

WOLF

by

Megan Gallagher

Based on the novel by Mo Hayder

Episode 3 "Scary Man"

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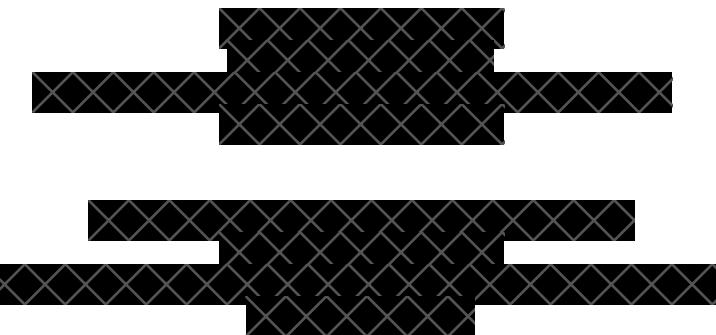
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Over a black screen, the sound of STEADY, HARD RAIN. Rhythmic. Calming. Wind blowing in waves.

FADE IN:

300 EXT. CHEPSTOW COUNTRYSIDE, WALES - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 300

Lincoln strides across lush green fields, getting soaked in the heavy storm. It's pitch black. She carries a torch.

Next to her, SERGEANT PRODY (27) scrambles to keep up.

PRODY

I'm sorry. I know it's a bad time for this. I didn't mean - [for them to send you]

LINCOLN

Too late to walk it back now.

PRODY

But I didn't - [want them to send you]

LINCOLN

Yeah, you did. You called CID in the middle of the night. Shared a theory you'd developed based on nothing.

They reach the top of a hill. A small group of MALE OFFICERS are standing around. We don't see what they are standing near. Not yet.

Lincoln turns to Prody, eyeing him. Her distaste palpable.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

When I was a sergeant and I had theories, no one gave a shit. Wonder why?

She turns to the other officers.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

How many kids were there?

OFFICER #1

Maybe 100. They scattered.

LINCOLN

Anything found in the initial search?

OFFICER #1

We haven't done an initial search yet.

PRODY

We were waiting on some Dragon lights.

LINCOLN

Because we're literally afraid of the dark?

Sheepish expressions on the faces of the burly men...who just stand there.

Lincoln scoffs. Then she looks up at whatever they are standing near (again, we don't yet see it).

She takes in the sight, face covered in rain. She smiles.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

It's all right, boys. Don't be scared. I don't think she'll bite.

She walks into a stone archway. We pull back, revealing we are:

301 EXT. CWM Y GROES ABBEY - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK] 301

An abandoned abbey. Once grand. Now derelict. A beauty that's been punished by the march of time.

White stone exterior discoloured and cracked. Ugly brick underneath. Overgrown vines. Overgrown weeds.

Empty window frames like missing teeth.

302 INT. CWM Y GROES ABBEY - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK] 302

No roof. No floor. Fallen trees. Metre-wide puddles of mud and muck.

Vines climb high along decayed walls. Like nature wants to reclaim the building. Swallow it whole.

Lincoln enters. Prody follows. Both have torches. Lincoln shines hers high up along the wall.

We see mounted lights. And a mounted digital film projector.

PRODY

They had a generator. For the music and lights and whatever they were showing on the wall.

She ignores him, pushing further on inside, each step a wet struggle. Prody follows.

PRODY (CONT'D)

(nervous)

I didn't mean for them to send you.

Lincoln shines her torch along the ground, the beam reflecting on the surface of a large puddle.

The raindrops create perfect circles that move outward, bigger and bigger and bigger...

She hesitates, watching. Did she see something? We're not sure.

PRODY (CONT'D)

But I do...I mean, this might be worth looking into. There's been a few of these now.

Her eyes shift to him, sceptical. He shuts up. Then she moves on, down a corridor.

But we stay behind a moment, focused on that puddle. Circle after circle, getting bigger and bigger and then -

Something in the water moves. Coming up from below. It's dark and curved. Slick.

But just as fast as it appeared, it's gone.

303 INT. CWM Y GROES ABBEY, CORRIDOR - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS - 303
FLASHBACK]

Narrow. Exposed beams. Moss spreads like a rash.

PRODY

Can I ask you something?

She doesn't answer.

PRODY (CONT'D)

Got a friend who's a paramedic. Or, she was a paramedic. She quit. Got really wrecked over something. Think it was like, a final straw situation, you know?

Lincoln doesn't take the bait.

PRODY (CONT'D)

Had to do with a bloke. In a bathtub.

Now she glances at him, remembering.

PRODY (CONT'D)

That was yours, wasn't it?

LINCOLN

She quit over that?

PRODY

She said it was really -
[upsetting]

LINCOLN

It wasn't.

Lincoln's beam shines on another deep puddle. Something plastic is floating in it.

PRODY

Was the guy really still able to speak? I mean, after he'd done it?

She approaches the puddle, feet sloshing through rain. She grabs the plastic but it's stuck.

She sticks her hand into the puddle. Deeper and deeper, trying to dislodge it.

LINCOLN

Vocal chords sit on top of the windpipe. You don't necessarily cut through that bit, even if you slice clean through your own throat.

The water now up to her elbow...

PRODY

Didn't know that.

She pulls harder, releasing the plastic. But it's just rubbish.

LINCOLN

Neither did I, at the time.

304 INT. CWM Y GROES ABBEY - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK] 304

Lincoln's beam shines over walls. Doors ripped off hinges.

PRODY

So he was talking to you? After he'd done it to himself? Bleeding out, from the neck?

LINCOLN

Yes.

PRODY

Like a conversation?

LINCOLN

Yes.

PRODY

Back and for-

LINCOLN

That's what a conversation is,
isn't it?

Lincoln ducks underneath a (small) fallen tree, putting her hand on the trunk for balance.

Prody follows her, also putting his hand on the trunk. But when he releases it...

Something shakes loose from the branches.

It's too dark to see what it was. But it looked...long.

It falls onto the wet ground with a SPLAT.

305 INT. CWM Y GROES ABBEY - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK] 305

Lincoln stands over a wooden door in the floor. She opens it. Stone steps lead downward.

Lincoln's torch beam shines into a pitch black abyss.

PRODY

What'd he say?

A flicker of *something* crosses Lincoln's face. Just a hint of vulnerability.

LINCOLN

He said that he'd warned me. And he had. He'd told me I wouldn't want to see what he was gonna do.

(pause)

I'd said I could handle it.

She descends the stone stairs. Prody follows.

306 INT. CWM Y GROES ABBEY, CELLAR - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS - 306 FLASHBACK]

Pitch black. The only light comes from their torches. The beams scan the walls. The floors. A cold, square box.

Then Lincoln's beam lands on:

Black cords. Up against a white concrete wall. Tons of them.

LINCOLN

They set up another generator down here?

PRODY

Don't know.

As her torch beam glides along the wall...one of the cords moves.

She freezes. Moves the beam back. But now the cord is still. It lays in a pile of other cords.

LINCOLN

Those cables connect to something.

(pause)

FUCK.

She drops her torch. It CLATTERS to the ground, turning off.

PRODY

What?!

He shines the light just below her face. Her jaw clenched. Her body stiff. She's starting to pant in fear.

LINCOLN

Shine the light down.

He hesitates, afraid.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Do it.

The light travels down, down, down to ground around their feet....There are cords all over the floor.

But they aren't cords. **They're snakes.**

Over the sound of Lincoln's panting, we cut to...

TITLE SEQUENCE

307 INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM, UPSCALE PUB, CARDIFF - DAY [LATE 307 AFTERNOON]

Jack and Lincoln still against the bathroom wall. But the rhythm of their breath is slowing. It's over.

She slips out from against the wall. Starts putting herself together again. He does the same.

The air between them thick with silence, until -

LINCOLN

Were you in the room when Minnet
Kable confessed?

Jack chuckles.

JACK

I guess that passes for pillow talk
in a bathroom.

LINCOLN

(ignoring him)

There's usually a uniform standing
about for statements. Can't
remember if it was you.

JACK

(playing along)

I was at the crime scene. And I was
there for the post mortem. But no,
wasn't in the room when Minnet
Kable confessed.

She straightens her skirt. Smooths her blouse.

LINCOLN

Are you really gonna do this?
Because the Donkey Pitch is closed.

JACK

Doesn't mean I can't - [look into
it]

LINCOLN

And you don't even work in Wales
anymore.

JACK

Open or closed, Wales or London, I
have the authori -

LINCOLN

Oh for fuck's sake, I'm not asking
about the reach of your authority.

She slips on a shoe. Faces him, shoulders square.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Though it is interesting timing to
be pushing things, don't you think?
Aren't you already looking at a
suspension?

His eyes flicker to hers. She smirks.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Both of us can do off-duty
detective work.

JACK

Why do you care what I do?

LINCOLN

Because it's my case. And it's solved. And you don't even live in this country anymore. What you're doing is *weird*. Why are you doing it?

He doesn't immediately answer. But she waits.

JACK

It's five years since the Donkey Pitch. The anniversary.

LINCOLN

So?

JACK

So I found a note, asking for help. There wasn't an address, but - [it might mean something]

LINCOLN

Where'd you find the note?

JACK

(not wanting to say it)
On a dog's collar.

Lincoln stares at him, completely blank faced. A prolonged silence. Finally -

LINCOLN

I'm fighting my instinct to mock you. Because I love that statement hanging in the air.

JACK

I know how it sounds. But it's more than just the note. It's the dog herself.

LINCOLN

Has she told you something?

JACK

She'd swallowed a bunch of things. They were stuck in her *intestines*.

(pause)

Look, I think the wrong killer is in prison. If the right ones are still out there...*what if something's about to happen?*

She eyes him. Says nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)

If something happens tomorrow, if someone is hurt tomorrow, and I did nothing today, I don't think I could - [live with myself]

LINCOLN

(flat)

Wow, Jack. You're such a good guy.

She leaves. The door swinging behind her. Jack is alone. His mobile RINGS. He picks it up, looking at the caller ID (we don't see it).

He rejects the call. Presses a few buttons. Now we see his mobile screen:

"Are you sure you want to block this caller?"

HONEY (O.S.)

Lights, please.

308 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY [AFTERNOON] 308

A ring light GLOWS on Matilda. She is bright red on the floor. She's still bound.

Honey is next to her, sword in his hand. Molina stands at a distance, adjusting the light.

Lucia and Oliver have fallen to their knees. Oliver fights tears. Lucia looks shell shocked.

HONEY

(re: Matilda)

Personally, I feel, she did very well. What do you think, DS Molina?

MOLINA

She seems a bit red.

HONEY

(to Matilda)

You all right there, darling?
Supposed to be good for your looks.
A little hang upside down does wonders for the complexion.

Matilda COUGHS, but a bit of vomit and spit comes out. Honey recoils.

HONEY (CONT'D)

(to Molina)

Deal with that.

Honey turns away. Molina approaches, wipes the mess.

LUCIA

Mum? Are you all right?

OLIVER

(to Honey)

She's almost died.

HONEY

But she *didn't* though, did she?

(to himself)

I do hate melodrama.

(to Molina)

It's time.

Molina scurries back, moving to adjust the GoPro camera. Tilting it just right, so it captures Matilda and Honey.

Honey approaches Matilda again. Puts a finger on her chin, lifting it tenderly.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Mrs. A? I need you to do something for us.

OLIVER

Please just leave her be!

Matilda is woozy. Not responding. Honey reaches out, pulling over an ottoman.

HONEY

Jump on up.

She blinks, confused.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Come on, old girl.

(patting the ottoman)

Give a little hop.

She's too woozy. Honey SIGHS, then clumsily pulls Matilda to her feet, getting her on top of the ottoman.

OLIVER

Stop it! She can't stand!

Honey ignores him, keeping his hands on Matilda's shoulders, ready to catch her if she falls. But bit by bit, she regains full consciousness. Standing on her own.

HONEY

(to Oliver)

Now, see? We shouldn't underestimate people.

Honey steps aside, examining Matilda like a piece of artwork. Molina films.

OLIVER

Please, just, don't touch her!
Please, please...

HONEY

Oliver. Relax.
(to Molina)
He thinks we're going to rape his wife.

MOLINA

But we're not rapists.

HONEY

Of course we're not. But that's what he's thinking. Mrs. A's worried about it, too.

MOLINA

She is?

HONEY

She thinks we're going to rape the daughter.

MOLINA

That's awful.

HONEY

They're a family of perverts. Oh! And I forgot to tell you. Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers also has a theory. She thinks we're obsessed with Minnet Kable. She thinks we're copying him.

MOLINA

So if all of that's true, then we're...copy cat murderer rapists?

HONEY

Doesn't that feel like a -

MOLINA
A lot in one head.

HONEY (CONT'D)
- mixed psychological profile.

HONEY (CONT'D)
I don't think anyone's considered a third explanation about who we might be. Maybe we should help the family a bit?

MOLINA

They might appreciate clarity.

HONEY

All right. Let's do it.

(to Matilda)

Darling, would you tuck your blouse up into your bra, please?

MATILDA

But, you just said - [you weren't going to do anything like that]

HONEY

I just want to see your stomach. It's all I want you to do.

MATILDA

That's all?

HONEY

Cross my heart, hope to die.

Honey sits, picking up a Sudoku puzzle.

Slowly, trance-like, Matilda begins tucking her shirt up into her bra, exposing her stomach.

OLIVER

Whatever you two want, you can have it.

But Honey is in deep concentration, scratching his head with the base of the pen. The puzzle so engaging.

Matilda's stomach is now exposed.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I said, whatever you want, you can have it!

HONEY

Shut up, Oliver. Just shut up.

(to Matilda)

Now your trousers, if you could just wiggle them down a bit.

MATILDA

But you said all I'd have to do is my blouse.

Honey blows a comically loud snort from his nose, slams his hand on his forehead.

HONEY

You're right! I said just the blouse, didn't I? I'm really shite at keeping promises, aren't I, DS. Molina?

MOLINA

It's not your strong point.

HONEY

It's not.

(to Matilda)

Now. Lower the trousers down on your hips. Please understand that in order to explain who we are, I will need access to your abdomen.

She lowers her trousers a bit on her hips. Her stomach now fully exposed (everything else still completely covered).

Honey puts down his Sudoku puzzle. Approaches her.

OLIVER

Just let her go. We'll do anything. We'll give you anything!

Honey ignores them, eyes on Matilda.

HONEY

Just how much did you hear about the way Sophie and Hugo died, Mrs. A?

Matilda is too afraid to answer.

HONEY (CONT'D)

I know you know about the bit with the intestines in the trees, you smart girl. But do you know where Minnet Kable made his cuts? Because he didn't just slice and dice. It was all quite carefully planned.

Honey pulls a felt tip marker out of his pocket. Uncaps it with his teeth.

HONEY (CONT'D)

I'd like to show you, if that's all right.

Looks at her stomach like it's a canvas.

HONEY

And while I'm drawing, perhaps you can ask yourself: how might these two handsome men know such incredible details about the Donkey Pitch murders? Why, it almost seems as if they'd have to been there themselves...

Realisation dawns on Matilda, Oliver and Lucia. Their eyes wide with panic.

MOLINA

I feel like they just got it.

HONEY

They did, indeed.

MOLINA

They understand it was *us* on the Donkey Pitch.

HONEY

Well now you're just over explaining.

Tears roll down Matilda's cheeks. But she's totally silent.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Oh darling, you can make noise if you'd like. It's cliché to say, but in this instance it's true.

(smiles)

There's no one to hear you scream.

309

INT. UPSCALE PUB, CARDIFF - DAY [AFTERNOON]

309

Jack, back at the table where he met Lincoln. He's standing, having gathered/gathering his things (jacket, etc).

Jack holds the ring in his hand. He's on his mobile. The engine of the car is cut.

JACK

(into mobile)

It's your company's sponsor mark on the ring.

309a

INT. JEWELLERY STORE, BACK ROOM - DAY [AFTERNOON]

309a

ERIN (late 50s), is on her mobile, amongst stacks of boxes. Everything looks worn and dusty.

ERIN

(into mobile)

You mean it's my *father's* company's
sponsor mark is on the ring.

INTERCUT THESE TWO SCENES:

JACK

(into mobile)

Right. Sorry. Anyway, it says "To
Matilda, love 'Jimmy.'" And 'Jimmy'
is in quotes. So if you could just
do a quick search for any
engravings you've done for a James,
I could cross reference the hits
with marriages to Matildas.

The Waiter approaches Jack. Hands him the bill (we sense Jack
had requested it). Jack signs. The Waiter leaves.

ERIN

(into mobile)

When you say, do a quick search,
and 'hits' and all that, are you
talking about using a computer?

A beat.

JACK

(into mobile)

Yeah.

ERIN

(into mobile)

No computers here.

JACK

(in disbelief, into
mobile)

Your company doesn't use computers?

ERIN

(into mobile)

My *father's* company didn't use
computers. I'm a software
developer.

Jack closes his eyes in disappointment.

JACK

(into mobile)

So, searching manually...how long
do you think that might take?

Erin looks out into the storage room. Boxes upon boxes.
Meanwhile...

The ring is in Jack's hand. The afternoon sun glinting off the gold band...

MATCH CUT TO:

310 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY 310
[AFTERNOON - LATER]

Bare fingers gripping an arm. On the ring finger, a tan line.
A pale white strip where a wedding band should be...

Pull back to reveal we are:

Matilda huddles on the floor. Her arms cross over her body, gripping her shoulders.

Molina ties her back up to the radiator. For a moment they make eye contact. A flicker of sympathy crosses Molina's face.

But he averts his eyes. Leaves.

Matilda releases her arms, lifting up her shirt and looking down at her body. We see her abdomen.

Honey has drawn 'cut' marks all over her (like pre-operation marks). Thick and black.

311 EXT. UPSCALE PUB, CAR PARK - DAY [LATER THAT AFTERNOON] 311

Jack queuing to pay for parking. He's on his mobile, waiting (not talking).

In front of him, a BOY (5) hangs upside down over his dad's shoulder. Dad is paying. The Boy is red-faced, smiling at Jack.

BOY
(to Jack)
Hi.

Jack is a tad startled. He's about to reply but then -

JACK
(into mobile)
No, it's no bother. I need to
arrange a prison visit.
(listens)
Name is Minnet Kable.
(listens)
Yeah, that's him. Double murder.
Couple of kids.

The Boy is still staring, but the smile has faded. Jack clocks it. Tries to recover. He waves, smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to the Boy)
Hello.

The Boy's face contorts. He lets out a WHINE, crawling up his dad's back.

312 EXT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY - DAY [EARLY EVENING] 312

Jack carries a single bag of groceries to his front door.

313 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, KITCHEN - DAY [EARLY EVENING] 313

Jack stands by his small kitchen table. A box of kid's cereal, some milk and a bowl in front of him. But right now, he's on his laptop.

On the screen: the Police National Database (which we recognise from previous episodes).

He clicks on an audio file. Slips a wireless earpod in one ear. As he listens, he pours himself a bowl of cereal for dinner.

LINCOLN (O.S.)
(through earpod)
I'm Detective Inspector Maia Lincoln, and this is Detective Inspector Gareth Matthews. We'd like to talk to you about Sophie and Hugo.

MATTHEWS (O.S.)
(through earpod)
We're trying to understand a bit more about who they were. So we're talking to everyone they knew. Their friends, their classmates, the whole school. To be clear, none of you are suspects.

As Jack eats, he closes his eyes, imagining the scene. And we go along for the ride with him...

314 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY 314
[FLASHBACK]

BEGIN FLASHBACK MONTAGE:

Lincoln and Matthews with various TEENAGERS, all seated next to their PARENTS.

- **With a BOY (15).**

LINCOLN

What can you tell us about Sophie
and Hugo? What were they like?

BOY

They were okay.

LINCOLN

Just okay?

BOY

I mean, they were nice, I guess.

MATTHEWS

Can you be a little more specific?

BOY

I dunno.

315 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY 315
[FLASHBACK]

-With a GIRL (16).

LINCOLN

Can you think of anyone who would
have a reason to want to hurt
Sophie or Hugo?

GIRL

I don't think so.

LINCOLN

What about people they didn't like?
Was there anyone Sophie or Hugo
were fighting with?

GIRL

Maybe.

LINCOLN

Maybe?

GIRL

I just mean, like, maybe, because
everyone fights with someone
sometimes.

MATTHEWS

So nothing specific comes to mind?

GIRL

I was being hypothetical.

316 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY
[FLASHBACK]

316

-with a BOY (17).

MATTHEWS

Did they ever say anything that
might make you think they were in
trouble?

BOY

No.

MATTHEWS

Were they acting differently,
maybe? Any kind of unusual
behaviour?

BOY

Don't think so.

MATTHEWS

What about people who might have
been bothering them?

BOY

No.

LINCOLN

Did Sophie ever mention a
boyfriend, maybe someone older?

BOY

No.

LINCOLN

Is there *anything else* you think we
should know? Anything at all?

The detectives lean forward, desperate. But the boy just
stares, blankly. Matthews and Lincoln exchange an exasperated
glance.

317 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY
[FLASHBACK]

317

-with BETHANY (17), also seated next to her DAD.

Bethany is distinctly unpolished. Sloppy clothes, purple
hair. And an attitude.

BETHANY

Sophie and Hugo hung out with Max
and Emily. The four of them did
everything together. They were
exclusive.

MATTHEWS

How did other students feel about them?

BETHANY

Everyone hates the popular kids.
But they weren't total dicks.

BETHANY'S DAD

Beth.

BETHANY

(ignoring her father)
Emily's like, a medium-dick. Like, shitty-online-but-mostly-okay-to-your-face, medium-dick. Know what I mean?

LINCOLN

(sincerely)
I do.

BETHANY

Look, you're wasting your time talking to the whole school. Most of us never even spoke to those four. We don't know anything.

LINCOLN

So you don't think anyone is hiding something from us?

BETHANY

Well, the guys probably aren't mentioning that they wanked off to Sophie - [pretty much every night]

318

INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, KITCHEN - DAY [EARLY EVENING]

318

Jack chuckles while eating.

BETHANY'S DAD (O.S.)

(through earpod)
Bethany! Honestly!

BETHANY (O.S.)

(through earpod)
It's true! But if there's anything to really know, the only people who would know it are Emily and Max.

319 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY [EARLY EVENING]

319

Molina stands atop a ladder, untangling the intestines from the trees. He pulls roughly, though the thin skin of the innards will easily tear...

Honey is on the ground, watching. Nervous.

Molina looks out at the gorgeous scenery, from his view high up.

MOLINA

It's really peaceful out here.
Didn't notice before.

Molina YANKS at the intestines. Honey flinches. But by some miracle the skin doesn't tear.

Molina threads the intestines downwards. Honey holds the bucket aloft, collecting them.

Molina descends the ladder. The two men are face to face.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

I think I might look to settle in
the area. Once this is all over.

HONEY

Not many people consider buying
property at the scenes of their own
crimes.

MOLINA

(proud)

I know.

Molina grabs the bucket. Marches off.

320 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY [EARLY EVENING - MOMENTS 320 LATER]

Honey and Molina carry a homemade, metal deer trap down the steps of the main front lawn.

They each have a hand on the trap, making their steps a bit awkward.

In Honey's other hand, he carries a Tupperware (the one Matilda put the lemon drizzle cake in, ep 1).

HONEY

(re: the trap)

I thought you were going to shoot the deer.

MOLINA

Truth is, I'm not the best shot.

(points to one eye)

Stigmatism. So, I built my own deer trap.

HONEY

Why not just buy - [a trap]

MOLINA

Glad you asked. The Deer Act of 1991 made it illegal to trap or snare a deer.

HONEY

Is that so?

MOLINA

'Tis indeed. Can't buy a deer trap in all of the United Kingdom.

(pause)

Anyway, now we can use it to trap the dog.

They put the cage down. Honey opens the Tupperware. He leans in, tossing cake pieces inside the cage.

He then straightens up. Both men admire the set up.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Why are we so worried about getting the dog back? Doesn't have a chip in it.

HONEY

What if the dog goes to the neighbour's house? What if the neighbour kindly brings the dog back here? What would we say?

Molina carefully ponders that one, even though it's just a hypothetical.

Honey sniffs the air, nose curling in disgust. *Something smells.*

He leans in a bit towards Molina, sniffing him.

EMILY (O.S.)

(through audio)

Sophie was my best friend. We'd known each other since we were 5.

322 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, BATHROOM - DAY [EARLY EVENING] 322

The mirror still foggy from a shower. Jack is wet. He brushes his teeth. A towel wrapped around his waist.

An earpod in one ear.

EMILY (O.S.)
I can't believe she's gone.

323 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY 323
[FLASHBACK]

EMILY (17) sits next to her MUM, and the family's SOLICITOR. Across from them Lincoln and Matthews.

Emily is devastated. Sleep deprived. Eyes puffy from crying.

EMILY
I can't believe I won't see her at school. Can't ring her.

LINCOLN
(gently, but pointedly)
Emily, can you think of anyone who might have wanted to harm Sophie?

EMILY
I can't. Honestly.

LINCOLN
(pointedly again)
What about Hugo? Any enemies in his life?

EMILY
Hugo didn't have enemies. You couldn't hate him. He was sweet.

MATTHEWS
Emily, even really good kids sometimes keep things from the adults in their lives. That's normal. And it wouldn't be speaking ill of Sophie and Hugo if you talked to us about that kind of thing.

LINCOLN

You won't be in any trouble.

Emily hesitates, then opens her mouth to say something, but -

The sound of a DOORBELL (*how odd*). Then -

The image freezes. Like we're watching a recording and someone pressed pause.

324 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, BATHROOM - DAY [EARLY EVENING] 324

Jack, still with a towel around his waist, has pressed pause on his earpod. We hear the DOORBELL again.

From Jack's expression, we can tell: this is unexpected.

VERONICA (V.O.)

You blocked my number, didn't you?

325 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY - DAY [EARLY EVENING] 325

Jack, now with a t-shirt and jeans on, stands with his front door open.

Veronica on the other side. She doesn't look pleased.

JACK

We weren't supposed to talk again.

VERONICA

Oh my god you did! You *actually* blocked my number! What are you, 12?

JACK

I blocked you, because I knew you'd keep calling, wanting to talk, and I'm in the middle of - [something important]

VERONICA

Oh *no*, DI Dickhead, are you working a case? Is it the hunt for your missing maturity?

JACK

And you're proving my point by showing up - [like this]

VERONICA

First off, I'm in Cardiff for FAMILY. Remember? I have a life here, too? It's how we met. And I told you I would be here! Second off, I don't want to talk. I need KEYS.

JACK

To my place?

VERONICA

Where else?

JACK

But you already have - [keys]

VERONICA

I left them behind when I ran away, after you threatened me. I have things at your place still, including earrings from my nan. I need them back.

She holds out her hand, wanting keys. Jack exhales, deflating. He turns to a small table, pulling out keys. Hands them to her.

JACK

It's a spare set. Just, leave them in the kitchen, in a drawer. Door will lock automatically on the way out.

VERONICA

Fine.

A beat.

JACK

(remorseful)

Did I scare you? In the garden?

VERONICA

(softer)

Yes.

JACK

I really am sorry. And like I told you, I would never actually kill - [you]

VERONICA

Why are you so convinced of that?

Jack's eyes flicker towards her, caught off guard.

She reads him, pieces of a puzzle coming together in her head.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
 You're not convinced, are you?
 That's what's bothering you.
 (pause)
 You didn't block me because of *me*.
 You blocked me because of *you*. You
 want to pretend that side of you
 isn't in there. But it is.

He's quiet, a nerve struck.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
 (heart on sleeve)
 When I met you, I really thought I
 had you pegged. I thought you were
 a catch.

She turns. Leaves. He remains in the doorway, absorbing that.

326 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, BEDROOM - DAY
 [EARLY EVENING]

326

Jack sits on the edge of his bed, still digesting Veronica's words. He slips an earpod in. Presses play again.

The "scene" with Emily resumes.

327 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY
 [FLASHBACK]

327

LINCOLN
 You won't be in any trouble.

Emily hesitates, then opens her mouth -

EMILY
 We weren't hiding anything. The
 four of us just wanted to do well
 in school. Get into a good
 university.

328 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, BEDROOM - DAY
 [EARLY EVENING]

328

Jack listens.

EMILY (V.O.)
 There's no big awful secret.

Jack takes the earpod out. Considers. Then glances at his laptop.

329 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY [EARLY 329
MORNING]

Morning sunlight beams through the skylight. Honey and Molina are each on inflatable mattresses, positioned at the bottom of the staircase. We see an old-fashioned foot pump nearby.

Honey wakes. His mattress has nearly deflated - he's sunk down. Note: Molina's mattress is still fully inflated. Molina is still asleep.

Honey rubs his eyes. Then rolls (with some effort) out of the hole.

Then sniffs the air again.

We note: Honey has a small wheel-y suitcase for his belongings (Molina does not).

330 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, SCULLERY - DAY [EARLY MORNING 330
- MOMENTS LATER]

This is the first time we've been in this room, which is next to the basement.

Honey enters, wearing only boxer briefs. He recoils - the smell worse.

He digs around the scullery, looking for the source of the smell, his face twisted in disgust. But he finds nothing. Except...

Some boxes. One of them is marked "Matilda/clothes for donation".

Honey opens the box. Smiles.

331 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY [EARLY MORNING 331
- LATER]

Honey wears a woman's silk robe, hanging open over his boxer briefs.

He uses a small spoon to delicately scoop milk foam onto his latte. Then he uses the back of the spoon to decorate the foam. An artist at work.

When finished, he stands upright, admiring his latte. Now we see it: he's made "boobs" in the foam.

MOLINA (O.S.)

You can *honestly* wiggle out of
these?

Behind Honey, Molina has handcuffed himself to the AGA cooker, struggling to get himself free.

HONEY

I wouldn't lie to you.

Molina goes back to wiggling. Honey takes his latte over to the kitchen window, looking out at the view.

HONEY (CONT'D)

All right. I admit it. It's beautiful out here. It's the mist. The morning mist has sold - [me]

He's seen something. He bolts towards the front door.

332 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY [EARLY MORNING]

332

Honey stumbles down the house's front steps, silk robe fluttering behind him, latte still in hand.

He reaches the circular drive. He's looking at something. We don't see what it is yet. But he doesn't look happy.

333 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY [EARLY MORNING 333 - MOMENTS LATER]

Honey returns, holding a security sign (the kind you post in the ground to advertise you've got security cameras/an alarm).

Molina, still handcuffed to the cooker, looks up.

HONEY

What the fuck is this?

MOLINA

I think it's a security sign.

HONEY

I know it's a security sign, you *asshat*. But what is it doing outside of the Anchor-Ferrers' home?

MOLINA

Maybe they have security cameras?

Honey waits, exasperated.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Is that a big deal?

HONEY

Feels like it might be, yeah.

MOLINA

But there's no wifi. So nothing's being sent to a cloud or anything. It's probably okay.

HONEY

(mounting anger)

I don't feel like it's probably okay. I feel like it's probably *not* okay. Really, totally, absolutely *not fucking okay* that maybe we're being recorded right now!

Honey is fuming. Molina is smart enough to stay quiet.

HONEY (CONT'D)

(pointedly)

The dog was the first fuck-up. There will not be a second. *This job is too important.* Do you understand?

Molina nods. Honey exhales, shaking off the anger. Focusing.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Good. Now. We need to find those cameras. Destroy them.

MOLINA

But, where are they?

HONEY

Well, I don't know, fanny flaps, do you?

MOLINA

We could ask the family.

HONEY

(thick sarcasm)

Not sure that we can trust their answers...

MOLINA

(missing his sarcasm/'good point')

True. They might be cross with us.

(pause)

So what do we do?

Honey's eyes land on a row of knives on a magnet trip against the bespoke backsplash of the family's kitchen.

One particular knife - a thin, gleaming, wooden-handled **boning knife** - catches his eye.

A smile creeps across Honey's face. An idea forming.

334 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE IVY ROOM - DAY [MORNING 334 -
LATER]

Honey and Molina stand in front of Lucia, who cowers against the wall. Molina holds a pillow in his hand.

LUCIA

What kind of game?

HONEY

I'm going to ask you, your dad and your mum a question. If all your answers match...

Honey points to the pillow.

HONEY (CONT'D)

....them Mummy gets a pillow. But if the answers don't match, if one of you lies, well then...

Honey pulls the boning knife out of the back of his trousers. He flings it toward a dresser (not particularly near Lucia).

It stabs the wood with a THUNK, wobbling upright. Luca GASPS, frightened.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Mummy will be wheeled in for surgery straight away.

LUCIA

No! You said - [you wouldn't do that yet]

HONEY

I know, I know! I said surgery could wait a few days. But, we have sort of established that I can't be trusted, haven't we?

Lucia fights tears.

HONEY (CONT'D)

So that's the choice. Pillow or cutting. It all depends on the answers to the - [question]

LUCIA

- but what question? I don't know anything!

HONEY

First off, don't interrupt. Second off, have a bit of *faith* in yourself. You might know the answer.

(to Molina)

Young people today are so insecure.

MOLINA

I blame social media.

Honey squats, face to face with Lucia. Matilda's silk robe flutters behind him as he does.

HONEY

Where are the cameras?

She looks confused.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Where. Are. The. Cameras?

LUCIA

We don't use them anymore! My parents put them away ages ago.

HONEY

Still haven't answered the question, Lucia.

LUCIA

I think they're in a box, in the basement. There's three of them.

HONEY

So that's your final answer, Lucia?

She nods, eyes wet with tears.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Willing to bet Mummy's life on it?

From somewhere far away, we hear an oh-so-familiar *THUNK* sound, and it carries us over to...

335 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, AMETHYST ROOM - DAY [MORNING 335 - MOMENTS LATER]

The boning knife wobbles, stabbing the wall right by Oliver's head.

Honey and Molina wait. Molina holds the pillow.

OLIVER

But you don't need to ask all of us! I can tell you anything you need to know!

HONEY

Were the rules of the game unclear?

OLIVER

(exasperated)

The cameras are in a box in the basement. There are three of them. They're not in use.

HONEY

Out of pure curiosity, *why* are the cameras not in use?

OLIVER

Never could get the signal working to send anything up to the cloud. They were useless, really.

HONEY

But you knew you didn't have a signal here. Never have.

OLIVER

We thought we could get them working. It was a silly purchase, long ago.

HONEY

So you took the cameras down, but left the security sign up outside the house. Why?

OLIVER

To ward off intruders.

A beat.

HONEY

How's that working out?

OLIVER

Matilda won't know anything about the cameras. There's no point in asking her!

Honey collects the knife.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

She never deals with these things, I do!

As the men walk out...

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this? It feels personal. Like you hate us. *But we don't even know you.*

Honey stares at Oliver, his expression betraying *nothing*.

Then he walks closer to the old man. Kneels down so they're face to face. Honey's eyes land on Oliver's bandaged chest.

HONEY

Remove the bandage.

Oliver's trembling hand reaches up. He pulls the white tape off, it tugs at his chest hair.

Then the gauze slips down, revealing:

A *substantial* surgical scar. 20 centimetres long. And *fresh*.

The skin on either side of the scar is raised and red...surgical thread holds the flaps together.

HONEY (CONT'D)

What was the procedure?

OLIVER

A median sternotomy.

HONEY

And in layman's terms, you *twat*?

OLIVER

A transplant.

HONEY

So someone else's heart is keeping you alive?

OLIVER

Yes.

HONEY

Do you know who it was?

OLIVER

It doesn't work that way.

Honey puts the boning knife's tip against the top stitch. The blade gleams against the wirey, blue thread. Oliver INHALES, sharp.

HONEY

Are you curious what it looks like?

Oliver trembles. Honey slips the tip of the thin blade under the stitch. Tugs a bit...

HONEY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I am.

Oliver WHIPMERS as the flesh around his scar PULLS forward with the knife.

HONEY (CONT'D)
You see, Oliver. You might not know
me. *But I know you.*

A tiny SNAP. The first stitch breaks open.

336 EXT. EMILY'S POSH FLAT, EMILY'S BALCONY - DAY [EARLY 336
AFTERNOON]

Emily (5 years older), mounts an iPhone on a tripod. Situates a ring light just so. On the outdoor dining table in front of her, an elaborately-decorated latte.

She's in expensive leggings. Pony tail high on her head. Make-up done perfectly. If we look closely, we may notice: she's wearing silicone butt pads.

Jack stands, absorbing the scene. She fiddles, not looking at him.

EMILY
So does this mean it's going to be
in the press again?

JACK
No. No media.

EMILY
Because I don't want it coming up
again. When people Google me.

She shoots him a look (mild warning). He ignores it.

JACK
So you and Sophie were close.

EMILY
Since we were kids. It was me and
Sophie, and later Hugo and Max kind
of joined. Have you talked to Max?
It's a bank holiday, he'll be home.

JACK
Not yet.

She looks up. Clocks him eyeing her "scene."

EMILY
(by way of explanation)
I do 'what I eat in a day'. Did
they not have those on MySpace?

He cracks a smile.

JACK

Sophie and Hugo were a couple. Was that ever awkward with you and Max?

She hesitates, suddenly on guard.

EMILY

I already told the police all of this.

JACK

Humour me.

EMILY

Max and I both have alibis for the night of the murders. I was at my great aunt's birthday.

JACK

(sincere)

You didn't kill your friends. I get it. But just walk me through what happened.

She deflates, a tad.

EMILY

Hugo was mad about Sophie. For like, a year. Max and I were chuffed when they got together. But then they got annoying. Couple-y. Max and I fought with them, just a couple of weeks before they died. Silent treatment, both ways, you know? Anyway, the police know all about it. We told them everything.

She flicks on the ring light. Aims her mobile towards herself. Starts posing, totally self-absorbed.

JACK

(re: her iPhone/videos)

200,000 followers wanting to know what you eat during the day?

EMILY

(pleased)

You saw my TikTok.

Jack turns, looking down off her balcony.

On the walkway below, a YOUNG MAN and YOUNG WOMAN walk. He ruffles her hair, playfully. She swats him, laughing. He pulls her in again, arm around her.

They're cute. Jack watches. Some internal decision rumbling around his head. Then -

JACK

I saw your Insta, too.

EMILY

God. Haven't used that in *months*.

JACK

More like, years.

Her eyes flicker upwards, towards him. But he's still watching that couple, his back facing her.

JACK (CONT'D)

I wasn't talking about your account that's still active today. I'm talking about the one you deleted in 2019.

Now Jack turns back to Emily.

JACK (CONT'D)

Police can retrieve that information. Your posts. Your comments. Usually it's a lot of paperwork but believe it or not, some people are willing to do me a favour. I can be charming.

He sits down on one of her outdoor chairs. Makes himself comfortable.

JACK (CONT'D)

You *really* don't like overweight people, do you?

She doesn't reply.

JACK (CONT'D)

A few years ago, nobody cared about that stuff, but today...I mean, that's fat phobia, isn't it?

EMILY

You're over-simplifying what I said online. There's *context*.

JACK

And if there's one thing cancel culture likes to look at, it's context. Right?

(pause)

I've got screenshots.

EMILY

I never would have started talking to you if - [had known you knew all this]

JACK

I know.

EMILY

You should have told me to get a solicitor.

JACK

I know.

EMILY

You're such a dick.

JACK

(weighted, resolved)

I know.

(pause)

And it's about more than just social media, isn't it? You're applying to grad schools for nutrition. Can't be a nutritionist in a fancy private clinic if *that's* what pops up when people Google you, right?

(to himself more than anything)

I'm talking about fucking your whole future here.

She seethes.

JACK (CONT'D)

Who supplied the Ritalin?

EMILY

Excuse me?

JACK

The four of you. Your marks in school, they were sky high. And all your activities? You wouldn't have time to study, least not the old fashioned way. I'd have to be an idiot not to assume study drugs were involved. Who supplied them? Because they're harder to come by than weed.

She stays quiet. He softens a tad.

JACK (CONT'D)

(sincerely)

Answer my question and I'll leave you alone.

She mulls. Finally -

EMILY

It was Adderall. Not Ritalin.
Sophie bought it for us. She had a
connection in Cardiff. She never
told me his name.

JACK

Why wouldn't she -

EMILY

Because he was like...hers.

337 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY 337
[AFTERNOON]

Matilda sobs in fear. The pillow on the floor in front of her.

Honey's boning knife is (a little) bloody. Molina stands next to Honey.

MATILDA

But I don't know!

HONEY

You don't want to disappoint me.
Your husband already did.
(re: the knife)
I removed his stitches and the damn
skin held together.

MOLINA

Human body is a wonder.

MATILDA

Is he all right?!

HONEY

Let's not make a fuss. He's fine.
Now. Cameras?

MATILDA

But I've no idea where the cameras
are! I don't deal with those
things. Ollie does!

HONEY

All right. Enough is enough. Count
of three, Mrs. A.

Honey flips the knife up high, catching it in the air. Holds it aloft, ready to strike. She SCREAMS.

HONEY (CONT'D)

One.

MATILDA

I don't know!

HONEY

Two.

MATILDA

(screaming)

I DON'T KNOW YOU SICK FUCK!!!

Honey looks aghast. He turns to Molina.

HONEY

Worst. Bed & Breakfast. Ever.

MOLINA

(to Matilda, a warning)

One star review coming your way.

Honey cuts the act, turns back to Matilda, knife up high.

HONEY

And thr-

MATILDA

The basement! They're in the
basement! Probably in a box
somewhere! I think there's three of
them!

HONEY

Now. Was that so hard?

He lowers the knife. She heaves, sobbing. Relief and terror
in equal measure.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Tell me, Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers, out
of pure curiosity, why did Oliver
take the cameras down?

MATILDA

They were an eye sore. In the
garden.

He eyes her. Then bursts out laughing.

HONEY

You ridiculously shallow snob.

(to Molina)

Give her the pillow.

Molina tosses Matilda the pillow. Both men leave the room.

Matilda clutches the pillow to her chest, grasping on for
comfort.

338 EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH - DAY [EARLY AFTERNOON]

338

A children's football match underway. Parents watch, some standing and socialising, others seated on the side lines. They're all bundled up in puffer jackets, drinking coffee.

Matthews sits, on his own. Jack approaches.

JACK

The station told me you were here.

MATTHEWS

Did they also tell you it was my day off?

Jack's a tad sheepish. Matthews softens.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

The missus finds out I'm doing anything work related while at my son's match, you're my human shield.

JACK

Deal.

Jack sits.

JACK (CONT'D)

(pointing to the pitch)
Which one's yours?

MATTHEWS

That one, there.

Matthews points to a small kid on the bench, reading a book. This is NOAH (8).

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

As you can see, this requires my undivided attention.

JACK

(sincerely)

He's cute.

MATTHEWS

(prideful)

Yeah. He is.

(pause)

Lincoln told me you were back in town. And she told me what you were doing.

JACK

Listen, I know I've got no business looking into your cases.

MATTHEWS

You don't.
(calling out towards the
pitch)
Cica'r bêl, Tomos!

Matthews watches the pitch, unhappy with whatever's going on.
Jack smartly waits.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

(calling out)
C'mon, Reff! Ma isis sbectol arnat
ti!

The drama appears over.

JACK

You 100% on Minnet Kable?

MATTHEWS

I am.

JACK

Ever look into any drug
connections?

MATTHEWS

With Sophie and Hugo? No.

JACK

You don't think they could have
been into - [drugs?]

MATTHEWS

Of course they were into drugs. And
I'm sure we didn't hear about it
from their friends because their
parents were in the room. We
assumed as much, Jack. We're not
stupid.

JACK

Didn't think you were.

MATTHEWS

But do you think those friends were
hiding an involvement in drugs that
was so deep that it resulted in
Sophie and Hugo's gruesome double
murder? What were they,
international kingpins?

JACK

I'd like to look into the drug
angle.

MATTHEWS

Well, you have the authority to do that, Jack. Though I will say, it is a bit - [weird]

JACK

Weird. Yeah. I've been told as much.

(pause)

Who would know the most about the drug scene back then? Not just weed, but other stuff. Pills.

Matthews eyes Jack, unsure if he's going to be helpful, but then -

Noah glances up from his book. Smiles, shy, at his dad. Matthews smiles back.

Jack clocks the exchange.

MATTHEWS

I know one guy. He was a sergeant, 'round the same time as you. But I don't think you two knew each other very well. I'll put you in touch.

Jack stands. Starts walking down the bleachers, but -

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

Did going back to London fix it?

JACK

(choosing his words
carefully)

It's where I belong.

MATTHEWS

I was rooting for you, you know.

A tiny nod from Jack. Then he leaves.

339

INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY [AFTERNOON] 339

With the lights on, the room looks different. Previously it was the scene of Matilda's torment. Now, it's just a boring family basement. Old furniture, musty sheets, ugly lamps.

We note the GoPro and the ring light in the background, though.

Honey and Molina root through the clutter, looking for something. Then -

HONEY

Here.

Molina approaches. Honey opens a cardboard box. Inside, three cameras.

MOLINA

They were telling the truth! Now we don't have to worry about the cameras, yeah?

But Honey doesn't look relieved.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

HONEY

The security sign, at the bottom of
the drive.

MOLINA

What about it?

HONEY

I *swear* it wasn't here when we
arrived.

MOLINA

But it had to be. Right?

340 EXT. WOODS/RIVER WYE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY [LATER THAT 340
AFTERNOON]

Jack walks alongside Prody, through thick forest.

Prody's in a suit. And five years older (now about 32-33).

PRODY

Sorry you came all the way out
here. Had to check something out.

JACK

(re: the suit)

Congrats on making detective.

PRODY

4 months now. Settling into it.
Mostly.

(pause)

It'd good to see you. I know we
never talked much, but still.

JACK

Yeah. You, too.

(pause)

I'm looking into an old case. Was
hoping you might be able to help
me.

PRODY

The case unsolved?

JACK

No, it was solved. But, I don't
like it.

Prody stops, facing Jack.

PRODY

(too serious)

Sometimes you just *know*, right?

Prody nods, in agreement with his own comment. Jack keeps a straight face. But barely.

JACK

Victims were into Adderall, which they got in Cardiff. This was maybe 5-6 years ago. Both of us were skippers then. But I can't remember ever coming across any study drugs. Do you?

PRODY

I remember lots of drug busts...but no, not that, sorry.
(sincere)

Really wanted to help you.

JACK

The old case is the Donkey Pitch murders.

PRODY

Christ. Why didn't you say? You think we got the wrong guy on that?

JACK

Maybe you can't remember Adderall specifically, but these kids were keeping secrets. Who knows what they were into. Can you think of any scenes from back then - houses, raves, whatever - where something seemed a little...off?

A beat. Then Prody chuckles - yeah, he can.

341 INT. PRODY'S CAR - DAY [LATER THAT AFTERNOON]

341

Prody drives. Jack in the passenger seat.

PRODY

Can I ask you something?

Jack eyes him. Waits.

PRODY (CONT'D)

In Newport, you were always on your own. You didn't join for the pub quizzes. Weren't messing around with the lads, ever. You were just...alone.

JACK

Right.

PRODY

But you were okay with it.

JACK

I was. Still am.

PRODY

How'd you do that?

JACK

Sorry?

PRODY

Like, how do you do this job on
your own? Because it
feels...lonely. I feel lonely.

JACK

Find a partner. Work with them.
Lots of people do.

Prody nods, but we can tell something's still bothering him.
Jack clocks it. Should keeps his mouth shut, but -

JACK (CONT'D)

You already tried working with a
partner?

PRODY

They wanted to switch. So, you
know. I want to fit in with the
lads. I do. It's just not easy for
me. I think I try too hard. So I
just thought, maybe I'd be more
like you. Just...not care.

Jack is visibly uncomfortable. But Prody has his heart on his
sleeve.

JACK

Look, everyone cares. Everyone
wants...that's normal. Just, give
it time.

A little smile from Prody.

PRODY

Okay.

342

EXT. CWM Y GROES ABBEY - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON]

342

Jack and Prody walking up the same rolling green fields we
saw in our opening. A cold mist in the air.

PRODY

When we pulled up there was maybe a
hundred of them? But they
scattered. So I've got no way of
knowing if your Donkey Pitch
victims - [were there]

JACK
Sophie and Hugo.

PRODY
Right. No way of knowing if they
were here that night.

They reach the Cwm y Groes Abbey. Jack takes in the sight.
It's less scary in the daylight, but more sad. Forgotten.

PRODY (CONT'D)
There was one girl, she broke her
foot, running. Friends left her. We
got a statement, but she didn't
give us anything useful.

JACK
I'd like her name. The file.

PRODY
No problem.

343 INT. CWM Y GROES ABBEY - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON - MOMENTS 343
LATER]

Prody leads Jack through the interior of the abbey. Fallen
trees. Cracked walls. Broken wooden beams. Each step is a
struggle.

Prody points as he talks.

PRODY
They'd set up lights, strung 'em up
high. Film projector, too. It was
well organised. Loads of drugs. No
study drugs, though. Least not that
we found.

JACK
But there could have been?

PRODY
For sure. At the time, I thought...

He trails off, uncertain. Jack stops. Turns.

JACK
What?

PRODY

There were a few of these raves back then. At one of them, we found shackles. Chains. Handcuffs. If we'd found that stuff in the bedroom, maybe we wouldn't have thought much about it, but it was all over the main floor, where the rave was.

JACK

Like people were tied up, and others were - [watching]

PRODY

Watching. Exactly. I don't know. I started to wonder if maybe the raves were connected. Like, maybe there was some cult stuff going on.

JACK

You tell anyone?

PRODY

Yeah. Called a detective here. But she shot that theory down pretty quick.

JACK

Remember her name?

PRODY

DI Lincoln. You know her?

A beat.

JACK

Bit. Yeah.

344

INT. CWM Y GROES ABBEY, CELLAR DAY [LATE AFTERNOON -
MOMENTS LATER]

344

Jack descends the stairs, followed by Prody. It's musty, damp. They take in the room, but it's cavernous. Empty.

Jack uses his torch to search the room.

PRODY

There must have been fifty of 'em. I'm not gonna lie, scared the shite out of me.

JACK

And the rave down here, too?

PRODY

Yeah.

(pause)

At first I thought it was a nest of snakes, but I mean, this is a stone box, right? Snakes don't nest in a place like this.

Jack's torch beam glides along the walls...it is, indeed a concrete box.

PRODY (CONT'D)

Someone must have brought them here.

345 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, AMETHYST ROOM - DAY

345

Oliver, shackled, against the wall. Whatever spark was in his eye when we met him, it's fading. Fast.

LUCIA (O.S.)

Daddy?

She's shouting from her room. He shouts back.

OLIVER

Lucia?! Are you all right?!

LUCIA (O.S.)

I'm scared.

OLIVER

Are they with you?

LUCIA (O.S.)

No. I'm alone.

OLIVER

Oh, Lucia! I love you! I love you so, so much!

LUCIA (O.S.)

We're going to die, aren't we?

Oliver's face contorts in pain. He's holding back the sobs, but barely.

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

I'm scared.

He's still holding back sobs, but it's harder.

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

I'm so scared!

OLIVER
 (erupting in blubbering
 sobs)
 I can't fix this. I can't fix it!
 (louder sobs,
 hyperventilating)
I can't fix it!

He begins WAILING. A deep, deep well of pain and despair bursting forth. Cathartic but heart wrenching.

His sobs louder, louder, and then...

A second WAIL heard off screen. A different male voice, also sobbing, but in a daytime-soap-opera way...

Oliver chokes on tears, listening, confused. His despair turns to *trembling rage* as he (and we) realise...

It's Honey, downstairs, mocking Oliver's anguish.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
 You bastard!!!

346

INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, ROSE ROOM - DAY

346

Matilda has pulled her bra out from under her shirt. We don't know why, but she's fiddling with it.

She's focused. Not hearing her husband. Or Honey.

OLIVER (O.S.)
 I'll kill you!!! I'll fucking kill
 you!!!

Honey WAILS LOUDER in response.

Matilda fiddles until finally....the underwire pokes free from the fabric of the bra. *That's what she was after.*

She stares at the wire. Thinking.

347

INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY - NIGHT [EVENING]

347

It's dark inside. Lights off. Jack tosses his keys and wallet on a table.

Jack opens his laptop. The screen boots up. Then -

He sees something reflected in the laptop screen. Something behind him. He whirls around, seeing:

Lincoln. Seated at his kitchen table. His box of kid's cereal next to her.

LINCOLN
(re: the cereal)
Gonna ask me to stay for dinner?

JACK
What are you doing here?

LINCOLN
Because I haven't eaten.

JACK
You're in my *home*.

LINCOLN
(doubtful)
You don't have a second bowl, do
you?

JACK
How are you inside of my home?

LINCOLN
(cutting the act)
Why'd you go back to London?

JACK
Personal reasons.

LINCOLN
Thanks. And what would be an
impersonal reason for moving?

He doesn't answer.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Matthews pulled strings to get you
into Major Crimes. And Matthews is
a softie. So what's the sob story?

JACK
Never told him a sob story. Told
him I needed to get back to London.
He never asked for details. Because
he's not a dick.

LINCOLN
But I am. I'm a throbbing, veiny
dick. And I want to hear the sob
story. So what was it, sick mum?
Sick dad? Have they carked it yet?

Again, he doesn't answer.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
They have, haven't they? Someone's
in a box. Tell me who.

still quiet.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
 It seems you're not fully
 understanding what's going on here
 Jack, so let me spell it out.
 (firm, angry)
*You are fucking with my case. So
 I'm going to fuck with your head.
 And I'm not leaving until you tell
 me -*

JACK
 (calm, matter-of-fact)
 My brother went missing when he was
 ten. I was eight.

From somewhere far away...

EWAN (O.S.)
Shut up!

YOUNG JACK (O.S.)
You shut up!

JACK
 We had an argument in our
 treehouse. I started it. And I
 shoved him.

O.S. Young Ewan CRIES OUT (in reaction to being shoved).

JACK (CONT'D)
 He was so angry. He stormed off.
 (pause)
*I tried to go after him, but I
 fell. I was holding on to the
 planks of the treehouse with just
 one hand. My thumb got stuck, it...*

348

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON - DAY [FLASHBACK]

348

Young Jack (8) falls from the treehouse, panting, holding his injured hand. Then he looks up.

Ewan (10) walks towards the door in the wall, leading to Ivan Penderecki's garden. Ewan is holding an action figure in his hand (Combat Hero, from ep 1).

Ewan goes through the door.

349 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY - NIGHT [EVENING]

349

Jack stares straight ahead.

JACK

Ewan left because of me. He never
came home.

(without looking)

My thumb never healed.

350 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK] 350

*Days later. Young Jack inside Ewan's room (the same room we've seen in him as an adult), watching his MUM (late 30s) crying hysterically in the garden.**Young Jack looks across to his neighbour's house. A YOUNGER IVAN PENDERECKI watches Jack's Mum crying.**Then Ivan looks up. Makes eye contact with Young Jack.**Ivan smiles, creepy. Young Jack takes it in.*

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

351

JACK

My neighbour had Ewan. I knew it.
And he loved that I knew it. Loved
that I knew what he'd gotten away
with.

(pause)

For years, I'd root through his
things. His rubbish. Looking for
evidence of Ewan. And he...he'd
plant things for me to find.

(quietly)

It was torture.

352 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK] 352

20-something Jack in Ewan's bedroom. He's crouched on the floor, organising something. Concentration deep.

JACK (O.S.)

I joined the force, and on day one
he was the first name I entered
into the system. He's a paedophile.
He's served time for it. But I
couldn't get him on anything. I
couldn't...*Now we pull back, revealing: all of Jack's items on the floor, colour-coded, tags and in bags. (We recognise this 'project' from the pilot episode).*

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And every item he's ever left me,
 there's never a print. There's
 never a print. I got so angry. So
 angry, I...

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

353

He swallows.

JACK
 I left London. I thought it'd be
 better here. But it was worse.

EWAN (O.S.)
Shut up!

YOUNG JACK (O.S.)
You shut up!

JACK
 So I moved back. To be closer to
 him.

A pregnant pause. Everything riding on her response.
 Finally...

LINCOLN
 You want me to feel sorry for you?

JACK
 (no)
 You're the only person who won't.

A beat.

Lincoln stands. Walks past Jack, and out the front door. It
 closes behind her.

Jack, now utterly alone. A shuddered exhale of emotion. We
 think tears will come, but they don't.

His mobile RINGS. He slips an earpod in. Answers the call,
 snapping back into reality.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Hey, mate.

PRODY (O.S.)
 (through earpod)
 Sent over the file on the girl we
 interviewed at the rave. One that
 broke her foot?

JACK
 Right.

PRODY (O.S.)
 (through mobile)
 Just want to make sure you got it.

Jack taps on his smart phone, opening up what Prody's sent over.

Jack furrows his brow, recognising something.

354 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, BATHROOM ABOVE CELLAR STAIRS 354
 - NIGHT

Honey, in Matilda's robe (hanging open), and a towel around his waist. He's wet from a shower. The door to the bathroom is closed.

He opens a fold-out bag of toiletries. Travel-sized shampoo and body soap. Q-tips. Facial products. All neatly organised.

HONEY
 (calling out)
 I'll be out in a minute.

MOLINA (O.S.)
 's okay.

HONEY
 (calling out)
 I mean, the shower will be free in
 a minute.

MOLINA (O.S.)
 I'm all right.

Honey hesitates. Then opens the bathroom door.

Outside the bathroom door, we see Honey's small wheel-y suitcase, now lying open (he's obviously removed his toiletry bag). All his belongings are neatly organised.

He can see straight into the **entrance hall** (bottom of **spiral staircase**) where Molina re-pumps Honey's inflatable mattress for him, by foot.

HONEY
 Are you not planning on showering?

MOLINA
 Wasn't gonna. Why?

HONEY
 Because you handled intestines.

Honey steps through the bathroom door, crossing the cellar stairs towards Molina.

HONEY (CONT'D)
 Civilised people would want to -
GOOD GOD the smell!

He's stopped above the **cellar stairs**.

MOLINA
 You really smell something?

HONEY
 Yes. And it's getting worse.

MOLINA
 Do you have conflicted feelings
 about what we're doing here?

Honey stares at Molina - huh?

MOLINA (CONT'D)
 I read this story about a bloke who
 kills another bloke, buries him in
 the floor, and he gets away with
 it, right? 'cept he hears the dead
 guy's heart beating. Drives him
 right mad. But the thing is, it's
 not really beating, it's just in
 his head. Like the beating of the
 heart represents the original
 bloke's guilt. So I was thinking,
 maybe there isn't any smell in the
 house, but you think there is,
 'cause you have conflicted feelings
 'bout what we're doing.

Honey's jaw unhinges; at a genuine loss of words. Molina
 smiles, a little proud.

Honey wraps Matilda's robe around him, tight. Dropping the
 towel underneath.

HONEY
 It's the fucking intestines. You
 left them by the car, didn't you?
 They're rotting. And the smell is
 wafting up the stairs from the back
 of the house.

Honey storms down the **cellar stairs**, silk billowing behind
 him.

Honey carries the bucket of intestines around the front of
 the house, along the circular drive. His face contorts in
 disgust.

At a good distance from the home, (perhaps back near the tree), he sets the bucket down. He turns to head back inside but something in the bucket catches his eye...

BETHANY (V.O.)
(startled)
Oh my god who are you?!

356 OMITTED

356

357 INT. COMMUNITY THEATRE, CARDIFF, STAGE - NIGHT [MOMENTS 357
LATER]

Bethany is on stage, hanging lights on a lowered lighting bar. They are the only (soft) illumination in the otherwise dark theatre.

A joint in her fingers.

Jack's entered down the aisles of the theatre seats. He's only now close enough to the stage to be visible to Bethany.

JACK
I'm DI Caffery. Police.

BETHANY
You're creepy as fuck is what you are.

JACK
I didn't mean to scare you.

BETHANY
You're literally lurking in the shadows.

JACK
You weren't answering your mobile.

BETHANY
I'm on a *detox*. What do you want?
And how did you even know I was here?

JACK
I called your dad. He told me.

Jack climbs up on stage (steps). Stands near her.

JACK (CONT'D)
Wanted to talk to you about the Donkey Pitch murders.

BETHANY
Why? I don't know anything. Barely even knew Sophie and Hugo.

JACK

You might know more than you think.
Just a few questions.

She still hesitates.

JACK (CONT'D)

(re: the joint)
And I don't give a shit about that.

A beat. Then her shoulders lower a tad. She goes back to stringing lights.

BETHANY

You know people made a shrine for them? Flowers and candles and pictures. I don't understand why we do that in the spot where people die. It's fucking macabre.

(pause)

So whatever, ask what you need to ask, but I probably don't know the answer.

JACK

Whole school was interviewed by the police. But you were sitting next to your parents. I'm thinking details may have been omitted.

BETHANY

(chuckling)

We went to St. Armel's. We understood the importance of protecting our image.

She's hanging lights, taking puffs of her joint. Not looking at him.

JACK

What kind of things did you hold back from the police?

BETHANY

(duh)

What do you think?

(pause)

We went to raves *high*. Drove cars *high*. Had lots of date-rapey sex. Usually sober. Standard fare adolescent shit we used to put up with, but we're not going to talk about it in front of our parents.

JACK

You ever party with Sophie and Hugo?

BETHANY

With them? No. Around them? Maybe once or twice.

JACK

So you weren't friendly with -
[them]

She stops. Faces him.

BETHANY

Have you seen pictures of Sophie and Hugo? Like, how gorgeous they were. Before they were hacked up.

JACK

Yes.

BETHANY

And do you have working eyeballs?
Do you see me right now?

He's smart enough not to answer.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

No. We weren't friends.

She resumes her lighting work.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Anyway, we didn't talk about raves or drugs. But only because it had nothing to do with them dying. Why mention it?

JACK

There was one particular rave. At Cwm y Groes Abbey.

357a INT. CWM Y GROES ABBEY / CELLAR - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

357a

We're in an anonymous POV. Moving through the Cwm y Groes Abbey. Kids are partying. Music BLARES.

On the wall, a dated SLASHER MOVIE is projected against the cracked concrete. A woman screaming, running, she's covered in blood.

We move past the movie, through the dark, through the dancing teenagers, and towards the steps leading down to the cellar.

357b INT. COMMUNITY THEATRE, CARDIFF, STAGE - NIGHT

357b

Bethany laughs at the memory.

BETHANY

That. Yeah. Broke my foot, so I got stuck talking to the police. They asked me a bunch of questions but they already knew pretty much everything I did. The raves were a regular thing. Lots of drugs. Pot, X, Ket.

JACK

Adderall?

BETHANY

Probably.

JACK

Who brought the snakes?

She chuckles, remembering.

BETHANY

Bones.

JACK

Bones?

BETHANY

That's what we called him.

JACK

Why?

BETHANY

I think because we thought it was scary. Which is embarrassing in retrospect. Anyway, I don't know his real name. But he threw the raves. They were like...events. Mad things always happened.

JACK

Like what?

357c INT. CWM Y GROES ABBEY / CELLAR - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

357c

We walk down the steps, into the rave below, taking in the scene. And it's quite a scene, because...

A young woman lies on a table. She's motionless. Eyes closed. Behind her, a black curtain. Then, the curtain parts, but...

We cut away before we see who is about to emerge.

357d INT. COMMUNITY THEATRE, CARDIFF, STAGE - NIGHT

357d

Bethany sighs. Jack waits.

BETHANY

Slasher movie stuff. You know, fake blood, retractable knives. None of it was real. The whole point was that he was going to scare us. But also get us high. Bones was like a....druggie Freddie Kruger.

(pause)

We were young. We thought he was cool. In reality, he was just a loser in make-up hanging out with kids half his age.

JACK

Were Sophie and Hugo there?

BETHANY

Yeah. They were into it. Especially Sophie. Look, does Bones actually mean anything? Like is he important?

JACK

He might be.

BETHANY

(re: the joint)

Hold this.

She hands him the joint. He takes it, awkwardly. She grabs her (nearby, oversized) carryall. Turns it over on the floor.

Several items spill out. Among them, a clear plastic bag with a digital lock on it. We see her mobile inside.

Jack cocks his head, taking in that sight, joint still in hand.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

(re: her mobile)

Like I said, I'm detoxing.

She enters a code. The zipper unlocks. She pulls out her mobile.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

(re: her mobile)

But you should see this.

358 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

358

Honey descends the front steps of the house, marching back to the bucket of intestines. Molina now following.

They reach the bucket. Honey points down into it.

HONEY

What is that?

MOLINA

I dunno.

Honey reaches in the bucket. Pulls something out. Shoves his bloody, slimy hand in Molina's face.

HONEY

That, is buckshot.

Molina looks confused.

HONEY (CONT'D)

You told me you trapped the fucking thing!

MOLINA

Yeah, well, I...it might have been shot by someone first. That's probably how come it was easier for me to trap.

HONEY

So you lied?

MOLINA

Not really.

HONEY

Okay. You were economical with the truth, then?

MOLINA

Does it matter? I had a lot to set up. I thought I got it quite good.

HONEY

It only matters because if someone shot the fucking thing before you got to it, they might still be wondering where it is.

MOLINA

Oh.

HONEY

Yes. Oh. So your story now is that someone else shot the deer and then it voluntarily wandered into your trap to die?

MOLINA

Right.

HONEY

Well then. After said doe shuffled off the mortal coil, what did you cut it with?

MOLINA

What do you mean? It was dead already.

HONEY

To get the innards out, fuck nuts.

MOLINA

Oh. Yeah. Um. A knife.

HONEY

From where?

MOLINA

The kitchen.

HONEY

From the wooden block?

MOLINA

Yeah.

HONEY

The wooden block on the kitchen island?

MOLINA

Yeah. From there.

HONEY

There isn't a wooden block on the kitchen island. They have one of those magnet strips on the wall.

A beat.

MOLINA

I never cut the deer, all right?!
I sort of didn't have to...

HONEY

Tell me exactly what happened.

MOLINA

I'd spoken to the housekeeper. Beca. Took care of that right like I was supposed to. Then I was about to do the deer thing but I was really nervous because, well...I'd never really gotten the deer trap to work all the way. They're really hard to build.

(pause)

But then, I drove by the house here and I saw something. It was a deer. And it was dead. And it's insides were in a bucket already. So I thought, why not just use that?

HONEY

You found the deer? At this house?

MOLINA

Yeah. Along the drive.

HONEY

With the bucket and the intestines *right next to it*?

MOLINA

Yeah. So I put the deer carcass in the car, drove it out into the woods and dumped it. Came back here, and used the intestines in the trees just like we planned.

(pause)

Was a bit of luck, really.

Honey LUNGES for Molina.

HONEY

Luck? LUCK?!

Molina SCURRIES out of the way, but barely.

HONEY (CONT'D)

You don't think it was maybe a bit strange?

MOLINA

How so?

HONEY

That you were about to do a job, the *really fucking specific* job of killing and disembowelling a deer and...

He reaches down into the bucket, pulling up the intestines. They're bloody and bulbous. Dripping.

He SHOVES them in Molina's face.

HONEY (CONT'D)
Someone had already done it for you?!

MOLINA
 (eyeing the intestines)
 Yeah actually maybe that is a bit
 strange. What do you think it
 means?

With that question, Honey's anger dissipates.

He looks around the vast greenery, all cloaked in the dark of night. For the first time since we've met him, he looks scared.

Then his eyes land on...

Another security sign. Stuck in the grass at the front of the house, exactly where he found the first one.

All colour drains from Honey's face. His eyes scan their surroundings. The vast, open countryside suddenly terrifying.

HONEY
 It means someone is fucking with
 us.

As the intestines drip, drip, drip from Honey's hand...

359 INT. CWM Y GROES ABBEY / CELLAR - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 359

A mobile phone video, the Cwm y Groes Abbey party. We come in where we left off, with the curtain parting....

...a white plastic-clad hand emerges.

The crowd CHEERS. A second white plastic-clad hand emerges. More CHEERING.

The Hazmat Man emerges from behind the curtain. Full goggles, footies and mask.

He moves to the beat of the music, approaching the woman. The crowd of teenagers CHEERS. He raises a knife high in the air, hovering over the woman's stomach. The kids CHEER LOUDER.

Pull out from the video to reveal:

360 INT. COMMUNITY THEATRE, CARDIFF, STAGE - NIGHT [MOMENTS 360
LATER]

Jack is watching the video on Bethany's mobile, which he now holds (Bethany has her joint back). We still hear the music playing, the video is going.

Jack swallows, reacting to what he's seeing.

JACK

Have the police seen this?

BETHANY

No. Had no reason to show them.

Back to the mobile video:

361 INT. CWM Y GROES ABBEY / CELLAR - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 361

The Hazmat Man PLUNGES the knife into the woman's stomach. SLICES down her abdomen.

She has no reaction at all, and even in the dark, we can tell: it's fake. A retractable knife. Not her real stomach.

BETHANY (O.S.)

I mean, you caught the guy who killed Sophie and Hugo. Right?

The woman's (fake) stomach splits open. The Hazmat Man puts both hands inside, pulling out...

Snakes. Dozens of them. Those are real. And as they slither in his hands, we can't help but notice...

They look just like intestines.

The snakes squirm in the Hazmat Man's fingers, their heads wrenching and curling in every direction.

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

Right?

FADE OUT