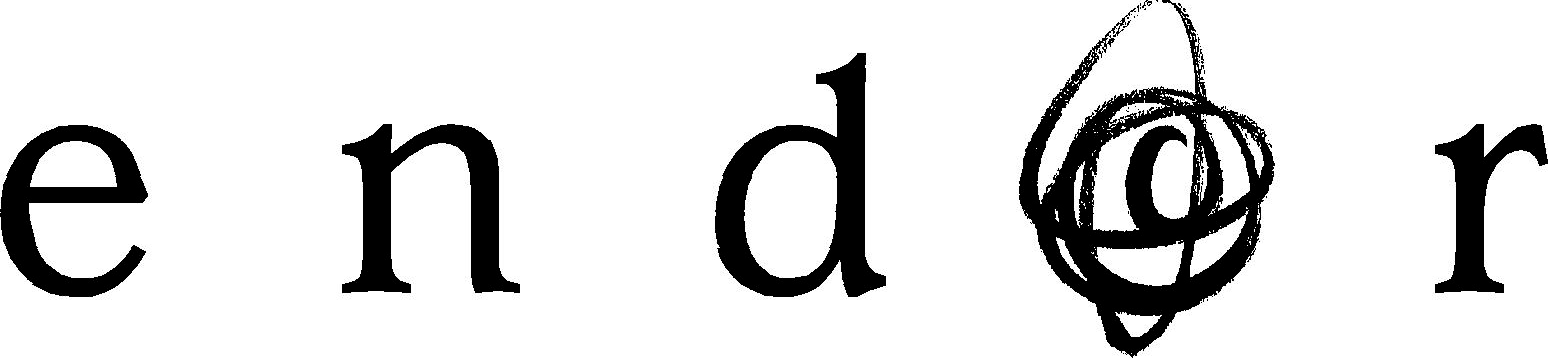
**THE ESCAPE ARTIST**

Episode 2

**Duration: 58’03”**

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*Music ‘2m01’ in: 10:00:00*

**PREVIOUSLY**

**IN: 10:00:00 INT. COURT CELL – day**

Will is meeting with Foyle and his solicitor Simkins.

FOYLE

I don't like people very much.

(beat)

I'm just not a very nice person.

**IN: 10:00:04 INT. Cottage - bedroom - niGHT**

Will is reading a brief. . His face immediately falls.

His face changes. Whatever's in here is horrific reading. For a BRIEF MOMENT we see, reflected in his GLASSES:

A PHOTOGRAPH of a mutilated body

Will

The world is... Broken.

**IN: 10:00:07 INT. burton family home - jamie's bedroom - nigHT**

Kate appears in the doorway.

KATE

You shouldn't watch scary movies so close to bedtime.

**IN: 10:00:09 Int. Bench - court - day**

Foyle is in the dock. Will gives his speech.

Will

We may dislike Mr. Foyle. We do not have to like him to defend him.

**IN: 10:00:13 Int. Bar council - party.**

Will is talking to Maggie.

WILL

I don't do things for exposure, Maggie.

MAGGIE

So why are you doing it?

WILL

Everyone deserves a defence.

**IN: 10:00:15 EXT. The bailey**

Clerks dash in pulling trolleys full of files and paperwork. Will arrives just as the security van pulls up.

WILL (v.o)

… Given the press this case has already generated, Mr. Foyle cannot be given a fair trial.

**IN: 10:00:20 Int. CourtrOOM - day**

The JUDGE talks to the jury.

Judge

I have no alternative but to discharge the jury and release the defendant.

**IN: 10:00:26 Int. Court - corridor - day**

Will ushers FOYLE to a quieter area -- SIMKINS in tow.

Foyle

Will.

Foyle smiles.

Foyle (CONT'D)

Good man.

Foyle holds out his hand to Will.

FoylE

Thank you my friend.

But Will CANNOT SHAKE HIS HAND -- abrupt, nervous.

Will

Pleasure. Take care.

He turns and leaves -- Foyle watches him go -- affronted.

**IN: 10:00:34 INT. BURTON COTTAGE - night**

Kate sits with her pregnancy test

Kate (V.O.)

Why don't we just see you up there. But hurry up, I want to show you something.

**IN: 10:00:36 INT. burton Cottage - bathroom - nighT**

Kate closes her eyes. And immerses under the water.

As she opens here eyes she sees at the window.

LIAM FOYLE'S FACE. Staring at her through the glass.

Kate SCREAMS

**IN: 10:00:37 Ext. Cottage - night**

Will takes in the scene:

Car door and boot open. Door open. Dark windows.

Will

Kate?

**IN: 10:00:39 INT. INSIDE COTTAGE - DARKNESS - CONTINUOUS**

His flashlight beam finds a HAND -- on the floor --

It's KATE --

Her lifeless eyes staring at him --

JAMIE

(faint)

Dad!

Will

Jamie!

Will now SPINNING himself -- where -- what --

Jamie (CONT'D)

(still faint)

DAD!

Will finds the flashlight. And locates --

A BOX -- just beside KATE'S BODY -- locked with a key --

He opens it --

And there, scrunched up in a ball --

Is JAMIE -- alive -- hands over his head --

**IN: 10:00:44 EXT. MIDDLE TEMPLE - day**

Maggie exits her Chambers, walks towards her car. Stops. Looks over at an unshaven, red-eyed WILL. He wears jeans, a sweater, and the SENSIBLE OVERCOAT he used to wear to work.

WILL

You're defending him.

MAGGIE

(beat)

Everyone deserves a defence.

Will stares at her.

WILL

That's right Maggie.

Will IMPALES the apple -- WHAM -- on a RAILING SPIKE.

**IN: 10:00:48 INT. INSIDE COTTAGE - DARKNESS**

A LIGHT WINKS ON

From outside -- over by the kitchen -- the security light.

ILLUMINATED THERE -- is LIAM FOYLE

Will (CONT'D)

That's right.

*Music ‘2m02’ in: 10:00:50*

**IN: 10:00:50 GENERIC TITLE SEQUENCE**

The camera pans across the mesh birdcages.

*Music ‘2m01’ out: 10:00:51*

10:00:51 On screen text over live: **DAVID TENNANT**

10:00:56 On screen text over live: **THE ESCAPE ARTIST**

**Created and Written by**

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10:01:03 Title cards over live action

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**ANTON LESSER**

**ROY MARSDEN**

**PATRICK RYECART**

**STEPHEN WIGHT**

**Produced by**

**PAUL FRIFT**

**HILARY BEVAN JONES**

**Directed by**

**BRIAN WELSH**

**IN: 10:01:36 INT. Burton Family HOME**

JAMIE SCREAMS. Hysterical.

WILL bursts through the living room to Jamie's bedroom as he hears his son screaming.

*Music ‘2m02’ out: 10:01:42*

Jamie (v.O.)

(screaming)

Mum! Mum! Dad! Help! Dad! Dad! No! Dad!

**IN: 10:01:50 INT. burton Family home - Jamie's Room**

Jamie is having a nightmare. Will lies on his bed. Hugs him.

Will

(comforting)

Alright... Alright... It's alright... Its okay. Its okay. Its okay. Ssshhhh... Ssshhhh...

**IN: 10:02:13 Ext. ChaMBERS - DAY**

Establisher

**IN: 10:02:17 Int. Chambers - lift - reception area - same time**

Mayfield slinks down the corridor, irritated.

MAYFIELD

Harris? Trevor Harris. Anyone?

Someone points O.S. -- from where we hear a \*BANG\* -- we find HARRIS, still hunched over his nemesis, the photocopier.

MAYFIELD (CONT'D)

Plea and case management on Will's case. Whole thing just got moved up. We'll need to change the dates.

HarrIS

Good.

MAYFIELD

Language 10:02:30 No. Not good. At all. We need all the **bloody** time we can get.

HARRIS

(nods, sotto voce)

We're absolutely sure Will's son didn't see anything.

Mayfield turns a scathing gaze on Harris -- his "what are you talking about" face. Harris blushes but sallies forth --

HARRIS (CONT'D)

It's just if we had two witness statements.

(Mayfield stares at him)

I mean. It would take the weight off the DNA... If it comes in.

MAYFIELD

Blasphemy 10:02:55 This is where we are. This is what we've have to work with. Blood, ID. Alibi. And **God** help us... A following wind.

Harris nods -- alrighty then.

**IN: 10:03:00 INT. burton family home - kitchen.**

Will's alone. Clutching a piece of paper in his hand. Talking on his smartphone -- CUSTOMER SERVICES.

WILL

No, no, no... That's what I'm trying to explain to you. Look. My wife does not wear aftershave and I am not the least bit interested in Peter Rabbit collectibles...

Halfway up the stairs -- JAMIE is listening to his Dad slowly unspool and lose his shit.

Will (CONT'D)

So if you want me to join the dots for you, someone has stolen my wife's identity...

(beat)

Yeah, well that's not gonna happen. Well you can't talk to her. I already identified her. I walked into the mortuary and kissed her face.

He SMASHES the phone on the counter. Somehow it's still working -- the SPEAKERPHONE tinny and distorted.

Will (CONT'D)

...Yep.

Looking up at JAMIE peering down from the stairs.

Watching his Dad -- A SILENT, CLOSED BOOK.

WILL goes to him. Crouches down.

Will (CONT'D)

Did I scare you?

(Jamie nods)

I'm sorry.

(beat)

I wish things could be different. But they're not. But if you ever want to tell me something. Anything. About what happened. I'll be here. Okay? You just come right out and say it. And I'll be listening. Yeah?

*Music ‘2m03’ in: 10:04:07*

Jamie looks at him -- barely a nod -- turns and exits.

Will watches.

**IN: 10:04:21 INT. prison - CONFERENCE ROOM - day**

Used for meetings between inmates (on remand and otherwise) and their lawyers. CLOSE ON MAGGIE. Looking straight ahead.

*Music ‘2m03’ out: 10:04:26*

Foyle

When it rains, what happens to all the little animals? Do they drown do you think?

SimKINS

Mr. Foyle.

Peter Simkins our Power suited Solicitor is here again, this time with MAGGIE.

FIND FOYLE. Scratching obsessively at a region of his scalp.

FOYLE

I used to love it when it rained. But now when it's wet all I can think of is all these little bodies clawing and squeaking at the earth and the mud and the water and drowning in the dark. It's a shame the plants have to drink. I know they do, but it's a shame. I get so sad when it's wet. Especially after the summer we had.

SimKINS

Mr. Foyle we need to be sure you understand your plea.

Maggie removes a "LIBRE" THERMOS, used by high-end tea-lovers everywhere. It's see-through. Hot water steams.

FOYLE

Is there any evidence that puts me at the cottage?

MaggIE

You were charged on the basis of one eyewitness identification.

FOYLE

One.

Maggie removes a small home-made sachet of tea and empties it into her thermos. The tea blooms like blood in the water.

MAGGIE

Yes. One. The son hasn't made a statement.

SimKINS

Not yet.

Maggie turns to look coldly at Simkins. Foyle is staring at Maggie now.

Foyle

Yet. You think he saw something?

Maggie

There's only one witness. That's what we're dealing with.

She notices Foyle watching her tea. Doesn't occur to her that no-one else has a drink.

Foyle

What's that?

MaGGIE

Tea.

Foyle

What kind of tea?

Maggie

My tea.

Maggie closes her thermos, self conscious under Foyle's gaze.

SIMKINS

We also need to talk about your alibi Ms. Morris.

MAGGIE

We go into considerable detail on our defence statement about our whereabouts that evening and we're confident that Ms. Morris will support this.

FOYLE

Then why do we need to discuss this?

MAGGIE

Because we need to discuss this.

Foyle

So, Mr. Burton is the only witness in this whole case. So he can't act for himself.

MAGGIE

You're well versed in criminal procedures.

FOYLE

I did a law course.

MAGGIE

Oh really, where was that?

FOYLE

Cambridge.

Maggie looks at him -- a little shocked -- they're about the same age, so...

FOYLE (CONT'D)

Anglia Polytechnic University.

(beat)

We probably cycled past one another on Silver Street.

Maggie clocks at this point -- he knows I went to Cambridge.

MAGGIE

Small world.

FoYLE

Indeed.

MaGGIE

(back to business)

Yes you're right, Mr. Burton will not be in court, as he's a witness, he cannot act for the Crown in any way.

FOYLE

It's just that... He kept beating you, is all.

MAGGIE

He's not allowed to be there.

FOYLE

So he just has to watch.

MAGGIE

I suppose so.

FOYLE

Besides... It was very dark.

*Music ‘2m04’ in: 10:06:32*

MAGGIE

Indeed.

FOYLE

Such a shame about all those animals isn't it.

Maggie catches Simkins staring at her. She ignores his gaze.

Foyle sees Simkins' expression and stares right back at him. Simkins, reddening, looks away.

**IN: 10:06:46 INT. Maggie's chambers - DUSK**

Maggie works. Looks over pictures from the crime scene and some from the autopsy table. A QC (Balfour) approaches.

BalfOUR

You have qualms.

Maggie

I beg your pardon?

BALFOUR

It's your first big defence. You're working late. You have qualms.

She puts her pen down. Eyes him coldly.

Maggie

He lost his wife.

BALFOUR

If the tables were turned. He would not hesitate.

Just for a moment -- we see Maggie's quandary.

BALFOUR (CONT'D)

This is how it works.

Maggie

I just know that if I was Will...

Balfour

Ah. But you're not him, are you?

(sees it hurts her)

Not yet, anyway.

OFF Maggie -- the decision is made -- the doubt has gone.

**IN: 10:07:28 Ext. Chambers - Day**

Will sits in his car waiting, watching. Suddenly Danny quickly walks out of the Chambers and walks towards Will.

*Music ‘2m04’ out: 10:07:31*

**IN: 10:07:42 Int. Will'S CAR**

Danny gets in Will's car.

DanNY

Alright? I've probably only got about 5 minutes. It's a bit of a crazy morning.

Will

How's it looking

DaNNY

Every time I pass the conference room there's a huge queue of people knocking on the door. Everyone want's to help mate.

Will

Who's leading?

DanNY

Mr. Mayfield. Mr. Harris is his junior. Everyone else was busy.

Will isn't too chuffed with that -- shakes it off.

Will

Any idea what they are running with?

Danny grinds his jaw a little.

Will (CONT'D)

You don't have to say a thing if you don't want to.

DaNNY

Forensics found size 12 boot prints... But all of Foyle's footwear is a size 9. No match on the tread. So as far as I can tell they are all waiting for the forensics’ report. The crime scene blood. Plus, your ID of him.

Will

And?

DannY

I think that's it.

Will

(shocked)

What about his alibi?

DanNY

One of his neighbours said she had dinner with him. They are looking into possible angles...

Will absorbs this for a moment -- it's not good --

Will

What's this woman's name?

DannY

Eileen Morris.

Off Will -- his brain spinning.

Will

Say that again...

**IN: 10:08:47 INT. police pub - day**

Bob Forsyth sits with Will in a corner. *NOTA BENE* -- he was the police detective in the first SANDRA MULLINS MURDER in Ep ONE.

Bob

Eileen Morris, right? Did a little rooting around in the old case file. This is all I could come up with.

He shows Will a colour printout from a website --

SHOWS: LIAM FOYLE and a CHEERY MIDDLE AGED WOMAN standing awkwardly in front of a caged bird with a TROPHY.

Bob (CONT'D)

He's a bird fancier, if you remember. See who's presenting him with that trophy?

Will

(peering)

"Parish Council Events Committee Co-Chair Eileen Morris."

BOB

That's all I've got for you I'm afraid.

WILL

No, there was something else. I'm sure I've seen that name somewhere else.

Will looks at him -- KA-CHING -- a memory. Will's up and leaving.

WILL (CONT'D)

Thanks Bob.

In Will's wake -- a bit confused now.

BOB

You're welcome.

*Music ‘2m05’ in: 10:09:14*

**IN: 10:09:17 Ext. METHODIST CHURCH HALL - BARNES - DAY**

An ebullient meeting of the local W.I. Membership breaks up.

Rosy-cheeked mirthful EILEEN MORRIS bustles out with some cohorts. We'll recognise her immediately from the photo.

PULLING BACK

To Will -- in his car -- in the shadows -- watching.

Cohorts

Bye then Eileen!

She waves. Walks. She's carrying a large cardboard box full of recently-washed WI Tupperware.

She makes it to her car. Fumbles the stuff into the boot. Gets in and drives away.

And WILL -- FOLLOWS HER.

**IN: 10:10:02 Ext. SELF STORAGE COMPANY - DAY**

Eileen balances the box on one raised knee as she punches in her PIN NUMBER to a security box near the front door of the warehouse. The door BEEPS and she enters.

Above the door, a security camera STARES DOWN.

PULL BACK to Will -- who TEXTS DANNY from his car.

**IN: 10:10:22 Ext. BOROUGH - day**

WILL'S CAR pulls up and stops.

PULL BACK TO Danny -- watching. He gets in.

**IN: 10:10:28 INT. Will's car - momenTS LATER**

Will and Danny download quickly.

*Music ‘2m05’ out: 10:10:30*

Will

Foyle's alibi might not be as solid as they're making out.

DannY

Language 10:10:44 How do you know that? Doesn't seem fair to me. You're the biggest legal brain in the building. And you can't even talk to them about your own **bloody** case.

WILL

No. I can't.

He looks at Danny -- a plan forming.

WilL (CONT'D)

Not directly. It’s not like I am defending him anymore is it. Do you have any idea where the Sandra Mullins case files are?

DANNY

I think so yep. Big box. I stubbed my toe on it last week.

WILL

Do you think they might be near my office?

DANNY

(long beat)

I think it could be.

Will processes -- looks like Danny just agreed to help --

*Music ‘2m06’ in: 10:11:10*

**IN: 10:11:11 INT. Chambers - reception - day**

A FRAMED DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD of COUNSEL MAGAZINE features Will's smiling face under a headline "TOP 40 UNDER 40".

Will walks past, ignoring the picture.

**IN: 10:11:19 INT. chambers Will's tiny office.**

Will KNEELS DOWN and pulls out a large box

He opens it... we glimpse "SANDRA MULLINS" and "MURDER"...

FLICKS THROUGH at lightning speed -- we've seen him speed read before -- this is a whole other gear.

He's like a MONEY COUNTING MACHINE. Flickflickflickflick...

Eyes SCANNING. The Terminator. Suddenly --

He STOPS. A finger on an INVOICE. He PULLS IT UP.

CLOSE ON: THE INVOICE

It's from "STORAGE Company". A manifest provided for a police investigation. Who has what storage unit, what number it is, and what payment method they've used.

A name at the top reads "EILEEN MORRIS". Will sees people milling about outside his office. Quickly closes the box and leaves.

**IN: 10:11:43 EXT. chambers courtyard - later**

Harris walks, muttering to himself. He looks appalling. Exhausted, nervous, wary. In desperate need of a haircut.

Danny appears -- falls into step with him.

*Music ‘2m06’ out: 10:11:46*

DannY

Mr. Harris.

(Harris is preoccupied)

Did you see that Collingwood arson brief? The private one?

HARRIS

Yes, I caught sight of it as it flew past me at high velocity on its way to one of the silks.

Danny

Why don't you take a page out of Tara's book?

HARRIS

My nose is brown enough already thank you.

Harris considers this for a second. Shakes his head. Nah.

DANNY

Does what she has to. Why don't you do that now and then?

HARRIS

Because then I'd be like Tara, wouldn't I?

Danny sighs. You can't help someone who won't help himself.

DANNY

You heading over?

Harris

Foyle's making his plea.

DANNY

So. It's started.

(Harris nods grimly)

Danny (CONT'D)

How's it looking, do you think?

Harris does the international mime for "so-so".

HARRIS

No sign of DNA at the scene, single eyewitness. Recognition under duress. Not a lot of wiggle room. I mean Will's boy was there but... well if he had seen something, he would have... said something...

(looks to Danny)

Wouldn't he?

Danny gets the subtext -- long beat.

DANNY

Mr. Harris.

Harris

Don't.

DANNY

I've been thinking.

*Music ‘2m07’ in: 10:12:34*

HARRIS

Well... stop.

(before Danny can react)

I mean it.

**IN: 10:12:39 INT. COURT CELL number 2 - DAY**

Door OPENS. Eerie. Foyle, suited, stares at the wall.

PRISON OFFICER (O.S.)

Time to go.

Foyle puts on his shoes. His scalp still bothering him.

**IN: 10:12:59 Ext. st barnard junior School - day**

Jamie approaches school -- holding his Dad's hand -- he stares out at the playground -- empty -- going in late.

Helen, his teacher, has come to meet him at the gate with his best friend ALFIE. Will looks nervously to Helen, who smiles reassuringly. It helps a LITTLE bit.

HELEN

Hi Jamie, welcome back.

WILL

You okay?

JAMIE

See ya.

(to Alfie)

You alright?

ALFIE

Alright.

**IN: 10:13:18 INT. court CORRIDOR foyle trial 2 - DAY**

Foyle walks along a dank hallway. A GUARD beside him.

**IN: 10:13:24 INT. BAILEY - court - foyle trial 2 - DAY**

FOYLE stands in a DOCK. This is the plea -- what's formally known as "PLEA & CASE MANAGEMENT HEARING".

*Music ‘2m07’ out: 10:13:41*

CLERK OF THE COURT

Liam Michael Foyle, you are charged on this indictment with one count of Murder. How do you plead?

On Foyle as this lands. A thousand thoughts swim behind his eyes. Like remembering an old joke. His gaze finds MAGGIE. Battle ready. He opens his mouth. Eyes smile:

Foyle

Not. Guilty.

Maggie

My Lord given the lack of evidence at this time we are serving a bail application notice.

Mayfield looks at her. What?

MAYFIELD

First I've heard of it My Lord.

MAGGIE

It was served in good time.

Mayfield glares back at Harris -- who is scrabbling around in his brief, red faced.

HarrIS

I thought -- I gave it to you.

Judge

Well I read it.

Before Mayfield can respond.

Judge (CONT'D)

Bail granted subject to conditions as per application.

Maggie

Thank you my Lord. I've also spoken to the List Officer this morning and he's informed me a 'slot' available for a week long case on the 31st.

JUDGE

Very well.

MAYFIELD

Wait a minute.

Maggie smiles. Foyle looks at the guard.

MAYFIELD (CONT'D)

Wait a minute... That's only a few weeks away -- I mean it hardly gives us any time to prepare the evidence?

MaggIE

What evidence?

Judge

Mr. Foyle, you may leave the dock.

CLERK OF THE COURT

All rise.

Mayfield turns to glare at Maggie -- she turns away -- score.

**IN: 10:14:19 I/e bailey foyle trial 2 / MAGGIE'S CAR - later**

Maggie shuts the door. Peace for a moment. Turns the key.

A FACE AT THE WINDOW startles her -- it's Foyle -- he waves.

He's waiting for her to wind the window down. She goes against her better judgment and does so. Uncomfortable.

Foyle

Never said thank you.

MAGGIE

You're welcome.

*Music ‘2m08’ in: 10:14:31*

A limp hand through the window. Maggie takes it briefly. Smiles. He withdraws it slowly. Maggie's smile is rictus.

Foyle

I'll see you soon.

MAGGIE

Yes.

She pulls the car away.

Out of sight she pulls an ANTIBACTERIAL SPRAY from a tray near the gearbox. Spritzes her hands.

**IN: 10:15:09 Ext. foyle's house - BARNES - day**

UNKNOWN POV

The river and Mortlake High Street. Just off the main drag, a modest but comfortable house.

OUR UNKNOWN POV WATCHES

As a black cab pulls up FOYLE jumps out.

Heads to his front door.

EILEEN is there. Glowing. "Caught". Foyle's pointing at her.

*Music ‘2m08’ out: 10:15:21*

FoyLE

You're in a lot of trouble.

We get the feeling Eileen would be \*thrilled\* to be in some kind of trouble with Foyle.

Eileen

("guilty")

I made you some crumble.

FOYLE

I must have left my cage open because a little birdie just bailed me out.

Eileen -- who just bailed him -- shrugs and grins.

Foyle (CONT'D)

You shouldn't have done that Eileen... really...

EILEEN

It takes half an hour.

FOYLE

That's not what I am talking about.

EILEEN

(those fuckers)

Oh, please. I was happy to pay.

(beat)

Welcome home.

FOYLE

Apple or plum?

EILEEN

Rhubarb. It's in the fridge at parish council. Waiting for you.

FOYLE

It won't be waiting too long I promise.

Something on Foyle's mind -- he checks his watch.

FoyLE (CONT'D)

Lots to be getting on with.

Eileen

I'm sure.

(beat)

I fed them every day, just like you asked.

FOYLE

(long beat)

Good.

*Music ‘2m09’ in: 10:16:10*

Foyle smiles, Eileen, not one to pry, waits a moment to bask in her good deed -- then walks off down the street.

**IN: 10:16:13 Int. Foyle's house - DAY**

We TAKE A TOUR around Foyle's place -- a bright yellow CLIMBING BAG near the door. A RED SKI HAT hanging up. Ropes, pulleys, other equipment arranged neatly.

The blinds are all DOWN.

All the while, incessant twittering and chirping as FOYLE, feeds his birds.

Foyle

Everyone's hungry.

**IN: 10:16:39 Ext. Chambers - DAY**

Kia’s parked next to Bentleys. They make Horace Rumpole's point loud and clear: for a few, crime does in fact, pay.

Will -- suited and clean shaved -- crosses the quad.

**IN: 10:16:49 INT. Chambers - CONFERENCE ROOM - day**

Mayfield, Harris, a Solicitor and TWO PUPILS (both young & attractive). Everyone also uniquely visible thanks to the glass walls -- superb soundproofing means they're insulated.

De Souza passes -- sees the VAST FOLDERS on the desk, some of which are turned to gruesome CRIME SCENE PHOTOS of Kate. Another has a POLICE MUG SHOT of LIAM FOYLE.

De Souza knocks on the door and opens it wide -- lingering -- perhaps showboating a little for the pretty young things.

*Music ‘2m09’ out: 10:16:53*

MAYFIELD

Alright let's run it again shall we?

Harris

(uncomfortable)

Post mortem indicates she was strangled before he cut into her. The knife would have entered at the base of her neck.

DE SOUZA

Any update on the foot prints?

Mayfield

Locus is littered with them, all the wrong size.

HarrIS

After that the blade passed... through the trachea...

De souza

You don't "pass through" the trachea. Needs a sawing motion. Core strength of a fast bowler.

Mayfield

Gavin.

De SOUZa

One hell of a blood spatter.

MAYFIELD

Will's here.

ALL EYES TURN to track Will -- seemingly oblivious.

Barristers track him through the glass as he walks to his office (a small cubby hole) on the other side of the hallway.

He reaches his office and shuts the door. Mayfield exits. Danny passes -- in pursuit.

MAYFIELD (CONT'D)

How the hell did this happen?

Danny

The usual way.

(Mayfield stares)

What? He came in the front door.

MAYFIELD

Language 10:17:21 Go close the **bloody** folder will you? There's pictures of his wife...

Danny doesn't wait -- tracks back to the conference room. Mayfield saunters over towards Will's office -- casual.

**IN: 10:17:25 EXT. Chambers - courtyard - momentS LATER**

Will and Mayfield walk towards an alleyway to the street.

MAYFIELD

You need to call ahead if you're going to just turn up.

Will

I work here too.

MAYFIELD

Everyone's behind you on this. But you get caught trying to influence the case and you're jeopardising the entire enterprise. You're the only witness. So hands off. Protocol doesn't just need to be followed, it needs to be seen to be followed.

Will

I know. In fact I think I actually studied law at University.

Mayfield stares at him. A breeze is strengthening. Mayfield's hair rears up and crests like the Great Wave of Hokusai.

MAYFIELD

To be quite frank we'd prefer it if you didn't even come into chambers.

WILL

If I have to stay home one more day, I swear I'm going to kill somebody.

Mayfield stares at him. Will softens.

Will (CONT'D)

I need to work. Please.

Mayfield nods. Will's still in his face.

WILL (CONT'D)

It was today, wasn't it? The plea?

Mayfield stops in his tracks -- stunned --

MAYFIELD

They didn't -- call you?

(Will shakes his head)

They should have called you.

WILL

Talk to me.

MAYFIELD

Not guilty.

Will

(was expecting it)

Remanded where? Scrubs?

Hard swallow.

MAYFIELD

Actually he got bail.

Will stops dead.

MAYFIELD (CONT'D)

Already in custody, low risk of absconding, it's conditional of course

WILL

When. When was this?

MAYFIELD

This morning. But you should really be doing this through the...

*Music ‘2m10’ in: 10:18:12*

But Will's already sprinting to his car.

MAYFIELD (CONT'D)

(shouting after him)

Proper channels!

**IN: 10:18:23 Ext. NEWSAGENT between school & Bus stop - day**

Beat. Jamie and Alfie spill out, on their way home together. Quick detour for crisps. Neither of them notice

FOYLE -- following him at a distance.

A SILENT AND TENSE SEQUENCE

Which should churn our stomach.

A walking chase. Foyle keeping his distance from his prey.

**IN: 10:18:43 EXT. will's car - LONDON - en route to school - DAY**

Will. Eyes blazing. Crazy driving through London -- talking on the hands free.

Will

Hi... It's Will Burton, Jamie's Dad, will you tell him I'll be there to pick him up?

Helen (V.O.)

He left with Alfie, they said they were getting the bus together.

Will

Alright... Thanks.

On Will -- panic

**IN: 10:18:55 Ext. Street - DaY**

The two boys walk out of the park onto the street, A few seconds later Foyle appears. The boys are oblivious to the fact they are being followed.

**IN: 10:19:07 EXT. Bus stop near Jamie's school - day**

Will cruises past Jamie's regular stop -- lots of kids there but no sign of his son.

Will

Connor, have you seen Jamie?

Connor

No. No I haven’t.

Will

Okay.

**IN: 10:19:29 Ext. Street - DaY**

The two boys still oblivious to the fact they are being followed.

**IN: 10:19:41 INT. Burton faMILY HOME - day**

Mary stands looking out the window holding the phone. Door BLASTS open -- here comes Will.

Will

Mum, anything? Is he here?

MARY

They said he'd already left.

WILL

Why didn't you call me??

Will checks his watch. Calls another number.

**IN: 10:19:51 INT. BUS - between school & home - DaY**

Jamie sits upstairs with Alfie. Alfie's animated, Jamie's zen. Sharing music on their phones.

Footsteps climb up to the top deck.

A blue coat passes close by Jamie.

We know who's wearing it, but of course, Jamie does not.

**IN: 10:20:04 INT. Burton family home - KITCHEN - day**

Mary is already cleaning the place, which Will hates but has no time for right now. He paces, on the phone --

Will

Hi Pat is Jamie there? I wondered if he came home with Alfie...

Mary

Have you tried the library?

**IN: 10:20:09 INT. BUS - between school & home - DaY**

Jamie sits upstairs with Alfie. Alfie's animated, Jamie's zen. Sharing music on their phones.

We stay with them on the bus for an uncomfortably long time as conversations and noise filter around them.

As another passenger LEAVES -- revealing FOYLE a couple of seats behind Jamie. We stay on Foyle's face.

He's watching Jamie like a rabbit in a cage. His face completely neutral, utterly blank.

Foyle looks like he's trying to pluck up the courage to approach Jamie -- licking his lips.

CLOSE ON JAMIE, listening to music.

Foyle gets up and MOVES ONE SEAT CLOSER.

Jamie turns just as Alfie leaves the bus. Barely registering his departure.

ALFIE

This is my stop

JAMIE

See ya.

ALFIE

See you at school.

Jamie's face changes -- into a look of DEEP UNEASE -- as he becomes aware -- of something -- a feeling? A smell?

Whatever it is -- we can't be sure.

Jamie's far away from the chatter now -- a memory.

He's trying to work it out -- as Alfie yammers on to him --

Jamie turns just as Alfie leaves the bus. Barely registering his departure.

Jamie is now alone on the top deck with Foyle.

The bus pulls away. Foyle gets up. Moves to the seat

DIRECTLY BESIDE JAMIE

Jamie TURNS SLOWLY ROUND -- TO LOOK STRAIGHT AT FOYLE.

Foyle meets his gaze. His expression is blank. He's out front and centre. Daring him to recognise him.

**IN: 10:20:54 INT. Burton family home - KITCHEN - day**

Will pacing whilst he talks on the phone.

WILL

(ignoring her)

Did he get off at Alfie's stop...

(listens)

Okay. Don't worry. Don't worry. Don't worry. Thanks.

He hangs up. Mary keeps cleaning. Will, helpless, walks straight up to his mum and GRABS THE SPONGE FROM HER HANDS.

Throws is in the sink.

Will (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm calling the police.

*Music ‘2m10’ out: 10:21:07*

A KEY IN THE LOCK

Will (CONT'D)

Jamie?

Jamie saunters in -- calm as you like.

Will (CONT'D)

Where the hell have you been?

JAMIE

We went to the shop.

Off Will -- as he grabs Jamie and hugs him. Jamie squirms --

Will

Did you talk to anyone?

Jamie

(Jamie shakes his head)

No.

Will

Look I want you to promise me you will not talk to anyone you don't know, alright? Not on the street, not in the playground, not anywhere. I'm picking you up from school from now on. Okay? Every single day.

(Jamie's a little freaked)

Okay?

Jamie nods. Will is not letting go -- perhaps not ever.

Jamie

Dad.

Will

Just -- give me a minute.

He hugs his boy tight.

CUT TO:

**IN: 10:21:26 INT. STRATFORD - WESTFIELD OLYMPIC Shopping centre - night**

Harris, in an old belt-tie overcoat, walks nervously through the mall. Shifty eyed. Windblown.

**IN: 10:21:33 INT. STRATFORD - westfield - upper level - night**

Harris stands furtively at a newsagent's stand. Pretending to be interested in a calendar for BORDER COLLIE LOVERS.

Zara. Accessorize. Primark. He does not belong here.

Harris keep glancing up at the escalator. From here, he can see everyone arriving or leaving from this level.

Danny o.s.

The sea lions of Moscow are horny this time of year.

Harris WHIPS round -- freaked out -- as Danny chuckles.

HarriS

Up yours.

DANNY

Relax.

(eyes scan the crowds)

Right... Come on. Let's go upstairs.

Harris is looking over his shoulder.

HARRIS

Why?

Danny replaces the Border Collie calendar and strides away towards the escalators -- as he goes -- he whistles.

DANNY

Come on boy. Come on.

Harris mutters under his breath. Double checks. Follows.

**IN: 10:21:59 INT. FOOD COURT - WESTFIELD - NIGHT**

Huge neon SUSHI ROLL dangles over Danny & Harris.

Drinking Asahi, eating edamame. Conveyor belt of raw fish.

HARRIS

We couldn't meet in a park?

Danny tucks into a bowl of edamame.

DANNY

Best place to hide is in a crowd. In plain sight.

HARRIS

Plain stupid.

DANNY

We're just chatting. Two blokes. Having a chat.

HARRIS

What do you want to do?

DANNY

Let's talk football.

(beat)

I used to love our team. I still love our team. You know what I think our problem is?

(beat)

We're missing a star striker.

Harris glares. Danny's enjoying the cloak and dagger.

HARRIS

There's no way he can play. It's against the rules.

DANNY

He can hardly score goals from sitting on the bench can he?

HARRIS

He can't even watch the match.

(leans in with feeling)

He's forbidden from watching the match.

DANNY

Absolutely. So I am thinking that from time to time maybe, I could get someone to talk to you about our attacking game.

HARRIS

Danny.

DANNY

Door's over there if you're feeling uncomfortable -- well I say door.

Harris grits his teeth -- but stays -- wants to help.

WILL

You need a better goalmouth strategy.

Harris nearly falls off his fucking stool -- turns to look.

It's WILL. Sitting in the stool next to him.

HarrIS

Blasphemy 10:22:44 **Christ** -- don't -- do that.

Will

What's the matter?

HARRIS

What's the matter?

(Will holds his gaze)

What's -- the -- matter?

Harris castigates himself for coming -- and possibly forgets his point for moment in all the stress --

WILL

Trevor.

HARRIS

Hi.

WILL

What's the matter.

Harris finally remembers why.

HarriS

You do know what it is you're doing... What we're doing. Don't you?

WilL

What are we doing? Exactly?

HARRIS

We're...

(searches for the word)

Talking.

WILL

About football. Here we are. Some men, talking about football.

DannY

(eyes scanning the crowd)

Nothing wrong with that.

HarRIS

Except when footballers talk about football before the match they don't lose their jobs. Do they.

Harris processes the evolving situation for a moment.

Will

I know this is a big ask.

HARRIS

Look, I appreciate you must have been hoping that Mayfield had picked someone else... Someone more suited, perhaps, to... To something like this... but the fact is, everyone else was gainfully employed and... well I'm just sorry that it had to be me.

WILL

You're the hardest working barrister in the set.

HARRIS

Well. I...

(genuine)

Thank you.

He recovers -- the spectre of true emotion clouding him --

HARRIS (CONT'D)

All the same.

(beat)

I need to think about it.

Will gets close to Harris -- swift download.

Will

Foyle had a storage unit. He told us about it during the Sandra Mullins trial. He cleared it out and stopped paying six months before the murder and it played no further part in the proceedings. But someone took it on after him. And her name is Eileen Morris. If something's not turning up it just might mean you need to look for it somewhere else. Probatio vincit praesumptionem.

Translation: proof overcomes presumption

Harris nods -- processing -- mouthing the phrase to himself. Turns back to Danny -- glaring at him -- you fucker -- as Will disappears from behind him.

HarrIS

Thanks for the drink.

DANNY

You're very welcome.

Harris turns back to Will -- but he's GONE -- what the hell.

Danny (CONT'D)

And that's for you, by the way.

Harris is so busy trying to work out where the fuck Will has gotten to he nearly misses Danny slide a folder into his bag.

HARRIS

What's that?

DANNY

Colinwood brief. Mr. Spencer's off on holiday.

Harris takes a moment to get his head around this --

HARRIS

Where's -- he going?

DANNY

I've not decided yet.

Danny walks off. Harris picks out the folder from his bag.

A SMALL CARD sticks out -- Harris retrieves it -- it reads:

**R v FOYLE Vol 15 Page 133 -- EILEEN MORRIS**

*Music ‘Plastic Princess’ in: 10:24:08*

**IN: 10:24:08 Int. Burton family home - kitchen - night**

Mary washes up. Will sticks his head in for a moment -- leaves. He's looking for Jamie.

Will climbs the tight stairs up to...

**IN: 10:24:19 INT. Burton home - top floor - night**

FIND JAMIE -- in front of a vast HOME CINEMA SETUP.

Huge plasma screen, numerous speakers. Watching:

A wedding video

Will and Kate. The happy couple. Dancing like lunatics.

Jamie doesn't look up as his Dad walks.

Will lies next to Jamie on the bed. They watch blankly as the wedding party continues, in silence.

*Music ‘Plastic Princess’ out: 10:24:47*

Will

I need to ask you something, okay?

(Jamie nods)

In the cottage. You didn't actually see that man, did you?

Jamie

(long beat)

It was dark.

*Music ‘2m11’ in: 10:25:07*

Jamie's expression changes -- a sense memory of that night -- Will instantly regretting his question.

WILL

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked.

*Music ‘Plastic Princess’ in: 10:25:18 out: 10:25:38*

*Music ‘2m12’ in: 10:25:51*

**IN: 10:25:38 Int. Maggie's house - kitchen - night**

White and sterile. Open kitchen and living room. Someone trying very hard to live inside Elle Decor magazine.

*Music ‘2m11’ out: 10:25:45*

Maggie reads a BRIEF in a quiet corner.

REFLECTED IN HER GLASSES

She's looking at CRIME SCENE PHOTOS OF KATE.

They are gruesome and terrifying. Maggie appears not to care. She could be reading a menu.

A NOISE FROM OUTSIDE

Unfamiliar. She puts down the brief. Moves to the window.

The fishbowl. The ugly city just outside the glass. She opens the sliding door and moves outside.

**IN: 10:25:59 EXT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - BALCONY - SAME TIME**

Where she looks for the source of the sound. She's sure it was out here. In her mind -- deep down -- Foyle's words -- "see you soon"

A breeze. She shivers. Tense. PHONE RINGS -- she JUMPS.

**IN: 10:26:11 INT. Maggie's hOUSE - KITCHEN - momeNTS LATER**

Maggie grabs the phone. Thoroughly unsettled.

Maggie

(answering)

What?

Simkins (o.s.)

Am I disturbing you?

MAGGIE

What do you want Peter?

SimKINS (O.S.)

Can you spare an hour tonight?

Maggie

It's late.

SIMKINS (O.S.)

You didn't answer my question.

MAGGIE

Tonight's difficult for me.

**IN: 10:26:27 INT. addison lee cab - night**

Simkins is in a dinner jacket, on the phone. A bit drunk.

SIMKINS

Difficult for all of us my dear. For all he's our client. He called the meeting.

**IN: 10:26:33 EXT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - BALCONY - SAME TIME**

Maggie comes back inside and closes the door. She bristles at his word choice and tone -- he's on the list.

SimkinS (O.S.)

We have a duty to listen.

(beat)

He sounded very insistent.

MAGGIE

Yep.

SIMKINS (o.s)

Said he remembers something.

MAGGIE

I said yes.

**IN: 10:26:48 Ext. Maggie's chambers - night**

Maggie's car parked. A light blazes on the first floor.

**IN: 10:26:52 INT. maggie's chambers - MEETING ROOM - same time**

As Maggie stares out of the window, Simkins -- bow tie now unraveled -- paces behind, on the phone. They are alone. A cafetiere on the table, Bourbon biscuits.

SimKINS

Straight to voicemail.

Maggie

Send a clerk round.

SIMKINS

Where?

MAGGIE

Harrods.

(off his confusion)

His house. To his house.

SIMKINS

We can't do that.

MAGGIE

I'm not staying here all night.

**IN: 10:27:18 INT. burton family home - WILL'S BEDROOM - DAWN**

Will lies in bed. Jamie foetal next to him. Will holds his phone to his ear. Pressing "1" repeatedly. The same number.

*Music ‘2m12’ out: 10:27:21*

Kate'S VOICE

Hi, it's Kate I'm not here right now, but leave a message... Bye!

(redials)

Hi, it's Kate I'm not here right now, but leave a message... Bye!

(redials)

Hi, it's Kate I'm not here right now, but leave a message... Bye!

(redials)

Hi, it's Kate I'm not here right now, but leave a message... Bye!

Will ends the call -- GRIEF -- tinged by -- ANGER

**IN: 10:27:51 EXT. DESERTED STREET near tube station - NIGHT**

MAGGIE walks on. HEARS FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HER. Speeds up. So do the footsteps.

WILL'S Voice

Maggie.

She WHIPS ROUND -- a can of PEPPER SPRAY at the ready.

To see WILL BURTON. Looking like a ghost. Holding a mobile.

WILL

It's me. It's me. It's me.

MAGGIE

Blasphemy 10:28:10 **Jesus**. You were half a second away from an eye patch.

Maggie looks from him -- to her pepper spray -- and back. Puts it in her back without another word.

Will

Foyle murdered Sandra Mullins. You need to know that.

MaggIE

You said otherwise in court.

WILL

I see things a little differently now.

MAGGIE

If you had reservations about him you should have acted on those.

WILL

He claimed his innocence and I spoke for him. I lawyered him out of it. That's all. But I know he killed her. He's a murderer. There is not a doubt in my mind.

MAGGIE

You and I differ on this point.

WILL

I mean it. You need to be careful.

MAGGIE

You can't stand seeing me do well. Can you.

(Will's jaw on floor)

This is good for me.

WILL

Good for you.

Will casts his eye scathing down to Maggie's Louboutins. She gets the inference and ignores it.

MaggIE

I am truly sorry for what happened. But this is the job. Work is work. That's it.

Will just stares. She turns to leave -- parting shot

Will lets the inference slide.

WILL

Foyle murdered Kate. You let that man in, you are risking everything. Don't make the same mistake.

*Music ‘2m12’ in: 10:28:50*

MAGGIE

Goodnight Will.

WILL

I mean it. Don't be alone.

**IN: 10:29:09 Ext. Maggie's house - corridor - night**

Maggie reaches the communal entrance to her apartment. Her takeaway cartons dangling.

As she gets to the door -- her neighbour appears.

Neighbour

Did your friend find you?

Maggie

Friend?

NEIGHBOUR

He rang your doorbell.

MAGGIE

What made you think he was my friend?

NEIGHBOUR

He put your bin bag out for you.

OFF Maggie as she looks in the dustbin..

**IN: 10:29:40 Int. Maggie's HOUSE - entrance - night**

Maggie walks in. Switches on the light.

Her heart thunders. She breathes. Breathes.

*Music ‘2m12’ out: 10:30:25*

**IN: 10:30:25 Ext. chambers - day**

Establisher

**IN: 10:30:31 Int. chambers. Mayfield's office - day**

Mayfield is reading through the case files and forensics’ report.

**IN: 10:30:37 INT. CHAMBERS - conference room - DAY**

Standing near the conference room: DE SOUZA, MAYFIELD, TARA. Danny loiters. Harris is absent. The mood is DARK.

TARA

… King makes the travel arrangements.

MAYFIELD

Blood was all the victim's. No DNA match to Foyle whatsoever.

DE SOUZA

What does that leave exactly?

MAYFIELD

Will's ID of Foyle in the locus. Going for this alibi. And... That's it.

TARA

Does that even get us through the door?

Mayfield glares at Tara -- doesn't like her, never has --

MAYFIELD

All the same we need to collate some skeleton arguments on how to beat a Turnbull Direction should it come to it.

TARA

That's like arguing with a tube train in a tunnel.

DE SOUZA

Don't see they have much choice.

TARA

(volte face)

No, well quite.

MAYFIELD

Yes, thank you for all your help.

(to DE SOUZA)

We said we'd be there for him.

DE SOUZA

Yes, well we will be.

MAYFIELD

How, exactly?

Harris stumbles in with a PRINTOUT in his hand.

HARRIS

I think we've missed a trick. I've been digging in the old files. There was a storage unit. Foyle had one before the Sandra Mullins murder. It didn't make it into evidence because he'd emptied it six months before.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

It was passed on to somebody else. Want to guess who?

He hands the paper to Mayfield.

MAYFIELD

She's his alibi. She cooked him dinner at her home. Okay...

Harris nods. DE SOUZA eyes him warily -- nice one, whoever you are -- Mayfield's pleased too.

MAYFIELD (CONT'D)

Okay… You're sure she was paying for it?

HarriS

(waving invoice)

Direct debit ever since. If we're drawing a blank on the link to the locus it doesn't mean there isn't one, it might just mean we're looking in the wrong place. Probatio vincit praesumptionem.

Translation: proof overcomes presumption

Tara eyes him -- was that just Latin? From Harris?

He passes the phone to Mayfield, who's impressed. Score one for Harris.

Tara watches him.

TARA

It's like he's finally worked out how to switch on his brain.

Off Tara -- getting a bit suspicious

**IN: 10:32:13 EXT. foyle's road - day**

A SIGN ON A LAMP POST READS:

LOST CAT - "ELLA"

7 YRS OLD DISTINCTIVE BLACK PATCH

It's the same cat. FOYLE WALKS UP to find.

EILEEN MORRIS

On his doorstep. Looking a little nervous.

FoYLE

What is it?

EILEEN

They called me again. About my statement.

FOYLE

I thought you gave one.

EILEEN

They asked me to clarify it. Again.

She's clearly nervous and conflicted.

FOYLE

And what did you say?

EILEEN

Well I told them the truth.

(Foyle's very still)

I told them all about our evening.

Foyle relaxes once again.

FOYLE

Well, there are you then.

EILEEN

But why did they need to check up on me like that?

FOYLE

I don't know. But there's nothing more to worry about. Is there?

EILEEN

No. I suppose there's not.

She smiles thinly -- hoping for an invite in -- Foyle smiles back and makes his way to his door -- awkward.

Something in his eyes CLICKS. Like he remembers the Prime Directive. He moves back towards Eileen.

Take her hand. Kisses the back of it.

FoYLE

You look freezing. Why don't you come in for a minute.

EILEEN

I just have to pop home first.

FOYLE

Now. If it's okay.

EILEEN

Okay. Okay.

*Music ‘2m13’ in: 10:33:18*

She nods. It's always okay.

For Foyle -- pawn takes rook. For Eileen -- RHETT BUTLER.

**IN: 10:33:23 INT. FOYLE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Eileen stands then sits surrounded by birds. Nervous.

Foyle

You know anything about kettles?

Eileen jumps up -- we FOLLOW HER through to the KITCHEN

Where Foyle is waiting. A couple of LINES across the room with hand-washed climbing gear.

She looks at the kettle. It's not on.

Eileen

It's switched off at the wall.

He shuts the door as she comes back into the room. He moves. Closer to her.

Foyle

These people, these lawyers... they don't see you. Did you know that? They don't have an ounce of mercy in them. And I'll be honest, Eileen. They can be very manipulative.

She nods. In thrall.

FoyLE (CONT'D)

Eileen, I want to protect you as best as I can. I really do But I need you to be a little more sure of yourself.

Eileen's trembling now. Foyle is inches from her, circling her like a cat around an injured mouse.

EileeN

Sure.

FOYLE

Of yourself.

EILEEN

Yes, I think I can do that, yes.

FOYLE

You be you. And I'll be them. Miss Morris. Can you tell the court what you were on the evening of the 3rd of February?

EILEEN

I was at home.

FOYLE

What did you have to eat?

EILEEN

Spaghetti carbonara.

FOYLE

Wrong.

EILEEN

Con funghi.

He grabs her hair.

FOYLE

(squeeze)

Wrong.

EILEEN

No it's not.

FOYLE

No it's not.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

I don't -- understand.

FOYLE

Have the courage in your convictions. Don't let them rattle you. What did you have to eat?

EILEEN

(desperate to be right)

Spaghetti... con funghi.

(beat)

I'm all confused now.

FOYLE

Are you, Eileen?

(she nods, tearful)

Are you confused?

FOYLE (CONT'D)

Confused doesn't help us. Confused makes everything go away. Am I hurting you?

She nods.

EILEEN

Yes.

Foyle

Am I hurting you?

She shakes her head. This has a deeply unpleasant undertone of sexuality -- Eileen is ready for anything.

FOYLE (CONT'D)

What did you make for dinner that night?

EilEEN

Spaghetti Carbonara?

Foyle moves to kiss her. SLOWLY NODS.

Break. He moves away. Gets out tea bags.

Foyle

Cup of tea?

Eileen blushes red.

**IN: 10:36:45 INT. chambers - DE SOUZA's office - DAY**

DE SOUZA gazes down on the square. Tara behind him.

*Music ‘2m13’ out: 10:36:48*

Tara

Gavin, can I ask your expert opinion on something.

De SOUZA

Yes, of course.

TARA

A barrister can't coach a witness, correct?

DE SOUZA

Gross misconduct. They'd be out in a flash.

TARA

What about a witness... coaching a barrister?

As DE SOUZA eyes her suspiciously.

Tara (CONT'D)

I have a friend who is displaying a sudden and surprising burst of talent.

(beat)

I think he's getting help.

DE SOUZA

Well. He's not just risking his own neck. He's risking his case, his client, and the reputation of his Chambers. So, for the sake of -- your chum -- I suggest you find out what's going on.

Tara

Thank you.

Tara nods -- message received -- and understood.

*Music ‘2m14’ in: 10:37:30*

**IN: 10:37:30 Ext. Storage company – day**

Establisher

**IN: 10:37:33 INT. STORAGE company - STAPLES CORNER**

A LONG CORRIDOR.

Standing outside a STORAGE UNIT marked **F37**, we see EILEEN MORRIS

Staring over at A TEAM OF POLICE FORENSICS OFFICERS

Coming out of the unit with bagged items. Eileen, always happy to help and go by the rules.

Eileen

Did you need to go in the other one? They're both mine.

She's pointing at **F38**.

Police office

Yes we will

EilEEN

Yes, well it's a bit of a, sorry… squeeze. This one's mine as well so...

Eileen unlocks the unit. Opens it.

PUSHING INTO THE STORAGE UNIT

And a clear plastic bag. Inside of which

A pair of MUDDIED SIZE 12 CONSTRUCTION BOOTS.

CUT TO:

**IN: 10:38:02 INT. WestFIELD SHOPPING CENTRE - night**

Harris and Danny walk through the mall up the steps. They are being followed by Tara.

**IN: 10:38:24 Int. Westfield shopping centre. Sushi bar - night**

Will has arrived -- Harris is first to speak.

*Music ‘2m14’ out: 10:37:26*

HarriS

They've found a size twelve boot in that storage unit. It's a strong candidate to match a tread in the locus.

Will

Foyle's a size nine of course but it doesn't stop him wearing a bigger boot. Yeah... Forget the alibi and focus on the boot. Get her on stand and make the connection.

HARRIS

But if we call her as our witness we can't cross examine her on the alibi. Can we.

Will's a little shocked and pleased -- this is good lawyering by Harris -- some of this is actually rubbing off.

*Music ‘2m15’ in: 10:38:41*

Tara is half-way up the escalator.

Danny is playing look out.

WILL

The whole basis of that alibi is good character. It's a hard sell to undermine her directly. But you show in court they have an undisclosed connection through the storage unit, you're undermining her credibility. But you may not have to do any of that if you can prove this boot was at the scene. It's a big choice but I think it's bite the bullet time, and I think that's the way you should go.

TARA HAS NOT SEEN HIM -- Danny returns to the sushi bar.

DANNY

Tara's here. Walk away. Tara's here. Walk away.

WilL

Prove the link and undermine at the same time. Double bubble. Oh and make sure that warrant was kosher.

Harris tries to remember all of this as Danny drags him away.

Will makes his way down the stairs.

Harris looks around, mystified, as Tara reaches the top of the escalator. Can't help but see each other.

Tara

Trev. Looking a bit lost there

Harris

Tara.

(like pulling teeth)

Hi. What are you doing here?

Tara

Danny around?

HARRIS

Why... have you seen him?

Tara looks at Harris -- he's trapped in the lie.

SHE RUSHES TO THE EDGE OF THE BALCONY -- STARES DOWN --

SEES WILL As he walks away at pace. UNAWARE HE'S BEEN MADE.

As she watches Harris walk away, Danny appears, he looks up from the floor below and sees Tara looking at him.

AH HA.

**IN: 10:39:59 INT. Taxi - travelling - night**

As Will thinks. Pulls out his phone. Calls.

Will

How bad?

DANNY (O.S.)

She saw Harris. And she may have seen you too.

WILL

So we're burned. We're done.

DANNY (O.S.)

What happens now?

WILL

Language 10:40:08 We cross our **bloody** fingers.

He rings off.

CUT TO:

**IN: 10:40:11 Int. METHODIST CHURCH - night**

Eileen works late. Packing things away from a tombola.

Foyle walks in. Produces flowers. She smiles a little.

Foyle

I'm very sorry. I crossed the line.

EilEEN

Yes you did.

FOYLE

I've been so stressed about everything.

EILEEN

I'm sure you are.

The silent tension is too much for Eileen.

She JUMPS HIM -- kisses him forcefully. Drops her Tupperware which BOUNCES on the floor.

He responds -- calculated -- just as clumsy as her

They stumble into a DARK HALLWAY

**IN: 10:40:54 EXT. Burton family home - day**

Rain. Morning.

*Music ‘2m15’ out: 10:40:58*

**IN: 10:40:59 INT. burton family home - hallway - DAY**

Will's about to leave. He has is raincoat on. Jamie is at the table drawing.

Will

See you later.

He pulls out from his pocket A GRANNY SMITH APPLE

Fresh, new, shiny. He stares at it.

Look up to see Jamie smiling at him from the kitchen.

Will takes a big bite out of the apple.

**IN: 10:41:22 EXT. CEMETERY - day**

Will stands by Kate's grave.

Will

First day of trial today. They'll be arguing about evidence. Jury's not in yet. You remember the drill. Probably going to take Jamie to the cottage this weekend. Go through your stuff. I think it's time, I think it'll be good for him, you know? You were always better at that kind of stuff than me, but... We'll see how it goes. That way it's done before I have to take the stand. Everyone's done what they can. Everyone's been great. A lot of people really love you. We'll do our best okay? I promise.

*Music ‘2m16’ in: 10:42:29*

He places the APPLE CORE, on the gravestone.

CUT TO:

**IN: 10:42:44 Int. court - CONFERENCE ROOM - foyle trial 2 - day**

Maggie, Simkins and Foyle, who is looking tense. When those accused get bail, they conference with legal teams in rooms located on the court floor, not in the cells below.

MaggiE

Relax. So they found a boot. Big deal. It's not DNA. We stick to what we agreed. Finalise the evidence. Eileen will come through for us, Mr. Foyle?

FoyLE

We had dinner together. She'll confirm that under oath.

(beat)

So the boot's not a problem?

MAGGIE

Not from where I'm sitting.

FOYLE

Just him and what he says he saw.

MAGGIE

As it stands, yes.

FOYLE

(long beat)

As it stands.

OFF Maggie -- feeling his anxiety -- knowing in her heart -- this man is guilty as sin.

**IN: 10:43:18 EXT./INT. BURTON COUNTRY COTTAGE - will's Car - DAY**

Will looks over at Jamie, who stares out of the window. A moment of pure paternal love.

A captured moment of timeless beauty. He's almost overcome. It's like he's seeing his son for the very first time.

Jamie's lost in thought. He breathes in sharply through his nose -- holding it for a moment -- exhaling a long breath.

*Music ‘2m16’ out: 10:43:35*

They see FINN RAFFERY -- the neighbour.

He's seen the car. Waves. Respectful.

Will returns the wave.

WiLL

You sure you're up for this?

Jamie nods -- firm -- clear.

Will (CONT'D)

Right.

*Music ‘2m17’ in: 10:43:57*

They both walk up to the cottage. Will opens the door.

**IN: 10:43:59 Int. burton country cottage - hall & kitchen - day**

The door -- opens. Will and Jamie walk in.

This is where it happened. They confront the space. Mundane. Empty.

A picture of KATE, WILL and JAMIE on a table. There is a stack of plastic crates just by the door.

They walk in a little further. Jamie takes Will's hand.

Will

Shall we start in here??

Jamie nods. Will grabs a crate.

Will and Jamie place photos, books, everything that belongs to them in the crate.

Jamie looks at a framed picture of him and his Mum. Kisses her smile. Tears in his eyes. But this is therapy, this is good, this is working.

Jamie starts to cry and hugs his dad.

Will (CONT'D)

It's alright. It's alright. It’s okay.

*Music ‘2m17’ out: 10:44:59*

A SERIES OF SHOTS

As father and son pack the boxes the tension dissipates.

-- The work becomes meaningful -- a ceremony.

-- A weight seems to come off Jamie. It's infectious.

Will starts to clear his office as Jamie clears his room.

Jamie

Dad?

Will

Yep.

JAMIE

Can I sell my books on eBay?

WILL

You can do whatever you want with them.

He opens his side -- removes a packet of POLOS and some pens.

WiLL (CONT'D)

I might do the same myself.

JamiE

You. On eBay. Your rubbish with computers.

WILL

Yes. Me. What?

Will finds a red diary on the table and opens it.

JamiE

There's no way. No way. You can't even turn a computer on.

Will is frozen. Staring at his hand.

Jamie (CONT'D)

I mean... I would eat my hat. And I don't even have a hat. Well, I do, but.

(beat)

Dad?

*Music ‘2m18’ in: 10:45:33*

He can't stop staring.

THE PREGNANCY TEST

Two lines smiling.

Jamie walks in. Sees his Dad with the test.

Jamie (CONT'D)

Mum said it was a surprise.

(off Will's confusion)

A nice surprise.

OFF WILL -- as he struggles to breathe.

**IN: 10:45:49 Int. will's Car - cottage area**

As Will POWERS around country bends.

Will

Speed-dial five would you please?

Jamie

(near tears)

What's going on Dad?

WILL

I need to speak to someone. And then we -- we -- we'll come back – okay? Ready to dial?

JAMIE

Please can we go back now?

WILL

Press number five on the phone and hold it down.

Jamie speed dials for him -- it rings -- picked up.

MAYFIELD (O.S.)

Hello.

WILL

When were you planning on telling me?

MAYFIELD (O.S.)

Will?

WILL

When he's in jail? Never? Or were you just going to send me an ultrasound in the post?

MAYFIELD (O.S.)

(getting it)

Are you driving?

Will

I want a meeting with everyone. Tonight. You, Gavin, the coroner. Everyone.

(to Jamie)

Hang up.

*Music ‘2m18’ out: 10:46:19*

Jamie hangs up. He's in tears. The rage dissipates. Will starts to become aware -- just what he's done -- the mood.

Will (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Jamie. Jamie?

Jamie nods.

They drive on in silence for a moment. And -- suddenly -- like a flower blooming

JamiE

I should have fought him harder.

On Will -- as realisation dawns -- Jamie's talking about.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

It's my fault. I'm sorry. I should have tried again.

Will

Jamie, what are you saying?

JAMIE

I scratched his head.

Will's face -- contorting -- slowing down.

WILL

You scratched him with your hands.

JAMIE

And then I hid.

WILL

You were in a box by the door.

JAMIE

Not the first time.

WILL

You moved.

BLIND CORNER up ahead.

Jamie's staring up at him.

Jamie

DAD LOOK OUT!!!

He's taking it far too fast

Will spots a layby -- slows down -- pulls in.

**IN: 10:47:15 Int. Will's car - ROADSIDE - same time**

Will breathes hard. Jamie too.

Jamie

I'm sorry.

WILL

Me too.

(beat)

I just need you to take a nice deep breath, okay?

Jamie does so -- the same shuddering breath he had when he was one year old.

WILL (CONT'D)

Now I want you to explain to me exactly what happened.

Jamie nods -- we get the feeling -- he will

*Music ‘2m19’ in: 10:47:37*

**IN: 10:47:36 Int. Maggie's chambers - day**

Maggie sitting at her desk flicking through files when her MOBILE RINGS -- she takes it.

Maggie

Yep.

Simkins (O.S.)

Maggie, Peter. Forensic team just found DNA at the cottage.

MAGGIE

Foyle's?

SIMKINS (O.S.)

The boy moved, they found a sample under the sink.

**IN: 10:48:01 INT. simkins brown - solicitors' offices - DAY**

Foyle, furious shouting as he paces up and down the long tables.

Foyle

Get on the phone and get Maggie. I want my Legal team, not you Simpkins. You are driving me up the wall. I do not want to hear you speak anymore. DNA it is Mr. Foyle. It's DNA! What does DNA mean? Get Maggie here now!

**IN: 10:48:15 INT. SiMKINS BROWN - SOLICITORS' OFFICES**

Maggie in the glass lift. The doors open, she takes a deep breath and walks out.

**IN: 10:48:22 INT. simkins brown - solicitors' offices - DAY**

Foyle, furious shouting as he paces up and down the long tables.

Foyle

What kind of DNA is (Continues inaudible)

**IN: 10:48:26 INT. simkins brown - solicitors' offices - DAY**

Maggie navigates a hallway populated by nervous-looking solicitors, PAs... all of whom are listening, meerkat-like to FOYLE'S ANIMAL SCREAMS from a nearby meeting room.

Maggie speeds up -- and is met by SIMKINS, who despite being formidable, is now quite rattled. They stop beside a DOOR.

Foyle (o.s)

(shouting)

From inaudible... Mr. Simpkins

FOYLE (o.S)

I can’t tell you Mr. Foyle.

Foyle (o.s)

Is it from hair Mr. Simpkins? Is it from semen?.

Maggie arrives and tries to open the door.

MagGIE

You locked him in?

Simkins

He said he'll only speak to you.

MAGGIE

...You locked him in?

SIMKINS

Correct.

Maggie looks at Simkins.

SimkinS (CONT'D)

We were discussing his alibi. Then the conversation drifted to the new DNA evidence.

Maggie

And you let it?

SIMKINS

It's only a low count sample. Manifestly unreliable if we do our jobs properly.

MAGGIE

He's not going to see it that way, is he?

*Music ‘2m19’ out: 10:48:52*

Foyle STOPS SHOUTING he's seen Maggie. Now he's just staring. Which is, in fact, even more unsettling. Finally:

Simkins

I suppose not.

(beat)

All yours.

OFF Maggie.

**IN: 10:49:02 INT. MEETING ROOM - SIMKINS BROWN - DAY**

Maggie walks into the room as Simpkins holds the door open.

FOYLE

It puts me there.

Maggie

You're concerned about the DNA.

FOYLE

It puts me. In that cottage.

FOYLE (CONT'D)

It puts me "at the locus", Margaret...

Maggie bristles -- hates her longform name --

FOYLE (CONT'D)

So now they think it's me.

MAGGIE

They might think it says you were in the cottage, but...

Foyle starts to cry --

FOYLE

Is this how it's going to be? Here on in...

Maggie's trying to work out what he means when...

FOYLE (CONT'D)

Do you really think I enjoy spending my entire life sitting in airless rooms with his coffee breath.

In his eyes: why do bad things happen to good people.

FOYLE (CONT'D)

It's like this infernal machine. It chews you up. Doesn't speak. Doesn't listen. Just keeps moving forward. And there's nothing you can do.

Maggie softens her tone -- "establishing rapport by mirroring"

MAGGIE

Okay. We need to back up for a moment.

FOYLE

We.

MAGGIE

We have a very clear alibi.

FOYLE

We.

(rueful laugh)

You love it, don't you. "We".

MAGGIE

We are one and the same. In terms of this trial. Our fates are intertwined.

FOYLE

But we don't go to prison. Do we?

Maggie lets him recover for a moment -- Simkins shifts in his seat -- it sounds a bit like a fart -- Maggie grits her teeth -- wants to throw him out of the window right now.

MAGGIE

We weren't in the cottage.

FOYLE

No. We. Weren't.

MAGGIE

So -- we need to work out why the DNA would say that.

FOYLE

But this is science. And you can't argue with science.

*Music ‘2m20’ in: 10:50:29*

MAGGIE

I can, Mr. Foyle.

(beat)

In fact I can be very persuasive.

Foyle

Good.

Foyle smiles at Maggie. Likes her style.

**IN: 10:50:42 Ext. Chambers - day**

Mayfield and Harris leave the chambers heading for court.

**IN: 10:50:57 Int. OLD BAILEY**

Establisher

**IN: 10:51:02 Int. Old BAILEY**

Will sits alone in the waiting area.

**IN: 10:51:08 Int. Old BAILEY. court room.**

Foyle sits in the dock, watching a money spider walk across his hand.

**IN: 10:51:19 Int. Court - day**

All are gathered for the days proceedings. They all rise as the judge enters the room.

Usher

Be upstanding in court.

Will takes his place on the witness stand.

*Music ‘2m20’ out: 10:51:54*

MAYFIELD

Mr. Burton I know this is going to be hard for you given the circumstances, so please take your time.

MAYFIELD is grandstanding Will's grief for the jury. Will doesn't like it very much.

SAME SCENE - TIME JUMP

MAYFIELD is examining Will.

Will

I saw him through the window.

MAYFIELD

Him being?

WILL

Liam Foyle.

MAYFIELD

He was known to you?

WILL

Yes. I'd just defended him in a criminal trial.

MAYFIELD

How often would you say you saw him, during that period?

WILL

Almost daily. Over the trial period, six months.

MAYFIELD

Is there any doubt in your mind whatsoever that the man you saw during those times was the same man you saw staring at you through the kitchen window?

WILL

None whatsoever.

SAME SCENE - TIME JUMP

Judge

Ms. Gardiner?

And now Maggie's cross-examining -- Will is under the cosh.

Maggie

Mr. Burton, you are a practising criminal defence barrister are you not?

Will

Yes.

MAGGIE

If a situation arises where a case against an accused depends to a great extent on the identification of the accused, is there a warning the judge should give the jury?

WILL

Yes.

MAGGIE

What is that warning called?

WILL

It's called a Turnbull Direction.

MAGGIE

In your professional opinion, is it important for a judge to warn the jury of the need for caution before convicting anyone in any case that relies so heavily on eyewitness identification?

WILL

Yes.

MAGGIE

Should the judge, in that situation, ask the jury to closely examine every circumstance in which the identification was made?

WILL

Yes.

MAGGIE

Would...

WILL

I can list them for you. If you like.

MAGGIE

No thank you, I'm more than capable of recalling them on my own. When you found her body, who did you see in the window?

WILL

I saw Liam Foyle.

MAGGIE

You had "no doubt whatsoever" it was him.

WILL

Yes.

MAGGIE

There was a second individual present at the time Kate Burton was killed, wasn't there?

Will broils silently.

MagGIE (CONT'D)

Mr. Burton?

Will

Yes.

MAGGIE

This would be your son James is that right?

WILL

Yes.

MAGGIE

Well according to his statement, he was unable to make any identification of the attacker whatsoever. Is that right?

WILL

He's nine years old. He was hiding in a box.

MAGGIE

So if I might ask again. Is it your understanding that he was not able to identify the attacker?

WILL

Yes.

MAGGIE

So fifty percent of persons present were not able to give a positive identification of the attacker.

(beat)

Mr. Burton. When a jury convicts, is it beyond all doubt? Is that the term?

WILL

Reasonable doubt.

MAGGIE

Beyond reasonable doubt. Now let's have a think about what might be reasonable in this situation shall we? When you saw the man you are alleging was the accused, Mr. Foyle... was it dark?

WILL

Yes.

MAGGIE

Were you under stress?

WILL

Is that a serious question? She was pregnant, did you know that?

Judge

Mr. Burton.

MAYFIELD

(five seconds late)

My Lord.

WILL

(helping)

Part Seven, Code of Conduct.

JUDGE

Please try and remember you are a witness and not counsel in this case, Mr. Burton.

MaggiE

My Lord. I am fully aware of the tragic circumstances we have surrounding us and I am keenly aware of Mr. Burton's incomprehensible loss but in the case we have before us Mr. Burton's distress cannot be avoided if my client is to be given a fair trial.

Will eyes her -- touché.

Judge

Very well then.

MAGGIE

When you saw the man in your garden, were you under stress in any way?

WILL

Yes.

MAGGIE

What is a Bar Standards complaint?

WILL

It's a formal letter listing a complaint against a practising barrister.

MAGGIE

Have you ever received such a complaint?

WILL

I have.

MAGGIE

Can you tell us who it was that wrote that complaint?

WILL

A former client of mine wrote it.

MAGGIE

His name please.

*Music ‘2m21’ in: 10:55:48*

WILL

Liam Foyle.

MAGGIE

(beat)

In a dark room, in the shock and trauma of finding your wife in a pool of blood on the floor, holding her in your arms, still unclear where your son was, you looked up at the window and see a man, a man who recently had been given cause to make a serious complaint about your conduct to the Bar Standards Board, a man whose absence from your life would be very useful indeed. But it wasn't that man, was it Mr. Burton? You just wanted it to be.

Will is just watching her work now. Quiet.

**IN: 10:56:28 Int. Old BAILEY - CORRIDOR**

Will walks down the steps, looking dejected.

**IN: 10:56:38 Ext. Old BAILEY**

Will walks out into the street. He pauses before hailing a cab.

**NEXT TIME**

**IN: 10:57:05 Ext. Old BAILEY**

Will walks with Jamie and Mary, following a policeman..

MARY

You have to stop her.

*Music ‘2m21’ out: 10:57:06*

*Music ‘2m22’ in: 10:57:06*

**IN: 10:57:07 INT. COURT - INTERIOR HALLWAY – DAY**

Mary sits with Will

WILL

A little late for that.

MARY

She’s twisting the facts around to make them wrong

**IN: 10:57:09 INT. COURT - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Foyle walks across the rating area, smiling. Danny sprints in -- and kicks Foyle in the balls.

WILL

Doing a good job of it too.

**IN: 10:57:10 INT. JUDGES’ ROOM - LATER**

Judge, Maggie, Mayfield and Harris. Private audience.

MAYFIELD

If defence had a problem with the evidence they should have argued it at the appropriate time, not now.

**IN: 10:57:13 Int. Old BAILEY. court room.**

Foyle sits in the dock, watching a money spider walk across his hand.

MAGGIE

The issue has only now come to light.

**IN: 10:57:16 EXT. WILL’S HOUSE. BALCONY**

Will stands watching the world go by

MAYFIELD

There’s compelling evidence!

**IN: 10:57:17 INT. MAGGIE’S HOUSE**

Maggie on the phone.

MAGGIE

Can I just come round? Tonight? Please.

**IN: 10:57:18 INT. WILL’S HOUSE**

C/U Will

MAGGIE (CONT’D)

Please, I’m freaking out...

**IN: 10:57:20 Int. Old BAILEY. court room.**

Foyle stands in the dock, smiling.

MAGGIE

There’s no way he could have known

**IN: 10:57:22 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD**

Police cars, ambulances and fire engines lights and sirens blazing.

**IN: 10:57:23 EXT. SEASIDE**

Will watches Jamie kicking a ball on the beach

WILL (CONT’D)

When you killed her.

**IN: 10:57:24 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD**

Police cars, ambulances and fire engines lights and sirens blazing.

WILL (CONT’D)

Did she die quickly.

**IN: 10:57:25 INT WILL’S CAR**

Will driving

**IN: 10:57:26 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD**

Police cars, ambulances and fire engines lights and sirens blazing.

**IN: 10:57:27 INT. CLIMBING WALL - NIGHT**

Liam Foyle on a climbing wall.

WILL

How do you live with yourself?

**IN: 10:57:29 EXT. ROAD / RIVER**

Will stands looking at the river.

DANNY

You had us all worried for a minute

**IN: 10:57:30 EXT. SCHOOL**

Will hugs Jamie

WILL

I’m just full of surprises.

**IN: 10:57:32 INT. CABIN - DUSK**

Foyle smacks Will with a bar

**IN: 10:57:33 END CREDITS**

Cast (in order of appearance)

Will Burton DAVID TENNANT

Jamie Burton GUS BARRY

Richard Mayfield QC ANTON LESSER

Trevor Harris TONY GARDNER

Maggie Gardner SOPHIE OKONEDO

Liam Foyle TOBY KEBBELL

Peter Simkins ROY MARSDEN

George Balfour QC NICHOLAS WOODESON

Danny Monk STEPHEN WIGHT

Bob Forsyth RICHARD ALBRECHT

Eileen Morris MONICA DOLAN

Tara JEANY SPARK

Helen JESSICA RANSOM

Judge MICHAEL COCHRANE

Gavin De Souza QC PATRICK RYECART

Alfie AARON NILES

Connor CONNOR DONNAGHEY

Mary BRID BRENNAN

Kate Burton ASHLEY JENSEN

Neighbour JAMES PAYTON

1st Assistant Director FRANCESCO REIDY

2nd Assistant Director LEE TAILOR

3rd Assistant Director HANNAH GREEN

Floor Runners DAVE TIDY

SARAH TOWNSEND

Script Supervisor SAN DAVEY

Location Manager RICHARD MAY

Unit Manager JENNI LEWIS

Location Assistant LEX DONOVAN

Production Manager PAULA TURNBULL

Production Co-ordinator SAMANTHA NEVIN

Production Assistant BELLA CONSTANCE-CHURCHER

Production Accountant ELFYN WYN JONES

Producer’s Assistant ELLIOTT DARVELL-LE GOY

Costume Supervisor ANITA LAD

Costume Standby EMILY NEWBY

Make-up Artist KATHY KNELLER

Make-up Assistant KELLY WASLING

Art Director NICOLE NORTHRIDGE

Props Buyer AMANDEEP RAHI

Assistant Buyer SOPHIE COOMBES

Graphics SALLY KING

Property Master BOB ORR

Dressing Props JOHN CONDRON

JOHN KNIGHT

Standby Props BILL GOWER

TIM AUSTIN

Standby Carpenter GARRY MOORE

B Camera Operator NIC LAWSON

Focus Pullers ANNA BENBOW

GORDON SEGROVE

Clapper-Loader JAMES HARRISON

Camera DIT PABLO GARCIA SORIANO

Camera Trainees ROBBIE CAIRNS

DAN WOMBWELL

Grips ALEX COVERLEY

JOHN HEALD

Assistant Grip CALLUM WATT

Sound Maintenance STEVE HANCOCK

Sound Assistant JODIE CAMPBELL

Gaffer JOHN WALKER

Best Boys ANDY BELL

CHRIS MORTLEY

Standby Rigger TONI KELLY

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*Music ‘2m22’ out: 10:58:02*