



WARP FILMS

# 'REUNION'

## Episode Four

### 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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4/1	<b><u>DREAM SEQUENCE - DS5</u></b>	4/1
	A SCHOOL CUPBOARD DOOR closes on us, taking the light with it.	* *
	A YOUNG BOY waits on a chair. Only the back of his head visible -	* *
	His school shoes dangling above plush carpet.	*
	A glimpse of the MAN in the TWEED JACKET'S HAND on the BACK OF THE BOY'S HEAD.	* *
	<b>MATCH CUT TO:</b>	*
	BRENNAN'S HAND on the back of a dying RAY'S HEAD, cradling him as he signs -	* *
	BRENNAN <i>I'm sorry.</i>	
	Ray's mouthing something, blood bubbling out of his mouth. Tears are streaming down his face as he tries to breathe.	* *
	Brennan takes RAY'S HAND in HIS as he dies.	*
	The CUPBOARD DOOR closes COMPLETELY, plunging us into DARKNESS.	* *
	In the darkness - street lights strobe past, illuminating BRENNAN'S BLOODIED HANDS in closeup, handcuffed and resting on his lap in the back of a police car.	* * *
	Brennan sits in the car, clasping and wringing his bloodied, handcuffed hands as if in prayer, or atonement -	* *
	<b>CUT TO:</b>	*
4/2	<b><u>INT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 4 - 08.06</u></b>	4/2
	MORNING LIGHT diffuses the car interior as BRENNAN starts awake, the windows fogged with condensation.	
	Brennan looks around, getting his bearings. No sign of CARLY.	
	He pulls his blanket off and opens the door, stepping out -	
4/3	<b><u>EXT. SNAKE PASS, PENNINES - DAY 4 - 08.07</u></b>	4/3
	The tent rustles in the light breeze, guide ropes taut, entrance zipped up. CARLY still asleep.	
	BRENNAN turns away from the tent to inspect the BMW.	
	The rear side window is shattered, broken glass hanging off.	

The side door pockmarked with buckshot.

The rear tyre shredded, the alloy scarred with buckshot.

**ON BRENNAN:** His beloved BMW is depreciating in value, fast.

Brennan opens the BMW's boot. Tosses everything out.

Wheels out the spare tyre, bouncing it. It's good.

Brings out the JACK -

Jacks up the BMW, rear wheel hanging, tyre sagging off it.

Grabs a heavy LUG WRENCH. Fixes it onto one of the nuts.

It's STUCK FAST.

Brennan leans against the car, putting his foot on the wrench, putting all his weight on it - jumps up, and down -

His foot, wet with morning dew, slips off - he BANGS his shin on the wrench - overbalances and ends up on his knees. Sees - \*

CARLY, standing over him, her expression hard to read - \*

Brennan gestures to his ruined BMW, sarcastic -

BRENNAN

*Good job.*

\*  
\*

Carly shrugs, looks at the pockmarked bodywork and shredded tyre - \*

CARLY

*Stopped you running off on me.  
Again.*

\*

BRENNAN

*I wasn't running off.*

\*  
\*

CARLY

*Don't believe you.*

\*  
\*

Brennan tries to placate, to explain -

\*

BRENNAN

*The gun was the plan before. Not  
now.*

\*  
\*  
\*

Tries to pick up the wrench - Carly puts her foot on it, stopping him - \*

\*

CARLY

*You told me I was safe with you!*

\*  
\*

Brennan nods: *You are -*

\*

BRENNAN \*  
*I'll never hurt you. I'll get rid* \*  
*of the gun. Anything you ask.* \*

CARLY \*  
*Anything?* \*

BRENNAN \*  
*Anything.* \*

Carly looks to the wrench. Leans over, picks it up. Taps her eye - \*

CARLY \*  
*Watch.*

Carly fixes the lug wrench onto one of the nuts. But instead of pushing down on it, she grabs the end with both hands and PULLS, leveraging her upper body strength. CRACK - the nut comes loose. Carly lets the wrench fall to the grass. \*

Brennan tries to lighten the mood again - \*

BRENNAN \*  
*Got it loose for you.*

Carly's face darkens. She crouches in front of Brennan by the wheel - giving him an ultimatum - \*

CARLY \*  
*You can't make promises then break* \*  
*them. Again and again. You know* \*  
*that?* \*

Brennan nods. \*

Carly picks up the wrench and hands it to him. Brennan sets it on the wheel and begins turning the wrench, loosening the nut further. Carly keeps her eyes on him, holding the wheel steady as Brennan turns the wrench. \*

They resume changing the broken wheel in silence, the sun rising over them both. \*

**TITLE SEQUENCE: REUNION**

4/4

**EXT. SNAKE PASS, PENNINES - DAY 4 - 09.22**

4/4

The BMW's broken window is taped up, covered by a black BIN BAG. Its wheel replaced. The tent all packed away. \*

CARLY gathers stray SHOTGUN SHELLS from the boot, tossing them into the DUFFEL BAG with the SAWN OFF SHOTGUN as BRENNAN zips up the tent bag, carrying it to the boot. Carly braces herself in front of Brennan, making sure she has his attention - \*

CARLY  
*I'm in charge now.* \*

Brennan raises an eyebrow: *Oh yeah?* Carly nods. \*

Brennan accept this - happy to let Carly take the lead - \*

CARLY (CONT'D) \*

*No more running off, no more lying.* \*

Brennan nods. Carly nods, approving. \*

CARLY (CONT'D) \*

*We gotta meet that woman.* \*

BRENNAN \*

*Who?* \*

CARLY \*

*Anna? From probation. The one sending you all the texts.* \*

Brennan takes his phone out, hesitant - \*

Carly impatiently grabs it from him - \*

Takes out her own phone - dials a number from one of Brennan's messages. Brennan watches her leave a voicemail as she paces up and down, not wasting a second - \*

CARLY (CONT'D) \*

*Hey. I'm Carly. Daniel Brennan's daughter. You've been trying to get hold of him. We'd like to come in today. Sort things out. Call me back when you get this. Bye.* \*

She hands his phone back to him. \*

CARLY (CONT'D) \*

*OK. Sorted. Let's go.* \*

BRENNAN \*

*Need to fix that.* \*

Carly glances at the BMW. It looks sad and forlorn, like a dog that's been kicked and beaten one too many times. Winces, apologetic -

CARLY \*

*Not worth much now, is it?* \*

BRENNAN \*

*My dad has tools in his garage -* \*

Carly reacts - \*

CARLY \*  
*No - I can't go back there -* \*

BRENNAN \*  
*Did you steal money from them? For drugs?* \*

CARLY \*  
*What? No - !* \*

BRENNAN \*  
*That's why my parents kicked you out.* \*

CARLY \*  
*No. That's not it -* \*

BRENNAN \*  
*What is it then? Why can't we go back there?!* \*

Carly relents. She's going to have to come clean - \*

CARLY \*  
*I'll show you. OK?* \*

Carly angrily grabs her rucksack, shouldering it. \*

Puts the SHOTGUN into the DUFFEL BAG, zipping it up. \*

CARLY (CONT'D) \*  
*First...* \*

Holds the bag up to show Brennan - \*

CARLY (CONT'D) \*  
*I'm getting rid of this!* \*

Carly walks away down the hill, rucksack on her shoulder, duffel bag swinging. \*

**ON BRENNAN:** Watching her, unsure. \*

4/5

**INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 4 - 11.30**

4/5

MIRI, dressed and ready to go out, butters her toast, lost in thought. Turns round to see CHRISTINE, at the entrance to the kitchen. \*

MIRI \*  
*So - gonna tell me what happened yesterday?!* \*

CHRISTINE \*  
*I'm sorry I went off with Brennan like that.*  
 (MORE)

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

*It was mad, it was stupid. But he told me what happened...*

Christine tails off. Tells Miri the truth -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

*It's not what I thought it was.  
It's complicated.*

Miri's pulled up short. Unsure what this means -

MIRI

*How do you mean?*

Christine looks uncertain - more questions on her mind -

CHRISTINE

*It was an accident... a - a mistake.*

MIRI

*You believe him?!*

Christine thinks on it. Still things that don't add up -

But before Miri can ask more questions -

The DOORBELL RINGS, lights flashing -

4/6

**EXT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY 4 - 11.32**

4/6

CHRISTINE opens the door, smiling, only to see -

JOE waiting outside.

JOE

Hey. Sorry to turn up like this on your doorstep.

**ON CHRISTINE:** *What does he want?*

JOE (CONT'D)

Joe from probation. Dunno if you remember me, I was in the office when you came in the other day?

CHRISTINE

Yeah?

JOE

I shouldn't be here. But you wanted answers. This might help.

Joe holds out a DOCUMENT FOLDER of FRESHLY COPIED PAPERS.

JOE (CONT'D)

That's everything. The whole file  
on Brennan, on your husband.

Christine opens the folder - leafing through it. Witness  
statements. Photographs. Everything she ever wanted.

CHRISTINE

But how - why -

JOE

Anyone asks, maybe you made a  
formal subject access request for  
the file. But... don't go shouting  
it from the rooftops, yeah?

\*

\*

Christine's beyond grateful.

CHRISTINE

You won't get in trouble for this?

Joe shrugs.

JOE

Nah. Handed in my notice this  
morning. Can't do this job any  
more. Seen too many people coming  
out of prison that didn't need to  
be in there in the first place.  
Seen this happen before, too.

CHRISTINE

Seen what happen before?

JOE

I don't know enough about Brennan's  
case, what kind of person he is,  
what really happened. But -

Christine's alert - this, and what Brennan said yesterday,  
all feels like it's clicking together.

JOE (CONT'D)

You really need to watch this.

Joe holds up a USB stick. Christine reacts. As she wonders  
what this all means -

4/7

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY 4 - 12.00**

4/7

A church looms on a hill, surrounded by iron railings,  
ancient oak trees.

BRENNAN steps out of his BMW, closing the door behind him.

CARLY gestures up the hill towards the church.



CARLY

*Up this way.*

Brennan hesitates - realisation dawning as to where they're going -

4/8

**EXT. CEMETERY - GROUNDS - DAY 4 - 12.02**

4/8

CARLY crouches in front of a headstone, brushing leaves off it, pulling up weeds.

She stands back, wiping her hands, as BRENNAN catches up, his footsteps hesitant, heavy.

Carly gestures to the white marble headstone. Brennan takes it in, studying the detail -

The headstone is IMMACULATE in comparison to the other graves. Grass freshly trimmed around the edges.

**ON HEADSTONE:** Naomi Brennan 1976 - 2021

Brennan's face swirls with emotion.

His knees wobble and buckle.

He's on his KNEES in front of the headstone.

His hands going up to the cool white marble.

Resting his forehead on it, his eyes closed.

He turns, looks to Carly, waiting for her to explain.

CARLY

*My friend knew someone who'd lend me the money to pay for that. The funeral, too. Expensive.*

Brennan looks from Carly to the headstone. Realising.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*I wanted her to have something. To remind everyone she was a good person. That she was loved. But I didn't know how much I'd have to pay back, every month. I couldn't keep on top of it.*

Carly sniffles.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*They started turning up at your mum and dad's while I was out. Asking after me. Threatening them.*

Off Brennan's reaction -

CARLY (CONT'D)

*They didn't kick me out. I left,  
cos I didn't want them to get hurt.  
OK? They thought it's cos I'm doing  
bad stuff, but I'm not!*

Brennan covers his face with his hands - ashamed that he was so far away from all this, all this time.

BRENNAN

*Why couldn't you tell me before -*

CARLY

*Same reason you can't tell me  
stuff!*

Brennan looks back to Naomi's headstone. Wants to know what happened to Naomi, but he's afraid of the answer.

BRENNAN

*Was she - did she... How did it  
happen?*

Carly shrugs. Remembering.

CARLY

*Hospital didn't book an  
interpreter.*

Carly lets this sink in.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*I was the one who had to tell Mum  
what the doctor said. Fingerspell  
words like m-e-t-a... (-s-t-a-t-i-  
c.) Still dunno what that means.*

\*  
\*

Carly stares into space.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*Watching Mum's face as she realised  
what I was signing.*

\*

Carly watches Brennan for a reaction. He looks devastated.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*I was sixteen. I was so alone.  
No-one helped me care for her. No-  
one from the 'deaf community'. Cos  
they blamed me, blamed Mum. For  
what YOU did.*

Brennan's hit by a thunderbolt of realisation - looks over his shoulder at the headstone. The white marble.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*So, that's why I thought, "Fuck  
you. I'm not inviting any of you!"*

- 4/9      **EXT. CEMETERY - GROUNDS - DAY FB11 (FLASHBACK) 14.00**      4/9
- A younger, more uncertain CARLY (18) stands, dressed in black, under an umbrella. It's raining heavily. \*
- A VICAR in a dog collar holds an umbrella, reading PSALM 23, an INTERPRETER next to him, signing to NO ONE BUT CARLY - \*
- VICAR / INTERPRETER  
*The lord is my shepherd. I shall  
not want. He leadeth me to lie  
beside still waters...*
- Carly stares at the open grave, a coffin resting in there.  
Looks over her shoulder, looking for someone to join her -
- 4/10      **EXT. CEMETERY - GROUNDS - DAY 4 - 12.02**      4/10
- CARLY stares at BRENNAN -
- CARLY  
*But I invited you?*
- Brennan stands on wobbly legs, pained -
- CARLY (CONT'D)  
*Filled out a form for you. A  
request for day leave.*
- 4/11      **EXT. CEMETERY - GROUNDS - DAY FB11 (FLASHBACK) 14.02**      4/11
- The VICAR continues.
- VICAR  
Though I walk through the valley of  
the shadow of death, I fear no  
evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod  
and Thy staff...
- The sign language INTERPRETER lowers her hands.
- INTERPRETER  
Shall I stop, love?
- CARLY sniffles. Wipes her nose with the back of her hand -
- CARLY  
Yeah. He's not coming.
- 4/12      **EXT. CEMETERY - GROUNDS - DAY 4 - 12.02**      4/12
- CARLY realising she still wants to know, after all this time -

CARLY  
*Why didn't you come?!*

BRENNAN can only stare, grief swirling on his face -

4/13

**INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 4 - 12.06**

4/13

CHRISTINE sits in grey tracksuit bottoms and T-shirt, watching STEPHEN's interview with BRENNAN on her laptop.

**ON SCREEN:** BRENNAN signs the statement with a scrawl, sliding it back over to a triumphant STEPHEN.

Stephen's chair SCRAPES as he stands, leaving.

**ON CHRISTINE:** Her eyes wet with tears.

She exhales, trying to shake it off -

- BEEP!

The tape ends in a flat tone, colour bars on screen, reflected in Christine's glasses as she stares in silence.

She pulls her glasses off, folding them and putting them on the kitchen island.

Her eyes tired and weary, processing everything she's learned.

JUMPS as her phone rings. She holds it up. Sees the name. Sniffles, clears her throat. Answers it, hesitant -

CHRISTINE  
Hey.

4/14

**EXT. CEMETERY - GROUNDS - DAY 4 - 12.15**

4/14

CARLY watches BRENNAN pace up and down.

Brennan settles on the right version of events for Carly -

BRENNAN  
*I wanted to go to prison. I thought  
I deserved it, that everyone would  
be better off without me.*

Carly shakes her head. Not true -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)  
*In prison, there's paperwork.  
Letters. The kind of stuff your mum  
used to take care of for me. But...*

Brennan gestures to Naomi's headstone.

\*  
\*

\*

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

\*

*Prison officers started saving up my letters. Someone came in once a month, going through them with me. But only once a month.*

Carly reacts, realising -

CARLY

*You missed my letter...?*

Brennan nods.

BRENNAN

*Got it a week after.*

**ON CARLY:** Tears spring to her eyes as the weight of what Brennan's saying sinks in -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*I... got upset. Angry. They put me in solitary. But I'm deaf. Made no difference.*

Off Carly's questioning look, Brennan takes a moment - looking to Naomi's headstone.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*Because every day was solitary in prison. No-one to sign with. I was fading away, dying. But this -*

\*

*(gestures to headstone)*

\*

*This was when I realised I had to get out. I had to live again. I had to - make everything right.*

\*

\*

\*

CARLY

*With who?!*

\*

Carly fires an invisible shotgun, needling Brennan -

\*

Brennan shakes his head, emphatic.

BRENNAN

*With you. Only you now.*

\*

Carly appraises Brennan. Nods, satisfied. Checks her phone.

CARLY

*No reply from probation. You?*

Brennan takes his own phone out, checking it as Carly crouches at the headstone, pulling loose twigs and leaves away.

**ON PHONE:** A text from SEAN, sent at 1am:

*You were right.*

*I'm ready to talk.*

Carly stands. Sees Brennan frozen in place.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
*What is it?*

BRENNAN  
*My friend texted last night. I need  
to drop in, check he's OK?*

Carly stays silent.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)  
*We'll be quick.*

\*

Carly shrugs, nods: *Sure.*

The two of them walk down the hill, away from Naomi's grave.

4/15 **EXT. SHEFFIELD CITY HALL - DAY 4 - 13.00**

4/15

Grand Roman columns, sandstone steps. A couple of young couples sit and chat in the sunshine.

CHRISTINE waits alone, upset and confused. Looks up as -

STEPHEN  
Hey Chris -

Christine stands, straightening herself out -

CHRISTINE  
(snaps)  
Don't call me that.

Stephen's smile dies on his face. He tries to get closer to Christine -

\*

STEPHEN  
What's on your mind?

Christine's struggling to keep it together. This man sitting next to her is LYING THROUGH HIS TEETH -

CHRISTINE  
Probation people came through in  
the end. One of them gave me  
Brennan's file.

Christine stares at Stephen, waiting for him to volunteer something. He doesn't take the chance. She sighs -

STEPHEN  
I could help you go through it. If  
there's anything you don't  
understand -

CHRISTINE

I got the video. I saw you  
interviewing him! It was you!

STEPHEN

OK. I know it looks bad - but -

Christine SLAPS his hand away, furious -

CHRISTINE

But what?! Why didn't you tell me -

STEPHEN

Cos I knew you wouldn't understand -

CHRISTINE

Oh, I but I do! I understand  
everything now. You were lying to  
me from the start -

STEPHEN

No -

CHRISTINE

Using what you knew about me to  
worm your way in to my life -

STEPHEN

I - I didn't know! I didn't!

CHRISTINE

Stop lying!

STEPHEN

I only found out a couple of days  
ago.

CHRISTINE

What?

STEPHEN

Yeah. First time you invited me in  
to your house. Remember?

CHRISTINE

Yeah...?

\*

STEPHEN

Walked in to your kitchen, saw him  
on the fridge door. Recognised him  
straight away. The most  
unbelievable fucking coincidence,  
something I did so long ago, in a  
different lifetime, and it's  
connected to the woman I love.

Stephen and Christine both react to Stephen's inadvertent use  
of the L word -

CHRISTINE

What?!

Stephen acknowledges his slip up -

STEPHEN

Yeah. Ground's falling away from underneath me while you're getting a bottle of wine outta the fridge, like nothing's happened.

Stephen sighs, heavy with regret over his bad choices.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I had a split second decision to make. Tell you there and then, and risk everything ending. Or keep quiet, and hope we carried on. You have to believe me -

Christine shakes her head, disbelieving -

CHRISTINE

You're telling me you never made the connection?! It was in all the papers, it was on the news -

STEPHEN

You never said he was murdered -

CHRISTINE

Yeah -

STEPHEN

Never saw a picture of you and him before -

CHRISTINE

Were you ever gonna tell me? Or just wait it out and hope it all went away by itself?!

Christine appraises Stephen, taking this all in. He looks defeated. Smaller, diminished somehow. He pleads -

STEPHEN

What would you have done, what would you have said, if I HAD told you, there and then?

Christine's rocked. Realising that she's lost everything, all over again. Composes herself. Folds her arms. Her voice is calm, but anger simmers just below -

CHRISTINE

Doesn't matter. You're gonna tell me everything now. What happened?



Stephen sighs. Maybe the truth will set him free. He nods.

STEPHEN

You know I wasn't doing great back then. My marriage was falling apart. I wasn't getting results at work, my job was on the line. Then a deaf guy comes in with blood on his hands, his prints on the knife! I had to get this one over the line, or it was over for me.

Christine winces at the graphic description.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

CHRISTINE

Go on.

STEPHEN

'Cos he was deaf, I was up against the custody clock and I had to find an interpreter. Or we'd have to let him go without charge. We got someone in the end, but she was new, she was - difficult.

\*  
\*  
\*

CHRISTINE

Yeah. Saw the way you spoke to her.

STEPHEN

No -

CHRISTINE

Shouting her down every time she tried to help Daniel -

STEPHEN

It wasn't like that -

CHRISTINE

What was it like then?!

STEPHEN

I didn't know everything she was saying to him, but it was pretty clear she was on his side. Stalling for time - even wanted me to ask for a mental health assessment -

\*

CHRISTINE

Why couldn't you do that - ?

STEPHEN

We didn't have time! He wanted to get it over with, and so did I!

(MORE)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I wasn't gonna try and talk him out  
of signing a confession, was I?

Christine's wavering. Stephen presses the point -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Brennan killed someone, admitted  
it, pleaded guilty in court, went  
to prison! That's it!

\*

Christine blinks away tears - trying to process this.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

You understand, don't you? That I  
did it for Ray? For you, for Miri?

Christine scoffs -

CHRISTINE

You knew that what you did was  
wrong. You always have. THAT'S why  
you couldn't tell me!

Stephen's face falls. She's right.

STEPHEN

Yeah. But I'm not that person any  
more, I don't want to be that  
person -

CHRISTINE

Then you decided to play God with  
me, too?! With Miri? Decided to  
control us, control what we knew?  
Lie, after lie, after fucking lie!

STEPHEN

No, it's not -

CHRISTINE

And don't you try to pretend you  
did it for us. You did it for you.  
Back then, and now.

Christine's physically disgusted by Stephen now. This sad,  
pathetic little man -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

I can't be with someone like you.  
Someone who'd rather hide the  
truth, so they can live a lie. I'm  
done with secrets. Done with lies.

Christine stands, towering over Stephen - he stands, trying  
to stop her leaving - she shoves him away.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

He needed help. He needed someone  
to listen to him, to ask the right  
questions. Find out what really  
happened. Instead, he got you?!  
Some sad, pathetic bastard trying  
to get a quick promotion -

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

STEPHEN

It wasn't -

\*  
\*

CHRISTINE

All these wasted years, wondering.  
All because of you. It was all you!

\*  
\*  
\*

STEPHEN

Wait -

\*

Christine turns away from Stephen, walking away down the  
City Hall steps, out of his life -

Stephen panics, runs to her, grabs her hand -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I can make this up to you -

Christine YANKS her hand away from him -

CHRISTINE

Don't. Touch. Me.

Stephen steps back. The reality of what's happening dawning  
on him. He's lost her, for good. But he can't accept it -

STEPHEN

Please! I'm sorry!

Christine's already halfway across the square, sun shining in  
her hair. Anger and grief written across her face - but she's  
done the right thing and she knows it.

Leaving a broken man in her wake -

STEPHEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

- I'm so sorry.

4/16

**EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE - DAY 4 - 14.34**

4/16

BRENNAN looks out of the windshield of the BMW at Sean's  
house, hands resting on the wheel. A moment of trepidation -  
*what does Sean want to tell him?*

Brennan's door handle CLICKS -

BRENNAN

*Wait here. I won't be long.*

CARLY

Nope.

Brennan reacts: *What?*

CARLY (CONT'D)

*I'm in charge, remember?*

\*

Off Brennan's look -

Carly opens her door and gets out of the BMW, walking round and waiting on the pavement for him.

He allows himself a small smile of admiration. Opens his door and gets out.

4/17

**EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY 4 - 14.35**

4/17

CARLY leans against the wall of the house, waiting.

BRENNAN rings the doorbell again. Cups his hands over his eyes, looking through the window for signs of life.

CARLY

*Who's this Sean to you, anyway?*

BRENNAN

*You don't remember him. He knew you when you were a kid...*

\*

Carly shakes her head.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*We were at school together. Wanna make sure he's OK. That's all.*

\*

\*

Brennan looks over his shoulder, across the road, to Sean's car. Begins to wonder if something's wrong -

\*

\*

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*Car still here. He's home. Must be.*

\*

He walks O.S., looking for another way in. Carly watches him go. Processing what this means. Follows.

4/18

**EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE - ALLEYWAY - DAY 4 - 14.35**

4/18

BRENNAN tries a rickety wooden door in a fence. It's rotted and damp. It gives way with a hard shove.

He pushes through into Sean's back yard as CARLY catches up, wondering where this is going to end up.

4/19 **EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY 4 - 14.36**

4/19

Mossy concrete and a single standing rotary clothes hanger, its wires snapped and dangling down. Piles of old bricks. It's bleak.

BRENNAN's trying the back door as CARLY follows him into the yard. Locked.

He aims a kick at the door. It shudders in the frame, but doesn't budge. Brennan is starting to get a BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS -

Brennan looks around with increasing urgency - he has to get in, make sure Sean is OK. Sees the pile of bricks.

Brennan moves past Carly to pick up one of the loose bricks. Feels its weight in his hand.

Brennan tightens his grip on the brick.

CARLY  
Wait - what - !

Brennan moves past Carly again to the door, hefting the brick STRAIGHT THROUGH the frosted glass window.

Carly can only watch, stunned, as Brennan pushes the fragments of glass out of the frame, reaching in to unlock the door and let himself in.

Carly looks around to see if anyone's watching. Slips inside the house as -

4/20 **INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 4 - 14.37**

4/20

Glass CRUNCHES underfoot as BRENNAN moves through a yellowing vinyl and formica kitchen. Unwashed dishes in a sink. Used ready meal containers overflowing from a bin. Flies buzzing. A tap dripping.

CARLY follows behind, closing the door behind her, bits of glass falling out of the door as she shuts it.

Takes in her surroundings. *This isn't a nice way to live.* Pulls her jacket around her, involuntarily shielding herself.

4/21 **INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 4 - 14.37**

4/21

BRENNAN surveys the living room as CARLY steps in behind him, surveying the mess.

Everything more or less the same as they left it yesterday. This doesn't look good.

Brennan looks to the stairs.

Exchanges a look with Carly as he moves up the stairs.

She doesn't follow him up the stairs. Shudders, afraid.

4/22      **INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR LANDING - DAY 4 - 14.38**      4/22

Through the doorway of Sean's bedroom, we see BRENNAN walk up the stairs, footsteps heavy with trepidation, worried about what he's going to find.

Through the door, he sees -

4/23      **INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 4 - 14.38**      4/23

A messy bedroom. Clothes all over the floor. Drawers half open, clothes hanging out of them.

We STAY on BRENNAN'S FACE as he steps into the bedroom. He looks down at the carpet to see -

An outstretched hand, frozen like a RENAISSANCE SCULPTURE, fingernails dirty and bitten, over a scuffed carpet.

Two feet. One with a sock still on, the other bare. Both at odd, unnatural angles.

**ON BRENNAN:** Shock. Guilt. Shame. Despair.

Brennan crouches, checking SEAN's pulse O.S.

Sean is GONE.

Brennan exhales. Looks around the room.

Something on the bedside table.

A stamped, addressed white envelope.

**ON LETTER:** Mr Monroe. The Old Stone Cottage...

As Brennan reacts to this, he looks from the letter to CARLY - tentatively coming up the stairs -

Quickly moves to intercept her -

4/24      **INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - LANDING - DAY 4 - 14.42**      4/24

CARLY stops on the landing. Reads BRENNAN's face. His face tells her everything she needs to know. All the tragedy of the past and the present crashing in on him all at once.

4/25

**INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 4 - 14.46**

4/25

Carly's voice can be heard O.S, indistinct, as BRENNAN sits on the sofa, reading Sean's letter to Monroe, the paper trembling in his hands.

CARLY enters from the kitchen, ending her phone call as Brennan sets the letter down on the coffee table.

CARLY

*Ambulance on their way.*

Brennan nods.

Carly sits down on a chair facing her dad, a reversal of Sean and Brennan in Episode 3.

Brennan stuffs the letter back into the envelope, putting it down on the table.

Rubs his scalp with his hands - looks to Carly -

BRENNAN

*It's my fault.*

CARLY

*Why?*

BRENNAN

*If I'd checked my phone sooner, if I'd stayed with him -*

CARLY

*What's this say?*

Carly grabs the envelope on the table, sees the name on it - - \*

Brennan grabs the letter from her, stuffing it in his jacket pocket -

Brennan falls silent. Carly stares at him. At the emotion he's struggling to suppress.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*Who's that, anyway? Something to do with you and Sean?*

Brennan shows Carly Monroe's name sign: *the bald head*.

BRENNAN

*Monroe was our headteacher.*

Carly reacts to this - considers the multiple implications of what this means - \*

A look passes between them. Brennan looks quickly away. Carly waves to get his attention - copies Brennan's sign name - \*

CARLY  
*Monroe's the one you've been  
looking for?*

\*  
\*

Off Brennan's nod -

CARLY (CONT'D)  
*Why, what did he do - ?*

\*

BRENNAN  
*No -*

CARLY  
*What -*

BRENNAN  
*I can't!*

CARLY  
*Why?!*

BRENNAN  
*Cos when I went into prison, you  
were still a child. You look at me  
now, you see a stranger. Don't you?*

Carly says nothing. Brennan tries to explain -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)  
*I wanna be your dad again. I want  
you to get to know me again. But  
not like this. It can't be like  
this, it can't be about THIS. OK?!*

Brennan taps the letter in his coat on THIS -

\*

Carly watches him, a sad, slow realisation dawning on her.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)  
*I don't want you thinking I'm weak.  
Damaged. Cos I'm not. Understand?!*

Carly nods. She's starting to understand, alright. Stares at her fucked up, traumatised Dad.

CARLY  
*You'll never be able to move past  
this. Will you?*

\*  
\*

Brennan exhales - tries to shrug it off, standing up -

Carly stands up too -

CARLY (CONT'D)  
*I can help you find him.*

Brennan's shocked at Carly's change of heart - realises what this means -



BRENNAN

*No. No way -*

Carly jabs his jacket pocket with a finger -

CARLY

*You've got his address right there!*

Brennan pushes back - defensive and deflecting -

BRENNAN

*What about us?! Moving on,  
together?! Now, today? That's the  
plan. Right?*

\*

CARLY

*There is no us. Not until you deal  
with this.*

\*

Brennan reacts.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*I'm right, aren't I?*

Brennan's chastened. *She is.*

Carly stands, moving past Brennan -

Brennan stands, wanting to hug her as she passes by, to make sure she's OK - she physically deflects -

CARLY (CONT'D)

*We need to go before the ambulance  
gets here.*

\*

Carly stops by Brennan - determined -

\*

CARLY (CONT'D)

*Let's go find that fucker.*

\*

\*

Carly pats Brennan's chest, where Sean's letter is. Leaves.

\*

A moment where Brennan is alone in the room. Realising his daughter is with him on his mission now. Turns and follows her.

\*

\*

\*

4/26

**EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY 4 - 14.50**

4/26

CARLY waits by the BMW as BRENNAN closes Sean's front door.

A moment here as Brennan reckons with Sean being gone.

Walks away from Sean's house to Carly.

Carly holds out her hand, beckoning with her fingers -

CARLY

*Keys.*

Off Brennan's confusion -

CARLY (CONT'D)

*I'll drive.*

4/27

**INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 4 - 14.51**

4/27

CARLY types the postcode in to her phone. Reacts -

**ON PHONE:** A map location surrounded by nothing but green.

CARLY

*Middle of nowhere?*

She shows it to BRENNAN. He nods. Then her PHONE RINGS -

Carly holds it to her ear -

INTERCUT WITH -

4/28

**INT. PROBATION OFFICE - DAY 4 - 14.51**

4/28

ANNA sits on the edge of her desk, Carly on speakerphone.

CARLY (PHONE)

Hello?

ANNA

It's Anna. Probation Services? I got your voicemail. Look, it's - it's really great news you got our messages. Been trying to get hold of your dad -

4/29

**INT/EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DAY 4 - 14.52**

4/29

CARLY listens. Looks to BRENNAN. He raises an eyebrow, questioning. She mouths, indicating the phone -

CARLY

*(Anna.)*

\*

ANNA (PHONE)

If you can both come to the office now, we might be able to work out a way through all this. It might not be too late for your dad. But it has to be today. Can you do that?

Carly hesitates. Looks to Brennan.

This is Carly's FORK IN THE ROAD moment -

Take her dad to the Probation Office, and keep him out of prison -

- Or help him find MONROE, the man who's responsible for so much pain, so much suffering?

ANNA (PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Hello? You still there?

CARLY  
Yeah, I'll call you back later.

ANNA (PHONE)  
No, wait -

Carly ends the call. Looks to Brennan with a big smile.

CARLY  
*Everything's gonna be alright.*

Anna reacts to the dead phone: *That's it?*

Back in the BMW, Brennan searches Carly's face, looking for reassurance: *Really?*

A moment where Brennan could ask more questions. Instead -

CARLY (CONT'D)  
*Yeah.*

Brennan motions forward with his hand.

BRENNAN  
*Let's go!*

On the forward motion of Brennan's arm, we do the first ever LAWRENCE OF ARABIA SIGN LANGUAGE MATCH CUT - Brennan's arm cutting seamlessly to a WIDE SHOT of the BMW speeding across a deserted A-Road -

4/30

**EXT. BRENNAN'S BMW - DRIVING MONTAGE - DAY 4 - 15.37**

4/30

The BMW's radiator is cracked and leaking, its sleek bodywork scarred and pockmarked, the black bin bag in the window fluttering, its engine not quite as eager to rev to the redline - but it's still going.

The BMW glides through some of the country's most beautiful roads. The sun shining. Not another car in sight.

Rolling green countryside, stone walls. Sheep and cows grazing in the fields.

Inside the BMW, CARLY and BRENNAN sit in silence, not saying a word, both weighed down with the tragedy of Sean's death. Ray's death. Naomi's. Too much pain for two people to bear.

Carly rolls down the window, letting the wind blow in her hair. Puts her elbow on the sill, driving with one hand.

Brennan watches Carly. His heart full with love for her.

Looking for something to do, he half-heartedly fiddles with the CD in the broken CD player.

To his shock, it WORKS.

The CD slides in. Whirs, resumes playing.

HEAVY BASS MUSIC PULSES through the car.

Carly looks to Brennan. Smiles. Nodding her head in time with the driving bass, the subwoofers in back pumping.

The music completely at odds with the verdant countryside -

A REVERSAL OF EPISODE ONE - this time it's Carly driving -

In the light, instead of the darkness.

4/31

**INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 4 - 16.17**

4/31

CHRISTINE unlocks the front door, letting herself in.

Eyes red and puffy from crying. Kicks her shoes off in the hall. Dumps her jacket on the banister. Looks around the empty house for any signs of Miri. Looks up the stairs -

4/32

**INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - MIRI'S BEDROOM - DAY 4 - 16.18**

4/32

MIRI sits in the alcove of her bedroom window, looking out at the trees and sunshine of Abbeydale and Millhouses Park. Writing in her notebook. Looks up as CHRISTINE enters.

MIRI

***Mum - Mum, are you OK?***

Christine forces a smile.

CHRISTINE

Hey darling.

Christine slides down to a seated position against the edge of Miri's bed.

MIRI

***What is it, what's happened?!***

Christine sniffles, shakes her head - heartbroken, embarrassed, angry all at once -

CHRISTINE

**Stephen - Stephen won't be back again.**

\*  
\*

MIRI

**I'm sorry.**

Christine smiles, shakes her head, defiant.

CHRISTINE

**I'm not.**

Miri frowns, tapping her pen against her notebook, not sure what to say. Christine jerks her chin at the notebook.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

**What you working on there?**

Miri hesitates - sighs.

MIRI

**It's my speech about Dad. Never got to finish it yesterday. You want to read it - ?**

CHRISTINE

No.

Miri deflates for a moment - then Christine sits forward, smiling with encouragement -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

**I'd like you to read it to me?**

\*

Miri's unsure -

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

**Please?**

Miri nods. OK then.

She stands, moving out of the alcove, sitting next to Christine. They now sit side by side, both facing forward, their backs against the edge of the bed.

\*  
\*  
\*

Christine nudges Miri, encouraging her with a smile.

\*

Miri signs, reading from her notebook, facing forwards, Christine watching her intently -

\*  
\*

MIRI

**Ray was a teacher. A leader. A role model. To me, he was Dad. He always celebrated everything I did. Framed every drawing I did of a flower. And there were a lot!**

\*  
\*  
\*

Christine looks to the carefully framed flower drawings on Miri's bedroom wall. Every one of them lit by a yellow sun, rays streaming.

MIRI (CONT'D)

*But it wasn't just me. I saw how other deaf children would light up in his presence. Like they were one of my flowers, and he was the sunshine.*

Miri looks at the notebook. Puts it down - she's not reading her speech any more. Talking almost to herself -

MIRI (CONT'D)

*Since Dad's been gone, deaf people still come up to me. Telling me how they knew him. It used to upset me, because it felt like their memories were overwriting mine, making my Dad fade away.*

Miri shakes her head, firm.

MIRI (CONT'D)

*But that won't happen, cos he's my Dad. He always will be.*

Miri smiles, shaking her head at the absurdity of what she's about to say -

MIRI (CONT'D)

*Every time I do something good, I think if I turn my head quickly enough, I'll catch him celebrating, telling me that he loves me, he's proud of me...*

Miri quickly turns her head. Smiles at something O.S.

We hold for a beat, the audience desperately willing for the director to cut away to a smiling Ray one last time -

**OVER SHOULDER MIRI POV:** An empty corner of her bedroom.

Miri's smile fades. She turns back. Signing to the ground, unsure.

MIRI (CONT'D)

*I sometimes wish I could speak to him one last time. Say everything I want to say. But I already know what he'd say. He'd tell us both to be happy. To live our lives as best as we can, for him.*

She sighs, looks up to Christine to see what she thinks -

Christine's in floods of ugly, face-crumpling tears. \*  
Realising she's got her final goodbye to her husband at last.

MIRI (CONT'D)

Oh, Mum...

They embrace, a mother and daughter REUNION.

4/33

**INT. PROBATION OFFICE - DAY 4 - 16.46**

4/33

JOE packs his stuff into a cardboard box. ANNA watches him.

ANNA

You sure about this?

JOE

Nope.

ANNA

What you gonna do next?

JOE

No idea. You get anything back from Brennan yet?

ANNA

Yeah. Got through to his daughter.  
Told her that if they both came in  
right now, we could try and help  
them.

Joe stops loading his cardboard box.

JOE

Oh yeah? What did she say?

Anna smiles weakly.

ANNA

Said she'd call me back.

Joe frowns. Closes the top of his cardboard box.

JOE

Let's hope she does, eh?

Joe rests his elbow on the cardboard box, taking one last  
look round the office.

JOE (CONT'D)

Only so many times you can offer  
'em second chances, yeah? End of  
the day, it's up to them to do the  
right thing.

Joe lifts his cardboard box as Anna moves to the door, holds  
it open for him -

ANNA

Sorry I didn't get you a card. All  
been a bit sudden -

JOE

That's OK. Listen -

Anna smiles, wistful -

ANNA

One last bit of advice before you  
go, eh?

Joe smiles too.

JOE

Yeah.

ANNA

Come on then. What is it?

JOE

Ignore everything I said before.

ANNA

Eh?!

Joe sighs, adjusting his cardboard box in his hands.

JOE

This job's hard. Really hard. I  
mean, look at me, can't hack it any  
more. But you're made of stronger  
stuff than me, I reckon. Keep doing  
what you're doing. Trying to do the  
right thing. Trying to help people.  
Even if they don't want helping.  
That's all you can do, cos no one  
else will. Yeah?

Anna nods, smiles.

ANNA

Yeah.

One last shared nod of mutual respect - then Joe's gone.

Anna surveys her empty office. Walks back to her desk. Takes  
a case file off the top stack of folders. Sits down and  
begins reading, lit by the glow of her computer screen.

4/34

**EXT. PICTURESQUE OVERLOOK - YORKSHIRE DALES - DAY 4 - 19.25** 4/34

The BMW pulls up at a dry stone wall overlooking a valley.  
Yorkshire Dales stretching into the distance.

The engine stops. Silence.



The doors to the BMW open, BRENNAN and CARLY stepping out.

Brennan looks from the view to Carly.

BRENNAN

*This is it?*

Carly looks to her phone screen. Moves in a slow 360 turn, checking her phone again. Nods, shouldering her rucksack, tightening both straps.

CARLY

*We walk from here.*

\*

Brennan walks past Carly to an ancient turnstile in the dry stone wall, climbing over it and making his way down the slope into the valley.

\*

Carly watches him walk away. Doubt creeping into her face.

She shoulders her rucksack, adjusting both straps on her shoulders, and follows Brennan down into the valley.

4/35

**EXT. YORKSHIRE DALES - DUSK 4 - 20.10**

4/35

The light is beginning to fade. Blue skies turning a bruised purple, the sun's rays soft.

BRENNAN and CARLY walk over uneven heather and rocks, Carly stumbling and falling. Brennan seemingly following a sixth sense, bouncing across the rocks like a mountain goat.

He turns, stops as Carly slips and stumbles, trying to regain her balance -

BRENNAN

*You good?*

Carly puts a brave face on it.

CARLY

*Yeah, fine.*

She stops near Brennan. Shields her eyes and points at something in the distance.

Brennan looks in the direction she's pointing -

**IN THE DISTANCE:** A small cottage, dwarfed by the looming countryside.

Brennan nods: *That's the place.*

Carly starts walking on, without even a backward glance.

Brennan hesitates. Watches Carly walk towards the cottage.

A moment of hesitation for Brennan, looking around the rolling dales and countryside. His final point of no return.

He has no choice but to follow his daughter.

4/36

**EXT. STONE COTTAGE - DUSK 4 - 20.31**

4/36

A small stone cottage. Grey stone walls, peeling white paint on single glazed windows. It looks abandoned and unloved.

BRENNAN stands a few yards back as CARLY walks round the cottage, peering into the windows, before joining Brennan.

CARLY

*Nobody there.*

Brennan points to a stone ridge overlooking the cottage.

BRENNAN

*We'll wait up there.*

They walk away from the cottage, up to the ridge. No-one and nothing else to be seen for miles.

4/37

**EXT. STONE RIDGE - DUSK 4 - 20.32**

4/37

BRENNAN and CARLY sit on the edge of the ridge, feet dangling. Carly's arms folded against the wind.

She nudges Brennan, trying to give him some comfort.

CARLY

*What's the plan now?*

Brennan looks from the cottage to Carly, questioning.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*When Monroe comes.*

Brennan taps his coat.

BRENNAN

*Give him the letter.*

Carly looks down at the sheer drop below them, legs swinging. Throws a couple of stones over, watching them fall.

CARLY

*What d'you want from him?*

Brennan looks to Carly. Thinks. Decides.

BRENNAN

*An explanation.*

CARLY  
*For what?*

BRENNAN  
*What he did. And why.*

\*

CARLY  
*Then that's it? Finished? We both  
move on?*

Brennan scrambles to his feet - looking out to something in the distance, shielding his eyes against the fading light.

4/38 **EXT. STONE COTTAGE - DUSK 4 - 20.33**

4/38

MONROE. An old man, in his late 80s, a ragged shock of white hair around a bald pate, in vintage Barbour jacket and wellies, moves slowly, laboriously towards the cottage, supporting himself with a pair of hiking sticks.

He stops by the door. Fiddling with a set of door keys in arthritic fingers, exhaling with the exertion of his walk.

4/39 **EXT. STONE RIDGE - DUSK 4 - 20.34**

4/39

CARLY moves to stand next to BRENNAN, looking down at MONROE by the stone cottage.

They exchange a look. It's time to go.

They walk down the path between the stones towards the cottage, together.

4/40 **EXT. STONE COTTAGE - DUSK 4 - 20.34**

4/40

MONROE's keys slip out of the lock, falling to the stone doorstep with a clink.

MONROE  
*Bloody thing.*

He bends over, supporting himself on one of his hiking poles, to retrieve the key. As he straightens up to unlock his front door, he sees -

BRENNAN and CARLY approaching.

We see MONROE'S FACE clearly for the first time - he's lived a long life, laughter lines and frown lines etched everywhere.

His facial expression hard to read - if he's afraid of Brennan, he's doing a good job of hiding it.

Brennan hesitates as he gets closer, seeing his old headmaster for the first time in nearly 40 years. So many emotions to deal with -

Carly catches up behind.

Monroe squints at Brennan through rheumy, heavy-lidded eyes.

BRENNAN

*Monroe. You know why I'm here?*

Monroe shakes his head. Looks to Carly, questioning.

Brennan looks to Carly -

CARLY

*Thought you said he could sign?!*

Monroe watches the two of them sign. Carly looks to him -

CARLY (CONT'D)

***You Monroe? My Dad wants to speak to you.***

Monroe says nothing. Brennan is visibly regressing in Monroe's presence, uncertain and childlike - this wasn't the final showdown he dreamed of.

CARLY (CONT'D)

***Got a letter to give you.***

Carly beckons to Brennan: *give it to him.*

Brennan holds Sean's letter out. Monroe puts a hand on it, looks at the envelope with barely any interest -

Shrugs.

MONROE

*Long way to come to deliver a letter by hand, old boy?*

Brennan squints, completely CLUELESS as to what he just said.

Monroe's voice is UBER POLISHED QUEEN'S ENGLISH to the point where saying 'Sorry' would activate Siri on an iPhone.

Clipped vowels. Barely moving his mouth. IMPOSSIBLE to lipread. Even Carly needs a moment to work out what he said.

Monroe smiles, polite but cool.

BRENNAN

*What's he say?*

CARLY

*Long way to deliver a letter.*

This **ANGERS** Brennan. He **SNATCHES** the letter back.

Changes from sign to gesture, making himself understood with every fibre of his being -

BRENNAN

*You. In there.*

Monroe and Carly exchange a look:

- Carly embarrassed, unsure.
- Monroe seemingly calm and unfazed - even amused?

This sets Brennan off - he **SHOVES** Monroe into the cottage, through the slightly open front door - Carly reacts -

CARLY

Hey!

4/41

**INT. STONE COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - DUSK 4 - 20.35**

4/41

MONROE **STUMBLES** into the cottage, hiking sticks clattering off his wrists to the floor.

He steadies himself to a standing position, turning to watch Brennan and Carly come in after him.

CARLY crouches to pick up his hiking sticks, handing them to Monroe.

BRENNAN closes the door behind him, stepping in. Carly shoots him a look -

CARLY

*Careful.*

Brennan says nothing. Takes in his surroundings -

A small, dated but beautifully kept Cottage. Stone floors. White lime-washed walls. Oak shelves and antique furniture.

An old-fashioned oak kitchen dresser nearby, porcelain cups and plates arranged neatly on its shelves.

Brennan **DRAGS** a chair away from the table, its wooden feet **SCRAPING** on the flagstones.

Monroe hooks his hiking poles up on the pegs on the wall.

Brennan points at Monroe, making himself clear in gesture -

Points at the chair opposite his.

BRENNAN

*You - sit there.*

Monroe nods. Turns back to the coat hooks, slipping his coat off and hanging it up. Taking his time.

Monroe shoots a look behind him. Brennan shouts -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Hey!

Monroe turns - holds his hands up, placating.

MONROE

Might I offer you some  
refreshments? Tea?

Brennan looks to Carly again: *What's he saying now?*

CARLY

*Asking if we want tea?*

Brennan sizes Monroe up, confused. A moment of doubt: *Is it really him? Why does he not understand me?*

Monroe holds a finger up, smiling.

MONROE

In fact, I absolutely insist.

Brennan's too confused to say or do anything as Monroe shuffles down the hall into the kitchen.

An electric kettle BOILS. A small RADIO comes on. The sounds of a Radio 4 presenter drift through the cottage.

4/42     **INT. STONE COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DUSK 4 - 20.35**

4/42

MONROE looks over his shoulder into the dining room. Sees BRENNAN and CARLY in hushed conversation.

Reaches for the old phone handset on the wall.

4/43     **INT. STONE COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - DUSK 4 - 20.37**

4/43

CARLY chews the quick of her thumb. Waves to BRENNAN -

CARLY

*You said he was your teacher. How  
come he can't understand sign?*

Brennan sets his chin - 100% certain.

BRENNAN

*He understands.*

Carly looks up at the sound of tinkling crockery.

CARLY

*He's coming back.*

Brennan straightens in his chair as Monroe shuffles back into the room, holding a silver tray of Sunday best crockery.

Brennan and Carly watch in silence as he passes out the cups, rattling in their saucers, his shaky hands wobbling.

Monroe pours the tea out into the three cups.

Picks up the milk jug - pours it into Brennan's cup -

MONROE

Just say when.

Brennan snaps -

With an open hand, DASHES the teacup off the table -

It flies away and SMASHES on the stone floor.

Carly startles, worried -

Monroe, frozen with the milk jug still in his hand, looks from the smashed crockery, the spilled tea, to Brennan.

Brennan gestures, as clear as he can be.

BRENNAN

*Sit down.*

Monroe sets the milk jug down, the tray rattling, and takes a seat.

Brennan places Sean's envelope on the table. Taps it -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*From Sean. Remember him?*

Monroe shakes his head. Looks away from Brennan. Studies a spot on the table in front of him, fingers scraping at it.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*He killed himself last night.*

Carly looks to Brennan - fills in -

CARLY

That letter's from Sean. He killed himself last night.

MONROE

Hmm.

Monroe continues to stare at a spot on the table. Brennan taps the table to get Monroe's attention -

BRENNAN

*Look at me. Use your signs. It's quicker.*

Monroe shakes his head, looks over to Carly - embarrassed.

MONROE

I'm sorry, I don't... sorry.

Brennan has to look to Carly for her translation again -

Carly signs a multi channel BSL sign: *Fow*.

CARLY

*He doesn't understand.*

Brennan shakes his head at Monroe, in disgust -

BRENNAN

*Lies. You understand me fine!*

Monroe slowly and deliberately looks away from Brennan to Carly, waiting for her translation.

Carly shakes her head, looking to Brennan: *What do we do?*

Brennan pulls the letter out of the envelope. Flattens it on the table, smoothing it with his fingers. Blue biro pen handwriting on lined notepaper.

He slides it across the table to Monroe.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*Read it.*

Monroe glances at it. Pushes it away with a trembling hand, eyes averted: *He's not reading any of that.*

Brennan looks to Carly. He's left with no choice. Carly nods silent agreement: *She'll voice him.*

\*

Brennan begins reading in sign language, Carly voicing, hesitant at first, then picking up the pace:

\*

\*

BRENNAN / CARLY / LETTER

\*

***Dear Mr Monroe. I remember when I first came to Hawthorne Park. I was 10. I'd never been to a deaf school before. I'd never met other deaf people. My parents were hearing, and didn't want much to do with me. Which is why they sent me to a boarding school.***

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

Brennan shoots Carly a look: *Are you OK with this?*

Carly nods. Continues.

BRENNAN / CARLY / LETTER (CONT'D)

\*

***I loved it. I felt like I was home. That I'd found my place, my people, finally.***

\*

\*

\*

(MORE)



BRENNAN / CARLY / LETTER (CONT'D)

*I could sign, I could understand,  
and be understood. But then you  
found me. You told me not to spend  
too much time with my friends. That  
I should focus on improving myself.  
That you'd help me.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Brennan pauses again. The weight of Sean's words heavy.

BRENNAN / CARLY / LETTER (CONT'D)

*Almost as soon as I found my  
community, you took me away from  
it. You filled my head with lies.  
That I was better than them. That I  
shouldn't let them drag me down.  
Then you -*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Carly hesitates.

BRENNAN / CARLY / LETTER (CONT'D)

*You took your payment, the only way  
you knew how, in your office. Day  
after day. Week after week.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Carly's reacting to this, her voice wobbling. The detail of the abuse, laid bare for the first time.

CARLY

(Oh God.)

Carly sniffles. Monroe stays motionless, staring down at the spot on the table. Brennan stares at him, watching him like a hawk.

BRENNAN / CARLY / LETTER

*You were the closest thing I ever  
had to a father figure. That's why  
it hurt so much when you told me we  
had to stop. That I could never  
tell anyone, because they wouldn't  
understand, that they'd be  
disgusted, and that you'd lose your  
job. It had to be our secret.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Brennan looks over to Carly, her face riven with pity and sympathy.

Monroe sighs, looking up at the ceiling. Brennan turns the letter over, almost done.

These could be Brennan's words, as well as Sean's -

BRENNAN / CARLY / LETTER (CONT'D)

*I thought you loved me. I wanted to  
please you, which is why I did what  
I did. But now, I know, without a  
doubt, there was no love in what  
you did to me.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

BRENNAN / CARLY / LETTER (CONT'D)

*No love in what you made me do.  
Only hate. The only one who wanted  
to drag me down, to make me small,  
was you. I wish I'd understood  
this. I wish I'd known this. Then  
maybe my life would have turned out  
differently.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

That's the end of the letter. Carly snuffles, wiping her nose with her sleeve as Brennan reaches over for the letter. Slowly, deliberately folds it back into its envelope, his hands trembling with emotion.

Silence in the cottage. Carly snuffles, wiping her nose with her sleeve.

Brennan stares at Monroe, waiting for a response. Monroe startles, realising they're waiting for him to say something.

MONROE

Hmm? Oh.

Monroe looks round to Carly -

MONROE (CONT'D)

Sean's passed away, did you say?

Carly nods in reply to Monroe.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Oh. That's a terrible shame. I did always like him. Sweet boy.

Brennan looks to Carly - *what'd he say?*

CARLY

*Shame. I liked him. Sweet.*

Monroe continues to look down at the table, as if fascinated by something in the grain of the wood.

MONROE

Don't know anything about any of that, anyway. Sean had his problems. Like him.

Monroe indicates to Brennan with a shaky finger.

CARLY

*He doesn't know about any of it.  
Sean had problems. Like you.*

Brennan's beginning to vibrate with anger, rocking back and forth in his chair in the tiniest motion. His signing now taut, vibrating with barely-restrained anger -

BRENNAN

*Tell him to look at me. Tell him to  
fucking look at me!*

Carly pleads with Monroe, scared of what Brennan will do -

CARLY

Look at him. Can you look at him,  
please?!

Monroe looks to Carly, confused, cupping his ear to her.

MONROE

Beg your pardon?

Brennan SNAPS -

SLAMS the table -

BRENNAN

LOOK AT ME!

Monroe and Carly jump out of their skin.

Monroe looks at Brennan for a split second, with a look of  
sheer hatred.

It's all there for Brennan to see - Monroe's disdain and  
disregard for him, just the same as 40 years ago - for  
Brennan, it's like looking into the sun -

Then it's gone again, and Monroe's looking back down at the  
table. Brennan smiles, in quiet triumph.

MONROE

Good grief. What do you want from  
me?!

Brennan looks to Carly -

CARLY

*What do you want from him?*

MONROE

I haven't done anything. This is  
all quite ridiculous.

Brennan looks to Carly.

CARLY

*Says he's done nothing. This is all  
stupid.*

Brennan hesitates. Unsure. Remembering.

4/44 **EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT FB10 (FLASHBACK) 21.20**

4/44

BRENNAN stares at the spiderwebbed screen of his phone -

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 -

4/45 **INT. STONE COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - DUSK 4 - 20.42**

4/45

BRENNAN inhales, trying not to remember what he did to Ray. He's trembling, PTSD rising as he remembers the last secret. The secret that he's held on to all these years - almost on the verge of revealing it, but keeping his promise to Ray -

BRENNAN / CARLY  
*Ray tried to stop me finding you.  
You know that? That's why he's  
dead.*

Carly hesitates, unsure what he means - but voices anyway -

4/46 **EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT FB10 (FLASHBACK) 21.20**

4/46

CARLY (O.S.)  
That's why he's dead.

BRENNAN pushes RAY away, trying to get to his BMW and drive away. Ray steps between Brennan and his car.

\*  
\*

Ray steps back - looking at the knife in Brennan's hand. Back to Brennan -

\*  
\*

RAY  
*You want to kill him. Don't you?*

Ray smiles.

RAY (CONT'D)

*Same.*

BRENNAN

*What?!*

Ray nods, grim.

RAY

*I want to kill him, too. Make him suffer. Hurt him.*

Brennan's stunned. Unsure what to do or say -

RAY (CONT'D)

*But I can't! You can't. Not after what he made me do.*

Brennan shakes his head, trying to reassure Ray -

BRENNAN

*He made me do it too -*

RAY

*NO! You don't understand!*

Brennan shakes his head, in confusion: *Where's this going?*

RAY (CONT'D)

*He knew what he was doing, making me head boy.*

Brennan's confusion becomes profound shock. Ray shrinks with the shame of it.

RAY (CONT'D)

*Yeah. I helped him.*

BRENNAN

*What did you do?*

RAY

*Found you. Sean. The others. It was the only way I could keep him away from me, to keep myself safe.*

Brennan's destroyed. A confused little boy all over again.

Ray's destroyed too. Facing up to his own private shame, all over again -

RAY (CONT'D)

*I've spent the rest of my life trying to make up for it. To help others. I'm trying. I'm trying!*

Ray looks to Brennan, pleading -

RAY (CONT'D)

*Do you understand now?! Why this  
stays between us? No-one else can  
know - Can you promise me? Please?*

Brennan's trembling, glassy-eyed.

The knife in Brennan's hand now fully lowered, to the side - \*

Ray softens, seeing his pain. Instinctively moves to Brennan and HUGS him. \*

Wraps Brennan up in his arms, pulling him close, trying to take his suffering away.

This is the hug that Brennan's been wanting from Carly ever since he got out.

Brennan's face crumples with emotion. His hands come up behind Ray, trembling - the knife still in his right hand -

Another FORK IN THE ROAD - Brennan could hug Ray back, and they could both begin to heal, together -

Then Ray goes too far.

His hand goes to the back of Brennan's head, touching him on the back of his head. It's too intimate, too close -

Too triggering.

WE CATCH A FLASH OF AN ADULT MAN IN A TWEED SUIT -

AN ADULT'S HAND ON THE BACK OF A YOUNG BOY'S HEAD -

Brennan's eyes widen as he reacts to Monroe/Ray's touch -

**ON BRENNAN:** He STABS the figure in front of him, simultaneously pushing him away - killing Monroe, killing his pain -

Only to see -

Ray, standing in front of him, looking down at the knife Brennan has buried in his chest, blood spreading.

4/47

**INT. STONE COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - DUSK 4 - 20.44**

4/47

BRENNAN stares at MONROE, reliving the truth of what happened to RAY - **he wanted to kill Monroe, not Ray -**

BRENNAN / CARLY

*I was so angry with him. But I  
understand now. He was a victim.  
Like me. Like Sean.*

Brennan confesses - puts all the pieces together at last.

BRENNAN / CARLY (CONT'D)  
***Yes. I killed Ray. But he died  
because of you.***

Monroe says nothing.

Silence hangs heavy in the cottage.

Carly looks to Monroe - angry and upset -

CARLY  
You gonna say something or what?!

Monroe sighs. Looks to Brennan. Flexes his arthritic fingers.

Begins to sign - rusty and old fashioned, but clear -

MONROE  
*You were always trouble. Always  
naughty.*

Carly looks from Monroe to Brennan. Brennan's staring at Monroe in shock - at his cruelty, and his indifference.

MONROE (CONT'D)  
*But it was never your fault. Right?*

Carly's eyes are filling with tears - struggling to comprehend the scale of the cruelty inflicted on Brennan then, and the cruelty being inflicted on him now.

MONROE (CONT'D)  
*Always pointing the finger at  
someone else. Blaming them. Never  
taking responsibility.*

Brennan's completely diminished. Stunned.

Monroe looks to Carly with a smile.

MONROE (CONT'D)  
*Ray's dead. Because of him. Sean's  
dead. Because of him. Not me.*

Monroe jabs a finger at Brennan.

MONROE (CONT'D)  
*Him. It's all... him.*

CARLY  
You made me voice all that?! Why?

Carly looks to Brennan, desperate for him to say something back to Monroe, to challenge him, to hit him -

To do ANYTHING -

\*  
\*  
\*

CARLY (CONT'D)

Dad?

Brennan holds out a hand, calming her. He's realising something - a calm descends on him as he signs to Monroe -

BRENNAN

*You know the worst thing about being deaf?*

Monroe watches Brennan, his face unreadable. Brennan smiles.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*It's not when you can't hear.  
It's when people don't listen.  
Cos what you want to tell them,  
it upsets them.*

Brennan shakes his head, sad.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*So we learn to be quiet. To take  
all our pain, everything that's  
ever been done to us, and hide it  
all away somewhere, where no one  
will ever see it.*

Brennan looks to Carly, who's watching, silent. Nods -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*But pain never goes away. No. It  
stays in you. Like poison. It  
spreads through your body.  
Touches everything. Everyone you  
love.*

Brennan looks to Carly, pain in his eyes - back to Monroe.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*My daughter. I love her, so much.  
If anyone did to her, what you  
did to me? I'd kill them! I'd  
tear them apart, piece by piece.  
I'd burn them, I'd destroy them.  
I'd bury them.*

Brennan points at Monroe, his eyes burning into him -

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*I want to hurt you. I've wanted  
to hurt you for so long. But it  
won't change anything. It won't  
change what you did. What I have  
to live with.*

Carly can't look away from her dad. Monroe stares at Brennan, emotionless. Brennan takes a deep breath - asks -



BRENNAN (CONT'D)

*I came here to ask why you did it.  
Me. Sean. Ray. All the others. All  
I want to know is why? Why?*

Silence stretches out in the cottage.

Monroe sighs - convinced he's won, and they won't dare do anything to him at this point -

Leans forward, ready to give his answer - Brennan and Carly holding their breath -

MONROE

*I think you should both leave now.*

Brennan recoils, gut punched once more by Monroe's cruelty and indifference -

Carly stares at Monroe with pure hatred. There's only one thing left to do - rummaging in her rucksack.

The sound of a ZIP opening -

Monroe looks to Carly as she brings out the SAWN OFF SHOTGUN - Points it at Monroe, finger on the trigger -

Brennan makes a lunge for Carly to stop her -

Carly pulls the trigger.

BANG!

Dust and china EXPLODES in the tiny room.

As the dust clears -

We see Monroe on the ground, scrabbling backwards, shuffling on his backside, arms up to ward himself against retaliation, making himself small in the corner -

Carly looks to Brennan in confusion -

Brennan's right hand grips the barrel of the shotgun, pointing it safely AWAY from Monroe. Smoke oozing from both barrels.

Brennan takes the shotgun from Carly, lowers it to the table.

CARLY

*Dad. Your hand - !*

Brennan looks at his right hand burned by the shotgun barrel, the quick of his thumb BLEEDING where the shotgun blast nicked it.

Puts his left hand over his right, winces at the pain -

Monroe cowers, his hands up, in full surrender, even prayer -

MONROE  
I'm sorry!

Carly looks to Brennan, triumphant -

CARLY  
*Did you get that? He says he's  
sorry!*

Brennan nods, dazed. Stares down at his bloodied hands,  
reliving Ray's last moments all over again -

4/48

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT FB10 (FLASHBACK) 21.22**

4/48

**BRENNAN POV:** His bloodied hands lower out of frame to reveal  
RAY staring up at the night sky, still breathing.

BRENNAN  
(whispering, signing)  
*I'm sorry.*

BRENNAN signs sorry on his white t-shirt, describing a  
PERFECT RED CIRCLE.

RAY's eyes are glassy, his breathing shallow as he bleeds to  
death. He's whispering something.

Brennan crouches, cradling Ray's head to get a better look.

Ray's mouthing something silently, tears streaming down his  
face. Brennan leans in to try and understand -

RAY  
(Christine. Miri. Christine. Miri.)

Brennan signs again, on his heart - A BLOODY CROSS.

BRENNAN  
*I promise I won't tell them. I  
won't tell anyone.*

Brennan pulls Ray's head close, embracing him with a sob.

**WIDE SHOT OF ALLEY:** Brennan rocks back and forth, holding his  
dying friend as the sound of a POLICE SIREN rises.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)  
*I promise.*

4/49

**INT. STONE COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - DUSK 4 - 20.47**

4/49

BRENNAN's bloodied fists clench and unclench. CARLY looks  
from BRENNAN to MONROE, still cowering, squirming in the  
corner of the room.

MONROE

Please don't hurt me. Please?

Carly starts forward, her fist clenched, wanting nothing more than to hit Monroe, to hurt him, to beat him to death with her bare hands -

But the sight of her Dad, blood on his hands, stops her.

CARLY

Dad? *What is it?*

Brennan says nothing. Overwhelmed with memories and emotions. \*

CARLY (CONT'D)

Dad?

Carly turns from Brennan to crouch in front of Monroe, eyeballing him.

Brennan moves to the table. Fumbles the shotgun into his hands. \*

CARLY (CONT'D)

Gonna report you to the police.

Brennan looks from the shotgun in his hands. To Monroe -

Brennan takes a DEEP, SHUDDERING BREATH as Carly continues haranguing Monroe. \*

CARLY (CONT'D)

- gonna tell the papers. Everyone.

Brennan checks the shotgun, cracking it open. ONE MORE LIVE SHELL IN THERE. He closes the shotgun and levels it at Monroe's head with both hands. Hatred on his face. His finger SO close to pulling the trigger.

CARLY (CONT'D)

- we're all gonna work together -

**BRENNAN'S POV:** Looking from Monroe to Carly.

**ON BRENNAN:** Seeing his daughter. Realising she's the reward for his journey.

CARLY (CONT'D)

- bury you so fuckin' deep that you never see daylight again.

Brennan slowly exhales. Releasing a lifetime of hatred. Lowers the shotgun. It's OVER. He's choosing Carly.

THIS IS HIS HERO MOMENT AT LAST.

CARLY (CONT'D)

- whatever happens next, you're a  
sad, dirty old man who's gonna die  
alone.

Brennan calls to Carly with his deaf voice, almost a whisper -

BRENNAN

Carly.

Carly nods, chin set hard. Jabs a finger at Monroe's face -

CARLY

I promise you that.

Monroe's terrified. She absolutely means it.

BRENNAN

CARLY.

CARLY

What?!

Carly sees Brennan signing with his right hand, shotgun in  
his left, pointed down to the floor -

BRENNAN

*We're done here.*

Carly stands. Looks back to Monroe. To Brennan -

CARLY

*Sure?*

Brennan jerks his chin - we're going.

\*

Carly nods. Walks round to where her rucksack is as Monroe  
SCRAMBLES to his FEET, steadying himself against the table,  
face FLUSTERED and ANGRY.

\*

Monroe takes a step towards Brennan -

Brennan raises the shotgun again, pointing it at him.

Brennan slowly shakes his head: *Go ahead. Try me.*

Brennan steps back, reaches behind him with one hand, trying  
to find the door handle, never taking his eyes off Monroe -

Carly edges back round to the doorway, clutching her  
rucksack, watching Monroe -

\*

4/50 OMITTED

4/50

4/51 OMITTED

4/51\*

4/52

**INT/EXT. STONE COTTAGE - DUSK 4 - 20.51**

4/52

BRENNAN works the door open and backs out of the Stone Cottage, holding the sawn off shotgun pointed at MONROE, watching him like a hawk -

Brennan, framed by the doorway like an old cowboy in a classic Western signs to Monroe one handed, over his shotgun -

BRENNAN

*This is over. We're leaving.  
Understand?*

**ON MONROE:** Simmering with impotent rage, his face flushed -

Carly backs away from Monroe, turning to Brennan -

Carly sees something that STOPS HER IN HER TRACKS -

In the windows on either side of the doorway, two DARK SHAPES approach behind Brennan - harbingers of death? Who are they?

CARLY steps out of the doorway after Brennan to see -

Two ARMED POLICE OFFICERS approaching the cottage, frozen behind Brennan at either side of him, staring at the sawn-off shotgun in Brennan's bloodied hand -

As Monroe starts forward behind Carly -

Brennan steps back further, raising the shotgun at Monroe again -

CARLY

Dad. NO!

Both Officers go for the AUTOMATIC WEAPONS in their holsters -

ARMED OFFICER 1

Drop your weapon NOW!

Brennan continues to stare at Monroe behind Carly, not hearing, not seeing the two policemen behind him.

Carly's eyes dart to the shotgun in Brennan's hands, realising her father's going to die -

Brennan catches her change in facial expression - as he hesitates -

ARMED OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

This is your last warning -

Carly SPRINTS out of the doorway -

ARMED OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

- drop the weapon - NOW!

Carly closes the distance between them - 12 yards, maybe?

Brennan stumbles backwards on the uneven ground -

The Armed Policeman's finger goes to the trigger of his gun -

Carly reaches Brennan -

And KNOCKS the sawn-off shotgun out of Brennan's hands, hugging him close, spinning him round so that she's between him and the two armed policemen.

This is the HUG which Brennan desperately wanted and needed from Carly for the last four episodes.

The same hug that Ray gave him before he died.

Carly's hand on the back of her Dad's head.

Brennan's hands come up - what will he do - ?

But this time, he HUGS Carly back. Pulling her close.

He'll never let his daughter go, ever again.

An oblivious Carly and Brennan continue their hug, as we move in slowly on them, everything else fading away to silence and bright white daylight.

It's just the two of them.

A Father-Daughter -

**REUNION.**

**THE END**