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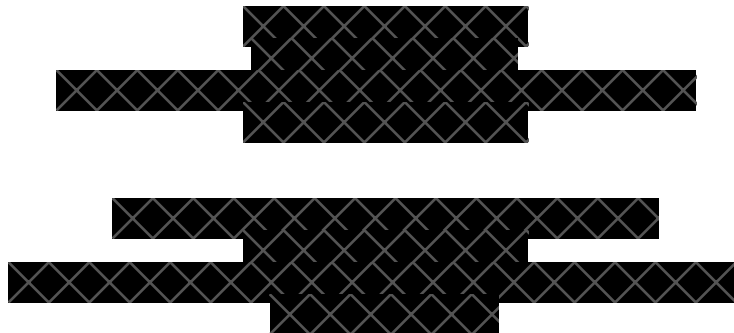
by

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Based on the novel by Mo Hayder

Episode 2 "Torture"

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Over a black screen, we hear the SQUEAL of a teenage girl.

SOPHIE (O.S.)
You're gonna drop me!!

HUGO (O.S.)
(mock caveman voice)
Me MAN! Me CARRY!

She erupts in giggles.

FADE IN:

200 EXT. WALL ALONG DONKEY PITCH - DAY [EVENING - FLASHBACK] 200

HUGO (18) has SOPHIE (18) slung over his shoulder. He walks along the grey wall, which we recognise from ep 1 (**sc 109, AF family drive/arrival**).

Hugo is handsome, with a sweet smile. A muscular chest beneath a jumper.

Sophie hangs, upside down, along Hugo's back. Her white-blond hair sways with each of his steps.

SOPHIE
I'm too heavy! You're gonna hurt yourself.

HUGO
Then you'll have to carry me out.

SOPHIE
(nope)
I'll leave you to the animals.

He laughs. She playfully pats his bum.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Hurry up!

He approaches: a wooden door. Again, we recognise this door.

With one hand, Hugo opens it. He carries Sophie onto -

201 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [EVENING - FLASHBACK] 201

A large, rectangular field, entirely surrounded by that high stone wall. Scraggly trees and bushes speckle the overgrown terrain.

SOPHIE
(taking in the sight,
upside down)
What is this place?

HUGO

Called the Donkey Pitch. It's
because some guy way back used to -
[keep his donkeys here]

SOPHIE

Keep his donkeys here?

HUGO

Well, yeah.

SOPHIE

I ruined that for you, didn't I?
Sorry.

(mock girlie voice)

Why do they call it the Donkey
Pitch, Hugo? Can you explain it to
me?

HUGO

(mock manly voice)

Well, Sophie, back in the something-
hundreds, a man used to keep his
donkeys here.

SOPHIE

(mock girlie voice)

Oh, thank you! I never would have
guessed!

They both laugh. Hugo approaches another door, at the
opposite end of the Donkey Pitch's rectangular wall. It's
smaller.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(re: behind the door)

What's in there?

Hugo smiles, excited to show her. But says nothing. With
Sophie still slung over his shoulder, he walks through the
next door, and into...

202

INT. DOVECOTE - DAY [EVENING - FLASHBACK]

202

A high-walled, circular, encased stone structure with
numerous "holes", (the perfect size for birds to nest). In
several of the holes, tea lights burn.

There's no roof on the dovecote...the dark sky above them.

SOPHIE

Oh my god! Put me down!

HUGO

(mock caveman voice)

Me MAN. Me FIND CAV-

She pinches his leg.

He YELPS. She tumbles to her feet. They're face to face. Both panting. Smiling.

Sophie's beautiful. Leggings and a thick cardigan over a yellow Top Shop dress. The dress flutters in the wind.

She takes in her surroundings. Now we see more details. Several blankets spread out for them. A small fire pit (unlit).

SOPHIE

You came here already? Set this up?

HUGO

(shrugs, embarrassed)
Gets cold at night.

SOPHIE

(re: the holes in the
dovecote)
They're for birds, right?

He nods.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

How'd you find this place?

HUGO

Max told me about it.

A *twinge* of something uncomfortable passes between them. A shared memory - a negative one.

SOPHIE

Saw Emily at school today.

HUGO

You talk to her?

She shakes her head - no.

The discomfort lingers, just for a moment, then Sophie approaches Hugo. Wraps her arms around his waist.

SOPHIE

(re: the dovecote)
I love it. It's perfect.

They kiss. Then take off their shoes. Lay down on the blanket, him on top of her.

But it's more sweet than sexual. He brushes her hair out of her face. Gazes into her eyes.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

So, we're totally alone here?

HUGO

Well, someone *could* come in.

SOPHIE

I mean, it's romanti-

THUNK!

The teenagers freeze. Then *tremble*. Shock setting in, one wave at a time. Hugo's head pivots to look down at...

His right leg. Through it is a long knife. It's pinned him to the ground, narrowly missing Sophie's thigh.

A figure stands above them. Calm.

The figure is clad in a head-to-toe white plastic hazmat suit. Mask. Goggles. Gloves. Footies.

From here on out, we will refer to this figure as...

THE HAZMAT MAN

Sophie SCREAMS. Wiggles out from under Hugo.

She scrambles, fumbling and falling, through the door and out of the dovecote.

The Hazmat Man makes no move to stop her. He keeps his goggled-gaze on Hugo.

HUGO

P-p-p-please don't.

The Hazmat Man cocks his head. Listening.

203

EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [EVENING - FLASHBACK]

203

Sophie BOLTS onto the Donkey Pitch, RUNNING towards that wooden door, only in socks, as fast as she can. Tears, snot and fear.

She FALLS. Scrambles to her feet again. Running, breath shallow and sharp, faster and faster and -

SMACK.

She hits that wooden door - the one they entered. But it's locked now. Her trembling hands pull on it, but it won't open.

SOPHIE

(screaming)

Help! HELP!!!!!!

She looks behind her. No sign of the Hazmat Man (still in the dovecote).

She tries climbing the wall. Fingers digging into tiny grooves, socked feet flat against the stone. Pulling herself up with every ounce of strength she has.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
HELP!!!!!!

She falls. Scrapes her face. Scrambles to her feet again.

She looks left. Then right. The rectangular stone wall encases them. But maybe there's another exit?

She bolts right, scrambling along the wall. Racing. Faster and faster, her feet bleeding through her socks.

She falls. Tries again. Falls again. She climbs to her feet, stumbling, but pushing on. *There has to be a way out.*

204 INT. DOVECOTE - DAY [EVENING - FLASHBACK] 204

The Hazmat Man stands over Hugo, calmly eyeing him (Hugo O.S./on the ground). Then -

A SCREAMING (Sophie - calling for help) heard through the door (leading into the Donkey Pitch). It piques the Hazmat Man's interest.

He goes through the door, (just a few inches), leaving Hugo behind.

205 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [EVENING - FLASHBACK] 205

WITH THE HAZMAT MAN

The Hazmat Man emerges from the dovecote. He (and we) see the fluttering of yellow fabric (Sophie's dress) through the trees. We hear her WHIMPERS.

She's running around the pitch, scrambling to find another way out. She keeps falling, getting up, trying again. Her determination unwavering.

It's adorable.

The Hazmat Man sits down. Cross-legged by/in the doorway to the dovecote. Watches Sophie.

206 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - NIGHT [LATER - FLASHBACK] 206

WITH SOPHIE

The middle of the night. Pitch black.

Sophie's feet are bleeding through her socks. Hair sticks to her face. Yellow dress soaked in sweat.

She collapses. Curls up behind a bush, at the far end of the pitch, against the wall. Trembles. And passes out.

207 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK] 207

The Hazmat Man YANKS Sophie by her feet, pulling her out of her little spot.

She's dragged across the Donkey Pitch. Twigs SNAPPING with each of the Hazmat Man's heavy steps.

She wakes and SCREAMS. Kicks and fights but she's not strong enough. Thrashing left and right and then -

She KNOCKS her head on a rock. She passes out cold.

BY A DISTINCT/LARGE TREE

The Hazmat Man lays an unconscious Sophie down by the tree, and leaves.

We stay with Sophie a moment, eyes closed. The wind kicks up, rustling her hair, but she doesn't move.

Then we hear the sound of another body being dragged.

The Hazmat Man comes back into view. He lays Hugo next to Sophie (for clarity: Hugo has been dragged out of the dovecote and onto the Donkey Pitch, the knife now removed from his leg).

Both teenagers now by a large tree on the Donkey Pitch, next to each other. Hugo is still conscious. But barely.

The Hazmat Man stands over Sophie (unconscious). He pulls out the knife (previously in Hugo's leg).

Right at that moment, we hear a CRACK of thunder overhead. It starts to rain. A storm is coming.

The Hazmat Man holds the knife above Sophie, savouring the moment.

We cut away before anything happens.

TITLE SEQUENCE

208 INT. VETERINARY EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY [MORNING] 208

Veterinarian HELEN WAVERLY (30s, female) runs a small scanner up and down Bear's body.

Jack leans against the wall. He's in a t-shirt, jeans and hoodie (**note:** this will be his 'uniform' for the remainder of the series).

He glances to his right. A poster of two fluffy kittens playing.

WAVERLY

Well, there's no chip.

JACK

(under his breath)

'course not.

WAVERLY

Which is strange because her coat and teeth are in great shape. This isn't a stray. Someone loves this dog very much.

JACK

But no one's reported her missing?

WAVERLY

Not that's in our system, no. And I checked with the shelters, too. Nothing about a missing dog that fits this description.

Waverly gingerly palpates Bear's back legs. Bear retreats inward.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

As for her foot, she may have broken a toe. She'll be sore for a while but it will heal.

JACK

Any idea how she got it?

WAVERLY

It's on the underside. Most likely she fell.

(pause)

If you want to find her home, you could always have a drive around, see if anyone recognises her. Take a picture on your phone, show people.

JACK

It'd be easier to take her with me.

WAVERLY

Oh, no, sorry, I need to keep her until we can get her x-rayed.

JACK

X-rayed?

WAVERLY

Thought that was why you took her in.

Waverly palpates Bear's belly.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

She's swallowed something. Humans can pass all kinds of things. But dogs have smaller systems. It doesn't appear to causing an obstruction, though.

JACK

Wait. Something's stuck in her stomach?

WAVERLY

(nodding, still palpating)
In her large intestine.

Jack's eyes flicker, taking that in. Waverly heads towards the door.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

I've got papers for you to sign.

She leaves. Jack looks at Bear quizzically, still processing. Then he raises his phone to take a photo of the dog.

JACK

Smile.

209 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY [AFTERNOON] 209

DPU from scene 142.

Matilda, fearful, clutches Bear. Molina and Honey exchange mischievous smiles.

HONEY

Now. Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers. Please put down the dog, and hold out your hands.

Trance-like, Matilda obliges. Honey puts her in handcuffs.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Sit on the floor, by the table.

She hesitates.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Go on, now.

She moves towards the table. Sits on the floor. The men lift the large oak table, sliding a leg down inside her arms.

She's pinned in place. The men leave the room.

Matilda tries to move the table. But it's massively heavy. It's no use.

Bear YAPS. Matilda is alone. Panic mounts. Then -

Molina PUSHES Oliver into the kitchen. The old man's hands cuffed in front of him.

When he sees Matilda, his body deflates with sorrow.

MATILDA

Ollie? *Ollie*? What's happening?

Molina pushes Oliver against the AGA cooker, now cuffing his hands around the handle. Molina leaves.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

Ollie? For heaven's sake, what's happening?

He doesn't answer. His head low.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

Speak to me!

He raises his head. His eyes saggy, tired. Bloodshot.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

What are they doing?

OLIVER

I don't know.

MATILDA

They can't be the police. Why would the police do something like this?

OLIVER

They're not police.

MATILDA

Then who?

OLIVER

I don't know.

MATILDA

Did you see Lucia?

OLIVER

No.

MATILDA

But she's okay? Isn't she?

OLIVER

I just said, I don't know.

A CLANG from the back of the house. Both of their eyes shoot in that direction, worried.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Just do what the men tell you to do.

MATILDA

Are you feeling all right? You're not lightheaded, are you?

OLIVER

I'm fine.

MATILDA

They haven't hurt you, have they?

OLIVER

No. Do what they say and this will be over quickly.

Honey and Molina PUSH Lucia into the room. Bear YAPS, louder.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Don't even think about hurting her!
Who are you? What the hell do you think you're doing?!

Molina handcuffs Lucia to the refrigerator.

HONEY

No. No. That's not the question.
The question is, what the hell do you think we're doing?

MATILDA

You're not the police. You lied to us. You won't get away with this.
Do you know who my husband is?

HONEY

(to Molina)

God, I just love it when people say that.

Bear's YAPPING escalates. Honey grabs her.

LUCIA

No! NO!

Bear snaps and whips her body back and forth. Honey holds her steady.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

Don't hurt her, you fuckers!!

Lucia STRUGGLES against the fridge. It nearly tips over on top of her.

OLIVER

Lucia! Don't fight!

Molina attaches a leash to the dog's collar, then tethers it to a handle for dish towels on the kitchen island.

Honey puts Bear is on the ground. The dog is mercifully quiet. Honey steps towards Lucia.

HONEY

Put your head forward.

Lucia, *enraged*, doesn't move.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Like this.

He pushes Lucia's head down and parts her hair at the back. He unsnaps her necklace. Puts it on the kitchen island.

Molina approaches Oliver, digging into his pockets. Pulls out the old man's phone and wallet. Removes his expensive watch. Molina puts it all in a pile on the kitchen island.

Honey approaches Matilda.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Your turn.

He pushes her head down. Unfastens her necklace. Then he slips the rings off her fingers, one by one.

He stands. Adds it all to the pile. Molina scoops it all into a bag.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Right.

Honey holds up his hand in a friendly fashion. Turns and smiles to each member of the family.

HONEY (CONT'D)

That'll be us then. Thank you for your time, you were rewarding. We enjoyed ourselves. Didn't we, DS Molina?

MOLINA

We certainly enjoyed ourselves, DI Honey.

Molina leaves the room, holding the bag. Honey follows, but then turns, facing the family again.

He puts his hand on his stomach, giving a mock bow, circling the air with his hand. Then he straightens, and follows Molina out of the room.

We hear the **front door** open. Then close.

A long silence. All we hear is the sound of Bear's claws against the kitchen floor.

LUCIA

Oh my god! Oh my god oh my god oh my god.

OLIVER

Are you both okay? Lucia? Tilly?

LUCIA

I'm fine, Dad.

MATILDA

But they can't go! They can't leave us here! They've left the front door unlocked. He could come in and do anything! He'll see them go and then he'll...

Both Oliver and Lucia stare at Matilda.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

Minnet Kable! He's out there!

OLIVER

Darling, I don't think Minnet Kable is out there at all. I think they did it all to scare us.

MATILDA

You mean...what about those *things*? In the trees?

OLIVER

I think they really were from a deer.

MATILDA

But why?

OLIVER

Some people are just sick by nature.

MATILDA

But they're insane! They're as bad as he was! They're copying him!

LUCIA

It's okay, Mum. We're lucky all they did was rob us.

MATILDA

But we have to tell someone!
They're going to do it again!
(to Oliver)
My wedding ring. They've taken the
ring you gave me!

OLIVER

We can replace it.

MATILDA

But why did they have to do all of
that? If they just wanted to rob
us, why go to such trouble? They're
worse than Kable. Worse!

OLIVER

But they're gone now. They're gone.
It's OVER.

MATILDA

It's over...

Slowly, Matilda laughs. A big smile crossing her face. A
combination of nerves and shock.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

It's over!

But then her smile fades. Jaw slackens, eyes wide.

OLIVER

What is it?

MATILDA

We're all tied here. We have no
phone. No signal. No way to get
help.

OLIVER

Beca will come by. She usually
drops in.

MATILDA

But when?

She glances at Oliver's chest. His bandage.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

You need your medication.

210 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR (PARKED)/VETERINARY CLINIC - DAY 210
[LATE MORNING]

The car is parked. Jack in the driver's seat. He's staring at
the cardboard note. We see the "**Help Us**" written on the front
(which we saw in the pilot).

But now Jack turns it over. We see the back:

Please call the police.

Please take this seriously.

Jack eyes the note, mulling it over. Decision time. Finally, he picks up his phone. Taps the screen.

On his screen: a map of Monmouthshire. Several tiny neighbourhoods.

Jack sighs. Here we go.

211 EXT. MONMOUTHSHIRE NEIGHBOURHOODS, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - 211
DAY [EARLY AFTERNOON]

Gravel roads. Luxurious, oversized homes everywhere. Jack drives through it, taking in the scenery.

So this is how the other half lives.

212 EXT. MINI-MANSION, MONMOUTHSHIRE NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY 212
[EARLY AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS]

Jack rings a doorbell, his phone (and the pic of Bear) in his hand. A LADY (50s) answers.

JACK

Hello. My name is Detective Caffery. This might sound a bit odd but...

(swallowing pride)

I'm actually in the neighbourhood trying to find the home of a lost dog.

LADY

I don't want a dog.

JACK

No, that's not what - [this is about]

LADY

Is this what the police are doing with my tax money?

(annoyed, shutting the door)

Cer i grafu.

Jack sighs - going to be a long day.

213 EXT. MONMOUTHSHIRE NEIGHBOURHOOD, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 213
[AFTERNOON - LATER]

Quick snippets/montage. Jack driving. Parking. House after house. Mums, dads, sullen teenagers, grandparents....everyone looks at the picture of Bear and shakes their heads "no."

Door after door after door, all shutting in Jack's face.

214 EXT. MINI-MANSION, MONMOUTHSHIRE NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY 214
[AFTERNOON - LATER]

Jack with a FRUMPY GRANDMOTHER (80s). Her door wide open, she beckons him inside.

FRUMPY GRANDMOTHER

It will only take you a minute! My son says it's a button somewhere to make it start again.

JACK

I'm sorry, I can't - [come in right now]

FRUMPY GRANDMOTHER

But he's sent me pictures of the kids!

Off Jack, stuck...

215 INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY [AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER] 215

Jack SLAMS his door.

In his hand, a lemon poppyseed loaf, wrapped in clingfilm. He tosses it in the passenger seat.

216 EXT. COLONEL FRINK'S HOUSE - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON] 216

COLONEL FRINK (late 70s) stands in his doorway, leaning on a walking stick. His kind, wrinkled face looks confused.

COLONEL FRINK

You've been out searching all day?
You poor lad!

JACK

I'm quite all right.

COLONEL FRINK

Would you like to step in?

JACK

No, thank you. If you could just have a look there.

Jack hands the Colonel his mobile. The old man holds it, but doesn't look at the picture.

COLONEL FRINK

What a lucky family, whoever this dog belongs to. Might be a little boy or girl, crying their eyes out right now. But they don't know you're on the way! And a police detective! It's amazing.

JACK

If you could just have a look at her picture.

COLONEL FRINK

Don't you want some tea?

JACK

No. Thank you. I'm all right.

COLONEL FRINK

But it's the least I can do.

JACK

Really, I'm fine.

COLONEL FRINK

My granddaughter had a dog. Kelly was her name. Small thing. A mix of this and that. They were inseparable, those two. Kelly slept in my granddaughter's bed. Under the sheets, too!

(laughing to himself)

We used to tell her - [she wouldn't get a wink of sleep...]

JACK

(frustrated)

Could you look at the picture, please?

Colonel Frink's face deflates, stung. Jack instantly regrets his words.

COLONEL FRINK

I've been told I do that. Go on a bit.

(re: the picture on the mobile)

I'll need my glasses.

He hands Jack back his mobile.

COLONEL FRINK (CONT'D)

But please. Come in.

The Colonel hobbles away. Jack steps inside.

On a nearby table, we see a picture of Sophie at the beach. That long, white-blond hair blowing sideways in the wind.

Jack stares at it....

217 INT. NEWPORT MORGUE - DAY [AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK] 217

Sophie's damp hair, cascading over the side of the cold, metal table of a morgue.

We hear Sophie GIGGLE (laughter from our cold open).

218 INT. COLONEL FRINK'S HOUSE - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON] 218

The cogs in Jack's mind churning. Pieces coming together.

The Colonel returns with his glasses.

COLONEL FRINK
(apologetically, re: his
glasses)
Spend whole days looking for them
sometimes.

He takes Jack's mobile again. Looks at the picture carefully.

COLONEL FRINK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I don't recognise her.
But you're doing a wonderful thing
for that family, young man.

JACK
I didn't mean to be rude, earlier.
I appreciate your help, sir.

Jack's eyes drift towards the photo of Sophie again. The Colonel clocks it. A very awkward beat.

COLONEL FRINK
Minnet Kable didn't just take my
granddaughter that day. He took my
daughter, too. Sophie's mum, she
moved away. We barely speak. She
says, everything reminds her.
(pause)
People kept telling me it would get
better with time but that's not
really true. You don't stop
hurting, it just - [becomes normal]

JACK
Stops being a surprise every
morning.

COLONEL FRINK

Yes.

(pause)

You'll have to forgive me if I've forgotten your face. There were so many police at that time. Were you involved with her case?

Jack chooses his words carefully.

JACK

I haven't been a detective that long.

Colonel Frink steps forward. Takes Jack's hand. Wraps his two large, wrinkled hands around it. Looks him in the eye.

COLONEL FRINK

Thank you, for doing the job you do. Means the world to me that the right man is behind bars. That he'll never be able to hurt anyone, ever again.

Off Jack, those words hitting home with him...

219 INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER] 219

Jack shuts the driver's side door.

COLONEL FRINK (V.O.)

Because he's the one. Right?

Jack moves to start the car's engine but then stops. Thinks. Something clearly bothering him.

Then he cranks the engine. Backs out.

220 OMITTED 220

221 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/DONKEY PITCH - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON - 221
LATER]

Jack drives. We don't recognise where he is straight away but then he parks. Looks out the right side window. We see:

The wall around the Donkey Pitch. Dark grey. White streaks.

Jack emerges from his car.

222 EXT. WALL/DONKEY PITCH - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON] 222

Jack walks along the grey wall, approaching...

The wooden door. The same one Hugo and Sophie walked through.

In front of the door, **a small, recently-erected shrine to Sophie and Hugo** (same one we saw from a distance in ep 1).

But now we see the shrine up close.

Small, framed pictures of Sophie and Hugo. A few bouquets. Graveyard candles (unlit). Knickknacks that we can only assume belonged to the teenagers.

Jack looks at the shrine, a moment of respect.

JACK (V.O.)
Quebec Bravo Five Two on route.

RADIO DISPATCH (V.O.)
Copy that, Sergeant.

223 EXT. WALL/DONKEY PITCH - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK]

223

Jack in a sergeant's uniform.

He looks 5-6 years younger here, not even 30 yet. A radio on his chest.

Alongside him is a uniformed PC (20s). Both of them walk along that wall, headed to the wooden door.

It has recently rained; the ground is a muddy/wet mess.
(note: this is important for forensics)

PC
Some lady called it in. Said there were two of 'em. Said it was bad.

JACK
(into radio)
Forensics been dispatched?

RADIO DISPATCH (O.S.)
*Forensics is 5 minutes out,
Sergeant. SIO's on route.*

JACK
(into radio)
Copy that.

PC
She said part of them was in the trees.

Jack's eyes flicker over to PC - *Jesus*.

PC (CONT'D)
(nervous)
Never been a first responder to a
murder before. You don't mind me
asking, Serg, have you?

Jack hesitates - but we sense nerves on him, too. Without him
saying a word, we can tell the answer is 'no.'

They reach the wooden door, where both of them hear -
WAILING.

Jack opens the door. They rush into/onto -

224 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK] 224

A DOG WALKER (30s, female), leans up against the wall. She's
crying. Trembling from shock.

Her dog (a large lab. Note: clearly not Bear) is beside her.
He grips a tennis ball in his slobbery mouth.

The Donkey Pitch is a muddy mess from the rain.

JACK
(to the PC, re: the Dog
Walker)
Get a first account.

The PC heads towards her. Jack carries on, tromping through
the same pitch Hugo and Sophie traversed not long ago.

225 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [EVENING - FLASHBACK] 225

Sophie, upside down, over Hugo's shoulder.

SOPHIE
(mock girlie voice)
Why do they call it the Donkey
Pitch, Hugo? Can you explain it to
me?

226 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK] 226

Jack steps further into/onto the muddy Donkey Pitch. Now we
see, from a distance (no up-close details):

Hugo and Sophie, laying side by side, facing up towards the
sky. In the tree behind them, their intestines hang in a
heart shape.

Jack takes in the gore. Then he steps forward. Footsteps
sloshing in the mud.

He reaches the bodies. Crouches down. Now just centimetres away from the grotesque remains of the teenagers (off camera).

We stay tight on Jack's face. It's a lot to take in, and his sorrowful expression betrays it.

Then his eyes glance up again, towards those intestines (again, off camera). As he takes in the sight of them, intertwined in the trees...

LINCOLN (O.S.)
You the SIO?

Jack startles. Turns.

Behind him, DI MAIA LINCOLN (40) stands. Boots. Tight jeans. Hands on her hips.

Jack opens his mouth, but no words come out.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
No? Then what the fuck are you
doing on my crime scene?

227 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY [AFTERNOON] 227

Matilda GRUNTS awkwardly, trying to push the heavy table up high enough to slip her cuffs from underneath.

But it's impossible. It CRASHES to the ground. She collapses, sweating.

A splinter from the table leg has cut her hand. A bit of blood on the floor (set up for ep 6).

OLIVER
You have to stop.

MATILDA
You need your medication.

OLIVER
Beca will come.

MATILDA
She cleans on *Saturdays*.

OLIVER
Today's Saturday.

MATILDA
But we *just* got back! The house
isn't dirty. She won't come until
next Saturday!

OLIVER
I'll be all right.

MATILDA
How do you feel?

OLIVER
I'm okay. I promise.

LUCIA
He's not. Look at him.

OLIVER
Honestly, I'm fine. Let's not
panic. Panic is the worst thing we
can - [do right now]

LUCIA
Wait. Listen!

We hear the CRUNCH of gravel somewhere far away.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
It's a car.

Then the CRUNCH of the gravel dies down. Silence.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
It's parked out back.

MATILDA
It's Beca! She always parks out
back!

OLIVER
See? We're all right! We'll be all
right!

Matilda, Oliver and Lucia all shutter with relief. Tears of
happiness flow from Matilda.

MATILDA
(looking skyward)
Oh thank you!

We hear a DOOR open, somewhere in the back of the house (the
one at the bottom of the spiral staircase, leading to the
cellar/basement area).

Footsteps approach.

MATILDA (CONT'D)
Beca! We're in here!

OLIVER
Beca! BECA!

Honey and Molina peek their heads into the kitchen. Smiling.

HONEY

*Hello.*The air is sucked out of the room.

Honey and Molina enter the kitchen, holding paper bags.

HONEY (CONT'D)

(re: their bags)

I want to start by saying, the
produce here is amazing.

MOLINA

Top marks.

HONEY

It's usually so hard to eat well on
the road, but with farm shops like
that making salads to order,
there's no excuse.

MOLINA

None at all.

The colour drains from the family's faces. Honey clocks it.
His eyes widen in mock surprise.

HONEY

Oh no. Did you all want lunch? We
figured you'd eaten.

(to Molina)

We didn't even ask!

The Anchor-Ferrers look terrified. A smile creeps across
Honey's face. He drops the act.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Oh *come on*. You didn't *really* think
that was it, did you?

He eyes the family again.

HONEY (CONT'D)

(to Molina)

You know what, I think they did.

MOLINA

They definitely did.

HONEY

That is an irritation to me.
That these people could mistake us
for the sort of scum that would do
a house raid.

MOLINA

We're not here for a house raid.

HONEY

Well, of course we're not. People
assume things too easily.

Bear starts YAPPING.

OLIVER

What is this all about? Are you
friends with Kable? Are you working
for him?

HONEY

(to Molina)

Oooooooo, someone's playing
detective.

MOLINA

(to Honey)

Got his thinking cap on.

HONEY

(to Oliver)

I like it. I do. But as far as I'm
aware, Kable's still in prison.
Best place for him, considering
what he did to those kids. Don't
you think, DS Molina?

MOLINA

Best place.

OLIVER

Then why did you do all of this?
(stern, definitive)
What's your agenda?

HONEY

(mocking stern)

What's your agenda?

Bear keeps YAPPING.

OLIVER

If we don't know what you want, how
can we help you?!

HONEY

Fair enough. Since you're being
generous enough to offer to help,
I'll tell you what we want.

Honey approaches Oliver. Crouches down, so they are eye to
eye.

HONEY (CONT'D)

We want you to be scared. But when I say 'scared', I mean *really* scared. Let's say your current rating on the scared scale is, oh, I don't know, four? What DS Molina and I are aiming for is ten.

Honey stands again.

MATILDA

But there's no point in simply scaring us!

HONEY

You're very right. Simply scaring you would be pointless. So of course it's more than that. Of course we *want* something.

OLIVER

Tell us.

HONEY

No, no. The first stage is to scare you. And when you're so scared you'll do anything, anything at all, *then* we'll tell you what we want.

Honey holds out his hand. Molina passes over the bag, full of the family's belongings. Honey opens it. Looks inside.

HONEY (CONT'D)

So many pretty things.

He strides over to Bear's food bowl. Picks it up. Places it on the kitchen island.

Then he picks out the rings and necklaces from the bag. Drops them, one by one, into the wet food.

He turns to Bear. Who keeps YAPPING.

LUCIA

Don't touch her!

Honey lifts Bear from the ground.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

Don't!!

OLIVER

Don't hurt the dog. There's no need to hurt the dog!

HONEY
(to Oliver)
*Shut up. At least learn that - when
to shut up.*
(to Molina, re: the dog
food and jewellery)
Mix it.

Molina does as he is told, using his hands. Honey places Bear
on the kitchen counter.

HONEY (CONT'D)
(re: the dog)
Do it.

Molina hesitates.

HONEY (CONT'D)
Do it!

Molina takes a wet handful, prepared to force feed the dog.

LUCIA
Don't!

MATILDA
Please don't!

But Molina is a bit timid about possibly hurting the animal.
Honey senses it, annoyed at his partner.

Honey grabs the bowl, takes a scoop of food and jewellery,
then pauses for dramatic effect - everyone staring at him,
thinking he will hurt the dog, but then he...

Simply holds the food/jewellery mixture under Bear's mouth.

Bear eats it voluntarily.

HONEY
You stupid, stupid animal.

He releases Bear to the ground. She coughs, jewellery caught
in her throat.

HONEY (CONT'D)
Hold it in now. Let it slide down
into your tummy.

Bear swallows. No more coughing. Honey smiles, addressing the
family.

HONEY (CONT'D)
That, ladies and gentleman, is what
we think of your pretty things.

Lucia trembles, looking at her dog.

HONEY (CONT'D)
Oh, Lucia, I'm sorry. Did the
jewellery mean that much to you?

She grits her teeth, furious.

Honey bursts out in a wide smile. CLAPS his hands together,
flinging dog food on the walls.

HONEY (CONT'D)
All right then! Let's get a move
on, shall we? Already behind
schedule.

228 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON] 228

Jack walks further onto the Donkey Pitch. We're in present
day, so his sergeant's uniform is long gone. His face still
youthful but more experience now under his belt.

Then he heads towards the far corner of the pitch (note:
where Sophie hid for the night, once exhausted).

229 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 229

*Sophie's feet are cut and bleeding. Hair sticks to her face.
Dress soaked in sweat.*

*She collapses. Curls up behind a bush, at the far end of the
pitch, against the wall. Trembles. And passes out.*

230 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON] 230

Jack reaches Sophie's little corner. He removes his hoodie.
Lays it on the ground, right where Sophie laid.

231 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK] 231

Several uniformed Newport police officers are dotted about
the crime scene perimeter.

A forensics team, dressed in plastic, gather evidence.
Numbering items. Taking pictures.

Among them, we note ROBBIE (40s).

Lincoln stands with partner DI MATTHEWS (50s, male), at just
a slight distance. They both take in the scene.

Jack, in uniform, is just a metre or two away, listening to
their conversation.

MATTHEWS

I've seen a lot of a things
but...*Jesus*. Forensics is gonna
need a dozen bags.

LINCOLN

Not to mention a soup spoon.

Jack's eyes nearly pop out of his head. *Did she just say that?*

Matthews shoots Lincoln a look.

MATTHEWS

Lincoln.

LINCOLN

What?

MATTHEWS

They're *kids*.

LINCOLN

I'm aware.

He still looks pissed.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

What's your problem?

MATTHEWS

Has it occurred to you that we'll
be meeting with their parents later
today? What are we supposed to tell
them happened to their children?
What words should we use?

LINCOLN

How 'bout we go with, "We've caught
the guy."

She turns her attention to Robbie.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

What can you tell us?

Robbie points to the knife wound on Hugo's leg.

ROBBIE

This was the first injury. Maybe,
14, 15 hours ago? The cuts to their
abdomens, those are fresher. Two
hours, maybe?

LINCOLN

So this went on for, what, half a
day? Christ.

A forensics examiner gently digs into Hugo's jean pockets. Pulls out keys, a small bag of weed, and some fags.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
(to everyone)
If nothing comes back on those
fags, I'm claiming them.

Everyone's heads snap in her direction, Jack's included. She looks up, sees everyone staring.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
What?

Jack gazes at Lincoln, *transfixed*.

232 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON]

232

Jack walks away from Sophie's hiding place, leaving his hoodie behind.

He reaches the door to the dovecote. Turns, facing the pitch. Squints, looking for his hoodie. But he can't see it.

He pulls out his mobile. Fiddles with it.

On screen: A "binoculars" app. Jack uses it to zoom in on where his hoodie should be.

But it's too far away. Trees and bushes in the way. He can't see the hoodie.

We don't understand what Jack is up to yet (we're not meant to). But from his expression, we can tell: something's not quite right.

Jack pulls out his mobile. Types a text message to someone (we don't know who). It reads, simply: **"Can we talk?"**

We hear a WOOSH and the message is sent.

233 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON]

233

Still in the kitchen. Honey washes his hands in the sink, thoroughly removing all traces of dog food.

Molina brings Lucia to her feet, her hands now cuffed in front of her. Molina then begins unlocking Matilda's cuffs.

Hands now dry, Honey approaches Oliver, bringing over a pill box (it's Oliver's) with various compartments.

HONEY
What do you need? Which ones?

OLIVER
The section in the top right.

HONEY
Open your mouth.

Oliver does. Honey tips the contents into Oliver's mouth.
Then fetches a glass of water. Holds it to Oliver's lips.

Oliver drinks, swallowing the pills. Water dribbles down his chin.

MOLINA
(to Matilda)
Get up.

But Matilda is unsteady. Molina pulls her up, annoyed.

Bear starts GAGGING.

HONEY
(to Molina)
It's gonna puke. I don't do dog
puke. Deal with it.

LUCIA
Give me my dog! I want my dog! I
want -

SMACK. Honey backhands Lucia hard enough to knock her back
down to the floor. Matilda GASPS.

MATILDA
No!!

Lucia is beside herself with shock. Cheek red. Mouth open.

OLIVER
(roaring)
*Don't you touch her! Don't you ever
touch her!*

HONEY
(mimicking, ignoring
Oliver)
"I want. I want." Didn't Mummy tell
you not to whine? Or has Mummy been
slack in her parenting skills?

LUCIA
(still shocked)
Please. Just...just let me have my
dog.

HONEY
I give the orders, not you.
(to Molina)
Take Mummy upstairs. Then put the
dog anywhere.
(re: Lucia)
But *not with her*.

234 INT. MONMOUTH PUB - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON] 234

A posh place, but a watering hole nonetheless. Several patrons (men in their 60s) nurse beer and liquor.

Jack has a Sprite. His laptop opened on the bar. He posts pictures of Bear on Next Door/Facebook/etc.

We see him type, "Please contact..." (we cut away before he lists the mobile number)

He's finished. Thinks. Then brings up the Police National Database.

Pulls up the files on the Donkey Pitch murders.

235 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY [LATE 235 AFTERNOON]

We're at the **top of the spiral staircase**. A landing. Three doors. All closed.

236 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY [LATE 236 AFTERNOON]

A room with outdated decorations. Matilda and Bear are both on the floor, tied to a radiator. Bear by her leash. Matilda by her feet.

Matilda searches around her, looking for something. *Anything*. She reaches a small table. Pulls open the drawers. Finds pens. Pens!

But she pulls the tops off. They're felt. Useless as a weapon.

Matilda pulls Bear into a hug. Starts sobbing.

The door opens. Matilda startles. Hides the pen.

It's Molina. He enters. Places a sandwich, on a plate, on the floor.

MOLINA
Dinner.

Matilda looks at the sandwich. But makes no move towards it.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
Suit yourself.

MATILDA
Were you in prison with Minnet
Kable? Is that it? Or have you just
read about him?

Molina reaches behind her. Unsnaps the cuffs on her legs.

MOLINA
Get up.

MATILDA
Why?

MOLINA
I'm taking you to the toilet. You
don't want to wet yourself, do you?

Matilda struggles to her feet. Molina takes her hand - like a
gentleman - leading her to -

237 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE BATHROOM - DAY [LATE 237
AFTERNOON]

Rose-style pink towels. Rose-style pink soap.

MOLINA
Two minutes. I'm timing you.

He closes the door. Matilda is alone.

She kicks into high gear. Scans the room. Opening drawers,
cabinets, searching. But everything is empty.

MOLINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There isn't anything. Don't waste
your time.

Matilda deflates. Sits on the toilet. Urinates. Her eyes fall
on the bathroom mirror.

She stands. Buckles her trousers. Approaches the mirror.
Swallows, building inner strength. She flushes the toilet.
It's LOUD. Then she balls up her fist, and HITS the mirror.

But nothing happens. She didn't hit it hard enough.

MOLINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You try that again, I'll come in
there with you.

Her face contorts in anguish.

MOLINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
One minute.

She washes her hands, her entire body deflating. Then, her eyes fall down on the tile floor next to the toilet.

There's an empty toilet paper roll - just the cardboard tube.

MATILDA

I'm coming. I'm right there.

238 INT. MONMOUTH PUB - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON]

238

Jack, on his laptop.

On screen: we see school photos of Hugo and Sophie (sweet, smiling). Jack flips through them, eventually landing on -

A coroner's report. A drawing/chart of the human body. An "X" on the figure's head.

239 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK]

239

The Hazmat Man drags Sophie by her feet, away from her hiding spot and towards the tree (where she will be disembowelled).

She SCREAMS. Kicks and fights but she's not strong enough. Thrashing left and right and then -

KNOCKS her head on a rock. Passes out cold.

240 INT. MONMOUTH PUB - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON]

240

Jack leans back again, staring at that "X" on the figure's head.

Then he glances up. A WAITRESS gives Jack a flirty smile. Then she sees what's on his laptop screen. Her smile falters.

241 INT. NEWPORT POLICE STATION, CID FLOOR - NIGHT
[FLASHBACK]

241

A room dedicated to the Donkey Pitch murders investigation. Paperwork spread all over a long conference table. A lot of photos up on the wall.

Jack stands in the doorway. His eyes on one photo in particular: Sophie's head.

The picture taken from the morgue. A bit of Sophie's head has been shaved so we get a clear view of the cut, where she bumped her head.

It's not a major injury.

Jack walks inside the room. In his hand is a fresh/unwrapped pack of fags. (These aren't Hugo's, these are a gift.)

Lincoln sits on top of the conference table. Hair down. Shoes off. Everyone else has gone home but she's burning the midnight oil.

Jack lays the cigarettes next to Lincoln. She says nothing. He turns to leave but -

Lincoln tosses her pen on the ground. Eyes Jack. *Pick it up.*

He hesitates. Then picks it up. Hands it to her. Turns to leave again but...she tosses it again.

He fights a smile - *this is insane.* She waits - *pick it up.*

So he does. Walks closer to her, pen in hand. Holds it out for her to take.

She looks at the pen. His outstretched hand. Then...

She stands. Walks past him. Out the room, barefoot. Leaving him hanging.

242 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY [LATE 242 AFTERNOON]

Matilda pulls the cardboard inner tube of the toilet roll from her bra. Rips it open, so that it's long.

She finds the felt-tip pen. With shaking hands, she writes:

Help Us

Then on the back, she writes:

Please call the police.

Please take this seriously.

We are at The Milton House, NP25 5KN

Please send help.

She folds the thin, cardboard paper in a hard crease. Then looks to Bear, who lays on the ground nearby.

MATILDA

Bear? Come here, girl. We need you.

Bear approaches. Matilda stuffs the cardboard note in her collar.

Bear trots a few paces away. Then mouths/chews/bites the cardboard note.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

No! No, no, no, no...

Too late. Bear has ripped the note in two.

Matilda fights tears, then stuffs both notes back into her collar, firmer this time.

243 INT./EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON] 243

Honey and Molina in the kitchen, cleaning up the mess. Dog food on multiple surfaces, even the walls.

The men have buckets of soapy water. Sponges. Honey wears washing up gloves. Molina doesn't.

Honey cleans near the sink. Molina works on the kitchen island.

HONEY

This place stinks.

MOLINA

Well there's dog food everywhere. Didn't know you were going to do that.

HONEY

No. It stunk before. It's dirty. This is a dirty house. And what was on the floor over there?

He points towards the entrance hall.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Was that blood?

MOLINA

I had to bring everything through the house. Must have sloshed around a bit.

HONEY

You brought *intestines* through the house? Why'd you do that?

MOLINA

Well, I had to get them to the garden.

HONEY

You could have gone *round* the house. Outside.

MOLINA

It was quicker to go through.

Honey looks at him in disbelief.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

I had a lot to do, all right?! What if I didn't finish in time? What would happen then?

HONEY

You had plenty of time to finish your assignments. A *professional* would have finished in plenty of - [time]

MOLINA

I had to cut the phone lines, take care of the housekeeper - [do all the stuff with the intestines]

HONEY

What'd you tell her?

MOLINA

I told her I was Oliver's research assistant. That we were going to be working, undisturbed. I paid her for the week. She won't stop by. Trust me.

Molina walks away from the kitchen island, finished with his cleaning.

Honey inspects it. There's still smears of dog food.

HONEY

In your opinion, is this now clean?

Molina scoffs, like a teenager.

HONEY (CONT'D)

No. I want to hear the answer. Do you believe this is now clean?

Molina grabs his sponge again. Goes back to cleaning.

MOLINA

I also had to shoot the deer. Which is a big deal! I'm not a hunter. Then I had to take everything out, and hang it all up out there in the trees. Took me ages just to find a ladder. Their basement is a mess.

HONEY

Why didn't you bring one? What if they hadn't had a ladder here? What would have happened - [then?]

MOLINA
I feel like you're being really
critical.

A THUNK. It's come from outside. The men's eyes grow wide.

244 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON] 244

The front door SWINGS open. Honey and Molina stand, watching,
wide-eyed, as -

Bear runs at *full speed* into the woods, past the Anchor-
Ferrers' SUV, still parked in the circular drive from ep 1.
Gone in just seconds.

Note: the SUV will remain in this location throughout all
episodes.

MOLINA
It came from the mum's room. She
must have pushed it out the window.

HONEY
You *think*?
(pause)
Find some dog food. Put it outside.
It'll come back.

MOLINA
Don't have any more dog food. You
used the last tin for the
jewellery.

Honey looks like he could strangle Molina.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
There's no address on it's collar.
I saw.

HONEY
What if it's got a microchip?

MOLINA
Oh.

HONEY
Indeed. *Oh*.

MOLINA
Wait. What's that?

Molina points to something in the bushes, along the side of
the house. Honey approaches. Picks it up. It's the cardboard
tube. (The audience knows, this only one of two pieces of the
note.)

Honey holds the note, unaware that there's any more to it. It reads:

We are at The Milton House, Monmouthshire. NP25 5KN

Please send help.

HONEY
(smiling)
Ahhhhh. Bless her.
(calling up to her window)
Hey! Mrs. A! You're not as stupid
as you look!

Honey faces Molina again.

HONEY (CONT'D)
One good thing has come out of
this. At least we don't have to
draw straws for who goes first.

MOLINA
No?

HONEY
No, dickhead. Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers
just volunteered herself.

SCREAMING from upstairs. POUNDING, too. Then men head back
inside the house.

245 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE IVY ROOM - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER] 245

As the name would indicate, the room is decorated in ivy. On the bed spread, the carpeting, and throw pillows. The walls are a pale green. Lucia, tied to the radiator, SCREAMS and POUNDS the floor. The door opens. Honey and Molina enter.

HONEY
Lucia. What's all this noise about?

LUCIA
What have you done with my dog?!

HONEY
Oh that. I'm so sorry, the way that
worked out.

LUCIA
What happened? I heard her outside!
She was in pain!

HONEY
The dog fell out the window. Ran
off. Looked injured.

Lucia's face contorts in pain.

LUCIA

She doesn't know her way around here! She's scared and she'll get lost! She's only ever been in our London home and she's...she's not microchipped!

HONEY

(perking up)

Is she not, now? Then no one will ever bring her back here. *Shame.*

LUCIA

(sobbing)

You fuckers!!

HONEY

(to Molina)

She called us 'fuckers'. She made me feel ever so small. Did she make you feel small?

MOLINA

Very small indeed.

LUCIA

(blubbering)

She loved me! She loved me!

HONEY

The way you say that, it makes me feel like, maybe she was the *only* one who really loved you.

Lucia cries harder - he's struck a nerve.

HONEY (CONT'D)

(to Molina)

Oh it's all clicking into place now.

(to Lucia)

You see, Lucia, it was your own mother who helped the dog to escape. Which, if you think about it, sort of means your mother regards the family dog more highly than you. Ponder that.

(ruminating)

I don't know. You do hear it said, don't you, DS Molina, especially with the ones further up the social scale, that they prize their animals very highly.

MOLINA

It's a class thing.

HONEY

I mean *me*, being from the dregs of society, I don't get it. Never saw how a horse or a dog could take the place of a human. Never been a fan of dogs, to be honest. Don't like the way they eat. It's messy.

MOLINA

Gets in their fur.

HONEY

Now, Lucia. I'm going to say something. Because I think you need to hear it.

He crouches down. Gets right in her face.

HONEY (CONT'D)

You are deserving of love.

She doesn't answer.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

Still no answer.

HONEY (CONT'D)

I'd feel so much better if you nodded.

Trembling, Lucia nods.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Good. Now, I'm going to close this door and you're going to be quiet. Get it?

She nods her head, yes. Both the men leave the room.

Tears roll down Lucia's cheeks, but she doesn't make a sound.

246 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/MONMOUTH PUB - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON - 246 MOMENTS LATER]

Jack's car is parked. His mobile is to his ear.

JACK

(into mobile)

I need you to know something. I would never *actually* kill you. I know I said I would, but I wouldn't.

(firm)

I don't have that in me.

247 EXT. PARK - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON]

247

Veronica walking, on her mobile.

VERONICA

But you said it, Jack. And that means something. Words mean something.

INTERCUT THESE TWO SCENES:

JACK

I was angry.

VERONICA

But you -

JACK

And I had every right to be angry, Veronica. What you did to me, what you did to my brother's things, that was...

(struggling)

When someone's gone, the things they leave behind, they're all you have. There's not gonna be anything new.

She softens, but doesn't reply.

JACK (CONT'D)

So I'm not sorry for being angry. But I am sorry for threatening you. That wasn't right.

VERONICA

I accept your apology.

JACK

All right.

VERONICA

Are you at home?

JACK

No, Cardiff. For a few days.

VERONICA

Look. I'll be out there to see some family tomorrow. Maybe I can stop by afterwards.

JACK

No. It's over, Veronica. We're never to talk again. I just needed to say what I - [said]

VERONICA

Oh my god! I wasn't suggesting we
get back together!

She was.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I was suggesting we have an *adult
conversation* about our
relationship, for the sake of
closure. But you're not equipped
for that kind of thing, are you?

He grits his teeth.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

You know, Jack, I feel sorry for
you. You're dysfunctional. You are
deeply, deeply, dysfunctional.

She hangs up. He tosses his mobile on the passenger seat,
exhaling. The mobile RINGS again.

JACK

Fuuuuck.

But when he picks it up, the Caller ID isn't Veronica. His
demeanour changes.

JACK (CONT'D)

(into mobile)

Caffery.

248 INT. VETERINARY EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON] 248

Waverly, examining some x-rays.

WAVERLY

Mr. Caffery. We've done an x-ray on
your dog. What she's swallowed
appears to be jewellery.

INTERCUT THESE TWO SCENES:

JACK

Jewellery? How'd that happen?

WAVERLY

Dogs will eat a variety of things.
But I admit, this is a first for
me.

JACK

But, it's metal. It wouldn't taste
good. Why would she...

WAVERLY

I don't know. But we'll have to keep her here. Wait for her to pass it naturally.

JACK

How long's that going to take?

WAVERLY

You're asking me to predict when a dog might shit?

JACK

Sorry. It's just...I'd like to have a look at the jewellery. Could be helpful in finding her home.

WAVERLY

I'll call you once it's out.

They hang up.

249 INT. ROBBIE'S HOME, KITCHEN - DAY [EARLY EVENING]

249

A cluttered family kitchen. Sippy cups, plastic Frozen 2 dinner plates, toys and knick-knacks everywhere.

Robbie (forensics, from the Donkey Pitch crime scene) is washing dishes. He's aged a bit. Belly expanded.

Two little girls, EMMA and CHARLOTTE (4 and 7) run around, giggling. Charlotte has an iPad. It's BLARING an obnoxious YouTube video.

Jack stands in the middle of the swirling family chaos.

ROBBIE

Sorry I couldn't meet you out.
Missus has a late shift tonight.

JACK

Thank you for meeting me at all. It was short notice.

The girls run by, bumping into Jack. They ignore him, keep going. A game of chase underway.

ROBBIE

Manners!

GIRLS (O.S.)

(in unison, from the other room)

Sorry!

Robbie chuckles.

ROBBIE

You know, when you left Cardiff for London, we all took bets on the reason why. Cause you wouldn't say. My money was on a woman. Was I right?

JACK

Not quite.

ROBBIE

Are you *never* gonna have kids?

JACK

I'm 32, Robbie.

ROBBIE

You wait too long, your back won't keep up with it. Mine's on fire, round the clock.

JACK

Noted.

ROBBIE

(smiling)

Plus it's fun. Really.

The girls **TUMBLE** into the room, **BANGING** against the dinner table. Milk goes **FLYING**.

Jack forces a smile.

250 EXT. ROBBIE'S HOME, BACK STEPS - DAY [EVENING]

250

Jack sits on the back steps, alone. From the second storey (open) window, we hear voices:

EMMA (O.S.)

But it hurts!

ROBBIE (O.S.)

We got to get the tangles out, yeah?

EMMA (O.S.)

Mam lets me do it!

ROBBIE (O.S.)

All right, all right. Big girl you are.

Jack's eyes stare out at the darkness, alone, until...

Charlotte emerges from the house. She's in pyjamas and thick socks. Hair wet from a bath. She drags a small blanket behind her.

From the looks of it, she drags that thing everywhere.

She sits right next to Jack. She's comfortable. He's a bit surprised.

(note: Jack likes kids, he's just not around them much)

CHARLOTTE
Why are you here?

JACK
I'm visiting your dad.

CHARLOTTE
But why?

JACK
Just wanna talk to him.

CHARLOTTE
About what?

JACK
Work stuff. It's boring.

CHARLOTTE
Do you like Miraculous?

JACK
That a kid's movie?

CHARLOTTE
It's not a movie. It's a show.

JACK
But it's for kids?

CHARLOTTE
Yeah.

JACK
I don't have kids.

Her eyes go down to her blanket. He hesitates, a little uncertain on how to proceed. Then -

JACK (CONT'D)
What's it about?

CHARLOTTE
's 'bout Lady Bug and Cat Noir.
They got superpowers. But they're
also in school and stuff.

JACK
So they're juggling a lot.

CHARLOTTE

And there's a, um, akuma. It's a butterfly. But it's bad and it makes you go evil.

JACK

How can a butterfly make you go evil?

CHARLOTTE

It just does.

JACK

Wouldn't make me go evil.

CHARLOTTE

It *would*.

JACK

What'd it fight me with? It's a butterfly. It's got no teeth. No claws. Can't even make a mean face. Butterflies don't have - [have faces]

CHARLOTTE

They do *to* have faces!

JACK

You've seen a butterfly's face?

CHARLOTTE

YES.

JACK

And you're certain this akuma thing is dangerous?

CHARLOTTE

YES. But it's not *real*. It's just in the *show*.

JACK

Well then that's a relief.

(pause)

Aren't you supposed to be in bed?

CHARLOTTE

(shrugs, casual)

Yeah.

He chuckles, charmed.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

What happened to your thumb?

Jack glances at his hand. That charcoal-black nail. His smile fades a bit.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
You need a plaster.

ROBBIE (O.S.)
What are you doing, missy?

Robbie stands in the door frame, holding a bottle of beer.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Go on up with your sister. I'll be
in to read in a minute.

Charlotte does as she's told, dragging her blanket back
inside the house.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
(re: beer)
Sure I can't get you one?

JACK
Don't really drink, mate. Thanks.

ROBBIE
Right. I forgot. You're a sober
copper. You'd think I'd remember
seeing as you're the only one.

Jack cracks a smile. Robbie sits down.

JACK
I wanted to ask you about
something. An old case. The Donkey
Pitch murders.

ROBBIE
Oh. That was awful. You were a
skipper then, weren't you?

JACK
First responder.

ROBBIE
Christ. You know it's been five
years now? Anniversary's coming up.

JACK
Lincoln's theory on how the crimes
played out...the kids, their
injuries, what she's saying Minnet
Kable did...do you believe it?

Robbie chuckles, but it's laced with frustration.

JACK (CONT'D)
What?

ROBBIE

I know you mean nothing by it, but
you've got no idea how often her
work is questioned.

JACK

All detectives have their work -

ROBBIE

(firm)

It's not the same.

Jack stays quiet. Robbie sips his beer, exhales before
answering.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

You ever look around our CID floor?
It's almost all blokes. Lincoln's
the best detective there, but she's
second guessed constantly. Treated
like a newbie when she's got years
of...

(pause)

Never used to notice that stuff.
Then you have daughters and you
can't not see it.

(pause)

Do you know the Chief Inspector
didn't used to let her answer press
questions *on her own cases*? She
didn't even speak on camera.

JACK

Why not?

ROBBIE

He said the face of the force
should be someone more
'reassuring'.

Jack absorbs that.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

That's the kind of shite she was
dealing with.

JACK

What about Matthews?

ROBBIE

Her partner? Nah, the two of them
are tight. Always have been.

JACK

And he was behind her theory on the
crime? What she said Minnet Kable
did on the Donkey Pitch?

ROBBIE

Yeah.

JACK

And I'm guessing you were, too?

ROBBIE

You know how these things work,
Jack. There's always elements that
are inconclusive. But overall? Yes.

251 OMITTED 251

252 OMITTED 252

253 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY - NIGHT 253

A connected living room and kitchen. A small sofa. A small table with a single chair. Nothing on the walls.

This is a bachelor pad. Jack enters, taking it in.

A large window overlooks the bay. Lights from inside various flats reflect on the still surface of the water.

254 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, BEDROOM - NIGHT 254

Jack, sitting upright on his bed. His laptop is open. We see the social media postings regarding Bear (he was obviously checking for updates, but there are none.)

Jack stares at the wall, mind elsewhere.

255 INT. NEWPORT MORGUE - DAY [AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK] 255

Jack, in uniform. He stands by a door of an autopsy room, just outside. He's looking in, at:

Lincoln and DI Matthews, on one side of the room. Near them is Robbie.

On the other side of the room, a handful of uniformed and suit-clad men (we assume: higher-ups within the precinct).

And between all of them....

Hugo and Sophie are on two metal tables. (Details and gore are all off-camera).

Lincoln paces around Hugo, focused on him. But Jack watches Lincoln, transfixed by her.

LINCOLN

The initial injury comes from the right, and is to the male victim, a stab wound on his thigh.

256 EXT. DOVECOTE - DAY [EVENING - FLASHBACK]

256

Sophie and Hugo, laying together on the blanket.

SOPHIE

So, we're totally alone here?

HUGO

Well, someone could come in.

SOPHIE

I mean, it's romanti-

THUNK.

257 INT. NEWPORT MORGUE - DAY [AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK]

257

Lincoln lingers by Hugo. A flash of pity on her face - the poor kid.

Jack is unable to not stare at Lincoln. But Lincoln appears completely unaware Jack is even there.

LINCOLN

The male victim is then pinned to the ground. Unable to move without excruciating pain.

(pause)

But the female victim escapes.

Lincoln moves over to Sophie, near her (cut-up) feet.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

She's in socks. The cuts on her feet, which have congealed at different rates, indicate she ran for hours. It was dark. She became disoriented. The killer allowed the female victim to exhaust herself.

258 INT. DOVECOTE - DAY [EVENING - FLASHBACK]

258

Hugo is stabbed and pinned.

The Hazmat Man sits down in the doorway (facing the Donkey Pitch), cross-legged. He watches Sophie run around the Donkey Pitch, her yellow dress fluttering in the wind. Adorable.

259 INT. NEWPORT MORGUE - DAY [AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK] 259

Lincoln's long, brown hair cascades over her shoulder. Jack takes it in.

LINCOLN

At daylight, the killer leaves the male victim, finding the female victim on the far corner of the pitch. He drags her back to the tree where both teenagers are later found. Her head strikes an object, most likely a rock -

260 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK] 260

*Sophie kicks and fights, thrashing left and right and then -
KNOCKS her head on a rock. Passes out cold. The Hazmat Man continues dragging her.*

261 INT. NEWPORT MORGUE - DAY [AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK] 261

LINCOLN

Knocking her unconscious. He leaves her by the tree. Retrieves the male victim, bringing him to the tree as well. The male victim has lost considerable blood by then. He's weak. The killer disembowels them both, the knife now coming in from the left. But he starts with the female.

262 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK] 262

Sophie lays, lifeless, as the Hazmat Man stands above her, prepared to slice. We hear the CRACK of thunder. It starts to rain.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

She doesn't fight back, because she's unconscious.

263 INT. NEWPORT MORGUE - DAY [AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK] 263

Lincoln looks at the higher-ups.

LINCOLN

It explains the clean cut to her abdomen.

A moment, then the higher-ups nod.

264 INT. NEWPORT MORGUE - DAY [MOMENTS LATER/AFTERNOON - 264
FLASHBACK]

One by one, everyone files out of the autopsy room, walking past Jack. They walk down a hallway, out of view.

Jack remains by the door. The only person remaining in the autopsy room is Lincoln.

She takes her time. Then walks towards Jack. Slowly.

She stops in the door frame, leaning against it, facing him. He's immobile. Waiting.

The tension between them electric. But neither says a word.

She takes one step forward. Presses her body against Jack's. She stays there a moment. Her breath against his collarbone.

Jack swallows. Hating this. But loving it, too.

She puts a hand on his chest. Moves it lower. *Lower*. Then -

Jack's body stiffens. Jaw unhinges. His Adam's apple jumps in his throat.

Lincoln leans in, whispering in Jack's ear.

LINCOLN
(whispering, re: Hugo and
Sophie)
What's wrong with you?

She walks away, disappearing down the hallway. Leaving him, panting and erect, with corpses.

265 OMITTED 265

266 OMITTED 266

267 INT. VETERINARY EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY [MORNING] 267

Bear sits on the examination table. Waverly hands Jack a plastic bag of jewellery.

WAVERLY
It's all been sterilised.

Jack tips the bag out on the table. Necklaces and bracelets, but they are nondescript. No etchings, no initials. Then...a ring.

A simple gold band. Jack holds it up to the light, reading the inside of the band.

JACK
(reading)
To Matilda, love 'Jimmy'.

WAVERLY
Find what you need?

JACK
Maybe.

WAVERLY
Well then, I'll meet you out front.

He furrows his brow. She moves towards the door, smiles.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)
For the bill.

268 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR (PARKED)/VETERINARY CLINIC - DAY 268
[LATER THAT MORNING]

Jack holds up the ring, looking at the inscription. Bear is in the passenger seat.

When Jack speaks, it's half to himself and half to the dog.

JACK
"Jimmy" can be a nickname for all sorts of things. A joint. Your dick. But this is a wedding band. So I'm gonna go ahead and assume it's short for "James." Safe bet, yeah?

Jack looks over at the dog. Bear just stares.

Jack pulls up his mobile. Starts tapping on the screen.

JACK (CONT'D)
Problem is, I've got no surnames. And if you look at all the Jameses in the area...there's a few.
(tapping on the screen)
Quite a few Matildas as well, but none of them are married to - or divorced from - a James. You know what that means?

He looks over to the dog again. Bear pants.

JACK (CONT'D)

It means this couple probably doesn't live in Monmouth full time. Registered to vote elsewhere. And if you widen the search for all the Jameses and Matildas that have gotten married in the United Kingdom since the dawn of time, you get exactly...

(reading the screen)

One million *fuckloads* of matches.

He puts down his mobile. Picks up the ring again. Looking more closely, we see: **symbols and numbers on the inside of the band.** (note: all rings made of precious metal have these.)

JACK (CONT'D)

(re: the symbols and numbers)

So we'll go about this a different way...

He puts the ring in his pocket. Cranks the car's engine.

268a EXT. THE WALKING MAN'S HUT - DAY [LATER THAT MORNING] 268a

Jack walks through the woods, Bear along at his side. They approach the clearing, and the hut.

The Walking Man is outside, he's pulled vegetables from his garden, taking them back inside. He straightens up when he sees Jack, waiting just outside his door.

JACK

You said you found this dog on the Donkey Pitch. Then you reminded me that the anniversary of those killings was coming up.

The Walking Man doesn't respond.

JACK (CONT'D)

You think there's a connection between this dog and those murders.

THE WALKING MAN

You found something, didn't you? Something with the dog. Something's wrong, isn't it?

Now it's Jack's turn not to respond. The Walking Man cracks a smile.

THE WALKING MAN (CONT'D)

I told you.

JACK

Why do you think there's a connection?

THE WALKING MAN

I don't know that there is. But you do, don't you? You sense it. That you're on to something.

(pause)

That there's something evil. And you can almost reach it.

A beat.

JACK

I'll find the dog's owner. But you'll get information about my brother in return.

THE WALKING MAN

We have a deal.

Jack sighs, nods.

JACK

(re: Bear)

Brought her back.

(to Bear, re: The Walking Man's hut)

Go on.

THE WALKING MAN

I don't want a dog.

He heads inside his hut, shutting the door.

268b INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/COLONEL FRINK'S HOUSE - DAY

268b

Jack parks. Cuts the engine. Sighs. Turns his attention to Bear.

JACK

I'm not gonna take care of you. So we need to find you a place to stay. Time to look cute.

Bear whimpers. Lowers her head.

JACK (CONT'D)

Trust me. It's for the best.

Big, sad puppy eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)

Yeah. That's not gonna work on me.

269 EXT. COLONEL FRINK'S HOUSE - DAY [MORNING - MOMENTS LATER] 269

Jack stands at the Colonel's door. The old man bends down, gingerly petting Bear.

COLONEL FRINK
Well aren't you a sweet little one!

JACK
It would just be for a few days.
But if it's too much of a bother -

COLONEL FRINK
Nonsense! It's no bother at all!
(to Bear)
But we'll have to find you some
food. Shall we go together? You can
show me what you like?

Bear wags her tail.

JACK
She's got a sore back foot. But the
vet says it should heal on it's own
in a day or two.

Colonel Frink slowly stands back up. Not without his own
aches and pains.

COLONEL FRINK
She and I are a right pair. You do
what you need to do, son. Whatever
it is, I'm sure it needs doing.

Jack glances inside the Colonel's home, seeing the picture of
Sophie.

JACK
It does.

270 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY [MORNING] 270

The door opens. Honey enters. Matilda's slept on the floor.
She winces, stiff.

Honey approaches. Kneels down.

HONEY
Is there something you want to tell
me? Something about your little
lapdog?

She says nothing.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Let's not make a big fuss of this,
but...it does feel appropriate for
you to apologise.

MATILDA

(cracked voice)

I apologise.

HONEY

You don't sound sincere.

MATILDA

I apologise. I'm sorry. I am.

HONEY

I forgive you.

MATILDA

You're...you're obsessed with him,
aren't you? You're copying him.

HONEY

Copying who, darling?

(pause)

Oh! Minnet Kable? Well gosh, that's
a theory. Love that you're being
constructive with your time.

MATILDA

Are you going to....

Her face contorts. He waits, patiently.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

Are you going to rape my daughter?

HONEY

Rape your daughter! My goodness. I
wasn't planning on it! Mainly
because I just don't think we'll
have time.

Matilda starts crying. Honey turns completely serious.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers, I'm going to
tell you something important. Are
you listening?

She nods, yes.

HONEY (CONT'D)

(sincere)

We're not here to rape your
daughter. Or you. Or your husband.
Doesn't interest us.

MATILDA

But what does interest you?

He smiles. Reaches for her shackles.

HONEY

Come downstairs, and I'll show you.

Fresh fear bubbles up within her. Eyes wide with panic.

MATILDA

You're going to kill us! You said
you're going to scare us but that's
not where it's going to end. You're
going to kill us!

He sighs. Theatrically contemplates something.

HONEY

Agh! I was being honest about the
rape thing so I guess I should keep
being honest, so....yes, okay. We
are definitely going to kill you.

Breath catches in her throat, she trembles.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Oh, no, no, no, no! Don't worry!
It'll take a long time. Days,
probably. Maybe weeks.

271 INT. UPSCALE PUB, CARDIFF - DAY [AFTERNOON]

271

Oak tables. Mason-jar chandeliers. Leather armchairs. An elegant, but understated pub.

Jack sits at a table in the back. A Sprite in front of him. He looks at his mobile. The clock reads 12:43.

He sighs. Annoyed. Then -

Lincoln enters (5 years older from the flashbacks). She spots Jack. Takes her time coming to his table.

As she does, he slowly stands. It's a gentlemanly gesture. Hard to tell if it's done with sincerity or sarcasm.

LINCOLN

Sergeant Caffery.

JACK

Not a sergeant anymore.

LINCOLN

Sacked?

JACK
Promoted. No more uniform.

She eyes him, up and down.

LINCOLN
Pity.

He eyes his mobile.

JACK
We said noon.

LINCOLN
You said noon.

She sits. He sits.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
What are you doing here, Jack? Are
you upset we never got to say
goodbye?

He cracks a smile.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
I had to fill in at another
station. Didn't expect to be away
so long.

JACK
From what I hear, you were happy to
leave.

She clocks the comment, but doesn't take the bait.

LINCOLN
Did you miss me?

JACK
Work wasn't quite the same without
you.

LINCOLN
Less fun?

JACK
Less of a lot of things.

LINCOLN
Ooooooh. Is that what this is? Are
you having a metoo moment? Is this
the part where I listen, and you
get it all off your chest?

JACK
Not exactly.

LINCOLN

You sure?

JACK

Wasn't complaining then. Not
complaining now. When it comes to
me, you can do whatever you want.
My answer is yes.

That lingers in the air, thick.

A WAITER approaches. He opens his mouth, but -

LINCOLN

Two gin and tonics.

JACK

One gin and tonic.

LINCOLN

(innocently)
But it's after noon.

JACK

(to the Waiter, re: the
Sprite)
I'm fine.

The Waiter nods, leaves.

JACK (CONT'D)

I've started poking around an old
case. Donkey Pitch.

LINCOLN

That was an ugly one. Coming on
five years now.

JACK

In your case notes, you mentioned
Minnet Kable wasn't all that
bright.

LINCOLN

One fry short of a Happy Meal. But
that's a legal term.

JACK

You look at that crime scene, how
there's so little evidence left
behind, feels like a smart criminal
would be behind it.

LINCOLN

Gosh, Jack. That never occurred to
me. Thank goodness you're here.
What else do you think?

He stays quiet. She sighs, drops the act.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

He put on plastic coveralls. Any moron can do that and it's in my report. And then the rain washed away whatever evidence was still left behind. So really, just how smart did he need to be to kill those two kids?

(pause)

Plus, the cuts on the bodies were both left handed and right handed in origin. Minnet Kable is ambidextrous.

JACK

What if that's a coincidence, and not an explanation?

LINCOLN

Jack, he *confessed*.

Jack still looks unconvinced. Lincoln clocks it.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Look. I get it. You were there. You saw their innards strung about like tinsel and it fucked you up. I might joke, Jack, but it fucked me up, too.

(pause)

I give a shit about my cases. And I work my ass off to clear them.

JACK

(loaded)

Oh, see, I'm not questioning your work ethic.

Again, she doesn't take the bait. *But it's hard.*

JACK (CONT'D)

But your theory on those murders? It's full of holes.

272

INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, AMETHYST ROOM - DAY
[AFTERNOON]

272

The door opens on a garishly-purple room. Posters on the wall tell us this is where Lucia sleeps.

But it's Oliver who's tied up here. In the doorway is Molina.

MOLINA

Time for the fun, old man.

273 INT. UPSCALE PUB, CARDIFF - DAY [AFTERNOON] 273

Jack eyes Lincoln.

JACK

One killer couldn't keep track of both of those kids, not in an area that big. Leaving either of them alone would have been too big of a risk. Hugo was strong. If the killer had left him, he would have tried to escape.

274 INT. DOVECOTE - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK] 274

Hugo, pinned to the ground inside the dovecote. The Hazmat Man walks away (to get Sophie on the Donkey Pitch, hiding in her little corner).

Hugo eyes the knife in his thigh, reaches towards it, ready to pull...

275 INT. UPSCALE PUB, CARDIFF - DAY [AFTERNOON] 275

JACK

And the cut on Sophie's head? It was minor.

276 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK] 276

Sophie, dragged away from her hiding spot by the Hazmat Man.

Her head BANGS against the rock, but she remains awake. Kicking and fighting.

277 INT. UPSCALE PUB, CARDIFF - DAY [AFTERNOON] 277

JACK

She was never knocked unconscious. She was awake for the whole thing.

278 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK] 278

The Hazmat Man drags Sophie towards that tree. She SCREAMS in protest.

279 INT. UPSCALE PUB, CARDIFF - DAY [AFTERNOON] 279

JACK

It's not just that Minnet Kable wasn't smart enough to carry out the murders in the first place.

280 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS, SPIRAL STAIRCASE / ENTRANCE WAY / CELLAR STAIRS - DAY [AFTERNOON] 280

Lucia and Oliver, hands tied, are at the bottom of the **spiral staircase**, (having just walked down).

Molina opens the door leading to the **cellar stairs**. (This is the first time we've seen this back portion of the house).

Molina motions to Oliver and Lucia to go down. Without another choice, they do. We follow them...

It's dark. The steps wooden. Each one gives a CREAK.

JACK (V.O.)
*It's that you tried to cram a
single-killer theory into a crime
scene that just doesn't fit it.*

Molina follows Oliver and Lucia, shinning a torch. At the bottom of the staircase...

The **basement door**. It's closed. Honey stands outside.

JACK (V.O.)
It never was one stupid man.

Molina joins Honey at the door. They lock eyes with one another. Smile.

JACK (V.O.)
It was two very smart ones.

Honey pushes open the basement door...

281 INT. UPSCALE PUB, CARDIFF - DAY [AFTERNOON] 281

Jack looks Lincoln dead in the eye.

JACK
I knew it five years ago. Knew
something was off with the case.
But I was a bit...
(re: her)
Distracted.
(pause)
Deep down inside, you know I'm
right. You know that's how the
Donkey Pitch murders went down.

282 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 282

*Hugo carries Sophie over his shoulder, walking along the
Donkey Pitch towards the dovecote. They're giggling,
laughing.*

But now we pan up, revealing...

TWO HAZMAT MEN are perched along the grey wall, like gargoyles. Watching. Waiting.

As Sophie and Hugo go into the dovecote, the Hazmat Men exchange a glance through goggles - here we go.

283 INT./EXT. DOVECOTE & DONKEY PITCH - DAY [EVENING - 283
FLASHBACK]

One Hazmat Man guards Hugo (stabbed and pinned to the ground). But behind him (through the arched door, onto the Donkey Pitch), we now see:

The other Hazmat Man leaves the dovecote, walking onto the Donkey Pitch.

284 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 284

Sophie runs, frantic, through the Donkey Pitch, trying to find a way out.

The other Hazmat Man moves through the pitch, at an even and calm pace, keeping an eye on her the whole time.

285 INT. DOVECOTE - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK] 285

Hugo reaches for the knife in his thigh. He braces, ready to pull.

But the Hazmat Man (who we now see is guarding him) shakes his head: no, no, no.

286 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 286

Sophie, collapsing in her hiding place in the woods at night. But now we widen the shot to include one of the Hazmat Men, who is close by, squatting down, keeping an eye on her.

287 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK] 287

Sophie, eyes wide open, near the tree (where she will be disembowelled). Hugo there, too, though he's barely conscious.

One Hazmat Man stands above Sophie, holding the knife. The other Hazmat Man holds her arms down. She SCREAMS.

288 INT. UPSCALE PUB, CARDIFF - DAY [AFTERNOON]

288

JACK

The killers were never caught.
They're still out there.

LINCOLN

I didn't throw the Donkey Pitch
case.

JACK

And yet, it was botched so badly...

LINCOLN

(pointedly)
*I didn't throw the Donkey Pitch
case.*

JACK

Well then, that really only leaves
one alternative.

Jack straightens up in his chair. Leans forward over the
table. A smirk on his face.

JACK (CONT'D)

(taunting)

What if you just aren't cut out for
this kind of job?

Lincoln smiles. He's trying to get a rise out of her. And
it's working.

JACK (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Maybe you were promoted because
someone had to tick a few boxes?

She holds his stare a moment. Then stands.

LINCOLN

You coming?

She turns. Walks through a swinging door to the restrooms.

He cracks a smile. Waits a minute. Then stands, following her
through the swinging door...

MATCH CUT TO:

289 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY [AFTERNOON - 289
CONTINUOUS]

The basement door opens...

It's dark. Musty. A few chairs and tables scattered about.
Some covered in sheets.

Honey enters first, disappearing into the shadows of the room.

Then Molina pushes Oliver and Lucia inside. Through their POV, we take in the room, and see:

Matilda. Hanging upside down - from her feet - from the rafters.

Her face red. She's hyperventilating from panic.

Note: there is a GoPro camera set up, filming the room/scene/Matilda.

Panicked about his wife, Oliver opens his mouth to scream but it's drowned out by -

OPERA MUSIC.

Specifically, 'Largo Al Factotum' ("*Figaro! Figaro! Figaro!*")

(Note: the music will continue for the rest of the episode, over every scene)

The music BLARES.

Honey JUMPS out of the dark corner of the room. Lands on a table. He holds a long, curved-blade sabre sword. He SINGS. *His operatic voice is amazing.*

And he's really into it. A full-on dramatic performance. Clenched fist. Skyward gaze.

290 INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM, UPSCALE PUB, CARDIFF - DAY 290
[AFTERNOON]

Jack SLAMS Lincoln against the bathroom wall. Her legs around his waist.

A fist in her hair. Her chin tips upwards. They breathe through kisses, bites and gasps.

291 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY [AFTERNOON - 291
CONTINUOUS]

Honey trots along the back of a sofa, pointed toes. Sword slicing through the air, poised to slash whatever comes in it's path.

He hits a high note, his voice smooth as silk.

Matilda GASPS for air, her panic mounting. Lucia is frozen in shock.

OLIVER
Darling!

Oliver moves towards his wife.

But Molina grabs an empty bottle from a nearby crate (dusty and old, maybe an old-fashioned milk bottle), and SMASHES it against the stone wall.

He holds it to Oliver's neck. Oliver stops where he is, helpless, blocking his daughter from Molina.

MOLINA

Don't interrupt *the performance*.

As the verse comes to a climax...

Honey JUMPS down from the sofa, SLIDES across the basement floor, SWIPING a sheet along the way.

It FLUTTERS behind him.

292 INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM, UPSCALE PUB, CARDIFF - DAY 292
[AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS]

Jack's hand slides under Lincoln's skirt, hoisting her higher against him.

Tight on Lincoln and Jack's faces. We hear a belt unbuckling.

293 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY [AFTERNOON - 293
CONTINUOUS]

Honey TWIRLS in place, the sheet fluttering around him. Matilda's eyes glaze over.

294 INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM, UPSCALE PUB, CARDIFF - DAY 294
[AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS]

Their bodies THRUST upward in unison. Both of them inhale, sharp. He holds her in place.

Then they come down in unison, knocking a bathroom mirror to the tile floor. It SHATTERS.

They move back upwards, *harder this time*.

Jack's head over Lincoln's shoulder, his forehead against the bathroom wall.

295 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY [AFTERNOON - 295
CONTINUOUS]

Matilda's seconds away from losing consciousness....maybe even dying from sheer shock...

Molina looks at Honey with wonder and awe. Mouthing the words along with Honey. *His adoration for his partner is palpable.*

Honey hits the final CLIMATIC NOTE, sword held HIGH, standing next to Matilda's dangling body....

296 INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM, UPSCALE PUB, CARDIFF - DAY 296
[AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS]

Jack and Lincoln seconds away from climaxing....

297 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY [AFTERNOON - 297
CONTINUOUS]

Honey BELTING OUT the final note, holding it....holding it....holding it....

Matilda takes what feels like a final breath....

Molina smiles, like a child on Christmas morning...

Then....

SLICE.

Honey's sword cuts through Matilda's ropes.

She FALLS to the ground with a THUD. A GASP of air brings her back to life.

Honey faces the Anchor-Ferrers, psychopathic glee on his face.

HONEY
Let the games begin!

FADE OUT