

## UN BORE MERCHER



Gan

Matthew Hall a Sian Naomi

Crëwyd y gyfres gan Matthew Hall

Cyfieithwyd gan Anwen Huws

PENNOD DAU

*Sgript Saethu Gwyn*

*13/04/17*

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CATCH UP SEQUENCE

ENDING WITH:

FAITH in the Harvester car park, crying out into the night.

FAITH  
Evan! Evan, ble wyt ti?  
Evan! Evan, plîs!

FADE

1 EXT. COAST ROAD - AFTERNOON (SEPTEMBER 2016) 1

TITLE: Nine months earlier.

FADE UP ON:

A Mini Convertible bowls along an empty road overlooking the sea.

CERYs is at the wheel and in a hurry.

2 EXT. VIEWPOINT CAR PARK - AFTERNOON (SEPTEMBER 2016) 2

EVAN, dressed in a business suit, leans back against the bonnet of his Ford staring out at the ocean. His expression is that of a man contemplating his uncertain destiny.

He takes another Polo from a packet and pushes it distractedly between his lips.

He glances round at the sound of a car. CERYs turns in off the road and skids to a halt on the loose dirt. She climbs out wearing an expression of concern.

CERYs  
Ti'n ocei?

EVAN  
Fine.

CERYs  
Moyn ca'l fi mas 'ma ar ben 'yn  
hunan, ife?

He looks at her, puzzled, missing the joke.

CERYs (CONT'D)  
Angofia fe.  
(checking her watch)  
Drycha, wy fod cwrdda client mewn  
deg muned -

EVAN

Sori, wy ... Ma' 'da fi  
benderfyniad i 'neud ... Erin  
Glynn. Ti'n cofio hi?

CERYS

(impatient)

Siwd allen i anghofio? Dal yn  
clonio ceir ydy hi?

\*  
\*

EVAN

Gath hi 'i aresto pnawn 'ma. Ar  
amheueth o saethu Paddy Reardon. Yn  
farw. Ma' Paddy 'di marw.

CERYS

Wow. Ma' hwnna yn step up. Pwy yw  
Paddy?

\*

EVAN

Haulier mas yn Gafyrddin. Ta beth,  
ma' tad Erin, Dewi, 'di gofyn i fi  
'i gynrychioli hi.

CERYS

Wel, gwd. Ot ti moyn mwy achosion  
fel'na unweth i dy dad riteiro. Co  
ni off. Dwrnod cynta'. Boom. A  
mae'n ferch - ma hwnna bownd o ddal  
sylv'r wasg.

\*  
\*  
\*

She smiles.

EVAN

Ond llofruddieth. Ma' fe'n amlwg  
bod hi'n euog. Wy'n gwbod bo' 'da  
nhw arian ... sa i'n gwbod os alla  
i ...

CERYS

Be' sy'n bod 'rno ti? 'Sdim ots  
beth ma' dy dad yn 'i feddwl rhagor  
- dy firm di yw e nawr, Evan. Be  
sy'n dala ti nôl?

EVAN stares out to sea.

CERYS (CONT'D)

A ni ddim jyst yn mynd i  
gynrychioli'r bitch bach drwg.  
Ni'n mynd i ga'l hi off.

\*

He looks at her, drawing strength from her determination. The  
wind plays through her hair. She's strong and beautiful.

EVAN

(decisively)

Ie. Odyn. Dyma fe. 'Y nghyfle i.

He reaches for the car door, then turns.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Diolch, Cerys.

He steps over and gives her a stiff hug that betrays awkward feelings. She pats his back.

CERYS

Cer.

He steps away from her and climbs into his car. Starts the engine and buckles up. He drives off, peeping his horn.

CERYS smiles affectionately after him.

FADE BACK TO THE PRESENT

3 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / COUNTRY ROAD APPROACHING ABERCORRAN 3-NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

FADE UP ON:

FAITH races towards home. Her phone rings over the hands free. 'HOME' flashes up on the screen.

FAITH

Shit!

(she answers)

Helo?

ALYS (V.O.)

Mami! Lle wyt ti?

FAITH

Dau funud i ffwrdd ... o'dd raid i fi nôl llaeth. Fydda i 'na nawr.

ALYS (V.O.)

Ma Rhodri'n pallu stopo llefen. Sa i'n gwbod beth i 'neud.

(she sobs)

Mami, fi ofon!

FAITH

Alys, aros ar y ffôn. Cer at Rhodri. Naf fi siarad 'da fe.

ALYS

(sobbing)

Fi'n mynd i ffonio mam-gu.

FAITH

Na. Alys! Paid! Fi bron gatre.

The phone goes dead. FAITH exclaims in panic. She stamps on the throttle, whipping past a black BMW coming the other way.

4 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 4

FAITH squeals around the corner into her road. A police car with silently flashing blue lights is double-parked up ahead.

She slows to a crawl, then stops and kills her headlights. She watches anxiously, straining to see in the dark. Two figures come into focus: a female constable, PC EMMA JONES, loads a handcuffed ARTHUR DAVIES into the back seat.

PC JONES climbs behind the wheel and pulls away, heading in FAITH'S direction. FAITH ducks as the police car passes.

She sits up, swamped with relief, and continues the short distance to her house.

She parks up, jumps out and runs to the house.

Along the street, EIRA JONES looks across at her from behind her bedroom curtain.

5 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY/LANDING/KIDS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 5

FAITH dashes up the stairs.

FAITH

Alys!

ALYS is standing ashen-faced by the bannister at the top of the stairs.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Fi mor sori. On i'n meddwl -

ALYS presses a finger to her lips.

ALYS

Ma' fe newydd gwmpo'i gysgu.

FAITH

Naf i byth 'neud 'na 'to. Fi'n addo. Addo.

ALYS

Lle ma'r lla'th?

FAITH

O'dd y garej 'di cau. O'n nhw'n cloi pan nes i gyrredd, ac on nhw'n gwrthod -

She tails off. ALYS isn't fooled for a moment.

ALYS  
O'dd dyn 'ma.

FAITH  
Beth?

ALYS  
Yn bwrw'r drws, galw ar Dadi.

FAITH  
P...pa fath o ddyn?

ALYS shakes her head.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Siwd o'dd e'n edrych? Nath e weud  
ei enw?

ALYS  
Nes i ond gweld e drw'r ffenest.  
O'dd e'n fowr. Edrych fel 'se fe  
ofon.

FAITH  
Ofn?

ALYS  
Ti byth 'di gadel ni o'r bla'n.

She turns into her bedroom.

FAITH  
Alys -

FAITH goes to the bedroom door. ALYS climbs into her bunk.  
RHODRI and MEGAN are both sleeping.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Fi'n sori ... Fi mor sori. Bydden i  
byth yn dweud celwydd wrtho ti.

ALYS  
Ti jyst wedi.

ALYS rolls to face the wall, turning her back on her.  
FAITH reaches out a hand and strokes her shoulder while  
scanning the room, half expecting a prowler to appear.

ALYS takes a deep, slow breath and slides into sleep.

6 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

FAITH comes through the door and desolately contemplates the  
mess - Evan's clothes piled on the bed.

Her gaze settles on a framed photograph on her dressing table: EVAN on the beach, with all three KIDS clambering over him. He looks so happy. Wholesome. Innocent.

7 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FAITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

Evan's clothes are stuffed back in the wardrobe. His wig and ID card are sitting on the bedside table. The time on the alarm clock sitting next to them is 03:00.

FAITH lies in bed clutching her phone and spooning the last of a tub of ice cream into her mouth. Her call connects to Evan's voicemail.

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

She rings off and re-dials.

EVAN (V.O.)  
*Ma'n flin 'da fi -*

She gives up and stares into the empty ice cream tub. Disgusted at herself, she tosses it onto the floor and sinks back into the pillow, frightened and painfully alone.

The door opens. She looks round, startled, to see MEGAN standing there clutching her teddy bear.

FAITH  
(lifting the corner of the  
duvet)  
Cym on.

She quickly slides the wig and ID card into a drawer as MEGAN clambers in. MEGAN snuggles up close. They lie side by side, FAITH stroking her hair.

8 EXT. HARBOUR - DAWN (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 8

Dawn breaks over the harbour. A solitary FISHERMAN is sorting crab pots on the deck of his tiny trawler.

TERRY pedals his mountain bike determinedly along the harbour front and heads up the High Street. A man on a mission.

9 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAWN (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 9

TERRY rides hard up the hill towards the police station and turns into the yard.

10 INT. TOM AND MARION'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING (DAY 10 THURSDAY)

A few fingers of light find the gaps between the drawn curtains.

MARION, sitting up in bed, gazes bleakly into the gloom. An untouched cup of tea sits at the bedside.

A tap at the door. TOM looks in, dressed for golf.

TOM

Chi moyn fi ddod â bach o frecwast  
i chi?

She shakes her head.

TOM glances at the carpet, embarrassed by something.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mae'n siwr gen i taw siarad wast  
o'dd y busnes 'na am stad 'u  
priodas nhw.

MARION responds with a distant, 'Mmm'.

TOM (CONT'D)

Fydd Evan nôl wrth 'i ddesg erbyn  
amser cino.

MARION doesn't answer.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mwy o de?

MARION

Cerwch i whare'ch golff.

She looks away, waiting for him to leave.

Not wanting to abandon her but firmly dismissed, TOM exits and pads quietly downstairs.

MARION waits for the sound of the front door closing, then reaches for the phone and dials. Her call connects to Evan's voicemail.

EVAN (V.O.)

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

MARION

(into the phone)

Evan ... Evan, dy fam sydd 'ma.  
Ma'n wir ddrwg 'da fi. Plîs dere  
gartre. Ma' gyment gyda ni i  
drafod.

(starting to sniffle)

(MORE)

MARION (CONT'D)

Plîs. Plîs paid â nghosbi fi fel  
hyn.

She trails off, wiping away tears.

11 INT. POLICE STATION. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE - MORNING (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 11

TERRY pauses from typing on his computer to take a bite from a carefully prepared bacon sandwich he has brought in a tupperware box. He wipes his mouth with a square of kitchen roll and returns to his task.

On the screen: he pastes a photograph of EVAN looking suited and professional into a missing persons report.

He pauses for a moment, looking thoughtfully at Evan's face as if it might hold some clue. Then glances up at the large wall clock 7:50. He reaches for the phone.

12 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - MORNING (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 12

FAITH jolts awake at the sound of her phone ringing.

She blinks, momentarily disorientated, then checks the phone's screen: 'Unknown Caller'.

FAITH

(groggily into the phone)  
Helo?

TERRY (V.O.)

Faith, Terry. Unryw news?

FAITH

Na. Dim.

TERRY (V.O.)

Paid beco, wi'n llanw adroddiad  
*missing person* nawr. Os 'na rwbeth  
mwy licet ti weud 'tho i? ...  
Rwbeth am y ffordd o'dd e'n  
bihafio'n ddiweddar?

She hesitates, still foggy with sleep.

FAITH

Na ...

TERRY (V.O.)

Olreit. 07.52. 'Na fe. Wedi 'i  
ffeilo.

FAITH

7.52! Fi'n gorfod mynd. Diolch.

She rings off and clasps her head in her hands. Nothing makes any sense. Nothing. She leaps out of bed and treads on the ice cream tub she dropped there last night. She grabs it off the floor.

13 INT. FAITH HOUSE. LIVING AREA - MORNING (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 13

Dressed in tracksuit bottoms and a baggy top, FAITH rushes in to find all three kids at the breakfast table. ALYS and MEGAN are dressed in their school uniforms. ALYS is spoon-feeding RHODRI breakfast.

FAITH

(trying her best to be  
sunny)

Sori, bois. Rhaid bo' fi 'di  
anhofio gosod y larwm.

ALYS gives her a chilly look.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(dumping the squashed ice  
cream tub in the bin)

Fi 'di bod yn meddwl, beth am ga'l  
dwrnod off? Mynd i'r traeth, mynd  
â'r cwch mas?

ALYS

Ma' pido mynd i'r ysgol yn erbyn  
y gyfreth. Dylet ti wbod 'na.

FAITH, taken aback.

MEGAN

Pwy ots am y stiwpid gyfreth?

FAITH

Oh God, kit! On i'n gwbod bo'  
rwbeth ...

She stoops to rummage through a basket of laundry.

ALYS

Mam.

She nods to two neatly packed school bags.

FAITH

Oh. Diolch, lyfli.

ALYS

(to MEGAN)

Dere, dannedd.

They get down from their chairs and head for the door.

FAITH

Alys -

ALYS glances back.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Fi'n rili -

The phone rings. ALYS looks at it.

FAITH grabs the handset. ALYS and MEGAN wait, listening, by the door.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Helo? ... Na, ddim eto ... 11.00?

(she closes her eyes,  
breathes deeply)

Iawn, na i ddelio 'da fe.

FAITH rings off and gives her daughters a forced smile of reassurance. ALYS pulls MEGAN out of the door

She goes to RHODRI, picks up the spoon and guides it to his mouth. He turns his head away.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Cym on, i Mami. Choo, choo -

He clamps his mouth tight shut. FAITH sighs and drops the spoon. She takes a deep breath.

14

EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - MORNING (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

14

A group of PARENTS are gathered in a gossiping huddle at the school gates.

FAITH'S car pulls up. Heads turn as she climbs out, dressed in a suit and heels. She retrieves ALYS and MEGAN'S bags from the boot.

FAITH glances over at the GOSSIPERS, keeping up her smiling front as she hands the girls their bags. MEGAN grabs hers and runs to join a friend with a quick, 'Bye'.

FAITH

(brightly, to ALYS)

Pob lwc gyda'r prawf geog. Paid  
anghofio Tasmania.

ALYS manages a smile and turns to the gate.

FAITH spots one of the MOTHERS in the huddle gawping at her. She gives a saccharine smile back, gets into car and drives away.

15 EXT. HARBOUR / YACHT - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 15

FAITH pulls up in the small car park. She jumps out and fetches RHODRI from his car seat.

CUT TO:

Carrying RHODRI, FAITH makes her way along the boardwalk to their boat. She steps out of her heels, holds RHODRI tightly and clambers down onto the deck.

She opens the hatch of the storage bin. Inside are a bunch of lifejackets and wetsuits. She rummages through and finds a nylon duffel bag she doesn't recognise.

She brings it out and unpacks the contents: a pair of EVAN'S deck shoes, jeans, shirt and a jumper.

She looks at them, perplexed. *Why was he stashing clothes here?*

RHODRI whines.

FAITH  
Un funud, cariad.

She hastily stuffs the clothes back in the bag.

16 INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 16

FAITH struggles through the door with RHODRI, a large bag of toys and nappies.

DELYTH puts down the phone and looks up from her desk as FAITH clatters in.

DELYTH  
Bore Da, Mrs Howells. Yr orsaf  
heddlu oedd ar y ffôn. Arthur  
Davies -

FAITH  
Un funud.

She heads for Evan's office.

DELYTH  
Adewish i ffeil Baldini ar y ddesg.  
A phan gewch chi gyfla -

Ignoring her, FAITH goes through the door and pulls it firmly shut behind her.

17 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 17

FAITH speaks impatiently into the phone while RHODRI sits on her knee waving a plastic fire engine around. The web-site of a Swansea wig-makers is up on the desktop computer screen.

FAITH  
Howells. Evan Howells. Fi just  
isie gw bod faint o'dd e'n costu a  
pryd nath e brynu fe. ... Chwech  
cant?

She scribbles on a pad: '12th March'.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Na, na'i gyd. Diolch.

FAITH puts down the phone, reeling.

A knock at the door. She looks up as DELYTH enters.

DELYTH  
Ma Arthur Davies o flaen 'i well am  
unarddeg. Am ymddwyn yn feddw ac  
afreolus. A ma Cerys dan y lach.

FAITH  
Ma'r boi na angen help. Yn glou.

FAITH grabs a legal pad and searches for a pen. Then notices DELYTH continuing to hover.

DELYTH  
Mi arhosith.

She turns to go.

FAITH  
Hang on ... Ydi e rwbeth i 'neud  
'da Evan?

A beat.

DELYTH  
Mi o'dd 'y nghyflog i fod i gael 'i  
daludoe. Ond ddo'th o'm drwadd.

FAITH  
O. Sori. Fi... Naf fi dalu fe nawr.

She turns to the computer, hits some keys and brings up the bank's web-site. She gropes for the password. Finally it comes.

She keys it in. Hits 'enter.'

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 (clicking through)  
 Howells' current account.  
 Payroll ...

FAITH stares at the screen, the colour bleeding from her face. She swallows.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN: '£61,987 O/D LIMIT EXCEEDED'.

FAITH looks up and realises that DELYTH is still waiting.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 Faint ma pobol arno ni mewn  
*outstanding fees?*

DELYTH  
 Tua pymthag mil.

FAITH sits back in chair, staring at the screen, *scarcely believing the evidence of her own eyes. She glances at the clock.*

FAITH  
 Pryd o'dd y tro dwetha' i'r  
*accountant ddod mewn?*

DELYTH  
 Sbelan go lew.

FAITH blinks, *scarcely believing the evidence of her own eyes. She glances at the clock.*

FAITH  
 Gobitho bod dim ciw yn y *Building Society.*

She clicks out of the web-site and gets up from her chair, trying to remain calm.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 Falle alli di ddechre cheso rhai  
 o'r *invoices* 'na.  
 (handing RHODRI to DELTYH)  
 A cadw llygad ar Rhodri, just am  
 eiliad ...  
 (grabbing her bag)  
 Nôl nawr.

She dashes out.

18 EXT. HIGH STREET / ALLEYWAY - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 18

Unhurried traffic moves to and fro. A hearse crawls past followed by a muddy Land Rover towing a stock trailer laden with sheep.

FAITH exits the front door of Howells and heads off along the pavement in a state of barely contained panic. Up ahead, TOM has stopped to look at something in the newsagent's window.

As she draws closer, she sees that it's a poster freshly taped to the inside of the glass.

She stops alongside him.

TOM

Faith.

They exchange a glance.

She looks at the poster: beneath a bad photograph of Evan is printed: 'AR GOLL. EVAN HOWELLS. CYSYLLTWCH GYDAG UNRHYW WYBODAETH AR 01632 960533 #BleMaeEvan'. 'MISSING. EVAN HOWELLS. IF YOU HAVE SEEN HIM OR KNOW OF HIS WHEREABOUTS, DIAL 01632 960533. #WheresEvan?'

TOM (CONT'D)

Mynna i air 'da nhw.

He turns to the shop door.

FAITH

Ma'r firm yn bust, Tom. *In the red.*  
Chwe deg mil.

He looks back in alarm.

FAITH (CONT'D)

*He deserted a sinking ship.*

She walks on, leaving TOM aghast, staring after her.

END OF PART ONE

19 INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 19

FAITH comes into the reception guiltily eating the last of a chocolate bar. Voices carry through from Cerys' office.

CERYS (V.O.)

Tom, chi di ymddeol. Anghofiwch e.

\*

FAITH pauses outside the door. Shoves the empty chocolate wrapper into her pocket as she listens.

TOM (V.O.)

Sa i'n credu 'i bod hi'n beth call  
hala Faith yn 'i chyflwr hi.

CERYS (V.O.)

So hi'n dishgwl 'to, yw hi?

FAITH pushes through into Evan's office. DELYTH has RHODRI on her knee at his desk. CERYS is at her wearing an open-necked blouse.

FAITH

(perfectly composed)

Bore da, Cerys.

(she looks her up down)

Alla i ga'l gair?

CERYS

(shrugs)

Os ti'n gloi.

\*

FAITH

(to DELYTH)

Ma' nhw ar y case.

CERYS follows FAITH into Evan's office.

20

INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

20

FAITH goes to the desk and turns, composed and in control.

FAITH

Bydd cyflog ti ddim gyda ti am  
gwpwl o ddyddie.

CERYS

(with heavy sarcasm)

Dim problem. Gall y morgej aros.

FAITH

Sori. Dim ond nawr...

\*

CERYS

Yr hwch 'di mynd drw'r siop, o'r  
diwedd? 'Na pam ma' fe 'di mynd.

FAITH can't answer.

CERY'S (CONT'D)

Wi 'di cadw'i weud 'tho fe bo' dou  
o ni'm yn ddigon. Tra bo' ti ddim  
'ma, on ni angen rhywun arall yn  
dod â busnes mewn.

FAITH

Dylet ti 'di gweud 'tho fi. \*

CERY'S

Fi ffaelu cymryd lot mwy o hyn.  
Allen i fod wedi bod yn ennill  
dwbwl mewn firm deche.

FAITH

(bridling at CERY'S tone)  
Ma' hwn yn "firm deche".

CERY'S

O le wi'n sefyll ma'n edrych fel  
'se meddwl ti ac Evan 'di bod ar  
bethe erill. \*

FAITH

Ti 'di gorffen?

CERY'S, a look - *For now.* \*

21 EXT. MAGISTRATES COURT BUILDING / SQUARE - DAY (DAY 3 21 \*  
THURSDAY)

Perched on a bench outside the court building with the file  
on her lap, FAITH stares at EVAN'S fake ID and the name 'Alec  
Fenton', searching for answers.

STEVE BALDINI (30s), a large, muscular man squeezed into a suit that only comes out for weddings, funerals and court appearances, exits the main doors. He spots FAITH and approaches warily. (We now recognise him as the late-night caller at Faith's house at the close of episode one).

STEVE  
Mrs Howells?

She looks up, hurriedly tucking the ID card into her pocket.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Steve Baldini.

He extends a shovel-like hand.

FAITH  
Bore da, Mr Baldini.

She stands, fumbling her file as she shakes his hand. He's a huge, overwhelming physical presence - and knows it.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Gethoch chi'r neges? Fi sy gyda  
chi heddiw. Gwraig Evan.

He nods.

STEVE  
Dwi'n dibynnu arno chi. Fi a'n  
'merch fach i.

FAITH  
Just cwpwl o gwestiynne -

She leafs nervously through the file. STEVE watches her closely.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(self-conscious under  
STEVE'S unnerving gaze)  
Pam bod mam Angie'n dweud bo' hi  
ddim yn trysto chi gyda merch chi?

STEVE  
Ma' ganddi hi bloke arall.  
Surveyor. Isio fi allan o'r ffordd  
... 'Swn i 'run dyn ag on i, 'swn  
i'n dallt. Ond dwi 'di newid. Ma'  
hwnna'n hen hanes. Dwi'm 'di bod  
mewn trwbwl ers blwyddyn. Dwi'n  
sobor ers chwe mis.

\*  
\*  
\*

FAITH  
Ddim mor hen â 'nny -

STEVE

Dwi'm 'di bod mewn trwbwl ers  
blwyddyn. Dwi'n sobor ers chwe  
mis.

FAITH

Dechre da.

STEVE

(adamant)

Dwi wir wedi newid. A diolch i Evan ma' hynny. Cadw fi allan o'r jêl; cyflwyno fi i'r Twelve Steps. Dwi byth 'di edrych nôl.

FAITH, surprised.

A COURT USHER sticks his head around the door.

USHER

Chi mla'n mewn dou funed, Mrs Howells.

FAITH

(to STEVE)

Ewn ni?

She starts towards the door.

STEVE

Ma' Angie angen fi.

FAITH

Ma' gyda chi undeg tri *previous convictions*, Mr Baldini. Newn ni'n gore.

She continues on into the building. STEVE trails unhappily in her wake.

22 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 22

TOM is down on his hands and knees with RHODRI and a cuddly lion.

TOM

Rrrraar! Rrrraar!

He hands it to him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Cymer di fe. Ma' Tad-cu'n dachre blino.

He eases himself up onto the chair behind Evan's desk. He watches RHODRI for a moment, then succumbs to the temptation to slide open one of the desk drawers.

He pokes through one, then another. In a third, he finds a pile of papers. In amongst them, he spots a greetings card.

He brings it out - a tasteful impressionist painting. He opens it guiltily and reads the inscription:

*I Evan, Joia'r 40th! Lle a'th yr amser, gwed?  
Paid becs am y rhif - you've still got it!  
Llund côl o gariad, Saran xxx'*

He contemplates it for a moment, trying to place the name.

DELYTH enters with a tea tray. He slips the card back into the drawer.

DELYTH

Lwyddish i nôl cacen lemwn i chi -  
fel yr hen ddyddia.

TOM

O. Diolch.

She sets down the tray and smiles indulgently at RHODRI.

DELYTH

Oed lyfli.

TOM

Heb 'i gymhlethdode.

She hands TOM a slice of cake on a plate and waits for him to try it. He obliges her.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hyfryd.

She smiles and sits opposite him. They exchange an awkward glance and sip their tea.

TOM (CONT'D)

(groping for small talk)  
Shwt ma'r ci? Bobby, nage fe?

DELYTH

Cath.

TOM

Wrth gwrs. Wy'n ffond iawn o gwn.  
Marian ddim gyment.

DELYTH

Ma'n bwysig cal petha'n gyffredin  
... 'Dach chi'n gweld chwith heb  
y swyddfa?

TOM

Bob nawr ac yn y man ... Odw, wy  
yn.

Their eyes inadvertently meet. TOM glances down into his cup. DELYTH'S gaze lingers on him. She takes another sip with the slightest tremor in her hand.

23 INT. POLICE STATION. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

TERRY carefully fishes a tea bag out of his mug while reviewing night-time CCTV footage of the town centre.

On his computer screen: several cars pass along a deserted street.

Dropping the bag into the bin, something catches his eye. He stops the footage and rewinds: a black BMW without headlights appears. He freezes the frame. Zooms in on the grainy number plate. He makes a note of it, brings up another window and keys it in.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN: the results read, 'JONATHAN ROY CROSBY, 18 RYELAND ROAD, CARDIFF CF5 6RD.'

He highlights the name and address, cuts it and pastes it into a search engine.

Up comes a set of results, at the head of which is one headed:

'BIRTHS AND DEATHS. JONATHAN RAY CROSBY 1966 - 2015.'

Puzzled, TERRY sits back in his chair. Then glances over at the door of his boss's office.

24 INT. POLICE STATION. DI WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 24

TERRY knocks and enters. DI SUSAN WILLIAMS is sitting behind her desk, examining photographs of a vandalised greenhouse.

DI WILLIAMS  
(sharply)  
Ie?

TERRY  
(bleeding confidence)  
O'dd car yn dre nithwr - 'di dod  
lan ar y CCTV. BMW du. 'Di  
gofrestru i ddyn sy' 'di marw ers  
dwy flynedd.

DI WILLIAMS looks up impatiently from her work.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Nath Arthur Davies sôn wrtho  
Cynstabl Jones bo' fe 'di gweld car  
tebyg tu fas i dy Faith Howells'  
nithwr.

\*

DI WILLIAMS

O'dd hyn cyn neu ar ôl 'ddi aresto  
fe am fod yn *drunk and disorderly*?

He shifts awkwardly from foot to foot.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

'Sda chi'm byd defnyddiol i fynd  
mla'n 'ag e Cwnstabl?

TERRY nods meekly and exits.

DI WILLIAMS waits for the door to close. She reaches for the  
phone and dials a number.

25

INT. MAGISTRATES COURT BUILDING. LOBBY - DAY (DAY 3 25  
THURSDAY)

FAITH emerges from the court room followed by RHONA (late  
20s). She's dressed and made up in a way STEVE'S budget would  
never have stretched to.

FAITH

(conciliatory)

OK. Mae'r panel isie i ni ffeindio  
*compromise*.

RHONA folds her arms defiantly across her chest.

STEVE comes through the court door. FAITH gestures him to  
stay back.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Dyma beth fi'n cynnig: Bore Sadwrn,  
dwy awr, supervised, yn y contact  
centre.

RHONA

Bydd Angie'n dwlu ar hwnna.

FAITH

Ma'r gyfreth yn ddigon clir. Os nag  
yw e'n risg penodol -

RHONA

Ti'n gwbod bo' fe fod mewn am *bum*  
*mlynedd*? Dy wr ti nath riggo fe  
lan.

RHONA flashes STEVE a look. He holds his tongue.

FAITH

Allwn ni o leia' trio bod yn  
gwrtais?

RHONA

Na.

She goes back into court.

STEVE

Ti'n gwastraffu dy amser.

He heads off towards the exit.

FAITH

Hei!

He keeps going.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Nest ti glywed fi'n gweud bod hyn  
yn *lost cause*? ... Nest ti?

He stops and turns.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Na. Felly o leia' bydda'n ddigon  
cwrtais i weld e drwodd.

She waits, fixing him with a look. STEVE reluctantly turns. At the same moment, DI WILLIAMS comes through the main doors. She glances across at FAITH - her gaze lingering for a moment - then carries on across the lobby.

Stealing another glance at WILLIAMS, FAITH shepherds STEVE back into the court room.

26 INT. MAGISTRATES COURT BUILDING. CELL - DAY (*DAY 3 THURSDAY*)

DI WILLIAMS' unblinking eyes appear at the inspection hatch of ARTHUR'S cell.

DI WILLIAMS

Mr Davies.

ARTHUR swings up with a start from the thin mattress.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
Gwed wrtho i am y car welest ti tu  
fas i dy Faith Howells'.

ARTHUR  
(guardedly)  
Beamer. Du.

DI WILLIAMS  
Welest ti pw y o'dd yndo fe?

ARTHUR  
Dyn.

DI WILLIAMS  
Ti'n meddwl allet ti ID'o fe?

ARTHUR  
Pam ti'n boddran? Ma'r cwnstabl yn  
dweud o'n i'n feddw.

She gives him a hard stare.

DI WILLIAMS  
Gaf fi air 'da'r CPS.

She snaps the hatch shut. ARTHUR balls his fist in triumph.

27

INT. MAGISTRATES COURTROOM - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

27

FAITH stands to address the three MAGISTRATES of the family panel. RHONA and STEVE sit on opposite sides of the bench behind her, a chasm between them.

FAITH  
Barchus Ynadon, yn anffodus mae  
rhai priodase yn mynd ac yn dod.  
Mae pobol yn cwmpo mewn a mas o  
gariad. Ond chi ddim yn gallu cwmpo  
mewn a mas o fod yn rhiant.  
(she looks back at STEVE  
and RHONA)  
... 'Sdim ots beth, chi wastad yn  
Mam neu Dad.

STEVE glances across at RHONA. She stares rigidly ahead.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Doedd fy nghleient ddim y tad oedd  
Angie'n haeddu. Ond hyd yn oed yn y  
munudau mwyaf tywyll, nath e ddim  
stopo caru hi.

RHONA refuses to thaw.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Mae e'n gofyn heddi am y cyfle i brofi bo' fe rili wedi newid.

STEVE'S face wells with suppressed emotion.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Plîs, Barchus Ynadon, dyma tri calon sydd wedi torri. Gallwn ni roi'r cyfle iddyn nhw drwsio.

FAITH sits, leaving the court in silence.

28

INT. MAGISTRATES COURT BUILDING. LOBBY - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 28

FAITH exits the court room with STEVE. He looks at her in awe. FAITH smiles.

STEVE

Bob yn ail dydd Sadwrn? Dwi'n gallu mynd â hi lle bynnag dw isio?

FAITH

Just bydd yn ofalus. Paid rhoi unryw excuse i dy ex ...

RHONA exits the court room catching FAITH'S last remark.

RHONA

(to STEVE)

Beth yw'r plans - dysgu hi siwd i ddwgyd security fan?

STEVE

Ti'n gallu trystio fi, Rhona -

RHONA

(to FAITH, with contempt)

Cyfreithwyr, jyst gem yw hyn i chi. Jyst gobithio bo dy blant di byth yn cwpla lan mewn fyn'na.

She marches off leaving FAITH rattled. STEVE gives her an apologetic look.

FAITH

(offering him her hand)

Pob lwc.

STEVE encloses it in his huge fist.

STEVE

Ers faint ma' Evan 'di mynd?

His unexpected non sequitur catches her off-guard.

STEVE (CONT'D)

'Snam *secrets* rownd ffordd hyn.

She looks at him, working hard to contain her emotion.

FAITH

Dau ddeg wyth awr - a hanner.

A thought dawns on her.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Nage ti ... Ife ti nath ddod i  
chwilio amdano fe neithiwr?

STEVE hesitates for a fraction, then shakes his head.

STEVE

Drycha ar ôl dy hun, oeci. *I owe  
you one.*

He goes. FAITH stares after him with a feeling of foreboding.  
He knew something.

An USHER passes. She collars him.

FAITH

Arthur Davies. Plis paid dweud bo'  
fe 'di bod mla'n?

USHER

(consulting his clipboard)  
Wedi dod a mynd.  
(off her surprised  
reaction)  
*Unconditional discharge.* Lwc y  
cythrel 'da'r un 'na.

He heads off to a court room leaving FAITH even more  
confused.

29 EXT. MAGISTRATES COURT BUILDING - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 29

FAITH steps out into the daylight. Seagulls circle noisily  
overhead. For a long moment, she stands, semi-paralysed, not  
sure where to go, or where to turn.

She draws in a deep breath, straightens her shoulders and  
sets off across the square.

30 EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 30

FAITH strides down the street and pushes through the door of  
a boxing club.

31 INT. BOXING CLUB - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 31

FAITH looks uneasy as she chats with the BOXING TRAINER, in vest and sweat.

BOXING TRAINER  
Howells?

FAITH  
Ie. Evan Howells.

BOXING TRAINER  
Uh huh. Be' ch'isie gwbod?

FAITH  
Pryd o'dd e mewn tro dwetha'?

BOXING TRAINER  
Sai'n gwbod. Mis Mawrth?

FAITH  
Tri mis yn ôl? Ma'n rhaid bo' mistec.

BOXING TRAINER  
(shakes his head)  
Bachgen drwg.

He smiles. FAITH doesn't. She turns abruptly and exits.

32 EXT. HARBOUR. ABERCORRAN - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 32

FAITH heads back to the office while furtively making a call. Her eyes dart compulsively to every passing car and stranger.

FAITH  
(into the phone)  
Evan, fi isie ti wbod - fi di  
ffindo'r wig a'r ID. Fi'n gwbod am  
'Alec Fenton', fi'n gwbod bo'r firm  
up *shit creek* a bo' ti 'di bod yn  
yr Havester nithwr ...

She pauses as two WOMEN pass by.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
Dylen i weud 'tho'r polis ond fi  
heb. Ddim 'to. Fi'n rhoi *chance* i  
ti egluro ... Ti ddim yn haeddu fe,  
ond fi'n folon credu bo' ti'n  
*innocent till proven guilty* ... Ond  
fi ofn. Fi angen clywed llais ti  
... Fi angen clywed llais ti.

She rings off, wiping away a tear.

END OF PART TWO

33 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 33

TOM, bouncing RHODRI distractedly on his knee, is in a deep quandary. He sighs, then picks up the phone. He dials a number. It rings several times.

TOM  
(into the phone)  
Ie, allech chi roi fi drwodd i  
Detective Inspector Huw Parry, os  
gwelwch yn dda? ... Tom Howells.

34 EXT. POLICE STATION YARD. SWANSEA - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 34

DI HUW PARRY (early 50s) takes TOM'S call on his mobile as he climbs out of an unmarked car parked amongst squad cars. He's a comfortable looking man dressed in smart casual clothes, at ease with the world.

PARRY  
(warmly, into the phone)  
Tom. Shw mae'n ceibo?

INTERCUT:

TOM  
Ddim yn ffôl, Huw ... Ar wahan ...  
I'r mab, Evan, ma' fe ... Ma' fe  
'di bod ar goll ers bore ddo.  
Gadawodd e i fynd i'r gwaith ond  
nath e byth gyredd. So ni 'di  
clywed gair wrtho fe.

PARRY  
Ydy e dal yn mynd i'r rasys?

TOM  
Nagyw. Ddim ers blynydde. Ma'r  
heddlu lleol wedi cael gwbod.

PARRY  
Man y man bod ti'n dysgu cath i  
whare banjo. Pump o'r gloch yn y  
*club house*?

\*  
\*

\*  
\*

\*  
\*  
\*

TOM

Diolch.

\*

PARRY rings off and strolls on into the station.

CUT TO:

TOM puts down the phone and wanders listlessly to the window carrying RHODRI. He gazes out over the rooftops to the sea beyond.

35 INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 35

FAITH marches through the door, startling DELYTH, who hurriedly closes a drawer of the filing cabinet. The sound of RHODRI'S crying and TOM'S attempts to soothe him issue from Evan's office.

FAITH

Delyth, ydy Evan wedi bod yn mynd  
i'r boxing club o hyd?

\*

\*

DELYTH

Ma'r cit ganddo fo'n ddi-ffael.

TOM emerges from Evan's office carrying RHODRI.

TOM

A, Faith.

She takes him, wincing at the smell.

FAITH

Paid gweud bo' ti'm yn gwynto fe?

Holding a grizzling, smelly RHODRI at arm's length, she crosses to CERY'S office and walks straight in.

36 INT. HOWELLS. CERY'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 36

CERY'S hastily closes the window on her PC screen as FAITH enters.

FAITH

Bob nos Fercher. Rhwng chwech a hanner awr wedi wyth. Ma' Evan 'di bod yn mynd i rywle.

CERYS

Sori?

FAITH glowers at her.

FAITH

Neu'n gweld rhywun?

CERYS

Fi ac Evan? Ti yn jocan?  
(off FAITH'S look)  
Iesu, Faith. Rili? Ma' fe'n wyrth bo' fi dala 'ma. Chwe mis wi 'di bod yn aros am yr offis yn Abertawe a ca'l bod yn bartner.

\*

FAITH stares at her, completely astonished. Then turns abruptly out of the office.

37 INT. HOWELLS. RECEPTION - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

37

FAITH marches into reception, still holding RHODRI.

FAITH

(to TOM and DELYTH)

O'dd Evan 'di sôn rwbeth am agor offis yn Abertawe?

TOM, nonplussed, shakes his head.

DELYTH

Falle iddo fo ryw lun o sôn ...

FAITH

A just anghofio sôn wrtho fi.  
Great.

She slams into Evan's office.

TOM, DELYTH and CERYS exchange looks.

38 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

38

FAITH pins a complaining RHODRI to the floor as she buttons his clothes over a fresh nappy.

FAITH

(to RHODRI)

Ie, wel fi'm yn ca'l *time of my life* chwaith!

TOM comes through the door.

TOM

Faith, wi'n teimlo fel y dylen i  
gynnig ymddiheuriad i ti.

\*  
\*

FAITH stuffs the changing kit and RHODRI'S toys into the bag. \*

FAITH

Fi ddyle weud sori. Fi yw 'i  
bartner e ... on i'n trysto fe -

She hauls herself to her feet.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Fi'm yn gwbod siwt i fihafio mewn  
sefyllfa fel hyn ... Any ideas?

A beat. TOM summons the courage to broach a difficult subject:

TOM

Ail ddrâr lawr ar y chwith. Ma'  
carden.

FAITH goes to the desk, opens the drawer and finds the card. She opens it. Reads and re-reads the playful message, feeling sicker by the second.

DELYTH looks in.

DELYTH

O'dd 'ych brawd-yng-nghyfreth ar y  
ffôn. Yn holi os alla chi biciad  
i'r orsaf am funud.

Sensing FAITH'S mood, DELYTH quickly retreats.

TOM

Rwbeth di-niwed, siwr o fod.

FAITH takes a moment to steady herself. She could break down on the spot but refuses to let herself.

FAITH

Ddoe on i'n briod gyda dyn on i'n  
meddwl bo' fi'n 'nabod. Heddi, fi  
wir ddim yn gwbod pwy yw e ...

She rips the card into pieces and hurls them in the general direction of the bin.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
 Ma' croeso 'ddo fe ga'l hi. Cym on  
 Rhodri. Gad i ni weld be' sy' da'r  
 heddlu i 'weud am dadi.

She straps him up, grabs the bag and buggy and bundles out of the door.

39 INT. RECEPTION. HOWELLS - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 39

TOM emerges from EVAN'S office as FAITH clatters down the stairs. He exchanges a look with DELYTH.

TOM  
 (awkwardly)  
 Wi'n credu y bydde hi'n well i fi  
 fwrw golwg ar ffeils Evan.

DELYTH  
 Cyn i chi ddechra arni, Tom -

She reaches a large envelope from under some papers and hands it to him. Her expression tells him to be prepared for an unpleasant surprise.

TOM opens the envelope and brings out a document headed: 'GOLDSTAR LIFE.' It's a policy in EVAN'S name.

Mid-way down the page in bold type: 'SUM ASSURED: £1,250,000'.

DELYTH (CONT'D)  
 Mi nath Faith ac ynta' gwfwr  
 cynghorydd ariannol yn fam'ma  
 ychydig fisoedd yn ôl.

TOM looks up and meets DELYTH'S gaze, swamped with dark and ominous thoughts.

DELYTH (CONT'D)  
 Ymgais i fod yn gyfrifol o'dd o,  
 siwr gin i.

TOM nods, but without conviction. He slots the policy back into the envelope, and without another word, retreats into Evan's office.

40 INT. POLICE STATION. RECEPTION/CORRIDOR - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 40

FAITH enters through the security door from reception with RHODRI strapped to her chest.

She makes her way along the corridor and meets DI WILLIAMS coming from the opposite direction. They exchange a chilly glance that speaks of a long and thorny history between them.

DI WILLIAMS  
Mrs Howells.

FAITH nods. They eye each other awkwardly for a moment. DI WILLIAMS goes to step past.

FAITH  
Alla i ofyn beth yn union chi'n  
'neud i ffindo ngwr i?

DI WILLIAMS stops and turns.

DI WILLIAMS  
Naw gwaith mas o ddeg ma' pobol sy'  
ar goll yn troi lan mewn dwrnod neu  
ddou.

FAITH  
Rhy brysur yn chaso *lawnmower*  
*thieves* 'ych chi?

DI WILLIAMS  
Os taw fe fydd yr eithriad, wrth  
gwrs nawn ni -

FAITH  
Neu ife fi yw'r broblem? Detective  
Inspector.

DI WILLIAMS meets her gaze with an expressionless stare.

DI WILLIAMS  
Bydde ymchwiliad ffurfiol yn dechre  
gyda ymholiade manwl mewn i'ch  
bywyd preifat chi. Os chi isie fi  
ddechre fan'nny, Mrs. Howells -  
(off FAITH'S reaction)  
Os glywn ni rwbeth, ddewn ni'n syth  
atoch chi.

She waits. FAITH walks on along the corridor. WILLIAMS stands watching her.

41 INT. POLICE STATION. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY (~~DAY 3 THURSDAY~~)

TERRY looks up from the night time CCTV footage he's reviewing to see FAITH approaching with RHODRI still strapped to her chest.

TERRY  
Helo, Faith. Hi Rhodri.

He gives RHODRI an affectionate little wave.

FAITH  
(nervously)  
O't ti isie gweld fi.

TERRY  
Ie ... Siwr bo' fe'm byd.

He turns to the computer and brings up an image of the black BMW.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Ti'n adnabod e?

She shakes her head.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Nath e stopo tu fas i'ch ty chi  
nithwr. Tua hanner nos.

FAITH  
Yn ôl pwy?

TERRY  
Arthur Davies. Ddim y person mwya'  
dibynadwy, wy'n gwbod. Peth yw, ma'  
fe'n beth ni'n galw'n *ghost vehicle*  
- wedi 'i gofrestru a'i yswirio i  
fachan sy' 'di marw.

FAITH  
Pryd wedodd e hyn?

TERRY  
Nath e weud 'tho'r boss gynne.

She nods, trying to disguise the fact that her mind is working in overdrive.

FAITH  
Nath e weld pwy o'dd yn dreifio?

TERRY  
Gath e bip clou. Ma' fe'n dod miwn  
nes mla'n i fynd drwy cwpwl o *mug*  
*shots*.

(off FAITH'S reaction)  
Ti'n siwr bo' Evan ddim mewn ryw  
siort o drwbwl?

FAITH  
Ti wedodd bo' fe "siwr o fo'n ddim  
byd".

TERRY  
Siwr nag yw e.

FAITH

Wel 'na fe te. Fi'n gorfod mynd.

He smiles with fond concern as she makes her way across the office and exits. He turns back to the CCTV footage.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN: an empty road on the edge of town. A car approaches. He pauses the frame and zooms in. It's FAITH'S. He zooms in closer ... And there she is behind the wheel. There's no mistaking her. The time code reads 00:44.

He stares at it, deeply troubled. Then makes a note on his observation log.

42

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

42

BETHAN emerges from the door of her office - Probert's Estate Agents - stuffing property files into her bag.

FAITH (V.O.)

Bethan -

She turns to see FAITH hurrying towards her carrying RHODRI. BETHAN glances at her watch, then anxiously over her shoulder, fearful of what FAITH might have to say in public.

FAITH arrives, hot and flustered.

FAITH

Saran -

A WOMAN approaches. BETHAN'S look urges FAITH to stay silent until she has passed.

FAITH (CONT'D)

(ignoring her)

Pwy yw Saran?

BETHAN

Saran?

FAITH

Nath hi hala carden pen-blwydd i Evan.

BETHAN

O - Saran James, 'dden i'n meddwl. O'n nhw'n rysgol 'da'i gilydd. Werthes i dy iddi hi llynedd - Ty Mawr draw'n y Fedw. Hi a'i gwr 'di 'neud yn anhygo'l o dda - pump salon gwallt.

FAITH

Siwt un yw hi?

BETHAN

Ffigwr anhygoel. A mai'n lyfli.  
Rili annwyl.

FAITH

O'dd hi a Evan byth yn ...?

BETHAN

(squirming)  
Am sbel ... wy'n credu ...  
Blynydde'n ôl.  
(she shrugs)  
Jyst ffrindie 'yn nhw, Faith. Na'r  
math o bobol 'yn ni ffordd hyn ...  
So fe byth 'di cysylltu, te?

FAITH shakes her head. They exchange a look. BETHAN bites her lip, holding back tears.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Ma' 'pwyntiad 'da fi.

She hurries off.

43 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / ESTUARY - DAY (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 43

FAITH stares numbly out through the windscreen of her parked car over the spectacular sweep of the bay. In the back, RHODRI is strapped into his seat, fast asleep.

FLASHBACK TO:

44 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. BATHROOM/UPSTAIRS LANDING/EVAN'S STUDY 44  
EVENING (JUNE 2016)

FAITH, dressed in a bathrobe, towel-dries her hair in front of a steamy mirror. Music is playing on the radio. She shakes her hair down, letting it tumble over her shoulders. She poses, admiring herself. EVAN'S muffled voice drifts across the landing from his study.

EVAN (V.O.)

Allen i 'neud amser fory. Pump?  
Iawn. Ti'n 'nabod fi - folon trial  
rwbeth.

(he laughs gently)

Olreit. Hwyl.

FAITH crosses the landing to his study and comes through the door as he puts down the phone.

FAITH

(casually)  
Pwy o'dd 'na?

EVAN

Jyst mam.

(off her puzzled look)

Ma' hi 'di prynu fitamins i fi neu  
rhywbeth - fod i 'neud i ti edrych  
ddeg mlynedd yn iau.

(he smiles and shrugs)

Man y man.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FAITH

Ma cheek 'da hi. Hi sy' 'di dechre  
edrych yn hen.

\*  
\*  
\*

EVAN gives her a look.

\*

FAITH (CONT'D)

Stopai. Ti'n edrych yn biwtiffwl.

\*  
\*

She smiles and kisses him.

FADE

45 INT. GOLF CLUB BAR - LATE AFTERNOON (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

45

BACK TO THE PRESENT

FADE UP ON:

TOM and PARRY are sitting with their whiskies in a corner of  
the clubhouse snug. A window looks out over a beautiful links  
course.

PARRY listens to TOM as a concerned friend.

TOM

Ma' pob firm bach yn mynd drwy  
gyfnod anodd, ond i fynd i shwt  
drafferthion mewn llai na blwyddyn  
... A heb weud gair.

PARRY

Ody e 'di bod yn gwario?

TOM

Ddim bo' fi'n gallu gweld. Ma'  
Faith yn gweud bo' nhw'n iwso'r  
*overdraft*, ond nagodd hi'i weld yn  
gw bod am brobleme'r practis ...  
Ma'n rhaid bo' fe 'di rhaffu nhw  
wrthi hi.

PARRY

Mae'n rhwydd mynd i dwll, Tom -  
ni'n dou 'di gweld e'n digwydd i  
ddynon call.

PARRY waits, sensing there's more to come.

TOM

Nath e godi i insiwrans bywyd lan i  
filiwn a chwarter cwpwl o  
wythnose'n nôl.

\*  
\*  
\*

PARRY nods, saying nothing.

TOM (CONT'D)

Cost mawr i ddyn mewn trwbwl  
ariannol.

\*  
\*

They exchange a look, both sharing the same fear.

TOM (CONT'D)

Neiff rhan fwya' o bolisie ddim  
talu mas os 'yn nhw'n ... mewn  
achos o hunan -

PARRY nods - he understands.

TOM (CONT'D)

... ddim o fewn dwy flynedd o  
arwyddo'r polisi. Ddim 'i un e, ta  
beth.

A beat.

\*

PARRY

(sympathetically)

Allai weld pam dy fod ti'n poeni,  
Tom. Nai bwyso ar y DI i ddechre  
symud.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TOM nods, gratefully. He throws back the rest of his whisky.

46 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 46

FAITH, dressed in jeans and a hoody, stands at the stove stirring a pot and staring into space. The TV blares from the sitting room. RHODRI is on his play mat amidst a scattered heap of cushions and toys.

ALYS enters with an empty glass. She looks at FAITH, who continues to stare as she fetches juice from the fridge.

ALYS

Ti'n oeci, Mami?

FAITH

Mmm?

ALYS

Ti'n 'neud y peth staran 'na 'to.

FAITH

Ydw i?

ALYS

(pouring juice)

Ti'n gwbod be' sy' 'di digwydd i  
Dad eto?

FAITH

Na.

ALYS fixes her with a searching look.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Ddim yn union.

ALYS

Ti 'di addo peidio dweud celwydd  
wrtho i.

FAITH

Fi'n -

ALYS

Mam!

The pan boils over with a hiss of steam. The doorbell rings.

FAITH

(snatching the pan from  
the stove)

Oh, God -

ALYS

Gaf fi fe.

FAITH turns the gas knob - it comes off in her hand. She exclaims in frustration and tries to force it back on.

LISA enters clutching some papers and a bottle of wine.

LISA

Hi. Ti'n OK?

FAITH

Na. Na, fi ddim -

Finally, she succeeds in reattaching the knob. She thumps the saucepan back onto the ring.

LISA

Dim son, te?

FAITH shakes her head, barely holding in tears.

LISA (CONT'D)

Fi 'di bo'n powndo'r laptop i ti -  
*y missing persons bureau.*

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

(she lays the papers on  
the counter)

'Da dynon 'i oedran e, fel arfer  
*emotional breakdown* yw e. Ma' dynon  
yn bottlo pethe miwn, t'wel -

FAITH

Allwn ni siarad am rwbeth arall,  
plîs?

LISA

Ma' fe'n bwysig, Faith. Co, 'da fi  
*checklist* fan hyn. A heb sylwi ma'  
fe siwr o fod 'di gadel bob math o  
gliws.

FAITH

Fel gadel i'r firm fynd yn bust tra  
bo' fe'n addo swyddfa i Cerys yn  
Abertawe. A hynpo ryw "thing" o'dd  
e'n ysgol 'da.

LISA

Evan yn ca'l ffling? ... Evan? ...  
Ma' *evidence* 'da ti, o's e?

FAITH

Cerdyn pen-blwydd. 'Di danfon i'r  
swyddfa.

LISA

Ti angen gwin.

FAITH

Fi ddim angen blydi gwin. Fi angen  
gwr fi.

She gasps, a sob catching in her throat. She teeters on the  
edge of meltdown ... but forces herself back from the brink.  
She closes her eyes. Silently counts to three.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Pasa'r colander i fi, plîs?

LISA hands it to her.

LISA

So ti ben dy hunan fyn hyn, babes.  
Cofia 'nny.

(touching she shoulder)

Ma' 'da ti gylch mowr o bobol rownd  
i ti sy'n caru ti ... Dere 'ma.

FAITH sets down the pan. They hug. FAITH buries her face in  
LISA'S shoulder.

LISA (CONT'D)

Pam na naf fi gwcan?

FAITH  
Achos ti'n wa'th cwc na fi.

LISA  
(she strokes FAITH'S hair)  
Digon teg.

47 INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON (DAY 3 47  
THURSDAY)

TOM stands at EVAN'S desk gravely contemplating the life insurance document. Spread out on the desktop are copies of bank statements.

DELYTH knocks lightly on the door and enters, dressed in her coat.

DELYTH  
'Da chi heb 'i throi hi.

TOM  
Ar fin mynd.

He turns away from the window, reaches his mac from the peg and pulls it on.

She looks at the papers on the desk.

DELYTH  
'Da chi 'di ystyriad be' i 'neud?

TOM  
(meeting her gaze)  
'Sdim dewis 'da fi, Delyth. Wi'n gwbod y bydd e'n golygu bob siort o ymchwilio annifyr -

DELYTH  
Tydw i wir ddim o'r farn y basa' Faith yn ... 'Da chi'm yn meddwl y dylsan ni roi cyfle iddi?

TOM  
(puzzled)  
Faith? Beth chi'n feddwl?

A beat.

DELYTH  
Yr heddlu sy'n ama' fod ganddi reswm i ... achosi 'ddo fo ddiflannu.

He looks at her in complete astonishment.

DELYTH (CONT'D)  
(mortified by his  
reaction)  
Ma'n ddrwg gin i -

TOM  
Jyst meddwl am Evan on i - yn  
darparu ar gyfer 'i deulu.

DELYTH  
Ia, wrth gwrs. Dwi'n siwr ...

He looks away. DELYTH hovers, desperate to make amends, but TOM is closed off to her, trapped in his private agony.

DELYTH (CONT'D)  
(with painful awkwardness)  
Noswaith dda.

TOM  
(stiffly)  
Nos da, Delyth.

She exits.

TOM picks up the envelope. It's a lead weight in his hands.

48 INT./EXT. BETHAN'S CAR / POLICE STATION - LATE AFTERNOON 48  
(DAY 3 THURSDAY)

TOM marches towards the police station clutching the envelope.

He spots BETHAN'S car idling outside and quickens his pace.

BETHAN spots him and jumps out of the driver's seat.

BETHAN  
Dad?

He turns sharply into the building.

She goes after him.

49 INT. POLICE STATION. RECEPTION - LATE AFTERNOON (DAY 3 49  
THURSDAY)

TERRY is manning the desk. He glances up at the clock - six on the dot. He reaches over and shuts down the computer and reaches for his coat. As it blinks off, he looks up to see TOM enter.

TERRY  
(sensing something  
profoundly wrong)  
Tom.

TOM  
(gravely)  
Officer.

He pushes the envelope under the glass partition.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Wy'n credu y bydd y dogfennau hyn  
yn berthnasol i'r ymchwiliad.

TERRY opens the envelope and glances through the papers - bank statements and the life insurance document. They need no further explanation.

He lifts his gaze to TOM. Swallows.

TERRY  
Miliwn a chwarter ...

TOM  
Ma' Faith yn honni nagodd hi'n  
gwbod bo'r firm mewn dyled. A wy'n  
'i chredu hi.

BETHAN enters.

BETHAN  
Beth sy'n mynd mla'n?

TOM glances across at her.

TOM  
Plîs, Bethan.

BETHAN  
(to TERRY)  
Beth 'sda chi'n fyn'na? Beth yw e?

TERRY  
Sori, calon. Sa i'n ca'l ... Fydda  
i gatre gynted galla i. Cer di.

He switches off the light behind the counter.

BETHAN  
Terry.

STAYING WITH TERRY: he exits through a door into the corridor behind.

BETHAN (V.O.)  
Terry!

50 INT. POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR - EARLY EVENING (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 50

TERRY closes behind him and exhales. He looks at the envelope with a rising sensation of panic ... But he has to deal with it.

Steeling himself, he sets off along the corridor.

END OF PART THREE

51 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

FAITH edges out of the door from the kitchen as LISA and the GIRLS noisily clear up the dinner things.

FAITH  
Fydda i nôl nawr. Jyst nôl rwbeth  
o'r car.

She slips out of the front door.

52 INT./EXT. FAITH'S CAR / FAITH'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

FAITH sits in the passenger seat of her stationary car, basking in the silence.

She brings out her phone, unable to resist calling EVAN'S number. She holds her emotions in check as his voicemail message plays out.

FAITH  
(into the phone)  
Hi. Fi 'to ... Evan, fi ... fi just  
angen gwbod bo' ti'n oeci ... O's  
isie i fi fod ofan? Dynon dierth yn  
bwrw'r drws ganol nôl, BMW's du  
gyda *dodgy plates* ... Even os ti  
ddim isie dod nôl ato ni, just gad  
fi wbod rwbeth.  
(the words catch in her  
throat)  
Plîs. Ma'r merched yn cadw gofyn  
a fi'n -

A loud rap on the window. FAITH looks round, startled, to see EIRA JONES holding a parcel.

EIRA  
Postmon 'di gadel hwn i chi. Ma'  
fe'n timlo fel bric.

FAITH winds down the window.

FAITH  
Diolch, Eira.

EIRA  
(handing her the heavy  
parcel)  
Dal dim sôn amdano fe?

FAITH shakes her head with a silent, 'No'. She examines the postmarks on the parcel. It has been sent second class.

EIRA (CONT'D)  
Byddech chi 'di clywed erbyn hyn  
'se damwen 'di bod. Er, o'dd 'na  
ddyn ar bwys y motorway yn Port  
Talbot yn styc mewn clawdd. O'dd  
hi'n bythywnos cyn 'ddyn nhw'i  
ffindo fe.

FAITH winds up the window cutting her off.

Offended, EIRA stomps back across the road.

FAITH opens the package. Inside is a large and expensive scented candle with a note:

'Sori am y trainers. Caru ti am byth. Evan xxx'

She looks up, more confused than ever. She's in pain. And longing for him.

53 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. GARDEN - EARLY EVENING (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 53

FAITH carries the parcel towards the small octagonal summerhouse at the end of the garden.

54 INT. SUMMERHOUSE - EARLY EVENING (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 54

FAITH steps through the door and switches on the light in a glorified shed which she has attempted to prettify. A place for her and EVAN to snatch quiet moments together. There's a second-hand rattan sofa, a table, a lamp and a pile of books.

She places the candle on the table and stares at it, trying to perceive its meaning.

LISA appears at the door carrying RHODRI on her hip.

LISA  
Co ti.

FAITH  
Sori, on i just isie muned.

LISA nods.

LISA  
(spotting the candle)  
O, neis! Ma' rhywun 'di bod yn  
flasho'r credit card.

FAITH  
Gan Evan. I 'neud lan am yr  
*anniversary present*. Wel 'na beth  
o'dd e'n gweud ar y garden.

LISA  
Y trainers gwyrdd. Getho i twb o  
anti-cellulite cream wrtho Vic  
unweth ... Be' ti'n mynd i 'neud?

FAITH  
Fi'n mynd i siarad gyda Saran.  
Ddei di 'da fi?

LISA  
Naf fi sgratsho'i llyged bach  
pert hi mas. Beth am y plant?

FAITH  
Allen i ofyn i Marion -

LISA  
Gad 'na i fi. Fi'n well am weud  
celwydd na ti.

FAITH hands her the phone with a brittle smile.

55 INT. POLICE STATION. DI WILLIAMS' OFFICE - EVENING (DAY 355  
THURSDAY)

DI WILLIAMS clicks through a series of mugshots on her  
computer. ARTHUR, seated next to her, peers at the screen.

ARTHUR  
Na ... Naaa ... Na ... Mmm falle.

DI WILLIAMS makes a note. Clicks again.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
(adamant)  
Nope.  
(off DI WILLIAMS'  
impatient reaction)  
Sori.

DI WILLIAMS  
'Bach yn podgy'? Ife 'na'r gore  
'sda ti?

ARTHUR  
Gen gwan. Flabby.

DI WILLIAMS  
Reit. Der nôl fory - 10 y bore.  
Driwn ni am e-fit. Bant â ti.

ARTHUR hovers. DI WILLIAMS gives him a sharp look.

ARTHUR  
Expenses?

DI WILLIAMS scowls with a force that propels him out of the door.

56 INT. POLICE STATION. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE - EVENING (DAY 3 56  
THURSDAY)

ARTHUR heads from DI WILLIAMS' office towards the exit. He nods to TERRY who's making a call from his desk. TERRY gives a friendly smile back. TOM'S papers are spread out in front of him.

TERRY  
(into the phone)  
Os bydd 'na gorff dyn yn troi lan,  
rhowch ring i fi'n streit, newch  
chi? Jiolch.

He rings off as DI WILLIAMS come through the door of her office. He looks up as she approaches. She shakes her head.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Dim byd.

She looks thoughtfully at the papers on his desk.

DI WILLIAMS  
Dy dad-yng-nghyfreth ddoth â rhein  
mewn ?

TERRY nods.

DI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
Pam fe? Pam ddim dy whar-yng-  
nghyfreth?

\*  
\*  
\*

TERRY  
Wel, ma' hi'n ... Ma' fe'n amser  
anodd iawn -

DI WILLIAMS  
Falle dyle PC Jones gymryd hwn  
drosto?

TERRY

(with a sharpness that  
surprises him)

Na, ma'am.

(moderating his tone)

Fi'n gallu handlo mater fel hyn yn  
broffesiynol. Teulu ne' bido.

She looks at him dubiously.

DI WILLIAMS

Os ti'n gweud. Nawr der i ni ga'l  
gweld beth 'sda ni.

She heads back to her office. TERRY gathers up the papers and follows her.

57 EXT. SARAN'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 57

FAITH'S car pulls off the lane onto the gravel driveway of a smart, newly refurbished farmhouse with adjacent stable blocks. A Range Rover and Mercedes sports car are parked side by side in an oak framed car port.

LISA (V.O.)

Wow. Checka hwn mas.

58 INT. FAITH'S CAR - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 58

FAITH looks out at the farmhouse with rising dread.

LISA

Ac o'dd mam wastad yn gweud bo'  
trin gwallt yn jobyn i losers.

FAITH exhales, her fear turning to fury.

LISA (CONT'D)

Ni'n barod?

FAITH

Aros fan hyn. Ma' hyn rhwng fi a  
hi.

She climbs out.

59 EXT. SARAN'S HOUSE - EVENING (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 59

FAITH arrives at the front door. Stalls, then reaches for the doorbell.

She waits. Dreadful seconds pass.

The door opens. A slim, attractive, bright-eyed woman who could have stepped straight out of a breakfast cereal commercial looks back at her.

FAITH  
Saran James?

SARAN  
Ie -?

FAITH  
Fi yw gwraig Evan Howells. Faith.

SARAN  
O. Hi.  
(her smile fades)  
Ffonodd 'i wha'r e ... Ody e dala  
ar goll?

FAITH  
(icily)  
Falle galli di ddweud wrtho fi -  
gan bo' chi'n gyment o ffrindie.  
Ydy e yma?

SARAN  
(offended)  
Na. Pam bydde fe 'ma?

FAITH  
Gwed ti.

SARAN glances anxiously over her shoulder, then steps out of the door, drawing it nearly closed behind her.

SARAN  
Ni'n hen ffrindie ysgol. Na'i gyd.

FAITH  
Pam so fe byth 'di enwi ti, te?

SARAN  
Faith, creda fi ... Yr unig bryd ni  
ario'd 'di ... O'dd e flynydde cyn  
i chi gwrdd.

FAITH  
Nest ti gysgu 'da fe?

SARAN  
Drycha. Rili ... 'Sen i'n gwbod  
rwbeth, ti'm yn meddwl 'dden i'n  
gweud 'tho ti? Wy'n sori ... Fi  
a'r gwr ar ganol swper -

FAITH  
Ydi'r enw Alec Fenton yn meddwl  
rwbeth i ti?

(MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)  
(off SARAN'S shocked  
reaction)

Beth?

SARAN

O'dd Alec ... On ni gyd yn  
ffrindie'n ysgol gynradd. O'dd Evan  
a fe'n hwylio gyda'i gilydd. Nath  
Alec foddi ... O'dd e tua deg ar y  
pryd.

FAITH swallows. Tries to make sense of things.

SARAN (CONT'D)

Pam ti'n holi?

FAITH

Just rwbeth ffindes i ... Nath e  
byth weud dim.

SARAN

'Na Evan ondyfe -

FAITH, a look.

SARAN (CONT'D)

Ma'i deulu fe wastad 'di fogi fe,  
nagyn nhw? Wedes i 'tho dyle fe  
byth ddod nôl ar ôl coleg ... dilyn  
'i freuddwydion ... Wi wir yn  
goffod mynd. Sori.

She steps back inside.

FAITH

Plîs -

She pushes the door shut.

FAITH continues staring at it in a daze.

Out of shot, LISA climbs out of the car.

LISA (V.O.)

Faith? Ti'n olreit?

She turns and walks slowly back to the car. She's not  
alright. Not by a long way.

FAITH climbs into the passenger seat. LISA gets in alongside  
her. They sit in silence for a moment.

LISA

So, beth yw'r verdict? ... On nhw'n  
...?

FAITH shakes her head.

LISA (CONT'D)

Mai'n fit, cofia. Siwr bo' fe 'di o  
leia' meddwl am shaggo hi. Nes i  
... am tam bach.

FAITH, a look. LISA shuts up and starts the engine.

She drives.

FADE

60

INT. HOWELLS. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY (SEPTEMBER 2016)

60

FADE UP TO NINE MONTHS AGO

EVAN is at his desk turning despondently through a file of witness statements. Spread out in front of him are a number of photographs of the body of a 60 year old man, PADDY REARDON, lying dead in a pool of blood in a car park, a single gunshot wound to his chest.

We glimpse another partially obscured photograph of PADDY'S naked body on the mortuary slab, and another of his heart in a kidney dish, a small flagged pin through the bullet wound.

EVAN sighs. What he's reading is dissolving what little hope he has left.

A knock at the door. CERYS enters, bursting with excitement.

CERYS

Newyddion da. Ma' 'da ni alibi.

EVAN

I bwy?

CERYS

Erin Glynn, pwy arall!

EVAN

Shwt allith hi ga'l alibi? Ma' tri  
llygad dyst annibynol 'di ID-o hi!

CERYS

Nethon nhw fistêc. Digwydd drw'r  
amser.

EVAN looks at her dubiously.

EVAN

Pwy sy'n cynnig yr alibi?

CERYS

Ma'i newydd fod ar y ffôn. Ma'  
ddi'n grêt. Proffesiynol, legit.

(MORE)

CERYS (CONT'D)

Deintydd. Ma' hi moyn cwrdd â ni i  
roi datganiad.

EVAN

(remaining sceptical)  
Fine. 'Na di'r apwyntiad.

CERYS

Nawr.  
(off his look)  
Dere!

She grabs his jacket off the hook and tosses it across the desk to him.

61 INT. DENTIST'S SURGERY. RECEPTION - EVENING (*SEPTEMBER 2016*)

EVAN and CERYS stare at each other from opposite sides of a tank of tropical fish that sits in the middle of the waiting area. At its bottom is a sunken treasure ship spilling plastic gold coins and flashing alternate colours. The effect is mesmerising.

A tall and extremely determined looking Turkish woman dressed in a white coat comes to the door of the surgery. DR MERAL ALPAY.

DR ALPAY

Ie, mewn, plis.

She disappears behind the open door.

EVAN and CERYS exchange a look, then follow her in.

62 INT. DENTIST'S SURGERY - EVENING (*SEPTEMBER 2016*) 62

DR ALPAY is seated at a computer. A television attached to the ceiling above the treatment chair is tuned to horse racing, the commentary audible, but turned down low.

CERYS

Cerys Hughes. Dyma'r boss, Evan  
Howells.

EVAN

Nosweth dda.

DR ALPAY grunts, glued to her screen.

EVAN and CERYS exchange a glance.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Wy'n dyall bo' chi moyn rhoi  
datganiad?

DR ALPAY

Cywir.

EVAN

OK. Felly, oes 'na rywle allwn ni ishte i gymryd nodiade?

DR ALPAY clicks 'Print'. A piece of paper spews out of her printer.

DR YIPP

Dyma yr datganiad: ar Medi dau ddeg pump, am 4.30p.m, roedd Miss Erin Glynn yn y gadair.

(she hands EVAN the print-out of her diary)

Tynnais i'r molar cyntaf ar y gwaelod - ochor chwith. Wedi pydru. Dental hygiene drwg. Triniaeth, pedwar-deg pump munud.

CERYS

(to EVAN)

O'dd y saethu am 4.35. Ugen milltir i ffwrdd.

EVAN looks uneasily from DR ALPAY to CERYS ... and back again. Something smells off.

EVAN

A chi'n folon tystio dan lw?

DR ALPAY

Na, mae fe gyd yn *big fat lie*.

She laughs and glances up at the TV - a race is in its final stages.

CERYS smirks. EVAN doesn't see the funny side.

EVAN

OK. Newn ni ddanfon drafft atoch chi ar ebost. Wy angen i chi edrych drosto fe'n fanwl - ma' hwn yn achos o lofruddiaeth. A bydd arno i angen copi o'ch nodiadau chi o'r driniaeth.

DR ALPAY

(distracted by the finish)

Wrth gwrs.

Race over, she picks up a business card from her desk.

DR ALPAY (CONT'D)  
 (handing it to him)  
 Os ti angen gwaith, gei di rate  
 arbennig. Neud it it wenu fel  
*movie star.*

She grins at CERYS. CERYS smiles.

EVAN  
 Fyddwn ni mewn cysylltiad.

He exits.

63 INT./EXT. CERYS'S CAR / DENTIST - EVENING (SEPTEMBER 2016) 63

EVAN and CERYS exit the surgery and cross the pavement to her Mini.

EVAN gets into the passenger seat. She climbs behind the wheel.

They buckle up and exchange a look.

CERYS  
 O'dd hwnna'n od.

EVAN  
 Nagodd e just!

She starts the engine and pulls away.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
*Legit wedes di...?*

FADE

64 EXT. COAST ROAD - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

64

FADE UP ON:

BACK TO THE PRESENT

FAITH'S car winds along the unlit road.

FAITH (V.O.)  
 Fi'n timlo fel bo' fi ddim yn nabod  
 e rhagor.

65 INT. FAITH'S CAR - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY)

65

FAITH lolls back against the headrest, completely spent. Lisa at the wheel. They drive in silence for a long moment.

FAITH

Falle mai hunlle yw e, a bydda i'n deffro unryw funed?

LISA

Byddet ti moyn?

FAITH, a look.

LISA (CONT'D)

Bach o gyffro nagyw e? Pwy 'dde 'di meddwl - Evan.

FAITH can barely let out a laugh of irony.

FAITH

Ond fi dala'n caru fe. Dim ond fe a'r plant sy' gyda fi.

LISA

A ma' gyda ti fi.

She reaches out and squeezes FAITH'S hand. FAITH squeezes back.

66 EXT. ABERCORRAN HIGH STREET - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 66

ARTHUR, huddled in a doorway sips from a can of cheap cider. A car swoops past - a black BMW that he's seen before.

It slows, then turns into a side street.

Curious, ARTHUR gets unsteadily to his feet and moves off along the pavement to see where it went.

66A EXT. HOWELLS CERYS'S OFFICE - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 66A

CERYS'S silhouette at the glow of her desk, the only lit window on the High Street.

67 INT. HOWELLS. CERYS'S OFFICE - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 67

Alone in the darkened office, blinds drawn, CERYS is hunched over her desk. The only light in the room is the glow of her PC screen.

From the glimpses we catch of her screen, it appears she's deleting emails.

She looks up suddenly at the sound of someone on the scaffolding beneath her window. They keep coming, then stop.

Silence. Then the sound of a door handle being worked.

CERYS hurriedly powers off the PC and jumps up from her desk.

68 INT HOWELLS. RECEPTION/KITCHEN - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 68

CERYS walks slowly through the darkened reception and turns into the short passageway that leads to the kitchen door.

She reaches for a small fire extinguisher mounted on the wall, and listens ...

Silence. *Perhaps she was imagining things?*

She braces herself, then bursts through into the kitchen at the same moment as the INTRUDER smashes a pane of glass in the semi-glazed fire escape door.

Through the glass, CERYS comes face to face with a figure in a black balaclava.

She screams!

The INTRUDER turns tail and clatters back down the steps.

69 EXT. NARROW STREET BEHIND HOWELLS' - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 69

ARTHUR's face, concerned by the sound of CERYS's screams presses tight in against a wall, cranes forward to see the INTRUDER come flying down the scaffolding outside Howells' office and hurry to the parked BMW.

69A INT HOWELLS. RECEPTION/KITCHEN - NIGHT 69A

CERYS stands in the darkened reception, her heart pounding, frozen, on the alert.

She hears the screech of tyres, a thud and the sound of a car hurtling off.

69B EXT. ABERCORRAN HIGH STREET - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 69B

ARTHUR lies motionless on the ground, blood oozing from a gash on his forehead, the BMW speeding away in the distance.

He lets out groan.

70 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 70

FAITH comes through the front door with LISA.

LISA  
Beth am drïo dala hi mas - mynd  
online ac esgus bod yn Evan.

FAITH nearly trips over RHODRI in his baby walker, who's trundling across the hall with a pull-along dog.

FAITH  
(scooping him up)  
For goodness' sake!

LISA  
Hi, Rods.

FAITH looks into the sitting room. ALYS and MEGAN are curled on the sofa watching TV dipping into a huge bowl of cheese puffs.

FAITH  
Merched! Amser gwely! Nawr!  
(to LISA)  
Ti'n meindio?

LISA  
Wrth gwrs.  
(heading into the sitting  
room)  
Yey! Cheese puffs! Diolch bois!

They squeal in protest as she raids their bowl.

FAITH carries RHODRI through to the kitchen.

MARION gets up from the table, clutching an iPad. A half empty bottle of wine sits on the table next to her.

MARION  
Sori. Nes i'm sylwi faint o'r gloch  
o'dd hi -

The doorbell goes.

FAITH  
God! Beth nawr?  
(dumping RHODRI in her  
arms)  
Ffinda Pyjamas i Rhodri, nei di?

She dashes out.

71 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 71

FAITH opens the door to find DI WILLIAMS on the step with TERRY standing sheepishly behind her.

FAITH freezes, bracing for bad news.

DI WILLIAMS  
Nosweth dda, Mrs Howells.

FAITH looks from DI WILLIAMS to TERRY, anticipating news. TERRY shakes his head then looks at the ground, unable to meet her eyes.

FAITH  
Beth yw e?

DI WILLIAMS  
Licen ni chi ddod gyda ni, os newch chi. Ma 'da fi gwpwl o gwestiynne i chi.

FAITH  
Allwch chi ofyn nhw nawr. *Fire away.*

DI WILLIAMS  
Dde well 'da fi 'neud e'n yr orsaf.

FAITH glances round to see LISA and the GIRLS in the hallway. Behind them, MARION has come to the kitchen door.

MARION  
Faith?

71A EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 71A

FAITH steps outside, pulling the door behind her.

FAITH  
Fel ti'n gweld, fi bach yn brysur. Ac os o's dim *reasonable grounds* i ame bo' fi 'di comittio *arrestable offence*, fi'm yn mynd i unman ... So, pam na ddei di mewn?

DI WILLIAMS  
Mae gyda ni fwy na digon o dystioleth i'ch arestio chi, Mrs Howells.

FAITH  
Rili? I beth, exactly? *Murder? Kidnap? International terrorism?*

DI WILLIAMS just stares at her. Dead-eyed, like a fish on a slab.

72 INT./EXT. STEVE'S PICK-UP / FAITH'S STREET - NIGHT (DAY 3 72  
THURSDAY)

STEVE, dressed in a freshly pressed shirt, drives towards FAITH'S house. Chocolates with a ribbon and gift tag sit on the passenger seat. He sees the police car up ahead.

He slows. Pulls over. Cancels his headlights and watches.

73 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 73

ALYS and MEGAN come to the doorstep with LISA as FAITH goes with DI WILLIAMS and TERRY. FAITH stops outside the police car and looks back, bereft.

ALYS

Mam!

LISA

Bydd hi'm yn hir. Dewch nôl miwn.

She tries to shepherd the girls back into the house, but ALYS refuses to move.

TERRY opens the car door. FAITH climbs in.

74 INT. STEVE'S PICK-UP - NIGHT (DAY 3 THURSDAY) 74

STEVE watches the police car pull away and travel towards him.

He catches FAITH'S eye as it passes.

75 INT./EXT. POLICE CAR / FAITH'S STREET - NIGHT (DAY 3 75  
THURSDAY)

FAITH'S POV: STEVE lifts a hand and mouths a silent, 'Diolch'.

DI WILLIAMS has spotted STEVE, too.

DI WILLIAMS

Steve Baldini. Ffrind i chi?

FAITH

Client.

DI WILLIAMS

On'd dy'ch chi'n byw bywyd lliwgar.

TERRY glances in the rearview mirror. FAITH looks away.

Rain patters on the windscreen. DI WILLIAMS flicks on the wipers as the shower grows heavier.

And we STAY WITH FAITH, pale, shell-shocked and terrified.

END OF EPISODE