm. Stay out of the cellar.

He's heading to the front door.

CUT TO:

7 VIDEO FOOTAGE

7

Amateur video of a middle aged man in a tux. He's standing on a stage, clearly at the end of a packed hall. He clutches an embarrassingly large, gold trophy and he's making what is clearly an acceptance speech. This is CONNOR DOYLE.

CONNOR

(American accent)
Some people say real estate is boring. Me, for instance. I say that all the time.

Laughter from the audience.

CUT TO:

8 INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

8

DILLON, GRIEFF and BETH are watching the footage on a laptop.

At the other end of the table, HANNAH is sitting in the visitor's chair. A plump, earnest woman, tears in her eyes as she hears the voice. A younger woman sits next to her - FRANNIE. There's enough resemblance that you might think - correctly - that's she's Hannah's daughter.

CONNOR ON SCREEN

But tonight, you know what I think?
I think it's still boring but now I
got an award.

Booing from somewhere.

CONNOR ON SCREEN (CONT'D)

Now, listen, seriously. There are a
lot of people I've got to thank.
You know who you are. So do me a
favour, call out your names cos I
forgot you all the minute I got
this award.

Now people are calling out their names - Hank, Jeff, Alice -
and the camera clumsily pans to the room. People at tables.

Several people are on their feet, calling out their names.
They're all grinning, laughing. This is a good natured
affair.

CONNOR ON SCREEN (CONT'D)

Look at you guys. I'm the only one
wearing a tux. You got no respect.

A pair of doors at the back of the hall open, and for a
moment, there is a blast of bombastic choral singing from
somewhere else in the building.

CONNOR

Oh, thank you ladies. I'll be round
to see you all later. Save a high
note for me.

The doors close, muting the choral singing.

HANNAH

Those things he says, doesn't mean
it. He was always like that.

Beth smiles at her, reassuring.

BETH

He's funny.

HANNAH

He was always funny.

Frannie smiles sadly at her, squeezes Hannah's hand in
sympathy.

CONNOR ON SCREEN

Everyone says, at moments like this, you gotta remember the little people. I say, screw 'em, they're little.

Hannah smiles at the gag, checks that Beth still finds him funny.

On Grieff, clocking that.

CONNOR ON SCREEN (CONT'D)

Thank you, everyone, *thank you!*

On screen he's heading off stage.

GRIEFF

And that was the last time anyone saw him.

HANNAH

Walked off the stage, never seen again. Just..vanished.

GRIEFF

When was this?

HANNAH

Five years ago -

GRIEFF

No, sorry, time of day. When in the day?

(Nods towards the screen)

The timer suggests this is just before 8 o'clock. Is that accurate?

HANNAH

I think so. I wasn't there. He said I didn't have to go -

GRIEFF

Was there a party afterwards, or dinner?

HANNAH

I'd been before, he was always winning things -

GRIEFF

Of course, yes, I completely understand. Was it a party afterwards or dinner?

HANNAH

I should have been there.

GRIEFF

But you weren't there. And now
you're here.

He smiles - kindly - and waits.

HANNAH

There was going to be a drinks
thing on the balcony. Over the
river.

GRIEFF

Where he never appeared.

HANNAH

Mr. Grieff -
(A nervous glance at
Frannie)
- I'm told you have special powers -

Grieff has followed her glance to Frannie, registering it.

GRIEFF

No. I have a doctorate in
criminology and a murder
conviction.

FRANNIE

But you see things other people
can't see.

GRIEFF

Mainly the interior walls of this
prison. Did you persuade your
mother to come here today?

FRANNIE

No one else is interested any more.
I heard about you, Mr. Grieff. I
thought maybe you could help us. We
just want to know where he is.
Where did he go?

GRIEFF

Where he went is fairly obvious
from the video, I think. Or it will
be, once we get hold of some train
timetables.

On Beth: what??

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

Where he is now is a little more complicated.

BETH

How is where he went obvious?

DILLON

Observation.

BETH

Of what?

DILLON

No idea. But it's usually observation.

Frannie stares at him, astonished.

FRANNIE

Nobody knows where he went. Nobody saw him.

GRIEFF

Well that's the point. Nobody saw him at all. Tells us everything.

FRANNIE

How?

Grieff turns his attention back to Hannah.

GRIEFF

You love him, don't you?

HANNAH

Well - yes, but -

GRIEFF

You still laugh at his jokes. You check if everyone else is laughing too. You love your husband -

HANNAH

If you know where he went - if
somehow you know that - please tell
me.

Grieff considers. Troubled now, thoughtful.

GRIEFF

I have a theory. No point in
sharing it yet. Beth, could you
take Hannah's hands please.

BETH

Why?

GRIEFF

Because I can't, and we're about to
have a difficult conversation.

A little awkwardly - she's not good at this sort of thing -
Beth takes Hannah's hands.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

Have you given any thought to the
possibility that I might actually
find your husband? Because after
five years he is almost certainly
dead.

Hannah: unsure what to reply. Frannie takes over.

FRANNIE

At least we'd know. Knowing would
be something. Better than what we
have at the moment.

GRIEFF

What you have at the moment ... is
hope.

FRANNIE
Yes. Hope's awful.

GRIEFF
Yes, I supposed it is.
(Smiles tenderly at Hannah)
As far as I remember.

CUT TO:

9

INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

9

A few minutes later. The PRISON GUARD is just showing Hannah and Frannie out.

DILLON and GRIEFF have risen from their chairs to say goodbye as the door closes on the two women.

BETH
So what was that? Are you showing off, or do you actually have a theory?

GRIEFF
It could be both.

DILLON
It's usually both.

BETH
Okay, so tell me your theory.

GRIEFF
You saw what I saw. Tell me yours.

BETH
I saw a man get an award and give a bad speech.

GRIEFF
And then?

BETH
He disappeared into the night.

GRIEFF
He *disappeared*?

BETH
Okay, he *walked off* into the night.

GRIEFF

No, he didn't. That's exactly what didn't happen. Look at the video - properly, this time. It's all there. Just before 8 pm on the 25th of July. That's not night. That's half an hour till sunset. He walked off into broad daylight.

BETH

So what?

GRIEFF

So everything. You have a car, I presume. Would you mind doing some research for me?

On Beth: *what??*

Tracking round Beth - as we emerge round her, we are -

CUT TO:

10

EXT. HILDA'S HOUSE - DUSK

10

- looking at HARRY He is standing at the door, clearly having pressed the doorbell.

Looks around, as he waits. A very different area of town from the one he lives in.

The door is opened by HILDA (Edgar's mother, whom we saw in episode 1. In her seventies, fierce-eyed. Sanctimonious and under that so vicious.)

She is quite nauseatingly gratified to see Harry.

HILDA

Oh. Vicar! To what do I owe the pleasure.

HARRY

Actually, I was looking for Edgar. Is he around?

HILDA

No, no. He's out with his friends.

HARRY

Good, so he should be. Do you happen to know where he went? I need to speak to him.

Those beady eyes, alight with malignant curiosity.

HILDA
He's got his phone.

HARRY
In person.

HILDA
Has he done something wrong? If
he's done something wrong, I'm
happy to get involved.

Harry keeps the smile fixed on his face, but it's tough -
yeah, she'd love to help out.

HARRY
Do you know where he went?

CUT TO:

11 EXT. BELL AND CROWN PUB - DUSK 11

A nasty little pub. HARRY's car is parked across the street
from it, and Harry is crossing the road towards it.

CUT TO:

12 INT. BELL AND CROWN PUB - DUSK 12

Crammed and noisy.

In a corner, a few guys talking at a table. Sitting on their
periphery is Edgar. He has the slightly fixed smile of the
perpetual outsider trying to be part of the conversation.

VICTOR, one of the guys, is holding forth. Some story is
reaching a climax.

VICTOR
- four times, I told her. She says,
"Four? *Four??*" And she's just
looking at me with her face all
retarded. "Yeah, four." I says.
"That's your limit. Sorry, love,
four."

They all laugh. Edgar tries to laugh the loudest.

EDGAR
Four!

Victor looks disparagingly at Edgar.

VICTOR

Oh, he's not deaf then. He can
count and he's not deaf.

Jeering laughter.

Edgar tries to join in the laughter - but his face is roaring
like a furnace. He glances, embarrassed, away -

- and sees, across the pub from him, Harry. He's standing
just inside the door, complete with Vicar collar, and is
staring mildly at Edgar.

He nods his head at an empty table a few feet from him, and
heads towards it.

On Edgar, puzzled at this. What's Harry doing here?

EDGAR

Sorry, I just got to -

VICTOR

(Waving him away)
Yeah, fine, yeah.

Edgar makes his way from the table. Heading across the pub.

A burst of laughter from behind him - from the table where
his friends are. He glances back, uneasily. Is it about him?

He shakes off that feeling, looks over.

Harry, sitting over by the wall. There's an empty seat across
the table from him.

Harry gestures him to the seat.

A little nervously Edgar joins him.

EDGAR

Hi. Is there a problem?

Harry, just looking at him. Cool, appraising.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Is it the church? Is it a church
thing?

HARRY

Are those your friends?

EDGAR

Yeah. The guys. Just the guys.

HARRY

Good. Good to see you hanging out with people.

EDGAR

They come here a lot. I join in. I'm getting good at that, joining in.

HARRY

Great.

EDGAR

I don't take 'no' for an answer.

He gives a high pitched, nervous little laugh. Unaware of how much he's giving away.

Harry keeps his smile in place. But it's hard for him not to wince. He glances over at the other table. Raucous, leg-spreading young men, laughing too loud. So confident. Everything that Edgar isn't.

HARRY

Well that's great, Ed. Good for you.

EDGAR

You said I had to meet people my own age.

HARRY

Yeah. Your own age.

As he says this. He places the flash drive on the table between them. It just sits there. They both look at it.

Finally:

HARRY (CONT'D)

Do you want it back?

Edgar shifts uncomfortably in his seat. One now trembling hand massages the scars on his opposite wrist. It's an unconscious mannerism, but it draws Harry's eyes to the old injuries. He steels himself, looks back at Edgar's face. Not the day to feel sorry for him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

The flash drive, Ed. Do you want it back?

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

The one you were hiding from your mother - you gave it to me at the church, remember?

Edgar looks to his friends, nervous.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Your porn. You were hiding your porn.

Laughter from the lads table. Another nervous glance from Edgar.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm not going to tell your friends about it, it's okay.

Edgar looks, terrified, at Harry. His eyes are liquid. If someone just brushed past him he might cry.

On Harry: keeping his face straight, his sympathy in check.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Or your mother.

Edgar, breathing harder now.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I just want to know, if you want it back.

EDGAR

I ...

HARRY

What? What is it, what?

EDGAR

Did you - ...

He breaks off, nods at the flashdrive. He's asking *did you look?*

HARRY

Did I what?

A tear rolls down Edgar's face.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, come on. It's me. You're safe with me. You know that, don't you?

A tiny nod from Edgar.

With a sigh, Harry reaches into his pocket for a tissue.

As he does so, we cut closer on his pocket -

- and see, lying on the bench seat next to him, his mobile phone. A blinking icon on the phone screen indicates that he is recording.

He hands the tissue to Edgar.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Here. Come on, what's wrong? Don't want your friends to see you like this, do you?

A rapid little shake of Edgar's head. That would be the worst thing ever.

HARRY (CONT'D)

All I'm asking is do you want this back? Your flashdrive, do you want it back?

He's trying to fight it but there's a tiny edge of desperation in his voice. *Say it, say it!*

Red-eyed terrified, Edgar stares at him for the longest moment.

An eternity later:

EDGAR

That's not mine.

Harry tenses.

HARRY

No, it is. You gave it to me earlier, at the church.

Edgar shakes his head.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's fine. You were embarrassed, your Mum was looking for you. You gave it to me.

Someone pushes past behind Edgar.

He glances round and sees Victor pushing his way to the bar. He's close now. In earshot.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm just returning your property to you.

EDGAR

It's not mine. I've never seen that before.

Harry, disbelieving, staring into Edgar's panicked face.

HARRY

Edgar ... why are you lying to me?

EDGAR

I'm not lying to you. I'm not. Why are you saying that's mine, that's not mine.

HARRY

You gave this to me!

EDGAR

No, I didn't. *I didn't.*

HARRY

Edgar, you're lying -

EDGAR

You're the one who's lying. You are! *You're lying!*

HARRY

Please, just listen to me, just -

EDGAR

I'm going home!

And he shoots to his feet, shouldering his way out of the pub. Keeping his head down, his tears hidden.

On Harry: didn't expect that. What does he do now?

He snatches up his phone clicking off the recording.

Now he's walking to the exit, after Edgar.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. THE VICARAGE - NIGHT

13

The Vicarage at night.

CUT TO:

14 INT. THE VICARAGE HALLWAY - NIGHT 14

The hall cupboard stands open. Revealed inside it: a bag of golf clubs (the ones we saw Mary with in the previous episode.)

Now on Mary: leaning against the opposite wall, contemplating the clubs. Another whisky in hand. She cocks her head as if considering an idea

Closer on the clubs - specifically on the bulbous headed driver.

Mary drains her glass, slams it down on the table.

In a moment of drunken recklessness, she pulls the club from its bag ...

CUT TO:

15 EXT. BELL AND CROWN PUB - NIGHT 15

HARRY stands outside the pub, looking around. Quiet street, no one around.

Where could Edgar have got to so fast?

HARRY'S POV: across the road, a house, a garden. Shadows at the side of the house. A movement in the shadows?

Harry contemplates for a moment: pretty sure Edgar's there.

He crosses the road, climbs into his car (on the same side of the road as Edgar's hiding place.)

CUT TO:

16 INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT 16

Harry starts up the car - but doesn't move off. He just sits there, the engine idling.

He checks his mirror. No movement from the shadows.

Drums his fingers on the wheel. Now leans over, opens the passenger door, pushes it. It hangs open across the pavement, as if waiting.

He checks the mirror. Waits.

Now there's footsteps approaching the car.

Quickly, he puts his phone on the dashboard, clicks it to RECORDING mode. Moves it so it's out of sight.

A moment later Edgar leans in.

EDGAR
What do you want?

HARRY
To help you.

EDGAR
... I'm going home.

HARRY
Fine, I'll give you a lift. I need to talk to your mother anyway.

Edgar: no answer. Abruptly he gets into the car, sits there looking miserable.

EDGAR
Don't talk to Mum. She'll get angry.

HARRY
Why would she get angry?

EDGAR
Because she always does. She's always angry.

HARRY
Okay, I won't go and talk to her. What do you want to do instead? Do you want to go back to your friends?

On Edgar: shakes his head. Miserable, lost.

EDGAR
They're not my friends.

HARRY
Okay.

EDGAR
They call me Paedo.

HARRY
Why do they call you Paedo?

EDGAR
Because I look like one.

HARRY
Why would they think that?

EDGAR
Because I do. I look like a paedo.
Look at me, I *do*.

Harry looks at Edgar. Tears streaming down his face.
Hopeless.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
What are you supposed to do when
you look like this?

Harry, held by his look. That pudgy, gormless face, so full
of misery.

HARRY
You look ... fine.

EDGAR
No, I don't. Don't lie to me! *No, I
don't!*

Harry doesn't know what to say. He starts up the car.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
Where are we going?

HARRY
Church.

He snatches the phone off the dash

EDGAR
Why?

HARRY
Because I'm a fucking Vicar.

He whirls the wheel, the tyres screech, and the car roars off
-

CUT TO:

17

EXT. AMERICA/FREEWAY - DAY

17

Another car, streaking along a freeway, somewhere remote.

BETH
(V.O.)
How many phone calls are you
allowed.

GRIEFF

Coming up on your left, there's a store. Barney B's.

She looks through the windscreen. There's a sign: Barney B's Auto Repair.

BETH

Yeah, okay.

GRIEFF

Go and see Barney. He's got something for you.

BETH

What?

GRIEFF

Call me from Allenville.

Grieff nods to the prison guard, passes the receiver back through the bars.

CUT TO:

21 INT. BETH'S CAR - DAY 21

Beth rolls her eyes, hearing the phone hang up in her ear. She starts pulling over to Barney B's.

CUT TO:

22 INT. BARNEY B'S - DAY 22

Beth is coming through the door, causing the bell to ring as she does so. A repair garage - cars everywhere, in various states of maintenance

She looks round, faintly apprehensive.

The clearing of a throat, the scrape of a chair. An amiable, slightly grubby man comes through from the back shop.

He stands there blinking softly. He's so completely shy he barely manages eye contact with Beth.

BETH

Um. Barney?

BARNEY

Beth Davenport?

*

She nods.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

Wait a second.

He disappears into the back shop again. Beth approaches the counter, looking apprehensively round. *

Barney reappears with a small sealed envelope, hands it to Beth.

BETH

What do I do with this?

BARNEY

Deliver it.

BETH

Where?

BARNEY

Wherever Mr. Grieff says.

Beth takes the envelope, looks at it.

BETH

You a friend of his?

BARNEY

No.

Silence. Barney smiles amiably enough - but clearly he isn't going to elaborate.

BETH

But you ... know him.

BARNEY

Yes.

BETH

Did you - ... was it a case? Is that how you met him?

BARNEY

Yes.

BETH

May I ask - sorry, just curious - what kind of case was it?

BARNEY

Forgery.

BETH

I hope you don't mind - but it's such an unusual thing, isn't it, a detective on death row ... how did you first hear of him?

BARNEY

When I was arrested for forgery.

BETH

... oh! You weren't the client, you were - well -

BARNEY

I was the forger.

BETH

And now you work for him?

BARNEY

Guess so.

BETH

Does he pay you?

BARNEY

Kind of.

BETH

How?

BARNEY

I don't get arrested so much.

BETH

... Thank you for this.

Barney gives a nod, heads to his back shop. But as Beth heads to the door -

BARNEY

Hey.

Beth turns.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

Could you give a message to Mr. Grieff, if you're talking to him?

BETH

What message?

BARNEY

Tell him the subject is meant to make a Skype call at 9 pm tomorrow afternoon. 4 pm our time.

BETH

Okay.

Barney nods and goes through to his backshop again. This time we go with him, as he heads to his open laptop sitting on a table.

BETH (CONT'D)

Is it another case for Mr. Grieff?

BARNEY

Yes, it's a case.

We close on his laptop screen - it is showing a Facebook Page, and clearly displayed is Janice Fife's face. It's Janice's Facebook.

The photo of Janice's smiling face fills the screen as we - *

CUT TO:

23

INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - NIGHT

23

On Janice, not smiling. She has a knife in her hand - just some old rusty garden knife she's found - and she's carefully and quietly sharpening it on the concrete floor.

A noise from above. She looks up; a key is turning in the lock.

Stepping through the door - Mary. She has the whisky bottle and glass in one hand and the golf club tucked under one arm.

She re-locks the door, heads a little unsteadily down the cellar steps.

MARY

I thought it was time we talked.

JANICE

Yes, probably.

Mary now at the foot of the steps. She sets down the club. Then sits herself down on the floor. Pours herself a whisky, looks thoughtfully at Janice, then at her glass.

MARY

Should have brought you a glass.

JANICE

I'd rather drink from the same glass as you, if you don't mind.

MARY

What, you think I'm going to drug you?

JANICE

It would be the clever thing to do in your situation. Better than a golf club anyway.

MARY

Yeah.

She pushes the glass towards Janice. Janice takes it, downs it in one.

She hands back the empty.

MARY (CONT'D)

Keep it.

Mary pours her another slug, and drinks a little from the bottle.

MARY (CONT'D)

So. What happens now, do you think?

JANICE

Well. I think - in the end, and with regret, I'm sure ... I think you're going to kill me. Sounds a bit dramatic, I know. But people do do that. People kill people, it happens. And I can't see any other way out of this. Can you?

Mary, silent for moment. Sighs.

MARY

How did we get ourselves here?

JANICE

Ben.

MARY

Yes. Ben.

JANICE
(A little more pointed)
And, of course, Harry. Your
husband, Harry, the Vicar.

Mary digests this thought. Nods.

MARY
Harry, the Vicar.

JANICE
(Also toasting)
Harry.

They drink. A moment's silence.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Have you given any thought to how
you're going to get away with it?

MARY
Away with what?

JANICE
My murder.

Mary: silenced by the bluntness of the question.

JANICE (CONT'D)
You must have been thinking about
it surely.

MARY
No.

JANICE
I mean the actual killing is easy
enough.

MARY
Is it?

JANICE
Oh, you will have googled it, I'm
sure.

Janice gives her such a pleasant smile - Mary can barely look
at her.

JANICE (CONT'D)
I mean, it wouldn't be pleasant, of
course, but not difficult, I
wouldn't have thought. You just
have to be strong.
(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)

I think you're very strong, Mary.
Especially where Ben is concerned.
I've always liked that about you.

MARY

I love my son.

JANICE

If I doubted that I'd be a lot less
scared.

MARY

Look. This ... situation, nobody
wants this -

Another of Janice's bland, friendly smiles.

JANICE

I can help you.

MARY

I'm sorry?

JANICE

I can help you.

MARY

What do you mean, help me? Help me
with what??

JANICE

I've been sitting down here,
thinking. I don't have much to
bargain with, do I? Except this. I
am literally the only person in the
world who can help you get away
with my murder.

Mary just stares for a moment.

MARY

I don't - I'm sorry, I don't - ...
what?

JANICE

I have a Skype call at nine
tomorrow with my sister. I never
miss it without warning her in
advance. The moment I don't call,
it will start. First my sister will
wonder where I am. She'll ask my
friends and my friends won't know.
Then I won't get back home that
night.

(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)

Then the search will begin in earnest. The police will get access to my flat - my neighbours have the keys - and they'll find a diary on my desk. At which point they'll discover my last appointment was in this house with your son. When they come here, what are they going to find?

Silence from Mary.

JANICE (CONT'D)

If they find me locked up in your cellar, I'll tell them everything that happened, your husband will be arrested for assault and your son exposed as a paedophile.

MARY

That's never going to happen.

JANICE

Oh, I know it isn't. One way or another, this cellar will be empty by the time the police arrive. I'll be long gone, won't I? Except I'm not stupid. My blood and my piss are everywhere. When they look properly - and they will - they'll find traces of me all over this room. And then they'll know.

Mary: still silent.

JANICE (CONT'D)

All of this becomes inevitable from 9 o'clock tomorrow. Unstoppable. Like maths.

Mary: still no words. Janice is damnably right.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Unless.

MARY

Unless what?

JANICE

Unless I email my sister canceling the Skype call.

MARY

... why would you do that?

JANICE

The email would have to be from me. My account anyway - I suppose you could write it. You'd have to be very careful with the wording though - people are going to be very suspicious, once I go missing. But I suppose I could help you with that.

MARY

... Why would you help us??

But Janice smiles and prattles on.

JANICE

Now here's the clever part. The email could mention that I'm going on one of my walking trips - I go on those quite often. A week at a time, usually, no contact with anyone. Then you'd have at least a week's grace to dispose of me.

MARY

... I really don't understand.

JANICE

My phone is broken - that's true, as it happens, thanks to your husband - so there would be no way to track me or contact me during that week -

MARY

Why would you help us??

JANICE

Never mind why. The point is I could make this much easier for you. You could keep Ben safe and get away with murder. But only - only - if I help you. So.

(Smiles.)

I have a webmail account. You already know the address. All you need is my email password.

(A beat; smile fades)

Make me an offer.

MARY

... an offer?

JANICE

I have something you want. What do you have that *I* want?

MARY

... nothing.

JANICE

Everything. My life. My freedom. My friends, my family. Everything I'll never see again because of you. But you can't offer me those things, can you? So, Mary ... what else have you got? Make me an offer.

Mary stares at her, slightly stupefied.

JANICE (CONT'D)

You should think it over. I'm tired. I'd like to sleep now.

MARY

This ... this doesn't make any sense ...

JANICE

(Firmer, ending the conversation)

Thank you for the drink.

MARY

I don't understand what you expect me to do.

JANICE

That's your problem, isn't it? Not mine, yours.

(Leans her head against the wall)

Now I'm really very tired. It would be kind if you left the whiskey.

Mary, sitting there, bemused. She's being dismissed. How did she lose control of that conversation?

She gets to her feet, starts heading to the door.

JANICE (CONT'D)

By the way.

Mary looks back. Janice hasn't raised her head or opened her eyes.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Mention a word of this to your husband, no password. This is between you and me. Tell the Vicar what we talked about - and I won't help you.

MARY

... why?

JANICE

Because I hate him.

Mary startled at the baldness of this. Stares at her.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Never really liked him, though I'm sure he thought I did. But now ... Oh, I really hate him now.

(A calm smile)

So keep that in mind ... keep how much I hate your husband in mind ... when you're wondering what you can do for me.

Mary: just staring at him. Rocked at this.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Good night, Mary. Please leave the light on. And do have a good think.

On Mary's face: *what?* Finally, numbly, she starts moving to the door.

MARY

Good night.

She goes out, closing the door. We move with her, straight through the wall and now she -

CUT TO:

24

INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN/HALLWAY - NIGHT

24

- just leans against the cellar door for a moment. Like she's recovering. Then remembers. She turns, locks the cellar door, hangs up the key -

- and as she does so she hears -

BEN
(From off)
Why did you lock the cellar?

She startles, turns.

And there's Ben - he's clearly just arrived home, just inside the front door. His question is casual - the mildest curiosity - but obviously it unnerves Mary. She tries to conceal her fluster.

MARY
Oh. Hi Ben!

She smiles - tries her best not to look uneasy.

MARY (CONT'D)
I thought - ... how was the festival?

BEN
Kind of shit.

Ben has already forgotten about the cellar but a flustered Mary keeps going.

MARY
I just ... I just locked it, I don't know why.

Fortunately for her, Ben is barely interested - something else is distracting him.

BEN
So Janice is still here then?

The question rocks Mary - how the hell does he know that - but she fights to hide her reaction.

MARY
No. Of course not, why would she still be here.

Ben looks to the coat stand just inside the front door.

BEN
That's her handbag.

Mary looks to the coat stand momentarily lost for words. There's Janice's handbag - and even as she watches, Ben casually takes it off the coat stand.

MARY
Oh, she must have left it.

She takes the handbag from him.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'll phone her and tell her. I'll
tell her it's here.

BEN

Don't worry about it -

MARY

No, I will, I'll phone her -

BEN
 (Pulling out his phone)
 I'll do it.

MARY
 No, I will.

Ben is heading up the stairs. He's already tapping in the number.

BEN
 Need to talk to her anyway.

Ben, out of sight now, up the stairs.

Mary, leaves the bag on the stairs, climbs a few steps, listening.

Mary's POV. Through bannister rails, she can see through the opened door of Ben's bedroom. Ben paces inside, phone at his ear.

BEN (CONT'D)
 (Into phone)
 Oh, hey Janice.

Mary startles a moment - *how can she be answering??*

BEN (CONT'D)
 Give me a call when you get this,
 you've left your handbag here. And
 anyway, I still don't have those
 modules. Sorry about earlier - Mum
 and Dad being weird -

The door closes, cutting off his voice. Mary hesitates a moment - then she's heading down the stairs -

CUT TO:

25 INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - NIGHT

25

On a kitchen drawer as it is yanked open. Mary reaches inside, pulls out -

- Janice's phone. As we saw before, the phone is broken, the screen smashed.

She frowns, thoughtful. But what if...

She presses hard on the power button. Nothing.

Presses again. A flicker on the screen. Keeps pressing.

The phone sputters into life!

On the cracked screen -

FIVE MISSED CALLS

VOICE MAIL FROM BETH DAVENPORT

VOICE MAIL FROM BEN WATLING.

Her thumb drifts to the Voice Mail from Ben. Hesitates.

Presses on the message. Nothing. Just a cracking sound from the screen and a flickering ...

She tries again.

The phone flickers off.

CUT TO:

26

INT. HARRY'S CHURCH - NIGHT

26

EDGAR in the empty church. Looking round. Clearly slightly freaked. The lights are coming on.

HARRY appears, now in full ceremonial outfit.

EDGAR

Why are you dressed like that?

HARRY

I'm at work.

EDGAR

No, you're not.

HARRY

Take a pew.

An involuntary laugh from Edgar - assuming Harry is being funny.

Harry's face: deadly earnest.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Ed ... take a pew.

A little nervous, sits in one of the pews. Harry sits at the end of the next row along, twists round to talk to him.

He holds up the data stick.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I know what's on this.

EDGAR
I don't.

HARRY
Yes, you do.

EDGAR
Never seen it before.

HARRY
You're lying.

EDGAR
No, I'm not.

HARRY
Do you think, if I take this to the
police -

On Edgar: on the word "police" his eyes fill.

Harry steels himself to go on.

HARRY (CONT'D)
- do you think they won't be able
to work out who this belongs to?
They can do these things, Ed, it
isn't difficult.

A silence. Edgar's wide, wet eyes fixed on Harry. Finally?

EDGAR
Okay.

Harry frowns, taken aback. It was a bluff, he expected it to
work.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
Take it then. Take it.

HARRY
I don't want to do that -

EDGAR
Take it, I don't care.

A tear rolls down Edgar's face.

HARRY

I care, Ed. I care because this is a house of God and you're lying to me.

Edgar: visibly shaking. Just shakes his head.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Do you want to pray?

Shakes his head again.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I think you should. I think you should pray.

He reaches out, takes Edgar's hand -

- and exposes his wrist. The ancient scars.

HARRY (CONT'D)

God was with you in your darkest hour. Now you've lied in his house. You need to pray - you *know* you do.

Edgar screws his eyes shut - as if to stop the tears squeezing out.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Look at me.

With difficulty, Edgar opens his streaming eyes again. Harry is holding the data stick up, right in his face.

HARRY (CONT'D)

If you can't confess your sins to me, that's okay. I don't matter. But, Ed ... you have to confess them to God.

He turns Edgar's wrist towards Edgar, showing him the scars.

HARRY (CONT'D)

That's the deal.

He places the data stick on the ledge in front of him, rises from his pew. He moves away from Edgar, a few steps behind him.

Now he looms behind Edgar, almost sinister in his robes.

HARRY (CONT'D)

If you've done wrong, that's okay.
We all do wrong. But you have to
lay yourself open before God.

Edgar, transfixed. After a moment, clumsily, he kneels down
in the pew.

He clasps his hands in front of him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

There is no forgiveness without
confessing your sins first.

Edgar, the tears still streaming, starts mumbling. We can't
hear the words.

On Harry. Hardening his heart. Not easy.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Out loud, Ed. No one's here.

EDGAR

... you're here.

HARRY

As God's representative, you know
that. And your friend.

As he speaks he's drawn his phone from his pocket, and placed
it on the ledge just behind Edgar.

He touches the screen. The RECORDING icon comes up.

A big shuddering sigh from Edgar. So difficult.

EDGAR

Our father. Who art in heaven.
(Stumbling over the words)
Forgive me my sins.
(To Harry)
Is that right?

On Harry. Shit, is that all he's going to say??

He places a hand on Edgar's shoulder.

HARRY

That's good. Very good. Keep going.

EDGAR

I've been ... looking at things.
Things I shouldn't look at. Just
pictures though.

Another pause.

Harry's eyes flick instinctively to the phone, the blinking RECORDING icon.

HARRY

Go on.

EDGAR

I know I shouldn't. I know it's wrong. The Vicar always tells me what's wrong and right and I know it's *wrong!*

Sobbing now.

Harry, pained at the words he's hearing - but also trying to suppress his impatience.

HARRY

What was wrong, Ed? What was wrong with the pictures on the flash drive?

Nothing. Just sobbing.

Harry's POV. Edgar's shoulders heaving.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Ed?

On the phone - the RECORDING icon still blinking.

Edgar, still shuddering and sobbing.

EDGAR

Will my Mum know?

HARRY

Know what?

EDGAR

Will she?

HARRY

This is between you and God.

The phone - RECORDING.

EDGAR

I can't ... I don't ...

HARRY

You need to say it. You can't be forgiven unless you say it.

Edgar clinging to the pew in front of him, sobbing, wailing. He's shaking his head vigorously.

EDGAR

You're never forgiven. You're never forgiven. I know. *I know.*

HARRY

You have to say it, Ed.

EDGAR

Nobody forgives you.

HARRY

God forgives. Just say it. It'll be fine.

EDGAR

It won't be fine.

HARRY

It'll be fine if you *say it.*

Edgar, sobbing uncontrollably now, topples with a crash into the aisle. He's curled in a foetal ball now, wailing.

EDGAR

I can't. *I can't.*

Harry watches the miserable creature, shaking and sobbing at his feet. He keeps it together. Forces himself to keep going. He reaches and slides the recording phone to the end of the ledge, closer to the target.

HARRY

Of course you can. It will be fine.

EDGAR

(Screaming now)

I want to die! Why can't I just die? *Why can't I just die?*

Harry, staring. Horrified.

Edgar, now rubbing the scars on his wrists.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Why did they have to stop me? Why's it anyone's business??

The phone, RECORDING -

- and Harry snatches it up, hurls it the length of the church. It smashes against the alter.

The movement and noise makes Edgar look up, confused -

- and now Harry has taken his arm.

HARRY

Get up.

EDGAR

What was that?

HARRY

My phone. Get up. Prayer's over now.

He picks up the data stick from the ledge.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Come on.

EDGAR

Where are we going?

HARRY

Vestry. Pull yourself together.

CUT TO:

27

INT. VESTRY - NIGHT

27

Close on a drawer as it is yanked open.

Wider as HARRY pulls a laptop computer from inside it. EDGAR is watching in bewilderment from the door.

HARRY

Come here.

Edgar nervously enters the room. Harry gestures him to the chair at the desk, indicates him to sit in it.

EDGAR

What are we doing?

Harry has opened the laptop in front of Edgar. Now he hands the data drive to Edgar.

HARRY

Whatever stuff you've got on here -
I don't need to see it - I want you
to put it on my computer.

EDGAR

Why?

HARRY

Make it look like it's been hidden
away. Somewhere obscure. Make it
look like it's mine and I'm hiding
it.

Edgar stares at him, tearful bewilderment.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Do you understand. Do you see what
I'm saying?

EDGAR

No ...

HARRY

You're off the hook. It'll be my
fault, it'll be me.

EDGAR

But ... why?

Harry despairs.

HARRY

I don't know. Christ knows! Because
...

He flails for an explanation. Can't find one - or can't
express it.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Just do it.

Edgar looks bleakly at the blank screen of the computer,
which becomes -

CUT TO:

28

EXT. ALLENVILLE RAILWAY STATION/WAITING ROOM - DAY

28

- the glass of a door as it is pushed open.

Wider: Beth stands in the entrance to a large railway station
waiting area.

It is fairly quiet at the moment - only a scattering of people. One ticket office window is open, a bored woman sitting waiting at it.

Beth: taking all this in. Her earphone is still in place.

BETH
Am I catching a train?

The footage of the awards show is already there, she starts scrolling through it. We see the pan, the audience calling out their names, the door opening in the background.)

In his cell, Grieff is leafing through a sheaf of papers - mostly printouts from what is clearly Janice Fife's Facebook page.

On the laptop, Connor is resuming his speech (again in silence.)

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

He was the only one wearing a tux. How could a man wearing a tux, carrying an award, walk through the streets of a city completely unnoticed? Yet nobody saw him. I'd say that's almost impossible.

BETH

Unless he walked across the carpark and came here?

GRIEFF

Exactly.

BETH

Rubbish. He'd have been noticed here too. He'd have stuck out just as much here as in the street.

GRIEFF

Turn the sound up. Go to when the doors open.

Frowning Beth scrolls back to the moment when the doors open.

For a moment she turns up the sound. We hear the bombastic choir for a moment.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

Beethoven's 9th.

BETH

Yeah. There's a concert hall in there.

GRIEFF

I checked. What you just heard is four minutes from the end of the symphony.

BETH

So?

GRIEFF

It was nearly over is what I'm
saying.

BETH

I get what you're saying. Why are
you saying it? What am I even doing
here?

GRIEFF

Testing a theory.

BETH
What theory?

GRIEFF
Watch.

BETH
I've watched it over and over.

GRIEFF
Not the video. The station.

She glances up from the laptop. Frowns. People are now entering the station - not a great flood, but in increasing numbers.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)
I timed your arrival with some care. There's been a matinee today. A concert has just finished in the Allenville Center.

She glances over to the wall. There's a poster for musical events that evening at the Allenville Center "Music Of the Movies" 3pm.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)
I think the station should be filling up now.

Beth, looking round. It's manifestly true. A show has just finished and that portion of the audience who are traveling by train are starting to show up. Families, couples, solitary music enthusiasts still studying their programs - a real range of types.

BETH
Okay. So that's even more people who could have seen him.

GRIEFF
Exactly. Even in a crowd, how could Connor Doyle have gone completely unnoticed? A man in a tux carrying an award ...

BETH
Okay how.

GRIEFF
You're forgetting something.

BETH
Forgetting what?

GRIEFF

The orchestra.

And now, in a series of slow motion shots -

- emerging among the crowd -

- man after man, wearing tuxedos, most of them carrying instruments. They're just passengers, like the others - but under their coats, they're all in dickie bows and dinner jackets.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

The orchestra has to get home too.

Now peppered among the passengers - the tuxedo men.

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

You notice one man in a tux - unless he's among lots of men in tuxes. It's how we see the world - we notice the exception, not the rule. About fifteen minutes after the speech we saw, came the only moment a man in a tux carrying a heavy object could have waited in this station, unnoticed.

(MORE)

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

All we need to know is what trains
were leaving within the next five
or ten minutes of his arrival.

BETH

Okay, so I'll check -

GRIEFF

I've already checked.

BETH

Of course you have. What did you
find?

GRIEFF

What I was looking for.

BETH

Which was?

GRIEFF

A coincidence.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. OUTSIDE EDGAR'S HOUSE - NIGHT 31

Harry's car drawing up outside.

CUT TO:

32 INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT 32

HARRY and EDGAR sitting in silence for a moment. Edgar's eyes
are still red from crying.

HARRY

Okay. We're here, off you go.

Edgar doesn't move.

HARRY (CONT'D)

We're here, go.

Edgar glances into the back seat. The laptop is lying there.

He glances towards the house. At the living room window, he can see HILDA, Edgar's mother, peering out at the car. Clearly waiting for Edgar.

EDGAR

I don't understand why you're doing this.

Harry's hands are gripping the steering wheel. His face is drawn, fierce, almost like he's on the verge of tears.

HARRY

Because ... because I can't think of anything else. I really can't, nothing else. I just ... I just want to do the right thing. *Why is that so fucking difficult??*

Edgar staring at him, not sure what to say.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Fuck off, go on, get inside.

Edgar starts to climb out.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Listen to me. You never go anywhere near that stuff again. None of that, ever again. If you're ever tempted, you remember what I did for you. What I did to myself for you. And then you stop. You just stop.

Edgar held in his gaze for a moment.

EDGAR

... I don't know why you're helping me.

HARRY

Because I'm a fucking vicar.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. ALLENVILLE SUBURBS - DAY

36

Beth crossing the road to Number 7, Grieff still talking in her ear. We continue to intercut with the cell.

GRIEFF

The overwhelming likelihood is your murderer is in your address book. Because people tend to be murdered by someone they love. Now of course it could be just a coincidence but the first train Connor could have caught on arriving at the station, was his train home.

The door opens -

- revealing Hannah, the wife from the earlier scene.

HANNAH

Oh, hello again.

Beth stares at Hannah, slightly bewildered.

CUT TO:

37 INT. VICARAGE - NIGHT

37

Slam! Harry has just come home, slammed shut the front door.

He leans against the inside of it. A beaten man. He has his laptop under his arm.

The house is silent. He goes to the kitchen. Empty. He places his laptop on the kitchen table. A beat, as he looks at it: the computer that will end his life as he knows it.

Then he looks to the cellar door.

Now we move through the cellar door to discover -

CUT TO:

38 INT. VICARAGE CELLAR - NIGHT

38

- Janice, curled under her duvet in the darkness.

The turn of the key in the lock, the door opening.

She looks up.

There's HARRY, at the top of the stairs, framed in the light from the kitchen.

HARRY
Are you okay?

JANICE
No.

HARRY
Within reason?

JANICE
There is nothing reasonable about this.

HARRY
No. There really isn't.

He turns to go.

JANICE
I could cancel the Skype call.

He looks back at her.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Give you more time, before anyone notices I'm missing. I don't have any more tuition all week, and I'm always not turning up for things - it'll be a while before anyone looks for me.

HARRY
Why would you do that?

JANICE
I don't want you making decisions in a hurry. Doing anything rash.

HARRY
No one's going to do anything rash.

JANICE
You could just email my sister. From my account. I can help you with the wording, if you like. I'm on webmail, I'll give you the password.

HARRY
I don't need it.

JANICE

It's *password*. The password is *password*. Stupid, I know, but who cares about my emails.

HARRY

Janice, I really don't need it.

A sad smile and he goes out.

On Janice, as the door closes. A tiny sardonic smile on Janice's face. Like she's done something clever.

In one shot, the camera move up and round into the kitchen to discover -

CUT TO:

39

INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - NIGHT

39

- Harry as he emerges from the cellar. He finds Mary waiting for him at the kitchen table.

MARY

Well?

HARRY

I'm tired. I just want to go to bed.

MARY

No. Tell me. How did it go with Edgar?

Harry looks to the laptop on the table, winces away from it.

HARRY

It's okay, all fixed. Ben's going to be fine.

He sags into a chair.

MARY

What have you done?

HARRY

I just ... need a moment.

He shakes his head.

MARY

No. You're going to tell me. What have you done?

On Harry. He looks at her. Dear God, how does he explain this?

HARRY
You're going to be angry.

She moves round the table, puts her hand on his.

MARY
Tell me.

CUT TO:

40 INT. HANNAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 40

Beth is perched nervously on the sofa. Hannah is serving coffee.

HANNAH
You gonna show me what's in that envelope? You're holding it like it's important.

CUT TO:

41 INT. GRIEFF'S CELL - DAY 41

Grieff still on the line.

GRIEFF
Give her the envelope.

CUT TO:

42 INT. HANNAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 42

Beth hands Hannah the envelope.

Bemused, Hannah sits, opens the envelope. She takes out what appears to be a photograph. Stares at it.

Silence for a long chilly moment.

Then, with a trembling hand, she sets the photo face down on the table. She doesn't look at Beth.

She considers for a moment, then simply gets up and walks out of the room. A moment later we hear the front door bang.

Beth shoots to her feet.

BETH
Hello? Excuse me?

She looks to the photo. What could have caused that reaction?
She reaches over, picks it up. Stares at it.

GRIEFF
What's happening?

BETH
She looked at the photograph and
left.

GRIEFF
Oh. Interesting. I thought she
might just cry.

BETH
Where's she going?

GRIEFF
Panic probably. Running away.
People do. Or maybe she's checking
if we dug up the body too.

Beth's POV of the photo. It's of Connor's award - it's
sitting on a desk, stained and mottled, and covered with
dirt, like it's just been dug up.

BETH
How did you get this?

The sound of a car starting outside. Beth dashes to the door,
tears it open -

CUT TO:

42a EXT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - DAY

42a

- and arrives outside in time to see Hannah driving off in
her car.

GRIEFF
It seemed obvious that having
murdered her husband she would bury
the award with him.

BETH
But how did you find it?

GRIEFF

I didn't. I didn't have to. Easy enough to get an image of a trophy and photoshop some dirt on it. He's good, Barney.

BETH

But she came to you for help.

GRIEFF

At the suggestion of her daughter.

BETH

She still came.

GRIEFF

Of course she did. She even appealed on television for her husband to come home. Liars are always the loudest.

BETH

You said she loved him.

GRIEFF

I'm sure she did. Murder is rarely an expression of indifference.

Beth assesses that. Then, shrewdly:

BETH

Is that what you tell yourself?

Grieff, silent for a moment.

GRIEFF

I'm not sure what I tell myself. But I can tell you this. If you truly love someone, never come home early.

BETH

... am I supposed to be intrigued?

GRIEFF

No. You're supposed to get on a plane.

BETH

What? Sorry, what? What plane?

GRIEFF

You're going back to England, I need someone on the ground there.

(MORE)

GRIEFF (CONT'D)

The message you gave me from Barney was about Janice. She has a Skype call at 9 pm tomorrow, and I'm very interested to know what happens.

BETH

But I thought - you said -

GRIEFF

Get on a plane.

BETH

You said you weren't taking the case!

GRIEFF

Of course I'm taking the case. I just wanted to see if you were willing to abandon your friend to advance your career.

BETH

Why??

GRIEFF

You seemed to have a high opinion of your own ethics and I thought it was time you learned better.

BETH

Thanks!

GRIEFF

You're welcome. Self-loathing is clarity and clarity is useful.

BETH

Am I getting morality lessons from a murderer??

GRIEFF

Everyone's a murderer, Beth - all it takes is a good reason and a bad day. Get on a plane.

He hangs up.

Beth, just standing there, processing that. He's fucking her around. Explosively:

BETH

Shit!

CUT TO:

43

INT. GRIEFF'S CELL - NIGHT

43

Grieff, sitting on his bed, alone, contemplative.

DILLON

(From off)

You're screwing with her.

We pan to bring in the next cell. Dillon sitting on his bed, the two of them effectively back to back.

GRIEFF

Yes.

DILLON

Why?

GRIEFF

I can't stop her writing about me.
So I need to make sure she hates me
when she does.

DILLON

Yeah, sure, yeah.

(A beat)

Why?

GRIEFF

Atonement isn't atonement if
there's any kind of reward. I don't
want her readers to like me. I
don't want *anyone* to like me.

DILLON

I like you.

GRIEFF

You don't count. You eat people.

DILLON

Oh.

(A beat, considers)

Two people.

GRIEFF

Okay.

DILLON

And it was basically a case of
waste not, want not.

The camera keeps moving on, now to discover -

CUT TO:

HARRY

Edgar wouldn't survive this. I will.

MARY

You have fucked this family.

HARRY

I have saved this family. Ben won't be destroyed, you won't kill a woman in our cellar -

MARY

You *stupid arse!*

CUT TO:

48

INT. EDGAR'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

48

We continue to hear Harry and Mary talking as Hilda eases open the door to Edgar's room

HARRY

(V.O.)

I am trying to do the right thing. That's all I'm doing. *The right thing*. Ben's safe, you're safe, Janice is safe.

Close on Hilda's face. She looks up. She stares at what she sees, her face filling with horror. A hand to her mouth, a silent scream.

MARY

(V.O.)

Edgar's safe.

HARRY

(V.O.)

Yes. Ed's safe.

CUT TO:

49

INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

49

HARRY and MARY.

HARRY

What's wrong with that? What's wrong with any of that? What's wrong with keeping people safe? I'm a Vicar, I'm *supposed to do that*.

MARY

You want people to think you're a paedophile??

HARRY

No. Of course I bloody don't. But what else can I do??

Mary: out of words now. Only one thing she can think of.

CUT TO:

50

INT. LANDING OUTSIDE EDGAR'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

50

Hilda is backing out of Edgar's room, hand to mouth, still staring in horror.

MARY

(V.O.)

We can delay it.

HARRY

(V.O.)

Delay what?

Hilda turns and bolts along the landing. We let her go, holding on the shot of the opened bedroom door.

CUT TO:

51

INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

51

HARRY and MARY

MARY

You need time to think about this. She's got a Skype call tomorrow. At 9 - that's when people will start wondering where she is.

(A beat - a hesitation)

There's a chance I could get her to cancel it.

HARRY

There's no point.

MARY

But I'd have to ... persuade her.

HARRY

We can cancel it if we want. But there's no point, is there?

MARY
... sorry, what?

HARRY
This is the only way out.

MARY
We can cancel the call?

HARRY
She gave me the password to her
email account - but there's no
point, is there.

MARY
She just gave you the password.

HARRY
Yeah, doesn't matter, forget about
that -

MARY
What did you give her?

HARRY
(Confused at the question)
Nothing.

MARY
Nothing? I don't - that's not -

Mary's face - suddenly thrown, not trusting. He mistakes this
look for anxiety, goes to her, hugs her.

HARRY
Mary, it's okay.

CUT TO:

52

INT. LANDING OUTSIDE EDGAR'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

52

Now tracking towards the still open door as we continue to
hear Harry talking.

HARRY
(V.O.)
Eventually it will be fine. You'll
see, I promise.

Now we're tracking through the opened door, and seeing what
Hilda saw:

Edgar, is hanging by the neck from the light fitting, clearly dead. (All we see are the dangling feet.)

CUT TO:

53 INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING 53

Harry and Mary still hugging. We see their faces over each other's shoulder.

Mary is staring at the cellar door - still wondering what deal her husband made...

HARRY

I know how it seems now. But we have to do this - for Ben.

CUT TO:

54 INT. EDGAR'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 54

We continue past Edgar's dangling body, homing in on his desk. There's a note on his desk, with writing on it that we can't quite read yet...

CUT TO:

55 INT. VICARAGE KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING 55

Harry and Mary.

MARY

People are going to think you're a paedophile.

HARRY

I know, yes.

MARY

They're actually going to believe that.

CUT TO:

56 INT. EDGAR'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 56

Now close on the first line of the handwritten note - big childish writing ...

DON'T BELIEVE THE VICAR IS A PAEDO.

HARRY

(V.O.)

Yes. And so long as they believe
it, Ben is safe.

We pan down to the rest of the note.

HE'S PROTECTING SOMEONE ELSE.

END CREDITS.