

EPI/SC1. INT. SMITHY'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 1. 08.20

ELIZABETH, NORMAN

[NORMAN BUTTONS HIS SHIRT, ADMIRING HIMSELF IN A FULL LENGTH MIRROR, HIS TROUSERS OFF, WHILE ELIZABETH SITS ON THE BED, HER KNEES PULLED UP TO HER CHIN, WEARING A DESOLATE EXPRESSION.

NORMAN BOHUN - 35, HANDSOME, NARCISSISTIC, A SWAGGER ABOUT HIM EVEN WHEN HE'S STANDING STILL. ELIZABETH BARNES - 25, BEAUTIFUL, PETITE, FRAGILE.

SHE NOTICES THE OVERTURNED PHOTOGRAPH. SETS IT UPRIGHT. STARES AT THE PICTURE OF HERSELF AND SIMEON, EMBRACING. GUILT-STRICKEN, SHE PUTS IT BACK DOWN. SPOTS NORMAN SMILING AT HER IN THE MIRROR. SHE GLARES AT HIM. LOOKS AWAY. FULL OF SELF-

[HE PICKS UP HIS TROUSERS FROM THE FLOOR. HIS WALLET SLIPS OUT, FALLING UNDERNEATH THE BED. NEITHER NORMAN NOR ELIZABETH SPOT IT. HE PULLS ON HIS TROUSERS]

NORMAN:

You're just being a good wife, remember?

[SHE NODS, STIFLING TEARS]

NORMAN:

Let me hear you say it.

ELIZABETH:

I'm a good wife.

[HE FINISHES DRESSING. NOTICES THE DOWN-TURNED PICTURE. SETS IT UPRIGHT, SO SHE CAN SEE IT. LEANS OVER HER. GENTLY CARESSES HER FACE]

NORMAN:

If you ever doubt that, just remember this – if I don't get what I'm owed, I'll turn you from wife to widow in the blink of an eye. I swear it... (PUTS HIS HAND ON THE BIBLE) So help me God.

[ELIZABETH FLINCHES FROM HIS TOUCH. NORMAN SMILES]

CUT TO:

TITLES

EPI/SC2. EXT. ST MARY’S PARISH / KEMBLEFORD STREETS.
DAY 1. 12.00

FATHER BROWN

NSE PARISHONERS

[A BEAUTIFUL DAY. FATHER BROWN GETS ON HIS BICYCLE OUTSIDE ST MARY’S, THEN SETS OFF.

HE RIDES HIS BICYCLE THROUGH KEMBLEFORD, MILES OF COUNTRYSIDE BEHIND HIM. HE WEARS A HAPPY SMILE, NODDING TO PARISHONERS THAT HE PASSES]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC3. EXT. VILLAGE GREEN. DAY 1. 12.05

EPISODE 1 – THE HAMMER OF GOD – SHOOTING SCRIPT
22 January 2013

[THEY LAUGH AS THEY STROLL ONTO THE GROUNDS, WHERE MRS MCCARTHY AND SUSIE ARE WRANGLING OVER WHERE TO PLACE A VASE OF FLOWERS. WILFRED SPOTS ELIZABETH TAKING IN THE LAUNDRY HANGING ON A LINE IN HER GARDEN]

WILFRED:
(TO FATHER BROWN) Just one moment...

[WILFRED HEADS OVER TO ELIZABETH, WHILE FATHER BROWN APPROACHES MRS MCCARTHY AND SUSIE, WHO HAVEN'T YET NOTICED HIM]

MRS MCCARTHY:
(TO SUSIE) Not there. The petals are falling into the salad.

SUSIE:
Looks nice. Like garnish.

[MRS MCCARTHY SIGHS, MOVES THE FLOWERS]

FATHER BROWN:
Susie... Mrs McCarthy... It's like I haven't even left St Mary's.

SUSIE:
(THROWING MRS MCCARTHY AN ANNOYED LOOK) Agreed.

MRS MCCARTHY:
(TO FATHER BROWN, A LITTLE APOLOGETIC) Reverend Bohun asked me to bake some of my award-winning strawberry scones. How could I say no?

FATHER BROWN:
And how can I?

[HE MAKES TO TAKE ONE. SHE TAPS HIS HAND]

MRS MCCARTHY:
Not yet. When the guests arrive.

FATHER BROWN:
Thought I was a guest.

[SUSIE SETS DOWN AN EXOTIC-LOOKING SWEET NOODLE DISH SPRINKLED WITH POPPY SEEDS. MRS MCCARTHY GIVES IT A DISPARAGING LOOK]

SUSIE:
Kluski z makiem i rodzynekami. In Poland, it's very popular.

FATHER BROWN:

Hmm?

WILFRED:

The new clock tower. (GESTURING TO IT) New roofing plates. Cast iron dials. Brand new bell. Kempleford will hear its first resounding bellow at 3pm. Precisely.

FATHER BROWN:

(CHECKING HIS POCKET WATCH) Precisely? Are you sure?

WILFRED:

What do you mean?

FATHER BROWN:

Appears to be running about ten seconds too slow.

WILFRED:

You can't tell that from a pocket watch. You're pulling my leg.

FATHER BROWN:

Wouldn't dream of it.

[FATHER BROWN OFFERS HIS WATCH. WILFRED BRUSHES IT AWAY. EYES FATHER BROWN SUSPICIOUSLY. HURRIES OVER TO A PARISHONER, BORROWS HIS POCKET WATCH, CHECKS THE TIME. FATHER BROWN CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF.

HE SPOTS ELIZABETH GATHERING THE LAUNDRY. GIVES HER A WAVE. SHE SMILES FAINTLY, THEN AVOIDING HIS GAZE, GATHERS THE LAST OF THE LAUNDRY, HURRIES WITH IT BACK TO THE HOUSE.

REGISTERING HER UNEASE, FATHER BROWN WATCHES HER CURIOUSLY]

CUT TO:

EPISODE 1 – THE HAMMER OF GOD – SHOOTING SCRIPT

ELIZABETH:

Nothing. Just tired, that's all. (OF HIS SHIRT, EAGER TO CHANGE SUBJECT) I hope you're not planning to wear that to the table. It's filthy.

[HE PULLS OFF HIS TOP, REVEALING A FINE PHYSIQUE. REGARDS HER WITH A TWINKLE IN HIS EYE]

SIMEON:

Better?

MRS MCCARTHY:

(OOV) Coo-eee!

[MRS MCCARTHY WAVES THROUGH THE OPEN KITCHEN WINDOW]

MRS MCCARTHY:

Sorry to disturb you. I wonder if we could borrow some... (NOTICING SIMEON SEMI-NAKED AS ELIZABETH STEPS ASIDE) Oh!

SIMEON:

I'll put something on.

MRS MCCARTHY:

(COVERING HER EYES) Yes, thank you.

[ELIZABETH SUPPRESSES A SMILE. FOLLOW SIMEON AS HE HEADS OUT]

MRS MCCARTHY:

(OOV) We've run out of plates...

CUT TO:

EPI/SC5. INT. SMITHY’S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 1. 12.31

SIMEON, MRS MCCARTHY (OOV)

[SIMEON GOES INTO THE BEDROOM. PULLS OUT A SHIRT FROM THE WARDROBE]

MRS MCCARTHY:

(OOV, FAINT) I think we’ll need at least 10 or 15, if you can spare. I’ve made my award-winning strawberry scones and I expect them to be popular as always... Thank you, dear. Much appreciated.

[AS SIMEON PUTS ON THE SHIRT, HE SPOTS NORMAN’S WALLET REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR, TUCKED UNDER THE BED. PICKS IT UP. OPENS IT. SEES NORMAN’S GOLF CLUB MEMBERSHIP CARD.]

SIMEON – SHOCKED. DREADING WHAT THIS MIGHT MEAN]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC6. EXT. VILLAGE GREEN. DAY 1. 13.30

**FATHER BROWN, MRS MCCARTHY, SUSIE, LADY FELICIA,
WILFRED, NORMAN, ELIZABETH, SIMEON, PHILIP**

NSE STRING QUARTET, NSE PARISHONERS

[THE PARTY'S IN FULL SWING, THE STRING
QUARTET PLAYING "POR UNA CABEZA" BY
CARLOS GARDEL. MRS MCCARTHY GOSSIPS TO
TWO NSE PARISHONERS, WHILE HOLDING A PLATE
OF HER SCONES...]

MRS MCCARTHY:

I shudder to think what I would've seen if I'd arrived a few minutes later.

[GO TO FATHER BROWN, ENGAGED IN
CONVERSATION WITH PHILIP WALKER, MID 30S,
MILD-MANNERED, A LITTLE NERDY, BUT
HANDSOME]

PHILIP:

But surely you must acknowledge that evolution renders God superfluous, at best.

FATHER BROWN:

(CHUCKLES) Quite the contrary. The majesty of life's tapestry only reveals the divine. It doesn't deny it.

PHILIP:

You ought to spend some time with me in the field, watching insects devouring each other. Then tell me how divine you think it is.

FATHER BROWN:

Sounds fascinating – and I do love camping. Tell me when and where.

[LADY FELICIA BREEZES OVER, WEARING AN
ELABORATE FEATHERED HAT]

LADY FELICIA:

Father Brown...

FATHER BROWN:

Speaking of wildlife... Lady Felicia, you appear to have something nesting in your hat.

LADY FELICIA:

(LAUGHS) You do tickle me, Father.

FATHER BROWN:

I hear you'll be performing for us later.

LADY FELICIA:

Reverend Bohun insisted I perform my Habanera.

FATHER BROWN:

I bet he did.

[MRS MCCARTHY AND SUSIE APPROACH]

SUSIE:

(DUAL DIALOGUE) Polish delicacy?

MRS MCCARTHY:

(DUAL DIALOGUE) Award-winning scone?

[THEY LOOK TORN BETWEEN THE TWO DISHES.
THE ROAR OF A CAR ENGINE DRAWS THEIR
ATTENTION. NORMAN PULLS UP, PARKING ASKEW,
STAGGERS OUT, A BOTTLE OF FINE WINE IN HIS
HAND. ELIZABETH STIFFENS. SIMEON QUIETLY
REGISTERS HER REACTION]

NORMAN:

(TO WILFRED) Seems my invitation got lost in the post.

[WILFRED CLOSSES HIS EYES, DESPAIRINGLY.
FATHER BROWN REGISTERS THE ANTAGONISM
BETWEEN THEM]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC7. EXT. VILLAGE GREEN. DAY 1. 14.00

**FATHER BROWN, SUSIE, MRS MCCARTHY, LADY FELICIA,
WILFRED, NORMAN, ELIZABETH, SIMEON, PHILIP**

NSE PARISHONERS, NSE STRING QUARTET

[NORMAN HOLDS COURT OVER SOME
PARISHONERS, PHILIP, LADY FELICIA, MRS
MCCARTHY, AND FATHER BROWN AMONGST
THEM. NEARBY, WILFRED'S CHATTING TO
ELIZABETH AND SIMEON, ALL THREE
UNCOMFORTABLE, TRYING TO IGNORE NORMAN.
NSE STRING QUARTET CONTINUES TO PLAY]

NORMAN:

Ecumenical harmony. Warms the heart. Catholics and Anglicans taking tea together, pretending to be all chummy.

[MRS MCCARTHY QUIETLY SEETHES]

FATHER BROWN:

Pretending?

NORMAN:

Oh come on, Father. Underneath it all, you think the other side's going to hell.

[PHILIP LAUGHS, SHAKING HIS HEAD, ENJOYING
NORMAN'S OUTRAGEOUSNESS. MRS MCCARTHY
REDDENS WITH ANGER]

NORMAN:

And besides, the pomp and bluster of Catholicism – all a bit silly, isn't it?

WILFRED:

(HURRYING OVER) Norman! (TO FATHER BROWN) Forgive my brother.

FATHER BROWN:

He's entitled to his opinion.

LADY FELICIA:

As odious as it is.

PHILIP:

I, for one, find Norman's candour refreshing.

MRS MCCARTHY:

(BLURTING IT OUT) As refreshing as a used toilet.

[MRS MCCARTHY – SHOCKED BY HER OWN WORDS
– QUICKLY COVERS HER MOUTH, BLUSHING]

MRS MCCARTHY:

(TO THE OTHERS, NOT NORMAN) I do beg your pardon. That was most uncouth. (FLUSTERED, RAISING HER PLATTER OF SCONES) Award-winning scone?

[THE OTHERS SHAKE THEIR HEADS WITH EXPRESSIONS OF MILD DISTASTE. NORMAN AND PHILIP CAN'T HELP BUT SMILE. EMBARRASSED, MRS MCCARTHY HURRIES AWAY. WILFRED SHOOTS NORMAN A LOOK, GOES AFTER HER.

NORMAN SPOTS ELIZABETH AND SIMEON. GIVES THEM A NOD AND A SMILE. SIMEON BRISTLES. MARCHES AWAY. FATHER BROWN WATCHES, INTRIGUED]

LADY FELICIA:

(TO NORMAN) You're a vulgar man.

NORMAN:

Lady Felicia, I may be wrong, but judging by your general demeanour and the way you're looking at me, I'd say I'm making you randy.

[PHILIP LAUGHS. LADY FELICIA THROWS HER CHAMPAGNE IN NORMAN'S FACE. GASPS ALL ROUND. FELICIA STORMS OFF. NORMAN SMILES, WIPES AWAY THE CHAMPAGNE – THEN CATCHES SIGHT OF SUSIE, WHO'S CLEARING AWAY SOME PLATES, GLANCING AT HIM NERVOUSLY. NORMAN LOOKS DEEPLY TROUBLED TO SEE HER. SUSIE HURRIES OFF INTO THE HOUSE. FATHER BROWN CLOCKS THE EXCHANGE. NORMAN WANDERS OFF AFTER HER.

FATHER BROWN APPROACHES ELIZABETH]

FATHER BROWN:

Elizabeth... Haven't seen you at Mass for a while. Everything all right?

ELIZABETH:

Sorry, Father. Just busy.

FATHER BROWN:

I'm not chastising you. If there's anything you'd like to talk about –

ELIZABETH:

I'm fine. Thank you.

[SHE WALKS AWAY, LEAVING FATHER BROWN
CONCERNED]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC8. EXT. REAR OF WILFRED'S CHURCH. DAY 1. 14.07

MRS MCCARTHY, SUSIE, NORMAN

[STRING QUARTET AND PARTY SOUNDS IN THE NEAR DISTANCE.]

THE REAR OF THE CHURCH LOOKS OUT ONTO A FIELD. MRS MCCARTHY COMES OUT WITH JUGS OF JUICE.

SHE'S ABOUT TO HEAD BACK TO THE PARTY, WHEN SHE OVERHEARS SUSIE AND NORMAN ARGUING. SHE FOLLOWS THEIR VOICES ROUND TO THE SIDE OF THE CHURCH...]

NORMAN:

(OOV) You're supposed to be gone.

SUSIE:

(OOV) I need more money.

NORMAN:

(OOV) I gave you £10. You're not getting a penny more.

SUSIE:

(OOV) You know how expensive is London?

NORMAN:

(OOV) It'll cost you more if you stay here. I guarantee it.

[MRS MCCARTHY ARRIVES UPON NORMAN AND SUSIE AT THE REAR OF THE RESIDENCE, NORMAN GRASPING SUSIE'S WRIST. THEY SPOT HER. NORMAN HURRIES AWAY.]

SUSIE SHOOTS MRS MCCARTHY A DISPARAGING LOOK. STORMS OFF, LEAVING MRS MCCARTHY INTRIGUED]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC9. EXT. VILLAGE GREEN. DAY 1. 14.10

**FATHER BROWN, MRS MCCARTHY, LADY FELICIA, WILFRED,
NORMAN, SIMEON, ELIZABETH, PHILIP**

NSE PARISHONERS, NSE STRING QUARTET

[FELICIA PERFORMS “HABANERA” FROM BIZET’S
CARMEN, IN FRENCH, GIVING IT GREAT GUSTO,
ACCOMPANIED BY THE STRING QUARTET.

THE WHOLE PARTY ARE GATHERED AROUND,
WATCHING, MRS MCCARTHY AND WILFRED
ENJOYING THE PERFORMANCE.

ELIZABETH AND SIMEON ARE STANDING
TOGETHER, NORMAN NEARBY. HIS GAZE
WANDERS OVER TO ELIZABETH, DROPS DOWN TO
HER REAR END.

ELIZABETH REDDENS, PAINFULLY AWARE OF HIS
STARE.

FATHER BROWN NOTICES THE SILENT
INTERACTION]

LADY FELICIA:

(SINGING) L’amour... L’amour... L’amour...

[SIMEON SPOTS NORMAN STARING AT HIS WIFE’S
BEHIND. NORMAN RAISES HIS GAZE TO MEET
SIMEON’S. A THIN SMILE SPREADS ACROSS
NORMAN’S LIPS.

SIMEON LOSES IT. LUNGES AT NORMAN. THE
CROWD SCREAMS. SIMEON PLOUGHS INTO
NORMAN, AND THEY BOTH GO FLYING INTO THE
STRING QUARTET. FELICIA’S KNOCKED ONTO THE
GROUND, HER HAT FLYING OFF HER HEAD AND
LANDING IN A BOWL OF TRIFLE. WILFRED AND
MRS MCCARTHY ARE AGHAST.

SIMEON TAKES OUT THE WALLET, THRUSTS IT
INTO NORMAN’S FACE]

SIMEON:

You forgot something, you vile, disgusting rodent!

[PHILIP AND NSE PARISHONERS PULL SIMEON OFF
OF NORMAN.

SIMEON DOES HIS BEST TO COLLECT HIMSELF.
GLARES AT ELIZABETH, WHO STARES AT HIM,
MORTIFIED]

NORMAN:

You're finished, Barnes.

[SILENCE - ALL EYES ON A DEEPLY ASHAMED
ELIZABETH. SIMEON STRIDES TOWARDS HIS
HOUSE.

ELIZABETH STARTS TOWARDS SIMEON, BUT STOPS,
CAN'T BRING HERSELF TO GO TO HIM.

SHE GLANCES AT FATHER BROWN. HE MAKES TO
GO TO HER, BUT SHE SHAKES HER HEAD.
SCURRIES OFF TOWARDS A BENCH IN THE
GRAVEYARD, FATHER BROWN WATCHING HER
LEAVE.

SIMEON STOPS AT HIS DOOR, WATCHES ELIZABETH
HEADING TOWARDS THE GRAVEYARD.
CONSIDERS]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC10. INT. WILFRED'S VICARAGE. LIVING ROOM. DAY
1. 14.15

WILFRED, NORMAN

[NORMAN SCOURS A DRINKS CABINET, TAKES OUT
A BOTTLE OF BRANDY. WILFRED HURRIES IN]

NORMAN:

(OF BRANDY) So this is where you hide the good stuff.

[WILFRED REGARDS NORMAN HESITANTLY.
PAINED]

WILFRED:

I'm cutting you off.

NORMAN:

Excuse me?

WILFRED:

(HESITATES) Father left a clause in the inheritance. It entrusts me with
the purse strings – including all real estate holdings. I'm invoking it.

[WILFRED HANDS HIM SOME DOCUMENTS – AN

EPI/SC13. EXT. WILFRED’S CHURCHYARD. DAY 1. 14.59

**FATHER BROWN, MRS MCCARTHY, LADY FELICIA (OOV),
WILFRED, PHILIP**

NSE PARISHONERS, NSE STRING QUARTET

[THE PARTY GOERS GATHERED IN FRONT OF THE
CLOCK TOWER – ONE MINUTE TO THREE]

MRS MCCARTHY:

(TO FATHER BROWN) Where’s the Reverend? He’s going to miss his big moment.

[WILFRED HURRIES OVER]

FATHER BROWN:

(PUTTING A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER) Are you all right, Wilfred?

WILFRED:

I’ll be fine. Can’t let my brother’s shenanigans ruin the day.

[WILFRED STEPS ONTO A SMALL PODIUM, AS
PHILIP REJOINS THE CROWD – LOOKING SHIFTY]

WILFRED:

(TO CROWD) Thank you everyone for coming – and my sincere apologies for the fracas earlier. We won’t let it spoil the day. We’ve been blessed

EP1/SC14. EXT. REAR OF WILFRED’S CHURCHYARD. DAY 1.
15.00

**FATHER BROWN, SUSIE, MRS MCCARTHY, LADY FELICIA,
WILFRED, NORMAN, PHILIP, SIMEON, ELIZABETH**

NSE PARISHONERS

[EVERYONE ARRIVES ON THE SCENE, INCLUDING
SUSIE, ELIZABETH AND SIMEON, TO FIND LADY
FELICIA STANDING IN SHOCK, STARING AT
NORMAN’S BODY, LYING SPRAWLED AT THE EDGE
OF THE FIELD BEHIND THE VICARAGE. HIS HEAD
HAS BEEN CAVED IN]

WILFRED:
Norman! No...

[PHILIP APPROACHES THE BODY, BARELY ABLE TO
LOOK]

PHILIP:
He’s dead.

[MRS MCCARTHY CRIES IN SHOCK, FATHER BROWN
PUTTING AN ARM AROUND HER. **END OF ACT 1**]

CUT TO:

EPIISODE 1 – THE HAMMER OF GOD – SHOOTING SCRIPT
22 January 2013

EPI1/SC15. EXT. STREET NEAR CHURCH. DAY 1. 15.20

EP1/SC16. EXT. REAR OF WILFRED'S CHURCH. DAY 1. 15.25

FATHER BROWN, INSPECTOR VALENTINE, SUSIE, MRS MCCARTHY, LADY FELICIA, WILFRED, NORMAN, ELIZABETH, SIMEON, PHILIP

NSE PARISHONERS, NSE POLICE OFFICERS, NSE DOCTOR

[PARISHONERS LOOK ON AT A DISCREET DISTANCE, LADY FELICIA NUMB WITH SHOCK.]

MRS MCCARTHY AND SUSIE WATCH WHILE INSPECTOR VALENTINE AND THE POLICE OFFICERS EXAMINE THE CRIME SCENE, THE DOCTOR EXAMINING THE BODY. SIMEON AND ELIZABETH STAND ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE GARDEN, WATCHING WITH NUMB EXPRESSIONS. PHILIP STANDS APART, STARING AT THE GROUND.

FATHER BROWN IS AT WILFRED'S SIDE, A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER, WILFRED HANGING HIS HEAD]

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

(TO DOCTOR) Looks like a single blow to the head. The skull's been smashed like an eggshell. Fragments of bone driven into the ground and the body...

[WILFRED FLINCHES AT HIS WORDS]

FATHER BROWN:

(TO WILFRED) Perhaps you should go inside.

WILFRED:

I'm not going anywhere.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

(TO OFFICERS) Search for a weapon.

[THE OFFICERS START SCOURING THE GRASS]

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

Lady Felicia, did you see anyone running away from the scene?

LADY FELICIA:

(BARELY CONTAINED HYSERIA) I can't... I don't...

FATHER BROWN:

It's alright. Take your time.

LADY FELICIA:

I was cleaning my hat. I looked out... I saw... He was lying there. I... I didn't see anyone else.

[LADY FELICIA SHAKES HER HEAD, CONFUSED AND SHOCKED]

LADY FELICIA:

I'm sorry, I think I need to lie down.

[LADY FELICIA HEADS OFF, ACCOMPANIED BY A PARISHONER. VALENTINE TURNS TO THE CROWD]

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

I'll need statements from all of you. Who last saw Mr Bohun alive?

[SUSIE LOOKS AWAY, DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING. MRS MCCARTHY EYES HER SUSPICIOUSLY. PHILIP GLANCES NERVOUSLY OVER AT VALENTINE, BUT DOESN'T RESPOND. MRS MCCARTHY'S ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING TO VALENTINE, BUT WILFRED GETS THERE FIRST]

WILFRED:

(TO VALENTINE) Isn't that obvious? (POINTING AT SIMEON) The murderer. He attacked him less than an hour before – in front of dozens of witnesses.

[ELIZABETH SPOTS SIMEON'S HAMMER IN THE GRASS, THE HEAD COVERED IN BLOOD. SHE GLANCES AT A SEARCHING POLICE OFFICER, GETTING CLOSER]

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

Mr Barnes?

[SIMEON LOCKS EYES WITH ELIZABETH]

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

Mr Barnes, did you do this?

SIMEON

He got what was coming to him.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

Is that a confession?

WILFRED:

You don't need a confession. Look at his head. Who else could deliver such a blow?

[OVER WILFRED'S LINE: ELIZABETH STARES AT THE HAMMER, GLANCES AT THE APPROACHING POLICE OFFICER. LOOKS AT A NEARBY HEADSTONE.

SHE KICKS THE HAMMER TOWARDS THE HEADSTONE, BUT IT STOPS SHORT, LANDING ONLY HALF-WAY BEHIND IT. ELIZABETH BRISTLES WITH FRUSTRATION. THE POLICE OFFICER SPOTS THE HAMMER. CALLS THE INSPECTOR. HE HURRIES OVER, PICKS UP THE HAMMER WITH A CLOTH]

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

(TO SIMEON) Is this one of yours?

[SIMEON NODS]

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

Simeon Barnes, I'm arresting you on suspicion of murder of Norman Bohun. You are not obliged to say anything –

ELIZABETH:

Wait... (HESITATES. DISTRAUGHT) It was me. I did it.

[FATHER BROWN LOOKS STUNNED, SIMEON MORTIFIED]

WILFRED:

No...

ELIZABETH:

I'm sorry, Reverend.

WILFRED:

That's not possible. (TO VALENTINE) Look at her – she has neither the strength nor the brutality to...

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

Mrs Barnes, if you're trying to protect your husband...

ELIZABETH:

I picked up the hammer from the forge. Crept up behind him. And I... I hit him. I swear it. (SHE LOOKS AT FATHER BROWN) So help me God.

[WILFRED – SHAKES HIS HEAD, DEVASTATED]

WILFRED:
Elizabeth...

[INSPECTOR VALENTINE – UNCERTAIN – BUT WITH
LITTLE CHOICE]

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:
Elizabeth Barnes, I'm arresting you for the murder of Norman Bohun. You are not obliged to say anything unless you wish to do so but whatever you say will be taken down in writing and may be given in evidence.

[FATHER BROWN WATCHES, AS VALENTINE
HANDCUFFS ELIZABETH. PHILIP STARES AT THE
GROUND.]

ELIZABETH STARES SORROWFULLY AT SIMEON,
WHO WATCHES HER, NUMB WITH SHOCK]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC17. EXT. HILLTOP. DAY 1. 20:00

FATHER BROWN, WILFRED

FATHER BROWN:

You may be right – but you must admit, your brother did have something of a reputation. I doubt Simeon Barnes is the only one rejoicing.

[WILFRED STOPS TO FACE FATHER BROWN]

WILFRED:

Then you admit Elizabeth may be innocent?

FATHER BROWN:

I never said otherwise.

WILFRED:

Then speak to the Inspector. You know him better than I do. Tell him -

FATHER BROWN:

I'm not sure he'd appreciate my interfering –

WILFRED:

When has that stopped you before?

[FATHER BROWN GIVES HIM A SHEEPISH LOOK.

WILFRED HEADS OFF DOWN THE HILL, LEAVING
FATHER BROWN TO LOOK OUT ACROSS THE
SLEEPY VILLAGE, LIGHTS COMING ON IN THE
WINDOWS OF SOME OF THE HOUSES]

CUT TO:

EP1/SC18. INT. POLICE STATION. CELL. NIGHT 1. 21.00

FATHER BROWN, ELIZABETH, INSPECTOR VALENTINE

NSE POLICE OFFICER

[ELIZABETH SCRAWLS HER SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF A CONFESSION, INSPECTOR VALENTINE WITH HER. FATHER BROWN COMES IN, ESCORTED BY A POLICE OFFICER, WATCHES ELIZABETH HAND THE CONFESSION TO INSPECTOR VALENTINE.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE GOES OVER TO FATHER BROWN]

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

Says Norman threatened to kill her husband - so she got to him first. Can't get much more out of her than that. (OF WRITTEN CONFESSION) But she's put her name to it now.

FATHER BROWN:

Doesn't mean much if she's lying.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

It does to the Prosecuting Solicitors.

[INSPECTOR VALENTINE HEADS OFF WITH THE POLICE OFFICER. FATHER BROWN GOES OVER TO ELIZABETH, SITS ON A STOOL. SHE HANGS HER HEAD. A BROKEN WOMAN]

ELIZABETH:

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. It's been one month since my last confession.

[ELIZABETH HESITATES. NERVOUS. FATHER BROWN WAITS PATIENTLY]

ELIZABETH:

I've had relations outside of marriage. Twice.

FATHER BROWN:

I thought you and Simeon were happy.

ELIZABETH:

We were, but... Simeon gambles. I found an IOU for £50. Poker. We'd lose the house. Everything. I tried to talk to him about it, but he told me not to worry, he'd sort it out. Typical man. I begged Norman to waive the debt. And he agreed... On the condition that I...

FATHER BROWN:

(A LITTLE SHOCKED) Elizabeth, I'm so sorry...

[SHE HANGS HER HEAD. FATHER BROWN WAITS FOR MORE, BUT ELIZABETH REMAINS SILENT]

FATHER BROWN:

Is there anything else you'd like to confess?

[SHE HESITATES. THEN SHAKES HER HEAD]

FATHER BROWN:

(LEANING FORWARD, BESEECHING) Then you must tell the Inspector.

ELIZABETH:

I won't see my husband hang.

FATHER BROWN:

Norman Bohun had any number of enemies...

ELIZABETH:

Until one of them shows up with blood on his hands, I won't say anything else.

[SHE LOOKS AT HIM, RESOLUTE. BOWS HER HEAD.

FATHER BROWN – DEEPLY CONCERNED]

CUT TO:

**EPI/SC19. INT. POLICE STATION / INSPECTOR VALENTINE'S
OFFICE/ CORRIDOR. NIGHT 1. 21.15**

FATHER BROWN, INSPECTOR VALENTINE

NSE POLICE OFFICERS

[INSPECTOR VALENTINE SPOTS FATHER BROWN
EMERGING FROM THE POLICE STATION CELLS]

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

Anything?

FATHER BROWN:

You know I wish I could tell you.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

How about this? You tap your umbrella on the floor – once for yes, twice
for no...

FATHER BROWN:

I wish it were that easy.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

It's a woman's life.

FATHER BROWN:

And soul – lest we forget.

[INSPECTOR VALENTINE SIGHS, EXASPERATED]

FATHER BROWN:

Were her fingerprints found on the hammer?

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

Oh, no you don't.

FATHER BROWN:

I'm trying to help.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

Then quid pro quo. See? I know a bit of Latin too.

FATHER BROWN:

You know I can't.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

I thought you were a renegade...

FATHER BROWN:

Hardly. But I'm flattered that's the way you see me.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

Then do the heroic thing and tell me what you know.

[FATHER BROWN SIGHS. TIGHT-LIPPED]

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

Then unless you have information pertinent to this investigation – information that you can actually share - don't get involved.

[INSPECTOR VALENTINE HEADS OFF INTO THE MAIN AREA OF THE POLICE STATION TO TALK TO A POLICE OFFICER. FATHER BROWN GLANCES AT THE OPEN DOOR TO INSPECTOR VALENTINE'S OFFICE. SNEAKS INSIDE. FINDS THE CRIME REPORT ON THE DESK. LIFTS IT OPEN. FLICKS THROUGH A FEW PAGES.

INSERT, CLOSE ON CRIME REPORT – “MURDER WEAPON – HAMMER. NO FINGERPRINTS”.

HE SPOTS INSPECTOR VALENTINE FINISHING HIS CONVERSATION WITH THE POLICE OFFICER, TURNING TOWARDS THE OFFICE.

GO TO INSPECTOR VALENTINE AS HE CROSSES THE STATION, GOES OVER TO HIS OFFICE TO FIND THE

FATHER BROWN:

You think Susie...?

MRS MCCARTHY:

If you must get it out of me... I saw Susie and Norman arguing shortly before he was found murdered. And when the Inspector asked if anyone saw Norman before it happened, she didn't say anything.

FATHER BROWN:

What were they arguing about?

[THEY STOP TALKING AS SUSIE WANDERS PAST WITH HER BUCKET AND MOP. SHE NOTICES FATHER BROWN AND MRS MCCARTHY'S SUDDEN SILENCE. HEADS INTO THE KITCHEN, WHERE SHE FILLS THE BUCKET WITH WATER, UNEASY]

MRS MCCARTHY:

I'm not sure. I think about money.

FATHER BROWN:

Even so, Susie's hardly the type to commit cold-blooded murder.

MRS MCCARTHY:

You only think that because you're so fond of her.

[FATHER BROWN – A LITTLE TROUBLED, HER WORDS ECHOING HIS OWN TO WILFRED]

MRS MCCARTHY:

Do you think I should tell Inspector Valentine?

FATHER BROWN:

Not yet. I'll talk to Susie myself after the funeral.

[IN THE KITCHEN, SUSIE LOOKS MORTIFIED.

FATHER BROWN OPENS THE FRONT DOOR, TO FIND LADY FELICIA STANDING OUTSIDE, WEARING DARK SUNGLASSES, NERVOUS AND TIRED. HER CAR'S PARKED NEARBY]

FATHER BROWN:

Lady Felicia...

LADY FELICIA:

Do you have a moment?

FATHER BROWN:

What's the matter?

LADY FELICIA:

Haven't been sleeping much since...the other day. The most frightful nightmares.

FATHER BROWN:

You poor soul.

[LADY FELICIA PEERS PAST FATHER BROWN, SPOTS MRS MCCARTHY GLANCING OVER NOSILY]

LADY FELICIA:

Can we talk in private?

FATHER BROWN:

I'm afraid I'm running late for the funeral. Can it wait till this afternoon? I'll make some tea. Always has a way of making things better.

[LADY FELICIA NODS, GRATEFUL, HEADS OFF, WHILE FATHER BROWN CLOSES THE DOOR, DASHES OFF. INSIDE, MRS MCCARTHY SITS AT THE KITCHEN TABLE TO DO THE ACCOUNTS, AS SUSIE COMES BACK WITH THE BUCKET AND MOP, EXCHANGING AN UNEASY LOOK WITH HER. SUSIE MOPS THE FLOOR. MRS MCCARTHY DOES THE PAPERWORK – BOTH PAINFULLY AWARE OF EACH OTHER, THROWING WARY GLANCES]

SUSIE:

(CHECKING HER BUCKET OF CLEANING SUPPLIES) I've run out of detergent. I'll go to shops.

MRS MCCARTHY:

All right, dear.

[SHE THROWS THE BOTTLE IN THE BIN. PUTS ON HER JACKET. SUSIE HEADS OUT. MRS MCCARTHY WATCHES HER GO, THEN TAKES THE BOTTLE OUT OF THE BIN – SHAKES IT – HALF FULL. SHE GRABS HER COAT, STUFFING THE BOTTLE IN HER POCKET. FOLLOWS SUSIE]

CUT TO:

EP1/SC21. EXT. KEMBLEFORD STREETS/ NEAR WALL DAY 2.
09.40

MRS MCCARTHY, SUSIE

NSE ELDERLY PARISHONERS

[KEEPING A DISCREET DISTANCE, MRS MCCARTHY
FOLLOWS SUSIE AS SHE HURRIES ALONG THE
STREETS.

SHE WATCHES HER PASS THE LOCAL SHOP. HER
FACE FULL OF PANIC. MRS MCCARTHY'S EYES
NARROW WITH SUSPICION.

SUSIE TURNS A CORNER. THEN ANOTHER. MRS
MCCARTHY KEEPS PACE. BUT AS SUSIE CROSSES
THE ROAD, SHE SUDDENLY LOOKS IN MRS
MCCARTHY'S DIRECTION.

QUICKLY, MRS MCCARTHY DUCKS BACK INTO
SOME BUSHES, LOSES HER BALANCE, FALLS BACK
INTO THE SHRUBS, THE BRANCHES SWALLOWING
HER.

SUSIE STARTS AT THE RUSTLE OF BUSHES – AND
SPOTS MRS MCCARTHY'S FEET STICKING OUT
FROM UNDERNEATH. CONFUSED, SUSIE
CONTINUES ON HER WAY, TURNING ANOTHER
CORNER.

CAUGHT IN THE TANGLE OF LEAVES AND
BRANCHES, MRS MCCARTHY STRUGGLES TO GET
HERSELF UPRIGHT. TWO ELDERLY PARISHONERS
STROLL PAST. STOP TO WATCH HER, STARTLED]

MRS MCCARTHY:

EPI/SC22. INT/EXT. POLISH CAMP. SUSIE'S HUT. DAY 2. 12.16

SUSIE

NSE REFUGEES

[SUSIE HURRIES THROUGH THE POLISH CAMP, PAST REFUGEES DOING THEIR LAUNDRY, CHILDREN PLAYING.

SHE HEADS INTO HER HUT. PANICKED. TAKES HER PASSPORT OUT OF A DRAWER, PUTS IT ON THE BED. QUICKLY, THROWS CLOTHES OUT OF A WARDROBE, PULLS OUT A SUITCASE FROM UNDER THE BED, SETS IT ON THE MATTRESS – INADVERTENTLY COVERING THE PASSPORT. STARTS PACKING]

CUT TO:

EP1/SC23. EXT. WILFRED'S CHURCH. CEMETARY / FORGE.
DAY 2. 12.45

FATHER BROWN, WILFRED, PHILIP

NSE PALLBEARERS

[PALLBEARERS PAT DOWN THE EARTH ON
NORMAN'S BURIAL SITE. WILFRED WATCHES, HIS
FACE BROKEN WITH GRIEF.]

[PHILIP STARES AT THE GRAVE, WHILE FATHER
BROWN WATCHES WILFRED WITH CONCERN]

FATHER BROWN:

Wilfred? Are you all right?

[WILFRED SEEMS TO SNAP OUT OF IT, NOTICING
HIM]

WILFRED:

I have some snacks. I'll put them out.

PHILIP:

Don't trouble yourself, I'm not staying.

[WILFRED GLARES AT HIM FOR A MOMENT – QUIET
ANGER, INSCRUTABLE]

WILFRED:

Fine.

[FATHER BROWN REGISTERS THE RESENTMENT.
WILFRED TAKES FATHER BROWN ASIDE]

WILFRED:

Did you speak to Elizabeth?

FATHER BROWN:

Yes.

WILFRED:

And?

FATHER BROWN:

Let's just say... I'm investigating.

[WILFRED NODS GRATEFULLY. SHUFFLES
TOWARDS THE VICARAGE.]

EPISODE 1 – THE HAMMER OF GOD – SHOOTING SCRIPT
22 January 2013

FATHER BROWN STUDIES PHILIP. A BIT OF AN
AWKWARD SILENCE]

EPI/SC23A. EXT. FORGE. DAY 2. 12.45

FATHER BROWN, WILFRED, SIMEON

SIMEON COMES OUT TO HIS FORGE, USES TONGS TO HANDLE A LUMP OF MOLTEN METAL. ON HIS WAY INTO THE VICARAGE, WILFRED SPOTS HIM. MARCHES OVER]

WILFRED:

Why won't you admit it?

[FATHER BROWN LOOKS OVER. SIMEON KEEPS WORKING. DOESN'T LOOK AT WILFRED]

WILFRED:

Your wife is in prison for a crime she didn't commit.

SIMEON:

Don't talk to me about my wife.

WILFRED:

Do you not fear eternity in hell?

SIMEON:

You mean with your brother? 'Cos that's where he is now, isn't he? The adulterer. (STOKES THE FORGE WITH THE MOLTEN METAL, FLAMES RISING, SPARKS FLYING) Fire stripping the flesh off his bones. An eternity of burning, blistering agony...

WILFRED:

(DEEPLY DISTRESSED) Stop it!

[CONCERNED, FATHER BROWN APPROACHES, AS SIMEON PUTS THE MOLTEN METAL ONTO A SLAB, PICKS UP A HAMMER, STARTS POUNDING IT INTO SHAPE]

SIMEON:

(NOTICING FATHER BROWN) Great. Two-pronged attack, is it?

FATHER BROWN:

Reverend, let's go inside...

WILFRED:

Do you even care about your wife?

[SIMEON REELS ON HIM, RAISING THE HAMMER]

EPI1/SC24. SCENE CUT

EP1/SC25. INT. BARN. DAY 2. 12.57

FATHER BROWN, SIMEON

NSE GAMBLERS, NSE BOOKIE, NSE DOORMAN, NSE HEN

[AN ILLEGAL GAMBLING DEN, STACKS OF HAY USED AS SEATS AND TABLES. CROWDED WITH MEN SHOUTING OUT THEIR BETS TO A BOOKIE, WHILE OTHERS ARE GATHERED AROUND A RADIO, BLARING HORSERACING COMMENTARY, THE MEN CHEERING ON THEIR HORSES.

SIMEON SCOURS HORSE RACING LISTINGS ON NEWSPAPER PAGES PLASTERED ON THE WALLS.

FATHER BROWN STEPS INSIDE, A DOORMAN REGARDING HIM WARILY]

FATHER BROWN:

(TO DOORMAN) We all have our vices.

[THE MEN NOTICE HIM, SUDDENLY FALL QUIET. ONE OF THEM SWITCHES OFF THE RADIO. SILENCE]

FATHER BROWN:

(TO THE MEN) I come in peace.

SIMEON:

You following me?

FATHER BROWN:

Guilty as charged.

SIMEON:

Last thing anyone wants in here is a preacher.

FATHER BROWN:

I'm not here to preach.

SIMEON:

Then how 'bout you make yourself useful? Use your divine insight to tell me which one of these has His blessing.

FATHER BROWN:

I couldn't possibly...

[BUT FATHER BROWN CAN'T HELP HIMSELF. EDGES A LITTLE CLOSER TO THE RACING LISTINGS.

THE GAMBLERS WATCH HIM EXPECTANTLY]

FATHER BROWN:

But I suppose if I were a betting man, I'd go for...

[FATHER BROWN STUDIES THE LISTINGS. THE GAMBLERS LEAN IN, ON TENTERHOOKS]

FATHER BROWN:

...Fluffy Duck.

[AN ERUPTION OF SHOUTS FROM THE MEN AS THEY SHOUT OUT THEIR STAKES ON "FLUFFY DUCK" TO THE BOOKIE, WHO STRUGGLES TO KEEP UP.

SIMEON WRITES "FLUFFY DUCK" ONTO HIS BETTING SLIP, FATHER BROWN EYEING IT]

FATHER BROWN:

And all this time, I thought you were a non-believer.

SIMEON:

Your guess is as good as any other.

[SIMEON LAYS THE BETTING SLIP ONTO SEVERAL BANK NOTES. COUNTS OUT MORE NOTES FROM HIS WALLET, EMPTYING IT. FATHER BROWN - ALARMED]

FATHER BROWN:

(OF MONEY) And yet, that amounts to a lot of faith.

[SIMEON STARTS TOWARDS THE BOOKIE, BUT FATHER BROWN GETS IN FRONT OF HIM]

FATHER BROWN:

Why don't you give this one a miss?

SIMEON:

Get out of my way.

FATHER BROWN:

Or...?

[THEY EYE EACH OTHER. SIMEON STEPS PAST FATHER BROWN, TOWARDS THE BOOKIE]

FATHER BROWN:

I spoke to Elizabeth.

[SIMEON STOPS. HIS FINGERS CLENCHING AROUND
THE MONEY]

FATHER BROWN:

I think you should too.

[THE BOOKIE RINGS A BELL, SIGNALLING THE
BETTING'S OVER. SIMEON SIGHS. THE MEN
CROWD AROUND THE RADIO, SWITCH IT ON. THE
RACE STARTS, THE MEN CHEERING ON FLUFFY
DUCK.

SIMEON TURNS TO FACE FATHER BROWN]

SIMEON:

And why's that?

FATHER BROWN:

Because you love her.

SIMEON:

FATHER BROWN:

You didn't kill him.

SIMEON:

No.

[FATHER BROWN NODS. DEEP IN THOUGHT,
SIMEON REGISTERING HIS EXPRESSION]

SIMEON:

You think she's innocent?

FATHER BROWN:

I think you need to talk to your wife.

[SIMEON CONSIDERS. PUTS HIS MONEY BACK IN
HIS WALLET.

ON THE RADIO, THE RACE REACHES ITS CLIMAX.
THE MEN ERUPT WITH ANGRY SHOUTS AS THE
COMMENTATOR DESCRIBES FLUFFY DUCK
FINISHING LAST. THE MEN THROW RESENTFUL
LOOKS IN FATHER BROWN'S DIRECTION. FATHER
BROWN REGARDS THEM SHEEPISHLY]

FATHER BROWN:

(TO THE MEN, JOKING) Oops. Looks like He decided to teach you a
lesson. (TO SIMEON) I think that's my cue to leave.

[HE GETS UP.

OUT ON THE MEN GLARING AFTER HIM]

CUT TO:

EP1/SC27. INT/EXT. KEMBLEFORD TRAIN STATION
PLATFORM. DAY 2. 13.40

SUSIE

NSE PASSENGERS

[SUSIE ARRIVES ON THE PLATFORM, WITH HER
SUITCASE. GLANCES AT A SIGN WHICH READS
“NEXT TRAIN TO LONDON – 2PM”, AND BESIDE IT,
THE CLOCK WHICH READS – 1.40PM]

CUT TO:

EP1/SC29. EXT. KEMBLEFORD STREETS / FIELD. DAY 2. 13.45

FATHER BROWN, INSPECTOR VALENTINE

[FATHER BROWN RIDES HIS BICYCLE THROUGH THE STREETS. INSPECTOR VALENTINE PULLS UP IN HIS CAR. HONKS HIS HORN. FATHER BROWN KEEPS CYCLING, INSPECTOR VALENTINE KEEPING PACE. THEY SPEAK THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW]

FATHER BROWN:

Afternoon, Inspector. Lovely day for it.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

I hear you've been doing some sleuthing.

FATHER BROWN:

Just taking care of my flock.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

I specifically told you -

[FATHER BROWN PEDALS FASTER]

FATHER BROWN:

I'm sorry, Inspector, I can't hear you over this wind.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

Then slow down. In fact, stop.

[FATHER BROWN SPEEDS UP. INSPECTOR VALENTINE KEEPS PACE]

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

Father Brown!

[FATHER BROWN DASHES THROUGH A GAP IN A FENCE. INSPECTOR VALENTINE HITS THE BRAKE BEFORE THE CAR CAN CRASH, WHEELS SPLATTERING MUD ONTO THE BODY. INSPECTOR VALENTINE SEETHES, AS FATHER BROWN ESCAPES, CYCLING ACROSS A FIELD INTO THE DISTANCE.

FATHER BROWN CYCLES TO THE EDGE OF THE FIELD, WHERE A SIGN POINTS TO THE POLISH CAMP. HE RIDES OFF DOWN A LANE]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC30. INT. POLICE STATION. CELL. DAY 2. 13.50

ELIZABETH, SIMEON

NS POLICE OFFICER

[ELIZABETH'S ON HER KNEES ON THE GRIMY CELL FLOOR, HEAD BOWED, HANDS TOGETHER IN PRAYER.

A POLICE OFFICER SHOWS SIMEON INTO THE CELL.

SHE LOOKS UP, SEES SIMEON. A SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH. OVERWHELMED.

SIMEON'S HEART BREAKS. HIS EYES FILL WITH TEARS.

HE GOES OVER TO HER. THEY GRASP EACH OTHER'S HANDS. HE LIFTS HER HANDS TO HIS FACE, KISSES THEM. ELIZABETH WEEPS – IN THAT MOMENT, OVERCOME WITH HAPPINESS]

CUT TO:

**EPI/SC31. INT/EXT. KEMBLEFORD TRAIN STATION
PLATFORM. DAY 2. 13:55**

FATHER BROWN, SUSIE

NSE PASSENGERS, NSE TICKET INSPECTOR

[A STEAM TRAIN PULLS INTO THE STATION.
PASSENGERS START BOARDING. SUSIE GETS IN
LINE, GLANCING FURTIVELY OVER HER
SHOULDER. SHE CHECKS THE CONTENTS OF HER
BAG – SUDDENLY PANICKED AS SHE CAN'T FIND
HER PASSPORT.

FATHER BROWN RUSHES THROUGH THE STATION]

FATHER BROWN:

(TO TICKET INSPECTOR) Church business.

[FATHER BROWN RUNS ONTO THE PLATFORM.
SEARCHES THE CROWD.

SUSIE'S ABOUT TO BOARD THE TRAIN, STILL
SEARCHING THE BAG, WHEN FATHER BROWN
SPOTS HER.

FATHER BROWN:

Susie!

[SUSIE LOOKS ROUND – SHOCKED TO SEE HIM. HE
HOLDS UP THE PASSPORT]

CUT TO:

EPI1/SC32. SCENE CUT

EP1/SC33. INT. KEMBLEFORD TRAIN STATION CAFÉ. DAY 2.
14:10

FATHER BROWN, SUSIE

NSE NUNS, NSE CAFÉ WAITERESS

[FATHER BROWN AND SUSIE SIT IN A SMALL CAFÉ IN THE STATION. PASSENGERS MULL ABOUT, INCLUDING TWO NUNS HAVING TEA AT THE NEXT TABLE. A WAITRESS SETS DOWN TWO CUPS OF TEA, LEAVES.]

SUSIE REGARDS FATHER BROWN WARILY.
HESITATES]

SUSIE:

I used to clean his house.

FATHER BROWN:

Norman Bohun?

SUSIE:

(NODS) He gave me big tips. Tried to make doings with me, but I didn't let him.

[THE NUNS GLANCE OVER. FATHER BROWN GIVES THEM A POLITE SMILE]

FATHER BROWN:

Sister Margaret, Sister White... (TO SUSIE) Is that what Mrs McCarthy heard you arguing about at the party?

SUSIE:

No... (HESITATES) The people in camp. They are very poor. Some not lucky as me to get work. They need money. I help them.

[FATHER BROWN REGARDS HER WITH A LOOK OF APPREHENSION]

FATHER BROWN:

How?

SUSIE:

(HESITATES) I found out secret. Told him he has to pay or I tell.

FATHER BROWN:

You were blackmailing him?

SUSIE:

I tried. But he says no – “who will believe immigrant?” Orders me to leave village. Says if I don’t he’ll hurt me. (SMILES TO HERSELF) But someone hurt him. (MEETS FATHER BROWN’S GAZE) It wasn’t me.

FATHER BROWN:

What was the secret?

SUSIE:

(HESITATES) Last month, I arrived early to his house. He didn’t hear me... I went to his bedroom, and... I can’t say it. Not to you.

FATHER BROWN:

Trust me, Susie, in my line of work, there’s not much I haven’t heard.

SUSIE:

(HESITATES) He was with a man.

[FATHER BROWN - HIS MIND ALREADY AT WORK.

END OF ACT 3]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC34. INT. POLICE STATION. CELL. DAY 2. 14.30

INSPECTOR VALENTINE, SIMEON, ELIZABETH

[SIMEON AND ELIZABETH SIT TOGETHER, HOLDING HANDS.]

[INSPECTOR VALENTINE COMES IN, GLUM-FACED]

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

I spoke to the Prosecuting Solicitor. He won't accept your retraction... I'm afraid I have to formally charge you with murder. I'm sorry.

SIMEON:

But she didn't do it.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

As far as the pros sols are concerned, she had means, motive, and opportunity.

SIMEON:

As did I – and a score of other people.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

But she's the only one who confessed at the scene, and subsequently signed a confession.

ELIZABETH:

So what happens now?

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

You argue your case in the assizes.

SIMEON:

But if she loses...

[SIMEON CAN'T BRING HIMSELF TO SAY IT]

ELIZABETH:

I could hang.

[ELIZABETH STARES INTO SPACE WITH AN IMPASSIVE EXPRESSION]

CUT TO:

EP1/SC35. EXT. FIELD / POND / WILFRED'S CHURCH. DAY 2.
14.57

FATHER BROWN, PHILIP

[PHILIP CROUCHES BY A POND, COLLECTING
SAMPLES, PLACING THEM INTO TEST TUBES.
WILFRED'S CHURCH IN THE NEAR DISTANCE.

FATHER BROWN SIDLES OVER. CROUCHES DOWN
BESIDE HIM. PHILIP – STARTLED]

FATHER BROWN:

Making good on my promise.

PHILIP:

Promise?

FATHER BROWN:

[THEY SHARE A SMALL SMILE. FATHER BROWN
HOLDS HIS GAZE. SUDDENLY SERIOUS]

FATHER BROWN:

I spoke to Susie. Norman's cleaner...

[PHILIP – QUIET DREAD]

PHILIP:

I don't know what you're talking ab-

FATHER BROWN:

She told me what she saw.

[FATHER BROWN REGARDS HIM HESITANTLY.
PHILIP – NUMB WITH SHOCK, AS THIS SINKS IN.

SUDDENLY FRANTIC, PHILIP STARTS TO COLLECT
HIS THINGS TOGETHER]

PHILIP:

(QUIET FEAR) What are you going to do with this information?

FATHER BROWN:

It's not my intention to in any way expose you.

PHILIP:

Then what do you want?

FATHER BROWN:

I'm just trying to -

PHILIP:

(DAWNING PANIC) Has she told anyone else?

FATHER BROWN:

No.

PHILIP:

How can you be sure?

FATHER BROWN:

I know her. I'm sure.

PHILIP:

You know what could happen to me?

FATHER BROWN:

Please, Mr Walker... Calm down.

FATHER BROWN:

It's not unheard of, unfortunately.

PHILIP:

I don't know.

[FATHER BROWN NODS. HE'S ABOUT TO HEAD OFF.
TURNS BACK]

FATHER BROWN:

If you ever want to talk... (LIGHT) I promise I won't try to convert you.

[PHILIP SMILES - TOUCHED]

PHILIP:

Likewise.

[FATHER BROWN SMILES. THE CLOCK TOWER
CHIMES IN THE NEAR DISTANCE. FATHER BROWN
TAKES OUT HIS POCKET WATCH, CHECKS THE
TIME.

INSERT, POCKET WATCH – ONE MINUTE TO THREE.

FATHER BROWN STARES AT IT. DAWNING
APPREHENSION. LOOKS ACROSS AT THE CLOCK
TOWER]

FATHER BROWN:

(QUIETLY, TO HIMSELF) No...

[DREAD SETTLES ON HIS FACE]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC36. INT. FELICIA'S MANOR / HALLWAY / PARLOUR.
DAY 2. 17.00

FATHER BROWN, LADY FELICIA

NSE HOUSEKEEPER

[THE HOUSEKEEPER OPENS THE FRONT DOOR TO FATHER BROWN, LADY FELICIA APPROACHING BEHIND, RELIEVED TO SEE HIM. FOREBODING RELIGIOUS CHORAL MUSIC FROM THE PARLOUR]

LADY FELICIA:

Father...

FATHER BROWN:

So sorry for missing our afternoon tea. Today's been full of the unexpected. Do you have a moment now?

[SHE NODS. HE FOLLOWS HER DOWN THE HALLWAY...]

FATHER BROWN:

If it's not too traumatic - I wonder if you'd recount for me what you saw at the party. Whether there was anything...

[AS FELICIA SHOWS HIM INTO THE PARLOUR, FATHER BROWN LOOKS STUNNED...]

FATHER BROWN:

... unusual.

[A LARGE CROSS HAS BEEN PROPPED ON THE MANTELPIECE, GLOWING CANDLES BENEATH IT, ALONG WITH A MULTITUDE OF RELIGIOUS PICTURES. A GRAMOPHONE PLAYS THE MUSIC]

FATHER BROWN:

I know I've occasionally suggested you devote more time to the faith, but I didn't mean you should turn your parlour into a church.

[LADY FELICIA REGARDS HIM NERVOUSLY. HESITATES]

LADY FELICIA:

Yes, I saw something. (SHE HESITATES, SITS DOWN) But what exactly, I don't know. At first, I convinced myself I'd imagined it – what other explanation could there be? – but I can't get it out of my head. (PICKING UP A BOTTLE OF PILLS, RATTLING THEM) No matter how many of these I take. I think I might be mad.

[UPSET, ALMOST ON THE VERGE OF TEARS, FELICIA CAN'T BRING HERSELF TO GO ON. FATHER BROWN SITS BESIDE HER. TAKES HER HAND]

FATHER BROWN:

What did you see?

LADY FELICIA:

(HESITATES) Father, do you believe in demons?

FATHER BROWN:

Why do you ask?

LADY FELICIA:

I think I saw one. Or rather... what it did... to Norman Bohun. The thing itself... It wasn't visible to my eyes. But what it did...

[SHE SHAKES HER HEAD, AS IF TO BANISH THE IMAGES AWAY]

FATHER BROWN:

You saw the murder.

[SHE NODS. STEELS HERSELF, BEFORE GOING ON]

LADY FELICIA:

I was cleaning my hat, like I said... I saw Norman through the door, very much alive. I glanced away for a second – if that - then heard a sickening sound. A sound I'll never forget. When I looked back, his head was pouring with blood... (SHE MEETS HIS GAZE, INTENT) But there was no one around. No one there. Whatever struck him... it was invisible.

[FATHER BROWN – QUIETLY MORTIFIED, SLOWLY HANGS HIS HEAD]

FATHER BROWN:

(TO HIMSELF) Then it's true...

[FATHER BROWN – UTTER DESPAIR, AS THE CHORAL MUSIC REACHES A CRESCENDO.

END OF ACT 4]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC37. EXT. HILLTOP / OVERLOOKING CHURCH. DAY 2.
19.48

WILFRED

[WILFRED SITS ON HIS BENCH, STARING ACROSS
AT THE TOWN, ONE HAND RESTING ON THE BIBLE.

HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE BIBLE. OPENS IT TO THE
BACK PAGE, WHERE THERE'S A PHOTOGRAPH
TUCKED INTO THE BACK COVER.

HE TAKES IT OUT – AN OLD PICTURE OF ELIZABETH
TAKEN AT A SOCIAL FUNCTION. HE GENTLY
TOUCHES HER IMAGE.

THE CHURCH BELL TOLLS. HE LOOKS AT HIS
WATCH – 7.48PM.

WILFRED LOOKS PUZZLED]

CUT TO:

EP1/SC38. EXT. WILFRED’S CHURCH. CLOCK TOWER. DAY 2.
20.00

FATHER BROWN, WILFRED

[WILFRED EMERGES ONTO THE BALCONY OF THE
CLOCK TOWER, WHERE FATHER BROWN SITS
HOLDING A HAMMER, WEARING WORK GLOVES]

WILFRED:

Have you gone mad?

FATHER BROWN:

I don’t think so. Though I suppose if I had, I wouldn’t know any different.

WILFRED:

What are you doing up here?

FATHER BROWN:

Resetting the clock. Strange you didn’t do it yourself. You’re usually so fastidious.

WILFRED:

In case you haven’t noticed, I’ve had a lot on my mind.

FATHER BROWN:

I’ve noticed.

[FATHER BROWN SETS DOWN THE HAMMER.
WILFRED - UNEASY]

WILFRED:

Where did you get that?

FATHER BROWN:

The hammer? I borrowed it from the forge. (TAKING OFF THE GLOVES)

FATHER BROWN:

Looking down on the world. On everyone in it. (TURNS TO FACE HIM)
What happened?

[WILFRED REGARDS HIM WARILY, DOESN'T
RESPOND]

FATHER BROWN:

You came up here to adjust the clock – but before you could, you saw
something that distracted you from your task. Something that enraged you
enough to -

WILFRED:

Are you accusing me of...?

FATHER BROWN:

(TAKES A STEP TOWARDS HIM) Yes, I'm afraid I am.

WILFRED:

How dare you.

[HE MAKES TO LEAVE. FATHER BROWN STANDS IN
HIS WAY, BARRING HIM FROM THE EXIT. INTENT]

FATHER BROWN:

You will speak the truth. If afterwards, you choose to walk from here
without telling a soul, I won't stop you – and your secret will be safe. You
have my word on that. But you will speak the truth. Here. Now.

[FATHER BROWN PUTS A HAND ON WILFRED'S
SHOULDER. WILFRED LOOKS AT IT SCORNFULLY]

WILFRED:

You're far too tactile, Father. Has anyone ever told you that?

[WILFRED LIFTS FATHER BROWN'S HAND OFF HIS
SHOULDER. TAKES A STEP BACK. CONSIDERING
THE OFFER. HE TRUDGES OVER TO THE BALCONY
RAILING. LEANS ON IT. HESITATES]

WILFRED:

The sanctity of confession? I purge myself, you let me go scot free?

[WILFRED REGISTERS THE SINCERITY ON FATHER
BROWN'S FACE]

WILFRED:

You're a fool.

FATHER BROWN:

I'm happy to play the fool if it leads me to the truth.

[WILFRED STARES DOWN AT THE FORGE AND
VICARAGE BELOW]

WILFRED:

Yes, I took the hammer.

[INSERT SCENE 39 – *OUTSIDE THE FORGE, WILFRED
PICKS UP THE HAMMER*]

WILFRED:

My only intention was to reset the clock.

[INSERT SCENE 40 – *WILFRED GOES UP TO CLOCK
TOWER. SPOTS NORMAN AND PHILIP DOWN BELOW –
THEY GO INTO A TOOL SHED. TOGETHER.*

WILFRED STARES INTENTLY AT FATHER BROWN]

WILFRED:

I could forgive him almost anything... Avarice, lust, even murder... But not that.

[INSERT SCENE 41 – *PHILIP LEAVES THE TOOL SHED.
NORMAN WALKS INTO THE FIELD. WILFRED WATCHES
HIM, GRIPPING THE HAMMER.*

WILFRED STARES AT FATHER BROWN WITH
ALMOST THE SAME EXPRESSION, AS HE
REMEMBERS]

WILFRED:

And so in a burst of pure passion... the hammer flew from my hand...

[INSERT SCENE 42 – *WILFRED THROWS THE
HAMMER. IT FLIES THROUGH THE AIR. WILFRED - A
SENSE OF ALMOST ECSTATIC RELEASE*]

WILFRED:

It felt so good... Because I knew my hand was guided. I was but a vessel of the Lord's will. His agent. It was what He wanted.

[WILFRED APPROACHES FATHER BROWN, ALMOST
BESEECHING]

WILFRED:

[INSERT SCENE 43 – *THE HAMMER SAILING THROUGH THE AIR, RUSHING TOWARDS NORMAN’S HEAD*]

WILFRED:

Everything has order. Everything has meaning. This was divine intervention.

[INSERT SCENE 44 - *LADY FELICIA CLEANS HER HAT IN A SMALL ROOM AT THE REAR OF THE CHURCH, SEES NORMAN, LOOKS BACK AT HAT. A SICKENING SQUELCH. LADY FELICIA LOOKS AT NORMAN. BLOOD POURING FROM HIS HEAD.*

INSERT SCENE 45 - *WILFRED PULLS OFF THE GLOVES. DISCARDS THEM. RACES DOWN THE TOWER.*

INSERT SCENE 46 – *WILFRED RETURNS TO THE PARTY, FATHER BROWN ASKING HIM IF HE’S ALRIGHT – AS IN SCENE 13.*

INSERT SCENE 47 - *LADY FELICIA APPROACHES NORMAN’S BODY. THE BELL TOLLS. SHE SCREAMS.*

WILFRED STARES DEFIANTLY AT FATHER BROWN]

WILFRED:

Yes, my brother is dead. But it was by God’s hand, not mine. I shall not repent.

FATHER BROWN:

Then why the guilty conscience?

WILFRED:

FATHER BROWN:

Your actions were yours and yours alone. Look into your heart. You know it's true.

[WILFRED GLARES AT FATHER BROWN, UPSET BUT TRYING TO HIDE IT]

WILFRED:

Thank you for your counsel, Father. I'll be leaving now.

[HE HEADS FOR THE DOOR]

FATHER BROWN:

You can still be saved. And so can Elizabeth... (WILFRED STOPS AT THE DOOR) Is it God's will for her to hang for your crime?

WILFRED:

(TURNING BACK) They'll see she's innocent.

FATHER BROWN:

You're willing to take that chance?

WILFRED:

God will save her.

FATHER BROWN:

(ANGRY, GETTING IN HIS FACE) God is not your scapegoat.

[WILFRED – SHAKEN BY FATHER BROWN'S SUDDEN OUTRAGE]

FATHER BROWN:

If there's one shred of conscience left in you, you will do what's right.

[WILFRED HANGS HIS HEAD – SOBRE. A BEAT. TAKES A STEP TOWARDS THE BALCONY'S EDGE. DISTRAUGHT. LOOKS AT FATHER BROWN]

WILFRED:

You were right... I'm a wicked man.

[WILFRED MAKES TO JUMP OFF THE TOWER. FATHER BROWN GRABS HIS ARM, PULLS HIM BACK. STARES HIM IN THE EYE. SOLEMN]

FATHER BROWN:

You can still be saved - if that's what you want.

EPISODE 1 – THE HAMMER OF GOD – SHOOTING SCRIPT
22 January 2013

[FATHER BROWN LETS GO OF HIS ARM, LEAVING
THE CHOICE IN WILFRED’S HANDS ALONE.

STANDING ON THE PRECIPICE OF LIFE AND DEATH
– HELL OR HEAVEN – WILFRED STARES AT THE
FATAL DROP BENEATH HIM. LOOKS BACK AT
FATHER BROWN, THEN BACK DOWN AT THE DROP -
EMOTIONALLY AND SPIRITUALLY TORN.

GO TO SCENE 48]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC39. EXT. FORGE /RECTORY. DAY 1. 14.45

WILFRED

NSE PARISHONERS

[FLASHBACK: WILFRED PICKS UP A HAMMER FROM THE WORK BENCH, ALONG WITH SOME SCREWDRIVERS AND A PAIR OF WORK GLOVES. THE PARTY GUESTS MINGLE WITH EACH OTHER, NOT NOTICING HIM. WILFRED LOOKS UP AT THE CLOCK TOWER – 2.45PM]

WILFRED:

(V/O) My only intention was to reset the clock.

CUT TO:

**EPI/SC40. INT/ EXT. BELL ROOM/ CLOCK TOWER/ REAR OF
WILFRED’S CHURCH. DAY 1. 14.50**

WILFRED, NORMAN, PHILIP

[FLASHBACK: WILFRED ARRIVES AT THE TOP OF THE CLOCK TOWER, HAMMER IN HAND. HE USES THE HAMMER TO WRENCH OPEN A PANEL, EXPOSING THE INNER-WORKINGS OF THE CLOCK, THEN PUTS ON THE GLOVES.

HE NOTICES NORMAN FAR DOWN BELOW, STANDING BEHIND THE CHURCH WITH PHILIP. WILFRED GOES ONTO THE BALCONY FOR A BETTER LOOK.

GO TO NORMAN AND WILFRED ON GROUND LEVEL, AS IN SCENE 12]

NORMAN:

No offence, but right now, I don’t need the fawnings of a sycophant.

[PHILIP – STUNG. GLARES AT NORMAN]

PHILIP:

What do you need?

[NORMAN LOCKS EYES WITH HIM. A BEAT. NORMAN GLANCES OVER HIS SHOULDER. FLICKS AWAY HIS CIGARETTE. GLANCES TOWARDS A SHED, USED FOR GRAVEDIGGERS TOOLS.

ON THE CLOCK TOWER, WILFRED WATCHES WITH GROWING APPREHENSION AS NORMAN STRIDES OVER TO THE SHED, LEAVING THE DOOR AJAR.

PHILIP HESITATES. GLANCES ABOUT. THEN GOES INSIDE WITH HIM. THE DOOR SHUTS.

ON THE CLOCK TOWER, WILFRED SLOWLY SHAKES HIS HEAD. GRIPS THE HAMMER WITH BOTH HANDS, TWISTING IT IN HIS FISTS]

CUT TO:

**EPI/SC41. EXT. CLOCK TOWER. / REAR OF WILFRED'S
CHURCH. DAY 1. 14.56**

WILFRED, NORMAN, PHILIP, LADY FELICIA

[FLASHBACK: THE DOOR OF THE SHED OPENS. PHILIP PEEKS OUT, THEN QUICKLY SCURRIES OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE PARTY, GLANCING ABOUT FURTIVELY.

AFTER A MOMENT, NORMAN STEPS OUTSIDE. NOTICES LADY FELICIA HEADING INTO A SMALL ROOM AT THE REAR OF THE CHURCH WITH HER DAMAGED HAT. SHE SPOTS HIM. GLARES. HE GIVES HER A SMILE AND A WAVE. TAKES SEVERAL PACES INTO THE FIELD, TAKING OUT ANOTHER CIGARETTE.

ON THE CLOCK TOWER, WILFRED WATCHES HIM, TEARS BURNING IN HIS EYES, HIS FACE RED WITH RAGE. ALMOST UNCONSCIOUSLY, HE RAISES THE HAMMER]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC43. EXT. CHURCHYARD CLOCK TOWER. DAY 1. 14.57

NORMAN, WILFRED (V/O)

[FLASHBACK: SLOW MOTION – THE HAMMER
SAILING THROUGH THE AIR, ALMOST HYPNOTIC,
AS IT CARTWHEELS OVER AND OVER AGAIN]

WILFRED:

EPI/SC44. INT/EXT. SMALL ROOM AT REAR OF CHURCH.
DAY 1. 14.58

LADY FELICIA, NORMAN

[FLASHBACK: LADY FELICIA CLEANS HER HAT,
GLANCES THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR AT NORMAN.
SHE LOOKS BACK DOWN AT THE HAT.

A SICKENING SQUELCH.

LADY FELICIA LOOKS BACK AT NORMAN. BLOOD
POURING FROM THE BACK OF HIS HEAD. HE
CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND.

FELICIA – STUNNED – SCANS THE AREA, SEES NO
ONE ELSE]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC45. EXT.. CLOCK TOWER. DAY 1. 14.58

WILFRED

[FLASHBACK: WILFRED PULLS OFF THE GLOVES.
DISCARDS THEM. RACES DOWN THE STEPS OF THE
CLOCK TOWER]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC46. EXT. WILFRED'S CHURCHYARD. DAY 1. 14.59

FATHER BROWN, MRS MCCARTHY, WILFRED, PHILIP

NSE PARISHONERS

[FLASHBACK: TAKEN FROM SCENE 13, EXACT REPEAT. WILFRED REJOINS FATHER BROWN AT THE PARTY]

FATHER BROWN:

Are you all right, Wilfred?

WILFRED:

I'll be fine. Can't let my brother's shenanigans ruin the day.

[FATHER BROWN GIVES HIM A SYMPATHETIC SMILE. WILFRED STEPS ONTO A SMALL PODIUM, AS PHILIP REJOINS THE CROWD, LOOKING A LITTLE SHIFTY]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC47. EXT. REAR OF CHURCHYARD. DAY 1. 14.59

LADY FELICIA, NORMAN

[FLASHBACK: LADY FELICIA NEARS NORMAN'S BODY. THE BELL TOLLS. SHE STOPS IN HER TRACKS. SEES THAT HE'S DEAD. THE BELL TOLLS AGAIN. A SCREAM CATCHES IN FELICIA'S THROAT. ON THE THIRD TOLL, SHE LETS IT RIP]

CUT TO:

EPI/SC48. EXT. WILFRED'S VICARAGE. DAY 2. 20.50

FATHER BROWN, INSPECTOR VALENTINE, WILFRED

[A SENSE OF DUSK.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE PULLS UP IN HIS CAR. GETS OUT. FATHER BROWN EMERGES FROM THE VICARAGE. EXCHANGES A SOLEMN LOOK WITH VALENTINE.

THEN WILFRED EMERGES, HANGING HIS HEAD. TRUDGES OVER TO THE CAR WITH FATHER BROWN. WILFRED REGARDS FATHER BROWN WITH A LOOK FULL OF TREPIDATION AND FEAR]

FATHER BROWN:

You've done the right thing.

[WILFRED NODS WEAKLY. VALENTINE PUTS WILFRED INTO THE BACKSEAT]

FATHER BROWN:

I'd like to ride with him, if I may.

INSPECTOR VALENTINE:

I owe you that much.

FATHER BROWN:

At least.

[FATHER BROWN GETS INTO THE CAR WITH WILFRED, AS THE INSPECTOR STARTS THE ENGINE]

CUT TO:

EP1/SC49. INT. VALENTINE'S CAR. TRAVELLING. DAY 2.
20.51

FATHER BROWN, WILFRED, INSPECTOR VALENTINE

[IN THE BACKSEAT, WILFRED HANGS HIS HEAD.
QUIETLY WEEPS.]

FATHER BROWN PUTS A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER.
WILFRED LEAVES IT THERE. **FADE TO BLACK]**

CUT TO:

EP1/SC50. EXT/INT. ST MARY’S. CHURCH. DAY 3. 09.30

**FATHER BROWN, MRS MCCARTHY, SUSIE, LADY FELICIA,
ELIZABETH, SIMEON**

NSE PARISHONERS

**[FADE UP: A BEAUTIFUL DAY. BIRDS SING.
EVERYTHING RIGHT WITH THE WORLD.**

**PARISHONERS SHUFFLE INTO CHURCH. FATHER
BROWN GREETES LADY FELICIA AS SHE ENTERS,
WEARING ANOTHER EXTRAVAGANTLY**

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SUSIE:

(STUDYING DISH) Not bad for old English woman.

MRS MCCARTHY:

Irish. And thank you – I suppose. (AS THEY HEAD INTO CHURCH) If you like, I'll teach you how to make my award-winning strawberry scones.

[FATHER BROWN CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF. SIMEON AND ELIZABETH ARRIVE]

FATHER BROWN:

Mr and Mrs Barnes...

SIMEON:

Don't get your hopes up, Father. I'm just here for the music.

FATHER BROWN:

Then trust me, you're in luck.

[AS SIMEON HEADS INSIDE, ELIZABETH HANGS BACK, REGARDING FATHER BROWN HESITANTLY]

ELIZABETH:

Father... I just wanted to say... (thank you)

FATHER BROWN:

No need.

[HE HOLDS HER HAND. GIVES HER A TENDER SMILE. ELIZABETH HEADS INSIDE, THE LAST OF THE CONGREGATION.]

FATHER BROWN'S ABOUT TO CLOSE THE DOORS, BUT STOPS FOR A MOMENT. BREATHES IN THE FRESH AIR. LISTENS TO THE BIRDS SING. ENJOYS THE SUNSHINE ON HIS FACE. HE SMILES. CLOSES THE DOORS.

CRANE AWAY FROM ST MARY'S TO THE SOUNDS OF "AMAZING GRACE", PRISTINE COUNTRYSIDE STRETCHING OUT INTO THE HORIZON]

END OF EPISODE