



WARP FILMS

'REUNION'

Episode Two

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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NOTE: This is a bilingual script,
in spoken language and British Sign Language.
All signed dialogue is in Italics.
*Signed and spoken dialogue is in **bold italics**.*

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2/1 **DREAM SEQUENCE - DS3**

2/1

A discarded SCHOOL SHOE lies on old wooden floorboards in harsh daylight, the laces undone.

A vintage door knob RATTLES in an old wooden door, someone trying to open it from the other side.

BRENNAN (30s) breath fogging on glass - his silhouette behind. Signs through the glass.

BRENNAN

Let me in.

NAOMI (30s) on the other side of the glass, eyes full of fear - shakes her head: No.

KEROSENE drips from a desk - dark and red like blood -

Brennan SMASHES his hand against the glass -

A child's shaking hands try to light a match -

Brennan's HANDS, covered in blood and broken glass -

Flames RISE up plush velvet curtains -

The sounds of a struggle, panicked breathing -

2/2 **INT. TENT - DAY 3 - 05.00**

2/2

BRENNAN's face LURCHES into view like a monster from the deep, his face CONTORTED with agonising rage. CARLY recoils.

Brennan rocks back and forth with unseeing eyes, his face slicked with sweat, in the throes of a PTSD attack. His hands flutter, clenching and unclenching, as they begin to form SIGNS illuminated by the glow of Carly's PHONE -

BRENNAN

Wait. Come back - come back -

Carly touches his shoulder, tries to bring him out of it -

Brennan lashes out involuntarily, knocking Carly's phone out of her hand as she recoils in fear -

2/3 **EXT. CITY VIEWPOINT - DAY 3 - 05.01**

2/3

Dawn light creeps over the city as CARLY unzips and forces her way out of the tent on her hands and knees, dragging her sleeping bag with her, the light of her phone shining.

Carly retreats to a safe distance, wrapping the sleeping bag round her, shivering in the cold.

TITLE SEQUENCE: REUNION

2/4

EXT. CITY VIEWPOINT - DAY 3 - 07.05

2/4

CARLY sits in the morning sunlight on the BMW's bonnet, fiddling with a wooden STICK and watching as BRENNAN packs up. *

As Brennan moves back and forth between the campsite and the BMW's boot, loading up, she WAVES to get his attention - *

CARLY
Bad dream?

BRENNAN
Me? No. *

Carly's confused: *He doesn't remember?* Brennan forces the tent into its tiny zip bag. Tosses it into the boot. *

Carly waves to get Brennan's attention again - *

CARLY
Looked like a nightmare.

BRENNAN
Dunno what you're talking about. *

Carly loses patience, her signing faster, more abrupt -

CARLY
You gonna be like this about everything?!

BRENNAN
Like what?

CARLY
Shutting me out. *

BRENNAN
I slept fine!

Brennan crouches, rolling up the tent. Another silence. Carly throws her TWIG at him to get his attention - *

CARLY
Where we going now? Can you tell me that?! Or is everything gonna be a big secret? *

Brennan signs a tree and a park. *

BRENNAN
Hawthorne Park.

Carly stays silent. Brennan explains - *

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
There's a reunion today.

CARLY
*School reunion? **Your** school?*

BRENNAN
Don't wanna go.

CARLY
Why we going then?!

BRENNAN
Cos I have to.

Before Carly can push it, Brennan passes her the empty carrier bag from the corner shop and begins clearing the last of his camping gear. Carly reacts to the bag with mild disbelief and amusement: *Conversation over, then?*

Carly crouches, gathering empty tins and rubbish, stowing them in the carrier bag as Brennan finishes loading the boot.

He sees the DUFFEL BAG with the SAWN OFF SHOTGUN. The zip loose, revealing a hint of metal. Glancing over his shoulder at Carly, he quickly zips it closed and slams the boot shut.

Brings his broken phone out from his pocket. Looks at Carly.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
You hungry?

Carly nods: *Starving.*

As the two of them get into the BMW -

STEPHEN (VOICEMAIL PRE LAP)
Calling about one of your guys.
Daniel... Brennan.

2/5

INT. PROBATION OFFICE - DAY 3 - 09.12

2/5

An anxious ANNA sits at her desk, listening to STEPHEN's voicemail on speaker as JOE works on his computer, hunting and pecking on his keyboard with two fingers.

Joe cocks his head at the last part of Stephen's message -

STEPHEN (VOICEMAIL)
You better recall him first thing
in the morning. Let the police do
their job. You got all that?!

Joe turns to look at Anna.

JOE
Who's that?

*
*

*
*
*
*

ANNA
No name. Withheld number.

JOE
Nothing we can do from an anonymous
call. But you've already started on
Brennan's recall, haven't you?

*
*
*

Anna's face falls: She hasn't. Off Joe's reaction -

ANNA
I told you, I made a mistake -

JOE
Anna - we talked about this -

ANNA
OK, look - I'm gonna keep trying
him. If he's not got back to me by
the end of today, then I'll put him
on the list for recall?

*
*

Joe studies Anna.

JOE
You can't save everyone, y'know
that?

Anna nods, glad of the brief reprieve. Moves away, back to
her stack of probation folders. Joe allows himself a hint of
a smile at her compassion. Turns back to his computer.

2/6 **INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - DAY 3 - 11.15**

2/6

MIRI's feet step tentatively down the staircase. She peers
over the banister to look into the kitchen.

MIRI POV: STEPHEN and CHRISTINE sit on the tall stools at the
kitchen island.

ON MIRI: She doesn't want to do this.

2/7 **INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 3 - 11.16**

2/7

STEPHEN indicates the PAROLE SUMMARY on the kitchen table.

STEPHEN
There's not much information in
there. Only Brennan knows what
happened between him and -

Stephen hesitates -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
- your husband.

CHRISTINE

Right.

STEPHEN

Dunno if you can make your peace with that. But you might have to?

CHRISTINE

No.

STEPHEN

What?

CHRISTINE

No, I can't give up yet. If I can just get to him somehow, talk to him, then he has to tell me?!

Christine grabs the probation document, taps the top sheet -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

What about the probation officer that called yesterday? They might be able to set up a meeting -

STEPHEN

Christine. You gotta let go of this.

CHRISTINE

No, I have to try. Otherwise I'm always gonna be wondering. Surely you get that?!

Stephen nods. He understands. But -

STEPHEN

I don't - I don't wanna see you get hurt, that's all.

*

Christine's about to reply when MIRI enters the kitchen, hesitant. Stephen rises from his chair and nods to Miri in greeting - speaks slowly and clearly so she can lipread.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Hi. You alright? Dunno if you caught my name last night, but I'm Stephen.

Miri keeps her face blank. Looks to Christine -

MIRI

What's he say?

Christine opens her mouth to reply, but before she can say anything -

Stephen improvises, holding out the palm of his left hand and writing the letters on it - impossible to understand whether you're deaf or hearing -

STEPHEN

S-T-E-

Awkward silence as Stephen writes his name on his hand. Miri side-eyes Christine, who makes a *don't you bloody dare* face -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

P-H-E-N.

Miri nods, signs to Christine, voice off, deliberately excluding him -

MIRI

Your new boyfriend?

Christine glares at Miri.

CHRISTINE

He's trying to help us, OK?

MIRI

Help, do what?

CHRISTINE

Find Brennan. Get some answers.

Stephen smiles at Miri, trying to reassure her -

STEPHEN

Can I give you my number?

Miri forgets to pretend she can't understand him -

MIRI

What for?!

Miri looks away from Stephen again, to her mum, voice off -

MIRI (CONT'D)

He a private detective or something?

CHRISTINE

He used to be in the police. He's doing this as a favour to me, OK?!

STEPHEN

If anyone spots Brennan, or you hear anything about his whereabouts, you can call me.

*

Miri shoots a look at Christine: "Hear anything". "Call me"?

Stephen realises - tries to save it -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Or text. Text me, that's fine.

Miri sighs. Grabs her phone. Unlocks it, hands it to Stephen.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Cheers.

Stephen hands Miri's phone back. She grabs it, switching to voice, and sign so Stephen can hear, exaggerating the 'phone call' and 'hear' signs -

MIRI
*Thanks for that. I'll 'call you' if
I 'hear' anything?*

CHRISTINE
*Miri - make sure you're ready for
the reunion, OK? I'll be back -*

Miri shoves past Christine, back up to her bedroom.

Stephen and Christine are alone again in the kitchen. He smiles at Christine, sympathetic.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Sorry about that.

STEPHEN
No, I'm the one who should be
sorry. I messed that up.

CHRISTINE
Don't worry about it. Call you
later?

STEPHEN
Where you going now?

Christine holds up the probation cover sheet, slipping it into her handbag. Stephen sighs. Nods.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
I'll give you a lift.

2/8

INT. BRAGAZZI'S CAFE - DAY 3 - 11.30

2/8

A City Deli with counter service. BRENNAN and CARLY face one another, two plates and two cups of tea between them.

Carly finishes fiddling with Brennan's phone, putting the SIM inside it and hands it to him. Gestures to Brennan's plate. *

CARLY
You want that?

Brennan looks down at his plate. Half a sausage, a burnt tomato and a few rinds of bacon. He shakes his head no. Carly pulls the plate towards her and wolfs down the leftovers as Brennan's new phone powers on - he reacts, surprised - *

BRENNAN
It's working? *

CARLY
You're welcome.

Brennan quickly touches his MESSAGES app.

ON SCREEN: Empty.

Brennan shows the phone screen to Carly. *

BRENNAN
Nothing?

CARLY
Yeah, still on the old phone.

ON PHONE: Brennan taps the CONTACTS tab. Empty.

BRENNAN
All my old messages? My photos of you? My messages from (Naomi...) -

Brennan looks at his dead smartphone, in pieces, the screen still cracked and spiderwebbed.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
It's all gone? *

Carly shrugs and nods, grim. Not just referring to the phone -

CARLY
Yeah. All gone. *

Brennan looks at Carly, trying to get himself under control - but it's not anger he's feeling... *it's bereavement*. He sets the phone down, defeated. Looks out the window. Carly waves to get his attention.

CARLY (CONT'D)
Been thinking about what you said last night.

BRENNAN
What's that?

CARLY
Everyone hating you for what you did. I'm sure that's not true.

Brennan cocks his head - Carly presses it, still holding on to the belief that he's a good person, somehow -

CARLY (CONT'D)

*If you had a chance to explain...
How it all happened - ?*

*

BRENNAN

Won't change anything.

*

CARLY

*But you did your time. That's all
behind you now. Right?*

*

*

Brennan's silent. Looking out of the window. Thinking about the reunion. About the gun in his boot.

*

Carly impulsively GRABS Brennan's phone.

BRENNAN

What you doing?

Brennan watches Carly type on her phone and Brennan's.

ON BRENNAN'S PHONE: The MAPS App is open. SHARE LOCATION?

*

Carly taps Brennan's phone, then hers. Slides Brennan's phone back to him. A simple HELLO from Carly on the screen, sent via text.

*

CARLY

You have my number now.

Brennan nods. Pockets the phone.

*

CARLY (CONT'D)

*Who you looking for at the reunion,
someone important?*

*

Brennan hesitates. Nods.

CARLY (CONT'D)

You been before?

BRENNAN

No.

CARLY

Why not?

Brennan scratches his face, thinking. Shrugs, dismissive, not really thinking about what he's signing -

BRENNAN

They're all dickheads.

Carly takes Brennan's *dickhead* sign and runs with it -

CARLY

Was Ray a dickhead as well?

Brennan reacts to Carly's use of Ray's sign name.

BRENNAN
No. He wasn't.

CARLY
*But we're going to a reunion? Full of dickheads who probably don't like **you**?!*

BRENNAN
Stop signing that!

CARLY
What... this?

Carly playfully exaggerates the *dickhead* sign once more, cupping a shaft and big balls on her forehead.

Brennan fixes her with a look of such deep disappointment that she lowers her hands almost instantly.

Carly can't help but press the point -

CARLY (CONT'D)
You've gotta admit, that's a shit idea. Right?

BRENNAN
Enough swearing, OK?!

Carly goes wide-eyed, incredulous -

CARLY
*What?! You started it! **You** said dickhead, not me -*

Brennan checks his phone. Sees the time. Quickly picks up the pieces of his old smartphone, standing -

BRENNAN
We can't be late. Come on.

Carly shoulders her bag. Grabs one last bit of toast, sticks it in her mouth and follows Brennan out.

2/9

INT/EXT. STEPHEN'S CAR - DAY 3 - 11.40

2/9

CHRISTINE looks out of her window at the probation office building. A featureless grey block. Turns to STEPHEN.

He smiles, putting a reassuring hand on her arm.

STEPHEN
I'll wait here for you.

2/10

INT. PROBATION OFFICE - DAY 3 - 11.44

2/10

ANNA enters, followed by CHRISTINE. JOE looks over his shoulder, watching briefly as Anna pulls a chair out for her by his desk, gesturing for her to take a seat -

ANNA

So what can I help you with,
Christine?

CHRISTINE

I was wondering if you could
arrange for me to meet with Daniel?
To talk?

Anna reacts, confused - this wasn't what she expected -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

You do that sort of thing, don't
you? Supervised contact between -
between offenders and victims?

Anna still has no idea where Brennan is but tells a white lie, desperate to please Christine -

ANNA

I can look into that for you - yes.

*

CHRISTINE

OK. That's - that's good?

Joe shoots a look over his shoulder at Anna: *What's she saying?!* Christine fidgets with her hands in her lap.

ANNA

Why - what would you like to talk
to him about?

Christine shrugs, trying to explain it to herself as much as Anna -

CHRISTINE

My husband was a good person. I
know, I know. That's what you're
supposed to say. But he really was.
He went out of his way to help
everyone he could.

Anna sits back, listening.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

We always used to joke that there
were always three people in our
relationship. Me. Him. And the deaf
community. Lost track of the number
of times he'd come home late
because he was trying to stop a
deaf kid from falling behind.

(MORE)

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Or listen to someone's problems,
help them fix whatever was going
wrong.

Christine takes a deep breath. Joe stops his typing. Looks
over his shoulder, listening to Christine -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

He was trying to help Brennan, too.
Another late night, listening to
someone's problems. Except this
time, he ended up dead, and I don't
know why. If there's any way you
could tell him - when you next see
him - that I need to know. To set
my mind at rest. If you could do
that for me, that would be great.

Anna doesn't know what to say - visibly moved by Christine's
acute loss and confusion.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Sorry. It's been - it's been hard -

ANNA

No, no - I understand - it must
have been so difficult for you -

Christine exhales, frustrated -

CHRISTINE

I *knew* he was coming out! God
knows, I've had *months* to get ready
for it, but - now he's actually out
and it's like it's all - coming
back, like it happened yesterday.

Christine sniffles. Anna reaches for a box of tissues on her
desk, sliding them across to her. She shakes her head no.

Joe turns his chair part way towards Christine, interjects -

JOE

We can't force him to meet with
you. He's not under any legal
obligation to do so, I'm afraid.

ANNA

But I can put the request to him,
you never know.

Joe shoots another look at Anna - clears his throat -

JOE

Listen, don't get your hopes up.

Christine looks to Joe - now pushed away from his desk,
engaged in their conversation.

JOE (CONT'D)

You'll have to excuse my colleague.
She's still new. Still optimistic.

Christine stands, quickly - embarrassed by her show of emotion - not sure where she goes from here -

CHRISTINE

OK. I'd better go. But you'll call me, let me know what he says?

Anna smiles, confident -

ANNA

Absolutely.

Anna walks to the office door, holds it open for her. Christine leaves. As Anna walks back to her desk -

JOE

What was that all about?!

ANNA

What d'ya mean?

JOE

You gotta stop telling people what they wanna hear. That just leads to more pain.

Anna shoulders her work bag, picking up a stack of folders, trying not to show her frustration with Joe -

JOE (CONT'D)

We're probation. Not counselling.

*

Anna stops, looks back at Joe.

ANNA

I know you think I'm stupid -

JOE

No -

ANNA

- for caring. But don't worry. Couple more years, I'll be like you.

Joe's silent. Anna sighs. Pushes her way out, door closing behind her.

STEPHEN sees CHRISTINE walking out of the office towards his car. Exits, moves to greet her -

STEPHEN
You alright, love?

Christine shakes her head, downcast and embarrassed -

CHRISTINE
You were right. Probably nothing
they can do.

Stephen sighs. Looks to the office building. Thinking.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
I've got to go. I'm going to be
late for the reunion -

STEPHEN
Gimme five minutes? See if I can't
get a bit more intel for you?

Christine hesitates. Stephen angles his head, fixes her with
his best reassuring smile. Cocks his head at the building -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Dealt with plenty of probation
officers in my time.

Christine nods.

CHRISTINE
OK. Don't be long though?

Stephen nods. Christine gets into the car as he jogs up the
steps to the Probation office.

2/12

INT. PROBATION OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY 3 - 12.01

2/12

JOE exits the office, looking to the reception desk for
confirmation, when -

*
*

STEPHEN (O.S.)
You in charge around here?

Joe sees STEPHEN.

*

Stephen hesitates - a moment of recognition - points -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
You're ex police, ain't ya?

Stephen smiles, nods -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Yeah, thought I recognised you.
Left the force a while back?

JOE
Who did you say you were - ?

STEPHEN

Gonna give you some friendly
advice, OK? People who've done
time. They can do all the right
things. Say all the right things.
But once they're out, there comes a
point, sooner or later -

Stephen CLICKS his fingers -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

They snap. People get hurt. Doesn't
matter who they were before,
whether they're rich or poor,
educated or stupid - it's prison
that does that to them.

Joe scoffs - Stephen's preaching to the converted here -

JOE

Wow, that's all - that's new
information to me. Thank you. Any
other wisdom you'd like to share?

STEPHEN

Forget about trying to get answers,
'cos we ain't gonna get them. You
need to get Daniel Brennan back in
prison.

Joe bristles at this stranger telling him how to do his job -

JOE

Who says I'm trying to get answers?
What's this Brennan got to do with
you, anyway?

STEPHEN

He's nothing to me.

Stephen jerks his thumb behind him, at the door -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

It's my partner I care about.
Christine? I don't wanna see her
hurt again.

Stephen steps up to Joe, pressing the point -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

But y'know what? If she is, if
anyone else is - it's on you.

Joe watches Stephen leave - wondering.

2/13 **EXT. AERIAL SHOT - COUNTRY LANES - DAY 3 - 12.07** 2/13

Miles of undulating B-roads, sun shining through the trees as Brennan's BMW eats up the tarmac.

2/14 **INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 3 - 12.08** 2/14

BRENNAN drives, both hands on the wheel, engine humming.

CARLY scrolls on her phone, listening to music.

BEEPING and BUZZING -

Carly looks to Brennan. What is it?

Brennan LETS GO OF THE STEERING WHEEL with both hands, *

searching his coat pockets - *

Any other passenger would FREAK THE HELL OUT RIGHT NOW -

But Carly calmly takes the steering wheel with her hand, *

keeping her eyes on the road -

As Brennan glances over at Carly, they lock eyes and -

MATCH CUT TO:

2/15 **INT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY FB4 - (FLASHBACK) 14.40** 2/15

A FLASH of the past - instead of CARLY holding the wheel, it's NAOMI, looking beautiful and very much alive.

Her hair just like Carly's. Her eyes, too. As sun SHINES -

2/16 **INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 3 - 12.09** 2/16

A SUNBEAM dazzles BRENNAN out of his reverie. He blinks. *

Brings his phone out of his coat. *

Hands his phone over to CARLY, who lets go of the steering wheel and checks Brennan's phone as he resumes driving.

CARLY

Texts from "Anna"? *

Brennan gives nothing away.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Says you need to meet her now. Want me to reply to her? *

BRENNAN

Don't worry about it.

Carly keeps scrolling Anna's messages, increasingly alarmed -

CARLY

*If you don't meet her, she says
you're going back to prison?!*

Brennan keeps his cool. Turns it back on Carly -

BRENNAN

Would you care if I did?

A huge moment. But Carly's not ready to admit she still LOVES her Dad, let alone think of a clever reply. Plays it matter of fact -

CARLY

You better text her back!

BRENNAN

I will, I will.

CARLY

Promise?

*

BRENNAN

Promise.

Carly, satisfied, adjusts an earbud and resumes listening to music on her phone. Brennan subtly looks over, trying to see what she's listening to - Carly turns her phone away.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

What you listening to?

CARLY

Music.

BRENNAN

I know it's music! WHAT music?

*

Carly looks at him like he's an alien -

CARLY

You've never been interested - !?

Brennan points at the car stereo. Carly looks at the lip of the CD, still stuck in the CD player slot.

BRENNAN

*Like anything with lots of bass.
Turn it up until it goes through
me, like a second heartbeat.*

Carly works at the edge of the CD with her finger - it remains stuck.

CARLY

*How come I never heard this, all
the times I was in here with you?*

BRENNAN
*Mum banned loud music around you.
Worried I was gonna make you deaf.*

Brennan and Carly exchange a look of brief amusement - but she still doesn't believe him.

CARLY
Can't be that loud!

Brennan taps his eye, points to underneath the rear seat. Carly turns to see two HUGE SUBWOOFERS under the rear bench.

Carly can't help but smile. Her smile becomes a frown. She leans forward, cocking an ear towards the dashboard -

BRENNAN
What?

The engine's REVVING high, but they're not moving particularly fast.

Carly looks to the gear stick. It's in fourth.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
What is it?!

CARLY
Engine sounds wrong.

Brennan checks the dials on the dash. All looks fine. Wiggles his fingers on the steering wheel.

BRENNAN
Nah, it's fine. I can feel it.

Carly shakes her head, adamant. The engine REVVING LOUDER -

CARLY
You should pull over. Before it goes boom.

BRENNAN
I know this car. It's fine.

Carly shrugs: *Whatever.* Slouches in her seat, earbuds back in, feet up on the dashboard.

Brennan turns back to the road, the engine's loud REVVING SUDDENLY PEAKING -

WHITE STEAM HISSES from under the bonnet -

Brennan quickly looks to Carly - finger on chest, about to sign: *I told you so* -

Brennan holds up a cautionary finger with a shake of his head: *don't.*

Carly purses her lips, puts her hands down and stays silent.

2/17 **INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - MIRI'S BEDROOM - DAY 3 - 12.30** 2/17

MIRI is trying on the new outfit she bought for the reunion - a smart jacket and skirt. She turns in the mirror, unsure. In the mirror's reflection, she sees -

CHRISTINE pops her head round the door - in her own smart dress, holding a pair of heels -

CHRISTINE
Can I come in?

*

MIRI
Sure.

Christine sets her heels down on the bed - checks her watch -

CHRISTINE
Sorry, traffic -

*

Miri turns. Christine sees her outfit - reacts with surprise -

MIRI
It's not too much, is it?

CHRISTINE
No! You look beautiful! Can you - ?

Christine stands in front of the mirror as Miri zips her dress up at the back. Christine bites her lower lip - decides to tell Miri.

*

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
OK... three.

*

*

MIRI
Three? Three, what?

CHRISTINE
Three months.

MIRI
Wha...?

CHRISTINE
You asked how long Stephen and I have been -

Miri makes a face. Christine smiles. Miri does the mental calculations.

*

MIRI
Wait. Three months - that means -

CHRISTINE

Yeah. While you've been at university.

MIRI

Why couldn't you tell me?

CHRISTINE

*I wanted to wait until I was sure.
I don't know. He's the first one in
a long time that -*

Christine shrugs, not sure how to continue the thread.

MIRI

That what?

CHRISTINE

*That I thought I might be able to
introduce to you one day.*

Miri processes this as Christine sits on the edge of Miri's bed, slipping her shoes on, checking her watch again -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

*Sorry we didn't have time to look
at your speech together -*

*
*

Miri shrugs, despondent -

MIRI

Still don't know what to say.

CHRISTINE

'Course you do, he's your Dad!

Miri shakes her head, wistful.

MIRI

Not any more.

Off Christine's questioning look -

MIRI (CONT'D)

*No, it's not like I've forgotten
him. But he was just my Dad when he
was alive. Since he - since he left
us, it's like he's become bigger
and bigger and more like - I dunno,
a saint, or a God, or something?
Even now, people I don't know come
up to me to tell me what an amazing
man he was. But I never knew that
side of him. I never know what to
say back, other than 'thank you'...*

Miri shrugs -

MIRI (CONT'D)

*It's almost like I can't - I'm
frightened to say the wrong thing
about him now. He's too - too big.
Too important.*

Christine smiles. Sad, wistful.

CHRISTINE

*I get it. The longer I go without
him, the further away he gets, the
more I forget the small things. The
way he brushed your hair. The way
he made breakfast for us both,
every morning, with sweet tea...*

Christine smiles at another, weirder memory.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

*...the way he used to fart when he
thought no-one could hear him.*

Miri's grossed out - but she laughs.

MIRI

Mum?!

CHRISTINE

*Don't put **THAT** in your speech!*

*

MIRI

I won't.

CHRISTINE

*Point is, he was normal, Miri! He
had his own weird stuff going on.
Like me. Like you. Don't overthink
it. OK?*

MIRI

OK Mum.

CHRISTINE

*I'm sorry I didn't tell you about
Stephen. But I think - I think
enough time's passed that your Dad
would want me to move on. To try
and - try and be happy with someone
else... What do you think?*

*

Miri makes a face - she wants to, but...

MIRI

*Give me a bit more time on that
one?*

Christine nods: OK.

2/18

INT/EXT. BMW - LAYBY - DAY 3 - 12.32

2/18

The BMW is parked in a layby, the bonnet open. Traffic roars up and down in the foreground as -

BRENNAN braces himself with a foot against the BMW's bumper, a wrench on the radiator plug, trying to lever it open - CARLY watching at a distance, bracing herself for - *

Brennan slips - the wrench finally loosening the plug -

WHITE STEAM HISSES -

Brennan waves the steam away, trying to inspect the engine -

Brennan steps back, shaking his head - *

BRENNAN
I can't fix that! *

Carly looks back to Brennan - *

CARLY
Wait -

Carly leans in, reaching into the engine bay to try and move the radiator fan. It's STUCK FAST - *

BRENNAN
I can't miss the reunion...

Brennan stares into space, distressed.

Carly moves past Brennan to his TOOLBOX, rummaging - brings out a HAMMER - Brennan snaps out of it - *

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
What you doing?

Carly shrugs -

CARLY
Gonna try something.

Carly steps towards the engine bay as Brennan stops her -

BRENNAN
With that?!

Carly looks around, gesturing with the hammer - *

CARLY
You got any better ideas?!

Brennan hesitates. Nods. Carly moves to the bonnet, leaning in and putting the adjustable wrench on the radiator nut. *

Brennan looks up and down the road, anxious. Watches Carly as she begins to HIT the end of the WRENCH with her HAMMER. *

TAP TAP TAP - *

2/19 **INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - MIRI'S BEDROOM - DAY 3 - 12.40** 2/19

MIRI and CHRISTINE sit side by side on a dressing bench in front of a huge MAKE UP MIRROR. Miri is covering up the bruise on her cheek with makeup, Christine helping her - *

They face each other's reflection in the mirror - a perfect two shot, both looking straight ahead but seeing each other -

Christine notices Miri, lost in thought. *

CHRISTINE
What is it?

MIRI
Last night. Carly was there.

Miri uses Carly's sign name. Familiar, well-practiced. Christine straightens up. *

CHRISTINE
With Brennan?

Miri nods.

MIRI
Can't stop thinking about her. What it's been like for her.

Miri smiles: remembering Carly then, compared with now.

MIRI (CONT'D)
She wasn't happy to see me. Can't blame her. You told me not to have contact with them after... after what happened. I understand why. But she must have felt so alone.

Christine shrugs, pushing back -

CHRISTINE
Still got her Dad, hasn't she?

MIRI
But she lost her mum! We've all had our share of pain...

CHRISTINE
Yeah. Sorry. You're right.

MIRI

*It's been a lot. Seeing them again.
All these feelings, not sure where
to put them, what to do with them.*

Christine strokes Miri's back.

CHRISTINE

*If you'd rather stay home and give
this reunion a miss -*

MIRI

No -

CHRISTINE

I'm sure they'd understand -

MIRI

No, I want to go.

Christine cocks her head -

CHRISTINE

You sure?

Miri smiles, brave.

MIRI

I have to do this speech.

Christine turns away from the mirror to look at Miri, straight on. She brushes a stray lock of hair away from Miri's face. Can't believe how beautiful her daughter is.

CHRISTINE

*OK, here's the plan. We show our
faces. Say hello to people we know,
nick some of the wine and come back
here. Then we can talk more?*

Miri nods. Smiles. *She'd like that.* They stand and leave together, closer to one another again.

2/20

EXT. LAYBY - DAY 3 - 12.45

2/20

CARLY tops the radiator up with water out of a plastic bottle, screwing the cap back on with an oily rag.

*
*

She nods to BRENNAN, sitting in the car. He's surprised. Has she really fixed the engine?

*
*

CARLY

Try it.

*
*

Brennan turns the key in the ignition.

*

The engine catches. Hesitates. Coughs a bit, then starts.
Brennan REVS the engine a few times, testing it.

Brennan nods, looking for confirmation from Carly -

She nods back, gives a thumbs up: *Engine sounds good.*

BRENNAN
Come on, let's go.

*

Carly gets into the car, closing the door. Brennan has a
moment of pride, looking at her -

*

*

2/21 **EXT. LAYBY - DAY 3 - 12.46**

2/21

The BMW pulls away from the layby and back on the road.

2/22 **INT/EXT. BMW - HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - DRIVEWAY - DAY 3 -**
13.05

2/22

CARLY leans forward in her seat, awed. At the end of the
driveway, a large Victorian building with a 1970's glass
extension. A sign reads HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL AND SPA.

*

*

*

BRENNAN leans forward, anxiously peering over the steering
wheel, his knuckles white. The building looms in his field of
vision.

*

*

*

Brennan REACTS, accelerating past the front entrance and
round the side of the building.

*

*

2/23 **INT/EXT. BMW - HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - CAR PARK - DAY 3 -**
13.06

2/23

The reunion has already started. Groups of people gathering
and heading inside. Brennan coasts to the furthest corner,
far away from other cars, facing the hotel grounds. The
engine dies down.

*

*

*

*

He unbuckles his seatbelt. Takes a few deep breaths, psyching
himself up for what he's about to do: *it's time*. Looks to
CARLY -

*

*

*

BRENNAN
Thanks for helping with the car.

Carly's reply is cut off as Brennan gets out of the car,
closing the door behind him, motioning to his seat.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Stay there.

Carly tentatively slides across to the driver's seat. She
looks in the rear view mirror to see Brennan disappear from
view behind the open boot lid -

2/24 **EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - BOOT - DAY 3 -2/24**
13.07

BRENNAN shoots quick looks left and right, checking the coast is clear. Unzips the duffel bag.

With shaking hands, he fumbles two of the bright red SHOTGUN SHELLS out of the cardboard box.

Fiddles with the SHOTGUN, tries to snap it open. Eventually succeeds. Pushes the first shell in. Pushes the second in - it slips out and falls to the gravel under the BMW.

He quickly crouches, picks it up. Looks left and right, checking no-one's seen him -

He slots the second shell in, closes the shotgun. Slips it into the left inside pocket of his coat. Buttons his coat up. Moves to close the boot lid -

Hesitates -

Grabs a handful of extra shells and puts them in his pocket.

SLAMS the boot -

2/25 **INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - DAY 3 - 132/25**

CARLY flinches as the boot lid slams. BRENNAN comes to her window, digs in his pocket for MATTHEW'S BUSINESS CARD.

BRENNAN

He says they'll pay good money.

Carly reacts to the figure written on the card as Brennan steps back from the car. *

BRENNAN (CONT'D) *

Go - now! *

He waits for her to leave. Carly's thrown - *

CARLY *

Seriously? You want me to go? Where we gonna meet after? *

BRENNAN

I'll text. Now go! *

Carly's face falls. Is this it? The last time she sees her Dad? Her fingers tremble as she turns the key in the ignition. The car starts, engine purring.

Carly pulls away from Brennan, wheels crunching on gravel.

CARLY POV IN REAR VIEW MIRROR: Brennan already striding away towards the main entrance.

ON CARLY: Scared, afraid, torn between wanting to turn back to her Dad, and wanting to get far away as fast as she can.

2/26 **EXT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY 3 - 13.10** 2/26

The roar of the BMW's engine fades away to silence.

BRENNAN pauses outside the entrance to the building. *

Takes a deep breath, pulls one of the doors open and steps
inside - a TEXTBOOK JOSEPH CAMPBELL HERO'S JOURNEY: CROSSING
THE THRESHOLD OF NO RETURN MOMENT - *

2/27 **INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - RECEPTION - DAY 3 - 13.11** 2/27

A hotel reception desk with smartly dressed RECEPTIONISTS.

BRENNAN walks forward slowly, his right hand resting on his chest, keeping the gun in place. His steps hesitant, as though he expects ambush any moment -

Brennan exhales, composes himself. Moves down the hall.

As he reaches the reception desk he glances to his right at a STAIRCASE and we -

MATCH CUT TO:

2/27A **INT. HAWTHORNE PARK SCHOOL - DAY FB5 (FLASHBACK) 09.10** 2/27A *

1980s. The same STAIRCASE but thirty years earlier. We see
YOUNG BRENNAN's (11) legs in shorts, socks and school shoes
hurrying up the stairs - late for something. *

BACK TO: *

2/27B **INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - RECEPTION - DAY 3 - 13.12** 2/27B *

BRENNAN shakes off the memory and approaches the desk. *

One of the RECEPTIONISTS (20s), young and professional,
perfectly made up, looks up with a smile and greets him with
sign language that she's clearly learned just for this event -
clumsy but well intentioned - *

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome.

Brennan's brought up short. Right hand at his coat. Nods.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Please. This way.

She signs *Please* from the wrong place on her face, her hand blowing him a loving kiss, indicating to the stairway leading to the HOTEL BAR *

Brennan checks, gesturing with his hand: *This way?*

She nods. Smiles as he walks up the staircase - *

2/28

INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - BAR - DAY 3 - 13.13

2/28

No one else is here yet apart from the occasional SERVER in a Black Apron and White Shirt, not noticing or recognising BRENNAN. *

The Hawthorne Park School Crest - an old fashioned shield with a HAWTHORN TREE dominates a temporary standing wall of SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPHS, all the way from the 1950s through to the 2000s, before the school was closed for good. *

BRENNAN glances at the wall - then looks back, recognising one of the faces on the wall. *

He moves closer to get a better look. *

ON PHOTO: A 16 year old RAY, staring back at Brennan with a smile, his whole life ahead of him. Ray is the centrepiece of the wall display. Commemorating ten years since he died. *

ON BRENNAN: Lost in memories - guilt and sorrow on his face. *

Brennan sees an EVENT RUNNING ORDER propped up on an EASEL by the entrance to the MAIN HALL - *

- *Recollections of RAY MOKHTAR by MIRI MOKHTAR*

Brennan's eyes move down to the next line -

- *Recollections by JIM MONROE* *

Brennan slaps the running order in confirmation. He's here. Takes a DEEP BREATH and nods, grim. Back on track.

He looks through an OPEN DOORWAY leading to a large reception room where a crowd has gathered for the speeches. As Brennan looks through the doorway we - *

MATCH CUT TO: *

2/28A

INT. HAWTHORNE PARK SCHOOL - DAY FB5 (FLASHBACK) 09.15

2/28A

1980s. A shaft of light spreads light through the darkness of a classroom. Beyond it through the doorway in the distance we glimpse children sitting in rows, cross legged on the floor. An assembly. *

BACK TO: *

2/29 OMITTED 2/29

2/30 INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - BAR - DAY 3 - 13.15 2/30

BRENNAN steeling himself, about to head into the gathering and find the person he's looking for, when - *

GARDNER (O.S.) *

Hello! *

Brennan freezes, retreating out of sight behind the door frame as - *

2/31 INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - MAIN HALL - DAY 3 - 13.16 2/31

GARDNER (40s-50s), tall, handsome, well-groomed, waves his hands from a high step, getting everyone's attention like a hunter trying to scare off a grizzly bear.

GARDNER

Hello everyone, and welcome back to our old school! I know you all have many happy memories of this place. *

2/32 INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - BAR - DAY 3 - 13.16 2/32

BRENNAN reacts: *Gardner hasn't changed.*

2/33 INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - MAIN HALL - DAY 3 - 13.16 2/33

GARDNER

Today, we celebrate the life of one of our most well-known boys. Ray Mokhtar. We have special guests here to give speeches -

2/34 INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - BAR - DAY 3 - 13.17 2/34

SERVER (O.S.)

EXCUSE me, sir?!

BRENNAN JUMPS, his hand involuntarily going to his GUN -

A young SERVER (20s), holding bottles of wine, wanting to go past him and outside.

Brennan nods, steps away from the door, embarrassed.

As the server pushes past Brennan, through the open door -

Brennan turns back to the gathering -

LOCKS EYES WITH GARDNER -

2/35 **INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - MAIN HALL - DAY 3 - 13.18** 2/35

GARDNER falters, seeing BRENNAN through the open door: *Is that who he thinks it is?*

SEAN, standing apart from the others, at the gathering but not part of it, notices Gardner's hesitation. Follows his eyeline to the doors -

*
*
*

There's no-one there. Just a door swinging closed on an empty room. Gardner recovers -

GARDNER

Anyway. That's it from me. Enjoy the free bar, look around the building, check out the photos, have a sign chat. Enjoy!

*
*

Hands go up in deaf applause as he steps down, walking O.S.

2/36 **INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 3 - 13.22** 2/36

The BMW's engine ROARS.

CARLY drives, her face a mask of anxiety and fear, shooting looks in the rear view mirror, conflicted and unsure.

2/37 **INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - BAR - DAY 3 - 13.22** 2/37

BRENNAN, spooked, has retreated from the doors and watches the gathering from by the photo wall, trying to catch sight of the person he's looking for. He takes a deep breath - ready to try again - steps forward -

Sees SEAN, standing at a cautious distance. Recognition on his face - Sean is an OLD, OLD friend from the past.

Brennan's hand goes to his coat, pulling it closed.

Sean waves hello, cautious, reserved - as you would if you saw a convicted murderer in the flesh. A convicted murderer who was also his best friend when he was 11 years old.

Brennan takes Sean in. Can't help but greet him -

BRENNAN

Sean? Been a while.

Sean relaxes at the use of his sign name: *goatee beard*. His hand goes to his chin.

SEAN

Ha, beard's long gone. Same as my hair.

Brennan points to his own shaved head. *Same.*

Sean moves to the photo wall. Brennan watches him, wary.

Sean studies the old photographs. Black and white, sepia, yellowing with age. Old school trips, sports days, award ceremonies. Children in speech therapy lessons, holding microphones, wearing oversized headphones.

Sean looks back to Brennan with a rueful smile.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Lots of memories here.

Brennan moves to the photo wall. Studies the pictures alongside Sean.

Catches another glimpse of RAY's photo. Looks quickly away.

Sean taps a class photo.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Check this out.

ON PHOTO: 20 or so 11 year old boys, faces serious, in full Hawthorne Park uniform.

Sean taps a redheaded boy's face. Signs a wedding ring slipping onto his finger, slipping off again -

SEAN (CONT'D)

*Married. Divorced. Married.
Divorced. Can't keep up with all
the child support.*

Brennan relaxes a bit. Still looking across the room for any *
sign of the person he's after. Back to the photo -

Sean points to a tall, gangly boy in the back row.

SEAN (CONT'D)

*Mental health. He's in Summerford
now. Couldn't take any more.*

Brennan's smile fades. Sean picks up on his discomfort. Moves away from the photo wall -

SEAN (CONT'D)

You and me -

Sean struggles to articulate - something desperate, pleading in his question -

SEAN (CONT'D)

We're still friends. Right?

Brennan nods, pained. There's ancient history between the two of them, most of it bubbling under the surface.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Still got my number?

Brennan shakes his head no - digs in his pocket for his smartphone. Hands it to Sean. Watches Sean type his number in, handing it back.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'm still at the old house. You remember where?

BRENNAN

I remember.

SEAN

If you ever wanna talk, if you ever - well, I'm around.

Brennan turns away from a couple of the guests, trying not to let them see his face as they pass. Sean picks up on his shifty demeanour -

SEAN (CONT'D)

You know today's in honour of Ray?

BRENNAN

I know.

SEAN

If you know that, what you doing here? That's gonna piss people off -

BRENNAN

I know. I'm not here to -

SEAN

What?

BRENNAN

I'm waiting for someone, that's all. Then I'm gone.

SEAN

Waiting - then what?

Brennan's hand involuntarily goes to his coat, pulling it closed, paranoid that the gun is visible. Shrugs -

BRENNAN

Quick chat.

Sean's not letting it go -

SEAN

Quick chat. With who?

BRENNAN

Monroe.

*

This is a new sign name, one that Brennan's never mentioned until now: *A palm flying over a bald head.*

A glimpse of Sean's hesitation -

SEAN

That's who you want to talk to?!

Brennan points to the table plan and running order -

BRENNAN

His name's there. That means he's coming, right?

Sean looks to where Brennan's pointing. Incredulous -

SEAN

Why? What do you want with him?!

Brennan fixes Sean with a look: *Surely he knows?* Moves to leave. Sean puts a hand on his arm -

BRENNAN

What?

Sean looks to the terrace, anxious - searches Brennan's face -

SEAN

You're not gonna do anything stupid, are you?

Brennan says nothing. Holds his phone up in thanks for Sean's number, putting it in his pocket and moving away. End of conversation.

Sean watches him, thinking. Walks quickly away, texting on his phone as Brennan resumes watching the gathering through the terrace doors, hand on his coat, protecting his gun.

2/38

INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 3 - 13.28

2/38

Bright summer sunlight shines through the trees.

CARLY squints, inadvertently shielding her eyes.

Quickly pulls down the sun visor to see something that ALMOST MAKES HER SWERVE OFF THE ROAD -

THE PHOTOGRAPH of NAOMI, BRENNAN - and CARLY, age 11.

ON CARLY'S FACE: Shock and surprise. She glimpsed this photo before, in the cafe, but never got a proper look at it.

She pulls over, killing the engine.

In the sudden silence -

She reaches up to the photograph.

Takes it down, smoothing it out, resting it on the steering wheel.

ON CARLY'S FACE: Smiling, remembering her family.

Looks over her shoulder, to where her father is. Makes her choice.

2/39

INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - BAR - DAY 3 - 13.40

2/39

BRENNAN continues to watch the gathering, alone and unseen.

A moment of hesitation - maybe he should give up -

Then he sees -

AN OLD MAN (70s), greeting guests on the periphery, only the back of his head visible -

A bald head. Shocks of white hair at the back and sides.

Brennan stiffens: *This is him.*

Everything else falls away. The background noise of people talking and signing gives way to a single, muffled HEARTBEAT -

There is nothing in this world but Brennan, and the man he's here to kill.

He pushes the terrace door open, one hand on his coat.

2/39A

INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - MAIN HALL - DAY 3 - 13.41

2/39A *

As BRENNAN steps through the doors and we take in the room from his POV -

*
*

MATCH CUT TO:

*

2/39B

INT. HAWTHORNE PARK SCHOOL - DAY FB5 (FLASHBACK) 09.16

2/39B *

1980s. MOVING towards rows of CHILDREN, facing away from us, sat for an assembly. As we get closer we reveal a SPACE among them, a patch of wooden floorboards where a child should be sat, but instead is MISSING as -

*
*
*
*

BACK TO:

*

2/40

INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - MAIN HALL - DAY 3 - 13.42

2/40

BRENNAN moves through the room, revealing himself for the first time, a RIPPLE of FEAR passing through the crowd.

*
*

Guests shoot concerned looks at him, signing among themselves.

One woman meets Brennan's gaze, quickly moves away to her husband, whispering and pointing.

Another man stares daggers at Brennan - taps GARDNER on the shoulder, gesturing to Brennan.

Brennan ignores all of the stares, whispers, people trying to sign so that he can't see what they're saying -

His heartbeat quickens, becoming louder -

He swallows, hard: *Can he do this?*

The Old Man's face is still turned away from Brennan as he shakes hands with another guest, nodding.

Everything starting to slow down, like Brennan's moving through water.

The heartbeat overwhelming, quicker and quicker -

Brennan's hand goes to his inside pocket.

We can see his grip tightening on the wooden stock of his SAWN OFF SHOTGUN as he grabs the Old Man by the shoulder, spinning him round -

Brennan's face falls in disappointment - it's not Monroe. Just some random hearing man.

Brennan exhales. His hand comes out of his coat pocket -

He turns quickly away from the Old Man, only to see -

CARLY

Hey.

Normality returning, sound rushing back in -

BRENNAN

What you doing here?!

Carly shrugs.

CARLY

Dunno. Had a feeling you were gonna do something stupid.

*

Brennan looks around. Sees everyone's faces as if for the first time - overwhelmed by their hostility and fear -

BRENNAN

Not here.

Brennan leads Carly away -

2/41

INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - BAR - DAY 3 - 13.45

2/41

BRENNAN whirls on CARLY - they both sign at the same time,
angry - *

BRENNAN
I told you to get out of here -

CARLY
What are you really doing here?

BRENNAN
It's nothing to do with you -

CARLY
Why you acting weird? *

BRENNAN
You have no idea what's going on.

CARLY
No, cos you ain't tellin' me!

BRENNAN
*You wouldn't understand! You're
still a kid who thinks you're an
adult. Running up debt, living like
you're homeless -* *

Carly backs up - hurt and shocked -

CARLY
Oh yeah?

BRENNAN
Yeah.

CARLY
Because of you! *

BRENNAN
*You can't blame everything on me.
It's not all me!*

Carly scoffs. Looks him up and down. Shakes her head,
disappointed.

CARLY
Forget it. I tried.

Carly walks away, furious. Brennan watches her leave. Reaches
into his pocket, adjusts the gun, and his coat.

Takes a deep breath: *He's still gonna do this. It's just a
matter of time.* Looks up to see -

GARDNER, standing by the entrance to the terrace, watching him. Brennan makes to go past Gardner, following Carly - but Gardner stops Brennan with a firm hand to the chest.

Brennan plants his feet, ready for confrontation. Greets Gardner by his sign name: *A trowel, digging up soil.*

BRENNAN
Gardner. You well?

Gardner looks over his shoulder, trying to keep his signing small so onlookers behind him don't see -

GARDNER
*This is a private celebration!
People have paid to be here.*

Brennan laughs, bitter.

GARDNER (CONT'D)
Why are you trying to ruin it -

BRENNAN
*Ruin it?! What's there to
celebrate?! Me, I'd be handing out
petrol and matches.*

Starts towards Gardner. Teeth bared in anger -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
*...burn this shithole down to the
fucking ground!*

Gardner shakes his head, disappointed in Brennan.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
You know, you remind me of Ray.

Brennan shakes his head, disappointed.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Difference is, people liked him.

Gardner reacts, angry - forgetting what Brennan did for a moment -

GARDNER
Oh yeah? That why you killed him?!

Brennan reacts, caught.

GARDNER (CONT'D)
No-one wants you here. So go.

Brennan stands still, holding his ground, glowering. *

Gardner sighs. Turns back to the gathering in the main hall. *
Mops the sweat from his brow with a handkerchief.

Fixes a smile back on his face, and walks away from Brennan. *

2/42

INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - BAR - DAY 3 - 13.48

2/42

As CARLY heads up to the bar, the crowd of deaf guests sign excitedly, Brennan's appearance causing a stir.

A woman nudges her husband, questioning - is it really him? Her husband nods, definitely.

Two men converse, one looking at his phone, checking Brennan's date of release on the local news sites.

Carly catches sight of the FREE DRINKS - Beer bottles in ice buckets, rows and rows of wine bottles and glasses, vodka, gin, orange juice and water.

She approaches the bar as the TEENAGE SERVER waves hi, in a shaky approximation of BSL -

TEENAGE SERVER

What... you... like drink?

CARLY

(annoyed)

Just gimme a beer.

The Server fumbles a bottle of beer. Looks around for the bottle opener, gormless. Carly rolls her eyes, grabs the bottle off him, putting it against the table and smashing the top off, just like her dad did at Steve's house party. *

She takes a long draught of the beer, exhaling. Scans the crowd. It's not as bad as she thought it was gonna be, no one seems to recognise her.

A realisation that both cheers and devastates her, alone in a crowd. She grabs a couple of the bottles, walking away.

2/43

EXT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - CAR PARK - DAY 3 - 13.50

2/43

Tyres crunch on gravel as Christine's car idles to a stop in the car park, Brennan's BMW invisible at the far end.

2/44

INT/EXT. ESTATE CAR - DAY 3 - 13.51

2/44

CHRISTINE switches the ignition off, dumping the keys in her handbag. MIRI opens the door, stretching her legs outside.

Christine exits the car, locking it.

CHRISTINE

We OK for time?

Miri checks her watch - starts -

MIRI
I'm on in five minutes!

CHRISTINE
You'll be great. Come on.

Christine and Miri link arms, walking up to the hotel together.

2/45

INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - MAIN HALL - DAY 3 - 13.54

2/45

MIRI and CHRISTINE follow GARDNER through the hall, past round tables dressed with cutlery and flower arrangements. *

Miri catches the looks from the guests. Everyone looking from her to their companions, whispering: *Does she know Brennan's here?*

Miri suddenly feels paranoid, too many eyes on her. She looks from them to Christine, who smiles with easy reassurance.

Gardner's sweating, mopping his face with a handkerchief. Miri picks up on his nerves -

MIRI
Everything OK?

Gardner could tell Miri that Brennan's here - but decides against it.

GARDNER
Yeah, fine - just a lot of stress, organising this, you know -

They pass one of the tables, Gardner reacting as an older Deaf man, ALAN (60s), waves to get his attention.

ALAN
What for?!

Gardner wags his finger, questioning: *what?*

Alan points at the large FLOWER ARRANGEMENT in the middle of his table, the height of everyone's head and shoulders.

ALAN (CONT'D)
How do we see each other sign?!

Gardner nods, understanding -

GARDNER
I know. I already told them. Move it to the floor and someone will take it away -

Alan lifts the flowers off the table and puts them down by his chair, taking his seat. In the background we see OTHER GUESTS doing the same.

Alan clocks Miri, barely missing a beat -

ALAN
Your father was a great man. We all miss him.

Alan's wife COLLEEN nods, emphatic. Miri squirms, awkward.

Miri looks to Christine again, who's missed all of this because their BSL was too fast, too shorthand for her -

CHRISTINE
Sorry, they sign too fast for me. What did they say?

MIRI
Tell you later.

Gardner indicates to the stage -

*

GARDNER
Right this way. You're here.

Miri gets up on the stage and faces the hall. The deaf onlookers stand in front of the stage, watching.

*

*

GARDNER (CONT'D)
I'll introduce you in a minute, OK?

Miri nods. Smiles, fiddles with her papers, nervous. Looks around, realising -

MIRI
No interpreter?

GARDNER
No. You OK to sign voice off?

Miri nods. Christine picks up on her nerves -

CHRISTINE
Hey. I'll stand at the back, OK? Look at me. Ignore everyone else, if you need to.

Miri nods again. Christine kisses her on the cheek.

Gardner waves his hands to get everyone's attention -

GARDNER
Thank you all for coming today. It's my pleasure to introduce Ray's daughter, Miri.

Hands go up in deaf applause at the tables.

GARDNER (CONT'D)
*She's here to share her memories of
her father today. Come on, let's
make her feel welcome.*

Gardner retreats, putting his hands up in deaf applause. As others in the main hall follow suit, hands waving, Miri puts the paper down on the little podium next to her. Checks a couple of things on it. Steps forward.

Looks at Christine. Christine smiles, leaning against the wall at the back of the room.

MIRI
*Thank you all for being here today
to celebrate this special bursary
in my Dad's name.*

Miri wavers. Looks to Christine, who nods encouragement.

MIRI (CONT'D)
My Dad... was a great man...

2/46 **INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - BAR - DAY 3 - 13.56**

2/46

BRENNAN sneaks through the bar, keeping an eye out for other guests. Stands by the doors at the entrance to the Main Hall, peering through the glass, looking for any sign of Sean.

Catches MIRI, giving her speech -

2/47 **INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - MAIN HALL - DAY 3 - 13.57**

2/47

MIRI is struggling as best as she can through her speech, confidence ebbing as she goes.

MIRI
*He wasn't just my Dad. He was a
teacher of the deaf. A leader. A
role model.*

*

CHRISTINE's willing Miri to look at her, to get a boost of confidence back, but her eyes are lowered, fixed on the text of her speech, signing by rote. Christine looks around at the guests.

They are half paying attention, signing surreptitiously to one another and gossiping about Brennan's shock appearance. Miri continues -

MIRI (CONT'D)
*My Dad always believed every deaf
child had a right to an education.*
(MORE)

MIRI (CONT'D)

*That no deaf child should ever be
left behind, that no deaf child
should suffer.*

2/48

INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - BAR - DAY 3 - 13.57

2/48

BRENNAN reacts to this, moved at this memory of Ray, moved by his own memories of being a deaf child at school. Shakes his head to clear it, as GARDNER comes out of the doors.

GARDNER

Thought I told you to leave?

Brennan shrugs, deadpan -

BRENNAN

Couldn't tear myself away.

GARDNER

What do you want now?

BRENNAN

Waiting for Monroe's speech.

Gardner reacts.

GARDNER

He's not coming.

Brennan's face flashes with anger -

BRENNAN

Did you tell him I was here?!

Gardner frowns: *Why would he?*

GARDNER

*What? No. Sean said he's not
feeling well.*

BRENNAN

Sean?!

Brennan's wrong-footed. In the pause, Gardner walks back into the main hall, closing the doors behind him. Signs through the glass, jerking a thumb to the exit. *

GARDNER

Now piss off!

As Brennan reacts to this shock reveal -

SEAN comes out of a side corridor, zipping up his fly.

Sean FREEZES, a deer caught in headlights. Brennan's face tells him everything he needs to know -

Sean tries to make a break for it - but Brennan's too quick -

BRENNAN
Monroe. Where is he?

SEAN
I don't know!

2/49 **INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - MAIN HALL - DAY 3 - 13.58** 2/49

CHRISTINE reacts as GARDNER walks back in, adjusting his tie.
Something about Gardner's demeanour, his nervous smile -
Christine frowns: *Something's up.*

2/50 **INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - BAR - DAY 3 - 13.59** 2/50

SEAN is trying to get past BRENNAN, but he's blocking him.

BRENNAN
Tell me where Monroe is!

Sean pushes past Brennan -

Brennan stops him with a hand.

Sean tries to knock his hand away - and in doing so, knocks a
VASE off a nearby table -

2/51 **INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - MAIN HALL - DAY 3 - 13.59** 2/51

CRASH!

CHRISTINE's head is the only one that turns. All the other
deaf guests continue signing amongst themselves, MIRI still
struggling through her speech, turning over her paper.

Christine turns and looks through the glass doors to see -

BRENNAN.

ON CHRISTINE: What. The. Fuck?!

Her eyes go wide. She looks around the hall, as if expecting
someone, anyone else to see what she's seeing. But Miri's
speech continues.

She looks back to Brennan. Her shock transmuting to anger -

She moves to the doors, rattling the handle, FORCING it open,
her hands shaking with RAGE -

2/52 **INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - HOTEL BAR - DAY 3 - 14.00** 2/52

SEAN's backing away from BRENNAN, who's stalking him -
closing the gap -

BRENNAN
Tell me. Tell me.

CHRISTINE steps between Brennan and Sean. She stares at his
face for a beat.

CHRISTINE
It's you! It's really you.

As Brennan reacts -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?!

Sean backs away from Christine and Brennan - towards the
terrace doors -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
*Did you - did you **follow** us?*

BRENNAN
What?! No -

Brennan tries to follow Sean -

Christine grabs Brennan, shoves him back -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
I'm not here for you!

Sean pushes through the doors, running out of the room. *

2/53 **INT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - MAIN HALL - DAY 3 - 14.01** 2/53

MIRI's speech continues, by now halting, stilted, all her
confidence gone - *

MIRI
*This money will give deaf children
additional tuition to help them
achieve. This money will give
hearing parents the chance to learn
sign for their deaf child -* *

MIRI swallows, looks up, expecting to see Christine.

An empty wall where Christine was standing.

Miri's eyes search the room, looking for her mum.

Then - she sees them through the glass doors in the hall -

Her Mum arguing with her Father's Murderer.

She looks to GARDNER, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

Miri moves away from the podium and walks, then RUNS towards her Mum.

Dozens of deaf eyes follow Miri as she runs between the tables, to the doors at the back, some of them standing in alarm as they realise what's happening - Brennan pushes past Christine and -

*
*

2/54

EXT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - DAY 3 - 14.02

2/54

Out of the building, desperate to catch Sean - only to see -

*

SEAN's small and beat up compact car pull away, out of the car park: *Whatever he knows, he's gone.*

*

BRENNAN digs into his pockets - looking for his car keys -

*

Shit. CARLY has them. And she's nowhere to be seen.

*

Brennan's shoulders slump in defeat as he turns back to see CHRISTINE, facing him down as MIRI pushes through the doors behind her -

MIRI

Mum! What are you doing - ?

Miri clocks Brennan. Brennan takes a step back.

*

Miri looks around, seeing the deaf guests watching them - pulls herself in close to Christine, switching off her sign so no one can see - whisper-speaking to her mum -

*
*
*

MIRI (CONT'D)

*

Are you gonna do this here? In front of everyone?!

*
*

Miri tries to pull her mum away from Brennan -

*

MIRI (CONT'D)

*

Mum - come with me -

*

CHRISTINE

*

No - go back to the car -

*

MIRI

*

Not without you -

*

CHRISTINE

*

Go! Now!

*

Miri steps back from Christine, shocked. Looks around at the deaf onlookers. At Brennan. Shakes her head, ashamed - she doesn't want to be part of this any more - turns away -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Miri!

Miri's gone, walking back to their car.

Christine turns back to Brennan. Closes the gap between her and Brennan. After we've seen her for one and a half episodes speaking with sign language, she's switched to PURE BSL - rusty and slow, but deliberate and controlled, filled with barely-suppressed emotion.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

First last night, now here. How could you?

BRENNAN

Last night?! That was an accident -

CHRISTINE

Fuck off it was an accident!

BRENNAN

I'm off -

Brennan tries to move past Christine. She steps across, blocks him with her hand, SHOVES him back -

CHRISTINE

NO! *You... stay... right... where I can see you!*

Brennan sighs. He's going to have to take his medicine.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

All the letters I wrote to you. All the times I asked to meet with you! I need you to tell me.

BRENNAN

Tell you, what?

CHRISTINE

Tell me why you did it. Tell me why you killed my husband!

Brennan looks over Christine's shoulder at the watching guests, peering through the windows and the door. Back to Christine, helpless. *He can't.*

The French Doors open as guests emerge onto the terrace, forming a semi circle behind Christine.

It's Brennan versus the deaf community - and his victim's widow. His worst nightmare made real.

He looks for an escape route as Christine circles around him, vibrating with anger, a bomb about to go off. She takes another step closer to Brennan -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Give me something! Anything!

BRENNAN
It's too late now.

CHRISTINE
Too late? For what...?

BRENNAN
It's all been decided. Look!

Brennan indicates the deaf onlookers behind Christine.

CHRISTINE
What?

BRENNAN
It's in their faces. Every deaf person I see. It's over for me.

Christine steps forward - but Gardner steps in between them -

GARDNER
That's enough.

Brennan takes his cue and walks away from Gardner, away from Christine, away from the whole mess, fast as he can, back to the car park.

Christine starts after him, but Gardner holds her back -

CHRISTINE (O.S.)
*I'm not finished with him - Hey!
Come back! - Get the fuck off me!*

ON BRENNAN'S FACE: A man on the verge of emotional collapse.

2/55 OMITTED(INCORPORATED INTO 2/54) 2/55 *

2/56 OMITTED(INCORPORATED INTO 2/54) 2/56 *

2/57 **INT. PROBATION OFFICE - DAY 3 - 14.05** 2/57

JOE's turning his computer off, jacket on, ready to head out as ANNA returns to the office.

She's tired, the weight of the world on her shoulders.

JOE
Hey. How you doing?

Anna dumps a stack of folders on her desk. Stops it spilling onto the floor as she sits in her chair.

Takes one last look at her phone for a reply from Brennan. Nothing. She shrugs, defeated.

ANNA
You were right.

JOE
About what?

ANNA
Everything.

Joe shakes his head, wanting to apologise for this morning -

JOE
I'm not -

ANNA
Daniel Brennan's missing. Not replying to any of my messages. All delivered, all read. No reply.

JOE
I'm sorry.

ANNA
It's OK. I'll start the recall paperwork tonight. You can sign it off first thing tomorrow?

Joe thinks about Stephen. About Christine. About what Anna said, about caring. Sighs, extends an olive branch.

JOE
As senior manager, I'm formally requesting that you share your caseload with me.

ANNA
What?

JOE
Yeah. I can take some of your high risk ones?

*
*

Anna reacts.

ANNA
You sure?

JOE
C'mon, before I change my mind.

Anna taps the stack of folders on her desk.

ANNA

Thanks. Take your pick. I gotta go
check out a couple of addresses.

Anna shoulders her bag, leaving the office. Joe watches her go. Looks back to the stack of folders on Anna's desk.

Takes Brennan's folder. Opens it.

ON FOLDER: Brennan's mugshot.

Joe walks over to the answer machine. Pushes a few buttons.

STEPHEN (VOICEMAIL)

Calling about one of your guys.
Daniel... Brennan.

ON JOE: He recognises Stephen's voice. There's more to this.

2/58

EXT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - WOODS - DAY 3 - 14.08

2/58

CARLY sits on the edge of a wall overlooking the woods at the edge of the hotel grounds, working her way through the beers she stole from the free bar.

Turns as she hears Brennan's deaf voice -

BRENNAN

Hey!

BRENNAN is walking towards her.

Carly jumps off the wall and begins walking deeper into the woods, trying to get away from Brennan.

She trips, stumbles on a root -

Brennan catches up with her - grabs her arm to stop her -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Hey. You OK?

CARLY

No. I'm fucking not OK.

BRENNAN

Where are you going?

CARLY

Anywhere but with you. Not staying
around for any more of this shit.

Carly walks away. Brennan follows, grabbing her again -

Carly overreacts, swinging her arms in retaliation, forcing Brennan to step back -

CARLY (CONT'D)
Don't fucking touch me.

Brennan can only stare. Carly grimaces with emotion -

CARLY (CONT'D)
I can't believe you did that!

BRENNAN
Did what?

CARLY
*Tried to get rid of me. Leaving me
on my own again.*

BRENNAN
No -

CARLY
*Should be used to it by now. Being
alone. But I'm so tired.*

Carly looks up at the trees looming overhead. Stumbles, bumps up against a tree trunk behind her, sinks to the ground.

Brennan can only watch, broken -

CARLY (CONT'D)
*Tired of pretending that I'm tough
like you, that nothing can hurt me.*

Carly pulls her knees up to her chest - a small and lost child in a deep, dark fairytale wood, trees looming over her. It all comes crashing in on her at last.

Carly breaks down - the fragile illusion of toughness and strength crumbling away to nothing. She's ten years old again, breaking down in racking, heaving sobs.

CARLY (CONT'D)
I miss my mum.

This breaks Brennan -

He quickly moves to Carly, crouching -

BRENNAN
*I miss her too. I miss her every
single day -*

Tries to hug her -

Carly ROARS with anger and rage -

CARLY
GET THE FUCK OFF ME!!!

FRANTICALLY KICKS Brennan away.

*

Carly fumbles in her pocket for the CAR KEYS. Throws them at Brennan. They bounce off him and land on the ground.

*
*

CARLY (CONT'D)
*Your shit car's worth fuck all
anyway.*

She turns away. Stops.

Turns back to deliver the final *coup de grace* to her father: emotional and drunk, but eerily CALM and CLEAR -

CARLY (CONT'D)
I never want to see you again.

She stumble-walks away, grabbing her bag to stop it slipping off her shoulder.

Brennan watches her go. Losing her all over again.

Brennan picks up his keys. Another fork in the road for him between his daughter and his mission.

*

He knows he should go after her - even takes a couple of steps in her direction -

Brennan sets his face, hard. Turns back to his destiny.

*

2/59

INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 3 - 14.10

2/59

BRENNAN opens the door and gets in. As he pulls his seatbelt over his shoulder, he turns to the left to see -

CHRISTINE in the passenger seat. She's a mess - makeup streaked, hair dishevelled, cheeks flushed with emotion.

She hesitates. Signs, desperate -

CHRISTINE
*You can't leave me wondering. Not
for another ten years.*

BRENNAN
Get out.

CHRISTINE
Why did you kill my husband?!

BRENNAN
I told you. I can't.

BRENNAN POV THROUGH WINDSCREEN: GARDNER on the terrace with other guests. Pointing at Brennan's car.

CHRISTINE
Why do you keep saying you can't -

BRENNAN

I promised Ray.

Christine's thrown off balance. Processes this -

CHRISTINE

***You promised my husband... not to
tell me... why you killed him?***

Brennan nods. Firm. Christine laughs, incredulous.

Brennan leans over her, tries to open her door. She pushes him back, slamming the door shut, locking it.

BRENNAN POV THROUGH WINDSCREEN: GARDNER striding with purpose down the steps and through the hotel grounds towards the car -

Brennan wrestles with his steering wheel. Accepts defeat. Stares into Christine's soul, his eyes burning.

Christine hesitates, suddenly afraid.

Brennan turns the key. The engine starts first time.

Brennan revs the engine. Smiles in gratitude for Carly's help earlier on.

Puts it into gear. Dumps the clutch.

Christine SHOUTS, hanging on for dear life as Brennan peels out of the car park -

Brennan SWERVES to avoid Gardner, as -

MIRI steps out from the car park into the path of the car -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

NO! Don't -

Miri jumps back just in time as the BMW ROARS past, gravel spraying -

IN REAR VIEW MIRROR: Miri stands and watches them leave -

The BMW barrels down the gravel driveway, a cloud of dust rising behind.

Miri watches her mother disappear into the distance, in a car with her father's murderer.

Looks around: *What the hell does she do now?*

END OF EPISODE TWO