

**EP1/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-LOATHING]

**ELIZABETH:**

How many more times?

**NORMAN:**

Two more should square it.

**ELIZABETH:**

One.

**NORMAN:**

(TURNING TO FACE HER) You know what they did in the Old Testament to people who reneged on their debts? (GETTING CLOSER) Stoned them to death. Caved their heads in.

**ELIZABETH:**

That’s not true.

**NORMAN:**

(PICKING UP A BIBLE FROM THE SHELF) Take a look.

**ELIZABETH:**

I don’t need to. Unlike you, I’ve read it.

**NORMAN:**

I bet. Cover to cover. Good little Catholic girl.

[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**

**FATHER BROWN, MRS MCCARTHY, SUSIE, WILFRED,  
SIMEON, ELIZABETH**

**NSE STRING QUARTET, NSE PARISHONERS**

[THE CHURCH CLOCK TOWER LOOMS OVER  
EVERYTHING.]

FATHER BROWN CYCLES OVER TO AN ANGLICAN  
CHURCH, ADJACENT TO THE SMITHY'S HOUSE AND  
FORGE. IN THE BACKGROUND, SIMEON BARNES  
WORKS AT HIS FORGE, POUNDING METAL WITH A  
HAMMER – EARLY 30S, TALL, WELL-BUILT.

WILFRED, SUSIE (DRESSED IN A MAIDS UNIFORM),  
MRS MCCARTHY AND SEVERAL PARISHONERS  
MAKE PREPARATIONS FOR A GARDEN PARTY –  
LAYING OUT AN ELEGANT BUFFET, WHILE A  
STRING QUARTET SETS UP. REV WILFRED BOHUN -  
39, WITH A BOYISH, CHERUBIC FACE, PEDANTIC,  
FUSSY, ENDEARING.

**WILFRED:**

(TO MRS MCCARTHY AND SUSIE) Two utensils per dish. Plates at the  
beginning, napkins at the end. Savoury to sweet.

[FATHER BROWN RINGS HIS BELL AS HE ARRIVES]

**WILFRED:**

Father Brown! (DELIGHTED, HURRIES OVER) So glad you could  
come.

**FATHER BROWN:**

(GETTING OFF HIS BIKE) How could I not? Rumour has it you've  
invited most of my flock.

**WILFRED:**

Couldn't resist sharing my good fortune.

**FATHER BROWN:**

(LIGHT) So long as you're not planning on poaching any of my souls.

**WILFRED:**

Wouldn't dream of it.

**FATHER BROWN:**

You're a wicked man, Reverend.

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.

**MRS MCCARTHY:**

With who? Household pets?

[FATHER BROWN SPOONS OUT SOME OF THE DISH, EATS IT. MOANS WITH APPRECIATION. SUSIE SHOOTS MRS MCCARTHY A TRIUMPHANT LOOK.

GO TO WILFRED AND ELIZABETH, AS ELIZABETH TAKES IN THE LAUNDRY]

**ELIZABETH:**

I'm not sure, Reverend. Simeon's very busy today.

[SHE GESTURES TO SIMEON, WORKING AT THE FORGE, HAMMERING THE METAL WITH THE HAMMER]

**WILFRED:**

Too busy for scones and tea?

[ELIZABETH SMILES, ENDEARED TO HIM]

**ELIZABETH:**

I've already started preparing lunch.

**WILFRED:**

Come afterwards. Please. Won't be the same without you.

[SHE GIVES A HESITANT NOD]

**WILFRED:**

Wonderful.

[WILFRED HEADS BACK TOWARDS FATHER BROWN. ELIZABETH SPOTS FATHER BROWN FOR THE FIRST TIME, CHATTING TO MRS MCCARTHY AND SUSIE. HER SMILE FALTERS. UNEASY. SHE GLANCES AT SIMEON WORKING ON HIS FORGE. DEEPLY TROUBLED. SHE CONTINUES TAKING IN THE LAUNDRY, HURRYING.

AT THE BUFFET TABLE, FATHER BROWN WAITS UNTIL MRS MCCARTHY'S BACK'S TURNED, THEN PINCHES A SCONE. WILFRED APPROACHES]

**WILFRED:**

So what do you think?

**FATHER BROWN:**

Hmm?

**WILFRED:**

The new clock tower. (GESTURING TO IT) New roofing plates. Cast iron dials. Brand new bell. Kembleford 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:**

**EP1/SC4. INT/EXT. SMITHY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 1. 12.30**

**ELIZABETH, SIMEON, MRS MCCARTHY**

[ELIZABETH SERVES SIZZLING SAUSAGES AND EGGS ONTO A PLATE, AS SIMEON TRUDGES IN, WEARING A GRIMY SHIRT, TAKING OFF HIS GLOVES]

**SIMEON:**

Fry-up for lunch?

**ELIZABETH:**

You've been working so hard. Thought you deserved it. And don't get too excited, but I told the Reverend we'd be making an appearance at his extravaganza.

**SIMEON:**

I've still got three more jobs to get through.

**ELIZABETH:**

You can afford a short break.

**SIMEON:**

We can't afford anything. Least of all, a fry-up.

[ELIZABETH – STUNG. SIMEON, IMMEDIATELY REGRETFUL, PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND HER]

**SIMEON:**

Sorry. Smells delicious.

[HE GIVES HER A KISS. SHE SMILES FAINTLY, MAKES TO MOVE AWAY, BUT HE DRAWS HER BACK, GAZING AT HER INTENTLY]

**ELIZABETH:**

(NERVOUS) What?

**SIMEON:**

Just thinking... how lucky I am.

[SHE REGISTERS THE TENDERNESS IN HIS EYES. STEELS HERSELF AGAINST SUDDEN TEARS]

**SIMEON:**

What did I say?

**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  
ENTRY CIRCLED IN PEN. NORMAN STARES AT IT IN  
DISBELIEF]

**WILFRED:**

You think I wanted it to come to this? You're out of control. Drinking,  
gambling, indulging your basest appetites...

**NORMAN:**

(OF CONTRACT) This is a lie.

**WILFRED:**

It's there in black and white. And so is this... (OFFERING A BIBLE) It's  
not too late for you, Norman. You can still be saved. Please. Let us pray.

[NORMAN SNEERS AT WILFRED. STORMS OUT.

WILFRED HANGS HIS HEAD]

**CUT TO:**

**EP1/SC11. INT/EXT. REAR OF WILFRED'S CHURCH /  
GRAVEYARD. DAY 1. 14.30**

**ELIZABETH, SIMEON, NORMAN, LADY FELICIA**

[ELIZABETH SITS ON THE BENCH IN THE GRAVEYARD, STARING AT HER HANDS. SIMEON APPROACHES. WATCHES HER FOR A MOMENT]

**SIMEON:**

Is it true?

[SHE BREAKS DOWN INTO TEARS. SIMEON - ENRAGED. BROKEN-HEARTED. STORMS OFF, LEAVING ELIZABETH ANGUISHED.

SHE SPOTS NORMAN AS HE STRIDES OUT TO THE REAR OF THE CHURCH, LOOKING AGITATED. HE DOESN'T SEE HER. SHE STANDS, STARING AT HIM, HER FACE BURNING WITH RAGE.

ELIZABETH TEARS AWAY, ALMOST BUMPING INTO LADY FELICIA ON HER WAY TOWARDS A ROOM AT THE REAR OF THE CHURCH, HOLDING HER TRIFLE-STAINED HAT.

ELIZABETH STRIDES OFF, HER FACE FULL OF FURY]

**CUT TO:**

**EPI/SC12. EXT. SIDE OF WILFRED’S CHURCH. DAY 1. 14.45**

**NORMAN, PHILIP**

[NORMAN, STILL BRISTLING FROM HIS ENCOUNTER WITH WILFRED, PACES UP AND DOWN, DRAGGING ON A CIGARETTE.

HE LOOKS AT THE CHURCH, NOTICING A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW. HE PICKS UP A ROCK. MAKES TO THROW IT, THEN STOPS HIMSELF – A FLICKER OF GUILT. HE SIGHS. DROPS THE STONE]

**PHILIP:**

(OOV) You all right?

[PHILIP APPROACHES. NORMAN DOESN’T ANSWER. PHILIP TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE. LIGHTS IT]

**PHILIP:**

Trust you to liven up a party.

[NORMAN DOESN’T RESPOND. STARES OUT ACROSS THE FIELD]

**PHILIP:**

Poker game still on for next weekend?

**NORMAN:**

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

[PHILIP – STUNG. GLARES AT NORMAN]

**CUT TO:**

**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 with beautiful sunshine, and in about... ten seconds... we'll be blessed with the sound of glorious bells...

[THEY APPLAUD]

**MRS MCCARTHY:**

Ten... Nine... Eight...

[EVERYONE JOINS IN WITH THE COUNTDOWN.  
THEY REACH ZERO. WAIT EXPECTANTLY. THE  
HOUR HAND DOESN'T MOVE. WILFRED CATCHES  
AN AMUSED LOOK FROM FATHER BROWN, WHO  
GENTLY TAPS HIS POCKET WATCH. THE MINUTE  
HAND MOVES TO THE TWELVE MARK. THE  
CHURCH BELLS RESOUND. EVERYONE APPLAUDS.  
AS THE BELL STRIKES THREE, A PIERCING SCREAM  
CUTS THROUGH THE SOUND. EVERYONE LOOKS  
TOWARDS THE VICARAGE, SHOCKED]

**CUT TO:**

**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:**

**EPI/SC15. EXT. STREET NEAR CHURCH. DAY 1. 15.20**

**INSPECTOR VALENTINE**

**NSE POLICE OFFICERS**

[TWO POLICE CARS PULL UP. INSPECTOR  
VALENTINE AND NSE POLICE OFFICERS GET OUT,  
RUN TOWARDS THE REAR OF THE CHURCH]

**CUT TO:**

**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:**

**EP1/SC17. EXT. HILLTOP. DAY 1. 20:00**

**FATHER BROWN, WILFRED**

[THE CLOCK TOWER CHIMES EIGHT O’CLOCK. WILFRED SITS ON A BENCH ON A HILLTOP, OVERLOOKING KEMBLEFORD, THE BIBLE ON HIS LAP, EYES CLOSED IN PRAYER. FATHER BROWN MAKES HIS WAY UP THE HILL.]

WILFRED OPENS HIS EYES. GESTURES FOR FATHER BROWN TO SIT BESIDE HIM. FATHER BROWN SITS IN CONTEMPLATIVE SILENCE, AS THEY ADMIRE THE VIEW OF THE VILLAGE, THE BELL FADING]

**WILFRED:**

I tried so hard to save him.

**FATHER BROWN:**

I know.

**WILFRED:**

I can’t believe Elizabeth could do this. It had to be Simeon.

**FATHER BROWN:**

I’m fond of her too – but we can’t allow our feelings to blind us to the possibility that she may be guilty.

[WILFRED STANDS, TAKES A FEW PACES, DEEPLY TROUBLED. FATHER BROWN STROLLS ALONGSIDE]

**WILFRED:**

Not of murder. Not her. It’s not in her nature.

**FATHER BROWN:**

Even if you’re right, it doesn’t necessarily follow that Simeon’s the culprit.

**WILFRED:**

Trust you to look for mysteries when the truth’s right in front of your eyes.

**FATHER BROWN:**

I don’t look for mysteries, so much as they seem to come looking for me.

**WILFRED:**

And your penchant for spy novels and crossword puzzles? They’re forced upon you, are they?

[WILFRED GIVES FATHER BROWN A SMILE]

**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 DOOR AJAR, CREAKING SLIGHTLY ON ITS HINGES.

SUSPICIOUS, HE LOOKS TOWARDS THE MAIN EXIT, TO SEE THE MAIN DOOR SWAYING IN THE WIND – A SENSE OF THE DARK KNIGHT HAVING SLIPPED AWAY ON THE WIND. FROM OUTSIDE, THE SOUND OF FATHER BROWN'S BICYCLE BELL, AS HE RIDES AWAY. **END OF ACT 2]**

**CUT TO:**

**EPI/SC20. INT/EXT. ST MARY'S. PRESBYTERY / HALLWAY /  
KITCHEN. DAY 2. 09.30**

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

[HALLWAY. FATHER BROWN COMBS HIS HAIR,  
LOOKING THOUGHTFUL. SUSIE COMES IN FROM  
OUTSIDE, CARRYING A BUCKET AND MOP]

**SUSIE:**

Which floors you want me do first? Presbytery or church?

**FATHER BROWN:**

(LOST IN THOUGHT, NOT HEARING HER) Yes, why not.

[SUSIE ROLLS HER EYES. MRS MCCARTHY ENTERS  
WITH PAPERWORK. GIVES SUSIE A WARY GLANCE]

**MRS MCCARTHY:**

Morning, Father. Susie. (TO FATHER BROWN) Thought I'd make a start  
on the quarterly accounts.

**SUSIE:**

(TO MRS MCCARTHY) Don't bother, he's been on Moon last few days.

**MRS MCCARTHY:**

Father Brown?

[HE COMES ROUND. GIVES HER A SMILE]

**MRS MCCARTHY:**

Are you all right? You had that look on your face.

**FATHER BROWN:**

Look?

**MRS MCCARTHY:**

Wheels turning. You don't usually get that unless there's something amiss.

**FATHER BROWN:**

(PUTTING ON HIS JACKET) Nothing amiss. Not to worry.

**MRS MCCARTHY:**

You're going to the funeral? (OFF HIS NOD, TAKING HIM ASIDE) Do  
you really think Mrs Barnes is responsible for...?

**FATHER BROWN:**

Why do you ask?

[MRS MCCARTHY POINTEDLY EYES SUSIE]

**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:**

**EPI/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:**

Morning.

[THE PARISHONERS LOOK CONFUSED. MRS MCCARTHY BRINGS A CLUSTER OF SMALL PINK FLOWERS GROWING IN THE SHRUBS CLOSE TO HER NOSE, DRAWS IN THE SCENT]

**MRS MCCARTHY:**

Achillea Millefolium. Wonderful this time of year.

[THEY SMILE UNEASILY]

**CUT TO:**

**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.]

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

**FATHER BROWN:**

It's always sad when so few come to pay their respects.

**PHILIP:**

Even for someone like Norman?

**FATHER BROWN:**

Presumably, you didn't think he was a bad sort? Being his friend.

**PHILIP:**

Maybe *I'm* a bad sort, Father. Think about that?

**FATHER BROWN:**

You don't strike me as one.

**PHILIP:**

Well... appearances and all that.

[PHILIP SHUFFLES AWAY, FATHER BROWN  
WATCHING HIM, INTRIGUED.]

**CUT TO:**

**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]

**SIMEON:**

*I said don't talk to me about my wife!*

**FATHER BROWN:**

Mr Barnes!

[WILFRED COWERS. SIMEON CATCHES HIMSELF. LOWERS THE HAMMER. REDDENS. ALMOST EMBARRASSED FOR LOSING CONTROL.

HE STARES AT THE FORGE, BROILING WITH MOLTEN METAL AND RISING FLAMES. PULLS OFF HIS GLOVES. THROWS THEM DOWN. STRIDES AWAY, PULLING ON HIS JACKET, HEADING TOWARDS THE STREET]

**WILFRED:**

(TO FATHER BROWN) See?

[FATHER BROWN WATCHES SIMEON STRIDING AWAY, THEN HIS GAZE DROPS DOWN TO THE GLOVES HE LEFT BEHIND – ON A WORKTABLE, WHERE THERE ARE ASSORTED TOOLS AND WORK GLOVES.

FATHER BROWN CONSIDERS SIMEON STRIDING AWAY – THEN FOLLOWS HIM]

**CUT TO:**

**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:**

After what she did?

**FATHER BROWN:**

Yes. Even after what she did. Isn't that what love is?

[SIMEON – SOBRE, REFLECTIVE. SITS DOWN.

FATHER BROWN LIFTS A HEN FROM THE HAYSTACK BESIDE SIMEON, FINDS AN EGG – DELIGHTED - POPS IT IN HIS POCKET, SITS BESIDE HIM]

**SIMEON:**

Did she say anything to you about... why she did it?

**FATHER BROWN:**

What are we talking about? The infidelity? ...Or...?

[SIMEON LOOKS AT FATHER BROWN. BROKEN, TEARFUL, THE DEVASTATION SHOWING ON HIS FACE FOR THE FIRST TIME]

**SIMEON:**

Both.

[FATHER BROWN STUDIES HIS EYES, ASCERTAINING THE TRUTH]

**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/SC26. EXT. KEMBLEFORD STREET / NEAR BARN. DAY 2.**  
**13.00**

**FATHER BROWN, MRS MCCARTHY**

[FATHER BROWN HEADS DOWN THE PATH, AWAY FROM THE BARN. MRS MCCARTHY, FLUSTERED AND A LITTLE DISHEVELLED, COMES RUNNING OVER]

**MRS MCCARTHY:**

Father Brown... I've been looking for you everywhere.

**FATHER BROWN:**

What's the matter? You look... (NOTICING A PETAL IN HER HAIR FROM THE BUSHES, PICKING IT OUT) ...in bloom.

**MRS MCCARTHY:**

I followed Susie.

**FATHER BROWN:**

Into a florists?

**MRS MCCARTHY:**

She lied to me.

**FATHER BROWN:**

What are you talking about?

[MRS MCCARTHY PRODUCES THE BOTTLE OF DETERGENT. FATHER BROWN RAISES AN EYEBROW]

**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:**

**EPI1/SC28. SCENE CUT**

**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:**

To watch insects devouring each other.

**PHILIP:**

Sorry to disappoint you, but these caddisfly tend to feed on nectar – and if  
you don't mind, I prefer to work al-

**FATHER BROWN:**

Sounds fascinating. May I?

[FATHER BROWN TAKES THE SAMPLE COLLECTOR  
AND A TEST TUBE, SCOOPS UP SOME LARVAE,  
PLACES THEM INTO THE TEST TUBE]

**FATHER BROWN:**

How many larvae do you think are in this pond?

**PHILIP:**

(SIGHS) A typical mass contains up to 800 eggs.

**FATHER BROWN:**

Eight hundred. Incredible.

[PHILIP REGISTERS FATHER BROWN'S GENUINE  
ENTHUSIASM. WARMS A LITTLE TO HIS SUBJECT]

**PHILIP:**

And this particular species forms webs of debris for protection against  
predators. Birds, frogs, spiders...

**FATHER BROWN:**

Survival of the fittest, eh?

[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.

**PHILIP:**

Calm down? You're not the one facing the possibility of arrest and chemical "treatments".

**FATHER BROWN:**

Neither are you. No one else knows. No one else will. Your secret is safe. I didn't come here to judge.

[FATHER BROWN PUTS A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER. PHILIP REGISTERS THE GESTURE. STUDIES FATHER BROWN'S FACE. CALMS A LITTLE]

**PHILIP:**

Then why?

[FATHER BROWN HESITATES - UNCERTAIN]

**PHILIP:**

You think I did it? Of course. It must be me. The deviant.

**FATHER BROWN:**

It's a sad truth that in many cases victims are murdered by those that supposedly love them.

[PHILIP TURNS AWAY - SOBRE, REFLECTIVE]

**PHILIP:**

I did love him... He could be selfish. Cruel. But he was always honest. Always who he was. Like a little boy sometimes. I would never...

[HE HANGS HIS HEAD. STIFLES TEARS. FATHER BROWN NODS, REGISTERING HIS SINCERITY]

**FATHER BROWN:**

I believe you. ...And I'm sorry.

[PHILIP LOOKS AT HIM – SEES THAT HE MEANS IT. TOUCHED]

**PHILIP:**

Thank you.

**FATHER BROWN:**

Did anyone else know of Norman's...proclivities?

**PHILIP:**

You think that's why he was killed?

**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)  
The gloves... you left them here the other day. Explains why there were no fingerprints on the hammer.

**WILFRED:**

What are you talking ab—

**FATHER BROWN:**

I think there's something dangerous about being on high places – even to pray – don't you?

[FATHER BROWN STANDS AT THE RAILING, LOOKS  
OVER]

**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:**

How could it not be so? From up here? What's the alternative? That it was chance? Luck? There's no such thing.

[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:**

I have no such thing.

**FATHER BROWN:**

It’s why you didn’t come back to reset the clock. You couldn’t face the scene of your crime.

**WILFRED:**

I answer to one higher power and He will judge me righteous.

**FATHER BROWN:**

Righteous? For using His name to justify your own malice?

**WILFRED:**

No...

**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/SC42. EXT. CLOCK TOWER. DAY 1. 14.56**

**WILFRED**

[FLASHBACK: IN SLOW MOTION - THE HAMMER LEAVES WILFRED'S HAND, FLYING THROUGH THE AIR.

IN SLOW MOTION - WILFRED INHALES DEEPLY, HIS EYES FALLING CLOSED – A SENSE OF ALMOST ECSTATIC RELEASE]

**WILFRED:**

(V/O) It felt so good.

[SLOW MOTION - CLOSE ON THE HAMMER SAILING THROUGH THE AIR – TWISTING, TURNING]

**WILFRED:**

(V/O) Because I knew my hand was guided. I was but a vessel of the Lord's will. His agent. It was what He wanted.

**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:**

(V/O) Everything has order. Everything has meaning. This was divine  
intervention.

[POV OF HAMMER – RUSHING TOWARDS THE  
BACK OF NORMAN’S HEAD AT HIGH SPEED]

**CUT TO:**

**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  
FEATHERED HAT]

**FATHER BROWN:**

Lady Felicia, you're looking positively radiant. How are your vocal chords  
this morning?

**LADY FELICIA:**

Ready to delight the congregation with my Amazing Grace.

**FATHER BROWN:**

Can't wait.

[SHE GIVES HIM A FOND SMILE. TOUCHES HIS  
HAND – A GRATEFUL GESTURE. HEADS INSIDE.]

SUSIE APPROACHES THE CHURCH, MRS MCCARTHY  
CATCHES UP WITH HER, HOLDING A COVERED  
DISH]

**MRS MCCARTHY:**

Susie...

**SUSIE:**

What you think I've done now? Chopped off somebody's head?

[FATHER BROWN SMILES, AS MRS MCCARTHY  
OFFERS SUSIE THE DISH]

**MRS MCCARTHY:**

By way of apology for thinking you were a murderer.

[SUSIE UNCOVERS THE PLATE, REVEALING THE  
POLISH NOODLE DISH]

**MRS MCCARTHY:**

I got one of the girls at the camp to teach me how to make it.

**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**