

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM -- LATER

A tape recorder runs and it's the usual formal police interview stuff. PI Graham and DI D'Angelo sit with Annie.

PI GRAHAM

11.22, Wednesday 29 August 2007. Present in the room are Detective Constable D'Angelo and Police Inspector Graham and the interviewee Mrs Annie Delacour. For the record Mrs Delacour has been made aware of her rights and has, at this time, declined the services of a solicitor.

Annie looks very small.

PI GRAHAM CONT'D

Mrs Delacour, how would you describe the state of your marriage?

ANNIE

(quiet)

It was fine.

PI GRAHAM

I'm sorry, speak up please.

ANNIE

(louder)

It was fine.

PI GRAHAM

And how long have you been married?

ANNIE

Six years. And two months.

DI D'ANGELO

And what exactly do you mean by fine?

ANNIE

It wasn't all bells and whistles but it wasn't a disaster either.

DI D'ANGELO

You're a politics lecturer at the university, is that right?

ANNIE

Yes.

DI D'ANGELO

That sounded to me like a political answer.

ANNIE

It wasn't supposed to.

DI D'ANGELO

"It wasn't all bells and whistles but it wasn't a disaster." I'd be interested to hear your definition of 'not a disaster'.

ANNIE

Well...

PI GRAHAM

You told your friend...

He looks at his notes.

PI GRAHAM CONT'D

Bella Swinburne that you hadn't had sex in four months and were thinking of leaving him.

ANNIE

Every marriage has its ups and downs.

Beat.

ANNIE CONT'D

(small smile)

Some friend huh?

PI GRAHAM

Were you having an affair?

ANNIE

(level)

No.

DI D'ANGELO

Perhaps you wanted your husband out of the way. Was that your motive?

Annie looks in disbelief.

ANNIE

Uh...

DI D'ANGELO

Your husband was treated at the BRI and, let me see, had nine stitches in a head wound that was the result of...

He makes parenthesis marks with his fingers.

DI D'ANGELO CONT'D

..."a little tiff with my wife". Was this a slightly bigger "tiff" Mrs Delacour?

ANNIE

No.

DI D'ANGELO

A bit more of a "down" than you anticipated?

ANNIE

No.

DI D'ANGELO

There was no record of your flight to Barcelona and the conference organisers have no record of your attendance. So perhaps you'd like to tell us where you were on the night of Saturday 25 August?

ANGLE on Annie.

EXT. BRISTOL STREET. NIGHT -- FLASHBACK MONTAGE

Annie'S POV of Charlie and Tanya beside their car with their kids.

EXT. BRISTOL STREET. NIGHT

Tanya and Annie are students, outside a rowdy student pub. Tanya looks after Annie as she throws up.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE ENDS

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY

DI D'Angelo looks hard.

DI D'ANGELO

Mrs Delacour?

Annie jerks back into reality. A tear escapes.

ANNIE

I...I was on the moor. Exmoor. In my car.

DI D'ANGELO

I see. That seems a strange place to spend the night.

ANNIE

I went, went for a drive, to clear my head. I was going to go to Barcelona and changed my mind. I just drove on from the airport.

PI GRAHAM

And where did you sleep?

ANNIE

In my car.

PI GRAHAM

Whereabouts?

ANNIE

In the passenger seat I put the...

PI GRAHAM

(condescending)

Whereabouts, on the moor?

Beat.

ANNIE

(quiet)

I, I don't know.

DI D'ANGELO

Mrs Delacour, you expect us to believe that you just drove out on to the moor, found a spot for the night and slept in your car?

ANNIE

Yes.

DI D'ANGELO

Did anyone see you?

ANNIE

I don't know. I don't think so.

PI GRAHAM

Perhaps you were on the moor meeting an accomplice. Or a lover? Perhaps they're one and the same person and you're trying, rather badly, to cover up for them.

Beat. She holds his gaze.

ANNIE

I didn't kill my husband. I was on Exmoor, far away from him. Far away.

DI D'ANGELO

Mrs Delacour, this is the start of a police investigation into your husband's murder. A murder for which, at the moment, you do not appear to have an alibi. Your word, I'm afraid, however educated, is not good enough. We will continue our enquiries and we'll want to see you again. Do you have a solicitor?

ANNIE

John ummm, John Kingsley. Are you arresting me?

DI D'ANGELO

Should we be?

ANNIE

This is ridiculous. No of course not.

DI D'ANGELO

Please don't be tempted to leave Bristol, Mrs Delacour, while you're still helping us with our enquiries.

INT. JAMES' CAR. DAY

James drives through Bristol listening to a 'learn French' tape.

TAPED VOICE

Au magasin.

JAMES

Au magasin.

TAPED VOICE

Bonjour madame.

JAMES

Bonjour madame.

TAPED VOICE.

Je voudrais une chemise jaune, s'il vous plait.

JAMES

Je voudrais une chemise jaune, s'il vous plait.

TAPED VOICE

(posh)

I would like a yellow shirt please.

James pulls up outside Annie's house.

TAPED VOICE CONT'D

Avez-vous des pantalons v...

James stops the tape. He looks out at the house, taking a deep breath. He doesn't look too happy about life.

EXT. BRISTOL STREET. DAY -- FLASHBACK

Five years ago and a younger student James is walking with files. He spots Annie walking carefree across the street. His POV of her bum moving within the confines of her skirt. He smiles, enjoying the view.

His staring is interrupted by JESSICA, a pretty blond student who kisses him on the mouth. He looks guilty, watching Annie enter her house. Jessica breaks off to follow his gaze and pouts. He smiles and kisses her back.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. JAMES' CAR. DAY

He stares and imagines....:

INT. ANNIE'S CORRIDOR. NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Like Scene 1, Annie locks the door. She looks tense. This time she keeps her coat on, starting up the stairs.

INT. ANNIE'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Patrick watches TV. Annie quietly approaches, standing over him. She aims and boom! blood splatters the TV.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. JAMES' CAR. DAY

James looks shaken and in need of some reassurance, so he pulls out his mobile and dials.

JAMES

Hi it's me...no, no, fine, fine. You
OK?...Gus gone to Nin's?... 'bout
six...Yup. No, no, really? ...Yup. Yeah,
just going in to see her now...yeah I
know, it'll be fine I love you...bye, bye.

He rings off and opens the door, taking deep calming breaths.

INT. ANNIE'S SITTING ROOM -- LATER

Annie tries to put up a picture as James approaches.

JAMES

Here, let me help.

He stands near.

ANNIE

It's fine, I can manage.

INT. COTTAGE BATHROOM. DAY -- FLASHBACK

Annie soaps Charlie with Pears Soap, in the bath.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. ANNIE'S SITTING ROOM. DAY

She puts the picture down, wiping her nose, as if she's trying to get the smell out.

ANNIE

I'll do it later.

JAMES

(quick)

Fine.

He sits down.

JAMES CONT'D

Actually could I have a cup of tea?

ANNIE

Kitchen's over there. If you dare go in it that is.

She turns to the window. James sits there, then stands, determined. He heads for the kitchen and then stops at the door. Annie lets out the ghost of a smile.

JAMES

Isn't it a bit weird?

ANNIE

He's dead. He's not coming back.

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE. DAY -- FLASHBACK

Tension as Annie creeps around Charlie's house, peering in through a window. She sees a pile of unopened mail addressed to Charlie.

Noises OS make her stop. The POSTMAN arrives and she dives for cover.

EXT. FRONT TANIA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Tania returns in the car.

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Annie stares through the window as Tania walks in with more mail. Annie quickly drops out of sight. Tania opens a window above her.

TANIA

(calls)

Mistou, Mistou! C'mon. Here kitty kitty.

As Tania bangs a jar, Annie sees the cat approaching. OS the phone goes and Tania disappears. Annie makes a run for it.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. ANNIE'S KITCHEN. DAY

The kitchen is spartan and very well scrubbed. James fills the kettle. He looks down at the floor and then looks up to see Annie staring out the window.

James bends down, running a hand along the tiles. He jumps when the kettle snaps off.

As he makes the tea, he notices a rack of old post cards. On the top is one from Estonia, which he picks it up and reads.

ANNIE

That was a peace offering.

James jumps again.

JAMES

Sorry, I didn't...

ANNIE

White, two sugars. If the milk isn't yoghurt. Post cards are public property aren't they?

Annie takes the card off him, flicking it over. James, chastened, gets her a mug.

ANNIE CONT'D

I wasn't needy y'know. If anything, I was the opposite. I liked lecturing. And yet the more space I gave him, the more time I gave him to himself, he just consumed it. Work just consumed it. Sometimes I found myself wishing it was another woman. Or maybe even a man. Flesh and blood at least, not just the allure of some fucking mindless plastic box. Only I s'pose they weren't mindless because of what he could do to them.

Annie takes her tea without thanking him.

ANNIE CONT'D

Tanya and Charlie. Even scared little Tanya kept her marriage together.

Annie looks into her tea, deep in thought.

ANNIE CONT'D

It was like, it was like driving. Like being in France and it was beautiful and warm and scented. And there's no, no destination, just the journey. And then you take a wrong turn, but it doesn't seem to matter because you can get back on to the other road. You think you can. And you take another turn and then another. And it gets darker and suddenly you're both lost y'know? But neither of you wants to admit it. And now you're together because staying in the car seems safer than getting out. And part of you, that fucked up, stupid girl lost vulnerable part of you thinks you might still get back to that beautiful road. You're intelligent, sensitive people, of course you can find your way back! Logical people. You're logical. Getting lost happens to other people. To fucked up stupid people. Friends would get divorced, or colleagues at uni. It made me smug. Superior. How sad their little lives were. How sad they couldn't even keep a marriage together. Little people. Little lives.

Beat.

ANNIE CONT'D

Estonia was part of the beautiful road.
But we were well lost by then.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Annie and Patrick argue.

ANNIE

But we were happy there. We had fun there.
You remember fun?

PATRICK

It's just not appropriate.

ANNIE

Appropriate? Appropriate? What the hell
does that mean when it's at home? How can
it not be appropriate to take your wife?
We loved Estonia Paddy.

PATRICK

Times...times have changed Annie.

She looks at him.

PATRICK CONT'D

I. There are things I have to do out
there, and it wouldn't be right if you
were around.

ANNIE

Is there someone else?

PATRICK

(half laughing)

Someone else? Of course not my love, it's
nothing like that. I promise.

ANNIE

Then...

PATRICK

Please Annie. I just can't say, but I
will. Soon.

FLASHBACK ENDS