

THE THIEF, HIS WIFE AND THE CANOE

EPISODE ONE

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1 SCENE OMITTED

1

1A EXT. OFFICE BLOCK - GATE - PANAMA CITY - DAY

1A

We are outside a gated entrance (which is locked) to an office building.

Caption '**Panama City. December 6th 2007**'.

And waiting by the gates, smoking fags, chatting idly, are maybe a dozen or so agency journalists, all with long lens cameras round their necks, waiting. (There are also two film camera units, and one satellite van pulling up as we join).

But we are with an American journo, standing a little way off, his back to the others, and on his mobile.

PETE

(quietly)

...I cut you in on the Timberlake story and you made a fortune out of that mother so just goddamn pick up David or I swear...

JOURNO (O.S.)

...que ella!!!
(that's her!)

*
*
*

And PETE swings round.

*

PETE

(running over)

.....you saw her.....?

*
*
*

JOURNO

...she just ran out the back with some others...

*
*
*

PETE

..what's out the back....

*
*

Even as the electronic gates start to open.

*

JOURNO

Shit, the car park....
(running to his motorbike
and driver)
...ve ve ve...
('go go go')

*
*
*
*
*
*

And several of the other journos turn to sprint for *their* *
cars and motorbikes, even as a car with blacked out side *
windows does indeed appear from behind the office block and *
start to drive quickly towards the gates. *

PETE starts snapping immediately as they car swings by him, *
but - *

JOURNO (CONT'D) *
...hay otro !!' *
('there's another)

And PETE's head swivels back... *

...to see another fucking car. And then another. And *
another. Five in total. *

PETE *
(to himself, almost *
admiring) *
Smart. *

And they are all heading in different directions, and then he *
is running for *his* motorbike. Hard cut to - *

2 SCENE OMITTED 2

3 SCENE OMITTED 3

4 SCENE OMITTED

4

5 SCENE OMITTED

5

6/7

INT./EXT. STEFANO'S CAR - PANAMA CITY - DAY

6/7

- the back of a car speeding away from the office down a back *
streets of Panama City. *

And we are crouched down in the foot well, with a silver *
haired lady called ANNE DARWIN (55) and a man who we will *
come to know as DAVE LEIGH, mid 40s. *

ANNE *
Did it work? *

DAVE *
(stressed as fuck) *
Dunno yet. *

ANNE *
They couldn't have seen us down *
here though could they? *

DAVE *
They're paps, they're not like *
normal journalists, normal *humans* *
even, they can *smell* a story. *

STEF *
Gonna try the casco viejo, we'll *
lose 'em there for sure. *

DAVE *
Good idea. *

And the car hurtles a corner throwing the two of them around. *

DAVE (CONT'D) *
Jesus, Stef...

STEF (O.S.) *
....you want me to lose them or *
not!

And then finally the car seems to slow a bit, less frantic. *

DAVE *
(to Stef) *
How we doing?

STEF *
I can't see anyone. *

ANNE *
You think we've lost them ? *

At which DAVE's mobile rings, his caller ID telling him it is *
a 'PETE JACKSON'. Fuck.

DAVE
(nervously)
Pete?

PETE (O.S.)
(shouted above the roar of
a bike)
We're right behind you.

DAVE
(a silent 'fuck')
No you're not.

PETE (O.S.)
Look out the back.

DAVE
(he doesn't)
What do you want?

PETE
Just one photo.

DAVE
Not a chance.

PETE
You can have the story, I just want
a snap.

DAVE
In the nicest possible way, Pete,
fuck off.
(and he hangs up)

ANNE
Is he behind us?

DAVE
(shakes his head)
He's bluffing.

Except he risks a tiny head up and look out the back window.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Okay he's not bluffing. Faster,
Stef!

STEF
On it.

*
*

And the car accelerates once more, sending ANNE and DAVE lurching to one side yet again.

And we are on her now, pushing slowly in on this 'little old lady', from Seaton Carew, now crouched in the back of a car, being sped through Panama city. *

ANNE (V.O.) *

And all I could think was... how
had it come to this.... *

And we push slowly in on her. Confused. Scared. Ashamed. *

ANNE (V.O.)

... 'cos all I'd ever wanted, was a
simple life. *

Fade to black.

Titles

9	SCENE OMITTED	9
10	SCENE OMITTED	10
11	SCENE OMITTED	11
12	SCENE OMITTED	12

TITLES

13 EXT. BEACH - THE CLIFF - SEATON CAREW - DAY 13

The North Sea. A grey-green, lazy-waved ocean of freezing awful bleakness.

*

Caption - '**Seaton Carew. North East England. December 2000.**'

ANNE (V.O.)

December 2000. The third worst Christmas of my life. This was a whole year before it *properly* began. But we'd already lost grip.

Pulling back to see ANNE standing on the flat hard sand, wrapped up in a huge coat to protect against the wind.

JOHN (O.S.)

Anne!!?

And she turns and looks up to the promenade above the beach. To see a grinning JOHN DARWIN (50) her husband of 27 years, waving down at her.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Come on, love, shake a bloody leg!

And he disappears from view, and we stay on her, some deep sadness sitting behind her eyes. And then, as instructed, she heads towards the walkway leading up onto the promenade.

14 EXT. THE CLIFF - SEATON CAREW - DAY

14

ANNE walking across a road and towards a terrace of five large Victorian houses (known as 'The Cliff') set back off the road, overlooking the sea.

In the large gravel car park outside, sits a removals van. A couple of guys and JOHN are starting to unload stuff into number 3.

JOHN

(shouting over and nodding
to a quite large side
table)

D'you wanna grab that, love?

(grinning to the others)

Strong as an ox that one.

A biting wind whips down the promenade and it starts to rain, but ANNE grits her teeth and heads towards the table.

15 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - DINING ROOM - DAY

15

ANNE putting a last chair around a dining table in a huge, high-ceilinged dining room.

Wallpaper peeling off one wall, which she tries to put back up, and which holds in place for a second, before rolling back down again.

At the window, lank net curtains are being blown around by the wind hissing through gaps in the window frame.

She shivers, despite the huge coat she is still wrapped up in. She walks over to the radiator and puts her hand to it.

And burns her hand. So it's on full, and the room is still bitterly cold.

JOHN (O.S.)
Did you put the kettle on?

She turns to see JOHN in the doorway.

ANNE
I was doing this, like you said.

JOHN
(smiles)
No problemo, I'll do it.
(turning to go)

ANNE
How are we going to furnish it all,
John?

And he stops, his expression tells us this is not a completely new conversation.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Or decorate it. Because every
single room needs doing. Of
thirteen. And how are we going to
heat it. Not to mention next
door....

And she is looking at a strange coffin-shaped
(interconnecting) door in the far corner.

ANNE (CONT'D)
...which by the way you can hear on
every floor through those bloody
doors. Drunks and ...drug addicts
and people having sex. I mean
just... how are we going to pay for
any of it?

And he turns. Smiles 'patiently'.

JOHN
With next door, love. Eleven
bedsits, which I will be doing up.
As I've explained. A thousand
times.

But there is a momentary flicker of something in him too. Is
it fear? And then he turns to leave again.

ANNE

And how long before *this* isn't
enough?

He stops. Tightens. Then the sound of a row coming from the house next door. It's like the participants are almost in the room with them.

JOHN

I'll get all those bricked up.
Sound proofed, we'll never need 'em
anyway.

(A beat. And then he does
not turn as he offers up)
And this is it. This time I
promise.

And he walks out. On her.

ANNE (V.O.)

Except of course, it wasn't.

Montage

16 EXT. THE CLIFF - SEATON CAREW - DAY 16

ANNE taking a picture of a grinning JOHN (wearing a Santa hat) outside the house, toasting his newly personalised number-plated Range Rover with a glass of fizz.

ANNE (V.O.)

John was a man who'd buy a Range
Rover he couldn't afford, and then
spend three thousand on a
personalised number plate.

17 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - KITCHEN - DAY 17

JOHN sitting in the kitchen, head in a newspaper, wearing a large coat, Christmas Cracker hat on now.

ANNE (V.O.)

And all before we'd got the gas
connected.

As ANNE removes a meal from a sleeve which reads "**Christmas Dinner and Trimmins**" and sticks it in the microwave.

18 EXT. NUMBER 4 THE CLIFF - FRONT DOOR - DAY 18

JOHN painting the front door of **number 4...**

ANNE (V.O.)

John was a man who wouldn't buy one house...

...as revellers walk past shouting 'Happy New Year' and ANNE walks out of **number 3** with a cup of tea for him.

ANNE (V.O.)

...if he could kid the bank to lend him enough money for two.

19

INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - DINING ROOM - DAY

19

Track across a shelf on which perch a row of a dozen box files (with addresses written in caps marker along the spines '**34 Colliery Row**' '**25 Madehurst Crescent**', '**25 Glovers Road**' **etc**) even as a hand (ANNE's) grabs one of the files and brings it down to a desk below (in one corner of the dining room). The desk is occupied by a computer, a bulging in-tray, and scattered papers all over it.

ANNE (V.O.)

On top of the twelve rental properties we already owned.

ANNE, still standing, looks down at the desk covered by tenancy agreements, repair bills, overdue gas bills etc.

She looks exhausted. And then suddenly arms go round her waist.

ANNE

(surprised as he spins her round)

John!

ANNE (V.O.)

Was a man who always needed more. Of everything.

And he starts to kiss her and touch her as we start to retreat toward the door. (**Note. John is in his prison officer work clothes**).

ANNE (V.O.)

To show just how far he'd travelled from the stink and the soot of the colliery town he'd come from. Except now...

20

SCENE OMITTED

20

21 SCENE OMITTED 21

22 SCENE OMITTED 22

23 INT. NUMBER 4 THE CLIFF - BEDSIT RENTAL - DAY 23

JOHN, statue-like, deep rings under his eyes, stands in a basically derelict room, staring, plaster trowel in hand, at a chunk of plaster hanging by a thread off the ceiling, and watching a steady drip drip drip from the hole, plop into a bucket. He looks hollowed out with weariness.

ANNE (V.O.)
...it was all finally falling
apart.

24 SCENE OMITTED 24

25 SCENE OMITTED 25

26/27 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - KITCHEN - NIGHT 26/27

ANNE with bills all over the kitchen table, an exhausted JOHN walking in, in his prison work clothes, seeing the bills, and then turning to walk straight back out again.

ANNE
(quietly)
John stop.

And actually, against the odds, he does.

ANNE (CONT'D)
American Express called again this
afternoon. They've said they're
going to have to send the bailiffs
in.

And his head falls.

ANNE (CONT'D)

And I just totted up the others.
You owe sixty four thousand on
thirteen different cards. Never
mind all the mortgages.

JOHN

Because the markets have collapsed,
I mean I'm trying my best here...

And he turns to her now, looks suddenly utterly pathetic as
he slumps into a chair at the kitchen table.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...I really am, but there are never
enough hours in the day to do it
all. The shifts at the prison,
finding new tenants all the time,
the endless repairs.
(and he shrugs, lost)

ANNE

And I know you're doing your best,
love, I do. And I know it isn't
your *fault*. But we do still have to
face up to reality now, because it
can't go on like this.

And we hold on him. And finally he nods.

JOHN

No, I know.

ANNE

(tentatively)
Do you?

JOHN

Of *course*. I know you think I don't
take it seriously but I do, in fact
I've been thinking of pretty much
nothing else for the last six
months.

(And now he looks up at
her)

And as far as I can see, we don't
have a lot of choice. As far as I
can see, there *is* only one sensible
solution.

And she nods, sad, because she has clearly come to the same
conclusion herself.

ANNE

And I know how hard that'll be. I know how important it was for you to feel like you'd bettered yourself. But I promise you, filing for bankruptcy won't make me love you one single jot less.

Close on him as a frown appears on his face. He looks up.

JOHN

Bankruptcy?

ANNE

Yes.

JOHN

(baffled)

What are you talking about?

ANNE

You said there was only one sensible solution.

JOHN

And there is, but it's not bankruptcy.

Her turn to look confused now.

ANNE

Well....what on earth is it then?

And he looks at her.

Is she ready for this?

And then he decides she is.

JOHN

Okay, you're gonna love this.

And she looks up. Does not look at all like she will love this.

End of part one

*

Part two

*

INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - KITCHEN - NIGHT

*

As we were.

*

*
*

ANNE

I don't even know where to start. I mean apart from it being completely *illegal*, apart from it being *totally* immoral, what in God's name do you think it would do to our family? To our boys, to your dad, my parents, to *any* of them, to actually think you were *dead*?

*

As he considers this, then -

*

JOHN

I think they'd be upset for a few weeks and then get over it.

And she is almost speechless with shock.

ANNE

You've lost your mind, John, you are literally mad and...

JOHN

(sharply)
...enough!

A totally different tone in his voice. Her eyes lower, cowed.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I am most certainly *not* mad, Anne,
what I *am*, is a man who thinks
outside the box.

ANNE

(quietly)
Oh are you.

JOHN

And no offence but that takes a
certain sort of brain. So I need
you to trust me here. Because I
promise you, this is a very good
idea.

ANNE

(still quiet)
Is it. Okay. So talk me through it
then please, in detail, this very
'good idea'.

He takes a breath. Stills himself. And then -

JOHN

I have a canoe downstairs in the
cellar, and I have that canoe
because, as you know, I used to
like canoeing. Now, it would be
fair to say it has been some time
since I last used it, and so, for
the purposes of phase one of my
plan, we will need to remind people
of my *historic* love of canoeing,
but also, of my intention, once
again, to take it up. This will
thus require, at appropriate
moments in the coming weeks and
months, that you and I drop it into
conversation with people. With
neighbours, with friends, with
family, saying something along the
lines of 'Oh, John's thinking of
starting up canoeing again'.

On her. A long beat as he looks at her. And then she suddenly
realises he is expecting a response.

ANNE

Right.

JOHN

('correct')

Meanwhile, in tandem, I will start to assemble what will essentially be a 'survival kit'. An emergency kit comprising everything I'd need to survive in the *wild*, for an unspecified period of time. A tent, obviously, a sleeping bag, a stove, clothes, a torch...

(has slightly run out of examples)

...a pen knife...

(struggling now)

...maybe some Kendal mint cake, whatever, these examples are illustrative rather than exhaustive and I'm sure you get my drift.

On her. Another response required.

ANNE

I get your drift.

JOHN

Now, when I have assembled my kit, then I will start to monitor local weather reports, forecasts, the tides, sea conditions etc etc. And then on a pre-arranged day, when we are sure the weather is *fine*, phase one of the plan will begin. You will go to work, as if everything were completely normal, and I, who will by now have stowed my emergency equipment in the canoe, will then covertly surveil the street, and at an appropriate moment, that is, when a neighbour is approaching, I will then walk out of the front door with the canoe under my arm, ensuring I am *seen*. I will then carry the canoe down to the beach, making sure a few people see me there as well, I will then put the canoe in the water, I will get in it, and I will paddle out to sea and then bank north and paddle along the coast for a few miles. At an appropriate point, now *out* of sight of any walkers, I will then paddle back *in*.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Once ashore, I will unpack my kit,
I will then break the paddle, throw
it out to sea, and then push the
canoe out as well. I will then make
my way cross country, and pick a
wild and remote spot where I shall
then *hide*.

A beat. What?

ANNE

You'll *hide*?

JOHN

I will then *hide*.

ANNE

In your tent?

JOHN

In my tent. Which is where you then
take over for phase two of the
plan. So. That very same evening,
you will return from work, realise
I am not there and spot that the
canoe which was in the hallway has
now gone. You'll ring my work,
you'll ring a few friends maybe...

ANNE

...we don't have any fr..

JOHN

(carrying on)
...but then finally, desperately
worried, you will ring the police
and raise the alarm.

ANNE

Whilst you're hiding in your tent.

JOHN

They will then send a boat out for
me....

ANNE

'They'?

JOHN

...the police or the life boat people or whoever, they will send a boat out to look for me, they obviously won't find me, and so eventually, after a few hours, it'll be assumed I've had a heart attack or something, or the weather turned...

ANNE

...I thought you said the weather was good...

JOHN

...when I go out it's good, but now it's turned...

ANNE

...how d'you make the weather ch....

JOHN

...Anne will you just.....and then, eventually, it'll be assumed I'm 'lost at sea' - no body found, eaten by the fishes or whatever, and at that point the search, very sadly, will be called off.

And he looks almost emotional at this tragic turn of events.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You meanwhile have been sitting tight, as various formalities and procedures and whatnot have been gone through...

ANNE

'Whatnot'?

JOHN

...which will all conclude, a week or so later, with me *tragically*, being declared dead. At which point you will be able to claim the life insurance, and at which point *also*, my dear wife, we will - ironically - be home, and, dry.

And he sits back with the air of a man who has just made an unassailable case.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What could be simpler.

On her. A long beat.

ANNE

And then?

His eyes narrowing.

JOHN

What do you mean 'and then'?

ANNE

Well what happens then? To us? 'Cos you'll be 'dead' won't you, so how are 'we' meant to be together?

And he has clearly not thought that far ahead.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I mean maybe you have plastic surgery and I marry this new bloke I've met who looks a bit like you?

JOHN

That's actually not a bad.....

ANNE

(stopping him)

Or maybe the plan's just for me to give you all the insurance money and for you to run off with one of your tarts? Was that it?

Oh. And he almost looks ashamed. Almost.

JOHN

(quietly)

No. That was not the plan and....

ANNE

(interrupting)

...no, John, I simply won't be a part of it. I am not telling such an utterly dreadful lie to the police, to our family, but most importantly, to our two beautiful boys. I could not *think* of doing something so completely appalling and I am so upset that you could. So it's not happening. Ever. Okay?

And she goes to walk out.

JOHN

Well I suppose I'll just do it for
real then.

And she stops. Turns.

ANNE

Do what?

And he looks up at her, tears in his eyes. And he suddenly
looks utterly broken. Terrified and beaten.

JOHN

Top myself.

And her face falls.

ANNE

(stunned)

What?

JOHN

I'm sorry, love, but I'd genuinely
prefer to end it all, than face the
shame of bankruptcy, I just
couldn't bear it.

ANNE

(walking quickly back in)

No, love, tell me you would never
do....

JOHN

...oh but I would, Anne. To lose
everything I've worked for, my
whole life....

(falling into her arms)

...I would my darling.....

And he is sobbing like a child on her shoulder, as we stay on
her.

ANNE (V.O.)

I knew it was almost certainly a
lie of course. But I couldn't be
sure. And he knew that.

*
*
*

Darkness, a door opening above, shining light down stairs,
and then we see feet clomping down. JOHN's.

*

And he spies his canoe in the corner under a pile of rubbish. *
He smiles.

29 SCENE OMITTED 29

30 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - KITCHEN - NIGHT 30

JOHN walking into the kitchen....to see a canoe paddle, *
snapped clean in two, on the kitchen table. He looks at her
with slightly contemptuous bafflement.

JOHN
I can just buy a new one.

31 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - HALLWAY - DAY 31

A shadow at the door, banging on the knocker, bailiffs.

ANNE (V.O.) *
In the end, I genuinely don't think *
he could see another way out. *

BAILIFF (O.S.) *
John Darwin? John Darwin are you in
there?

JOHN hiding behind a doorway, petrified.

32 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - KITCHEN - NIGHT 32

ANNE cooking dinner.

JOHN (O.S.)
Tomorrow then.

JOHN at the kitchen table, looking at tidal maps. She turns,
for now, still unaware.

ANNE

What?

JOHN

I'm doing it tomorrow.

And now she understands.

ANNE

Oh no, John...

JOHN

...the weather's perfect, the tides
are good...

ANNE

....please, *please* - think of the
boys.....

JOHN

(snapping)
...for Chrissake's Anne I am doing
it tomorrow!!

Vicious. Much *much* worse than the last outburst.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(quietly hissed)

I am doing it tomorrow and I am
asking you to support me. Your
husband!

And her eyes go down as she starts to gently cry. But he
doubles down.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And maybe just bear that fact in
mind. Because no-one's queueing up
for women like you, Anne. They
weren't when I married you and they
most *certainly* wouldn't be now.

And he stands.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Tomorrow.

And then he stands and walks out. And we stay on her. And
then she turns to the kitchen sink and is suddenly and
violently sick.

New day

33 INT. GP SURGERY - DAY 33

ANNE at the surgery where she works, typing some letters, but hardly able to concentrate. Her desk phone rings.

ANNE
(answering)
Surgery.

JOHN (O.S.)
I'll see you at the meeting point
tonight. Do not be late.

And he hangs up. Close on her fear. Risks a look up, did anyone see her, hear the call? But no-one has clocked anything. She looks pale and sweaty with terror.

34 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - DINING ROOM - DAY 34

And here is JOHN, dressed in a wet suit, peering out of the front window, waiting for activity, and then he sees a TENANT, walking back from the shops, towards Number 4.

The tenant is fifty yards off and nearing, and seizing the moment, JOHN scuttles out of the dining room and into the hallway and starts to lift the canoe.

35 EXT. THE CLIFF - SEATON CAREW - DAY 35

With the tenant as he walks across the gravel driveway, toward Number 4.

And then the door opens to Number 3 and out walks JOHN, nonchalant as you like, but with a fucking canoe on his shoulder.

The bloke flicks him a look, but is clearly not that interested and heads towards his own front door.

JOHN
Nice weather for it.

And the bloke looks over.

TENANT
Sorry?

JOHN
I said nice weather for it. Spot of canoeing.

TENANT

Oh. Right. Yeah I guess.

JOHN

See you later then.

But the bloke is already walking away.

And now we follow JOHN as he carries the canoe across the road, perhaps waiting for a sole car to pass, so the driver sees him.

36 EXT. BEACH - THE CLIFF - SEATON CAREW - DAY 36

JOHN walking down the beach toward the sea, canoe under his arm, making sure to nod and wave at a few dog walkers.

37 EXT. BEACH - THE CLIFF - SEATON CAREW - DAY 37

JOHN splashing into the shallows, putting the canoe down in to the water, pushing it out a further few feet, and then finally getting in.

And immediately realising his weight has now grounded the canoe on the sand below.

JOHN

Buggeration.

JOHN trying to push himself off the sand with the paddle and by increasingly violently rocking back and forth.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...come on....

But he can't shift himself. And so with much exertion, he has to actually get out (not easy) and now quite wet, walk the canoe further out, and *then* get back in.

Where he gets stuck again.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Arse!!!

But this time, after much exertion and splashing, he finally manages to 'float' his craft, and starts to paddle out to sea.

38 EXT. BEACH - THE CLIFF - SEATON CAREW - DAY 38

Long shot from the beach, watching the lone figure in his canoe, paddling steadily out to sea.

39 INT/EXT. GP SURGERY - DAY 39

ANNE, the last to leave, looking ashen, shutting the door behind her and locking it and walking to her car (a little Astra or some such).

And as she goes to stick the key in the lock, she cannot get it in because her hand is shaking too much.

She rests her head on the roof, trying to stem the tears.

40 EXT. SAND DUNE BEACH - DUSK 40

And here is JOHN in the shallows, pushing the canoe out to sea, and hurling the paddle as far as he can, before wading ashore, picking up his already unloaded rucksack and equipment, as the light goes, on a remote beach some 5 miles north of Seaton Carew.

He is wet, very cold and shivering as he heads up the beach towards the dunes.

41 INT. CAR - QUIET COAST ROAD / CAR PARK - NEAR SEATON CAREW 41
NIGHT

And here is ANNE, driving in the dark, down a quiet road flanking the coast, the light has almost entirely gone as she indicates and turns into a deserted beach car park.

She pulls the car to a slow halt, turns the lights off, and then the engine. And waits.

And then suddenly the back door opens and JOHN is chucking in * his rucksack and stuff.

JOHN

What bloody time d'you call this
it's nearly half past!

And if she had thought about one last attempt to persuade him, this kiboshes it.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(getting in the front and
flicking the heating
dials to full)
Dying of sodding hypothermia here.

And she sticks it on, turns the ignition back on and pulls away.

42 INT. CAR - DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - NIGHT 42

ANNE driving towards Durham. The pair drive in silence. Odd that JOHN is quiet too.

Perhaps the significance of what he is doing is only now finally hitting him.

They approach Durham town.

43 SCENE OMITTED 43

44 EXT./INT. CAR - SIDE STREET - DURHAM - NIGHT 44

Her car pulling to a halt in a quiet dark side street (round the corner from the station, away from CCTV cameras).

She turns the engine off. Once again, an odd silence. And then.

JOHN
It'll all be over in a couple of
weeks, I promise you, love. Be
tricky for a few days and then
people will move on, and we'll be
able to get back on track.
(he turns to her)
Trust me.

A beat. And then he leans across and plants a kiss on her turned cheek.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Love you.

And she says nothing. And then he opens the door, gets out, grabs his bags from the back seat, and then cannot resist a final -

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't let me down now.

And then he shuts the door and walks away.

And she watches him go, under the sodium glare of a single street lamp at the end of the street, before he turns a corner and disappears.

A single tear rolls down her cheek.

ANNE (V.O.)

I read this story in the Echo once.
About a hot air balloon that had
escaped its mooring with a little
boy in the basket.

*

45 INT. CAR - M1/MOTORWAY - NIGHT

45

ANNE driving back down the motorway, the oncoming headlights flaring across her face.

ANNE (V.O.)

A lass had grabbed hold of a rope
and tried to pull it back down, but
she wasn't strong enough, and the
balloon, with her now hanging on,
had continued to rise.

*

*

*

*

*

46 SCENE OMITTED

46

47 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

47

In her cold dark dining room. The wind howling outside. The sound of the front door opening. A light goes on.

ANNE (V.O.)

And as she considered whether to
let go....

*

*

ANNE appears in the doorway.

ANNE (V.O.)

....and maybe break a leg...

*

She walks through in to the cold dining room, the window facing out to a dark sea. The net curtains gently dancing, as ever, to the tune of the wind whistling through the cracks.

*

ANNE (V.O.)

...or keep holding on and hope her weight would eventually bring it down, *in that moment*, the balloon had risen a further thirty feet.

*

And there, on a small side table, the land line phone. Next to it, a photo of her sons.

ANNE (V.O.)

And at *that point*, her only choice was to hold on and pray.

*

And then she steps forward, turns the photo face down on the table, picks the phone up and dials 999.

OPERATOR

(answering)

Emergency 999, what service do you require?

Close on her. A last chance to turns back. And then finally -

ANNE

(genuinely tearful)

Police please, I think my husband might be missing.

End of part two

Part three

48

INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

48

ANNE sitting with two uniform coppers (ANDREWS and PHILLIPS) in her sitting room. Her eyes are glassy, she is in a kind of shock.

ANDREWS

...and what time was he meant to have been at work?

ANNE

His shift was meant to start at seven.

ANDREWS

(looks at her watch, eight twenty now)

Okay...

(to Phillips)

(MORE)

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

...d'you wanna check the
neighbours, see if anyone saw him
leave with the canoe?

(back to ANNE as her
colleague walks out)

And d'you have a photo of John we
could use, Anne, just in case we...

ANNE

No.

ANDREWS

(looks up)
I'm sorry?

ANNE

He had a thing about having his
photo taken. I don't have any I'm
afraid. None at all.

And ANDREWS looks at her. Some instinct momentarily kicking
in.

ANDREWS

And any issues going on that we
should know about? Any...rows, any
money issues, anything at all, that
might have caused him to want to
...get away for a few days?

A long beat. Is she going to say something? Is she?

And then she looks up.

ANNE

No, none at all.

On ANDREWS. This is a curious one.

49 EXT. STREET - CARLISLE - NIGHT

49

JOHN walking down a quiet back street away from Carlisle
Station.

And then he starts to whistle. A merry tune.

50 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

50

Back with ANNE sitting with ANDREWS.

ANDREWS

...so he's fifty one, fairly fit
you say, but hadn't used the canoe
for a few years and ...

PHILLIPS

(walking in, breathless)
...okay I've got a neighbour who
saw him walk down to the beach with
it, and a dog walker who saw him
actually going into the water, with
it, both about six hours ago.

Fuck. This is serious. ANDREWS stands.

ANDREWS

I think we need to call this one
in, Anne, get some people out
looking for him, so have you got
anyone who could be with you right
now?

Close on her.

Because she knows the utterly gargantuan deception, is now
about to begin for real and there will be no turning back.

She looks up. Looks like she is about to tell the truth.
Holds it, holds it, holds it...

...and then -

ANNE

My brother.

And we push in on her as we hear the deep penetrating thrub
of a helicopter start to rise. And we are close on her terror
as we hear -

ANNE (V.O.)

I had no idea. None whatsoever. How
big it would get. And how fast.

51 SCENE OMITTED 51

52 EXT. THE CLIFF - SEATON CAREW BEACH - NIGHT 52

An outside broadcast van from 'Look North' outside 'The
Cliff' a reporter doing a piece to camera -

LOOK NORTH REPORTER
 ...the lone canoeist, named by
 police as John Ronald Darwin, who
 paddled out to sea earlier today...

53 SCENE OMITTED 53

54 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT 54

C.U. On the TV where the Look North reporter is speaking to us. Her report will be interspersed, on the TV, with stock footage of choppers rising, lifeboats launching etc. **Note. Full dialogue scene of the Look North reporter at the end of the script.**

LOOK NORTH REPORTER
 ...but has not been seen since.
 Now, nearly eight hours later,
 concerns are understandably growing
 for his safety.

And we will pull back to see ANNE watching the TV, in shock, as all around her, figures move - police, journalists, possibly a neighbour. Choppers still sound overhead.

LOOK NORTH REPORTER (CONT'D)
 Earlier this evening I spoke with
 the...
 (dialogue in italics to
 fade down)
 ...Coxswain of Hartlepool lifeboat
 station, Andy Settle....

MICHAEL
 Anne?

And she turns to see her brother, (MICHAEL) and immediately walks over and falls into his arms, sobbing and shaking with fear. (Out on the window we might see (SFX) search lights raking the sea.)

ANNIE
 Oh Michael, what am I going to do?

MICHAEL
 It's okay, pet, it's gonna be okay.

ANNIE
 I told him not to, I said don't do
 it.

MICHAEL

I'm sure you did. Have you called
the boys yet?

And she jerks back like she has been slapped, eyes bloodshot
with terror.

ANNIE

I can't, I can't tell them, please
don't make me tell them, please, I
can't I can't I can't....

And he sees she is in total shock and goes after her and
wraps his arms around her and rocks her.

MICHAEL

(trying to calm her)
...it's okay, it's okay, you don't
have to tell them, 'cos they're
gonna find him, very soon, I swear,
'and if I know your John, he'll be
absolutely bloody fine.

And he hugs her tighter even as we hear.

JOHN (O.S.)

Oh the full English please.

55

INT. CARLISLE B&B - NIGHT

55

And here indeed is a very fine JOHN, waiting in the reception
area of a B&B (a TV plays quietly in a cubby hole behind the
manager, and the news is on) as the manageress goes through
the booking details.

MANAGERESS

Okeedoke. And breakfast is served
between 7.00 and 9.00.

JOHN

Lovely.

MANAGERESS

So there's your key, Mr Allen,
number 5, which is second floor,
third one down on the left.

JOHN

Some poor bugger's in trouble.

And she turns to look at the news programme JOHN is nodding at (a chopper scouring the sea) even as it cuts to the same LOOK NORTH REPORTER we saw earlier, standing outside **Number 3, The Cliff**, which is only when JOHN realises they're searching for *him*.

SETTLE

...well we've got three boats, two choppers and one plane, so about 60 men and women all told. And conditions are good, surprisingly good in fact, so if he's out there, we'll find him.

On JOHN. Fuck. It's *huge*.

JOHN

Anyway, think I'll turn in, 'night, love.

And he is walking away sharpish.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

You have to eat *something*, love.

56 SCENE OMITTED

56

New day

57 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - SITTING ROOM - DAY

57

MICHAEL putting a slice of toast (on a plate) down as ANNE stands at the window looking out to sea.

She looks dreadful, like she has not slept all night. Which of course she hasn't (**we may see a lifeboat in the background**)

MICHAEL

And they'll find him, I know they will, sixty men and women Anne, working on it day and night...
(which set her off crying again)
...so mam and dad are driving over, and I think it probably *is* time now we let the boys know.

And she turns to him, 'could it get any worse?'

ANNE

Anthony's on holiday in Niagara.
He's gone there to propose to
Louise.

On MICHAEL. Oh fuck.

MICHAEL

Maybe I'll try Mark first.

And then she suddenly puts her hand to her mouth, about to be sick, and runs for the lavatory.

58 INT. OFFICE - LONDON - DAY 58

And here is MARK DARWIN (27) in a busy office, as his desk phone calls.

MARK

(picking up and answering)
Mark Darwin.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Oh hi Mark, I've got a man on the
line who says he's your uncle
Michael?

MARK

(he frowns, odd)
Put him through.

59 SCENE OMITTED 59

60 EXT. BUS STOP - CARLISLE - DAY 60

JOHN, rucksack on his back, waiting at a bus stop. The sun is shining, life is good.

61 INT. CAR - DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - DAY 61

MARK driving up the dual carriageway, tears running down his cheeks.

RADIO

...hopes are fading in the search
for missing Seaton Carew resident,
John Darwin..

62 SCENE OMITTED 62

63 INT/EXT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - BEDROOM - DAY 63

ANNE staring out of the window. Listening to the same radio.

RADIO

...Mr Darwin, 51, who went missing
over twenty four hours ago...

And the radio fades down as she sees the thing she is most
scared of.

A car pulling into their driveway, parking up, and the door
opening and her son, MARK getting out and walking past the
police and reporters etc toward the front door.

Close on her. Can she go ahead with it? Can she really?

64 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - STAIRWAY - DAY 64

Slo-mo.

MARK, eyes red and puffy from crying, walking up the stairs
(we might spot uncle MICHAEL, behind him on the stairs,
'pointing the way').

65 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - BEDROOM - DAY 65

ANNE hearing the slow steady footsteps coming up the stairs.

Can she do this? She turns to the door. The moment of truth. *

66 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - THE STAIRS - DAY 66

MARK reaching the top landing. And then the bedroom door
opens, and here is his mother.

She looks in a state of horror.

And he walks slowly toward her, his arms opening.

MARK

They're gonna find him, mam, I
promise you, and he's gonna be
okay, I *promise*.

And he wraps his arms around *her*, holds *her* tight, comforts
her, even as she totally betrays him.

ANNE

No sweetheart, I think we've lost him, I really do, I think he's gone.

Close on her utter self loathing and panic as she holds onto him.

ANNE (V.O.)

I did so many dreadful things over the next few years. But *this?* This moment will remain with me till the day I die.

67 EXT. HILLSIDE - LAKES - DAY 67

JOHN, walking up the side of a lakes river.

And he finds a quiet spot, hidden from view of the small lane and car park (maybe a hundred yards away downstream) and takes off his ruck sack and starts to unpack his tent.

68 INT. PLANE - NIGHT 68

A bleak, red eyed ANTHONY DARWIN, 25 (he has been crying) sitting in a seat next to LOUISE, his fiancée, his hands in hers.

ANTHONY

...and there was this time he decided the future was in garden gnomes, and he bought a load of 'em cheap somewhere...

69 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - JOHN AND ANNE'S BEDROOM - DAY 69

MARK sitting on the edge of the bed, his mum sitting with him, stroking his hair, like when he was a child.

MARK

...and me, him and Ant spent weeks in the shed, painting 'em, and then selling 'em at boot fairs, I think for a loss in the end...

And he shakes his head as his smile fades to tears. On her. Oh God.

70 EXT. HILLSIDE - LAKES - DAY 70

And here *is* JOHN, cooking a meal of tinned beans and sausages, on a small camping stove.

MARK (V.O.)
...but we loved it...

New day

71 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - KITCHEN - DAY 71

ANTHONY and MARK cooking lunch, MICHAEL doing some washing up, ANNE sitting at the kitchen table, looking ashen.

ANNE (V.O.)
Over the next few days, the police came and went. Somehow they managed to find absolutely nothing in John's effects and documents, that suggested anything other than what I'd told them. And then four days after he'd gone missing, a new officer came over.

72 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - DINING ROOM - DAY 72

ANNE, MICHAEL, MARK and ANTHONY, ANNE's parents HENRY and CATHERINE, all sitting with D.C. JUNE AYOADE in the dining room as she breaks the news. The atmosphere is hushed and funereal.

JUNE
...and so I'm afraid they are now calling the search off, Anne, and I think we probably do all need to prepare....for the worst.

This was clearly no surprise, but of course there is still lots of profound distress in the room.

ANNE grabs MARK's hand (he is sitting next to her) as his head falls and she puts an arm around him as fresh, quiet tears come.

ANNE is also watching ANTHONY who is weeping, as MICHAEL comforts him.

And we are close on ANNE, who knows she is responsible for *all this pain*.

JUNE (CONT'D)

(to Anne)

Obviously not now, but at some point I will need you to make a statement and....

And then she is interrupted by the sound of a mobile ringing. Everyone looking to see if it is theirs, but it's not, and then ANNE suddenly realises it's hers, at the bottom of her handbag.

ANNE

Oh, sorry, that's me.

And she digs in and pulls it out, sees a number she does not recognise, and she thinks about pressing 'end call' but in the end just answers it.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Hello?

73 EXT. PHONEBOX - LAKES - DAY 73

A friendly, utterly, oblivious JOHN in a call box.

JOHN

Hiya love, it's me.

74 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - DINING ROOM - DAY 74

ANNE's face frozen in a rictus of unimaginable cognitive dissonance.

Sitting in a room, with all her family, and a police officer, discussing the tragic death of her husband, who is right now on the other end of the phone, very much alive and kicking.

And everyone is looking at her.

MARK

(quietly)

You okay mam?

And she turns to him, her mouth flapping slightly.

JOHN (O.S.)

(the phone still pressed to her ear)

Anne?

MARK
(gently)
Mam?

JOHN (O.S.)
Anne can you hear me? Anne? Anne?
Anne?

And now she puts a hand over the phone, all the while holding MARK's eye, holds it forever, and we sense she is about to fess up.

But instead she stands.

ANNE
Sorry it's a friend from the choir
just checking in....
(into the phone as she
exits)
...one second, Jean.

And she walks out. And of course, no-one in the room has even the vaguest clue. Because why would they?

75 INT. PHONEBOX - LAKES - DAY 75

JOHN waiting, nice and relaxed, for a nice chat. And then -

ANNE (O.S.)
(hissed whisper)
Are you insane?

JOHN
(frowns)
I beg your parsnips?

76 INT - NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - BEDROOM - DAY 76

ANNE in a far corner of her bedroom, the door shut tight.

ANNE
I've got the *police* here, John. Not
to mention our family, my brother,
the boys,...

JOHN
(indignant)
...well how was *I* to know?

ANNE

Well, clearly - I mean how you could ever have thought this would be over in a few days...

JOHN

...it will be....

ANNE

...no, John, it won't be, it's huge, the whole thing is snowballing, and I cannot believe I let you convince me.

JOHN

Well it's no bloody picnic here either let me tell you! My mattress keeps deflating, I've had no hot food for three days, and I've got chilblains!

ANNE

(disbelief, then)

I really can't talk to you right now, John, I'm hanging up.

JOHN

Call me tomorrow then? On this number, seven o'clock?

ANNE

No, I'm sorry, I can't...

JOHN

(stopping her)

...please Anne, *please*. I really need you, I'm *so* lonely.....

And she falters. And he starts to cry.

JOHN (CONT'D)

....and I'm sorry about the things I said. I didn't mean them, I was just scared and... I want you to know that I will always...

But she hangs up.

*

And for a while she doesn't move. Just stands there. In shock.

*

*

*

77 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - DINING ROOM - DAY 77

JUNE AYOADE leaving, shaking hands, 'brave smiles' etc.

ANNE walking back in (not hearing anything, going through the motions, once again, in a kind of daze).

78 EXT. STREET - SEATON CAREW - DAY 78 *

ANNE walking down a quiet back street of Seaton, toward a phonebox on a dark corner.

ANNE (O.S.)
I don't know.

79 INT. PHONEBOX - LAKES - DAY 79

JOHN standing in the same phone box we saw him in the day before.

JOHN
(indignant, she's spoiling
it)
No no no, you have to *guess*, that's
the game.

ANNE (O.S.)
I'm not in the mood for games,
John. Just tell me, where *have* you
decided to live when it's 'all
calmed down'.

And he smiles, 'cos he 'knows' she is going to like this.

JOHN
Number four.

And he waits for her delight? A long beat.

ANNE (O.S.)
What?

On him.

JOHN
Think about it. Where's the last
place anyone would ever think of
looking? Next bloody door!

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's genius, Anne. We'll do up one of the bedsits, we've got all the interconnecting doors, it's perfect.

Silence.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Annie?

80 INT. PHONEBOX - SEATON CAREW - DAY

80

A phone swinging on its wire as the hinged door slowly closes.

JOHN (O.S.)

Anne?

And through the glass phone box squares, in the distance, walking away through a rainy Seaton day, is ANNE.

End of part three**Part four**

81 EXT. BEACH - THE CLIFF - SEATON CAREW - DAY

81

The North Sea. And in contrast to how it was a few days ago, the weather *has* now turned and the sea is a roiling, heaving mass.

And here is a lone figure on the beach, walking fast, and then actually running, towards the water.

And now we are close on the figure, and it is ANNE, crying, as she nears the sea's edge, desperate and lost. *

And she gets to the water and starts to splash into the shallows, pushing against the rising water, screaming out her anger and pain. *

And then slowly the rage seems to dissipate, and she slows, slows some more. And then finally stops, thigh deep.

And then she turns. Looks back to the town, to where the lights of Number 3 The Cliff are shining out. To where her boys are right now sitting in her house.

And she sags, because much as she might want to, she knows she cannot do it.

ANNE (V.O.)

In the end, I came to my senses,
and realised I couldn't let the
boys lose both of us.

*
*
*

And she looks utterly desperate now, as she turns, and trudges slowly back up the beach, and toward the walkway up to the promenade.

New day

Montage

82 INT. PHONEBOX - LAKES CAR PARK - DUSK 82

An unshaven JOHN on the phone to ANNE.

ANNE (V.O.)

Over the next few weeks, I spoke to
John every couple of days...

JOHN

(this dialogue to run
under scenes 82 and 83)
*...if I never eat another Mars bar
it'll be a day too soon. And meat
pies. Oh the indigestion, Anne,
awful, and they keep repeating on
me, let me tell you, my bowels are
all over the place....*

83 INT. PHONEBOX - SEATON CAREW - DUSK 83

ANNE in a call box.

ANNE (V.O.)

...and every single time I begged
him to turn himself in.

84 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - KITCHEN - DAY 84

ANTHONY on a laptop at the kitchen table searching missing persons databases as his brother cooks for ANNE and MICHAEL.

ANNE (V.O.)

If not for me, for his boys.

85

SCENE OMITTED

85

86 EXT. LAKES CAMP - DAY 86

JOHN sitting reading, back to a tree with a view across the water. Reveal the book is 'Day of The Jackal'.

ANNE (V.O.)

But he never wavered, not for a second, he had total belief that he was doing the right thing. And of course I should have just turned him in myself.

87 SCENE OMITTED 87

88 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - SITTING ROOM - DAY 88

ANNE in the hallway, looking through a crack in the doorway, where we see ANTHONY weeping, and his brother, MARK, comforting him.

ANNE (V.O.)

But maybe I still hoped I could bring the balloon back down to earth somehow, without anyone getting too badly hurt.

89 INT/EXT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - DINING ROOM - DAY 89

The boys MARK and ANTHONY packing their bags into their respective cars, ANNE watching from the dining room, waving forlornly as they pull away.

ANNE (V.O.)

And then finally the boys had to go back to their jobs and real lives.

The phone rings. She turns. The hatred in her eyes. But still she walks toward it.

90 EXT. CAR - A ROAD - DAY 90

ANNE driving down an A road toward the lakes.

91 INT. CAR - LAKES CAR PARK - DAY

91

ANNE pulling in to a deserted lakes NT car park.

No-one around, apart from a tramp rootling around a refuse bin next to a toilet block.

ANNE starts to look for JOHN, looks in the rear view, then toward a pathway coming down from a hill, but can't see him. And then when she turns back to the front, she sees the tramp is hobbling on a stick, towards her car.

And then as he passes, he suddenly spins on his heels, pulls the passenger door open, and sticks his grinning head in.

JOHN

Gotcha!!!!

ANNE

(jumping out of her skin)
Oh my God!!!!

JOHN

Ha!!

ANNE

You stupid idiot!

JOHN

(jumping in gleefully)
Well if I can fool you.

ANNE

(gagging)
Oh my God, John, when did you last wash.

JOHN

Well it's nice to see you too.

ANNE

Open your window, that's disgusting.

JOHN

(leaning forward, half
joking, half not)
Come on, gissa a kiss.

ANNE

Get off me!!

And he flinches back, like he has been slapped. And for once, seems to know not to push it.

JOHN

Sorry.

And they sit there for a moment in silence.

ANNE

It's still not too late you know.
To own up.

He nods. A sense he knew this was coming, and is of course prepared.

JOHN

The worst is over now, love. I
promise you. It'll be so much
easier from here on in.

And now *she* nods. A sense she knew that would be his reply.

ANNE

Or you could just tell the boys.

And he seems almost to falter at the mention of the boys.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Because they've been *so* upset John,
absolutely devastated, I promise
you, if you'd seen what *I've* seen.

On him. Clearly did not expect that, and is slightly blind-
sided by how to counter it. And then -

*

JOHN

Well we *could* tell them. But if it
ever *did* go tits up, they'd be
implicated then wouldn't they.

(he turns to her)

I mean *they* could end up in prison.
And do we really want that, Anne?
Do *you*?

And she obviously had not considered this, and once again he
has bested her.

92

EXT. CAR - LAKES CAR PARK - DAY

92

ANNE driving slowly out of the car park.

93 INT. CAR - OUTSIDE THE CLIFF - NIGHT

93

And here is ANNE pulling up in front of The Cliff. It's night now and there is no one around.

ANNE
(handing him two keys)
There.

He looks down at them, frowns.

JOHN
What are these?

ANNE
Front door for number four and then
room number eight. I've put fresh
sheets on the bed, there's money in
the meter for hot water and a
microwave ready-meal next to the
sink.

And then she goes to get out.

JOHN
Anne, love, hang on...
(she turns)
...what you talking about, I'm
staying with you tonight aren't I?
I mean it's been a long three
weeks, love, for *both* of us.

ANNE
(she frowns, feigning
confusion)
But we need to stick to the plan,
John - the one your certain kind of
brain came up with....
(getting out)
...if I think it's safe, I might
let you in for breakfast at nine.

And she walks up to Number Three and slams the door shut. On him. *Fuck.*

94 INT. NUMBER 4 THE CLIFF - JOHN'S BEDSIT (ROOM EIGHT)/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Close on a microwave meal going round on its plate.

Pull back to reveal JOHN, now showered, and in a dressing gown, but still in a small pokey slightly smelly bedsit.

And he looks very fucking miserable.

A beat.

And then he opens the door to the hallway, and sticks a tentative head out, and first of all looks left to the only other bedroom on this floor. No light under the door. The tenant probably asleep. Or is it unlet?

And then he looks right to one of the connecting doors to Number Three. Cogs whirring. Hmmm, either way...

95 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - BEDROOM - NIGHT 95

ANNE getting ready for bed, when she hears a gentle knocking. She turns.

It is of course coming from the interconnecting door in the corner of their bedroom.

(The door is locked from her side, so there was no way he is getting in unless she lets him).

The knocking comes again.

96 INT. NUMBER 4 THE CLIFF - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 96

And here is JOHN, on the other side, very gently knocking.

JOHN
(whispered)
Aaa-anne? Can you open the door
please, Anne? Please? I'm lonely.

97 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - BEDROOM - NIGHT 97

And on the other side of the door, stands a woman who is also incredibly lonely.

And a part of her is actually desperate to open the door right now. To feel some relief from the turmoil she is in, from the only other person in the world who has any understanding of her situation.

But in the end, she turns away, walks back to her bed, gets in, turns out the light, and pulls the pillow over her head.

98 INT. NUMBER 4 THE CLIFF - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 98

And now JOHN sees the light go out under the connecting door.
And he sags, and then trudges wearily back to his bedsit.

Out on him shutting his door.

New day

99 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - KITCHEN - DAY 99

Bacon sizzling in a pan. Toast in a toaster, the kettle coming to the boil.

She looks at her watch, then turns the bacon down, and walks out.

100 INT. NUMBER 4 THE CLIFF - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY / INT. NUMBER 300
THE CLIFF - BEDROOM - DAY

JOHN waiting by the interconnecting door, and suddenly the sound of locks being turned.

And it is opened. And there is his wife.

And he looks at her slightly nervously.

And then she stands aside to let him in.

101 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - KITCHEN - DAY 101

Tracking across a copy of 'Day of The Jackal' on the kitchen table, and as we pull back we see JOHN stuffing his face with breakfast, as he talks.

JOHN

...it was that posh one,
whatsisface, thingy Fox, we saw it
at the Majestic.

ANNE

Don't remember it.

JOHN

Yeah you do. Anyway he gets a fake
passport easy peasy, so I'm going
to just do the same as him - maybe
without the assassination of the
French president bit.

Which should get a laugh, but doesn't because it's not funny, but also the landline rings. And as she walks over to answer it, he stands and grabs a bit more bacon.

ANNE
(answering)
498 0801?
(listens)
...of course....
(listens)
...no that's fine..
(listens.)
...okay see you then. Bye now.

And she puts the phone down as JOHN sits back down with his bacon and starts to tuck in.

JOHN
So, we should probably talk about
getting the insurance claim going.

And he looks up at her, and she is looking at him, and she is obviously weighing something up, whether to tell him something. And then -

ANNE
The police are coming over.

And he stops chewing, a bit of bacon rind hanging out of his open mouth. *

JOHN
Say what?

ANNE
In about twenty minutes. They want
to do a search.

And there is a moment as he kind of just *wilts*. A sense of 'this is all just so much *harder* than it was meant to be'.

JOHN
(to himself)
Fuck sake.

And then he is standing, and running out of the room. We stay on her for some time, as we hear him running up the stairs all the way to the top of the house.

103 EXT. BACK STREETS - SEATON CAREW - DAY 103

JOHN, head down, hat and glasses on, heading for a bus stop on the outskirts of the town.

103A EXT. THE CLIFF - SEATON CAREW - DAY 103A

Police cars arriving outside the house. *

104 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - HALLWAY / DINING ROOM / KITCHEN 104
DAY

So a montage of coppers taking computers, going through drawers, the plates in the sink etc. ANNE on a landing watching at some point.

Basically all the officers are clearly looking for evidence that a man has been in the house.

105 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - KITCHEN - DAY 105

ANNE sitting at the kitchen table, waiting. In the corridor, at the far end, she can see the search officers leaving, and JUNE AYOADE, her back to ANNE, on the phone. And then she signs off.

And then she waits a moment, has obviously just learned something significant.

And then she turns and walks back down the corridor toward the kitchen. ANNE looks up.

ANNE

Did you find anything?

JUNE

Not here, no.

And she frowns.

ANNE

What do you mean 'not here'?

106 INT. HARTLEPOOL POLICE STATION - UNDERGROUND CARPARK - DAY 106

And here is ANNE (JUNE with her) standing in front of a shattered red canoe, being stored, for now, in the car park of Hartlepool Police Station. The name 'Orca' painted on one side.

She is crying, very believably, into a hanky.

JUNE

I'm so sorry, Anne.

And she nods. Then -

ANNE

So what now?

JUNE

Well, I need to speak to my boss, but I don't think we're in any doubt now about what's happened here...

107 EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE THE CLIFF - SEATON CAREW - DAY 107

And here is an old man, with a limp, walking back toward Number 4 The Cliff as we hear -

JUNE (O.S.)

...that your husband has had some kind of accident at sea, and has tragically, lost his life.

And then the old man (JOHN) walks in through the front door.

108 INT. NUMBER 3 THE CLIFF - BEDROOM - DAY 108

And now here is ANNE, unlocking the interconnecting door to Number 4 from her bedroom.

JUNE (O.S.)

So to be honest with you, Anne, this is pretty much case closed for us now.

And now she opens the door, to reveal JOHN waiting behind it.

And now JOHN walks slowly in, and then towards her, wraps his arms around her, and then starts to kiss her.

And she is at first resistant, but then finally she starts to respond. Hungry for physical contact to assuage her loneliness, she starts to respond.

109

EXT. SEATON CAREW - DAY

109

Cries of pleasure, bleeding into the screech of seagulls on the promenade, with both caught on a waft of 'Oh I do like to be beside the seaside' drifting up from an arcade.

End of ep.

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