



WARP FILMS

'REUNION'

Episode Three

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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3/1

DREAM SEQUENCE - DS4

3/1

In a CLASSROOM, we PUSH IN slowly towards a SCHOOL DESK, belongings on top, in front of an EMPTY CHAIR. *

In an OFFICE, a YOUNG BOY's (11) legs swing on the edge of a chair, school shoes just above the thick carpet. *

We see the BACK OF HIS HEAD as he watches a clock TICK. *

In the background, out of focus, a MAN (40s) in a TWEED JACKET signs something to him, unclear. *

The boy walks through a FIELD of LONG GRASS at DUSK, dragging a red JERRY CAN. It's heavy, we hear liquid sloshing. *

A METRONOME TICKS on top of a PIANO. *

The MAN in the TWEED JACKET embraces the BOY and puts his HAND on the BACK OF THE BOY'S HEAD. *

We glimpse the child, trying to light a match - *

SKRITCH - *

SKRITCH - *

MATCH CUT TO: *

WHOOMF. A match is finally LIT - this time by - *

BRENNAN (30s), apron strings visible over a short-sleeved flower print shirt - he lights CHARCOAL as we PRE LAP the sound of a BBQ at - *

3/2

EXT. BRENNAN'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY FB6 (FLASHBACK) 15.46 3/2

BRENNAN sips a bottle of beer as he turns the meat on the barbecue, wiping sweat from his forehead with his forearm. *

Brennan and Naomi's home may be more modest than Christine's, but still full of love and joy - a city garden, decorated with bunting and colourful pots - filled with deaf people, all signing to one another. Smiles and sunshine. *

NAOMI in a light, flowery summer dress holds two beer bottles as she weaves her way through.

We glimpse VINAY... SEAN... a few other familiar guests from Ep1's HOUSE PARTY and Ep2's REUNION. Naomi nods to people in greeting as she passes. *

Naomi taps Brennan's left shoulder, holding a beer over his right shoulder. He takes the beer from her.

He glances over Naomi's shoulder - looking for someone -

BRENNAN

Carly OK?

Naomi smiles, nods towards the house.

NAOMI

Playing inside.

Brennan nods, not particularly concerned. Turns back to the barbecue, sipping his beer as Naomi puts her arm round his waist.

As they kiss, Naomi spots Vinay approaching, texting on his MOBILE PHONE. She pulls away, turning her back on Vinay.

Brennan questions her, signing small and discreet -

BRENNAN

What is it?

Naomi signs, her hands out of view of Vinay.

NAOMI

Always sticking his nose in.

Vinay indicates Brennan and the barbecue -

VINAY

*Sure it's safe for you to be near
an open flame?!*

Brennan rolls his eyes at this as -

RAY (mid 30s - early 40s), handsome, in smart trousers and a summer shirt, greets Brennan with a smile and a clap on the shoulder.

RAY

How's the food coming?

Brennan sets his beer down, pokes a sausage with his tongs -

BRENNAN

Five more minutes.

Vinay turns to Ray -

VINAY

You still teaching in Derby?

A flash of irritation on Ray's face. He nods, guarded.

RAY

Why?

VINAY

Rumour is you're moving up.

Brennan looks to Ray, questioning as Naomi nudges Brennan -

NAOMI

Told you.

CHRISTINE arrives - in a summer dress, sunglasses pushed up on her head - breezy, relaxed, happy -

Ray and Christine share a quick embrace - Christine picks some fluff out of Ray's beard before turning to Naomi -

CHRISTINE

Salad almost ready, where's your salt and pepper?

Christine and Naomi walk into the house, smiling and signing - Ray looks back to Vinay -

RAY

Who told you?

VINAY

Mate of mine went for it. Didn't get it. Saw you go in after him.

Brennan looks from Vinay to Ray, trying to work it out.

BRENNAN

What's this? You been promoted?

Ray looks around, checks no-one's watching -

RAY

Been offered a new job.

Brennan cocks his head, questioning - Ray relents -

RAY (CONT'D)

Head Teacher at Hawthorne Park.

Ray watches Brennan for his reaction.

Brennan doesn't know what to think. He looks to the meat sizzling on the barbecue grill, pokes a couple of sausages. Looks back to Ray, smiling, trying to keep it light -

BRENNAN

You're not gonna take it, are you?

Ray winces - tries to win Brennan over -

RAY

Derby can find someone else. But Hawthorne? They need me. I can do good there. Change things.

Brennan's wrong-footed. Something's not right about this, but he can't say anything - not in front of Vinay.

An oblivious Vinay pats Ray's back.

VINAY
Good luck. You'll need it.

Ray winces - stops Vinay with a hand on his arm -

RAY
Not official yet, OK?

Vinay nods, signs a zip on his lips as he exits. Ray watches him go, looks back to Brennan. Wanting his approval -

RAY (CONT'D)
Still carrying out background checks. Don't wanna jinx it.

Brennan says nothing. Ray leans in, catching his attention -

RAY (CONT'D)
You understand why I had to go for this. Right?

*

Brennan stares at Ray for a moment, distracted. Nods, smiles. The two men hold their look. Freighted with meaning.

The sound of an ENGINE can be heard - a low rumble, growing -

Brennan searches Ray's face for a hint. Something, anything.

Ray turns to look at Christine holding a big serving plate, ready for the sausages Brennan's cooking -

CHRISTINE
Everything OK?

Ray smiles, confident: *All good.*

Christine looks to Brennan - still staring at Ray, lost in thought -

Brennan turns to look at Christine. His strange facial expression - anxiety, fear, something else? - makes Christine take an involuntary step back -

The engine noise rises, DROWNING EVERYTHING ELSE OUT -

3/3 **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 3 - 14.24**

3/3

Brennan's BMW SPEEDS down the road -

3/4 **INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 3 - 14.25**

3/4

BRENNAN drives, concentrating on the road ahead, both hands on the wheel. CHRISTINE waves at him, signing urgently -

CHRISTINE

Stop!

*

Brennan glances away from the road at Christine, the car swerving, tyres chirping on the tarmac. He doesn't slow down.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Please stop?! So we can talk?

Brennan holds the steering wheel with his left hand, signing with his right to Christine -

BRENNAN

No. This is my car - you got in it -

*

Christine GETS IN BRENNAN'S FACE -

CHRISTINE

I'm not going anywhere until you tell me everything -

Brennan lets go of the wheel - hands to his head -

BRENNAN

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

Christine PANICS - GRABS the WHEEL with both hands - in a mirror of Carly in Episode 2 - Brennan shoves her hands off - resumes signing with one hand -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

I have to find him.

*

CHRISTINE

Who?!

Brennan's concentrating on the road ahead, unblinking.

Christine can only watch him, helpless to know where they're going or where this is all going to end.

TITLE SEQUENCE: REUNION

3/5

EXT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - CAR PARK - DAY 3 - 14.28

3/5

CARLY walks through the car park, still unsteady on her feet, trying to call a taxi on her phone.

CARLY

*Hi. Yeah, I'm calling about a taxi.
Hawthorne Park. Hello? Hello -*

*

Carly looks at her phone. It's FLAT. Looks to the hotel, thinking what to do -

MIRI (O.S.)

Hey. HEY!

Carly FREEZES IN PLACE at the sound of MIRI's voice. Miri comes storming out of the dining room -

MIRI (CONT'D)

Your dad just drove off with my mum. Where are they going?!

*

CARLY

I dunno -

*

MIRI

What you doing here anyway?

Carly shrugs. Sways, still drunk from all the beers -

CARLY

Trying to get out of this dump.
Find somewhere I can charge me
phone and get a taxi.

Miri softens. Sees how drunk and wobbly Carly is.

MIRI

Are you OK?

CARLY

No. Not really.

MIRI

Can I give you a lift? Drop you somewhere?

It's a kind offer. But Carly's pride won't let her accept it -

CARLY

Oh... *piss off*, will ya!

*

MIRI

What?!

*

CARLY

**Where were you when I needed help?
When me mum was dying?**

*

MIRI

My mum said -

CARLY

Your mum said what?

MIRI

She said... not to.

Carly scoffs. Nods. Steps in close - whispers and signs -

CARLY

Your mum's a bitch, then.

Miri reacts, angry - lashes out -

MIRI
What, it's our fault that your dad
killed my dad?!

Carly bats her away.

CARLY
Forget it.

Behind them, a CAR pulls to a stop. STEPHEN gets out -
striding towards them -

MIRI
*Hey! I did what my mum asked me,
doesn't mean I wanted to. There
wasn't a day that went by, when I
didn't think about - about texting
you, or coming round to see how you
were. Then I saw you last night,
and it all came back -*

CARLY
Miri -

Miri struggles to sign, to express her grief at losing Carly - *

MIRI
I miss you. I miss talking to you - *

Carly's pained by this. She grabs Miri's hands to stop her
signing, Stephen almost with them - *

CARLY
Miri! *

MIRI
What?

Miri looks at Carly with hope. Carly smiles, sad.

CARLY
Look at us. We ain't 10 year old
girls any more, are we?

Miri's crushed by this. Takes a step back from Carly, her
heart broken all over again. Her walls up as STEPHEN arrives.

Miri's not sure Stephen's her knight in shining armour - and
she has to concentrate hard to lipread him -

STEPHEN
Where's Christine?!

Miri indicates Carly -

MIRI

Ask her. Her dad drove off with her
just now.

CARLY

Who's he?

Miri looks uncomfortable -

MIRI

Mum's boyfriend.

CARLY

Nothing to do with me.

Carly walks away - Miri grabs her -

MIRI

My mum's not a bitch, OK?

Carly winces - she wishes she could take that back - shrugs
Miri's arm off and leaves -

Stephen exhales: *This is going from bad to worse.* Performs
some mental calculations -

Stephen looks to the departing Carly - back to Miri -

*

STEPHEN

You got your mum's car?

Miri holds up her keys -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Go back to your mum's - keep an eye
out for her there - I'll call the
police.

*

*

Miri's not sure -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I'll let you know as soon as I find
out anything. And you - text if
your mum gets in touch?

*

*

*

Miri nods. Turns and walks away to Christine's car. Stephen
exhales with relief: *Miri's gonna be safe, at least.*

*

Turns and follows Carly -

3/6

EXT. HAWTHORNE PARK HOTEL - DRIVEWAY - DAY 3 - 14.31

3/6

STEPHEN runs to catch up with CARLY as she walks along, dead
phone in her hand.

STEPHEN

You need a lift somewhere?

*

Carly looks over her shoulder - stops as Stephen catches up - *

CARLY
Nah, I'm alright.

STEPHEN
Listen, I need your help. You know
your Dad better than me. If there's
something, anything you can tell me
about him -

Carly scoffs -

CARLY
I've no idea where he is, me
phone's dead -

*
*

Stephen indicates Carly's dead phone -

STEPHEN
You can charge that in my car.
We'll grab a coffee on the way, and
once I know Christine's OK, I can
drop you off in town. OK?

Carly takes a look around, conflicted. Bottom line: *she doesn't wanna be here any more.* She nods reluctant agreement.

They walk together to Stephen's car.

3/7

INT. PROBATION OFFICE - DAY 3 - 14.37

3/7

JOE types on the computer, sitting across from WATSON (40s),
in grey tracksuit bottoms and T-shirt, an electronic TAG
visible on his ankle - one of the inmates who was released
from HMP Woodfield on the same day as Brennan.

*

Joe closes Watson's folder with a snap.

JOE
Right, that's you done. Same time
next week - you got my number if
any issues, yeah?

*

Watson looks around -

WATSON
What happened to Anna? I liked her.

*

JOE
Oh yeah?

*
*

WATSON
Yeah, she was fit.

*
*

JOE
Well, ya got me now.

*

Watson shrugs. Readies himself to get up -

JOE (CONT'D)

Actually, I was wondering. Y'know
Daniel Brennan? Came out same time
as you?

Watson sinks back down in his chair. Eyes Joe up, wary. *

WATSON *

Yeah... What about him? *

JOE

Anything you can tell me about him? *

What he was like?

Watson's not giving Joe anything. Joe pushes - *

JOE (CONT'D) *

Must've been hard for him in
prison. Being deaf and all? *

Watson relents, with a shrug - *

WATSON

We talked, now and then. Well, he
didn't exactly *talk*.

Watson gestures with his hands in a bad approximation of
signing. Joe nods in understanding.

WATSON (CONT'D)

So we'd write notes to each other.
Mostly so he could practice.

JOE

Practice what?

WATSON

He could barely read and write.
Wanted to put that right.

JOE

What kind of things did you write
about?

Watson shrugs.

WATSON

Usual shit. "What team do you
support?" "What you in for?" That
sorta thing.

Watson thinks a moment. Decides to tell Joe -

WATSON (CONT'D)

I liked him, y'know? Can't say that
about many people I was in with.
(MORE) *

WATSON (CONT'D)

Told me it didn't matter what he
did, he had to go to prison.

*

Joe scoffs.

JOE

Usually have to go to prison for
murder, yeah?

Watson reacts - disappointed that Joe doesn't seem to get
what he's saying about Brennan. Jerks a thumb at the door.

*

WATSON

Can I go now?

Joe winces, regretting what he said -

JOE

Alright. Cheers.

Joe watches Watson leave.

Sighs. A million and one things to do, but his curiosity
piqued. He leans over to Brennan's file, begins reading.

Words jump out from the file at Joe: Guilty Plea in Court...
Premeditated Murder...

Brennan's mugshot stares back at him: *unknowable, unreadable.*

3/8

EXT. TERRACED HOUSES - DAY 3 - 14.40

3/8

A warren of low-income terraced housing.

Brennan's BMW pulls over at the pavement.

3/9

INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 3 - 14.41

3/9

The BMW's engine falls silent. BRENNAN looks out of the
windshield, scanning the street for Sean's car.

CHRISTINE's tentatively pushing and probing Brennan, trying
to gauge his reactions -

CHRISTINE

*We were friends. Weren't we? Our
families.*

*

Brennan looks away from her - staying silent.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

*Ray's new job. That changed
everything.*

*

Brennan shakes his head: *that's not quite it.*

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
*He had a chance to do something
big. To become a leader. You hated
that. You were jealous of him.*

Christine leans forward, angry, convinced she's right -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
*You had all this anger - and you
didn't know what to do with it.*

*
*

Off Brennan's reaction -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
I'm right - aren't I?

*

Brennan stares out of the windshield. Remembering.

MATCH CUT TO:

3/10 **EXT. BRENNAN'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY FB7 (FLASHBACK) 16.22** 3/10

BRENNAN sits alone in a folding chair. He stares at nothing in particular, intense and brooding as he raises a beer bottle to his mouth and drains it.

The garden, once full of deaf people signing and smiling, is now grey and empty. Bunting falling down, fluttering.

Brennan lobs his empty beer bottle to the end of the garden, where it smashes against the fence, glass scattering next to other broken beer bottles.

Brennan reaches into the box next to his chair for another beer, smashing the top off against the plastic arm of his folding chair, chugging it.

He lowers the bottle, feeling eyes on him. Turns -

YOUNG CARLY (11) in a SCHOOL UNIFORM watches him from behind the glass of the French doors, NAOMI bringing in bags of shopping behind her.

Carly waves and smiles. Brennan waves and smiles back.

He tries to stand. Loses his balance, trips over the folding chair and falls, landing on his arse, spilling beer.

He tries to laugh it off. GRIMACES, KICKS the chair away.

Carly's smile fades. She looks round as Naomi comes to the window to see what's going on.

Brennan stands, wiping beer off his shirt. Sways on his feet.

NAOMI
Why aren't you at work?

Brennan looks round the garden, at the smashed beer bottles.

BRENNAN
*Having a quiet drink. Taking time
for myself.*

Carly pulls on Naomi's arm.

CARLY
Mum. What's wrong with him?

Naomi looks from Carly to Brennan, staring daggers: *Well?*

Brennan takes a deep breath. Tosses his empty beer to one side, letting it smash on the patio.

BRENNAN
*Nothing wrong. It's life. Things
happen. Things you can't control.*

CARLY
(to Naomi)
What's he talking about?

Brennan takes a step towards the French windows -

- as Naomi locks the door.

Brennan stops in his tracks, his drunken smile fading. He stares at the locked door handle. Looks up at Naomi. Questions her, almost childlike -

BRENNAN
What did you do that for?

NAOMI
(to Carly)
Go to your room and play for a bit.

CARLY
Is Dad going to be OK?

Naomi nods.

NAOMI
Yes, of course. Go.

Carly nods, leaves the room.

BRENNAN
Open the door. I can explain.

It's Naomi's turn to shake her head *no*.

NAOMI
Not when you're drunk.

BRENNAN

*I was waiting for you to come home.
There's no one else I can talk to.*

NAOMI

*I don't want Carly seeing you like
this. I'll make you some coffee -*

Brennan takes a deep breath. In. Out. Then he snaps -
RATTLES the door handle. The door SHAKES in its frame.
Naomi steps back from the door.
Brennan sees Naomi's distress. Tries a different tack.

BRENNAN

Sorry. Let me in, and I'll explain.

Brennan presses his palms and forehead to the glass, his
breath fogging. Waiting for an answer.

NAOMI

*Never seen you like this before.
What's going on?*

Brennan SLAMS his right palm on the glass in frustration.
Naomi switches to VOICE AND SIGN -

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Stop!

Brennan punctuates each sign with a SLAM on the glass -

BRENNAN

Let. Me. In!

NAOMI

***Daniel. This isn't you. Please
stop. I don't know what you -***

Brennan sighs - winds up to SLAM the glass again, HARD -
Naomi SCREAMS as -

Brennan's HAND shatters the single-glazed glass, the contents
of the doorframe emptying onto the floor.

He steps forward into the living room, glass crunching under
his feet. He holds his hands out, placating Naomi.

BRENNAN

Why didn't you open the door?

Crunching glass gives way to a quiet *drip, drip, drip*.

All Naomi can do is stare. Brennan follows her gaze. Reacts,
dazed, to blood dripping from a deep cut on his hand.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Why?

Brennan leaves a clear red imprint of the WHY on his white shirt, dark red blood spattering his clothes.

Brennan looks from his hand, Naomi following his eyeline -
To YOUNG CARLY standing in the doorway, staring.

3/11

INT/EXT. STEPHEN'S CAR - DAY 3 - 14.48

3/11

CARLY slouches on the front passenger seat of Stephen's car, staring out at the quiet A-road, beginning to sober up, lost in old memories, a compostable coffee cup in her hands.

Her phone charges on her lap from a cable plugged into the USB socket of Stephen's dashboard.

STEPHEN drives, looking between her and the road.

STEPHEN

That coffee's not the best, sorry.

Carly jolts out of her reverie, focusing on Stephen.

CARLY

It's fine. Thanks.

STEPHEN

Anything back from your Dad yet?

Carly looks at her phone.

CARLY

Nope.

STEPHEN

What about your mum? Would she have any ideas where your dad might be?

Carly picks at the cardboard lid of her cup.

CARLY

Not around any more.

Stephen winces. Quickly looks over to her -

STEPHEN

Look, you're gonna have to help me out here.

CARLY

I told you, I wasn't gonna be able to help ya -

Stephen's grip tightens on the steering wheel - he needs to speed things up -

His hand goes to the DOOR LOCK button on the driver's armrest. The LOCKS on the passenger doors CLICK.

Carly looks to her door, alarmed - reacts at Stephen's sudden change in tone - brisk, businesslike -

STEPHEN

Is there anywhere else your dad
could have gone?

Carly tries her door handle - it doesn't open.

CARLY

Like where?!

STEPHEN

A safe house? A, a meeting place?

Carly laughs, nervous and unsure -

CARLY

Safe house?! You think he's some
kinda mobster or something -

STEPHEN

Well, he's a murderer. I know that
much!

Stephen reacts: *He shouldn't have said that.*

Carly realises something else -

CARLY

How come you haven't called the
police?

STEPHEN

What's that?

CARLY

You told Miri you were gonna call
the police.

Stephen stutters, mouths, tries to recover -

STEPHEN

Don't really wanna get the police
involved. Do you?!

Carly stares at Stephen, unconvinced.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Sooner we track him down, sooner
I'll let you go. OK?

CARLY

Let me go? That why you've locked
the doors?!

STEPHEN

It's not like that, OK? Text him
again?

Carly picks up her phone.

CARLY

What you gonna do to him when you
find him, anyway?

Stephen shakes his head, emphatic -

*

STEPHEN

I wanna make sure Christine's OK.

Carly's not sure she believes him. Looks at her phone.

*

ON SCREEN: The MAPS app showing Brennan's SHARED LOCATION -
in his car, outside Sean's house, next to a small patch of
GREEN PARKLAND.

*

*

*

Carly puts her phone down, looking back to Stephen,
conflicted - she wants out of this strange man's car, but
doesn't want to get her dad into deeper trouble.

*

*

*

3/12

INT. PROBATION OFFICE - DAY 3 - 14.50

3/12

ANNA fills out online forms on her computer as JOE reads and
re-reads a sheet of paper in Brennan's file.

JOE

The Brennan recall paperwork's gone
through now, yeah?

Anna sighs -

ANNA

Yeah. I put him down as high risk.
I'm not sure he is -

JOE

He is. You've done your job.

Joe brings Brennan's folder over to show Anna -

JOE (CONT'D)

Something I noticed, though.
Brennan signed his interview
statement. See, right here?

Joe TAPS Brennan's signature - reads from the folder -

JOE (CONT'D)

"This statement is true to the best
of my knowledge and belief..."

ANNA

Right..?

Joe leafs over to another page -

JOE

This are his Basic English learning
certificates. From prison. Why
would someone sign their own
confession if they couldn't
properly read it?

*

Anna shrugs.

*

ANNA

Maybe they signed it to him?

*

*

Joe leafs through the paperwork -

*

JOE

No legal counsel present either.

*

*

Off Anna's reaction: *That's strange* -

*

3/13 **INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 3 - 14.51**

3/13

BRENNAN sits in silence, shamed by CHRISTINE.

CHRISTINE

*What did you want from Ray?! Why
did you come round our house, again
and again?*

Brennan's hands fidget on the steering wheel -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

*I wanted to call the police. Ask
them to talk to you. Maybe if I'd
done that, Ray would still be alive*

*

*

-

Brennan snaps -

BRENNAN

I needed his help!

*

Christine's stunned -

CHRISTINE

Help? With what?

3/14 **INT. HOSPITAL OUTPATIENTS - DAY FB8 (FLASHBACK) 16.55** 3/14

BRENNAN sits, head bowed, in a waiting room. Coat around his shoulders, his right hand heavily strapped and bandaged.

In the background a news channel plays on mute on a TV, live subtitles scrolling.

Brennan checks his phone with his left hand: *No messages.*

He looks up - smiles in relief. Stands, in greeting.

NAOMI stands at the sliding doors at the hospital entrance. But she's looking at him in a way he's never seen her do before: *As though they're strangers.*

She stays at a distance, rows of plastic seats between them.

Brennan takes a step to the side, moving towards her -

Naomi takes a STEP BACK, in the other direction. Brennan stops, taking the hint.

Patients in the waiting room watch them sign to one another, half-interested.

NAOMI
How's your hand?

Brennan turns his hand over. Signing clumsily with his bandaged hand, favouring his left instead of his right -

BRENNAN
All good.

He tries to laugh it off. Naomi isn't smiling.

NAOMI
What the hell happened?

BRENNAN
Nothing -

NAOMI
These last few weeks, you've been a different person.

*

A flash of recognition from Brennan. She's right.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Now you're drinking. You're so angry, but you can't tell me why?

*

Brennan looks around the waiting room, at the strangers half-watching them sign -

BRENNAN

Not here. Let's go home. I'll explain everything -

NAOMI

No. Your dad's been to get your stuff. Stay with them.

Brennan's devastated - is he losing his family - ?

NAOMI (CONT'D)

*You can't be around Carly when you're like this. You can't be around **me**!*

Brennan tries to explain - massaging his temple with the heel of his left hand, tapping it with a finger -

BRENNAN

It's this. It's not feeling right. I'm thinking things. Remembering things. I can't stop them, I can't block them - but I'll find a way out of this - I'll get help -

NAOMI

How?

Brennan hesitates.

BRENNAN

Ray.

NAOMI

Ray? You've spoken with him?

Brennan hesitates - tells a little white lie -

BRENNAN

We will. He's been busy.

Naomi's unsure. Still afraid of the man Brennan's become. She takes a step back, turning to leave -

Brennan steps to the side, trying to keep her there, keep her attention - signs, desperate -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

I love you. That'll never change.

NAOMI

OK. Let me know how it goes.

Brennan quickly moves to the side, wanting to get close to her, desperately wanting to hug her -

Naomi turns and walks away through the sliding doors, fading into the daylight.

Brennan alone in the waiting room, surrounded by hearing people who don't understand him.

ON BRENNAN'S FACE: Silently devastated -

3/15 **INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 3 - 14.52** 3/15

CHRISTINE processes this - but before she can ask follow up questions -

CHRISTINE
*No. No, you didn't want his help.
You're lying.*

BRENNAN leans forward in his seat, peering through the windshield -

3/16 **EXT. TERRACED HOUSES - DAY 3 - 14.53** 3/16

SEAN locks his car, walking quickly across the street to his house, still in his suit and tie from the reunion, holding a SPAR CARRIER BAG.

3/17 **INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 3 - 14.53** 3/17

CHRISTINE carries on, gathering momentum -

CHRISTINE
*He was your friend. He would have
done anything to help you, but you
killed him instead? Why?!*

BRENNAN's ignoring Christine now - he YANKS at his seatbelt - pulling at it too quickly, it's stuck -

3/18 **EXT. TERRACED HOUSES - DAY 3 - 14.54** 3/18

SEAN looks left and right, not clocking Brennan's BMW, unlocking his door and letting himself in -

3/19 **INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 3 - 14.54** 3/19

A now-frantic BRENNAN works the loose seatbelt off, opening his door as CHRISTINE grabs him, trying to stop him -

He fends her off, slamming the door behind him and running down the pavement towards Sean's front door -

Christine fumbles her own seatbelt off, opening the door and following Brennan -

3/20 **EXT. TERRACED HOUSE - DAY 3 - 14.55**

3/20

BRENNAN strides down the pavement -

CHRISTINE runs to catch up with him -

CHRISTINE

What are we doing here?!

BRENNAN

Looking for Sean.

Brennan stops at the front door of Sean's house. POUNDS on the door with his fist - BANG BANG BANG. RINGS the doorbell.

CHRISTINE

*What do you want with him? You know
I'm not leaving until you tell me -*

Brennan tries the door handle. Locked. Shades his eyes to peer through the window. Can't see Sean inside.

The front door OPENS -

Sean stands there, bewildered. Before Sean can say anything -

Brennan steps inside, pushing past Sean without a word. Sean shoots a questioning look at Christine, back to Brennan. Sean's head drops - he's not getting out of this.

As Sean and Brennan move into the hall, Christine looks around to see if anyone's watching. Slips inside the house -

3/21 **INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 3 - 14.56**

3/21

SEAN backs away from BRENNAN, CHRISTINE entering behind.

Christine reacts to her surroundings. Pizza boxes, ashtrays, magazines. The way someone who's given up on themselves lives.

Sean blushes, embarrassed by how far he's let it all go. He's about to say something, to apologise -

But Christine shakes her head, even more embarrassed -

Brennan isn't doing pleasantries. He grabs a chair from the tiny corner dining table and drags it in front of the coffee table and sofa, placing himself in it.

Brennan points to the sofa.

Sean looks from Brennan to Christine, unsure. Christine shoots Brennan a warning look -

Christine nods to Sean, reassuring him.

Sean lowers himself to the sofa. It's old and saggy, with broken springs. He tries to position himself as upright as possible, but it's a losing battle.

Christine stays standing, watching them.

BRENNAN

*I know you're in touch with Monroe.
Tell me where he is.*

Christine sighs, exasperated - this isn't getting her any closer to the truth.

SEAN

What do you want with him?

Brennan hesitates -

BRENNAN

I want to talk to him.

Sean has an idea - looks to Christine -

SEAN

What if I text him for you - ?

Brennan shuts this down -

BRENNAN

Face to face. Where is he?

Sean shakes his head. He can't, or won't.

Brennan starts forward in his chair, frustrated and angry - this is his last chance of finding Monroe, but Sean won't help him.

3/22

INT. PROBATION OFFICE - DAY 3 - 15.00

3/22

JOE enters with TAYLOR (30s), a Plainclothes Police Officer. Lanyard round her neck with a police badge. Smart. Professional. Put together. She looks around the office, curious as he closes the door behind her -

TAYLOR

*This where you're setting the world
to rights now?*

JOE

"Now?" Been a few years.

Taylor looks Joe up and down. Appraising. She knows what he's been through, and that this isn't where he wants to be.

TAYLOR

How's that going for you?

Joe smiles, shrugs.

JOE
Same shit, different job title.

Taylor doesn't push it. Digs in her pocket, holds out a USB stick. Joe grabs it -

JOE (CONT'D)
Mate. I owe you one.

Joe turns from Taylor, putting the USB stick into his computer. Clicks a few buttons, moving the mouse as they continue talking -

TAYLOR
Who's this guy to you, anyway?
You've never asked for a favour
like this before.

JOE
It's complicated.

TAYLOR
Try me.

JOE
Someone's a bit too keen to see him
back in prison. Leaving messages.
Coming round the office.

TAYLOR
Right.

JOE
I dunno, just wanted to set my mind
at rest -

Taylor smiles.

TAYLOR
Still a detective through and
through, eh?

On the computer, a video player is open. A composite shot of a police interview room.

On SCREEN ONE: BRENNAN, his hands bloodied, one hand still bandaged from hospital, clearly in distress.

On SCREEN TWO: SARAH, a young and newly-qualified Sign Language Interpreter sits facing Brennan.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Look. Some time's passed now. I
could - I could have a word with
some people.
(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

If you wanted to come back to the police, I'm sure they'd welcome you...

Joe's already putting a headphone to one ear, fiddling with the volume control.

Taylor trails off. Smiles, rueful. This is the Joe she knows.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I'll see myself out.

Joe turns to her, nods, giving a thumbs up. As Taylor leaves, Joe sits down, putting the headphones on. Starts watching.

ON SCREEN: Sarah signs something to Brennan. Joe doesn't catch it.

Brennan signs something back to Sarah. His body language defeated, dejected - *it's all over for him*.

Joe frowns: *What are Brennan and Sarah saying to each other?*

Both Sarah and Brennan REACT as a PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE enters the interview room. Slaps a folder down on the table.

PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE

Right. Let's get this interview started, shall we?

The Detective grabs a chair, pulling it back, sitting down next to Sarah, face just out of frame.

Joe leans in to get a better look at the Detective's face -

It's STEPHEN! Ten years younger, but unmistakably him, even on the slightly pixelated interview footage.

Stephen smiles at Sarah.

STEPHEN

You good to go?

Sarah nods - nervous and unsure -

SARAH

Yes, sir.

Stephen turns to Brennan - his smile gone.

Brennan stares at Stephen, unsure.

Joe hits the keyboard, pausing the video.

FROZEN ON STEPHEN'S FACE.

It's DEFINITELY HIM - the man who came to his office, leaving voicemails. Joe adjusts his headphones. Continues listening...

3/23

INT/EXT. STEPHEN'S CAR - DAY 3 - 15.05

3/23

CARLY's sobered up and nervous, panicky: *What is STEPHEN going to do to her, to BRENNAN?*

CARLY

Look - my dad, I've got nothing to do with him. Please let me out.

Stephen shakes his head, firm - Carly yanks at her door handle again. Locked.

STEPHEN

I can't do that. Not until I know Christine's safe. As far as we know, she's been kidnapped -

Carly indicates the locked door -

CARLY

What the hell d'you call THIS then?!

Stephen looks at her, his panic beginning to rise: *She's right, what the hell has he done, he's gone too far -*

STEPHEN

I'm sorry, I just needed your help -

CARLY

Let me out then!

STEPHEN

I can't do that!

CARLY

Why not?

Stephen cracks, desperate -

STEPHEN

Cos I'm worried about what your dad's gonna say to her, what he's gonna do to her. OK?!

CARLY

My dad's not like that - he wouldn't -

STEPHEN

You don't know that - !

CARLY

Well, I don't know you! We only met half an hour ago, now I'm locked in your car, with you threatening me?! You think I'm just gonna lead you straight to him?!

Stephen shakes his head, emphatic -

STEPHEN

No - no, that's not what I want -

CARLY

Fucking let me out. Now.

STEPHEN

Wait, wait wait wait -

Carly BANGS the door with her fist in frustration as -

3/24 **EXT. YORKSHIRE DALES - DAY 3 - 15.06**

3/24

STEPHEN's car pulls over to the side of the road.

3/25 **INT. STEPHEN'S CAR - DAY 3 - 15.06**

3/25

STEPHEN pushes the lock release on the car door.

STEPHEN

There you go.

CARLY

What?

STEPHEN

You're free to go.

Carly doesn't need telling a second time. She opens her door - scrambles out - Stephen follows, opening his door -

3/26 **EXT. YORKSHIRE DALES - DAY 3 - 15.06**

3/26

CARLY looks around - they're in the middle of nowhere.

She turns - backs away from STEPHEN, unsure - he holds his hands out, placating.

STEPHEN

Look - let's take a breath, OK? I'm not looking for your dad. I'm not looking to hurt him, or to confront him in any way. I just wanna find Christine. She's where your dad is.

Carly softens. Stephen pushes the point -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

You get me to where Christine is,
you and me go our separate ways,
and that's the end of it.

CARLY

You promise?

STEPHEN

I've no interest in your dad, OK?!

Carly nods. Her mind made up.

CARLY

Makes two of us, then.

She brings up her phone, and opens up the MAPS app showing
Brennan's shared location pin: SEAN'S HOUSE near a small
PATCH OF GREEN - a PARK.

*
*
*

She steps forward, showing Stephen.

CARLY (CONT'D)

He's here.

Stephen exhales - relief flooding over him.

STEPHEN

Thank you. Thank you, thank you!

Carly can only stare at Stephen in confusion as he walks back
to the car, getting in.

Carly follows, getting back into the passenger seat.

3/27

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 3 - 15.11

3/27

BRENNAN is simmering, coming to the boil, all the frustration
and anger of the last two days coming back to him -

He leans forward, getting into SEAN's eyeline -

BRENNAN

Tell me where he is. Then I'm gone.

SEAN

*I don't know! If I did, I wouldn't
tell you!*

BRENNAN

Why?

SEAN

*Cos he's an old man. He's done
nothing wrong!*

This hits Brennan hard - Sean realises his misstep.

BRENNAN
Sure about that?

Sean pushes back -

SEAN
*You're the one who killed Ray.
You're the one who went to prison!*

BRENNAN
Right.

Sean looks away. End of conversation, then.

A beat.

Brennan GRABS Sean's head - Christine starts forward - is he attacking Sean - ?

But no. Brennan's tender. Forcing Sean to look at him.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
(Look at me.)

Sean's listening. Brennan signs: gentle but intense, almost on the verge of tears -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I am so sorry.

SEAN
What for?

BRENNAN
*I failed you. I failed you all. I
tried to stop it, all these years
ago. But I couldn't.*

Sean looks confused -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Don't you remember?

3/28 **INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT FB9 (FLASHBACK) 21.00** 3/28

1980s. KEROSENE drips off the edge of an oak desk with a
green leather surface, dark and thick like blood, pooling on
the carpet below. *

3/29 **INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 3 - 15.12** 3/29

BRENNAN keeps himself in Sean's eyeline -

BRENNAN

*I was desperate. I was desperate to
get away from him, to get us all
away from him, to stop him.*

3/30 **INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT FB9 (FLASHBACK) 21.02** 3/30

1980s. In darkness, a child's shaking hands fumble a match
along the strip on a matchbox -

*
*

WHOOMF. The match BURSTS INTO FLAME. The FLAME IGNITES the
CARPET, BECOMING A ROARING FIRE -

*
*

FLAMES RISE up plush VELVET CURTAINS.

*

A SCHOOL PHOTO with rows of CHILDREN in UNIFORM. REFLECTED in
the glass, a FIRE RAGES.

*
*

For the first time we see YOUNG BRENNAN in CLOSE UP - the
FIRE dancing in his EYES.

*
*

3/31 **INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 3 - 15.12** 3/31

SEAN frowns at this - BRENNAN nods, confirming -

BRENNAN

*I tried to burn it all down. For
you. For Ray. For me.*

SEAN

What?!

BRENNAN nods -

BRENNAN

*It was the only way I could think
of, to save us all from him.*

3/32 **INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT FB9 (FLASHBACK) 21.03** 3/32

1980s. YOUNG BRENNAN's HAND hangs by his side - surrounded by
ROARING FLAMES.

Behind him a DARK FIGURE stands watching.

3/33 **OMITTED** 3/33

3/34 **OMITTED** 3/34

3/35 **OMITTED** 3/35

3/36

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 3 - 15.13

3/36

BRENNAN wipes his face with a hand, trying to wipe the memories of Monroe away. SEAN watches him, bewildered -

BRENNAN

They expelled me. I got out, I was finally safe, I was finally free. But you stayed. Ray stayed. How many others, I don't know.

CHRISTINE's transfixed, suddenly alert at the mention of Ray. This is the most she's seen Brennan talk -

SEAN

You were trying to save us...? From what?!

BRENNAN

Monroe! What else?

Sean shakes his head, looking to Christine in desperation: Brennan's completely lost his mind.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

He was clever. He made you feel like you were the centre of his world.

Sean's face falls: Brennan's getting to him.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

You spent more and more time with him, alone in his office after class. He made you feel so special, so loved. It felt normal, it felt right, when he asked you for more.

Brennan smiles, sad and wistful: *His confession, or Sean's?*

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Confusing, right? Someone who you trust. Asking these things of you. Things you know are wrong. But you didn't want to disappoint him.

Sean takes a deep, shuddering breath. Gathers himself.

SEAN

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

BRENNAN

We were children.

Sean's silenced by this.

Brennan sits back. Looks to Christine, who's processing this - realising, slowly but surely: *Ray was part of this, too.*

CHRISTINE

Oh, God.

Brennan looks back to Sean.

BRENNAN

I understand. I felt what you're feeling. Guilt. Shame. Confusion. But let me tell you something.

Sean shrugs, defensive: *What?*

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

It's not your fault. You did nothing wrong.

A huge truth dawning on Sean - almost too much - his face wobbling, defences about to crash down -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

If you're still in contact with him, he must be telling you things to keep you on his side. Controlling you.

SEAN

No. He's helped me. He's done so much for me -

BRENNAN

He isn't helping you. He's protecting himself. He always was.

SEAN

You're wrong -

BRENNAN

You know he is -

SEAN

He's a good man -

Brennan snaps, SLAMMING BOTH HANDS ON THE COFFEE TABLE -

BRENNAN

WAKE UP!

Sean recoils in shock as Christine steps in -

CHRISTINE

HEY! *That's enough -*

Sean stands, quickly. Wringing his hands, trying to think what to say, stuttering -

BRENNAN

*He's lied to you. He's tricked you.
Everything you think you know, it's
wrong. I'm sorry.*

Brennan stands too - thinking maybe Sean's going to give him
what he wants -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*I'm trying to get you to
understand. I know it's hard, but -*

Sean holds up a hand -

SEAN

Shut up! Shut up. Stop, OK?!

Sean laughs, tearful.

SEAN (CONT'D)

*I used to be so jealous of you.
Both of you. You know that?*

Brennan's thrown off - Sean nods, bitter. Looks to Christine.

SEAN (CONT'D)

*Yeah. You and Ray. You both had it
all. Beautiful marriages. Kids.
Families.*

Sean nods. Tears springing to his eyes. Shrugs, indicating
his living room -

SEAN (CONT'D)

*Me? I got nothing. No one. My
life's shit. Always has been.*

Brennan winces - moves to say something -

SEAN (CONT'D)

*What are you doing here? I mean,
really?*

BRENNAN

I'm looking for -

SEAN

No! No, no, no.

Sean makes huge shooing gestures, shoving an imaginary
Monroe, Hawthorne Park, all of that away, behind him -

SEAN (CONT'D)

*Forget all that. Forget him. You're
out of prison. You got a second
chance. You still got family.*

Brennan takes a step back - completely thrown by Sean turning it all around on him -

SEAN (CONT'D)
You got a daughter. What's her name? Carly? Why ain't you with her? Making sure she's safe? Making sure she's OK?

Brennan pushes back -

BRENNAN
Because I need -

Sean shakes his head. Sad. Final.

SEAN
No.

Brennan's fists clench. Christine steps forward, with a warning look - *don't*.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I can't help you.

Sean sinks back to the sofa, head bowed.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Get out of my house.

Brennan's face etched with grief. This is the end of the line. He backs away from Sean, wanting to say so much more, to do so much more, but instead retreating in defeat.

As Brennan leaves, Christine instinctively moves to Sean, wanting to comfort him - to make sure he's OK - but she has to get the rest of the story from Brennan.

As Christine leaves, Sean is alone once again.

He puts his hands to his face and begins to sob.

3/37

INT. PROBATION OFFICE - DAY 3 - 15.20

3/37

ANNA returns to the office, her nominated address visits complete. Tired and fed up - then she sees -

JOE at his desk, listens to BRENNAN's interview, pen and notebook in hand -

Anna watches over Joe's shoulder -

ANNA
That Daniel Brennan?!

Joe nods. unplugs the headphones. The interview resumes -

ON SCREEN: STEPHEN's leaning in close, turning the screws on BRENNAN - SARAH voicing as best as she can -

STEPHEN
You had a hunting knife. Were you
planning to kill someone?

Brennan nods. Signs, Sarah voices.

BRENNAN / SARAH
Yeah.

STEPHEN
If you plan to kill someone, that's
premeditated. You murdered him.

BRENNAN / SARAH
Yeah.

STEPHEN
So - you accept full responsibility
for his death?

BRENNAN / SARAH
It's all my fault.

A pause. Stephen writes on the suspect statement form.

Sarah's body language on the video is hesitant, unsure -
clearly INTIMIDATED by Stephen.

As Stephen writes, Sarah uses the tiniest of waves to get
Brennan's attention.

Signs something to him, out of frame - Stephen catches it -
SLAMS his palm on the table -

STEPHEN
HEY - do that one more time -

SARAH
I'm sorry - I didn't -

STEPHEN
Your job is to interpret everything
that is said between me and the
suspect. Nothing more. Got it?

JOE leans forward. Pauses the video.

ON SCREEN: STEPHEN's face is frozen in a mask of anger.

JOE
What were they signing to each
other?

ANNA
You're asking me? I don't know.

JOE
You know anyone who does?

Anna nods. Goes to her desk, picks up her handset and dials -

3/38 OMITTED(INCORPORATED INTO 3/37) 3/38 *

3/39 OMITTED(INCORPORATED INTO 3/37) 3/39 *

3/40 **EXT. PARK - DAY 3 - 15.28** 3/40

Away from the rows of terraced houses, a patch of overgrown long grass, rubbish caught in the long reeds.

Beyond the long grass, the city of Sheffield sprawls in the distance. BRENNAN wanders through the long grass, not sure where to go, what to do.

Finds a weather worn BENCH on the edge of the grass, overlooking the city. Sits, hunched over in silent defeat.

CHRISTINE approaches him, unsure what to say or do - what this all means for Ray and Brennan's story -

Brennan sits back, exhaling.

CHRISTINE
What you were saying to Sean in there... That happened to Ray, too?

Brennan nods. Imperceptible. Christine reacts. Exhaling.

BRENNAN
He never talked to you about school? About Monroe?

CHRISTINE
Only about the future. About how he was going to change it all. Make everything better.

Christine looks to Brennan.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Why couldn't he tell me?!

Brennan's hands clench in his lap. He looks to Christine.

BRENNAN
He thought people wouldn't understand.

CHRISTINE

What about me? I was his wife! We didn't have any secrets.

BRENNAN

I couldn't tell Naomi either. Maybe if I had -

Brennan's lost for a moment in his memories and what ifs. Shakes it off and turns to Christine -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

One thing you're right about.

CHRISTINE

What?

BRENNAN

Him taking the job at Hawthorne Park. That - that brought stuff back for me. Stuff that I couldn't deal with, up here.

Brennan taps his head.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

I got to a place where I - I thought I knew what we had to do. Me and Ray. We had to do it together. It was the only way.

CHRISTINE

Do what?!

3/41

EXT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - DAY FB10 (FLASHBACK) 17.20

3/41

RAY stands in the doorway of his house, reacting to -

BRENNAN in front of him, freshly shaved and showered. A WHITE T-SHIRT part of his ensemble. *

Ray looks over his shoulder. Steps outside, pulling the door almost shut behind him. *

BRENNAN

Not going anywhere until we talk.

Ray tries to gather his thoughts. Brennan gets in his line of sight, pushing for an answer -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

I need your help.

ON RAY: Processing this.

3/42

INT. FAGAN'S PUB - NIGHT FB10 (FLASHBACK) 21.10

3/42

A beautiful city pub, frozen in time, kept exactly as it was in the 1970s. Vintage band posters, adverts for Guinness. Low seats and benches. Wooden panelling. Empty apart from a couple of after-work drinkers sharing office gossip, a flat-capped loner and a BARTENDER putting empties in the washer, bar cloth on his shoulder.

BRENNAN's leg bounces with nervous energy, his face haunted and drawn.

RAY watches him, waiting. A light smile playing on his face: *whatever this is, they can sort it out.*

Brennan leans in, ready to tell Ray his PLAN -

BRENNAN

*Packed my car. Tent, sleeping bags.
All ready to go. Just need to pick
up a couple of things on the way -*

RAY

Go where?

BRENNAN

*Monroe. You and me, we need to find
him. Put things right.*

Ray quickly covers his shock. Forces a smile, trying to keep it light and breezy -

RAY

*Sorry. Think I've missed a couple
of steps here. Go back. You've
packed for a camping trip? For the
two of us? To find our old
headteacher? Why?*

BRENNAN

To get him to confess.

RAY

Confess. To what?!

Ray's easy-breezy facade is beginning to slip, their signing getting bigger, angrier. To the onlookers it looks more aggressive and threatening than it really is.

BRENNAN

Everything.

RAY

But we can't - we agreed. Remember?

BRENNAN

What are you so afraid of -

RAY
Use your head. Think!

Brennan recoils, cowed by Ray's anger -

RAY (CONT'D)
*I took this job to stop them
closing down our school! I'm
fighting for all those deaf
children, their futures.*

*
*
*
*

Brennan hasn't seen this side of Ray: *stressed, worried.*

RAY (CONT'D)
*You want me to drop everything and
go on a road trip with you?! Set
fire to everything I've spent my
life working towards?!*

Brennan SLAMS the table in disbelief, cutting Ray off -

The Bartender looks up, alarmed - sees their angry,
aggressive signing -

BRENNAN
The fuck?!

RAY
What?!

BRENNAN
It happened to you, too!

The Bartender moves out from behind the bar to their table,
not understanding a word of what they're signing, thinking
they're on the verge of a fight -

BARTENDER
Everything alright here, gents?

Ray smiles, waves him away, giving a thumbs up - *fine.*

The Bartender looks at Brennan - then back to Ray.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Alright, boys. Just keep it down or
I'll have to ask you to leave.

Ray smiles at the departing Bartender. Turns back to Brennan -
calm and relaxed again -

RAY
I'm over it. All in the past.

BRENNAN
I'm not.

Brennan sizes Ray up. Realises something. Laughs to himself, the stalemate broken.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Got this all wrong, didn't I?

Ray bristles, trying to keep calm - *nods: yep, you got a lot wrong.*

Brennan pulls out a LEATHER SCABBARD from his coat, puts it on the table - Ray's eyes settle on it, questioning -

Brennan unbuttons the scabbard. Pulls the handle out a fraction. Stainless SHEFFIELD STEEL glints in the pub lights.

It's an antique HUNTING KNIFE, with a serrated edge.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Same as Monroe's.

*

Ray looks to the metal of the knife: *shit, this is worse than I thought.* Glances around the pub, at the Barman - back to Brennan -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Remember those camping trips he took us on? Survival skills.

Brennan stares at the section of exposed knife, mesmerised.

Ray waves, trying to break the spell -

RAY
What's going on in your head? I don't understand.

BRENNAN
I don't understand YOU, either. Going to work there, like nothing's happened?!

Ray looks to the bar. The Barman's standing there, watching.

RAY
Put that away.

BRENNAN
No. I'm finished with hiding. Finished with pretending.

Ray grabs Brennan's hands, pushing the knife off the table - a brief TUSSELE -

Brennan PULLS the knife away from Ray, standing up -

Both their chairs SCRAPING, heads in the pub turning to look -

Ray is left holding the empty sheath.

Brennan stands in front of him, the HUNTING KNIFE fully revealed, its blade shiny and glittering -

Everyone in the pub now watching them -

Brennan's vibrating with anger. His knuckles whitening on the handle of the knife in his hand.

He could do anything right now - *is this the moment when he kills Ray?*

Ray smiles, hands placating, trying to change the tone.

RAY
Slow down, OK? Take a breath.

He holds the sheath out to Brennan, slowly, cautiously -

RAY (CONT'D)
Put that away? Let's not do anything stupid.

Brennan grabs the sheath, quickly holsters the knife -

Ray looks around the pub. Grabs Brennan by the arm -

As Brennan resists, yanking his arm away -

RAY (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here. Come on - !

As Ray pushes out of the pub doors, followed by Brennan, the Barman quickly moves to the wall phone, picks up the handset and dials a number. Looks to the door -

BARMAN
Police, please.

3/43

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT FB10 (FLASHBACK) 21.20

3/43

RAY fast-walks down a deserted alleyway round the back of the main road, Brennan's BMW parked at the far kerb.

Ray stops in the middle of the alleyway, turns to face BRENNAN -

RAY
I want to help you. Really -

BRENNAN
Come with me. Come with me, now!

RAY
I can't.

Brennan stows the sheathed knife in his jacket, ready to move past Ray. Ray stops him, signing quickly, trying to keep Brennan's attention -

RAY (CONT'D)
I could find a counsellor. A professional. Someone you could talk things through with?

Ray smiles, trying to lighten the mood. Indicates the BMW -

RAY (CONT'D)
Don't need to go driving all over Yorkshire in the rain to make this right. You and me, we got our girls to worry about now -

Brennan shakes his head, his face determined. Still fixated on his plan -

BRENNAN
Nah. I wanna find him. Tonight. I've got his postcode. Look -

Brennan takes his SMARTPHONE out of his coat pocket, pressing a button and holding it out to a despairing Ray -

Ray takes the phone. A moment where he could look at the screen. Instead, he walks over to the alleyway wall and SMASHES it AGAINST THE WALL - BANG. BANG. BANG.

Tosses it back to Brennan. He catches it, looks at the spiderwebbed screen: we now know how his phone broke.

RAY
You can't do this, OK?

BRENNAN
Why not?

RAY
It won't work. It won't make you feel better -

BRENNAN
That's not why I'm doing it -

Ray grabs Brennan by the shoulders, stopping him -

RAY
Please! I'm begging you. I need to protect my family. They can't know. They can't. OK? Promise me that.

The sound of a POLICE SIREN rises in the background.

Brennan pushes Ray away, trying to get to his BMW and drive away.

Ray steps between Brennan and his car.

Brennan's hand goes to the knife in his coat pocket - Ray steps back - and just as we think we're about to see the MOMENT OF RAY'S DEATH, we HARD CUT TO -

3/44

EXT. PARK - DAY 3 - 15.29

3/44

The police siren fades away to silence. CHRISTINE stares at BRENNAN processing everything. She can barely bring herself to ask -

CHRISTINE

You didn't mean to kill him?

BRENNAN

He was trying to stop me from hurting someone else. Trying to help me. To save me, like always.

Christine reacts. This sounds like the truth -

CHRISTINE

He must have been so afraid.

BRENNAN

I was with him. I held him. Until the police came.

Christine's overcome by despair, losing her husband all over again.

3/45

INT. PROBATION OFFICE - DAY 3 - 15.37

3/45

ANNA enters, followed by DANNI, the sign language interpreter from Episode One.

ANNA

Thanks for coming at such short notice.

Danni smiles - warm and friendly -

DANNI

No worries at all. Where do you want me?

Joe pulls out a chair at his desk for Danni, holding out the headphones for her.

JOE

Here you go -

Danni sits. Puts the headphones on -

JOE (CONT'D)

So the first bit we were wondering about, it's at the start.

Joe presses play.

ON SCREEN: Sarah signs something to Brennan. Brennan signs something back -

Danni reacts.

JOE (CONT'D)

What is it? What are they saying?

Danni shakes her head. Makes a circling motion with her finger.

DANNI

Would you mind playing it again? I might need a couple of goes to get it all -

Joe pushes a couple of buttons.

ON SCREEN: With Danni's voiceover -

SARAH / DANNI

Are you sure you don't want a lawyer?

BRENNAN / DANNI

I just want to get this over with -

Brennan stops signing as STEPHEN enters, sitting down.

Joe pauses the tape. Exchanges a look with Anna, pondering what this means.

JOE

He refused legal counsel...?

DANNI

Yeah, looks like it. Were there other parts of the interview?

Joe fiddles with the computer.

Danni leans forward to watch. Joe paces behind Danni with Brennan's folder, open at the INTERVIEW TRANSCRIPT as Danni pauses and rewinds it, reviewing.

Presses Play -

BRENNAN / DANNI

He's dead because of me, yeah. How many times do I need to tell you? It's all my fault.

Danni leans in, watching. Pauses. Rewinds. Plays it again.

ON SCREEN: Sarah waves to get Brennan's attention -

SARAH / DANNI
*Do you understand what you're
confessing to?*

BRENNAN / DANNI
He's dead because of me. That's it.

SARAH / DANNI
But you didn't mean to - did you?

Danni takes her headphones off. The interview continues -

STEPHEN
HEY - I catch you signing to the
suspect one more time, I'm gonna
arrest you an' all!

SARAH
I'm sorry -

STEPHEN
Your job is to interpret everything
that is said between me and the
suspect. Nothing more. Got it?!

Joe processes this.

JOE
He didn't know what he was
confessing to...?

The interview's still playing in the background. The three of
them watch, contemplative, as -

*

ON SCREEN: STEPHEN slides a STATEMENT across the table to
Brennan as SARAH interprets -

*

STEPHEN
Like we talked about - you sign
this, that's the end of it. We
don't have to bring in your family,
interview them. We don't have to
ask your friends about you. Sign
here, and it's over. They'll go
easy on you in court, too.

Brennan flicks quickly through the pages of the statement
that Stephen's been writing out for him the whole time.

Sarah winces, desperate to say something -

Stephen shoots her a warning look.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
(Don't.)

Holds out a pen to Brennan.

Joe, Anna and Danni continue to watch.

*

3/46 OMITTED(INCORPORATED INTO 3/45)

3/46 *

3/47 **INT/EXT. STEPHEN'S CAR - DAY 3 - 15.38**

3/47

STEPHEN and CARLY sit in silence as he drives.

STEPHEN
So.

Carly doesn't take her eyes away from the road.

CARLY
What?

STEPHEN
You really don't want anything to
do with your dad, then?

CARLY
Nah.

STEPHEN
Why's that?

CARLY
Apart from the murderer part, you
mean?

Stephen winces.

STEPHEN
Sorry. Shouldn't have said that.

Carly shrugs.

CARLY
Nah. It's the secrets. He won't
tell me anything. Thinks he has to
shield everything from me. But I
don't even know who he is any more.

STEPHEN
How d'you mean?

CARLY
See, I still remember what it was
like to have a dad. Just about.
Someone who looked out for me.
Walked me to school.
(MORE)

*

CARLY (CONT'D)

Made me feel safe. Taught me how to
fix cars. Now?

*
*

Carly shrugs.

CARLY (CONT'D)

When he came out of prison, I
thought maybe - maybe I'd get my
dad back, that maybe he's still a
good person, even after everything
that happened. Now I know I'm not
going to. He's just this - angry
deaf man, going round getting into
fights. He doesn't give a shit
about me. Not really.

STEPHEN

You told him any of that?

CARLY

What difference would it make?

STEPHEN

He might try and change his ways. I
dunno.

CARLY

Nah. Too late for us now.

STEPHEN

Oh yeah?

Carly nods.

CARLY

Yeah.

Stephen smiles.

STEPHEN

Y'know, it's funny. When I was in
the police, I was full zero
tolerance. "Screw up once, that's
it. None of these people deserve
another chance, stick 'em all in
prison, leave 'em in there to rot!"

CARLY

Nice.

STEPHEN

But now? I'm a big believer in
second chances. Everyone deserves
another shot at living a better
life, y'know?

Stephen smiles, wistful. Shrugs -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Me? I've done things I'm not proud
of. Things I wish I could go back
and change -

CARLY
What, like kidnapping people?

STEPHEN
This wasn't a kidnapping, OK?!

Carly scoffs: *It totally was.*

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
What I'm saying, point I was trying
to make, is... I'm not the guy I
was back then. I'm the guy I am
now. Maybe your dad's trying to
work that out for himself?

Carly's not sure.

CARLY
I guess so.

Stephen leans forward -

STEPHEN POV: Brennan and Christine on a park bench at the
edge of a scruffy city park.

Stephen turns to Carly, feigning a quizzical look -

STEPHEN
That's him, isn't it?

CARLY
Yeah.

Stephen pulls his car to the kerb.

STEPHEN
Tell Christine I'm here?

CARLY
No. Tell her yourself! I'm done
with all this.

Carly tries her door. Still locked. Looks to Stephen.

CARLY (CONT'D)
You gonna let me go or what?!

STEPHEN
Like I said. I've no interest in
going anywhere near your dad. Don't
wanna get involved, don't wanna
interfere, just wanna make sure
she's safe. OK?

*
*
*
*

CARLY
Fine. Whatever.

Stephen presses the door lock release button on his armrest.

Carly opens the passenger door, slamming it behind her,
walking across the park to Christine and Brennan.

Stephen gets out of the car, leaning on the roof, watching,
his face anxious: *How much does Christine know?*

He's about to find out.

3/48

EXT. PARK - DAY 3 - 15.41

3/48

CHRISTINE and BRENNAN sit together in contemplation.

*

CHRISTINE
That's it, then. That's the truth?

*

*

Brennan - a moment where we might think there's more to come
out - instead, he nods.

*

*

BRENNAN
*I'm sorry. I wish I could bring him
back. Reverse everything.*

*

*

*

Christine nods.

*

CHRISTINE
Me too.

*

*

Brennan stares at the ground, conflicted: *How much of the
truth has he really told Christine?*

*

*

CARLY (O.S.)
Hey!

Christine turns, looking over her shoulder.

CARLY, standing at a distance, on the edge of the park. Jerks
a thumb over her shoulder -

Behind Carly, STEPHEN stands by his car, barely visible. He
waves to Christine.

CARLY (CONT'D)
Your boyfriend's here. Wants to
make sure you're alright?

Brennan reacts as he sees Carly - stands -

A look passes between Brennan and Christine.

*

A moment where more might pass between them - but no. They're
both done. Christine begins walking away.

*

Carly adjusts the straps of her rucksack on her shoulders, walking through the long grass, approaching Christine -

Christine approaches Carly - seeing her for the first time in ten years -

They both stop.

A surreal hostage exchange that isn't a hostage exchange, in the middle of a litter-strewn, overgrown city park.

Carly hunches her shoulders, moving past Christine.

CHRISTINE

Wait.

Christine stops her.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I should have done more to help you and your mum.

Carly jerks her chin in acknowledgement. Head down, avoiding eye contact. Christine sighs: *That's as good as it's gonna get.* About to walk on to Stephen's car -

CARLY

Christine?

Christine stops, looks back. Carly fidgets, bashful.

CARLY (CONT'D)

When you see Miri... tell her I didn't mean what I said before?

Christine nods: *OK.* Turns and walks on to Stephen's car.

Brennan and Carly face off at a distance, surrounded by long grass. It's almost beautiful. Low budget Terrence Malick.

Brennan's face etched with shame and embarrassment - and hope, that she might give him a second chance.

Then - Carly turns and walks away from him, towards the road -

Brennan reacts - starts walking parallel to her -

Carly reacts - tries to change direction, but Brennan cuts her off. She stops, exasperated -

BRENNAN

Wait -

CARLY

I wish you'd never left prison.

BRENNAN

What?

CARLY

*Since then all you've done is lie.
Promise me stuff, then let me down.
Force me to come with you, then try
to get rid of me. Enough!*

Brennan's chastened - she's hammering an open nerve again and again - and worse, she's warming to her theme -

CARLY (CONT'D)

I'm done with all this. Finished.

Carly indicates Brennan, nailing a dead-on impression of the way he's been acting for the last three episodes -

CARLY (CONT'D)

*The silence. You keep telling me
'You'll explain later'. Telling me
'I won't understand'. But I do
understand, better than you think!*

Brennan looks shamed. Now he's trying to look away from Carly, but she's getting in his face -

CARLY (CONT'D)

*There's no big mystery. You fucked
up, and you're fucked up. Since you
got out, you've been scared. Scared
of the world. Scared of ME!*

Brennan stares at Carly. Silent.

Carly takes a step forward, trying to spook Brennan, to try and get him to say or do something, anything -

CARLY (CONT'D)

*So what do you want?! What's your
big plan now? Tell me.*

Brennan indicates Carly's hands, deadpan -

BRENNAN

Your signing's coming back.

Carly scoffs: *Not good enough.* Moves to leave - Brennan placates -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*You're right. When I first saw you
again, after all this time, I was
scared.*

Carly softens. OK...

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*Because - I wanted you to give me a
chance. But you were so angry -*

CARLY
You know why!

BRENNAN
I know. I made a mistake.

CARLY
Which one?

BRENNAN
I thought what I had to do was more important. I was wrong. I chose wrong.

Brennan continues - copying Sean's words, unable to find his own just yet.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
You and me. We got a second chance here. I want to know you. I want to help you. I want - I want to be around for you.

Carly's wavering -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Can you and me - try again?

Carly looks at Brennan's face - reads the want and the need there, plain as day. But she's still not sure - she's been let down so many times -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Please.

3/49 **INT/EXT. STEPHEN'S CAR - DAY 3 - 15.43**

3/49

STEPHEN steps forward, hesitant, trying to read CHRISTINE's face as she approaches - what does she know?

She smiles. Tired, but happy to see him. He steps forward to embrace her, his hands soft and flat against her back. She smiles, her head resting on his shoulder.

They disengage. Stephen looks her up and down.

STEPHEN
He didn't hurt you?

Christine shakes her head.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
He didn't tell - what did he say to you? Did he give you the answers you wanted?

CHRISTINE

He did. But it'll take me time to
sort through everything in my head.
To understand it all, properly.

Stephen exhales with HUGE relief -

STEPHEN

God. I was so worried about you. I
drove all over today looking for
you. Calling and texting -

CHRISTINE

I'm sorry about that -

STEPHEN

No, no - I'm just - God, I'm so
glad you're safe.

Christine leans forward and plants a tired, gentle smooch on
Stephen's lips. Realises -

CHRISTINE

Miri! She must be worried sick -

STEPHEN

She's at home. I'll take you there
now. C'mon.

Stephen opens the door for her to get in.

Christine stops by the door - watches Brennan at a distance,
following Carly as she walks to his car. Looks like she's
giving him a second chance. She smiles - gets into the car.

Stephen closes the door and walks round to his side of the
car, his smile tinged with sheer relief, mixed with a heavy
dose of *how the fuck did I get away with that?*

3/50

INT. PROBATION OFFICE - DAY 3 - 15.55

3/50

ON SCREEN: Grainy interview footage. BRENNAN signs the
statement without reading it. Slides it back across the
table, leaning back. Sighs with relief: *it's all over.*

JOE stops the playback, taking the headphones off again.
Looks over to ANNA, who's watching behind him -

JOE

Would be good if we could track
Brennan down. Talk to him?

ANNA

You've changed your tune. What's
going on?

JOE

I joined the police cos I wanted to
do good. Help people. Change stuff
for the better. The usual.

Joe points at his monitor -

JOE (CONT'D)

Then I ended up working with people
like him -

ON SCREEN: STEPHEN frozen on the monitor, holding Brennan's
confession, with a satisfied smile on his face.

JOE (CONT'D)

Got sick of people being pushed.
Coerced. Deciding who we liked for
this or that. Make the pieces fit,
another case closed. Every time I
tried to say something, do
something about it, that was
another secret black mark against
me. In the end it got too much.
Tried to start over again, see if I
could make a difference elsewhere.

Joe sighs. Looks around the office at his second failed
career. Regret weighing heavy on him.

ANNA

You think Brennan's innocent, then?

JOE

I dunno. No-one's gonna care about
any of that. But he's done his time
in prison. Maybe more than he
should've.

Anna reacts, looking from Joe to the monitor as Joe pushes
his chair back.

JOE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but you were right. He
deserves a chance.

*

ANNA

I'll keep trying his phone.

Anna moves away. Joe turns his computer off. Pulls out the
USB stick. Looks down at Brennan's folder, thinking: *Maybe
there's still something he can do about this.*

The BMW parks in an open field in the Pennines - Snake Pass,
the treacherous road linking Manchester and Sheffield.

3/52 **INT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 3 - 16.30**

3/52

BRENNAN exits the BMW, followed by CARLY.

3/53 **EXT. SNAKE PASS, PENNINES - DAY 3 - 16.35**

3/53

CARLY stands, taking in the view as BRENNAN opens the boot, taking out the tent and two blankets. *

Sees the DUFFEL BAG with the shotgun inside. Does the zip up, stowing it in the corner of the boot.

He lays one of the blankets out on the grass, smoothing it.

Carly sits cross legged on the blanket. Brennan picks up the other blanket, putting it carefully over her shoulders.

She pulls the edges of the blanket around herself as Brennan sits down on the blanket near her. * *

CARLY

Thanks.

BRENNAN

Warm enough?

Carly nods. A moment where they stare out across the Pennines, side by side. Brennan could ruin it by trying for another hug. But instead, he turns to look at Carly. Emotional, intense - *

CARLY

What is it?!

BRENNAN

I won't leave you again.

Simultaneously out of the blue, yet exactly what Carly needed to hear. She nods. Stifles a yawn -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Tired?

CARLY

Yeah.

Brennan nods.

BRENNAN

Same. I'll get the tent up.

Carly pulls the blanket around her, watching her dad walk down the hill with the tent bag.

ON CARLY'S FACE: A tentative smile of HOPE. Maybe they're starting over again. Maybe everything's going to be alright.

3/54

INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 3 - 17.07

3/54

MIRI looks up as CHRISTINE enters - smiles in relief -

MIRI

Mum!

Christine and Miri embrace, watched by STEPHEN, who keeps a respectful distance. Stephen steps forward, clearing his throat.

STEPHEN

Christine.

Christine looks to Stephen -

CHRISTINE

Hmm?

Miri looks from Christine to Stephen.

Stephen faces a fork in the road. He could do the right thing now, and tell them everything. Or he could stay quiet, and hope his lie is never uncovered -

Shakes his head. Smiles.

STEPHEN

Both had a long day, haven't you?
I'm glad you're both safe.

Christine nods. Puts her arm round Miri. Miri puts her arms round Christine's waist. Stephen smiles.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I'll let myself out.

He door closes on them both.

3/55

EXT. SNAKE PASS, PENNINES - DAY 3 - 17.28

3/55

CARLY sits with the blanket over her shoulders, watches BRENNAN down the hill hammering tent pegs into the ground, the tent almost pitched.

Carly stands, walks to the open boot of the BMW, blanket still round her shoulders. Rummages in the boot, looking for snacks, something to eat -

*

Sees the DUFFEL BAG.

Unzips it -

ON CARLY: Shock. Confusion... and betrayal.

Tears spring to her eyes, her earlier hope and optimism all gone. Looks to Brennan.

*

Brennan continues hammering tent pegs, oblivious.

Carly pulls the SAWN OFF SHOTGUN from the bag, feeling its weight in her hands. A tragic mirror of Episode 1.

Brennan adjusts a guide rope. Hammers another peg.

Behind him, a trembling Carly slowly LEVELS THE SHOTGUN at her Dad's back -

*

Brennan checks the tent one last time. Satisfied with his handiwork, he stands, still holding the MALLET, and turns to see -

*

*

Carly, pointing the sawn off shotgun directly at him.

All the emotions race across Brennan's face. Shock. Fear. Realisation. He slowly, carefully lowers the mallet to the ground, trying not to make any sudden moves -

*

*

Puts his hands up. Signs slowly, cautiously -

*

BRENNAN

Careful.

Carly switches the shotgun to her other hand, signing with her right, her hands shaking - Brennan watches, unblinking -

CARLY

This yours?

BRENNAN

That's dangerous. Put it down.

Off Brennan's reaction - Carly voices and signs, her voice cracking and trembling, waving the loaded shotgun at her dad -

CARLY

So much for second chances, eh?!

Brennan tries to take a step towards her - Carly raises the shotgun at him -

CARLY (CONT'D)

I almost believed you.

*

BRENNAN

I meant what I said -

Carly waves the shotgun - Brennan instinctively ducks back -

CARLY

What the fuck's THIS, then?!

Brennan falls silent. He's got nothing.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea - ANY idea at all, how much I WANTED to believe you? Believe that maybe you and me could start over?! Together?

BRENNAN

I can explain -

Brennan's trying to close the gap -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Put that down -

But every step he takes, Carly takes a step back -

Grabs the shotgun with both hands, levelling it at Brennan - no longer signing for him at all -

CARLY

You were always planning to go back to prison, weren't you?

BRENNAN

What?

CARLY

After you'd "done what you needed to do?" Leave me all alone again. More lies, more broken promises, same old shit.

Carly's blinking away tears now, on the edge of losing it - she whispers, almost to herself -

*
*

Carly (CONT'D)

I hate you.

*
*

Brennan takes another step forward as Carly whispers again -

*

Carly (CONT'D)

I fucking hate you.

*
*

Carly's broken, angry, beautiful -

Brennan wants nothing more than to reach out to his daughter, to make everything alright, to make her understand -

He makes a break for it -

Dashes forward -

As Carly's finger tightens on the trigger -

3/56

EXT. SNAKE PASS, PENNINES - DAY 3 - 17.30

3/56

A SHOTGUN BLAST reverberates and round the peaks, birds scattering into a bruised purple sky as the sun begins to set behind the mountains.

A moment of silence. Then -

A second SHOTGUN BLAST as we CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE 3