

# **that was then**

**episodes 1 to 5  
of a fifteen-part serial  
by jonathan myerson**

**broadcast June 2017**

# A PODCAST DRAMA

This serial is an attempt to create a new way of presenting radio drama.

Tapping into the hunger for podcasts which explore unsolved crimes (*Trace, 48 Hours...*) or miscarriages of justice (*Serial, Criminal..*), this drama series aims to do the same.

It also exploits the modern ubiquity of both recording devices (we all carry one in our pockets) and recorded material from our pasts (everyone is taping everything). No generation has ever existed with so much of its history recorded and recordable.

So in this drama, there is no fourth wall. Everything that is recorded is knowingly done so...by the central character. It is 'her' podcast. All the dialogues exist entirely as she taped them, discreetly setting her phone recorder app. In other words, if you tuned accidentally into a random episode, for a while you could imagine it's a true crime podcast.

Therefore this narration from Anna is central. But it is not Recollected-in-Tranquillity narration, nor Suspended Disbelief narration. Anything but. Rather it is the sound of Anna recording her ongoing story into her iPhone, here and now, and then cutting in what she has recorded in the last days or hours – often with bad acoustics and thumbs on microphones, interruptions and drop-outs. We do not cut to scenes to which we somehow have magical access – as in a normal, fourth-wall drama.

The source of everything we hear is explained. Like any of those non-fiction podcasts. Except this is happening to our 'reporter', our narrator, live, day by day.

Also echoing the memoir fiction crossover of writers like Knausgaard and Cusk and Coetzee, this serial aims to occupy the same territory for drama: is it the narrator's autobiography or is it a story? To what extent is the protagonist inventing or being invented by it?

# **that was then**

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**by jonathan myerson**

## **studio draft**

### **EPISODE 1**

#### **cast**

**ANNA  
REPORTER  
THE BEESTON BATMAN  
HARRY  
LAUREN**

**on tape, aged 20ish, in 1995**

**ANNA  
HARRY  
STUART  
VINNY  
ROZ  
PHOEBE  
BEN**

NOTTINGHAM 1995: STUDENT HOUSE, MAIN ROOM: SUMMER EVENING

A DRUNKEN GAME OF INDOOR CATCH IS IN PROGRESS.  
EVERYONE IS SLIGHTLY DRUNK AND TALKING OVER EVERYONE, SO ALL  
THIS IS SUPER-CHAOTIC.  
'THE BENDS' LP IS PLAYING.

ANNA IS FILMING IT – SO WHEN SHE SPEAKS, SHE IS RIGHT BY THE  
MICROPHONE.

*ANNA IN ITALICS IS ANNA WATCHING IT IN 2017,  
SPEAKING OVER THE RECORDING<sup>1</sup>*

STUART                    You dropped it! You floored that bear!

PHOEBE                    I got him by the leg long before he – look! Leg hold. Official leg  
hold!

MEANWHILE:

HARRY                    He totally belly-flopped, Phoebes. He skidded.

ANNA                      That was a drop. I got it here on tape.

PHOEBE                    Ruling! I demand a ruling.

VINNY                     Give that girl a ruling.

THEY ALL TURN TO BEN

BEN                        It is written, it is verily written, my brethren, in the Book of  
BearCatch, Verse Seven, Chapter Eighty-Three.

*OVER BEN:*

*ANNA                      (IT HURTS TO SEE HIM AGAIN) Ben, Ben, Ben.*

VINNY                     Get on with it!

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<sup>1</sup> as it will very quickly become the minority, I am using italics for Anna's Voice Over, when she is speaking into her voice recorder, and non-italics for the actual scenes/recordings/clips which will make up the lion's share of the action.

ANNA                    *(OVER) Oh Ben. How did it happen? How did we let it?*

*ANNA IS SPEAKING INTO HER PHONE, RECORDING HERSELF AS SHE WATCHES. THERE IS AN URGENCY BUT ALSO A FEAR: NOT OF SOMEONE OR SOMETHING BUT OF WHAT SHE IS NOT ADMITTING TO HERSELF.*

CONTINUING:

ANNA                    And chapters come before verses.

ANNA                    *(AT HERSELF) This is – stop, stop, why'm I doing this?*

BEN                     It is written, that if the ear of the Teddy shall graze the ground, but the bear it faileth to make full and unclean contact with the linoleum...

STUART                *(OVER, MOCK-BORED) Please, God, take me now.*

BEN                     ...The Bear Dropper shall forfeit one shot of pepper tequila.

VINNY                 Man, the pepper tequila.

ANNA                    *(OVER) Wow, Vinny. Sweet little Vinny.*

PHOEBE                You're just trying to get me drunk.

BEN                     Why on earth would I do that?

ROZ                     *(POURING AND OFFERING) Just drink it, sweetheart.*

ANNA                    *You always had to be in charge, didn't you, Roz?*

PHOEBE                He didn't tou –

OTHERS                Drink, drink, drink.  
Down, down, down

PHOEBE                I've got that essay to do, you know. I wasn't lying.

ANNA                    *Phoebe! What are you doing now? Are you better?*

BEN                               Then thou shouldst not allow the Holy Tedward to smite the godless ground.

PHOEBE                           (MID-COUGH) I caught his leg. His ear might have slightly skimmed the –

STUART                         Everyone, ready. She does this, pretends to talk about something else, does it to surprise you.

ANNA                             *Look at you. Look at you – so young, so everything. Oh, Stuart.*

HARRY                            She's getting ready. It's so obvious.

AND ACROSS THIS:

PHOEBE                         (ANNOUNCING THE CATCHER) Stuart!

SHE THROWS THE TEDDY BEAR AND STUART LAUNCHES HIMSELF ACROSS THE SOFA. SOMETHING BREAKS, OTHER THINGS ARE KNOCKED ASKEW, THE RECORD PLAYER JUMPS.

HARRY                            (OF HIS RECORD) Careful! I just bought that.

STUART                         Foul throw! Impossible.

PHOEBE                         Drink, drink, drink!

THEN OTHERS                 Drink, drink, drink!

OVER:

ANNA                             *I have to make a start. A proper start. Make some sense of all this. Put it in some sort of order.*

CONTINUING:

STUART                         Total fix.

BEN                               (RESCUING TEDDY) Come here, Teddy, come here, did that hurt?

STUART                         My elbow. We got to stop this.

OTHERS                    Drink, drink, drink!

STUART                    I've presenting at the seminar tomorrow. It's alright for you guys. I do a real subject.

OTHERS                    (OVER HIM) Drink, drink, drink!  
>>

STUART                    That throw, Phoebe, this means war. Total war.

PHOEBE                    Bring it on, bad boy.

STUART                    I'm coming for you.

MEANWHILE ALSO STARTING AT >> (AND CLOSE ON MIC):

ANNA                      (TO BEN) Is he alright?

BEN                        Look, Anna, he's broken his ankle, he's limping.

ANNA                      Teddy, can you keep going? We need you.

BEN                        (AS TEDDY, BIG SMOKER) Well, Anna, it's been ++ a tough season – but if the team wants me to go out there and perform, well, nothing's more important than the –

*OVER THIS, STARTING AT ++:*

ANNA                      (TO HERSELF) Stop it, stop it, stop it. You've got to stop watching this.

AND NOW SHE STOPS THE TAPE

*SUDDENLY A CRACKLY SILENCE IN HER ROOM*

LONDON: ANNA'S ROOM: SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

*SHE PAUSES.*

*SHE TIDIES THINGS ON HER DESK*

*MORE GATHERED (BUT ONLY JUST):*

ANNA                      *When this all shit disappears, when it all turns out to be nothing, I'll delete it. Chuck this bloody phone in the river, tell them I got mugged.*

*A MOMENT.*

*DETERMINATION AND FEAR.*

ANNA *I need to do this. I know how to do this. Got it all lined up here. ('THROAT CLEAR', THEN:) This is Anna Sandwell. This is – this is my first – recording, I suppose. (THEN:) It started with a phone call. From Nottingham – of course. Here – (READING:) – it was – Wednesday 11:43am.*

*SHE IS SCROLLING THROUGH HER PHONE, THEN  
SHE CLICKS IT IN:*

LONDON: ANNA'S CHURCH OFFICE: WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

ANNA – ello?

REPORTER Hello, is that – I'm looking for Anna Marmion?

ANNA That's – that's me. My old name, I mean.

REPORTER You're not so easy to find, Anna.

ANNA Sorry, what's this about? Is this parish business?

REPORTER You're the Anna Marmion who was at Nottingham University, right?

*SHE PAUSES THE RECORDING DURING THESE LAST WORDS:*

ANNA *Sorry, should've explained. Out of the habit. Sorry. This was about three days ago. No, it was exactly three days ago. Wednesday. OK. (THEN:) I'll go back. (A MOMENT AS SHE CONCENTRATES ON HER THUMB WORK) There.*

*CLICK:*

ANNA – t's this about? Is this pari –

*SHE CUTS IT OFF AGAIN.*



ANNA *That thing I said just now about habit. I'll explain that too.  
Just – (THUMBING) Back again.*

*CLICK INTO:*

ANNA Sorry, what's this about? Is this parish business?

REPORTER You're the Anna Marmion who was at Nottingham University, right? 1995?

ANNA Sorry, who is this?

REPORTER I'm from the Nottingham Evening Post. We're putting together a piece for today. We want to know: are you shocked by this decision? Are you angry, your friend's killer has been – ?

ANNA Sorry?

REPORTER You haven't been – ? The Court of Appeal, Jules Winter, his appeal, I mean.

ANNA (SHE KNOWS THIS NAME. TOO WELL) Jules Winter?

REPORTER He's been released. This afternoon. He's one free man.

ANNA What? I didn't even know there was –

REPORTER His lawyers found an alibi. Proves he couldn't've done it.

ANNA (TOTALLY THROWN, BARELY KEEPING UP) Alibi?

REPORTER You really didn't even know this was – ?

ANNA (TETCHY) Obviou – does it sound like I – ?

REPORTER He was in hospital, would you believe? In the local A & E, getting pumped full of charcoal, suspected overdose.

ANNA Why has this – this was never discovered – I mean not even –

REPORTER He was too out of it to remember. Someone worked it out. Dug out the records. You know, those old brown envelope things. In the basement. Doctor's notes, timed. Sorry, booked in under a false name. The Appeal Judges, they quashed his conviction.

ANNA But – I don't – after so long?

REPORTER They were pretty categorical. Jules Winter could not have killed Benedict Nelson.

ANNA He came in our house, he stole Ben's wallet, how did they explain that?

REPORTER Not their job. So, could you describe, how was it, when you found the body? The transcript mentions substantial quantities of his blood on your clothing –

ANNA What?

REPORTER Have you ever got over that? The shock, the horror of it? The victim was your – you lived together, right, you and Ben?

ANNA We shared a house. Students. You make it sound like I was –

REPORTER I'm trying to track down some of the others. Can you give me a number for Phoebe Crow? Aravind Thakar? You guys are all still in touch, right?

ANNA We haven't – we don't –

REPORTER What about Harry Sandwell, do you still – ?

SHE CLICKS IT OFF

ANNA *It was so weird to hear someone say those names. Roz, Vinny, Phoebe. We don't talk about them, it. What was I supposed to do? If Harry had been around, I would've... (BREATH) Someone tells you something like that. You google. I found this guy. Probably easiest if I just...*

SHE CLICKS INTO:

LONDON: FLEET STREET. MIDDAY.

THE BEESTON BATMAN   Subscribers, Gothamites, Justice Hunters, right on. I am standing here, on the Strand in Central London – Trafalgar Square's just down there, the Old Bailey's

OVER BB:

ANNA

*YouTube. I went to the Evening Post and clicked this link and now he keeps – the man who runs it, he calls himself the Beeston Batman, 'Fighting For Justice On The Streets Of Nottingham'.*

BB (YOUTUBE)

over there somewhere. The chick with the sword and the weighing thing. I am right here outside the tonkin Law Courts and I've got to say it's one of the superbest days of my life. Total tragedy is I can't wear my mask today so you're only going to see

ANNA

*And yup, rest of the time he wears a full Batman outfit: mask, pointy ears, cape. It'd be laughable if it wasn't –*

CONTINUING:

BB

other people in this one. But this is about them, not me. He's going to be out here very soon – they said ten minutes but I know these people, there'll be forms and paperwork and they'll make him sweat. >> But I can wait. Jules Winter is about to talk out here, into London, into his new life as a free man. Here he comes! Right on! Here he is!

BB NOW TURNS AND FILMS THE PRESS GAGGLE ROUND WINTER AND HIS FAMILY. CAMERAS AND QUESTIONS (HE CONTINUES, ALL OF WHICH IS UNDER ANNA).

Man, look at them, they are swamping him. Let him breathe, people! Give the man a break. Twenty years inside and now he's got flash cameras going crazy in his eyes – he's going to think he's some kind of superstar. Some kind of reality TV star. And he is! Look at it all. I'm not getting involved in that. Questions and cameras and they all want interviews for the telly, for everything. I'm going to leave them to it.

COMING OVER, STARTING AT >> ABOVE:

ANNA

*It goes on like this. And then, there, on the Strand, he does appear. Julian Winter, through those railings. He looks much as I remember him. Which is odd. You'd think he'd be thinner or fatter or greyer or even happier. But he isn't. There's an emptiness about him –*

*And then there's a rush and all the reporters asking him things and taking photographs and then he gets his clenched fists in the air and the people round him hold up his arms. You don't think of him having a mother and a sister. Well, I know they were at the trial but...*

*AND NOW SHE SEES IT:*

*There. Look. They have it – happiness. Winter, his mother, his sister, nephews, nieces, and I don't know who that is. They're happy. And now we're not.*

THE YOUTUBE HAS MEANWHILE CUT TO BEESTON BATMAN BACK IN NOTTINGHAM,  
SO COMING IN UNDER THE LAST:

NOTTINGHAM: BEESTON: BEDROOM.

BB

OK, Justice Lovers, I'm back in The Justice Room here in Nottingham. I think you got to agree ++ that was truly something. The day we've been waiting for, the day we have all earned. The man walks. Live man walking. The D Day – Dark Knight Day, the Dark Knight Rises and the Justice is restored to –

OVER HIM STARTING AT ++:

ANNA

*He's sitting there, in front of his wall of photos. Shots of the house, the murder weapon, he's got the six of us – in our mortar boards, must've – from some university thing – looking so sensible.*

SHE CLICKS IT OFF.

ANNA

*It was so weird, those faces that once meant so – Roz all stern and doing it right, Vinny looks plain terrified, Phoebe doesn't*

*care, still wishing she was at Cambridge...And Harry. Not the real Harry. And Ben. Who never got older.*

*BREATH*

*I thought about Ben and that day and the trial and that man and seeing him and how much I hated him and how much it was wrong to hate him – and I had to talk to someone. OK, here's the – let me find the next. (AS SHE SCROLLS) I mean I wasted a whole night watching this stuff – this sad little wannabe gangster bloke in Nottingham and his crazy theories and his little scraps of evidence and conspira – Here. At the end of it, I had to speak to someone – and he is my husband. (BUT) This is when it starts to get...*

*AS SHE SCRUBS:*

*ANNA Hang on. I won't do all the...*

*THEN, CLICK INTO THE MIDDLE OF:*

*HARRY [I tho] – ught it was some terrible emergency.*

*HARRY IS IN A FIELD (SOMEWHERE IN THE BRITISH COUNTRYSIDE)*

*ANNA It is. Sort of. Harry, don't you see it is?*

*HARRY Someone hurt. Someone – I don't know. That's the deal. Emergency only.*

*ANNA I was so...*

*SHE CLICKS IT OFF*

*ANNA Another thing. Should explain. There was this man, stalking me, about six months ago. Nothing sexual, it was a religious thing, you get them. Something to do with the Apocrypha. He wasn't a well man. But it was always his word against mine. So – a Call Recorder app.*

*SHE CLICKS IT BACK ON*

HARRY                   What?

ANNA                   (SLIGHT PULLING TOGETHER) How are the boys?

HARRY                   We're – really, Anna, the whole point, a week off-grid, no devices, me, the boys, tent, forest, you know how much I value this we – Oh –oh no.

ANNA                   What is it?

HARRY                   Bloody bugging hell.

ANNA                   (PANICKED) What's wrong?

HARRY                   (MOSTLY OFF) Let me just handle this.

HARRY IS EFFORTFULLY EXTRICATING SOMETHING, DURING WHICH:

ANNA                   Harry, you OK? Harry? Harry?

HARRY                   (BACK INTO PHONE, TETCHY) I stepped in something, alright?

ANNA                   What do you mean?

HARRY                   Fox or badger or – I don't know what.

ANNA                   I thought you liked all that.

HARRY                   I like walking in shit? What's wrong with you, Anna?

ANNA                   I'm sorry, I'm not very – Harry, this man, he rang up, said he wanted to talk to you – I'm sorry.

HARRY                   I have no intention of talking to anyone about –

ANNA                   I know but –

HARRY                   But what? Oh no, it's up my jeans.

ANNA Don't you realise – ? [what this means?]

HARRY (NOT LISTENING) I'll have to make up something about why you rang. Rang the emergency phone. And now they know I do have a phone.

ANNA Throw it away.

HARRY What if there's a real emergency?

ANNA What, like you step in another cowpat?

HARRY It's really not funny, Anna. None of this.

ANNA (BACKING DOWN) I'm sorry, 'sjust I'm really confused.

HARRY What's so confusing?

ANNA That man, he didn't kill Ben.

HARRY Of course he did.

ANNA He can't have done it. He was on a trolley in Queens Medical Centre. Fact. All afternoon. Absolute fact.

HARRY Look, I'm back the day after tomorrow. Until then, I'd rather not waste time grinding through ancient history which honestly has little or no –

*SHE CLICKS IT OFF.*

*ANNA I was wrong to ring, I mean. One week a year he gets with the boys – no phones, no TV, no Facebook. I ruined it. But I was upset. I think you can hear that. And he wouldn't... I'm just going to – I need to pray.*

EDIT NOISE OUT<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> as the entire piece exists only as Anna's 'rough edit podcast', which she assembles periodically – we are listening to her 'assembly' – this sound will occur whenever she switches the 'overall' recording app off, then on again. It will require something like thumb against microphone or electronic blurple.

*DEAD AIR*

*EDIT NOISE IN*

*LONDON: ANNA'S ROOM: (STILL) SATURDAY AFTERNOON.*

*ANNA*                    *That was Thursday. This is Anna Sandwell, this is my second tape, file, whatever you call it. Tape Two. Right. That was just Harry being Harry. I told myself. Then this WhatsApp. From Friday.*

*SHE CLICKS INTO WHATSAPP VOICE MESSAGE:*

*HARRY*                    *Look, I just wanted to – look, I've been worried that you might have done something stupid. (INSTRUCTION:) Do not contact anyone till I get back. Do you understand me? OK?*

*ANNA*                    *And on Saturday.*

*CLICK INTO WHATSAPP:*

*HARRY*                    *And you – sorry, meant to – the boys are in the service station. M11, you know the one, where Pip threw up that time – you haven't gone crawling around in the loft, have you? You mustn't, you promise me that? Alright?*

*SHE CLICKS IT OFF*

*ANNA*                    *Not once, not once, did I think of those tapes.  
Harry reminded me. And he wouldn't've, would he, if – ?  
Harry. Maybe.  
Just like he said, it was in the loft. Behind the Lego and the Playmobil – I loved Playmobil – the real stuff, the farm, the zoo, ambulance station, the public sector stuff – none of that dragon rubbish. Behind the trunk of clothes I couldn't give up, my father's stuff. As soon as I saw the box – Maxwell House, do they still make that? – the tapes stacked neatly inside, labelled, and on top, the camera, my camera.*

*SHE PICKS IT UP*



ANNA                    *The man in the phone shop found the right cable. He recognised me, treated me like I was important. And these little tapes – we thought they were so cool – mini VHS, plastic matchboxes.*

SHE CLICKS IT OUT OF THE CAMERA AND BACK IN THEN BEEPS THE PLAY BUTTON. SO (BACK) INTO:

BEN                    It is written, that if the ear of the Teddy shall graze the ground, but the bear it faileth to make full and unclean contact with the linoleum...

*OVER, AS IT CONTINUES* <sup>3</sup>:

ANNA                    *I didn't say. Before, I mean. I was making this film – back then. It was part of my dissertation – yes, it was a Media Studies degree – about the people I lived with, in that house. I was doing interviews, like I was going to follow them for years, see what happened. It was going to be my life's work.*

*BREATH.*

*SHE FORCES HERSELF INTO, STILL OVER THE TAPE:*

ANNA                    *No, no, no, this is the thing. This Is The Thing. Seven of us living in that house. Ben. Then Stuart and me – we're the ones who found Ben. Which leaves four. Four people. The four people who could've... Phoebe. Vinny. Roz. And Harry. And Harry wants me to forget all about it.*

*SHE IS VERY EMOTIONALLY HEIGHTENED, VERY SCARED/ANXIOUS.*

*FINALLY:*

*EDIT NOISE OUT*

**END OF EPISODE**

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<sup>3</sup> the tape we heard at the outset



# **that was then**

**by jonathan myerson**

**studio draft**

**EPISODE 2**

**cast**

**ANNA**

**SWITCHBOARD**

**THE BEESTON BATMAN**

**HARRY**

**STUART**

**on tape, aged 20ish, in 1995**

**ANNA**

**STUART**

ANNA'S SON'S BEDROOM: TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

*ANNA IS SITTING, LEGS ACROSS THE BED, LAPTOP EPONYMOUSLY PLACED,  
AS SHE DIALS HER PHONE.<sup>4</sup>*

*IT RINGS.*

*AS IT IS ANSWERED, RECORDING CLICKS IN:*

SWITCHBOARD Hello, Unity Learning.

ANNA Hello, is it possible to speak to Stuart Henshaw?

SWITCHBOARD Sure. I'll see if he's available. Who's speaking, please?

ANNA (QUIET, DIFFIDENT) Could you tell him – it's an old friend.

SWITCHBOARD I'm sorry, I didn't catch that. Who shall I say is calling?

ANNA Just say it's –

ANNA HANGS UP.

*CLICK OFF.*

ANNA *Please God, stay with me. That was wrong, that was disloyal.  
Stupid. (THEN:) Sorry, this really hasn't been the best few  
days of my life. This is...my third tape, session, whatever. My  
name is Anna Sandwell. OK.  
About Stuart. This is why I want to ring him, speak to him.  
This is us. 17th March 1995.*

*SHE CLICKS INTO A TAPE:*

NOTTINGHAM 1995: WALKING THROUGH RESIDENTIAL STREETS

STUART AND ANNA ARE WALKING ALONG THE STREET,  
ANNA FILMING AND STUART VERY PUMPED UP, OVER-ENERGISED

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<sup>4</sup> italics for Anna's Voice Over, and non-italics for the taped scenes.

STUART                    British theatre is so dull, Anna! So unbelievably tedious. It's all  
blah-blah-blah so-sorry-darling-I-trod on-your-pun.

ANNA                      *(CHORUSING, SHE'S WATCHED IT TOO MANY TIMES)*  
*Blah-blah-blah.*

STUART                    Physical theatre – that's the future, no more of that Alan  
Bennett upitsarsery – it's open. (IRRITATED) Phoebe!

THEY ARE WALKING IN THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR AND ALONG THE  
HALL.

ANNA CONTINUES FILMING:

ANNA                      And if the National Theatre rang you up tomorrow? Hello, it's  
Peter Hall and I –

STUART                    Richard Eyre now.

ANNA                      Richard Hare and I'd like you to play –

STUART                    God, I need a coffee.

ANNA                      You're avoiding the question.

STUART                    Ben? (THEN:) Ben?

ANNA                      Stuart, answer me, how can you hope to –

STUART                    (MORE URGENT) Ben, are you alright?

STUART BENDS DOWN TO WHERE BEN IS LYING ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR.

STUART                    For Christ's sake.

ANNA                      Is that blood? God, is all of this...?

STUART                    Anna, quick, do something.

ANNA                      What? Oh God. What?

STUART                    Turn that bloody thing off. Help me. Ben's – he's been attacked or something. Quick, dial nine nine –

THE TAPE ENDS.  
WHITE NOISE

*ANNA IS HOLDING BACK HER TEARS*

ANNA                    *I'm just going to –*

IMMEDIATE EDIT NOISE OUT

*A MOMENT OF DEAD AIR, THEN*

EDIT NOISE IN

BEDROOM: TUESDAY AFTERNOON (CONTINUED)

ANNA                    *(SNIFFING DOWN TEARS) Sorry, that was difficult. I shouldn't've got it back out. I keep hoping I'll see something. A clue or a giveaway or just... And each time it leaves me....you know, I thought twenty years was enough. You really would think.*

*BREATH.*  
*THEN CONCERTED SHIFT OF ENERGY INTO:*

ANNA                    *But why would there be? A clue, I mean. It was just another day. 17th March. Stuart had got – that was Stuart, right? – he had the lead in a student production. Faustus. He wasn't a good actor but charismatic. People thought he was gay. He just didn't have a girlfriend. Anyway, I wanted some footage of him rehearsing but I was late getting to the Union and so I said I'd film him as we walked back home and walked straight into – so he's the only one I can – ## – he's the one I have to –*

*SHE IS INTERRUPTED BY A NOTIFICATION AT ##*

ANNA                    *Shit. Shit it. Piss off, you bloody man.*

*A DEFEATED SIGH AS SHE CLICKS IT OPEN.*

ANNA *Alright. Show me what crazy theory you've got now.*

*WITH ANNA AS SHE WATCHES:*

NOTTINGHAM: BEESTON: BEDROOM.

BB Welcome, Gothamites and Justice Hunters. OK, yesterday was the big day but maybe today is bigger. For all of us who wish to see justice done, there's one question left. Isn't there, right? One super-biggie, yeah?

*HE CONTINUES UNDER, DURING:*

ANNA *This man and his photos and bits of string and his whole 'Justice Room' set-up – it's his bedroom, for crying out loud. His pictures of the house – that's our house, it's ours – and Julian Winter and his maps of Nottingham, and arrows and photographs – like they always have in TV programmes – and pictures of us. I mean, us. And the murder weapon.*

*SHE MOUSES, AND THEN CLICKS INTO:*

BB If it wasn't – I mean, now that we know it wasn't Julian Winter, who was it? Who stabbed Benedict Nelson that day in March 1995?

(ANOTHER DELIBERATE PAUSE)

For years I been telling them, couldn't be Julian Gordon Winter. He was a paid-up, gottheTshirt, 24-7 junkie – his word, first to admit it. Sure, he stole a thousand car ## radios. And got caught. Time and again. He has seventy-nine convictions for theft. (WAVING THE PAPERS) Seventy-nine! He was sooooo bad at it!

But – listen up now, Gothamites – never once was our man arrested for a crime of violence, not one single time, never once arrested in possession of a weapon, yougetme?

*OVER, COMING IN AT ##:*

ANNA *It was Roz who found the house – Eleven Carwardine Street NG65 2KL – and she knew Phoebe, not sure how, and she knew Ben, and Ben knew Harry and Vinny and Stuart. We*

*hadn't shared in the second year. We all knew each a bit. We felt lucky. It was a great house.*

CONTINUING (AND WE NEED TO HEAR):

BB                   And then you hit this Mulder-Scully moment: the only thing stolen was Nelson's wallet, but if Winter wasn't there, factually couldn't've been in that house, how did he end up with Nelson's wallet? Did someone plant it on him? Was he fitted up by the 5-0? Or if it wasn't the coppers, was it...? Man, you got to think this one through. Bigly. Right?

And basically, there was only six people who could've got that wallet and put it somewhere, slipped it onto our man Jules somehow, youknowwhatImean?

And here they are. Anna Marmion, Phoebe Crow, Harry Sandwell, Stuart Henshaw, Aravind Thakar, Rosalind Hillier. They all look like good guys, right? With their monitor boards and gowns – sort of photo you expect to see on Granny's shelf. But, it's not – there wasn't no other DNA found in that house. No trace of nobody else. And now we got them judges saying it wasn't Winter, so it has to be one of the other students living in that house, yougetme?

*THE DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY BEHIND HER,  
HARRY IS ENTERING AND SPEAKING:*

*HARRY                   What are you doing in here?<sup>5</sup>*

*ANNA                   Harry, you scared me.*

*HARRY                   What – I heard some kind of – what is this?*

*ANNA                   I just wanted some – I needed some quiet.*

*HARRY                   You're watching that bloody thing again, aren't you? I thought we did this. Didn't we, Anna?*

*ANNA                   (AS SHE FUMBLES TO PAUSE YOUTUBE) I didn't hear you come in. Harry, did you forget, you're getting the boys from swim – ?*

---

<sup>5</sup> italics because it is being recorded as part of Anna's assembly; it's 'happening in the now'



*HARRY*                    *I dropped them at KFC. Their reward.*

*ANNA*                    *Are they alright? You mean they're on their own?*

*HARRY*                    *Their carb intake is bugged but they're in no danger from anything else. Really.*

*ANNA*                    *Pip, you know the way he wanders off, anything can distract –*

*HARRY*                    *We agreed you'd leave this all alone.*

*ANNA*                    *Were you out there spying on me?*

*HARRY*                    *Spying?*

*ANNA*                    *Eavesdropping.*

*HARRY*                    *I heard this man's voice coming from Pip's bedr – (HE SNATCHES HER LAPTOP) – show me that.*

*HE STRUGGLES TO GET THE LAPTOP OUT OF HER HANDS  
VERY CHAOTIC:*

*HARRY*                    *Give it to me.*

*ANNA*                    *No!*

*HARRY*                    *Why the hell?*

*ANNA*                    *You don't get to –*

*HE NOW HAS THE LAPTOP*

*HARRY*                    *You're hiding in here. Watching this idiot.*

*ANNA*                    *I wanted somewhere –*

*HARRY*                    *You promised to unsubscribe. You did promise.*

*ANNA*                    *I didn't, actually.*

*ACROSS THE FOLLOWING, HARRY BECOMES INCREASINGLY GENTLE, CARING:*

*HARRY                   What are we worth to you, Anna?*

*ANNA                    What?*

*HARRY                   How much do you value this? Everything we've got?*

*ANNA                   Harry, what's this apocalyptic talk? OK, I am a little obsessed. No different from you and Tottenham.*

*HARRY                   I go and see the odd football game?*

*ANNA                   All those things you buy. The socks Dodger Dimkins wore at the FA Cup decider in Nineteen-Sixt –*

*HARRY                   You're entitled to mock me. Sure. But this, this man in his Batman wig, this whole murder thing, it's a completely different – don't you remember how you – last time this... You were a total mess.*

*ANNA                   This again.*

*HARRY                   Sweetie, you get too deep in this, (HE IS HALF-CONCENTRATING ON HER LAPTOP) you'll – it'll happen again.*

*ANNA                   (JUMPING OFF THE BED) What are you doing?*

*HARRY                   I am unsubscribing you. For your own good.*

*ANNA                   Give me that.*

*HARRY                   Come on, Anna, you know what this is going to –*

*ANNA SLAPS HIM.  
A PROPER, PUNGENT SLAP TO THE FACE.*

*HARRY                   What the – ?*

ANNA (SNATCHING IT BACK) Give it to me.

HARRY You hit me.

ANNA You didn't give me any choice.

HARRY I would never –

ANNA You're the one resorting to playground – you're bu – [llying me]

HARRY (SAD, CALM) I could never raise my hand to you.

ANNA You grabbed my...

HARRY Never. I love you, Anna.

ANNA IS MEANWHILE SHUTTING DOWN HER LAPTOP.

ANNA Blah-blah-blah, Harry. Blah Blah BLAH.

SHE WALKS OUT THE ROOM

EDIT NOISE OUT

DEAD AIR

EDIT NOISE IN

SHE IS STARTING A NEW ASSEMBLY, THE NEXT DAY

DURING THIS, SHE'S BEEN FUMBLING ROUND THE MICROPHONE:

ANNA'S ROOM: WEDNESDAY 7PM.

ANNA I should unsubscribe. Harry's right. The man's a total nuisance. He actually uses the word 'self-investigate'.

THEN:

ANNA *That was yesterday. And it was wrong – to leave the mic up like that. But he did just walk in. It's not like I meant...*

THEN:

ANNA *I went and apologised. Harry was very nice. He's always very very very nice. It's his thing. Grown-up, caring. So I told him that I'd put the tapes back in the loft. That I was stopping, he was right. He came over to me, on the bed, did that bear-hug thing round me, said how pleased he was. I said He was right, as usual. (DOES SHE BELIEVE THIS OR IS SHE JUST TELLING HERSELF?) He said, Not as usual. I told him he's always so nice and reasonable and kind that I may have to kill him. He said I shouldn't talk like that. I didn't mean it like that. And it was all bollocks. Because the box is still here, under my desk, big blue logo, still Full Of Beans, still full of tapes.*

THEN:

*Which was stupid. Because I started going through them again, indexing them. Like this one. Date....November 1994.*

SHE CLICKS AND PLAYS:

1994: NOTTINGHAM: PUB: NOVEMBER EVENING.

ANNA What do you mean he was your fag?

STUART I mean he had to do whatever I told him.

ANNA Was this a sex thing?

STUART You people always think public schools – you think buggery is obligatory.

HARRY Wasn't it?

STUART (TRYING TO REMEMBER) Who was your fag?

HARRY Levinson.

STUART                    Jesus, what a freak. Those ears.

HARRY                     Bloody useful when you needed to –

ANNA                      Will you please explain – ?

HARRY                     'For the camera,' Stu, for the camera.

ANNA                      – what was this boy required to do for you?

STUART                    Fetch things, clean things, toast crumpets.

ANNA                      He was your servant?

HARRY                     Anna, we did it in our time.

STUART                    (TRYING TO REMEMBER) Who did you fag for?

HARRY                     You've forgotten? Humphries.

ANNA                      Were you required to have sex with him?

HARRY                     Piss off.

ANNA                      I'll take that as a yes.

HARRY                     If I saw him now... (IMPLYING HE WOULD HURT HIM) If I saw him, I wouldn't be responsible for my –

ANNA                      Did he abuse you? Harry?

STUART                    God, it was an awful place. You weren't allowed to do anything. Everything was controlled. Rules, rules, rules.

HARRY                     I think I would kill him, totally slowly. He'd have to know he was dying. I'd anaesthetise him, so he could watch his blood flowing out, he'd be watching it and he'd know that soon, even though he couldn't feel anything, not a thing, he was going to be dead.

A MOMENT OF SILENCE.

HARRY (SUDDEN URGENCY) Another round? (STANDING, NOT WAITING FOR AN ANSWER) Pints, right?

HE STRIDES OFF

STUART You won't use that, will you?

ANNA SAYS NOTHING

STUART (PROMPT) Annsey?

THE TAPE ENDS. WHITE NOISE.

SHE CLICKS IT OFF

ANNA'S ROOM: WEDNESDAY (CONTINUED)

ANNA *People say things, people change, right? That was then. This is now. Harry loves me. Harry looks after me. Time to get back to work. Next call: Wednesday 09.17. This morning.*

CLICK:

CUTTING ACROSS THE FIRST FEW WORDS:

ANNA – ow down, slow down, where are you?

LAUREN I'm at St. Charlotte's.

ANNA (URGENT) What's wrong?

LAUREN Well, nothing, I think.

ANNA Lauren?

LAUREN It was last night. He wouldn't stop.

ANNA Stop what? Was it Mike? Has he hurt you?

LAUREN No, nothing like that.

ANNA                    You promise? Remember you promised to tell me if he ever –

LAUREN                No, really, I –

*DURING THIS LAST, ANNA SWITCHES IT OFF, FOR:*

ANNA                    *Lauren is one of the congregation. I'm not sure she believes – but after the social workers, after the psychologists, after the key workers, after the counsellors, I'm the one who's left, still listening to her. The problem is Mike, her husband. And even God seems to have his work cut out finding a solution to Mike.*

*SHE SWITCHES IT BACK ON:*

ANNA                    You promise he didn't hurt you?

LAUREN                It's not me. It's Michael. This sort of rash.

*OVER:*

ANNA                    *You know what sort of man you're dealing with, when his son has to have the same name. Michael Junior.*

*AND BACK TO:*

LAUREN                They're testing for various things.

ANNA                    You said 'last night, he wouldn't stop'.

LAUREN                There was a thing, you see. With Mike.

ANNA                    Lauren! We've been over this. It isn't your fault. That's what he wants you to –

LAUREN                I said I was embarrassed. That's not fair. He was the one who was embarrassed.

ANNA                    Lauren! How can you – ?

LAUREN                   The dinner, it wasn't – he wanted it to be something special and I just did – he didn't warn me he was bringing his mate back and I wasn't –

ANNA                    (CONSTANTLY OVER THIS) Lauren, stop, stop. Lauren.

*SWITCH OFF*

ANNA                    *I picked her up from A & E. There was nothing wrong with Michael. Of course.*

*A BREATH*

ANNA                    *Lauren and I prayed together, there in her sitting room. Lauren seemed better afterwards. I didn't. Then I... (SHE'S REMEMBERING) ... kids tea – we got some pizza bases and we made pizzas together. Michael Junior wanted cheese strings and baked beans – I think he's eleven. And there's twins, aged five, maybe four and a half. We let them have rice krispies with tomato and maple syrup. And once they were eating, I slipped into the hall.*

*SHE CLICKS IT OFF*

*AND SCRUBS FORWARD, AS SHE SAYS:*

ANNA                    *That thing you do, that it doesn't count because you're doing something else, because you're at work, it means you're not really... Stupid.*

*AND CLICKS US INTO*

HER PHONE RINGING SOMEONE  
THEN:

STUART                (CAUTIOUS) Hello?

SHE SAYS NOTHING (PIZZA EATING KIDS IN THE BACKGROUND)

STUART                Hello, who is this? I can't hear you.



ANNA (VERY, VERY TINY) Stuart?

STUART Yes. (THEN:) Who is this? Hello? OK, one last chance – hello?

SHE HANGS UP.

THE BUZZ CONTINUES, UNTIL SHE DISCONNECTS.

ANNA'S ROOM: WEDNESDAY (CONTINUED)

ANNA *And because I couldn't talk to Stuart, when I got back here I knew I had to face him. Find him and finally... But I did something worse. Wrong. Lord God, please forgive me. I picked up my phone and I held it just here, like this, like I was about to make a call – except I wasn't – and I went down to the kitchen. The boys were in the garden.*

*SHE CLICKS INTO:*

KITCHEN. EVENING.

HER FINAL FOOTSTEPS INTO THE ROOM AND THEN:

ANNA Harry?

HARRY (CONCENTRATING ON COOKING) What?

ANNA What do you mean? Yesterday. I'll 'get hurt'?

HARRY For God's sake, Anna, please I thought we were done with this.

HARRY IS PREPARING TO COOK

ANNA I can't.

HARRY Let's wait till the boys are in bed. Then we can –

ANNA Harry, what did you mean?

HARRY BANGS DOWN A FRYING PAN.

HARRY Don't you realise how destructive this is?

ANNA What, Harry? Destroy what?

HARRY What we've got. Here.

*OVER:*

*ANNA Why did he say that? Why would it? Why would anything we have be destroyed?*

*CONTINUING:*

ANNA Did you not hear anything I told you? That man didn't kill Ben. He couldn't've killed Ben. Someone else killed him. Someone killed our friend and he's still out there, probably. Don't you realise, we've been living a lie for twenty years.

HARRY No-one's been lying? What is this? You're being ridiculously melodramatic, Anna.

ANNA I am?

HARRY OK, I've got to say, I'm worried about you. That's all this is about.

ANNA You said I'd 'get hurt', what do you mean?

HARRY I meant – oh, for God's sake!

ANNA What's going to hurt me?

HARRY Can I just get the boys' supper?

ANNA I said I would.

HARRY Can I? (PURE, COLD THREAT) Are you going to let me? Are you, Anna?

*CLICK OFF*

*ANNA And now I'm up here. And he's down there making fish fingers or carbonara and I'm still thinking about the Promise Not To*

*Contact Anyone. And about Get Hurt. And now there's  
Destructive. And I don't want to – I don't want to have to –  
what does he mean?*

*THEN:*

*I'm switching off now.*

*THEN:*

*Did he mean to frighten me?*

*EDIT NOISE OUT*

**END OF EPISODE**



# **that was then**

---

**by jonathan myerson**

**studio draft**

**EPISODE 3**

## **cast**

**ANNA  
STUART  
THE BEESTON BATMAN  
MIKE  
WAITER**

**on tape, aged 20something  
ANNA  
STUART  
HARRY**

ISLINGTON: STREET: FRIDAY MORNING<sup>6</sup>

ANNA IS ON THE PAVEMENT, HEAVY TRAFFIC,  
SHE IS SPEAKING INTO HER PHONE

ANNA                   What am I doing here? What. Am. I. Doing. Here.

BREATH OUT  
THEN SHE STARTS

ANNA                   OK, I am standing outside the offices of the Unity Learning  
Trust. That's the building, there, right behind me. This is where  
Stuart Henshaw works.  
They do academy schools and things like that. I think there's a  
millionaire involved somewhere.

CUT TO:

FROM THE WEBSITE, GENERIC SERIOUS BUT UPBEAT MUSIC BEHIND:

STUART               Hi, my name's Stuart Henshaw and I'm the Chief Executive of  
the Unity Learning Trust. The Trust was founded in 2006.  
Since then Unity has re-launched eleven secondary schools and  
sponsored

*COMING IN OVER:*

OFFICE: FRIDAY AFTERNOON

ANNA                   *His face, it's filled out. He's lost some of his swagger. Or he's  
behaving. His eyes, they're the same. That smile, it's still there.  
You'd call it Blairite now.*

CONTINUING UNDER:

STUART               three new-build schools. The Unity ethos is all about discipline.  
SWITCH OF VENUE: HE IS NOW IN A SCHOOL: HAPPY CHILDREN

---

<sup>6</sup> it is not immediately apparent when/where she is assembling this: this time we go straight into recordings

Discipline generates safety, safety generates the right atmosphere for learning. Our emphasis on safety and well-being gives children the freedom to reach their potential. Isn't that what counts? Does anything matter more when it comes to choosing the best for your children? Keeping students safe.

CUT BACK TO:

ISLINGTON: STREET: FRIDAY MORNING

ANNA                    I came here, intending to walk right in there. And now I'm standing out here. Just walk in and then, once you're there, you won't be able to go back, you can't just hang up. That's what I told myself.  
Shit.

CLICK BACK TO:

OFFICE: FRIDAY AFTERNOON

ANNA                    *I didn't go in. That was this morning. This is my – this is another recording.  
I stood there, watching the beards and flat whites go past on Upper Street. And then I went back into the tube.*

*A BREATH*

ANNA                    *And now I've been catching up.*

CLICK TO YOUTUBE:

NEWSCASTER        Stuart Henshaw today spoke briefly, outside his office in Westminster.

FLASHING CAMERAS, TRAFFIC, SHOUTS OF 'STUART' AND 'MINISTER':

STUART                (READING FROM A STATEMENT) There have been a series of accusations made against me in the press over the last few days. I strongly contest both the letter and the spirit of these unfounded allegations. But in order to be wholly free to contest these falsehoods, without jeopardising the care and

representation my constituents deserve, I have therefore, with a heavy heart, taken the decision to resign as MP for Batter –

SLAM CLICK INTO:

FROM THE PREVIOUS WEBSITE VIDEO:

STUART                    Does anything matter more when it comes to choosing the best for your children? Keeping students safe.

SLAM CLICK INTO:

NEWSCASTER            Former Labour MP Stuart Henshaw was arrested earlier today, following a disturbance in a private members club in Soho. No-one else was arrested. The former Labour MP was found guilty earlier this year for misappropriation of public funds and served three months of a six-month sentence. The Prime Minister's office declined to comm –

EDIT NOISE OUT

EDIT NOISE IN

PIMLICO: STREET: FRIDAY EVENING.

SHE IS TALKING INTO HER PHONE

ANNA                    OK. (COLLECTING HERSELF) This is Pimlico. It's a nice street. Victorian terraces, nicely painted, gleaming white. Whatever shitstorm hit Stuart Henshaw, disgraced MP, he didn't lose everything. He came out, found a job in the charitable sector, and here he is.

TRAFFIC CONTINUES

ANNA                    There's a doorbell over there. Henshaw on the top tag. There are no lights on in the top floor.

*OVER, WATCHING THIS TAPE:*



ANNA IN HER OFFICE

ANNA                    *I told Harry I was seeing Lauren. He didn't even ask who Lauren is. It's been like that the last few days.*

CLASHING SLIGHTLY WITH:

ANNA                    I got lamb chops for the boys. I should be cooking them. Harry always –

ACROSS THIS, SEVERAL PACES DISTANT:

STUART                Anna?

ANNA                    (TURNING) Hello?

STUART                Is that you? Is it? Anna?

ANNA                    Sorry?

STUART                Sorry, sorry, sorry, you're on the phone.

ANNA                    No. I – Stuart?

STUART                It is you. My God. Wow. What are you doing here?

ANNA                    I was – (QUICK, FFS!) – I had a meeting. Over there.

STUART                Over there?

ANNA                    Well, you know...what about you? Are you...?

STUART                I live there. Right there.

ANNA                    You're kidding?

STUART                This is crazy.

ANNA                    Isn't it?

A MOMENT

STUART I mean, do you want to – do you want to come in for a drink?  
Have you got – ? [*the time*]

ANNA The kids. I should be getting home, do their supper.

STUART You got kids?

ANNA Two boys. But you've got – I mean, I've seen things, obviously,  
read things.

STUART It's OK.

ANNA I meant to get in touch, you know, when things were bad. See if  
I could do any –

STUART I got what I deserved. That's history now. How many kids?

ANNA Two. Two boys.

STUART That's – Wow.

ANNA You've got a –

STUART A son. I don't see him as much as I... It doesn't end when they  
let you out.

ANNA I know. I mean, I can imagine.

STUART This is so weird.

ANNA Well, they say London, you know, it's actually only –

STUART I mean it was in the news, wasn't it? Just last week.

ANNA Oh. Yes, right. I'd – that is weird, isn't it?

STUART You sure? A quick drink. We could go over there, the Granby  
isn't too bad. They don't even recognise me.

ANNA I really – I bought these lamb chops and my husband, it's crazy he always –

STUART OK. It's OK.

ANNA Can I ring you? We could maybe set something up?

STUART Give me your phone.

ANNA Sorry? What?

STUART I'll zap you my contact details.

ANNA Right. Yes, good. ## Let me just – I've got to just –

*NOTIFICATION NOISE AT ##*

ANNA *(OVER) Shit.*

*SHE CLICKS OFF THE TAPE:*

*SHE IS ASSEMBLING THIS ON*

*OFFICE: SATURDAY EVENING*

ANNA *OK. Let's see what new hell he's...*

*SHE CLICKS INTO:*

BEESTON BATMAN OK, Justice Lovers, I'm back. The last few days have been chocka with developments. Bare news to report. Banginest was we had contact from one of the prime suspects. Direct from that horsey's mouth, Tuesday I gets a

*OVER:*

ANNA *(ALL BUT WHISPERED) What?*

BEESTON BATMAN call from Anna Marmion. You heard me. One of the six students. As you know, we

ANNA *Fudgebuckets.*

*AND THEN OVER THE COMPENSATION BIT OF THE FOLLOWING:*

ANNA                    *Why did I? Why the – why did I? – stupid, stupid, stupid.*  
*(AND AD LIB)*

BEESTON BATMAN reckon that it had to be one of these six who should have spent the last twenty years coting in prison, not our man Jules Winter. Who's doing very well, thank you very much and right now very busy filling in his compensation claim. The lawyers are talking seven figures. Eat that, Spreadsheet Phil. Anyway, back to the updates. Here's what she sent me:

HE PLAYS ANNA'S VOICE MESSAGE:

ANNA VM                Your last post – you were saying it was, you know, you were saying it was one of the other people who lived in the house. Are you sure of that? Do you have someone in mind?

*OVER THIS, WHILE BANGING HER HEAD AGAINST THE WALL BEHIND:*

ANNA                    *Bastard, bastard, bastard.*

BEESTON BATMAN        This is the lady. Take a look. Yup, that is her getting appointed. [ANNA: *Ordained*] Look at that guy next her with the curly stick – and those garms. That's right – she's a vicar. Here's her opening some village fair. Cool donkey, right? Not so sure about – But vicars are people too. Anyway, she was just a student back then. A Media Studies student, what's more, and you know how whacky they are. Peng too, usually. And she is hyping it. She rings again, next day:

ANNA'S VM              I'm just really into your story. I mean your

OVER HER VM:

BEESTON BATMAN        True that, Vicar. Not at all surprised to have attracted your interest. More tea?

ANNA'S VM              campaign. You've done something really good. But then you said – I mean, you named the other six people, the students in that house, I mean. Could it be any of them? Or do you have one in mind?

BEESTON BATMAN        Lady vicar, cominatyou, how could it not be? That's what we're all asking ourselves. And I think this holy lady is asking us too. So, justice hunters, here's another brick in the wall, yougetme.

ANNA                    *Please, Lord, hear me now. Please, let nobody hear this. Please, disable the internet, for a few days. Please. OK, just Google.*

EDIT NOISE OUT

EDIT NOISE IN

OFFICE: SUNDAY EVENING

ANNA                    *That was Saturday. I did my Sunday. I tried to forget about it. Then – he probably rang during Evensong.*

*SHE SCROLLS AND CLICKS INTO:*

STUART                (VOICE MAIL, BUSY CAFÉ BEHIND:) Hi, there, that was just amazing to run into you the other day. How about dinner? How about Tuesday? I've booked a table at one of my favourites – Flâneur, Shoreditch High Street, don't know the number, just past the – opposite the church, what is it, St.Charlotte's? [ANNA: *There is no Saint Charlotte*] Where the road forks? Yeah, I know what you're thinking but it's actually good. Eight-thirty Tuesday, yes? I want to hear all about you. It says here you live in a vicarage, that's cool. Tuesday unless I hear from you, OK? I'll be the one without a hipster beard who wishes he still looked like your old friend Stuart.

*SHE CLICKS IT OFF*

ANNA                    *He hasn't changed. Here's – this is the last time we were together in London. January 1995. Two months before. A gig.*

JANUARY 1995: THE BELVEDERE: NIGHT

COMING RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE:

STUART IS SINGING

STUART            She done it with a doctor  
                         On a helicopter  
                         She sniffin' in a tissue  
                         Sellin' –

COMING IN OVER THIS, BUSTING INTO THE ROOM, TALKING EXCITEDLY AS SHE ENTERS

ANNA                You aren't going to believe this. (THEN SEEING HIM) What are you doing?

STUART            Thought I'd show you some of my moves.

ANNA                You turned my camera on?

STUART            It was all set up.

ANNA                (DISGRUNTLED) Stuart.

STUART            I pressed that little button there. That's all.

ANNA                You know – I've told you – I don't like people to –

STUART            I'm not going to break your camera.

ANNA                It's not that. It's – it's an authorial thing.

STUART            Sor-ree, Mister Tarkovsky.

ANNA                It's OK. Sorry. It's – sorry.

THEN:

STUART            What am I not going to believe?

ANNA                Oh. The guy out there.

STUART            The concierge?

ANNA                    That's a little – he just made me, us, an offer.

STUART                I've had too much weed already.

ANNA                    He said he'll tear up our bill.

STUART                What?

ANNA                    For a threesome.

STUART                What?

ANNA                    He – he's quite hard to understand –

STUART                Really?

ANNA                    He said he'll come in here. It'll take – this is what he said – only thirty minutes "Maybe twenty" he said that – and "we have some fun. Then I – " and he did this pretend of tearing up our bill. You know, with a sloosh noise.

STUART                It's only twenty-three fifty.

ANNA                    Not very flattering, is it?

STUART                I should go and knock his block off.

ANNA                    Very Queensbury.

STUART                It's an outrage.

ANNA                    Do you think he gets many takers?

STUART                You think he –

ANNA                    It was like – he'd done it before.

A MOMENT'S SILENCE FALLS.  
THEY ARE MORE SUBDUED NOW.

ANNA                   It was quite a gig, wasn't it?

STUART                Two encores.

ANNA                   They did three at Birmingham that time.

STUART                Noel didn't look willing.

ANOTHER MOMENT

ANNA                   We don't have to...

STUART                What?

ANNA                   We don't – the concierge – we don't need him.

STUART                We can definitely afford twenty-three quid.

ANNA                   I meant – if you and me – if we –

STUART                What?

ANNA                   I know we said – but if we wanted to... Nothing. Sorry. That concierge has really got to me.

STUART                Poor you.

ANNA                   Shall we get ready for bed?

STUART                One more spliff?

ANNA                   I thought you – ok, sure, if you ro – [*ll it*]

*SHE CLICKS OFF THE TAPE*

*ANNA                   I should have listened to that before I went. I didn't. Eight thirty, he said. Shoreditch.*

*CLICK TO*

SHOREDITCH. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.



STUART                      Seriously, that is unbelievable, on just so many levels.

ANNA                         There are days I don't believe it myself.

STUART                      You always thought Harry was the – there was always this friction with you two, trying to catch each other out. Snarking and sniping.

ANNA                         Classic romcom.

STUART                      (No) Classic horror slasher movie, "I'm just going on one date with this guy, Mom, I know everyone says he's a vampire but he's really –" (SCHLOOP NOISE) Head off in a single slice. If she's lucky.

ANNA                         Slasher movie?

STUART                      You know 'Saw' or 'The Hills Have – ' – the sort of thing you get stuck with in a hotel at two in the –

ANNA                         (TOO SERIOUS) Why that sort of movie?

STUART                      (SHEESH) It was a joke, Anna.

ANNA                         Sorry, I'm just –

WAITER                      (SUDDENLY ARRIVING) Who's the carpaccio?

STUART                      Again?

WAITER                      Wafer-sliced aubergine with the –

ANNA                         Sorry, that's me.

HE PLACES THE PLATE. AND THEN THE OTHER:

WAITER                      And the snails. Enjoy, guys.

THE WAITER WALKS AWAY

ANNA Don't you hate it when they call you guys? I'm not his – I'm not one of his –

STUART I notice you still start most sentences with 'sorry'.

ANNA It's polite.

STUART It's evasive. It's attention-seeking.

ANNA It can't be both.

*COMING OVER THIS LAST*

ANNA It goes on. It goes on – let me –

*AS SHE SCRUBS THE RECORDING FORWARD TO:*

THEY ARE EATING

STUART Come on, it's so not our problem.

ANNA They've let him go. The man did not do it.

STUART Unsafe conviction. It doesn't mean he didn't do it.

ANNA That's exactly what Harry says.

STUART Smart lad. Went to a good school.

ANNA It's just, there was no evidence of anyone in the kitchen, the whole house. Nothing. They combed it.

STUART That place must have been so rammed with DNA – people were in and out of there all day every day. How are you ever going to find – ?

ANNA Yes, but –

STUART But what? Anna, it happened. It was shit. Now move on.

ANNA 'Shit'? Someone was killed.

STUART            I don't mean to under – underwhatever it but you know what I mean, yes, obviously, worst of all for Ben, totally, but we have to keep going, you and me, and Harry, we can't keep living twenty years ago, dragging that guilt around with us.

ANNA              What if we are guilty?

STUART            What do you mean? What did we do?

ANNA              Sorry, no, I –

STUART            (CONTINUING) What, we should have babysat Ben, every hour of the day, in case some crazy junkie walked in with a carving knife?

ANNA              You know what sort of knife it was?

STUART            Hyperbole, Anna. You never used to be this literal-minded.

ANNA              That's not fair.

STUART            What then?

ANNA              I'm worried.

STUART            What?

ANNA              That one of us did do it.

STUART            Bloody hell, Anna, you really have gone off the deep end.

ANNA              It's just –

STUART            So me? I killed him, did I?

ANNA              You and I, Stuart, we're the only ones who – we found him, we were – you're the only one I can talk to about this. I need you to help – [me]

WAITER            (ARRIVING) So can I get you –

STUART Don't call her guys, whatever you do.

WAITER Sorry?

STUART And that's her word.

ANNA We're fine, thanks, don't need anything. Sorry.

WAITER (BAFFLED, GOING) If you – just – sure.

ANNA Please, Stuart, this is serious.

STUART (FLIP) Of course it is, if you're sleeping with a murderer.

ANNA It's the crazy thought, it keeps going round and round.

STUART 'Cksake.

ANNA You're the only one, you have to help me.

STUART Help you how? I don't get it.

ANNA (ALMOST EXASPERATED) I don't know. It's our duty, Stuart, please, we have to – people are saying it's one of us.

STUART Who?

ANNA You know. They're bound to, till they find who really did.

STUART Christ, that's all I need. They'll drag it – you know, me, the thing – they'll drag it all up again.

*SHE SCRUBS THE RECORDING FORWARD TO:*

STUART You don't recognise this place, do you?

ANNA I don't often – you know, kids, babysitters are so –

STUART It hasn't always been this place.

ANNA                    Nothing here's the same.

STUART                It was a cheap hotel. Called The Belvedere.

A MOMENT.

ANNA                    You're kidding?

STUART                No, we stayed here. Pub, rooms above.

ANNA                    Stop making it sound like – we didn't, you and me.

STUART                I take the blame for that.

ANNA                    Uh-huh? We got back from Oasis and –

STUART                Had a smoke. You could smoke in hotels then. Heaven. Smoke anything.

ANNA                    I just remember how filthy it was.

STUART                I remember you being pretty fil –

ANNA                    Stop it.

A MOMENT.

ANNA                    Please. Sorry.

STUART                And that's the full hundred.

ANNA                    What?

STUART                Sorrys.

ANNA                    (REALISING:) Did you book this place deliberately?

STUART                Come on, Anna. I was so stupid that night, I'm not going to be stupid again.

ANNA                    Stuart, this isn't remotely what I –

STUART            You came alone. That tells me something. And I've always regretted –

ANNA              I've got to go. (STANDING)

STUART            Anna, stop, don't.

ANNA              No, really, I see I've – I've given the wrong impression.

STUART            I was teasing. Sit down.

ANNA              (AMID FUMBLY JACKET AND HANDBAG) No, I don't – look, you've got me wrong.

STUART            I thought we were going to – you asked for my help.

ANNA              (IT'S A LOSE-LOSE) And I thought you were the one who could help me.

STUART            I am. Sit down.

ANNA              Forget it, Stuart. I was hoping you might have changed.

STUART            What the –

ANNA              (CONTINUING) I'll do this on my own. Forget it. This whole thing –

STUART            Sit down, plea –

ANNA              It's bad enough that I – I realise now – (FINAL STATEMENT) I've got to do this alone.

SHE WALKS AWAY

*EDIT NOISE OUT*

**END OF EPISODE**

# **that was then**

**by jonathan myerson**

**studio draft**

**EPISODE 4**

## **cast**

**TAXI DISPATCHER  
ANNA  
STUART  
TAXI CUSTOMER  
WAITER**

**on 1995 tape only  
DIRECTOR**

NOTTINGHAM: MINICAB OFFICE 'WAITING AREA': 7PM

ANNA IS SITTING, WAITING<sup>7</sup>

THE HATCH OF THE PHONE ROOM OPENS. HE SPEAKS THROUGH  
(MIDLAND ASIAN):

DISPATCHER        We get someone. Very soon.

ANNA                Thank you.

DISPATCHER        Is crazy busy time.

ANNA                Really, it's OK.

DISPATCHER        And long way to London.

ANNA                Really, I can wait, till someone wants the job.

DISPATCHER        Not long, not long.

DURING THIS ANNA'S PHONE STARTS RINGING

DISPATCHER        I let you – you answer.

THE HATCH SLIDES CLOSED.

ANNA'S PHONE GOES ON RINGING. SHE DOESN'T ANSWER IT.

SHE PRESSES ONTO SPEAKER AND LISTENS TO HIS VOICE MESSAGE

STUART             Anna, where the hell are you? What's going on? Answer me, I'm  
starting to worry. Really, I am. I mean. Please.

ANNA                Please God, guide me through this. Show me the light and the  
strength.

INTO HER PHONE, RECORDING, CAUTIOUS SOTTO VOCE:

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<sup>7</sup> not italics because I don't feel she is 'assembling' this, merely speaking into her phone



ANNA                    I could stay here. I could just sit here. Never go anywhere.  
Never go back to London.

BREATH IN

ANNA                    It really has only been twenty-four hours...

*SHE IS SCROLLING THROUGH RECORDINGS.<sup>8</sup>*  
*SHE CLICKS ON ONE:*

ANNA                    *This was yesterday. 19.22.*

ISLINGTON: UPPER STREET: WEDNESDAY EVENING

NOISY STREET, HOMEBOUND RUSH HOUR

STUART                (SURPRISED) Christ, my God, you surprised me.

ANNA                    Sorry, I didn't mean to – I had to catch you.

STUART                There's a reception desk, Anna. They have these devices that  
can contact me, little plastic things you speak into.

ANNA                    I'm sorry about the other night.

STUART                Left me the whole bill.

ANNA                    (REACHING FOR) Sorry, I'll give you some money, how much  
– ?

STUART                That was a joke, Anna.

ANNA                    OK. (THEN:) I get that now.

STUART                You're a great audience. I love you, London.

ANNA                    Can I – I mean, I want to say an actual sorry for how I behaved,  
the other night.

---

<sup>8</sup> she is now consciously assembling, albeit in the Taxi Office

STUART                   It was quite a panic.

ANNA                     Just everything got – I got the wrong end of everything.

STUART                   Now that is the Anna I remember.

ANNA                     (LIKING THIS) Really?

STUART                   You were always, you never got anything. You were making your film about all of us – and you hadn't the slightest idea who we actually were.

ANNA                     (NOT CARING IT'S SUDDEN) Can we go to Nottingham?

STUART                   (ALMOST LAUGHING) What?

ANNA                     We've got to – we've got to do something. I want to go. Right now.

STUART                   I've got a job, you know – see that building I just walked out of.

ANNA                     Tomorrow. Thursday. Please. Friday's my day off. Please.

SHE CLICKS IT OFF:

ANNA                     *I went home on the tube.*

SHE CLICKS TO:

SPEAKING INTO HER PHONE ON THE TUBE

ANNA                     I know it's wrong. I know I should tell him I'm recording all this. But I want to – I have to be able to know, everything, have to be able to show.... OK, he agreed. I asked him to pick me up. Tomorrow. At home.

CLICK TO:

NORTH LONDON: TRAFFIC: INSIDE THE CAR

RECORDED ON ANNA'S PHONE: DRIVING THROUGH LONDON

STUART            No, sorry, it's absolutely, gorgeously, and really quite attractively unbelievable.

ANNA              I didn't want to tell you. I wanted you to meet me – again, I mean – and decide without all the garbage that –

STUART            I mean that you actually are. I get that you didn't tell me. I'd probably do the –

ANNA              OK, so now you know.

STUART            Only because I got here early.

ANNA              Why do you think – Come on, Stuart – why did I ask you to pick me up here, at home?

STUART            See Harry, I suppose, I don't know.

ANNA              He's at work.

STUART            You – I'm not going to say you lied. But you did really.

ANNA              I don't pay for dinner, I don't tell you I'm a vicar and I run out on you. Kill me now.

STUART            Vicar. I mean wow.

ANNA              It's a job. It's social work, it's counselling, it's community –

STUART            No, no, no, no, that's the bollocks you sold me the other night. This is vicaring, this is kneeling, and praying and getting other people to drink slugs of wine.

ANNA              We're very low church.

STUART            Whatever that means.

ANNA              We don't do incense and processions and –

STUART                   And you believe in God and everything?

ANNA                     What a question to ask.

STUART                   Did you – I mean, did you then?

ANNA                     I went to that church school, you know that – (URGENT) –  
Isn't that the turning? The motorway?

STUART                   God, yes. (HE INDICATES AND CONCENTRATES ON THE  
MANOEUVRE) Please, please, let me through. (AND HE  
MOVES LANE) Did I just blaspheme? Was that a problem? Do  
I need to say some Hail Marys, do a penance?

ANNA                     Is it going to be like this the whole way?

STUART                   (REMEMBERING) What about all those drugs?

ANNA                     It was only weed, never any –

STUART                   OK, but quite a – [*lot of it*]

ANNA                     You think God cares about that?

STUART                   Done any of your vicaring stoned?

ANNA                     I haven't done anything stoned for a decade, Stuart.

CLICK TO:

NOTTINGHAM: LENTON: STREET. DAYTIME

STUART                   OK, now what?

ANNA                     I don't know.

STUART                   You – now, I hate to be picky but this was your big plan.  
Got to do something, Stuart.

ANNA                     I had to see it again.

STUART                   It's a house. It's nothing special.

ANNA                     Except for...

STUART                   Still just bricks and windows and a whole lot of pebble dash.

ANNA                     They've repainted it.

STUART                   Anna, it's twenty-two years.

ANNA                     Look at the rest of the street, looks just the same, not repainted.

STUART                   For it to look the same, it would all have to've been – forget it.

A MOMENT

STUART                   What are we really doing here, Anna?

ANNA                     No-one could say this place has been over-loved.

STUART                   Anna, answer me.

ANNA                     What?

STUART                   What on earth are we supposed to achieve by coming –

ANNA                     Look, don't you remember, you having to get the squirrel out of the chimney? Cricket bat.

STUART                   Anna, please, listen to me. Anna.

ANNA                     You're doing that serious 'Anna' thing again.

STUART                   You think...you – I get it now. Why we're here. Why you need me to... What this whole thing is. (THEN:) You think it was Harry.

A MOMENT.

ANNA SAYS NOTHING.

STUART                   Not just anyone. You've got it into your head it was Harry.

ANNA SAYS NOTHING, MAYBE SOME SEMI-MUMBLES AS SHE TRIES TO SAY SOMETHING

STUART            Anna, answer me. Is this what you think?

ANNA                I can't.

STUART            If it's what you think – say it. Come on, say it.

ANNA                I – what do I? What do I do, Stuart? Stuart?

CLICK TO:

NOTTINGHAM: BAR: EARLY EVENING

ANNA                But that was – I'm sorry, Stuart.

STUART            What did you do? I don't get it.

ANNA                Ignored you. All that time, reading about you in the paper. I just read. I didn't do anything.

STUART            It was my own fault. I was guilty. Bang to rights. Unlike Harry.

ANNA                Ignore me. That was just...

STUART            Harry's a kitten. He's a timid little duckling who couldn't –

ANNA                But he's been – thing is, he's been really strange lately.

STUART            Lately?

ANNA                Since this – since this all came back.

STUART            Maybe there's – don't you remember? – what happened?

ANNA                What when?

STUART            When we told him. You've forgotten.

ANNA                    Sorry –

STUART                He threw up, all over my shoes.

ANNA                    Was I there?

STUART                I think you'd remember. It came out of him, like a fire hose – it was like the Exorcist. Hey, have you done an exorcism?

ANNA                    Please.

STUART                I had to throw those shoes away. Paul Smith. Lilac suede.

ANNA                    What does this prove?

STUART                It was total shock.

ANNA                    Or total fear that he was going to get caught.

STUART                Your husband?

ANNA                    Hey, what time is it, I said we'd be back by –

STUART                I've drunk too much now.

ANNA                    What?

STUART                OK, after the first, it wasn't an accident.

ANNA                    Stuart! What do we – ?

STUART                We go over there. Boutique Hotel, whatever that means. We book two rooms – you'll let me pay – we have a nice dinner – I let you pay, this time – and by the end of dinner, you might even believe you're not married to a mass murderer.

ANNA                    Not an accident?

STUART                Friday's your day off. Right?

*SHE CLICKS IT OFF*

(STILL IN) MINICAB OFFICE

ANNA *I rang, got my curate to cover me and we got rooms.*

CUTTING OVER HER:

CUSTOMER (WALKING IN, KNOCKING ON THE HATCH) Need to get to Caythorpe, right now.

DISPATCHER Wait, please.

CUSTOMER Right now. Got to get to –

DISPATCHER Outside. Green Mazda.

CUSTOMER How much?

DISPATCHER He tell you.

CUSTOMER (MOVING OFF) Green Mazda?

DISPATCHER Green Mazda.

SHE WALKS OUT.

DISPATCHER Sorry, very soon, very soon.

ANNA It's fine.

THE HATCH SLIDES SHUT

ANNA *This should be dinner, with my phone on the table.*

SHE CLICKS INTO:

NOTTINGHAM: HOTEL: DINING ROOM.

ANNA We were together when we found him.

STUART What?



ANNA                    You must remember.

STUART                I....

ANNA                    You want to see?

STUART                You've got a tape of that as well?

ANNA                    (HALF CONCENTRATING ON FINDING IT IN HER PHONE)  
You know, my dissertation, the thing, speaking to each of you?

STUART                Sort of.

ANNA                    I met you after a rehearsal.

STUART                OK.

ANNA                    (PASSING IT) Here.

IT PLAYS:

CHAOTIC DOORWAY OUTSIDE UNION BUILDING<sup>9</sup>

ANNA                    Sorry, I'm late.

STUART                It's OK.

ANNA                    Has it finished?

STUART                We're rehearsing every day this week.

ANNA                    OK, thanks, tomorrow?

STUART                You'll miss my big slapstick scene.

ANNA                    When are you doing that?

STUART                I don't know –

---

<sup>9</sup> when a pre-existing tape is played within another tape, Arial becomes the font – to keep the distinction clear

OVER THE PREVIOUS, FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FOYER, THE DIRECTOR SHOUTS AT HIM:

DIRECTOR            TOO FAR OFF MIC – PLUS THE NOISE OF OTHERS – TO BE AUDIBLE.

STUART            (TURNING) Sure, you know, things.

DIRECTOR            INDISTINCT.

STUART            Cool, man.

DIRECTOR            INDISTINCT.

STUART            Off the book tomorrow. Promise you. (TO ANNA) Shall we go?

ANNA                Interview you on the way?

STUART            Sure. Is that already rolling?

ANNA                You know me.

STUART            OK, can we cut all that and start properly?

ANNA                I'll cut it.

STUART            Can't you just wind back?

ANNA                Just get your hair right. OK? ....Tell me about this play.

STUART            I am playing the part of –

OVER, IN THE BAR:

STUART            Do I really have to watch my own juvenile self?

ANNA                It's charming.

STUART            Don't look back.

ANNA                OK, look, I'll scrub it forwards...

SHE LEANS OVER HIM AND SCRUBS IT FORWARDS:

STUART            You smell nice.

ANNA              Shut up.

STUART            Chanel?

ANNA              John Lewis' Best. ...We go down all these streets –

STUART            I continue pontificating.

ANNA              That's true, look at your mouth, heavy-heavy-duty  
pontificating.

STUART            OK, we're getting to the house.

ANNA SETS IT PLAYING AGAIN:

STUART            – ennett upitsarsery – it's open. (IRRITATED) Phoebe!<sup>10</sup>

OVER THIS TAPE (TINNY AND OFF):

ANNA              (PASSING HIM THE PHONE) I don't want to see this again.

STUART            (AS HE WATCHES) Oh my God. You were filming.

ANNA              I didn't realise what was – I didn't know what was happening,  
not till...

STUART            I'd forgotten this.

THE TAPE STOPS

STUART            My God, I'd – I'd blotted all that.

ANNA              I don't know how much I'd remembered, not before I...you  
know.

---

<sup>10</sup> this continues the tape as heard in Episode 2

WAITER (APPROACHING) Excuse me, we're closing the bar...if there's any last...?

ANNA I didn't realise how late it was.

STUART We're fine, thanks.

WAITER (GOING) Thank you.

ANNA Oh, maybe I –

STUART I've got a bottle of tequila in my room.

ANNA Minibars are the devil's own work.

STUART (*If you come*) I'll tell you where Harry was that afternoon.

ANNA What?

STUART (STANDING) Walk this way.

SHE CLICKS IT OFF

ANNA *He really didn't – I didn't have a choice.*

THEN:

ANNA *OK, it was stupid. (THEN:) I'll bring it back in...(SCRUBBING)...here.*

SHE CLICKS INTO:

NOTTINGHAM: HOTEL. STUART'S HOTEL ROOM.

ANNA Why wouldn't he tell anyone this?

STUART Apart from the fact she was twice his age?

ANNA This was murder. If you're suspected of murder you stop worrying about –

STUART He wasn't suspected. He never was.

ANNA                    We all were.

STUART                Lightly. On the list. And then they arrested Winter.

ANNA                    He was that embarrassed?

STUART STANDS AND POURS MORE IN HER GLASS, AS HE SAYS:

STUART                She taught him, marked his work. She could have lost her job.  
Everything would've been –

ANNA                    No, I think I've had too much.

STUART                I feel terrible having told you.

ANNA                    No, you – [*had to*]

STUART                You were so –

ANNA                    This woman. What was she like?

STUART                Mid-fifties, ordinary – a Senior Lecturer in Geophysics.

ANNA                    OK, but –

STUART                It was a sex thing. He said. That's all. That's was –

ANNA                    Harry always – back then, I mean – he always seemed so self-contained.

STUART                You mean sexless?

ANNA                    It was like he didn't need a girlfriend.

STUART                And all the time he was scooting up to the Physics Building to –

ANNA                    How long did it last?

STUART                I don't know. It stopped when Ben was – he sort of blamed it for what happened.

ANNA                    Poor Harry.

STUART                He doesn't know you're here, does he?

ANNA                    What do you think?

STUART                Are you allowed to lie? Professionally speaking, I –

ANNA                    Please, when will you – ?

STUART                I'm stopping now.

ANNA                    I don't like lying. (BURST OF NERVOUS LAUGHTER) Wow.  
(SHE STANDS) This is the whole reason he's been so – why  
he's been – what did he think I was going to say – twenty years  
ago, like it matters, him and a –

HE STANDS AND TOPS UP HER GLASS. IT SPILLS.

STUART                Careful.

ANNA                    Does it stain?

STUART                (BRUSHING HER DOWN) Does it matter?

ANNA DRINKS

STUART                Don't tell him it was me.

ANNA                    And you won't tell him...

STUART                What?

ANNA                    That I dragged you here.

STUART                We've had a good day. I've really enjoyed being with you.

ANNA                    Me too.

STUART            I like who you've become, you know. This sort of half-holy half-merciless woman.

ANNA              Which half do you prefer?

THEY ARE GETTING CLOSER AND QUIETER THROUGHOUT THIS

STUART            I think there's another half in there.

ANNA              Your maths is terrible.

CLOSER

ANNA              I should get back to my room.

STUART            Really?

ANNA              That's where the three halves of me belong.

STUART            You could leave a fourth in here? Keep me company.

ANNA              I could.

STUART            Who would ever be able to count them all?

ANNA              (AN EDGE OF DECISIVENESS) But I think I should go.

SHE MOVES AWAY

ANNA              Wow. It's a long time – I've drunk too much.

STUART            Anna.

ANNA              I'm going to my room.

SHE WEAVES ACROSS THE ROOM. GOING OFF MIC.

SHE REALISES AND WEAVES BACK.

ANNA              (TOTTERING) My phone.

STUART            Careful.

ANNA                See you in the morning.

STUART            (NOW GOING OFF MIC) I'm not a breakfast person, you –

*SHE CLICKS IT OFF.*

(STILL IN) MINICAB OFFICE

ANNA                *Thing is, I'd drunk myself awake. And that thing about Harry and the – I wanted to ring him and say sorry. Or did I really want to go back and knock on Stuart's door?*

SHE CLICKS INTO:

NOTTINGHAM: HOTEL BEDROOM: NIGHT.

SHE IS LYING IN HER BED

ANNA                It's...four thirty. I keep watching this bit of tape. Our last minutes before we knew. It had already happened. But we didn't know.

SHE CLICKS IT AGAIN, MID-WAY

CHAOTIC DOORWAY OUTSIDE UNION BUILDING

STUART            You'll miss my big slapstick scene.

ANNA                When are you doing that?

STUART            I don't know –

OVER THE PREVIOUS, FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FOYER

DIRECTOR            Stu???, ?? must ?? ??? ??ase ?????? ?omo?????.

STUART            (TURNING) Sure, you know, things.

DIRECTOR            ?????????? hours ?????????????t's shit.?????.



ANNA                    This is Jaap, the director. He was a PhD student. He was deeply cool. But serious.

STUART                Off the book tomorrow. Promise you. (TO ANNA) Shall we go?

ANNA                    Interview you on the way?

ANNA                    What's he saying?

SHE CLICKS IT OFF.

CLICK ON TO TEN MINUTES LATER, INTO HER PHONE:

ANNA                    OK, I've downloaded this app. Some sort of sound thing. Equaliser Toolbox Pro. Six ninety-nine. They have it way too easy now. So that up, maybe, that down. Let's try it. goes.

SHE PLAYS IT AGAIN.

THE OVERALL SOUND IS VERY DIFFERENT,  
AND THIS TIME THE DIRECTOR IS MORE THAN HALF AUDIBLE

DIRECTOR              Stuart, we must ????? chase scene tomorrow.

STUART                (TURNING) Sure, you know, things.

DIRECTOR              We ???? ?? two hours in here. If ?????????? ??? ten minutes, it's shit. ???????? shit.

STUART                Cool, man.

DIRECTOR              Got to be on ??????. Nearly ???????.

ANNA                    Let's try two more decibels off the bass. And a bit of...

SHE RESTARTS IT.

DIRECTOR              Stuart, we must do the chase scene tomorrow.

STUART                (TURNING) Sure, you know, things.

DIRECTOR            We only get two hours in here. If I only get you for ten minutes, it's shit. Show will be shit.

STUART             Cool, man.

DIRECTOR            Got to be on time. Nearly two hours late.

STUART             Off the book tomorrow. Promise you. (TO ANNA) Shall we go?

OVER THIS LAST:

ANNA                What? (IT'S TRULY SINKING IN NOW) What?

SHE CLICKS IT OFF AND BACK TO:

NOTTINGHAM: MINICAB OFFICE 'WAITING AREA': EVENING.

SHE IS LISTENING TO HIS VOICE MESSAGE AGAIN

STUART             Anna, where the hell are you? What's going on? Answer me, I'm starting to worry. Really, I am. I mean. Please.

DISPATCHER        (ENTERING) Car is ready. He take you.

ANNA CLEARLY DOESN'T MOVE OR EVEN REACT

DISPATCHER        Madam?

ANNA                Sorry?

DISPATCHER        You ready, to go to London, yes? Yes? You go home?

ANNA                I don't know. I don't.

EDIT NOISE OUT

END OF EPISODE

# **that was then**

**by jonathan myerson**

**studio draft**

**EPISODE 5**

**cast**

**ANNA**

**PIP**

**HARRY**

**STUART**

**on tape**

**MONK**

**ROZ**

**THE RECORDING CUTS IN AS SHE IS TURNING IT ON:**

**VICARAGE: SATURDAY MORNING<sup>11</sup>**

ANNA IS ENTERING THE HOUSE, WITH HER SON, THUMBS ON PHONE

ANNA                   – ng on, wait, hang on. You said you had homework to do.

PIP                     Not till Tuesday.

ANNA                   You've got that field trip on Monday. Haven't you?

PIP                     Mum, she said we shouldn't spend more than twenty minutes on it.

ANNA                   She actually said that?

HARRY                 Hullo.

HARRY APPEARS AT THE OTHER END OF THE HALL

PIP                     Dad, they've got the new Fifa.

HARRY                 And you played it all night, I suppose?

ANNA                   William took it away at ten o'clock.

HARRY                 Clever guy.

PIP                     Da-ad.

HARRY                 Did I hear your mother mention homework?

PIP                     (SHOOTING UP THE STAIRS) I have to – before I – I'll do it after.

HE IS GONE

---

<sup>11</sup> so it is not yet apparent when she is assembling this; this time she is just going straight into the clips

HARRY               Where's Tom?

ANNA                I said he could stay, come back on the tube.

HARRY               Clare was OK with that?

ANNA                Keeps them both busy.

HARRY               'Suppose.

A MOMENT.

THEN CAUTIOUS, AFFECTLESS:

HARRY               Did you – where have you been, Anna?

ANNA                Nottingham.

HARRY               Bloody hell.

ANNA                I just had to.

HARRY               Really?

ANNA                I'm sorry I lied. You wouldn't've let me.

HARRY               I'm not your jailer.

ANNA                You know what I mean.

HARRY               I don't actually. I don't actually understand a single word you're saying. A single thing you're doing.

ANNA                } Can we sit down, I've got something to tell you?

HARRY               } (CONTINUING) And I haven't for weeks.

ANNA                Please, it wasn't – not completely – Harry, it's terrible.

AND THE LUMP IS IN HER THROAT.

HARRY               What is this?

ANNA                    Can we just sit down? Please.

HARRY                   Well, quick, if you're quick.

CLICK OFF

*ANNA IS SITTING IN:*

LONDON: STREET: NIGHT: INSIDE A CAR

ANNA                    *We went into the kitchen. He hadn't cleared up. I wanted a cup of tea. He said I had to sit down and tell him, whatever it was, right off. I put my phone on the table.*

CLICK BACK INTO

ANNA                    I went to Nottingham – I went with Stuart.

HARRY                   (SURPRISED BUT NOT TOO SURPRISED) What?

ANNA                    Stuart and me, we're the ones – we found Ben, that means something.

HARRY                   What, what does it mean? I can't see it has any meaning?

ANNA                    We're – we were in some kind of bond. It did bond us. Like that.

HARRY                   (BREATH, THEN:) I know where this is going.

ANNA                    What do you mean, what on earth?

HARRY                   The two of you, you'll work yourselves up into some kind of –

ANNA                    Stuart's not like that. He's like you, he kept telling me I was crazy.

HARRY                    Crazy about what?

SHE WAITS A MOMENT, GATHERING HER ANSWER

ANNA                   What I've been thinking.

HARRY                 Which is?

ANNA                   I've been – I got it into my head – I'm so sorry, Harry.

HARRY                 (IMPATIENT) Come on, what?

ANNA                   I got so – you've been acting so strangely.

HARRY                 I've been looking out for you.

ANNA                   It felt like you were protecting yourself.

HARRY                 Are you saying what I think you're saying?

ANNA                   I'm sorry, Harry.

HARRY                 Man alive, all I want to do is protect you!

ANNA                   I'm sorry.

HARRY                 Thinking about you, your happiness, your mental –

ANNA                   I know.

HARRY                 And that makes me into a murderer.

ANNA                   Don't say that.

HARRY                 What else? What bloody else? That's what you're –

ANNA                   Stuart said, he said right from the start it wasn't you.

HARRY                 'Course he bloody did.

ANNA                   He told me... [BUT CAN'T SAY: about the tutor]

HARRY                 What?

ANNA                    Nothing. We went to the house.

HARRY                  And what did that tell you? What epiphany unfolded there?

ANNA                    Not much.

HARRY                  And you – where did the two of you – [stay the night]?

ANNA                    Harry, I had this tape –

HARRY                  Those tapes!

ANNA                    The one of Stuart and me, you know, talking on the way to the house?

HARRY                  I have no idea what you're talking about.

ANNA                    The day. The tape from the day. I was interviewing him, on the way back from rehearsal, that's when we found the – found Ben.

HARRY                  Maybe. I can't remember.

ANNA                    Have you really – ?

HARRY                  What's this about, Anna? (IMPATIENT) You really have to stop fixating on everything to do with –

ANNA                    He wasn't at rehearsal that day.

HARRY                  What? I thought you said – you just said on the way back from rehearsal –

ANNA                    We have to go the police.

HARRY                  What?

ANNA                    I never realised till yesterday. I did a thing with the sound levels. Stuart was rehearsing when Ben was killed, right? Except he wasn't.



HARRY I don't understand what you're –

ANNA We have to tell the police. His alibi is a complete –

AND THE FRONT DOOR OPENS.

SIMULTANEOUS:

ANNA } Who's that?  
STUART } (IN THE DISTANCE, AS HE CLOSSES THE DOOR AND  
WALKS THROUGH) I think your man went to frigging Brazil  
to get the beans. And then of course he had to breed the cow to  
get the milk. I have never known someone take so long to –

HE HAS NOW ENTERED THE ROOM:

STUART Anna. Willkommen.

A MOMENT, THEN:

ANNA (TO HARRY) What? (BAFFLED) Harry?

STUART I got you a pain au raisin. Is that OK?

HARRY He insisted on going out for coffee.

STUART You guys have got to get some decent coffee in this house.  
Nespresso would do.

ANNA Stuart?

STUART What?

ANNA I don't understand – how long have you been here?

STUART Anna, hey, you're the one who went AWOL. Remember? Not  
me. I was worried. I rang Harry.

ANNA (TO HARRY) You two have already...?

HARRY He got here – what, half an hour ago?

ANNA [But] You were talking like...Harry?

HARRY I'm sorry, I just wanted you – I wanted to give you a chance – I wanted to hear you out. It was the least you deserved.

ANNA I get a chance to be heard? What is this?

STUART We're worried about you. Very worried.

HARRY It was bad enough that you contacted that stupid Batman man.

ANNA How do you know that?

STUART It's on the interweb, Annsey. It's quite funny, you asking him for –

ANNA You knew too?

HARRY Anna, you're making a fool of yourself. How long before someone in the parish sees it? The Bishop?

ANNA (TO STUART) Why are you suddenly calling me that? 'Annsey'?

STUART I – didn't I always – I mean sometimes – didn't I?

HARRY Darling, Stuart's told me everything.

ANNA No, he bloody hasn't! Did he happen to finally mention that –

STUART Harry's told me, about – about your breakdown.

ANNA 'Cksake, what's that got to do with –

HARRY Honey, you were just the same then.

STUART It's nothing to be ashamed of.

ANNA } Do I look ashamed? Largely because I have nothing to be ashamed of.

STUART } (CONTINUING) Where do you think I ended up after all my –  
after they threw all that shit at me. Sent me to prison for –

ANNA You did it!

A TINY MOMENT

STUART What are you saying? (PRESUMING SHE MEANS THE  
MURDER)

ANNA You embezzled that money or whatever it was.

STUART An expenses error.

ANNA You resigned, you got prosecuted. You should've had a  
breakdown.

STUART I didn't actually –

ANNA Nor did I. I decided to change my life.

HARRY Honey, honey, you were a wreck.

ANNA I was – you're not going to use this.

HARRY I'm not using anything. I'm trying to keep you happy. Keep you  
even.

SUDDENLY IN THE DOORWAY

PIP Mum, what's going on?

ANNA It's OK, Pip, we're just –

*SHE CLICKS IT OFF*

ANNA *I took him upstairs. It was – maybe it was useful. Cooling  
down.*

A MOMENT:

ANNA *This 'breakdown' they kept talking about. It wasn't a breakdown. Sure, I was – it was a time to rethink my life. That's pretty obvious – I took a turn. I'll play you – there's one bit – this is how it start – no, there isn't at it. This is what he's talking about.*

*SHE CLICKS INTO:*

ANNA But when you're praying, when you are engaged in the act of praying, do you feel you are communicating with someone, someone actual?

*OVER THIS:*

ANNA *I mean this is how it – the it thing – kind of started.*

MONK Very much. It's a conversation with someone who I can trust absolutely.

ANNA But are you seeking some favour, for Him to do something?

MONK Ah. The capitalism of prayer. I spend, I spend my words on you Oh Dear Lord and in return you pass over, gift wrapped, the benison I have paid for. My words cease to be a conversation and they become a duty, a toil. Is that any way to talk to God? Would you talk to your mother like that, your father? Only the most spoilt of children would behave like that.

*DURING THIS, OVER:*

ANNA *It sounds special, doesn't it? Sadly I was only doing it to pay the rent, a series of 'brand signifiers' for a credit card company. They wanted to associate themselves with some kind of spirituality, you know, the whole 'what money can't buy' shtick – you've been blessed by this monk – he was Greek Orthodox, I think I was the first woman he'd seen in a decade – he's touched your credit card with his holy hand and so now you are holy every time you tap in that pin number. (A MOMENT, THEN:) This wasn't why I became a film-maker.*

(CONTINUING)

MONK God invites us to reveal ourselves. Some people have compared it to a visit to the therapist. But this also makes it too

transactional. Even the word conversation is inadequate – too often, our conversations today are aimed at getting something.

ANNA                    So why do you talk to Him?

MONK                    You see, again, you want something in return.

ANNA                    *This wasn't going where we needed it to go. But I wanted to ask him. To keep asking.*

ANNA                    I mean, if I talk to my husband, my neighbour, I don't always want something.

MONK                    Are you sure?

ANNA                    What?

MONK                    Are you sure? Anna, you strike me – you do, I can see it – you are someone who cares more about these things.

ANNA                    What things?

MONK                    Getting. Getting and spending. Laying waste our days. Yes?

ANNA                    Well, you know, I make other fil – [ms]

MONK                    I don't mean these films. These cameras and microphones. I mean what you want from life.

ANNA                    Me?

MONK                    There is something more, something else you need to resolve. Yes? (IT'S A QUESTION BUT HE IS CALMLY CERTAIN)

ANNA                    (VOICE CRACKING) I don't think so.

ANNA                    *This is where the camera moves to me. Bloody cameraman, too good at his job.*

MONK                    Tell me what is that's troubling you.

ANNA                    We really need to – (TO CAMERAMAN) – we need to hear  
what you have to –     [say about]

*OVER, SPORADICALLY OVER THE REST OF THE TAPE:*

ANNA                    *Did he know about the murder?  
Could he have found out?  
Did he read it in me?  
How did he – how did he know?*

MONK                    There is something inside you, something that's rubbing at your  
being.

ANNA                    (TEARS NOW) Please, the interview, we really need to...

MONK                    Anna, let it out. Let it come.

ANNA                    There's – nothing – I don't – prayer, please –

MONK                    Come here. You're just a child. Just a child.

SHE IS NOW WEEPING, NOTHING BUT WEEPING

ANNA                    *I didn't make another film after that. I didn't finish that one. It  
was a waste. I was alive and Ben was dead and....*

*SHE CLICKS IT OFF*

ANNA                    *I went upstairs with Pip. Sat over him while he finished his  
homework. Avoiding my husband and... I heard someone  
coming up the stairs.*

*CLICK INTO (SWITCHING ON IN MID-CONVERSATION)*

VICARAGE: LANDING. MORNING.

TALKING SEMI-QUIETLY:

ANNA                    I finally got him to sit and do his maths.

STUART                Right.

ANNA                    He hates maths.

STUART                Good man.

ANNA                    Maybe if you'd been better... (SHE TRAILS OFF)

STUART                What?

NO REPLY

STUART                What?

ANNA                    You might not have got caught. The fraud thing.

STUART                Wow. The gloves are off now.

ANNA                    Sorry.

STUART                Are you?

ANNA                    What's going on, Stuart?

STUART                Harry – he's right. This is getting out of hand. You're whole obsession thing. I thought, last night, we put the whole thing –

ANNA                    You weren't at that rehearsal.

STUART                What?

ANNA                    That day. The day we found Ben.

STUART                Anna, that isn't – you have to stop fixating on all that. That day. The whole murder thing. It almost did for you before.

ANNA                    Will you stop with that – [drivel]

STUART                Harry told me. You went to hospital.

ANNA                    I needed a rest.

STUART                OK, sure, let's call it 'a rest'.

ANNA                   Why did you move on me last night?

STUART                What?

ANNA                   All that – suddenly you want me. Suddenly after all this time, you –

STUART                Christ. Sorry. God, anyone would – sorry – you know, hotels, we'd been drinking –

ANNA                   You wanted to shut me up, didn't you?

STUART                What?

ANNA                   If that was our secret, that we slept together, I'd have to keep yours, wouldn't I? That's why you suddenly...

HE TAKES A MOMENT

STUART                Anna, please, you're not making sense. Can we sit down somewhere? Can we go in there?

ANNA                   What's that smell?

STUART                Anna, please, we need to talk about –

ANNA                   Something's burning.

SAYING THIS, SHE PUSHES PAST HIM DOWN THE STAIRS BUT STOPS HALFWAY: WHEN SHE SEES OUT THE WINDOW:

ANNA                   What's he doing out there?

STUART                (HALF AFTER HER) Anna, stop, let's just sit and talk.

ANNA                   Why's Harry bur – [ning] – ? That's my box. Bugger him.

AND SHE SHOOTS DOWN THE STAIRS.  
WE GO WITH HER, THE PHONE IN HER HAND.



STUART            Anna, stop, please.

ANNA                (SHOUTING BUT NOT STOPPING OR LOOKING BACK AS SHE CAREERS DOWN THE STAIRS) Did you know about this? You bloody did, didn't you?

WE ARE GOING WITH HER THROUGH THE HALL, THROUGH THE KITCHEN AND OUT TO THE GARDEN (WITH STUART: Anna, please, come back. Hold on. AND AD LIB)

ANNA                Harry! Harry, what the hell are you doing?

SHE IS NOW APPROACHING THE BRAZIER.  
A HEALTHY FIRE IS GOING.

HARRY              I should have done this years ago.

ANNA                That's my property.

HARRY              And property is theft.

ANNA                What the hell does that mean?

HARRY              (GETTING THE LAST PILE OUT OF THE BOX) These tapes are stealing your life.

ANNA                Give me those.

SHE LURCHES AT HIM AND THE PLASTIC CASES GO SPILLING

STUART            (ARRIVING AND TAKING HER IN A HOLD) Anna, stop. Let him.

ANNA                Get off me.

HARRY              Just let me.

THE PLASTIC CASES ARE BANGING AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE BRAZIER AND INTO THE FLAMES

COUGHING AD LIB

ANNA (WRIGGLING FREE) Get off me. Give me those.

STUART Anna, we need to – let us help you.

HARRY Anna, you're going to get hurt.

ANNA (TO HARRY) You're helping him, don't you see?

HARRY I'm helping you.

ANNA He wants these burned. He wants the evidence destroyed.

HARRY Anna, all this detective stuff. Let it go, alright?

ANNA (STEPPING BACK) I see. You're in this together. You're doing this – you both want this.

STUART Anna –

ANNA You send him up there, to make sure I don't see what you're doing.

HARRY You're being ridic – everything you say tells me I'm doing the right thing.

ANNA You're protecting each other.

STUART (COUGHING) That's a terrible smell. Can we go inside.

ANNA Pip. Oh no.

SHE NOW STORMS INSIDE. WE GO WITH HER.

FADING INTO THE DISTANCE, AS SHE GOES:

HARRY Anna, what are you – Stuart, go and stop her from doing something else stupid.

ANNA IS MEANWHILE CHARGING BACK THROUGH THE KITCHEN AND UP THE STAIRS. SHOUTING:

ANNA                    Pip! Pip, come here! Pip, quickly.

PIP EMERGES FROM HIS ROOM, URGENT:

PIP                    What is it?

ANNA                    Come with me. We're going.

PIP                    I haven't finished my homework.

ANNA                    Don't worry about that.

PIP                    But –

ANNA                    Come on, downstairs. Quick.

AS THEY GO DOWNSTAIRS:

PIP                    Are we getting Tom?

ANNA                    Probably. Yes. We will.

PIP                    Can we go for KFC?

ANNA                    Sure. Yes. Good idea.

AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS

STUART                Anna, please.

ANNA                    Get away from me. Don't come anywhere near me!

STUART                Anna, calm down.

PIP                    Mummy?

HARRY                (ENTERING) What's happening?

ANNA                    (HANDING HIM THE KEYS) Pip, go and get in the car.

PIP                    What about my – ?

ANNA                    Just get in the car. I'm coming. Stay there.

PIP STARTS TO MOVE

HARRY                 Pip, just –

ANNA                 (TO HARRY, COLDLY FIERCE) Don't.

PIP                    (SCARED) Dad?

HARRY                 Go on, son.

PIP OPENS THE FRONT DOOR AND GOES

HARRY                 He shouldn't have to hear this.

ANNA                 Really?

HARRY                 I'm going to call the doctor.

ANNA                 Call who you like.

STUART                Anna, Harry, this is – let's all sit down, I'll get us some more coffee, this can all be –

ANNA IS MEANWHILE GRABBING KEYS AND HER COAT AND BAG

ANNA                 Don't try and stop me. Alright?

HARRY                 Anna.

ANNA                 Don't ring me, don't follow me.

STUART                Harry, we have to do something.

ANNA                 Don't. Just do – [n't]

*SHE CLICKS IT OFF*

ANNA

*So here I am, sitting in my car, outside KFC. Pip and Tom are inside. I have my iPad. This phone. And this message.*

*CLICK INTO VOICEMAIL:*

ROZ

Is that – I'm guessing, that's Anna, right? Anna Marmion. This tape you sent me. It's like – I can't play it, it's so old. What's on it? What is it?

*EDIT NOISE OUT*

**END OF EPISODE**

**.....to be continued and completed  
in ten further episodes**