

TITLES - BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN "THERE GOES MY MIRACLE"

INT - DAY. PATIENT'S ROOM IN MAESGLAS PSYCHIATRIC HIGH SECURITY HOSPITAL CEREDIGION WEST WALES.

Two armchairs face each other. EIRA JONES (43) is sat dressed formally in a smart office trouser suit. She sits forward, tensely, clutching a silver heart necklace. Opposite is DR ANTON LOMBARDI (55) psychiatrist. THE CAMERA slowly pans to one wall focusing on BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN posters and other Springsteen memorabilia. THE CAMERA then pans around to the opposing wall where a lone painting of MOUNT SNOWDON in North Wales is framed. ZOOM IN. THE CAMERA then moves to a shelf focusing on a collection of framed photographs of a family group and numerous photos of Eira and a man at various events, always smiling. THE CAMERA returns slowly to the Mount Snowdon painting and pans to the left. THE CAMERA FINALLY COMES TO REST on a large framed photograph of the same man and Eira on the summit of Snowdon, laughing and gazing intensely at each other.

LOMBARDI

(Leaning forward, speaking firmly)
Eira, it's time to put Sam behind you now. Firstly, we have to go back to the start to find out why your friendship turned to obsession. I think...

EIRA

(angrily) It's not obsession! Sam and I just have a very deep commitment to each other. It was never an affair. Why can't you see that? Sam and I are...

LOMBARDI

(calmly but firmly)
Were Eira. Sam and you *were*. You and he are no longer together. What you and Sam had was unhealthy, a terrible obsession, a lovesickness which encompassed each of you to the point of excluding anything and everyone. It's called Limerence, an actual clinical condition. Don't take my word for it. Look.

Lombardi points to a page in a book. Eira gets up to view it cautiously. She reads a line silently to herself.

Beat.

EIRA

(Dismissively waving her hand)
What the hell do you people know?

She walks towards the front window facing out to the grounds below with her back to Lombardi. Folding her arms she looks out at a crisp sunny day and a flat uninspiring garden below.

LOMBARDI

(reading from book in background)
Limerence is an involuntary state of deep obsession and infatuation between two people. It can be unrequited or mutual. It's an obsessive love on an unhealthy level which results in complete dependency on the other, to the exclusion of all else and..
(Lombardi trails off in the background.)

EIRA

(looking out of the window wistfully)
(softly)
You know nothing about Sam and me. It's a day for walking, but our magical Snowdon is far away. (eyes shining as she remembers) There's greenery here but it's flat, not the feeling you get on the summit where the eagles fly.

THE CAMERA pans to the painting of Snowdon on the wall.

It was on a day like this when we first met...

TITLE CARD: SIX YEARS EARLIER

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. DAY- MORNING. EIRA'S SPRAWLING FORMER FARMHOUSE NEAR THE FOOT OF MOUNT SNOWDON, NORTH WALES. TWO 4X4 VEHICLES AND ONE OTHER CAR IS PARKED ON THE LAND. A CARAVAN IS IN THE GROUNDS.

A crisp sunny day with the looming peaks of Snowdon and surrounding hills forming the backdrop to Eira's isolated

former farmhouse near Snowdon's base. The sun breaks through the mountainous terrain.

CUT TO

INT. 8AM. Eira's House. KITCHEN.

Eira is desperately trying to multi task. She is dressed in a sharply tailored office skirt suit and too high stilettos. Four lunchboxes lie empty as she scrambles to butter bread and make sandwiches. The toaster pops up and she leaves the sandwiches in order to butter toast. Eira's husband, GARETH, (43) appears in the doorway just as THE SOUND of Eira's mobile rings. It has the distinctive ringtone of "BORN TO RUN" by Springsteen. She drops what she is doing to answer. THE DISPLAY shows her boss's number, DYLAN PARRY.

EIRA
(breathlessly and urgently)
Eira Jones. Dylan, can you make this
quick please?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. OFFICE OF EDITOR AT WELSH NATIONAL NEWSPAPER -CHRONICLE CYMRU. DYLAN PARRY - EDITOR, IS ON THE PHONE AT HIS DESK.

PARRY
Got up too late? I need you at Shotton Steelworks now. Workers have walked out, looks like the works will go, job losses and the spectre of Chinese steel imports looming. Big story. Man to see is a SAWYL GLYNDWR, shop floor day manager or something. I'll send a photographer along. Go now!

Eira has the phone to her ear, manically putting sandwiches together.

EIRA
Sure Boss. I'm on my way.

She drops the phone to the worktop and divides sandwiches between the lunchboxes. Gareth walks into the kitchen, dressed in builder's attire and grabs a pair of steel toe capped boots, sits down on a kitchen chair and puts one on looking up at Eira.

GARETH
That was Parry I suppose?

(Eira nods)
 Are those boys up yet? Nye! Deri!
 Oshy! Get down here now and help your
 mam.

(pulls on second boot)
 You should be getting them to make
 their own lunchboxes up the night
 before, love. It's too much for you
 now we've moved up here and you're
 senior reporter at the paper. It's not
 like they're young boys anymore.

Gareth gives Eira a knowing look. He gets up, goes to the
 counter and grabs his lunchbox.

EIRA
 Hmm...and if I didn't make *yours* who
 would do it?

She smiles at Gareth, he leans over and pecks a kiss on her
 lips.

EIRA
 Watch my lipstick Gar!

GARETH
 (smiling wryly)
 See you later love. I'll be in about
 six. Your mam's got some gallery event
 on so the kids can walk home from the
 bus stop after school. Do them good
 for once! When I was a teenager like
 them I used to...

EIRA
 ...walk to school ten miles with no
 shoes, in the snow with only a shirt
 on your back! You're sounding old
 Gar, now be off with you! I'll probably
 be late, there's a strike on at
 Shotton Steel the boss says.

GARETH
 Lads worrying about job losses with
 mortgages to pay and kids to feed.
 Closing the steelworks is the last
 thing we need in Wales. This Chinese
 steel import business has been going
 on a few years now. Time the
 government stood up for our steel.

Gareth walks out of the kitchen into the hallway. He looks up the staircase. Coming down the stairs are their sons, NYE 15, DERI 14, and OSIAN (OSHY) 13, slowly and reluctantly trailing schoolbags behind them. Nye is dressed in school uniform smartly, while Deri and Oshy look scruffy.

NYE
A'right dad.

GARETH
No! You're all up late again. you need
to have more thought for your mam.
(Gareth exits via the front door)

EIRA
At last! Get your lunchboxes, grab
some toast and call for your Nain at
the caravan. I have to go now. My boss
will be jumping up and down if I'm not
on the road soon.

Eira grabs her bag, laptop, coat and scarf and heads for the door.

NYE
(moaning)
Where's my rugby shirt? I don't know
why I'm forced to do rugby or why you
and dad like it so much mam. Mr Pugh
will kill me if I don't bring my kit
in.

Eira turns around at the front door and calls back.

EIRA
In the dryer. And rugby's brill,
you're just my talented studious boy
Nye, nothing wrong in that. Oh, Nain's
going to an art gallery today so you
all have to walk from the bus stop
home, but dad says it won't hurt you.
I'll be late. Love you!

The three boys groan. She blows a kiss back to the boys and exits out of the front door.

CONTINUOUS

EXT. DAY. Eira's house.

EIRA
 (mumbling to herself)
 I hope there's more excitement out
 here today than sandwich making and
 rugby kit washing.

Eira gets into her car a 4x4. She puts the key in the ignition, reverses the car and heads off. She selects a track on her car playlist and starts to play "DANCING IN THE DARK" by Springsteen. At the point of the lyric 'I'M JUST TIRED AND BORED WITH MYSELF' she sighs.

EIRA
 Just tell my life like it is Bruce.
 You have a track for every occasion
 boy, and you never let me down.

Eira drives along the scenic North Wales coastline. Springsteen blasts from the speakers and she sings happily along. She passes through the majestic Snowdonia National Park and through various coastal towns before arriving at Shotton Steel.

EXT. LATER THAT MORNING. SHOTTON STEELWORKS. SHOTTON NE WALES.

THE CAMERA Zooms in. Sign. "SHOTTON STEEL". The steelworks loom in the background. The steelworkers are stood outside demonstrating and protesting with placards emblazoned with "Save our Steel". Eira parks her car, grabs her bag and gets out.

STEELWORKERS
 (chanting in unison)
 Save our steel! Save our steel! Save
 our steel!

Eira picks her way gingerly across to the steelworkers in stilettos not suited to the terrain. She approaches one of the group.

EIRA
 I'm looking for Sawyl Glyndwr? Works
 manager?

The steelworker looks puzzled.

STEELWORKER
 Who love?

EIRA
 (in a loud slow voice over the
 chanting)
 Sawyl Glyndwr. Your boss?

STEELWORKER
 Oh you mean Sam. Sam Glyndwr. Through
 that door, down the corridor and at
 the bottom is an office with his name
 on.
 (looking Eira up and down)
 He'll like you. You'll make Sam's day.

Eira frowns at this sexist gesture and remark and hurries to
 the door. She opens it and enters the corridor.

Int. Corridor Shotton Steel

Eira teeters down the office corridor in her heels, frowning.
 She checks doors for Sam's office and finds one with a SIGN -
 "SAWYL GLYNDWR - MANAGER". Eira knocks on the door firmly.

SAM (O.S.)
 (raised voice)
 Come in!

Eira enters the room.

INT SHOTTON STEEL - DAY - SAM'S OFFICE

SAM (48) is stood looking out of the window sipping from his
 Wales Rugby mug of tea, behind his desk with his back to
 Eira. He is dressed in a crisp shirt, tie and smart trousers
 with a steelworks overcoat over his shirt with the company
 logo and name badge on. THE CAMERA pans to his office desk,
 covered with papers and paraphernalia, a phone, pens, PC, a
 laptop. A masculine power chair is behind the desk and 2
 basic chairs in front. THE CAMERA pans along a wall showing an
 ageing photograph of Sam as a player in a local rugby team,
 alongside a photograph of Sam at a shooting range holding a
 pistol.

EIRA
 Sawyl Glyndwr?
 (She rummages in her bag looking
 for her press pass)
 Eira Jones. Senior Reporter, Chronicle
 Cymru.

As Eira retrieves her press pass, Sam swivels round quickly. He takes in Eira from head to toe with piercing eyes and an intense gaze. Eira momentarily feels disconcerted.

SAM

It's Sam. Lot of our workforce are lads from the borders. They can't quite manage Sawyl. Even the missus calls me Sam now. Winter baby?

EIRA

(perplexed and struggling with Sam's intense gaze)
Sorry? I'm not with you?

SAM

(smiling)
Eira. Welsh for snow. I just thought you were likely to have a winter birthday.

EIRA

January. Saint Dwynwen's day.

SAM

Should have guessed looking at you. Welsh Valentine's day of course. Please take a seat.
(smiling)
What can I do for you, - Snow?

Eira blushes uncharacteristically at the casual and personal use of the nickname but decides to let it pass. She takes a seat opposite Sam. Sam sits down in his chair behind the desk. Eira takes out a notebook and dictaphone.

EIRA

I've come to get a quote from you about the steelwork crisis Mr Glyndwr...

SAM

Sam. Please.

EIRA

Sam.
(Eira blushes awkwardly to her annoyance again and looks at her notebook then up at the wall)
You like shooting?

SAM
I belong to a gun club.

EIRA
Hope you're not going to come gunning
for me!

SAM
Think we're just a bit too close Snow.
Point blank.

EIRA
(changing the subject quickly)
If I could just get some background on
the company and how Chinese steel will
impact this steelworks particularly...

The SOUND of Sam's office phone ringing. He answers it.

SAM
Sam Glyndwr. I see. That urgent? Ok,
I'll be right over.
(to Eira)
Sorry about this. I have to go
urgently. Perhaps we can arrange to do
this another time? What about
Saturday, 9pm, Bar Zero in town?
Bottle of chablis will be waiting, on
ice for the Snow Queen.

EIRA
(recovering her composure looking
directly at Sam and holding his
gaze. She fire's straight back at
him.)
Make it Friday, 7pm, The Miner's Arms
and mine's a pint!

Sam laughs. Eira gets up to leave and Sam sees her to the
door and opens it for her.

EIRA
(looking back and up at Sam)
Very gallant. But then you're a
Glyndwr. Descendant of Owain, the last
true Prince Of Wales.

SAM
I wouldn't say the last.

Beat

Until Friday - Snow.

They both look into each others eyes and hold a gaze for a few seconds longer than is necessary. Eira leaves. Sam closes the door thoughtfully. "I'M ON FIRE" by Springsteen plays over the following -

MONTAGE - EIRA AND SAM OVER THE INTERVENING SIX YEARS SINCE THEY FIRST MET.

-- Eira and Sam cheering at a rugby match together.

-- Eira in wreathes of smiles at Sams side as he blows candles out at his birthday party.

-- Eira and Sam with some of the pair's children on a day trip at a theme park.

-- Sam offering Eira an ice cream and putting a dab of it on her nose. Both laughing.

-- Sam in the middle with his wife Gwen on one side, and Eira on his other, at a Christmas party.

-- Sam and Eira stood together laughing on Snowdon's summit.

END MONTAGE

INT. DAY. MORNING. SAM'S HOUSE. KITCHEN

GWEN GLYNDWR (47) Sam's wife, is cleaning the kitchen in their large but authentic Welsh stone cottage. She is dressed in clothes for the task. RHIANNON (29) their daughter is sitting in her wheelchair labelling jars for the store cupboard. RHYS (23) is fixing a cupboard hinge. Sam enters.

SAM

I'm going out later. Few jars in town.
Don't wait up, it'll be a late one.

Gwen stops the cleaning and turns to Sam.

GWEN

Out with Eira or the lads?

SAM

A few lads from work. Eira said she was popping by with that holiday brochure you wanted. She'll be here around four. I need to arrange that home game in Cardiff with her if we're

to get the train down with her boys
and our two.

RHIANNON

Make sure you ring the customer
service people for the wheelchair ramp
at the train station dad. You know
what happened last time when they left
me stranded. And book the tickets.

SAM

Sure love. You can rely on your old
dad.

RHYS

And tell Eira not to wear those
ridiculous heels again. She doesn't
need red stilettos to match the Wales
rugby shirt!

SAM

That's Eira. She wouldn't be the same
woman without those heels.

GWEN

It'll be good to see her. We haven't
caught up in ages. Can you go and put
the bins out Sam? I don't want to miss
the binmen.

Sam exits the kitchen. Rhiannon looks despairingly at her
mother while Rhys watches on.

RHIANNON

Mam, you do know you give dad way too
much freedom don't you? He's either at
work, or out with the lads or out with
Eira. You're far too understanding. I
know Eira's just his friend but they
spend an awful lot of time together.
Doesn't it worry you?

GWEN

(wearily)

You don't know your dad like I do,
love. We've been married thirty years.
Eira's just a friend of his, as much
as your dad's mate Steve is. Your dad
likes women's company plain and
simple. That's all.

(smiling at Rhiannon)

Now let's get on with our work. Where were we?

Rhiannon looks at Rhys and shakes her head at her mum's naivety.

INT - NIGHT - TRENDY BAR - TOWN

Sam is stood at a bar in the town centre sipping his pint. He is alone, dressed to impress. He is looking around the room when his gaze falls on MEGAN a thirty five year old mixed race woman with long dark hair and a designer dress talking with friends. He approaches her. Her friends fade away.

SAM

Hi. I'm Sam. Can I buy you a drink at all?

MEGAN

(smiling at Sam)

Yes that would be lovely. Thank you.

Megan proffers her empty wine glass to Sam.

SAM

You look like a dry white type of lady.

(Sam gazes at Megan intently and she beams a smile back at him)

MEGAN

Sparkling and sweet actually. A glass of Prosecco would be good.

SAM

I didn't catch your name?

MEGAN

Megan.

(seductively)

But you can call me Meg (pause)...
Sam.

INT - DAY - EIRA'S HOUSE - MORNING - KITCHEN

Eira's mobile is ringing but this time the familiar BORN TO RUN ringtone isn't playing. It's "COVER ME" by Springsteen. Her mother, HAF PRYCE, (70) a bohemian artist dressed in bright colours and numerous floaty colourful scarves is standing in the doorway as Eira is loading the washing

machine with school uniforms. Eira goes to answer her mobile. The display reads: "SAM" with a heart emoji next to it.

EIRA
(joyfully)
Sam! What are you up to? just calling
for a chat?

Haf stands in the doorway frowning. Eira sees her frown and turns her back on Haf.

EIRA
What now? No, its o.k I was just doing
the bloody washing.
(looking straight at Haf)
Bored out my mind. Shall we take the
train up? What time? Yep, eleven will
be great. Meet you at the station.
Bye.

Eira puts the phone down and returns to her chores. Haf moves into the kitchen and stands next to the washing machine as Eira loads it up.

HAF
(accusingly)
I suppose that was Sam again.
Honestly, how Gareth puts up with it I
don't know. You're as thick as thieves
you and Sam. I hope you're not going
the same way as your father.

CUT TO

NYE JONES, Eira's eldest son, is in the hallway on his way out but stops and listens in to the conversation between Eira and Haf.

EIRA
(exasperated)
Oh quit moralising mam. You know me
and Sam are just friends. It's not the
dark ages when women couldn't have
male friends for God's sake!

Eira gives the washing machine a boot to make it work.

HAF
How can I put this? You and Sam may
not be jumping into bed fucking each
other, but you are definitely mind-

fucking. Admit you're having at least an emotional affair, because that's what it is. There! Is that clear enough for you?

EIRA

(shocked, facing Haf)

Mam! There's no need for that. I'm not listening to this. I'm off!

Eira grabs her bag and phone angrily and prepares to storm out. Haf moves to block the doorway facing Eira, while Nye in the hallway looks mutinous.

HAF

Your father wouldn't listen either. Both of you, same personalities. For him it was anything in a skirt, and for you it's whatever's in vogue at the time. Football stickers that were in one minute and out the next, then it was ponies, and don't ask me the number of times I've ferried you round the country after Bruce Springsteen! It's always all or nothing with you Eira, a sunny day or a storm. You need to grow up and focus more on your family and less on Sam.

Eira storms past, pushing Haf aside, and practically runs out of the front door. Haf remains shaking her head resignedly.

EXT. LATER THAT DAY - SUMMIT OF SNOWDON - HAFOD ERYRI

Sam and Eira are seated outside the visitor centre Hafod Eryri on Snowdon's summit. THE CAMERA pans round showing the magnificent panorama of the surrounding hills and landscape around them then comes to rest on Sam. Sam is looking into the distance thoughtfully.

EIRA

(animatedly)

What's up? It's just gorgeous out here today. I love seeing all the different seasons, how the mountain changes and...

SAM

(turns to face Eira. Takes her hand in his. Serious expression on his face.)

Snow. I've got something to tell you. Now I want you to just hear me out without interrupting and then we can go through everything ok?

EIRA

(suddenly changes to serious expression on her face)

Ok.

SAM

(takes a deep breath)

I'm leaving Gwen.

Eira immediately stands up tensely. She stares down at Sam.

EIRA

(in denial, shaking her head)

No. You're not leaving Gwen.

(Eira gives a nervous laugh)

Don't be daft. You and Gwen have been together for thirty years.

SAM

I've met someone else, Snow.

Eira gasps, staggers a step backwards like she's been punched.

EIRA

(breathlessly and quickly)

Who? When? I'd no idea. You can't do this to Gwen. Have you told her?

Eira starts to sob frantically. Sam gets to his feet awkwardly.

SAM

No, not yet. I'm telling you first and I'll tell Gwen tonight. You know me Snow better than I know myself. I'm weak. I'm a sucker for a pretty face and intelligent conversation. I met Megan in a bar a while back. Look, I'm bored with Gwen and my life with her. This isn't going to last long term with Meg but I want to live in the

fast lane for once...

EIRA

(softly)

Meg now is it?

(pleadingly)

But what about *us* Sam? This new 'Meg' is never going to accept me in your life the way Gwen has.

Eira turns to walk away to hide her tears. Sam follows and grabs her shoulders to turn her around to face him. He gazes at her, visibly anxious over the hurt he's causing her.

SAM

(passionately)

Snow. I hate to see you upset like this. I've never actually told you out loud but as you well know, me and you could have started some mad affair the day we met, but I didn't want that for us. I'm selfish Snow. For once in my life after years of short lived flings, when you came along, I wanted you permanently in my life, not washing my socks or being ground down by the everyday. Me and you cariad, are above the ordinariness of a sordid affair. Ordinary is beneath us. Affairs *always*, *always* end and I *NEVER* want us to end.

Sam pulls Eira close to him as she weeps on his shoulder. He then pushes her away gently, uplifting her chin with his hand, gazing into her eyes.

SAM

Megan will get used to you. I've told her that you are the only non-negotiable part of my life and she must accept that or it's finished. That's how important you are to me Snow. Christ woman, you finish my sentences for me, you know me that well. But I need a diversion from Gwen, something new, and Megan gives me that. Me and you are permanent. I might look like some working class boy made good after climbing my way up the greasy pole, but I've taught myself a few things along the way. Ever heard

of Pablo Neruda?

Eira looks up at Sam quizzically.

EIRA

Yes. He's a Chilean poet.

SAM

Well, he once said ... and he could have been talking about what you mean to me... 'I want to do with you what spring does with the cherry trees.' And what's that Snow?

EIRA

Blossom and grow.

SAM

Exactly.
(emphatically)
I will never leave you.

Eira pulls away from Sam slowly.

EIRA

(smiling weakly)

We're no Cathy and Heathcliff, but as long as you promise that you and I are still the same and Megan won't pull us apart I suppose... but Gwen...

Sam pulls a small gift wrapped package out of his coat pocket. He gives it to Eira who unwraps it. It's a silver necklace with a heart shaped pendant. On the pendant front is inscribed "CARIAD" and on the reverse "FOR EIRA -MY SNOW"

SAM

I wanted you to have this. It's from me to you Eira, with my real, pure and deepest love.

EIRA

(smiling through her tears, looks up at Sam)

You called me Eira?

SAM

(gazing at Eira intensely)

I wanted you to know just how serious I am about you. Me and you will never be together conventionally, but we are

together always. We don't need an affair because things will never change between us cariad. Ever. I promise.

THE CAMERA swivels all around the panoramic landscape while Springsteen's track "THE TIES THAT BIND" plays.

LONG SHOT OF THE TWO FIGURES STANDING ON SNOWDON'S SUMMIT.

TITLE CARD : THE FOLLOWING DAY

INT - DAY - EIRA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Eira, Gareth, Nye, Deri and Oshy are sitting at the kitchen table with Haf over lunch. Eira's mobile rings. The display shows as GWEN GLYNDWR. Eira answers it.

EIRA

Gwen. How are you?

(Gareth and Haf catch each other's eye)

Oh Gwen I am so so sorry to hear that.

(Gareth leans over to Haf and whispers)

He told you last night and then he left for Megan's apartment?... Sam only rang ten minutes ago to tell me but I didn't believe him.

(Gareth mouths the word LIAR to Eira)

Yes we'll have to meet up to try and talk sense into him and we need to meet with Megan too. I'll ring her. Sam told me where she works. What about that new cafe in town by you? Say 11am tomorrow? Fine. See you there. Don't worry we'll sort this.

Eira hangs up. Everyone around the table is looking at her in silence.

NYE

Why did you lie to Gwen Mam? Sam told you yesterday he was leaving Gwen, not ten minutes ago.

EIRA

Believe me son, I was being kind that's all.

GARETH
(cooly)
A funny sort of kindness.

CUT TO

EXT - NEXT DAY - CAFE PALAZZO - TOWN

Through the glass frontage of the cafe, Eira, Gwen and Megan are seated at a table deep in conversation. At one point Eira gets up and storms out. Gwen leaves a moment later.

TITLE CARD : 3 DAYS LATER

INT - DAY - LOUNGE- MEGAN AND SAM'S APARTMENT IN TOWN.

Sam is on the phone in the corner of the room talking to someone.

SAM
Sure. I'll be there around 6am just in case.

The SOUND of the front door opening makes Sam look up.

SAM
Can I call you back in five minutes?
Oh hold on. Stay on the line. Just someone coming in.

Sam smiles towards the front door as someone enters.

SAM
(to phone)
It's ok. It's....

There's the SOUND of a succession of rapid fire bullets from a gun. Sam drops to the floor instantly. Dead.

INT - DAY- WREXHAM POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM

Eira, Gwen and Megan have been arrested and are all sat in individual interview rooms at the police station. Eira is sat in one room

INTERCUT TO

Gwen Glyndwr sat in her interview room

INTERCUT TO

Megan Powell sat in her interview room.

Back to Eira. She is waiting nervously for questioning. DCI ODESSA MIRACLE (49) enters the room accompanied by DI TOM MORGAN (38)

DCI MIRACLE
(striding to her chair purposefully
whilst talking)

For the tape DCI Miracle and DI Morgan have entered the room. A continuation of today's questioning with suspect Eira Jones. Well Eira, we now have all three of you on CCTV at Cafe Palazzo, no doubt planning Sam Glyndwr's murder. Admit it. You're all in it together.

EIRA
(quietly)
No. I could never hurt Sam, let alone kill him. You don't understand. I'm grieving for him so much I can barely breathe.

DCI MIRACLE
Spare us the theatricals. You have the biggest motive of all three of you. Sam leaves Gwen for Megan and you find out, that in fact you're the *other* other woman. Coming third enraged you.
(Raising her voice and leaning towards Eira)
Oh come on Eira. Being a mistress is one thing, but being a *second* choice mistress is another. If he was going to leave his wife it had to be for you. When you found out he'd left you for his first choice mistress, you got together with Gwen and killed him! Didn't you? Admit it.

EIRA
(calmly)
You've got it all wrong about the relationship I have with Sam. I didn't and couldn't kill him. I've lost everything that mattered to me.

DCI MIRACLE
You're lying. Frankly, in this day and
age three women fighting over one man
should be a thing of the past.
(in an official tone of voice)
Eira Jones I am charging you with two
offences Murder and Conspiracy to
murder. You do not have to..

INTERCUT TO GWEN'S ROOM

DCI MIRACLE
....say anything but anything you do
say...

INTERCUT TO MEGANS ROOM

...will be taken down and given later as evidence in court..

INTERCUT BACK TO EIRA'S ROOM

DCI MIRACLE
..against you. Do you understand?

EIRA
(going very pale in shock but calm)
It's you who doesn't understand.

TITLE CARD 1: EIRA, GWEN AND MEGAN ARE LET OUT ON BAIL UNTIL
THE TRIAL IN 6 MONTHS TIME.

TITLE CARD 2: THE NIGHT BEFORE THE TRIAL

INT - NIGHT- EIRA'S DESK- OFFICE- CHRONICLE CYMRU

The SOUND of Eira's office phone ringing. She answers it.

EIRA
Eira Jones. Oh hi. Where are you?
Right I'll come straight away. Don't
panic. I'm on my way now.

Eira grabs her coat and bag and literally runs out of the
office as Dylan Parry, editor watches her go.

INT - FOLLOWING DAY - COURTROOM

Court room setting. Eira Gwen and Megan stand together in the
court dock as defendants. Barristers and court officials in
front of them. The Jury and jury benches to one side. THE
JUDGE, HER HONOUR, ELIZABETH HART QC presides.

JUDGE

We have heard from the prosecution counsel that all three defendants have jointly been charged with Murder and Conspiracy to Murder. All three defendant's plead Not Guilty. Now we will hear from the defendant's counsels. Mr Appleyard for Gwen Glyndwr please...

APPLEYARD QC

Thank you, Your Honour. I call Gwen Glyndwr.

Gwen Glyndwr walks to the stand and takes the oath.

APPLEYARD QC

You stand jointly accused of murder and conspiracy to murder your husband, Sawyl Glyndwr. Please take us through the events of the day of the murder.

GWEN

(purposefully)

I always call him Sam, not Sawyl. That day I was in shock. Sam had left me four or five days earlier for Megan Powell. When he told me he was leaving I automatically thought he had at last decided to leave me for his best friend...Eira Jones. Eira and Sam have a complicated friendship. To hear about Megan was a shock, but to be frank after years of his womanising behaviour, I was in some way relieved he was actually leaving me. You see I met someone myself at a friendship group I attend, so to have Sam finally leave, meant I could be open to the beginnings of a new relationship myself after 30 years of being faithful to Sam. I didn't kill him.

(openly and firmly)

I had no need to.

APPLEYARD QC

Thank you Mrs Glyndwr. An honest account I am sure the jury will be able to concur with.

JUDGE

I call Megan Powell's counsel for the defence please.

BEAUCHAMP QC

Thank you, Your Honour. I call Megan Powell to the stand.

Megan, dressed in a sober business suit, walks to the stand and takes the oath.

BEAUCHAMP QC

Ms Powell. You plead not guilty to the offences of which you are charged. Please give the court your version of events that happened on the day of the murder.

MEGAN

Sam and I had enjoyed our first week as a couple. He had left Gwen, and I admit I did have misgivings about Eira's role in his life, but I knew this would pass once we were officially a couple.

(dabbing her eyes with a tissue)
But we were very happy. I met Eira and Gwen Glyndwr in a cafe in town as Eira initiated that meeting. She wanted assurances from me that Gwen would be looked after financially and that her own place in Sam's life was in no doubt either. I could not give her those assurances and she stormed out annoyed. Gwen left shortly afterwards. Sam and I were in love. Eira particularly could not take that. I didn't kill Sam. Please believe me.

BEAUCHAMP QC

You should be believed Ms Powell, as you clearly had no motive to kill Mr Glyndwr.

(firmly looking at the jury)
No motive whatsoever.

JUDGE

Thank you Mr Beauchamp. I call on counsel for the defence of Eira Jones.

BENNION QC
Thank you, Your Honour. I call Eira
Jones to the stand.

Eira walks slowly towards the stand. ZOOM IN on her face as
it is completely devoid of expression and blank. She takes
the oath.

BENNION QC
Mrs Jones. Eira. You pleaded...

EIRA
(staring ahead blankly)
(softly)

Guilty. I did it. I murdered Sam. I
shot him.

Beat.

FLASHBACK to Sam's office the day they met when Sam says

SAM
Point Blank.

BACK TO SCENE

There is disquiet in court and a rush of voices is heard at
Eira's confession.

JUDGE
Order! I will have order in court. Mr
Bennion, I will allow you to approach
your client for clarification.

Bennion QC approaches Eira. They whisper. He shakes his head.

BENNION QC
My client wishes to change her plea
Your Honour. I request an adjournment.

JUDGE
We will adjourn for two weeks, while
you seek counsel from your client Mr
Bennion. Court adjourned.

BAILIFF
All rise!

THE CAMERA zooms in on Eira's blank face. Pan around to Gwen
Glyndwr looking shocked and Megan Powell nervously smiling.

TITLE CARD : 2 WEEKS LATER

INT - DAY - COURTROOM

Same court scene and set up as before. Eira is in the dock, alongside Gwen and Megan.

JUDGE

Mr Bennion, you have had two weeks to receive instructions from your client. How do you wish to proceed?

BENNION QC

I have indeed taken instructions from my client, Mrs Jones, and I have sent you the relevant psychiatric reports. My client wishes to plead Guilty to manslaughter on the grounds of diminished responsibility.

JUDGE

I see. I have read those reports Mr Bennion and I am not convinced on the manslaughter part.

(addressing Eira)

Eira Jones, whilst accepting the balance of your mind was disturbed at the time of the offences, I find that in evidence you were the instigator and catalyst of the meeting with yourself and Mrs Glyndwr and Ms Powell. You also had a prime motive to kill Sawyl Glyndwr. Jealousy. I find you guilty to conspiracy to murder and the murder of Mr Glyndwr. I sentence you to life imprisonment with a minimum tariff of twenty years at a high security hospital where you will receive the help you need. Take her down. Mrs Glyndwr and Ms Powell are free to go. Court dismissed.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

TITLE CARD : PRESENT DAY

INT - BACK TO PRESENT DAY AS OPENING SCENE. PATIENT'S ROOM IN MAESGLAS PSYCHIATRIC HIGH SECURITY HOSPITAL CEREDIGION WEST WALES.

Eira is stood at the window as she was in Scene 1. Dr. Anton Lombardi is seated in an armchair.

LOMBARDI

We can't move forward Eira, until you accept Sam is dead and you killed him. He's part of your past and we must break the link you still seem to think exists with him.

There is the sound of a knock on the door. A mental health nurse enters the room.

NURSE

Eira has two Visitors Doctor. I'll send them in after you've finished.

LOMBARDI

I was just leaving. Send them in now. See you tomorrow Eira.

Lombardi gets up and leaves the room. Rhiannon Glyndwr in her powered wheelchair and Nye Jones enter the room. Eira looks round and is shocked to see them.

EIRA

(surprised and angry)
Why have you both come here? I told you *NEVER* to come and see me!

NYE

We had to come mum. Rhiannon and I can't live with the guilt. You have to tell them it was us, not you, that killed Sam.

EIRA

Why did you take him away from me? I'm lost without him.

Eira takes a seat in an armchair as Rhiannon and Nye both go to her.

RHIANNON

Nye's right Eira. You should never have covered up for us. Your life is over inside here. We have to confess.

Perhaps they'll go easy on us when they know why.

EIRA

Now listen you two. After you phoned before the trial...

FLASHBACK to Eira's office at Chronicle Cymru the night before the trial. Eira's phone conversation with person(s) unknown as Dylan Parry watches her leave the office in a hurry.

BACK TO SCENE

EIRA

...well after you told me you had killed Sam between you, I knew to protect you both I had to plead guilty. Sam wanted that and he didn't want you to go to prison. He told me.

NYE

(exasperated)

He couldn't have done Mam, he's dead! We both had our reasons for killing Sam...

RHIANNON

I hated him for leaving my Mam for Megan. I also resented the amount of time he spent away from us, with you. I found the gun from dad's gun collection he uses at the pistol club and Nye just helped me to get to Megan's apartment. I fired the shots that killed Dad, and I would do it again!

NYE

I hated him too. You were always with him Mam, never time for dad and us. Nain was right, you had an affair with Sam that locked everyone out. One day at rugby, Rhiannon and I got talking and decided to do something about it, only we thought the police would go after us, not you and Gwen. But we can't live with the guilt Mam. It's time to come clean.

EIRA

(emphatically)

No! That isn't going to happen. Neither of you, or anyone else for that matter, understand my relationship with Sam. He's here with me now. We have a type of love that's impossible for anyone other than the two of us to comprehend. Now you both go home, rebuild your lives and move on. Say nothing to no one. It wouldn't do any good and the police wouldn't believe either of you. They'd think you were trying to get me off the hook. This may sound strange, but in here - in the silence, Sam and I really are together at last.

Beat.

(smiling)

Forever.

Rhiannon and Sam exit the room.

CONTINUOUS

EXT - EARLY EVENING - SIGN - MAESGLAS HIGH SECURITY MENTAL HOSPITAL.

Rhiannon and Nye are standing in the hospital grounds.

RHIANNON

I don't know what to do or say. We can't let her rot away in there.

NYE

(suddenly seeing things clearly)
Why not? Think about it. She may not have committed murder, but she sure as hell needs all the mental health care she can get. She actually believes your dad is still with her. I don't think she will ever break her link with him, even in death. You know how besotted she is with Springsteen right?

(Rhiannon nods)

Well, she has the BORN TO RUN ringtone on her phone. I've heard that track

too many times. Well, one line of the lyrics is "I love you with all the madness in my soul." Ironical that Springsteen could sum up how my Mam thinks about your dad. But she *does* love him with all the madness in her soul. She's got deep, severe issues that can be treated in here.

RHIANNON

(contemplating thoughtfully)
You could be right there. I just can't believe for one minute your mam would want to go to prison for life to protect us.

NYE

It's not for us. Can't you see? She's doing all this for Sam.

INT - NIGHT- EIRA'S ROOM IN MAESGLAS PSYCHIATRIC HIGH SECURITY HOSPITAL CEREDIGION WEST WALES.

Eira is looking out of the window at the darkening sky and landscape. She is alone.

EIRA

Talk to me Sam. What I wouldn't give to see you now. The kids came here today. I did exactly what you wanted me to do: Protect them. Just as you would have done.

(Nods and smiles as if she hears Sam's voice.)

I hear you. No one gets us Sam. Not the police, the kids, Gareth, my mam - Gwen, Megan, no one. Sometimes love like ours is just too precious to understand.

Eira walks over to her mobile, and scrolls through her music playlists. The display shows all Springsteen, apart from one track.

EIRA

I don't even think the mighty Mr Springsteen has a track right now. Perhaps this will do instead.

Eira selects "SAM" by OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN. She picks up the "CARIAD" necklace given to her by Sam and walks to the framed photo on the wall, of her and Sam laughing on Snowdon's summit. She runs a finger over his face and looks down at the necklace. "SAM" PLAYS OUT.

FADE OUT.

TITLES.