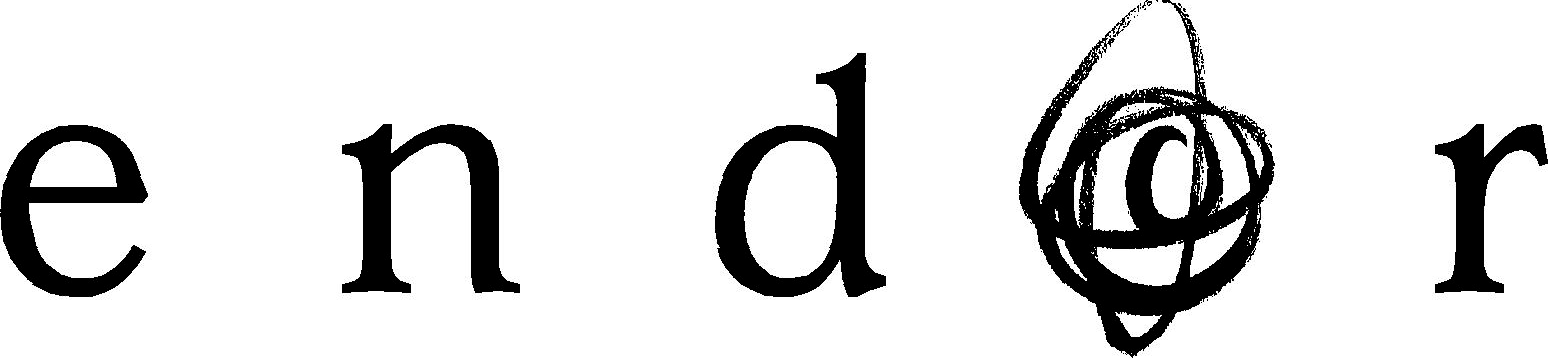
**THE ESCAPE ARTIST**

Episode 1

**Duration: 01:27:33**

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*Music ‘1m01’ in: 10:00:00*

**IN: 10:00:00 EXT. London street**

A BRIGHT RED BALLOON floats free against the London skyline.

It seems so very sad up there. Meanwhile -- down below.

10:00:04 On screen text over live: **DAVID TENNANT**

10:00:09 On screen text over live: **THE ESCAPE ARTIST**

**Created and Written by**

**DAVID WOLSTENCROFT**

**IN: 10:00:16 EXT. LONDON - WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - DAY**

A taxi SCREECHES to a halt, hailed by:

WILL BURTON. Late-30s. Charcoal suit, open-neck shirt, no tie. Bright-eyed and apple-cheeked. And yet...

There's a certain EDGE to him. A hard-wired instinct. His wasn't always a comfy white collar life.

Will opens the door -- hands the driver a folded print out.

Will

(shouting)

Taxi!

(getting in the taxi)

Can you take me here please?

His phone rings. He answers it as he gets in.

Will (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Right Charles, sorry about that. Okay, let me fill you in on where we are.

**IN: 10:00:40 INT. CAB - MOVING - same time**

Will's on a hands-free ear piece. Driver is trying to suss him out in the rear view mirror.

Will

(into phone)

We had the cocaine in a hold all. We moved into the car park where we saw our friend Mr. Scott walking out from behind his van holding a double-barreled shotgun.

Will becomes aware the driver is now STARING AT HIM in the rearview. Will flicks off the "MICROPHONE" in the back.

Will (CONT'D)

Okay... Listen. I'll see you in an hour. Okay. Okay. Bye.

Hangs up. Cabbie's staring. Will turns on the microphone.

Will (CONT'D)

(to taxi driver)

Sorry about that. I'm a lawyer.

(off the stony stare)

Honestly.

*Music ‘1m01’ out: 10:01:07*

**IN: 10:01:07 INT. school classroom - day**

Will sits on a chair. A class of mostly sweet 8 year olds stare back at him. Including JAMIE BURTON, Will's son. He's nervous about his Dad coming in but trying to hide it.

Jamie's teacher HELEN smiles at Will, who is also nervous.

HELEN

Jamie's Dad, Mr. Burton, has come in today to talk about what he does at work.

Will

(a little nervous too)

Hi.

The kids stare back, bright-eyed, unblinking. Crickets. Will clears his throat.

HELEN

Do any of you know what a barrister does?

Jamie's hand shoots up, let me sort this out.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Yes Jamie.

Jamie

He stops people from going to prison.

HELEN

And how does he do that?

JAMIE

He tells a court that someone didn't do a crime. And sometimes the evidence doesn't cut it.

(Will smiles -- that sounds familiar)

And sometimes that means he can't come on holiday like he promised.

The smile fades he catches Helen's accusing eye.

Will

Actually, my job is mostly standing up and talking to a judge in court.

Cute kid

What do you talk about?

WILL

So, if someone said they saw you take your classmate's pen, and you said you didn't take it, my job would be to show that whoever saw you was mistaken.

NERDY KID

What happens if I did take the pen anyway?

WILL

Well, then you'd be guilty.

NERDY KID

Yeah but what if I say I didn't take it, and the person who saw me has bad eyesight, and you're so good at arguing that they can't be sure it was me who took it?

Will

Ah... Well then that's what we call a reasonable doubt.

Nerdy KID

And so I get to keep the pen.

Helen looks a little concerned.

JamiE

Yes, but then you'd be getting away with it.

NERDY KID

Only if your Dad was on my side.

Will gets a little uncomfortable.

*Music ‘1m02’ in: 10:02:05*

**IN: 10:02:06 Int. TAXI - day**

On the back seat: a barrister's wig. Next to it, MAGGIE GARDNER. Prosecution barrister, mid 30s, over-made-up, stony-eyed. She's surrounded by papers, engrossed in a brief. Her brain's taken her everywhere she's ever wanted to go. Almost.

IN THE BRIEF: photo of a MAN (VADIM) we'll recognise later.

**IN: 10:02:19 EXT. TAXI - day**

Establisher

**IN: 10:02:24 Ext/INT. THE BAILEY - day**

Not "old" to those in the know. It's simply "The" Bailey. Will jogs to the doors. He's carrying his WIG. CHARLES HEGARTY (doughy, rich) approaches, extends his hand.

WILL

Hi Charles.

CHARLES

Will.

A mob of barristers, accused, and witnesses pass by.

WILL (CONT'D)

Are we ready?

Charles

(nods)

Crown just called. Seems Maggie Gardner's stepping in as lead junior.

*Music ‘1m02’ out: 10:02:39*

WILL

Again?

Charles

Surprised she could squeeze in a case between TV appearances.

Will smiles politely.

Will

I suppose I'm flattered.

CHARLES

It's like a derby match with you two. They should sell tickets.

**IN: 10:02:46 INT. court**

ON A MOBILE FLAT SCREEN: a grisly crime scene. No bodies are visible, just the aftermath of violence.

PULLING BACK to Will, on his feet. He's arguing a point with a sceptical judge. NOTA BENE: There is NO JURY HERE YET. Will's opposite number in Prosecution is MAGGIE. A bit forced -- perhaps a little envious of Will's easy charm.

Will

It was however the only object Mr. Kumarin had to hand.

MAGGIE

A hunting knife is not a defensive weapon! The clue is in the name.

Judge

Miss Gardner.

MAGGIE

I apologise my Lord.

Maggie knows she can get away with it.

WILL

A man about to be attacked does not have to wait for permission; the law tells us that in the right circumstances, a pre-emptive strike is entirely justified in this case, a loaded shotgun aimed squarely at his head. We only have Mr. Scott's appalling aim to thank that Mr. Kumarin is sitting here today and not being scraped off the nightclub wall by a trowel.

**IN: 10:03:13 Int. Court - corridor - day**

Will, Charles and Vadim confer the end of the road.

Charles

Well done Will.

VADIM

Mr. Will, thank you very much

He holds out his hand to Will and he takes a moment.

Looks down at the hand. Vadim staring at him.

*Music ‘1m03’ in: 10:03:25*

Reluctantly, Will takes it...

Will

Pleasure.

VADIM

Thank you

Will

Take care.

... And drops it just as quickly -- already waving goodbye.

Charles knows what Will's like smooths out the wrinkles. Steps in takes Vadim's shoulder -- pats him -- well done --

WILL PUSHES US AWAY

Smile disappearing, checks his watch, job done, next...

**IN: 10:03:32 INT. Foyle's house - day**

His house is FULL OF BIRDCAGES. The twittering and tweeting is incessant.

**TITLE CARDS OVER LIVE ACTION**

**TOBY KEBBELL**

**SOPHIE OKONEDO**

**ASHLEY JENSEN**

**BRID BRENNAN**

**KATE DICKIE**

**MONICA DOLAN**

**TONY GARDNER**

**ANTON LESSER**

**ROY MARSDEN**

**ALASTAIR PETRIE**

**PATRICK RYECART**

**STEPHEN WIGHT**

**Produced by**

**PAUL FRIFT**

**HILARY BEVAN JONES**

**Directed by**

**BRIAN WELSH**

*Music ‘1m03’ out: 10:04:19*

*Music ‘1m03b’ in: 10:04:20*

Foyle wanders around the room feeding the birds.

NEWS REPORTER

Police are continuing to make headway today into the investigation into the brutal murder of Sandra Mullen. Acting on new evidence that has come to light in the last few days. Detectives however are still calling for witnesses to come forward with any additional information they may have concerning the ritualistic slaying of Miss Mullen, whose tortured body was found on heathland by a dog walker last October. Miss Mullen who was 25 at the time of her death and studying to be a doctor was last seen leaving a night club in the early hours on Thursday morning.

Later Foyle calmly sits at the table eating his beans on toast.

KNOCKING on the door.

Knocking becomes hammering. The birds go apeshit.

Foyle

No thank you, we have insulation.

Officer (O.S.)

We have a warrant to conduct a search of these premises.

FOYLE

Come back after breakfast.

KNOCKING intensifies. The birds are spooked.

OFFICER (O.S.)

Mr. Foyle!

FOYLE

After! Breakfast!

WHAM! The hinges come off.

**IN: 10:05:12 INT. High court - CORRIDOR NEAR FEMALE ROBING ROOM - day**

Will's already dressed and done. Maggie's on her way in, still wigged and robed.

There's an icy competitiveness between them, particularly from her side. Will, as usual, is just a little distracted. A big brain processing other matters.

*Music ‘1m03b’ out: 10:05:14*

MAGGIE

Well played.

Will

Thank you.

MagGIE

How's life?

WILL

Pleasure and pain.

(beat)

Oh... Kate saw you on Loose Women the other day.

MAGGIE

(moving on)

You're playing it very cool.

WILL

Cool?

MAGGIE

This whole Top 40 nonsense.

(he just looks at her)

WILL

What are you talking about?

MAGGIE

(off his confusion)

You've haven't heard?

Maggie shakes her head as he shrugs on his overcoat passes her with a smile, places to go, people to see.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

False modesty, so unappealing Will.

Will

I don't know what you are talking about.

*Music ‘temp’ in: 10:05:50 out: 10:06:03*

As Will PUSHES US OUT feels in a pocket removes A GRANNY SMITH APPLE. That's odd. Ah well. Takes a BITE

And he's gone.

**IN: 10:05:54 Ext. Chambers - day**

Establishing.

MAYFIELD (v.o)

We've never had a number one. Congratulations.

**IN: 10:05:59 INT. Chambers - DAY**

He shows Will a copy of COUNSEL MAGAZINE. A headline reads: "TOP 40 BARRISTERS UNDER 40".

Will takes the magazine. We see that he is indeed in top spot. And just below, at NUMBER TWO, is MAGGIE.

Will

Ah.

MAYFIELD

You'd already heard?

WILL

Err... No. But it explains the warm welcome outside the robing room.

MAYFIELD

I don't think it's limited to there.

DANNY MONK, 30, clerk, walks past -- a friendly PAT --

DANNY

Well done Mr. Burton. That's silk for you now, surely?

Will

If you say so, Mr. Monk.

DANNY

You fill out the application, I'll buy a stamp. How's that?

Will smiles in thanks as Danny walks off.

Harris (o.S.)

Don't do this to me!

Followed by a SLAPPING SOUND. Will and Mayfield look over at:

A PHOTOCOPIER AREA

Where a hapless-looking barrister called HARRIS (late 40s) is facing off with a vast high volume copy machine.

Harris is one of life's victims and this machine is one of his many nemeses. HARRIS slaps the machine again. It beeps.

MAYFIELD

You should consider it. You don't want to stay a junior all your life.

Behind them, Harris now attempts to open a compartment further down in the bowels of the machine -- a plastic paper tray WHACKS HIM on the head.

MAYFIELD (CONT'D)

Well, Harris can, but that's red brick education for you.

Will smiles politely. Doesn't like this 'banter'. In his eyes -- I'm not "one of you".

Will

I like getting my hands dirty.

MAYFIELD

Ah but you're different, Will. So very... special.

*Music ‘1m04’ in: 10:06:30*

All smiles but it's pure badinage and business in here. For Will, it's over. Job done. Next. They walk off.

**IN: 10:06:32 INt/EXT TAXI**

As the taxi makes its way through the streets, Maggie sits in the back looking at the same magazine - she is number two.

**IN: 10:06:42 INT. Chambers - later**

Will is getting ready to go. Pats his pockets. Look of concern on his face.

DANNY approaches with DE SOUZA loitering behind. Danny holds a brief. As with all defence briefs, the document is tied with festive PINK RIBBON.

DANNY

Bonus prize, Mr. Burton.

Will smiles but does not take the bundle.

WILL

No, actually we're all off to the cottage for the whole weekend...

*Music ‘1m04’ out: 10:06:49*

DE SOUZA

Have a read of that will you Will. Knowing you it shouldn’t take very long.

WILL

Plus we're outside mobile range up there right now. Very unfortunate. Tragic, in fact. So I...

DE SOUZA

Simkins Brown asked for you. Personally.

WILL

(beat)

Really.

DANNY

Although I'd keep that particular factoid to yourself if I were you. They asked for you over any of the silks.

DE SOUZA

I can't say I blame them. If I was in their client's shoes, I'd want your record on my side. If you're chained up in a safe at the bottom of a shark tank, you don't call for Paul Daniels.

Danny proffers the bundle a final time -- less an offer this time than a *fait accompli*.

DE SOUZA (CONT'D)

You call Houdini.

*Music ‘1m04b’ in: 10:07:18 out 10:07:23*

Danny lets go, the bundle drops. Will's reflexes kick in and he catches it. De Souza walks away, leaving Will holding the brief.

OFF Will... A victim of his own success.

**IN: 10:07:26 Ext. Football pitch - day**

Jamie Burton, is running around in a primary school footie team. A smattering of parents CHEER from the sidelines.

Loudest by far: KATE BURTON. 35, glowingly beautiful. She unloads obscenties at the ref.

Kate

Blasphemy 10:07:45 Come on. Nice one. Good pass. Good pass. There we go... Now we're talking. Come on. Keep an eye on the ball. Here we go... Oh come on ref-err-ee! Grow a sac for **God's** sakes.

Will's hand on her shoulder. Glances from other parents.

Will

Potatoes, she means sacks of potatoes.

Kate turns, amused, very pleased to see him.

Kate

You're here.

They move to kiss but the action on the pitch diverts them --

Kate cont’d

Oh goal…

WILL

Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!

Kate

Shoot!. Oh… Wee man

He missed.

**IN: 10:08:01 Ext. Football - later - day**

Will holds Jamie's hand as they walk towards a car. Will is one of the few fathers at the game.

Will

I found an apple in my jacket this morning.

KATE

I was sending you a message. Through the medium of fruit.

WILL

The message being?

KATE

Eat fruit.

Jamie lets go of his hand kicks a ball ahead, runs off.

WILL

You don't think I'm getting my five a day.

KATE

No. I don't think you're eating anything that isn't made entirely from cheese.

Jamie squirms but enjoys his parents' attention.

**IN: 10:08:17 Int. BURTON FAMILY KitcHEN - day**

Kate is WHISTLING -- as she finishes packing a weekend bag. Jamie is ready to go, jacket on. Watches his Mum whistle. Will shuts the dishwasher with a flourish. Nothing happens. He opens it. It beeps.

Kate

(not even looking)

I think you'll find you have to press the button first.

Will

I did press it. I used a pressing motion.

Will mimes the action. Kate gets up, whistling, opens the door, presses the button, shuts the door. It starts.

Will (CONT'D)

I just did that.

Kate

Okay.

She leaves, whistling. Will looks down at their dog, a mutt called RINGO. The dog looks up at him. Will glares back.

Will

Thanks for your support, I really appreciate it.

**IN: 10:08:52 INT. Will's office - home - day**

Will is packing a weekend bag. The BRIEF sits on his desk. He leaves...

*Music ‘1m06’ in: 10:08:52*

Kate (O.S.)

Come on, we are going.

Will

Yeah...

(beat)

Hang on.

Will comes back into his office, picks up the files and leaves again.

**IN: 10:09:07 EXT/INT. COTTAGE - DUSK**

The "cottage" is a small and cosy old farmhouse.

The Burton's family car pulls into the driveway.

Will, Kate, Jamie move their weekend gear into the house.

WILl

Get your bags of the back seat. Hi Finn

KATE

Hi..

FINN, one of their NEIGHBOURS, appears at the gate, pushing a wheelbarrow. He waves. A gentle-looking old man. The family wave back. No words are exchanged. Familiar scene.

Ringo's meandering around, reacquainting with old scents.

Will puts the brief down.

**IN: 10:09:38 Int. Cottage.**

Will puts down the brief on the table. Kate puts a sleepy Jamie to bed.

*Music ‘Circa 1985’ in: 10:09:52*

*Music ‘1m06’ out: 10:09:53*

**IN: 10:09:48 Int. Cottage - kitchen - night - LATER**

A fire crackles.

Will makes a cup of tea. Hears from upstairs, the same "CIRCA 1985" SONG it's been playing in the house.

It's full of emotion and nostalgia and it makes Will smile.

He heads up the stairs, grabbing a LARGE LEGAL BRIEF.

**IN: 10:10:01 INT. COTTAGE - BATH - night**

An iPod DOCK plays the song. Kate luxuriates in a bubble bath. A few kid's TOYS float around with her.

Will knocks softly on the door, looks in he's carrying the tea and a BRIEF in his hand.

Will

You're the Pied Piper of bubble baths.

Kate

You know, there might be room in here for a large Scotsman.

WILL

I need to catch up on something.

KATE

Oh well... Suit yourself. It's all candles and twilight in here. Your loss.

She washes her leg mock-alluringly. Will smiles, sighs. Puts down the brief. And comes into the bathroom --

*Music ‘Circa 1985’ out: 10:10:33*

**IN: 10:10:33 INT. Cottage - bedroom - niGHT**

Will pinches Kate's nose as she SNORES. Will finds this amusing. Her eyes flutter open. Bleary and indignant:

KATE

Stop snoring.

Will

I'm sorry, am I keeping you up?

Kate grunting her protest at his tease.

KATE

Funny guy.

(half-asleep chat)

You were quite the hit at school yesterday. So Jamie said.

WILL

They seemed to enjoy it.

KATE

All his wee pals want you to be their lawyer now. They're all going to go out and commit GBH safe in the knowledge that you'll get them off.

Will

Well that's very reassuring.

KATE

Little do they know that that large brain of yours is full of holes. Your hard drive is full. That's your problem.

WILL

I see.

KATE

You just need to back it up now and again.

WILL

How do I do that?

KATE

Well...

She smiles seductively, yet she's also exhausted it's a very funny expression. She kisses his chest. Moves to his stomach. Kisses his belly. Working her way down. Stops.

Kate (CONT'D)

Mmm. So nice and warm.

Two seconds her eyes close and she starts snoring again.

Will stifles a laugh. Shakes his head. Strokes her hair.

Picks up the BUNDLE by his desk. Dons some glasses. He starts to read. His face immediately falls.

*Music ‘1m07’ in: 10:12:07*

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

CUT TO:

**IN: 10:12:20 Ext. ChamBERS**

Establisher.

Will (O.S.)

Mr. Simkins. Why did you choose me to lead this?

**IN: 10:12:28 Int. chambers - day**

Simkins the Solicitor sits with Will.

*Music ‘1m07’ out: 10:12:33*

WILL

I mean, why me, over a silk?

SIMKINS

Language 10:12:50 Because I've seen too many silks who try and waltz in and blunderbuss their way through a case they've only glanced at on the way to court. Because in a case like this I want someone who's spent days elbows deep in the evidence. Because my client stands between a rock and a bucket of **shit** and he needs all the help he can get.

WILL

And?

SIMKINS

Honestly?

(Will nods)

Because you win.

Beat. Will is all professional mojo, man on a mission.

**IN: 10:13:08 Int. ChamBERS - day**

CLOSE ON: AN ACTUAL CRIME SCENE PHOTO. THEN ANOTHER. ANOTHER. ANOTHER. Will FLICKS through a series of absolutely horrific images. We hold only for a second.

PULL BACK to Will, alone, desk light on, re-reading the brief. Danny walks in, a little surprised to see Will.

DANNY

Are you sleeping here now Mr. Burton?

Will looks up at him. No mood for levity.

Will

Hi. What time is it?

Danny

Tuesday. I think I fancy Carlos Tevez.

Will's brow furrows. Danny shows him a sheet of paper.

Danny (CONT'D)

For captain.

Will glances at the paper: it's a FANTASY FOOTBALL TEAM.

Will just nods, preoccupied.

Will

Did you look at these pictures?

Danny did.

Will (CONT'D)

You ever see anything like that? Before?

Danny shakes his head. No words needed.

WILL (CONT'D)

I've never...

(beat)

She was alive for most of it, you know. She was alive.

FADE TO BLACK...

Will (V.O.)

We were walking through the park and listening to music on our iPod.

**IN: 10:14:28 INT. COURT CELL - day**

CLOSE ON WILL. A bead of sweat. Nervous silence. Finally:

Will

We did not notice the blood on our shoes until we got home. Because we had not been paying much attention to where we'd been walking, and because our walk had taken us through areas of deeper undergrowth and high grasses, when we first saw the blood we presumed we had stepped in the remains of an animal.

No reverse angle here. We stay on Will's evident and growing discomfort. WE WILL NOT SEE LIAM FOYLE until later.

His VOICE, however, will haunt us as it does WILL from the start. He is calm, smooth. Late night DJ voice.

FOYLE

A squirrel, for example.

WILL

Yes.

FOYLE

Did you know the grey squirrels are killing all the red squirrels?

WILL

I did, yes.

FOYLE O.S.

But now they've discovered a black squirrel.

PETER SIMKINS

Mr. Foyle.

Foyle

And that's killing all the greys. Just goes to show, you can't be too careful.

SIMKINS

Mr. Foyle. Can we please get on?

Peter Simkins is a FEARSOME SUITED SOLICITOR who sits to the side of a table. WILL sits adjacent.

ONLY NOW do we see FOYLE -- gradually revealed during the following. GLIMPSES first. Fingers with heavily-bitten NAILS. Lean muscle under his clothes. A RASH on his neck.

FOYLE is in his mid 30s.

Something in his eyes that would make you cross the street.

Something on the surface is calm, unharried. The rest of him is undisclosed, sinister, a dark and churning sea.

SIMKINS

(quiet calm)

What day do you take your laundry to be service washed, Mr. Foyle?

FOYLE

Tuesday is wash day.

SIMKINS

Can you explain why, after months of Tuesdays, you took your washing in on a Monday?

FOYLE

We'd run out of pants, hadn't we?

WILL

(to Simkins)

We took our laundry to be washed a day early because we had run out of clothing.

FOYLE

Correct.

WILL

The fact that we found blood on our shoes after our walk increased our desire to do our washing early.

Simkins looks to Foyle, who shrugs.

FOYLE

That’s the truth.

WILL

(to Foyle)

Do you normally wash your shoes in the washing machine?

FOYLE

I do if they have blood on them.

Will clears his throat.

WILL

Right… Erm... We're going to have to talk about the websites.

Foyle shrugs... if you must.

WILL (CONT'D)

The other side are going to try to claim you habitually view images and video that are commonly referred to as 'extreme pornography', an umbrella term for filmed acts which threaten or appear to threaten a person's life, result in serious injury to participants or appear to involve torture, biting, sexual interference with a human corpse ... And that this has a link to the nature of the injuries sustained by the victim.

FOYLE

I don't do that kind of thing.

WILL

Unfortunately your credit card statements tell a different story. They show payments to a number of websites, which have been revealed to distribute this kind of material.

FOYLE

The credit cards are lying.

WILL

Erm... Right... I have to tell you Mr. Foyle, already this is a huge challenge. We will have to work on your presentation style.

FOYLE

What you see is what you get.

SIMKINS

Yes, well, that's part of the problem isn't it?

FOYLE

Does he have to be here?

Will

Yes he does. Yeah.

FOYLE

Here's the thing, Mr. Burton and I don't know whether you've picked it up or perhaps your sixth sense of yours might have spotted it... I don't like people very much.

(beat)

I'm just not a very nice person.

WILL

I'm not here to judge you.

FOYLE

I know. The man in red does that.

WILL

I am here to defend you and present your case as best as I can. But in order to do that...

FOYLE

You think I did it. Don't you? That's the problem here.

WILL

That's not what I'm saying.

FOYLE

You think I did all those awful things to that poor woman.

WILL

Mr. Foyle, please listen to me.

FOYLE

No I don't think I will.

WILL

Mr. Foyle.

Foyle's breathing hard through his nose -- points at Simkins without looking at him --

FoyLE

I want him gone.

WILL

He's your solicitor.

FOYLE

Gone.

Will looks at Simkins, who's only too happy to oblige -- once he's left -- a moment -- breath.

Foyle (CONT'D)

He was making me nervous.

Will

Do you want to take a minute?

FOYLE

Staring at me.

WILL

Mr. Foyle.

FOYLE

Look me in the eye.

WILL

Shall we get on?

Foyle

How about a nice cup of tea?

SAME SCENE - LATER

Two mugs of tea. A bowl of SUGAR, a half pint of MILK.

WILL

Mr. Foyle, I am your defence barrister. If you privately confessed your guilt to me in any way but publicly maintained your innocence, then I would be following Mr. Simkins there, and I would have encouraged you as I left to enter a guilty plea.

FOYLE

I am not guilty.

*Music ‘1m08’ in: 10:18:38*

WILL

Then this is where we are.

FOYLE

Well. Good job you're here then.

Will pours himself some milk -- and then -- almost as a habitual tic -- manners -- offers some to Foyle.

FOYLE (CONT'D)

Refreshing.

WILL

Let's hope so.

FOYLE

Your manners.

Will's still holding up that milk.

WILL

So?

FOYLE

Just a splash.

Will -- a little nervous -- pours some milk.

Will is increasingly creeped out but is holding it together.

FOYLE (CONT'D)

You know. It's funny...

(beat)

The more time I spend with you. The more you remind me of me.

Will

Right.

**IN: 10:19:14 Int. Corridor - day**

Will, pallid and shaken, strides away from the room as if the Devil were at his back. Passing SIMKINS.

SIMKINS

Mr. Burton? Are you alright?

WiLL

Give me a minute. I just need some air.

**IN: 10:19:22 EXT. HIGH COURT - BACK STREET - day**

Will stands outside, drinking in the air, the water, the life force. Steels himself. Sees: a NEWSAGENT KIOSK nearby.

**IN: 10:19:37 INT. KIOSK - DAY**

Will buys a pack of Marlboro Lights and a lighter and two packs of gum. He's furtive. He knows what he's doing is wrong. He walks out, past:

A ROW OF NEWSPAPERS

Each with PERMUTATIONS OF THE SAME SHRIEKING HEADLINE:

"ARREST MADE IN RITUAL SLAYING"

And a picture of a SMILING, ANGELIC YOUNG WOMAN.

Will

Can I have 20 Marlboro lights please. And a lighter if you have got one.

Newsagent

Sure...

**IN: 10:19:51 EXT. KIOSK – DAY**

Will lights a cigarette

**IN: 10:20:03 Ext. Bar COUNCIL - night**

Establisher

*Music ‘1m08’ out: 10:20:09*

*Music ‘WT401’ in: 10:20:09*

**IN: 10:20:09 Int. Bar council - party.**

A sign reads: "COUNSEL MAGAZINE'S TOP 40 UNDER 40 LUNCHEON".

Industry party for barristers. Drinks are being served. A bearded QC (BALFOUR) is regaling Will and Kate. Both recoil from his bad breath. He's an oblivious old blowhard.

Maggie approaches him and he zeroes in on her breasts.

BALFOUR

Here she is, the rising star of 57 Harlow Street... Now then Maggie I know I should really be rooting for you without exception but you should know there is no ignominy in coming second. Just ask Buzz Aldrin.

She's smiling but we know it hurts:

MAGGIE

Well, I demand a recount.

(beat -- to Will)

Takes me back to the Middle Temple Moot Finals.

Clearly means a lot to her -- a strong memory.

Will

Oh really?

MAGGIE

You and me. Almost exact replay.

(off his blank look)

Well it was a long time ago.

Her face hardens against the perceived slight. Will has no idea he may have offended her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I heard you're up against our boy Julian on this Liam Foyle malarkey.

Balfour

Oh is that so? "Our" boy?

Will

Yes. A little surprised it's not you on the other side. We seem to be making a habit out of it.

MAGGIE

Thought I should let you have a go against someone else for a change.

BALFOUR

Had enough, eh?

MAGGIE

Never. I am just thinking of transitioning into more defence work.

Maggie smiles through the pain.

Balfour

Excuse me...

Will

Sure.

Balfour leaves.

MAGGIE

Anyway. This Foyle case is a little too St. Jude for my liking.

(to Kate)

He's the patron saint of lost causes.

Kate tries to hide her irritation.

KATE

Oh… I did not know that.

(publicly, to Will)

Well I'll go get us some more rubbing alcohol.

Will

That'll be great, thank you.

A LOOK between them -- Married telepathy -- she's okay with it -- he smiles -- she walks off.

MAGGIE

I'm serious, Will. I've seen the brief. Why are you doing?

Will

I'm practising law.

MAGGIE

Come on. It's almost a no-questions jobbie. Might be exposure but for the wrong reasons.

WILL

I don't do things for exposure, Maggie.

MAGGIE

So why are you doing it?

WILL

Everyone deserves a defence.

He walks off to find Kate.

Maggie's eyes do not leave him.

*Music ‘WT401’ out: 10:21:38*

**IN: 10:21:38 Int. BURTON FAMILY HOME - kitCHEN - day**

Jamie's BLOWING OUT BIRTHDAY CANDLES with gusto. A group of other KIDS applaud, plus PARENTS -- including KATE and WILL.

Kate

There you go…

(as she kisses Jamie)

Make a wish. I wish my mum would stop annoying me. Right, who wants a piece of cake.

Chorus of YES from the children sitting round the table.

Kate (CONT'D)

Are you sure?

Chorus of YES from the children sitting round the table.

Kate starts dividing the cake up. Will gets a CALL on his mobile. He's distracted, distant. Trying to engage.

He takes the call out.

**IN: 10:21:56 EXT. BURTON FAMILY HOME - BALCONY - DAY**

And shivers in the cold.

Will

Okay… But you're saying there's more to find?

(listens)

Yeah... And would you go on the record with that?

(listens)

Great, okay... Someone from my office to call you tomorrow and set up an appointment. Thanks. Thank you. Speak soon. Bye Bye.

He ends the call. Jamie has come out with some cake.

JamiE

Who was that?

WILL

A clever man who knows about computers.

JAMIE

Is he going to backup your brain?

Will gets the reference -- smiles.

WILL

No, it was for my work.

JAMIE

Will he help you win the case?

WILL

I hope so.

*Music ‘1m09’ in: 10:22:30*

He kisses his son who runs back inside. A moment. Will is apart from the fray, outside, gazing back into the apartment.

The laughter, the lights -- life abounding, a sanctuary of warmth and love. It's as if he's seeing this all in a new light. Awakening to the blessings in front of his nose.

**IN: 10:21:56 INT. BURTON FAMILY HOME - DAY**

WILL reading the brief, KATE comes down stairs and places a book in front of WILL ‘COLLINS easy learning English Conversation Book 1’

KATE

I thought this might be useful. As a start.

(beat)

Helllo? How are you? Can you direct me to the nearest petting Zoo

WILL

I am laughing on the inside.

A silence

KATE

Mmmm, I haven’t see you like this for a while.

WILL

No, I am bareback riding through this one.

KATE

You sound like you need a bit of cheering up.

WILL grunts in agreement

KATE

Well…

(producing an envelope)

This came for you… College reunion.

WILL

Language 10:23:38 Oh **God**! Oh no…

KATE

Oh… I just thought after all this trial crap has finished you might want to enjoy yourself.

WILL

Am I not enjoying myself right now?

*Music ‘1m09’ in: 10:23:51*

**IN: 10:23:59 Int. Prison cell.**

Foyle dressed in his suit and tie doing some exercises before leaving escorted by two guards.

**IN: 10:24:33 EXT. The bailey**

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

**IN: 10:24:59 INT. High court - MALE robing room - day**

Will is up against JULIAN FOWKES, QC, suave intellectual and firebrand Prosecutor. Julian meanders out of the "QC" area (which is separate) to chat with "Junior" Will.

*Music ‘1m09’ out: 10:25:07*

Julian

How's Kate? The family?

WILL

Very well thank you. How’s Paul

Julian

Language 10:25:13 In Tokyo, poor **bastard**.

WILL

Don’t knock Tokyo

JULIAN

Oh… I knock everything Will. That’s just the way I roll. I think Maggie's in the gallery today.

WILL

Why's she doing that?

JULIAN

Checking out the competition I expect. You see, that's the problem with being number one, Will. Everyone wants to knock you off your perch.

Will smiles. Closes his locker. Ready to go.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Now I heard you asked for an adjournment last week.

WILL

I did indeed.

JULIAN

Trouble at mill?

WILL

Err… Not really. Just needed more time.

JULIAN

Well, here we are, I'm afraid.

WILL

Here we are indeed.

JULIAN

I must say... I do like your game face, old boy.

WILL

You've not seen it yet. Old boy.

OFF Julian -- a little unsettled now.

**IN: 10:25:52 INT. High court - day**

The trial of Liam Foyle.

JuliaN

Some crimes defy description. They debase our so-called civilisation and defy every boundary of humanity left to us. Now the person who took the life of Sandra Mullins can only be described as a malignant sadist, who did so with intent to traumatize, to terrorise and to inflict the maximum amount of pain and suffering. We intend to prove without doubt that that person was Liam Foyle.

Same scene - later. PATHOLOGIST in the dock.

Pathologist

...severe bruising around her neck, her thyroid cartilage and hyoid bone were badly fractured. Cause of death was strangulation. Other injuries were sexual in nature, internal and external... both eyes were missing, removed with force close to the time of death, possibly before...

SAME SCENE - LATER

A PARK KEEPER is in the dock.

PARK KEEPER

The park gets overgrown towards the northeastern corner. Long grass, hawthorn, lavender, nettle beds.

JULIAN

And did you see anything unusual on your morning route?

Park keeper

I saw a man. Getting up from a lying position.

The Park Keeper's face grows white.

SAME SCENE - LATER

Julian brandishes papers at a SUITED MAN on the witness stand as Foyle looks on from the dock.

During the following scene, Julian channels his evident disgust on FOYLE. And one by one the jury follow suit.

JuliaN

Mr. Hughes in your professional capacity can you please confirm that the credit card statements before you are an accurate reflection of the payments made by your bank on behalf of the account holder, Mr. Liam Foyle?

Julian does not look directly at Foyle, only in his direction. His intent: this man is beneath contempt.

Hughes

Yes.

JULIAN

And these payments were made with the card over the first three months of this year, is that correct?

HUGHES

Yes.

Foyle is realising that the jury is staring at him. So is Will. He shifts in his seat and takes out a pad of paper.

JuliAN

And they were all made online to companies across Asia and Europe, all of which produce and distribute the same... product, namely pornography, is that correct?

HUGHES

Yes, that is our understanding.

JULIAN

Mr. Hughes, many of these sites, and I'm afraid we have had to visit them in the course of this investigation, have shown acts of extreme depravity which, we understand from forensic reports, show disturbingly accurate similarities to the injuries that befell Sandra Mullins before she was murdered. I talk specifically in reference to the bite marks and the mutilation of genitalia.

Foyle

Liar!

Judge

Mr. Foyle! You have one chance with me, and that was it. Any more from you and I shall hold you in contempt.

Male voice

Murderer

JuDGE

Silence please! Mr. Hughes please answer the question.

Suited man

Yes, it was the same card.

JULIAN

Thank you. No further questions, my Lord.

ON WILL through JULIAN'S SPEECH as he watches testimony, looks around the courtroom. The level of hate and disgust leveled at Liam Foyle is palpable. He makes a note.

The note reads: LYNCH MOB. Finally, the Judge says:

Judge

Mr. Burton?

Will rises to his feet. Maggie's eyes BURNING OUT from the gallery. Will MEETS HER GAZE for a moment.

Will

My Lord, before this trial began I made a written application for an adjournment. I am asking you now to please reconsider that application in the light of the gravity of expert testimony.

Julian

(under his breath)

Oh come on.

Judge

Mr. Burton this is most inappropriate.

Will

I submit that an adjournment will bring vital evidence to light. Let both sides have their expert, and let the jury decide.

JUDGE

Mr. Burton there is huge public interest in having this case heard as soon as possible; the fact that your expert has not mustered himself to the task at hand is neither here nor there.

WILL

It's not that he's slow, it's that he is gathering potentially new evidence.

JUDGE

It's the same computer. Both of your experts are computer forensics specialists. I can hardly see how two trained men looking at the same piece of equipment could produce so radically different conclusions that it would make a difference. I'm afraid it simply isn't on.

*Music ‘1m10’ in: 10:29:54*

Will -- dissipating frustration

Will

Erm… I think if my Lord could look a little closer...

JUDGE

Your application was refused and it shall stay refused. I will decline from pursuing you on contempt but let this be your last and final warning. We'll break for lunch now but the train is on the tracks, Mr. Burton. And for the sake of your client I suggest you deal with it.

Will

My Lord.

USHER

All rise.

JULIAN

Choo Choo.

OFF Will as Foyle fixes him with an unblinking stare.

CUT TO:

**IN: 10:29:57 Ext. BURTON HOUSE - night**

Establisher

**IN: 10:30:09 INT. Burton family home - bedroom - night**

Kate, sleepy, rolls over. Will is not there.

Kate

Will?

**IN: 10:30:28 INT. burton family home - jamie's bedroom - nigHT**

Kate walks in to see Will perched on Jamie's bed. Watching him sleep. She walks over to him.

He looks up, tries a smile. Unconvincing. He's elsewhere.

This is one of Kate's buttons and she bristles a little bit.

Kate

You should try and sleep.

Will

I'm fine.

Kate

I mean it. You think you're invincible, and you're not.

Will

We should get new locks on the windows.

KATE

Were you even listening to me?

WILL

(not listening)

Frame locks. With keys.

KATE

(beat)

Blasphemy 10:30:51 My **God**. You're just going to drive me crazy for the next two months now, aren't you?

Will

A colleague of mine just defended a twelve year old boy who poured drain cleaner down the throat of his best friend because he wouldn't let him play a game on his phone. The world is...

(gestures to the brief)

Broken.

KATE

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

Will

Yeah.

Will shrugs. Smiles at her -- she's right.

**IN: 10:31:46 Ext. Court - day**

Establisher. ANGRY PROTESTORS SCREAM

**IN: 10:31:49 INT. COURT CELL - DAY**

Foyle pacing the floor, he looks up as Will walks in.

Foyle

Not inspiring much confidence up there Will.

WILL

I know what I'm doing, Mr. Foyle.

FOYLE

Not from where I'm sitting.

WILL

So sack me.

A direct confrontation -- unblinking back at Foyle.

FOYLE

Why would I want to do that?

WILL

You tell me. I work for you as long as you'll have me.

Foyle stares at Will for a long time. Uncomfortable.

FOYLE

I apologise, Will. I know you've got my back. I appreciate your honesty, very much.

Will holds his stare -- his game face.

WILL

Shall we get on?

Foyle nods. Admiring.

WILL (CONT'D)

You only have one computer, is that correct?

FOYLE

Yes. But I don't see what that's got anything to do with what happened to that woman.

WILL

You will.

**IN: 10:32:42 Int. Bench - court - day**

Will meets Foyle's eye. He can see that the man is nervous. Will's eyes take him around the room. The feeling in the courtroom is feral. The public gallery is packed.

Maggie is here again. Will avoids her eye.

*Music ‘1m10’ out: 10:32:50*

Will

Someone must pay for what happened to Sandra Mullins. Our very humanity is at stake, as my learned friend has indicated. It would be convenient for everyone here today if Liam Foyle was guilty. The cuffs go on and he's gone forever. The evidence seems overwhelming.

(beat)

But it is not.

Foyle now looks up from the desk at Will a chink of light?

Will (CONT'D)

We may dislike Mr. Foyle. We might cross the street if we saw him coming. We do not have to like him to defend him. Because this is not a popularity contest, this is not a witch-hunt, this is a court of law and in this country, when you are accused of a crime you are presumed to be innocent until PROVEN guilty. And make no mistake not a shred of what you have heard from my learned friend acting for the prosecution has given any proof at all. I will show you unreliable witnesses; lazy forensic science; emotional appeals instead of factual accuracies. Oh yes, and the casual assertion that my client is a consumer of extreme pornography. First, I think, we will talk about that.

Julian looks at Will -- are you insane? A smirk escapes.

SAME SCENE - LATER

A nervous man called JONATHAN CROWE is in the witness stand.

Crowe

I am an expert in forensic computer data analysis.

WILL

Dr. Crowe. Have you had a chance to examine the hard drive of the computer belonging to Mr. Foyle?

CROWE

Yes, I have.

WILL

And you did this instructed by the Prosecution in this case, is that correct?

CROWE

Um yes.

WILL

Unfortunately Dr. Weeks, the gentleman who has helped examine the computer for the defence has not yet finished his work.

Crowe nods -- off the hook – relaxing.

Will (CONT'D)

However. He has passed me his notes to date and I would like to ask you questions about them. Wherever you go on the internet, using a computer, you leave -- footprints. Is that correct?

Crowe

Yes, it is.

WILL

Even if you've deleted a file, someone like you is able to see it.

CROWE

Most of the time, yes.

JudGE

Where is this going?

Will

In the absence of my own expert my Lord, my learned friend has kindly tendered the prosecution expert on this matter and I beg some time to explore this point with him.

JUDGE

Very well.

WILL

My learned friend alleges my client paid for and viewed on a regular basis numerous depraved and abusive images, including... acts of torture, mutilation, strangulation, and necrophilia. In your analysis of his computer, did you establish that Mr. Foyle had actually visited any of those websites that pertain to those images?

CROWE

No, but his credit card bills...

WILL

Thank you. And my learned friend has asserted that my client paid for access to many of those websites with his credit card. Now why would he pay for them if he didn't actually visit them? It may sound reprehensible but he's not getting his money's worth is he? How did he pay for access to these sites without actually visiting them?

CROWE

There were many porn sites on Mr. Foyle's internet history, to which he submitted his credit card details. That's how he received a password to unlock other content elsewhere.

WILL

Is it possible that his card details were falsified at that point?

CROWE

How do you mean?

WILL

I mean that when he submitted his card details to the adult site, they were taken and used by unknown third parties to pay for and unlock this "other content" as you call it. Is that possible?

CROWE

I suppose so, yes.

WILL

So given this possibility, if we were to prove in this court that such falsification occurred, would Mr. Foyle be shown to be, in fact, a victim of identity fraud?

Julian

My Lord this is not a trial about extreme pornography this is a trial about the horrific murder...

WILL

Our expert was in the process of proving this link, my Lord. Hence our application for adjournment, which was refused. My learned friend brought these hideous allegations to bear on his case and I hereby reiterate my request. The expert testimony cuts both ways.

Judge

Usher... Please excuse the jury?

(to Jury)

A matter of procedure has just arisen and I need to talk to both sides about it. We will call you back presently.

(to Will)

My room, I think.

**IN: 10:37:22 INT. Judge's room - day**

Judge, Julian and Will.

WILL

Judge, my client has now been falsely branded an extreme porn enthusiast by the Crown; this has now leaked online to social media, where it's been duly picked up by print media, all of which has now permanently tainted my client with the label of torturer, pervert, necrophiliac, so much so that the jury must be discharged and a new jury called. Even with the reporting restrictions, such as they are, given the press this case has already generated, Mr. Foyle cannot be given a fair trial. The inevitable application is to stay the indictment.

Julian

This is absurd.

WILL

I did make the request in good time.

JUDGE

Yes, yes I know.

He knows he screwed up. Delaying the inevitable.

WILL

The prejudice to the accused in the eyes of this jury is in my view permanent.

Judge

Reluctantly, I feel I have little option in the circumstances but to accede to your application.

Julian

Judge, please.

*Music ‘1m12’ in: 10:38:17*

JUDGE

I ballsed up, Julian. I'm sorry.

(looks at watch)

Let's get this over with.

OFF Julian -- he's lost.

**IN: 10:38:24 Int. CourtrOOM - day**

The JUDGE talks to the jury.

Judge

And so as a result, I have no alternative but to discharge the jury and release the defendant.

Usher

All rise.

ON WILL as the verdict comes in -- a visible UNCLENCHING.

That was a tough one. A result, no more -- no less.

Gallery voices

This can't be, he's got away with murder. He's got blood on his hands. He's got away with it.

His moment of calm is interrupted by...

A family member -- LEAPING RIGHT in WILL'S FACE:

FAMILY MEMBER

You should be ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!

**IN: 10:39:06 Int. Court - corridor - day**

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

SIMKINS

Congratulations, well done.

WILL

It was a mistake. I just made sure they paid for it.

Will smiles, anxious to leave -- Foyle steps forward --

Foyle

Will.

Will stops. Turns. Foyle smiles.

Foyle (CONT'D)

Good man.

Will

Just doing my job.

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: 10:39:34 INT. High court - MALE robing room – day**

WILL is changing out of his robes as JULIAN enters.

*Music ‘1m12’ out 10:39:39*

JULIAN

Not exactly winning with style is it?

*Music ‘1m12’ in 10:39:42*

WILL

What can I say Julian? It’s just the way I roll.

WILL shakes JULIAN’S hand then takes an apple from his pocket.

DISSOLVE TO:

**IN: 10:39:47 Ext. Burton family home - night**

The warm lights of a loving home.

**IN: 10:39:56 INT. Burton family home - KITCHEN**

Beep beep beep. That dishwasher again. Will examines the buttons. Jamie leans over him, watching.

Will

So show me again.

Jamie

You do it.

WILL

Okay. But don't watch me, I can't do it if you watch me. I'm like a kettle.

JAMIE

What do you mean you're like a kettle?

WILL

If I get this right I'll tell you. Go on.

JAMIE

Okay.

Jamie runs upstairs ...

**IN: 10:40:11 INT. Burton family home - BEDROOM - night**

Kate is putting on a dress after a shower. A CD is on. It's "Let's Learn Brazilian Portuguese". She's repeating words to herself as she gets dressed.

LANGUAGE CD (v.O.)

When buying clothing to say what you want use…

LANGUAGE TUTOR (v.O.)

Gostaria.

Kate

Gostaria.

LANGUAGE CD (v.O.)

I’d like a shirt.

LANGUAGE TUTOR (v.O.)

Gostaria de uma camisa.

Kate

Gostaria de uma camisa

LANGUAGE CD (v.O.)

I’d like a pair of trousers

LANGUAGE TUTOR (v.O.)

gostaria de um par de calças

Kate

I’d like… what?

LANGUAGE CD (v.O.)

To get the right size. Use the following phrases; I am a size 40.

LANGUAGE TUTOR (v.O.)

Eu sou um tamanho quarenta

Kate

…tamanho quarenta

LANGUAGE CD (v.O.)

If he doesn’t have the right colour, here is how to ask for the same thing in blue. “Do you have this in blue?”

LANGUAGE TUTOR (v.O.)

Você tem isso em azul

Jamie is out on his balcony, playing with his football. Kate is preoccupied with her dress in the mirror. From downstairs: beep beep beep from the dishwasher.

She smiles to herself, shakes her head. Notices that Jamie has moved to the edge, and is staring out across the road at the building opposite. We FOLLOW HER OUT.

**IN: 10:40:48 EXT. Balcony - same time**

Jamie is WAVING.

Kate

Who are you waving at?

JamIE

I don't know.

Kate's brow furrows. She reaches him.

Kate

What do you mean you don't know?

JAMIE

That man. He just started waving.

Kate moves to Jamie.

KATE'S POV - THE street below. It's empty.

KATE

What man?

Jamie

He's gone now.

**IN: 10:41:21 Ext. Burton cottage - establish - night (one month later)**

Lights glow inside.

KATE (v.O.)

Just go in.

*Music ‘1m12’ out: 10:41:25*

Will (v.o.)

Are you peeing?

**IN: 10:41:27 Int. burton cottage - downstairs loo - night (1 MONTH LATER)**

Kate's having a pee, on the phone.

Kate

Possibly. Just take a deep breath and open the door. Ya big Jessie.

Intercut with:

**IN: 10:41:34 Ext. Oxford college / int. burton cottage - niGHT**

Lights blaze in the Great Hall. Will on his mobile to Kate.

Will

I can't. I'm scared.

KATE

It's just a reunion.

WILL

Jenny said she'd be here.

KATE

Who is she again?

WILL

Funny.

KATE

At least you'll have something in common.

WILL

We had a deal. Can't see her anywhere.

KATE

Come on it'll be fine.

WILL

No… Not these people. These people are all...

A COUPLE pass -- Will smiles at them -- they stare back --

Will (CONT'D)

(to the couple)

Hi, great to see you...

(into phone)

Two faced.

KATE

Tell you what. If you're still hyperventilating by the cheese course, you can always come and see us. You know where we are. We are always pleased to see you.

A CLOCK strikes the quarter hour --

WILL

Okay. Thanks. I'd better go. Bye...

Will runs off

**IN: 10:42:21 INT. BURTON COTTAGE - night**

Kate sits with her pregnancy test -- TWO LINES smiling back up at her. Jamie enters.

*Music ‘So Far So Good’ in: 10:42:21*

Jamie

Mum

Kate

Yes?

JamIE

What you smiling at?

KATE

It's a surprise. A nice surprise. Come here... What's with the questions? You, your always...

Jame

Get off...

*Music ‘So Far So Good’ out 10:42:49*

**IN: 10:42:49 INT. oxford college - OLD LIBRARY - niGHT**

*Music ‘WT672’ in 10:42:49*

A STRING QUARTET PLAYS. Room ablaze with chat and good humour. Will talks to a couple of oleaginous BANKERS. Bored. Tapped on the shoulder.

JENNY, an old college friend, smiles -- she's Scottish -- and there's just the smallest echo of intimacy.

Will

So how's Edinburgh?

Jenny

Still mad.

She can't help adjusting his bow tie.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You should come back though. Nicer house. Better schools. Are you considering a career change?

A BUTLER comes in -- announces DINNER -- the group start FILING THROUGH THE DOOR -- on the way to "HALL".

WILL

I'm doing okay, thanks.

JENNY

Oh, I know. I read the papers.

*Music ‘WT672’ out: 10:43:04*

A door to a BATHROOM beckons --

Will

Don't let them start without me.

**IN: 10:43:13 Int. Oxford college - bathroom - night**

A series of sinks and a shelf beyond. Will washes his hands, his PHONE resting on the shelf. He finishes, distracted. Forgets his phone as he moves to dry his hands.

**IN: 10:43:25 INT. burton Cottage - jamie's bedroom - nighT**

Kate puts down her copy of THE WIZARD OF EARTHSEA. Jamie is asleep, breathing softly.

Kate

(reading)

And still when winter came he...

*Music ‘1m13’ in: 10:43:42*

**IN: 10:43:53 INT. burton Cottage - bathroom - nighT**

A bath is running. Bubbles. Steam. Kate disrobes. Gets into the bubbles. Phew. End of a long week.

**IN: 10:43:59 INT. burton Cottage - jamie's bedroom - nighT**

Jamie asleep.

**IN: 10:44:06 INT. burton Cottage - bathroom - nighT**

She 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: 10:44:20 INT. COLLEGE HALL - NIGHT**

Two hundred people stand as the Master of College reads a Latin grace -- WILL is here -- transported briefly.

Master

Oculi omnium ad te spectant, Domine;   
tu das eis escam eorum in tempore opportuno.  
Aperis tu manum tuam,   
et imples omne animal benedictione tua.  
Sanctifica nos, quaesumus, per verbum et orationem;  
Istisque tuis donis,   
quae de tua bonitate sumus percepturi, benedicito.  
Per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Translation:

The eyes of all look toward thee, O Lord;   
thou givest them their meat in due season.  
Thou openest thine hand   
and fillest every living thing with thy blessing.  
Sanctify us, we beseech thee, through word and prayer;   
and give thy blessing   
to these thy gifts, which of they bounty we are about to receive,   
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

**...**He feels in his pocket suddenly -- realising something.

**IN: 10:44:45 INT. College bathroom - same time**

PUSHING IN on an empty washbasin. A ledge above it.

And there's WILL'S PHONE -- ringing.

The number ID shows KATE'S FACE -- "COTTAGE".

Will on the phone (INTERCUT CONVERSATION)

Will

Hi

Kate

Where were you? I've been trying to phone you for ages.

Will

What's happened?

KATE

There's a man outside... I don't know, but there was somebody outside. We are at the cottage.

WILL

What? What man?

KATE

I don't know what man it is... There was a man, someone.

WILL

Kate. Kate. Breathe. Tell me again.

Kate

He was at the window, I was in the bath... He was looking in at me when I was in the bath.

Will

(logic disconnect)

How could he be at the window?

KATE

Well I don't know but HE WAS AT THE WINDOW!

WILL

Call the police, lock the doors, stay in the bedroom, don't go outside. Okay? Do NOT go outside. I'll be there as soon as I can. I love you. Okay. Did you hear me? Are you calling them?

KATE

I'm calling. I'm calling.

**IN: 10:45:32 EXT. Country lane - night**

Silence. Then -- VROOOOOM -- here comes WILL.

**IN: 10:45:42 Int. Will's car - nigHT**

Will -- still in black tie -- drives at full speed.

**IN: 10:45:46 Ext. burton Cottage - niGHT.**

Police lights FLASH. Will talks to a PC.

PC turns -- another constable calling them over.

POLICE OFFICER

Guv!

**IN: 10:46:01 EXT. Behind cottage - night**

The edge of the grounds -- a hedge backing onto farmland behind. A small GATE, and a gatepost.

Tied to the gatepost, a BALLOON. Filled with helium. Bobbing in the breeze.

With rubber gloves, the cop pulls the string for closer inspection. Flashlight shined on it -- MULTICOLOURED and CELEBRATORY -- written on the face -- novelty shop material:

SORRY YOU'RE LEAVING

With a background of multicoloured stars.

Will looks down at it, nonplussed.

Behind, a WPC is talking to a shaky KATE.

OFF WILL.

**IN: 10:46:21 INT. Chambers - day**

Police have come to talk to Will.

*Music ‘1m13’ out: 10:46:24*

Detective

Is it possible that one of your ex-clients has a point to prove? Someone you failed to defend, perhaps did some time?

Will

Well -- no.

DETECTIVE

You sound very sure.

MAYFIELD

Detective Chalmers, Mr. Burton has never lost a case.

DetECTIVE

Have you ever refused to represent someone?

Will

We're not really allowed to do that.

DETECTIVE

Allowed...?

MAYFIELD

Cherry picking is frowned upon.

CUT TO:

*Music ‘1m15’ in: 10:46:46*

**IN: 10:46:47 EXT. burton Cottage - a few DAYS later - night**

Will mounts a perimeter security light. Waves infront of a sensor it CLICKS ON.

He's satisfied.

**IN: 10:46:56 INT. Foyle's house - day**

Foyle wanders around the room feeding the birds.

Foyle

Everybody is hungry. Everybody is hungry. Everybody is hungry.

**IN: 10:47:29 Int. ChamBERS - corridor**

Will looks through his mail. Danny approaches.

*Music ‘1m15’ out: 10:47:37*

Danny

Hi.

Will

Hi. Any sign of a reply from the QC Selection Panel?

Danny

Yeah. Look. About that.

(off Will)

You might want to delay a little.

Danny clears his throat.

Will (V.O.)

What kind of complaint?

**IN: 10:47:48 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - later**

Will, Mayfield and De Souza sit with coffee.

MAYFIELD

Unprofessional conduct.

WILL

He didn't come to us first?

MAYFIELD

Looks like he wanted to cause you maximum discomfort. Went straight to the Legal Ombudsman and the BSB Both barrels.

DE SOUZA

(reads)

Mr. Foyle asserts that you "engaged in conduct which is dishonest or otherwise discreditable to a barrister contrary to paragraph 301(a)(i), in particular that you expressed doubts about the validity and honesty of his plea."

WILL

What?

DE SOUZA

Is this true?

WILL

Language 10:48:20 Of course not. This is insane. We won the **bloody** case. We WON.

DE SOUZA

Looks like that's not enough.

WILL

What the hell is he doing?

DE SOUZA

I'm afraid to say your silk application will have to wait til all this is sorted out. I'm awfully sorry Will, it's very bad luck.

MAYFIELD

We need to weigh in on this right now. Stop it in its tracks. Enough firepower and it may well work.

DE SOUZA

(nods) (loudly)

Danny.

Danny pops his head in --

DE SOUZA (CONT'D)

See who you can rope back in to the office will you.

DANNY

It's six o'clock.

*Music ‘1m16’ in: 10:48:52*

De Souza GLARES at him -- message sent -- he heads out --

MAYFIELD

(to Will)

We'll thrash out a strategy here and now, alright?

Will nods. Mayfield and De Souza leave -- he's left alone at the big table. He POUNDS it with his fist -- DAMMIT

**IN: 10:49:01 Ext. Chambers - niGHT**

Will smokes another cigarette. On the phone. With Kate.

Will

There's been a thing. At work, bit weird. I gonna have to stay later so maybe we can all just go up together? Can you hang on a bit?

Kate (V.O.)

We're ready for the off here, so why don't we just see you up there. But hurry up okay; I want to show you something.

Will

Cryptic.

KATE (V.o.)

Not really. Oh and listen...

(static -- broken)

Will

No, I am losing you.

KATE

(static -- broken)

Hello?

WILL

I'll see you later okay?

WILL (CONT'D)

(static -- broken)

Hello?

Call ENDS. Will can't hang about -- runs back into meeting.

**IN: 10:49:39 EXT. Cottage - nigHT**

Kate pulls into the drive. No other car.

She gets out. Checks her mobile -- No reception.

Ringo and Jamie get out. Boot and car door open.

*Music ‘1m16’ out: 10:49:51*

Kate

We are here. We are here. We are here.

JamIE

I am really hungry

Kate

I don't care. Listen we are going to wait for you dad to get back so we can all eat together, okay?

**IN: 10:49:56 EXT. CHAMBERS - NIGHT**

Saying goodbye to everyone, have a nice weekend -- hitting speed dial on his phone again.

Kate (V.O.)

Hi it's Kate, I am not here right so leave a message. Bye.

**IN: 10:50:06 Ext/int. Burton COTTAGE - night**

Jamie RUNS OVER AND UNLOCKS THE FRONT DOOR. Pushing it open -- Ringo DASHES IN -- Jamie follows --

OVER BY THE CAR

Kate opens the boot and removes a BOX:

LOCKPROTECT WINDOW LOCKS - FOR YOUR PEACE OF MIND

**IN: 10:50:18 INT. COTTAGE - ENTRANCE HALL - same TIME**

Kate surveys the dark and empty room. Ringo is BARKING O.S.

Kate

Jamie? Jamie?

**IN: 10:50:30 Int. Car - nigHT**

Will drives. Language tape -- he's learning PORTUGUESE.

LANGUAGE CD (v.O.)

Try to find out if it is day or night. What are two ways to greet someone? Where is the nearest chemist?

*Music ‘1m17’ in: 10:50:37*

He pulls in to the cottage.

He takes in the scene:

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

CUT TO:

**IN: 10:50:56 Ext. Cottage - same TIME**

Will jumps out -- RINGO is barking somewhere.

Will

Kate?

(listens)

KATE?! KATE?!

Will's eyes harden -- instinct taking over.

**IN: 10:51:18 INT. INSIDE COTTAGE - DARKNESS - CONTINUOUS**

The POWER HAS BEEN CUT -- Will roots around he finds --

AN AXE

The once-familiar surroundings -- now taking on a sinister and threatening light.

Will

Kate? Kate? Jamie? Kate? Kate? Jamie? Jamie?

Silence. Will checks his mobile again -- "NO SIGNAL" --

JUMPS Will follows through the KITCHEN into:

THE LOUNGE AREA

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

It's KATE --

Will

Kate!

Her lifeless eyes staring at him --

Will RUNS TO HER -- SLIPPING in a POOL OF BLOOD --

Flashlight SLIPPING FROM HIS HANDS -- the beam SPINS AWAY --

Beat. As --

A LIGHT WINKS ON

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

ILLUMINATED THERE -- is LIAM FOYLE --

Just for a moment -- seconds -- that seem like forever --

Standing outside -- LOOKING IN -- WATCHING HIM --

SHOCKING MOMENT -- as he WAVES -- then steps back --

The light WINKING OFF -- the face disappears --

Will scrambles to his feet -- ABOUT TO GIVE CHASE WHEN --

JAMIE

(faint)

Dad!

Will

Jamie?!

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

Jamie (CONT'D)

(still faint)

DAD!

Will

Jamie?!

Will finds the flashlight. And locates --

A BOX -- just beside KATE'S BODY --

He opens it --

And there, scrunched up in a ball --

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

**IN: 10:52:20 INT. KITCHEN - momENTS LATER**

Will dialling 999 with bloodied fingers -- no DIAL TONE --

Frantic -- trying his mobile -- "EMERGENCY CALL" --

Will

Language 10:52:21 **Shit**… Come on! Come on! Yes. Police. Ambulance.

DISSOLVE TO:

**IN: 10:52:35 Ext. Cottage - later STILL**

Same scene of police activity. Body taken into van.

CUT TO:

**IN: 10:53:11 INT. cell - day**

Foyle's face impassive as the doors CLANG SHUT.

**IN: 10:53:15 EXT. Foyle's house - day**

A genteel street in South West London. Could be Barnes. Forensics officers in WHITES come and go, with Foyle's possessions bagged up in plastic, all carefully labeled.

**IN: 10:53:34 EXT. FUNERAL - DAY**

Will's hands never leaving Jamie -- not for one moment.

Jamie stares blankly -- still uncomprehending.

Will, Jamie and a woman we'll come to know as MARY (Will's mother)

De Souza sidles up to pay his respects.

DE SOUZA

Words are not enough, Will. Take all the time you need.

Chambers is a family -- and like all family we will always take care of each other. We will run this right through to the end. Whatever it takes.

WILL

Thank you.

His tone has the hint of irony. He's far away.

DE SOUZA

You have our word, Will. We'll make sure we get him.

Will nods -- doing the best he can -- looking grateful --

*Music ‘1m17’ out: 10:54:32*

*Music ‘1m18’ in: 10:54:32*

**IN: 10:54:32 Int. Taxi - night**

Will sitting in the back of a taxi as it passes through the city streets.

**IN: 10:55:07 Int. BuRTON FAMILY HOME - jamie's bedroom**

Will fully dressed lies next to Jamie asleep as Mary places a glass on the shelf.

**IN: 10:55:36 Int. Pub - nigHT**

Danny sits with Will. Two pints.

DANNY

Language 10:55:43 How are things? Sorry. **Shit** question...

*Music ‘1m18’ out: 10:55:42*

Will

Getting through it.

DANNY

I'm sorry to call out of the blue, I was just in the area, and so...

WILL

It's really great that you called, Danny. I really appreciate it.

Something on his mind. Sips his beer.

Will (CONT'D)

How's everything with you?

DanNY

Language 10:56:06 Fine, fine. Well we're just -- pulling out the big guns. Blitz the **bastard**.

Will nods -- realising Danny feels uncomfortable about this violent metaphor -- but looking at him now sees Danny's discomfort is growing.

Will

What is it?

Danny

Don't know if I should tell you.

WILL

Tell me what.

DANNY

Liam Foyle confirmed defence counsel today.

WILL

Who is it?

*Music ‘1m20’ in: 10:56:24*

Danny looks at the table.

**IN: 10:56:27 Int. Chambers**

Maggie sits looking the scene of crime photos.

**IN: 10:56:41 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.

MagGIE

I thought you were still on leave.

Will

I am.

MAGGIE

(awkward pause)

I erm… sent a card, I hope...

WILL

You're defending him.

*Music ‘1m20’ out: 10:56:52*

Maggie is stone cold. Will's hands go in his pockets. Distracted for a moment. Out of his pocket he retrieves.

A GRANNY SMITH APPLE. The one Kate had put there weeks ago.

It's bruised. Will's eyes look like they might well up. But no tears come. Instead, his eyes grow very, very dark.

MAGGIE

If you mean Liam Foyle then yes. You are correct.

(silence)

After everything that's happened... I mean, I know this must be very hard for you. I really do.

WILL

Yeah.

MAGGIE

And you know as well as I do. For good or bad.

(beat)

What can I say.

(beat)

Everyone deserves a defence.

Will stares at her.

WILL

That's right Maggie.

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

Will (CONT'D)

That's right.

*Music ‘1m21’ in: 10:57:11*

Maggie stares as the apple oozes juice -- flesh skewered --

Will walks. PUSHING US AWAY. Something in his eyes.

That would make you cross the street.

**IN: 10:57:44 INT. Burton Family HOME**

JAMIE SCREAMS. Hysterical.

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

*Music ‘1m21’ out: 10:57:50*

Jamie (v.O.)

(screaming)

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

**IN: 10:57:57 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: 10:58:19 Ext. ChaMBERS - DAY**

Establisher

**IN: 10:58:23 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 10:58:37 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 10:59:01 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: 10:59:05 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: 11:00:13*

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

Will watches.

**IN: 11:00:28 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: 11:00:32*

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

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: 11:02:38*

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: 11:02:52 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: 11:03:34 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: 11:03:38*

**IN: 10:03:48 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 in the garden... 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: 11:04:53 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: 11:05:21*

**IN: 11:05:24 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: 11:06:08 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: 11:06:28 Ext. BOROUGH - day**

WILL'S CAR pulls up and stops.

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

**IN: 11:06:35 INT. Will's car - momenTS LATER**

Will and Danny download quickly.

*Music ‘2m05’ out: 11:06:36*

Will

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

DannY

Language 11:06:51 How do you know that? Doesn't seem fair. 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: 11:07:16*

**IN: 11:07:17 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: 11:07:25 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: 11:07:49 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: 11:07:51*

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: 11:08:40*

HARRIS

Well... stop.

(before Danny can react)

I mean it.

**IN: 11:08:46 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: 11:09:06 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: 11:09:24 INT. court CORRIDOR foyle trial 2 - DAY**

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

**IN: 11:09:31 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".

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.

*Music ‘2m07’ out: 11:09:48*

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 -- 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: 11:10:25 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.

*Music ‘2m08’ in: 11:10:39*

Foyle

Never said thank you.

MAGGIE

You're welcome.

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: 11:11:15 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: 11:11:26*

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: 11:12:16*

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

**IN: 11:12:19 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: 11:12:46 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: 11:12:55 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: 11:12:59*

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 11:13:28 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: 11:13:32 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: 11:14:21*

But Will's already sprinting to his car.

MAYFIELD (CONT'D)

(shouting after him)

Proper channels!

**IN: 11:14:30 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: 11:14:50 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: 11:15:01 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: 11:15:13 EXT/INT will's car - LONDON - DAY**

Will. Driving. Eyes blazing.

**IN: 11:15:20 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: 11:15:36 Ext. Street - DaY**

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

**IN: 10:15:47 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: 10:15:58 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: 10:16:10 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: 11:16:15 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: 11:17:00 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: 11:17:14*

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: 11:17:32 INT. STRATFORD - WESTFIELD OLYMPIC Shopping centre - night**

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

**IN: 11:17:40 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: 11:18:05 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 11:18:50 **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**

**IN: 11:20:15 Int. Burton family home - kitchen - night**

*Music ‘Plastic Princess’ in: 11:20:16*

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: 11:20:26 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: 11:20:54*

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: 11:21:14*

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 ‘2m11 in: 11:21:14 out: 11:21:51*

**IN: 11:21:44 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 ‘2m12’ in: 11:21:58*

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: 11:22:05 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: 11:22:17 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: 11:22:34 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: 11:22:39 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: 11:22:54 Ext. Maggie's chambers - night**

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

**IN: 11:22:58 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: 11:23:25 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: 11:23:38*

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: 11:23:57 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 11:24:16 **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.

MAGGIE

Goodnight Will.

WILL

I mean it. Don't be alone.

*Music ‘2m21’ in '11:25:08*

**IN: 11:25:15 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: 11:25:47 Int. Maggie's HOUSE - entrance - night**

Maggie walks in. Switches on the light.

Her heart thunders. She breathes. Breathes.

*Music ‘2m21’ out 11:26:33*

*Music ‘2m22’ in 11:26:33*

**NEXT TIME**

**IN: 11:26:33 INT. FOYLE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Foyle stands with Eileen pushed up against the wall

Foyle

These lawyers… They don't have an ounce of mercy in them. They can be very manipulative.

**IN: 11:26:37 Ext. Old BAILEY**

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

MARY

You have to stop her.

WILL

A little late for that.

**IN: 11:26:39 INT. COURT - INTERIOR HALLWAY – DAY**

Mary sits with Will

MARY

She’s twisting the facts around to make them wrong

**IN: 11:26:41 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: 11:26:42 INT. COURT**

C/U Will

**IN: 11:26:44 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.

MAGGIE

The issue has only now come to light.

**IN: 11:26:47 EXT. WILL’S HOUSE. BALCONY**

Will stands watching the world go by

MAYFIELD

There’s compelling evidence!

**IN: 11:26:49 EXT. ROAD / RIVER**

Will stands looking at the river.

WILL (V.O)

When were you planning on telling me?

**IN: 11:26:50 Int. will's Car - cottage area**

As Will POWERS around country bends.

WILL

When were you planning on telling me? I want a meeting with everyone.

JamiE

Dad. Look out.

**IN: 11:26:54 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD**

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

WILL (V.O)

When you killed her,,, Did she die quickly.

**IN: 11:26:55 Int. will's Car - DAY**

Will driving.

**IN: 11:26:56 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD**

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

**IN: 11:26:56 INT. CLIMBING WALL - NIGHT**

Liam Foyle on a climbing wall.

WILL

How do you live with yourself?

**IN: 11:26:58 INT. COURT**

C/U Will

MAGGIE

How did he know?

**IN: 11:26:59 Int. Old BAILEY. court room.**

Foyle stands in the dock, smiling.

MAGGIE

There’s no way he could have known

**IN: 11:27:01 INT. WILL’S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Will staring into the fire sitting with Danny.

DANNY

You had us all worried for a minute

WILL

I’m just full of surprises.

**IN: 11:27:03 END CREDITS**

Danny Monk STEPHEN WIGHT

Trevor Harris TONY GARDNER

Gavin De Souza QC PATRICK RYECART

Kate Burton ASHLEY JENSEN

Peter Simkins ROY MARSDEN

George Balfour QC NICHOLAS WOODESON

Julian Fowkes QC ALISTAIR PETRIE

Tara JEANY SPARK

Judge 1 MICHAEL PENNINGTON

Pathologist GABRIELLE JOURDAN

Park Keeper JOHN ALBASINY

Mr. Hughes JOHN HODGKINSON

Jonathan Crowe NIGEL BETTS

Jenny KATE DICKIE

Detective Chalmers GEOFF LEESLEY

Mary BRID BRENNAN

Bob Forsyth RICHARD ALBRECHT

Eileen Morris MONICA DOLAN

Judge 2 MICHAEL COCHRANE

Alfie AARON NILES

Neighbour JAMES PAYTON

1st Assistant Director FRANCESCO REIDY

2nd Assistant Director LEE TAILOR

3rd Assistant Director HANNAH GREEN

Floor Runners DAVE TIDY

SARAH TOWNSEND

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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

B Camera Operator NIC LAWSON

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*Music ‘2m22’ out 11:27:34*