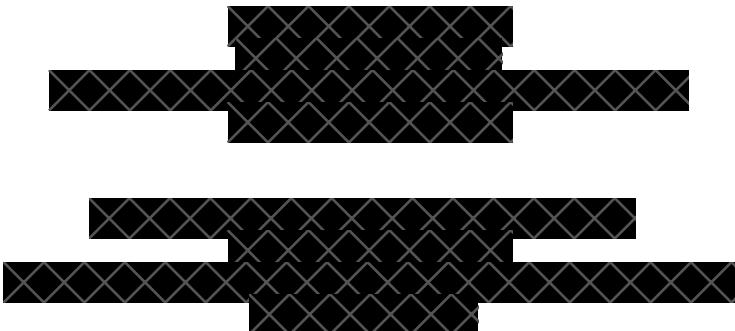


WOLF
by
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Based on the novel by Mo Hayder

Episode 4
"Night Terror"

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LOCKED SCENES FROM 28.01.22



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Over a black screen, we hear a CREAKING sound. Wood aching under someone's weight.

FADE IN:

400 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT [1998] 400

Young Jack wakes in bed. Blinks. Buried under blankets.

Tree branches cast shadows in the moonlight, twig fingers reaching across the bedroom walls. It's dead quiet. No more creaking.

Young Jack swallows, disoriented. Then climbs out of bed. Bare feet on a soft area rug.

401 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, HALLWAY - NIGHT [MOMENTS 401
LATER] [1998]

Young Jack's steps are light on the dark floors of the home's second storey. The hallway ends in Ewan's bedroom.

Ewan's bedroom door is closed.

Jack moves away from his bedroom, towards an open door on the right, walking into -

402 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, FAMILY BATHROOM - NIGHT 402
[CONTINUOUS] [1998]

The lights are off. But we can see a blue plastic cup by the sink. Young Jack fills it with water. Drinks. Then moves back towards the -

403 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, HALLWAY - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS] 403
[1998]

Young Jack looks to his left (not towards Ewan's room - other end of the hallway, where there's a staircase). He pauses. We look along with him.

Do we see something in the shadows? Is that a person? *Is someone standing at the end of their hallway?*

Young Jack blinks, confused. Still shaking off the fog of sleep. But the longer we stare, the more it seems like nothing. A tiny exhale. Then Young Jack looks to his right.

Ewan's door is open. Another CREAKING sound and -

404 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT [1998] 404

Young Jack blinks, waking again. Buried in blankets. He climbs out of bed. Bare feet on a soft area rug.

405 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, HALLWAY - NIGHT [MOMENTS LATER] [1998] 405

Dark floor. Young Jack's steps are light. Silent. Down the hallway, Ewan's bedroom door is closed. Young Jack clocks it, a tiny wave of relief.

He moves towards the bathroom but stops.

Down the other side of the hallway, we see that same ambiguous shadow.

But this time around, it feels less ambiguous. *Because it moves.*

Young Jack DARTS into the -

406 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, FAMILY BATHROOM - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS] [1998] 406

- shutting the door. His pre-pubescent chest panting. His breath the only sound we hear.

Young Jack crouches down. Trembling hands lower his head to the bathroom floor. His cheek against cold tiles.

He watches the hallway from underneath the door. But there's nothing. No movement. No sound...

Young Jack holds his breath. Waiting. And then...

Feet appear. Shadows seen underneath the bathroom door. They're walking down the hallway. The floor underneath them CREAKS and -

407 OMITTED 407

408 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT [1998] 408

Young Jack wakes again. Panting, confused, scared.

He throws the blankets off of him. Climbs out of bed.

409 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, HALLWAY - NIGHT [MOMENTS 409
LATER] [1998]

Young Jack enters the hallway. He looks to his right. *No shadowed man.* Whew.

But then...

He looks to his left. Ewan's door is open.

A deep breath. Mustering all the courage this 8 year old can. Young Jack approaches Ewan's bedroom door.

410 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT [1998] 410

We recognise this room, even in the dark. The trophies. The school certificates. The Arsenal posters on the wall.

Young Ewan in his bed, one pyjama-clad leg sprawled out on top of his blankets. He is deep asleep.

Young Jack stops in the doorway.

He glances towards Ewan's window (the same window we've seen adult Jack stare out of so many times...).

A man sits, cross-legged, in the windowsill. The man is cloaked in shadow. We cannot see his face.

But he's so close to Ewan...

The man shifts in the windowsill, crossing the opposite leg. The sill **CREAKS** under his weight.

That's the source of the sound.

411 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT [1998] 411

Young Jack blinks, waking yet again. Buried in blankets.

His face contorts in pain. Tears form in his eyes, then spill over onto his pillow. The poor thing sobs.

TITLE SEQUENCE

411A INT. CWM Y GROES ABBEY, CELLAR - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 411A

DPU/slight repeat of 361. Bethany's mobile phone video.

We're deep in the dark cellar, wall-to-wall with sweaty teenage bodies. Music. Alcohol. A frenzied energy in the air.

And at the far end of the cellar...

The Hazmat Man stands in front of a table. A young woman splayed out on top of it.

He raises his (fake) knife high in the air. Then plunges it into the young woman's stomach. The crowd of teenage partiers CHEER.

Snakes spill out of her like intestines...the music from the party carries us over to...

412 INT. COMMUNITY THEATRE, CARDIFF, STAGE - NIGHT 412

Picking up off sc 360.

Jack, holding Bethany's mobile, watching the video. We hear the music playing. Then, he taps the screen.

BETHANY

What are you doing?

JACK

Sending it to myself. Why haven't I found any other videos like this online?

We hear the WOOSH of a sent email. He hands her back her mobile.

BETHANY

Because there aren't any. We had to surrender our phones when we went to the raves. Bones made us.

JACK

But you snuck yours in?

BETHANY

Wow. You really are a detective.

JACK

(ignoring her)

Did you ever hear anyone refer to Bones by his real name?

BETHANY

(no)

Sorry.

JACK

Know where he lives?

BETHANY

Probably his mum's basement.

JACK

(ignoring her again)

Could you describe him?

BETHANY

Thirty-something? White skin. Dark hair. Only saw him a few times, and from a distance. He wore that stupid plastic suit a lot.

JACK

Any idea why?

BETHANY

Probably because he's ugly.

JACK

Did Bones ever come by the school?

BETHANY

No. Look, I'm telling you the truth. I don't know anything about him. None of us did. He was just *Bones*. He sold drugs and threw scary raves. That's it.

JACK

This guy, these parties, the drugs, all the horror movie stuff....was this a cult?

BETHANY

Oh GOD we weren't *that* lame. No one was brainwashed or anything! It's just...we were young. And bored. He was older and *different*.

413

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

413

The lights are off. It's dark, save for a few streaks of moonlight coming through windows.

Jack enters. Tosses his keys and wallet on a table. Gazes out at the room. In the far corner, we see a shadow.

For a split second, it looks like a person. Jack watches - not rattled, not afraid. Just...ready.

But it's nothing. Just the edge of a chair. His mind playing tricks on him.

414 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, BEDROOM - NIGHT [LATER] 414

Jack, in pyjama bottoms, on top of the sheets. The only light comes from his laptop. He's searching for something.

Frustrated, he closes it down. Seems he didn't find it.

415 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS, 415
SITTING ROOM / KITCHEN / ENTRANCE HALL - DAY [MORNING]

Honey and Molina on their blow-up mattresses, at the bottom of the **spiral staircase** in the **entrance hall**.

Honey stares at the ceiling. Eyes wide with worry. Hands clenched by his sides.

Nearly all the air in his mattress has deflated overnight. He's practically laying flat on the floor.

He looks to his left. Molina sleeps soundly. His mattress still full of air, Molina is several centimetres 'above' Honey.

Honey turns to his right. Grabs the boning knife, laying next to a neatly-arranged pile of clothes and shoes in his wheel-y suitcase. (Molina's rucksack is still by their beds, too).

Honey STABS Molina's mattress.

A high-pitched *SSSSSSSSSS* as the air deflates. The stream of air blows in Honey's face, rustling his hair.

He watches Molina sink to the floor. But Molina still doesn't wake. Honey's frustration broils.

Without looking, his hand whips back behind him, grabs one of his shoes from within the suitcase, and WHACKS Molina on the head.

Molina YELPS in pain. Honey tosses his shoe back behind him.

MOLINA

Did you hit me?

HONEY

No.

Honey rolls on his side, facing Molina. Molina gets on his side, too. The two men, in spooning positions, face each other.

HONEY (CONT'D)

What if it's Minnet Kable who's fucking with us?

MOLINA

But he's in prison.

HONEY

What if he got out?

MOLINA

Well, I mean, he shouldn't.

HONEY

Of course he shouldn't. He's a fucking lunatic. He filleted two teenagers. Strung their guts up in a tree.

MOLINA

Well, we kind of did that, too.

HONEY

We did it with a *deer*. Not a *human*. Not the same thing.

MOLINA

Fair point.

(pause)

But if it's Minnet Kable messing with us, what do you think he wants?

HONEY

I don't know.

MOLINA

We should ask the boss what to do.

HONEY

No. He can't think we're fucking this up.

MOLINA

But could this be one of those times where it's best to just be honest?

HONEY

Listen to me, you fuckwit. You are not permitted to contact the boss. Do you understand?

Molina averts his eyes.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Promise me you will not contact -

MOLINA

Okay! I promise. But what are we going to do?

Honey thinks.

HONEY

The boss wants videos of the family being tortured. Lots of them. Then we're supposed to make the call. Right?

MOLINA

Right. So?

HONEY

So one video will have to suffice, given the circumstances. We need to speed things up.

(an order)

Reattach the landline. We're making the call today.

416 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY
[MORNING]

416

Jack parks outside the Newport police station.

417 INT. HALLWAY, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY [MOMENTS LATER]

417

Lincoln strides down the hallway. Jack keeps pace with her.

Lincoln has a stack of papers and a pen in one hand, and Jack's mobile in the other. She's watching the video of Bones (we recognise the audio by now).

The hallway is populated with various other detectives, who occasionally get in her/their way.

The video ends. She hands the mobile back to Jack.

JACK

You remember being there?

LINCOLN

I was swimming in snakes. I remember.

Her eyes are down on her stack of papers. She starts writing something with her pen, but it appears to be out of ink.

JACK

The guy in the hazmat suit, his name is Bones. Ever heard of him?

LINCOLN

No.

(under her breath, re: her ink-less pen)

Fuck.

JACK

Sophie and Hugo knew him. Bought
study drugs from him.

He waits for a reaction. But there is none. She's focused on
her pen.

JACK (CONT'D)

(re: video)

He's simulating disembowelling
someone -

LINCOLN

He's playing with snakes.

JACK

- in the exact same way as on the
Donkey Pitch scene.

LINCOLN

We gonna start arresting everyone
who's ever owned a reptile?

A middle-aged, male DETECTIVE walks in the opposite
direction, towards them, minding his own business.

Without breaking stride, Lincoln hands him the pen. Offers
zero explanation. He pauses, confused.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Look, Jack, the drugs? Not
surprised but can't say I knew it.
So bravo. But where exactly do you
think this is going?

JACK

I want you to formally re-open the
Donkey Pitch investigation.

LINCOLN

I don't make those kinds of calls.

JACK

But you could get it done.

LINCOLN

Let's take a moment to imagine that
conversation.

(mock conversing)

"Hello Chief Inspector sir, you
know how I always tell you I'm not
a moron? Well I think I am. But I'm
not sure. Because I'm a moron.
Anyway, can you reopen my case and
double check it?"

(drops the act)

Don't think it'll work.

JACK

This is a lead.

LINCOLN

Why? Because you say it is?

JACK

The wrong man is in prison.

LINCOLN

Minnet Kable is the Donkey Pitch killer.

JACK

One man could not possibly have carried out those murders. You know that.

(pointed)

And my guess is, you've always known that.

Now she stops, right outside of a meeting room. Turns to face him for the first time.

She's not happy with what he just said. Savours things a bit before speaking. Knives sharpening in her brain.

(note: on the wall outside of the meeting room is a sign-up sheet of some sort, with a pen hanging from a string.)

LINCOLN

There were complaints in your neighbourhood around the time of your brother's abduction. Did you know?

He freezes. The air sucked out of his lungs.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Oh gosh, you didn't.

JACK

Complaints about what?

LINCOLN

Kids thinking they were seeing things, middle of the night. Someone creeping around the house. Ended up being nothing. No one even wrote a report. SCREAM had come out, messed with kids' heads, so...
(pause)

I only asked because my old gaffer mentioned it, when I rang him last night.

JACK

Tell me everything he said.

LINCOLN

You just accused me of knowingly
putting an innocent man in prison.

A beat.

JACK

Are you fucking with me?

LINCOLN

That'd be awful.

She YANKS a pen off the wall, string and all. Walks into the meeting room, leaving Jack behind.

418 OMITTED

418

419 EXT. NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY [CONTINUOUS]

419

Jack hurries away from the police station. Seagulls swirl above calm water. Bright sunshine.

Jack breathes. Shallow and sharp, a physical manifestation of emotional overload.

419A INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, HALLWAY - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 419A
[1998]

Young Jack, staring at the shadow in his hallway. Did something move?

PRODY (O.S.)

You all right?

420 EXT. NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY [CONTINUOUS]

420

Jack turns. Suit-clad Prody is behind him. Clearly on his way into work.

JACK

Yeah.

PRODY

How's the case?

JACK

Fine.

PRODY

You talked to the girl? The witness?

JACK

Did. Yeah.

Prody waits for more, but it's not coming.

PRODY

Right, then. I'll see ya.

Prody turns, heading towards the station. Jack hesitates, then -

JACK

Actually, you got a second?

421 EXT. NEWPORT BRIDGE - DAY [MOMENTS LATER]

421

Jack and Prody walk across the bridge, more to get air than reach any particular destination.

Prody watches the video on Jack's mobile.

PRODY

(re: video)

Christ.

JACK

He seem familiar at all?

PRODY

Sorry, no. Never heard the name
'Bones' either.

Prody hands Jack his mobile back.

PRODY (CONT'D)

You really think this guy could
have killed Sophie and Hugo?

JACK

I don't know.

Jack pauses, staring out the water. Thinking. Prody waits, patient.

JACK (CONT'D)

You're young. You got uptight parents, an uptight school, a lot of pressure. Then someone like *this* comes along. He's not just selling drugs, he's selling an experience.

PRODY

A fright night.

JACK

Exactly. The promise that you'll get scared. Which is exciting. Because it's not real.

(pause)

When you're a teenager, and you're into someone, you don't just *like* them, right? You *worship* them. Want to be like them.

PRODY

You copy them. Wear what they wear. Do what they do. Like you're putting on their skin.

A *slightly* uneasy beat. But Jack shakes it off.

JACK

What about any teenagers doing scary practical jokes around town? Maybe taking things too far? If someone was *really* into him, they might know his real name. You ever hear of anything like that?

PRODY

You mean like, with Sophie?

JACK

What?

PRODY

Sophie's mum called 999 a couple of weeks before the murders. Said it was domestic abuse. Like, from Sophie. Thought you knew that.

JACK

It's not in the Donkey Pitch case file.

PRODY

I just figured you kne-

JACK

If it's not in the case file, I don't know it. Don't have anyone to ask.

PRODY

Well, you got me.

Jack eyes him again, softening.

JACK

Sorry.

PRODY

's all right.

(pause)

Mum said Sophie'd become impossible. Bullying her and stuff. No charges were filed, though. Think Mum just wanted to set her daughter straight with a couple of uniforms showing up.

JACK

How do you remember this? It was years ago.

Prody looks at his feet, a little embarrassed.

PRODY

I thought maybe you'd have more questions about the Donkey Pitch. Wanted to be, you know, prepared. So I read up on everything last night.

JACK

Did the original investigators know about the trouble Sophie was in at home?

PRODY

Yeah.

JACK

Lincoln and Matthews knew about the 999 call?

PRODY

For sure. But it was just Sophie getting in trouble with her mum. They didn't think anything of it.

(pause)

Want me to get you the report?

CLOSE ON: The aforementioned police report.

Pull back to reveal we are now:

422

OMITTED

422

422a

INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, LIVING ROOM - DAY

422a

Jack paces slowly through his living room, that gorgeous window overlooking the Cardiff Bay behind him.

He's reading the police report. As he reads...

SOPHIE'S MUM (O.S.)
You have to DO something!

Behind Jack, the daylight outside his window suddenly dims. Then goes dark. It makes no sense at all.

Jack pays it no attention, his eyes glued to the report.

SOPHIE'S MUM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I can't handle this anymore!

When Jack looks up, he/we are suddenly...

423 OMITTED

423

423A INT. SOPHIE'S OLD HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, LIVING ROOM - 423A
 NIGHT [FLASHBACK / JACK'S IMAGINATION]

Crown moulding. Expensive art.

SOPHIE'S MUM (50s). A yoga figure in yoga clothes. Long, blonde hair. Beautiful. An older version of her daughter. But right now she's in pieces. Face red from crying.

Sophie is on the sofa, silent.

Two MALE OFFICERS stand, notepads in their hands.

SOPHIE'S MUM
I haven't slept in weeks!

Jack, still holding the report in his hand, is inexplicably "in" this scene. No one else sees him.

As Sophie's Mum fights tears, Jack walks out of their living room, and into -

424 OMITTED

424

425 OMITTED

425

425A INT. SOPHIE'S OLD HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 425A
 [FLASHBACK/JACK'S IMAGINATION]

Bright, clean tiled flooring, gleaming appliances, all with...a thick trickle of bright-red, candy-syrup fake blood.

Jack, still holding the file in his hand, takes in the scene.

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Ma'am, if you don't want to file charges -

SOPHIE'S MUM (O.S.)
She can't have a police record!

426 OMITTED

426

427 OMITTED

427

427A INT. SOPHIE'S OLD HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 427A
 [FLASHBACK / JACK'S IMAGINATION]

Gorgeous, canvas family photos adorn the perfect walls. But knives are stabbed through faces.

As Jack (holding that file) walks down the hallway, taking in the scene...

SOPHIE'S MUM (O.S.)
I hear her, at night. She makes noises, trying to scare me. She's obsessed with horror movies!

428 OMITTED

428

428A INT. SOPHIE'S OLD HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, SOPHIE'S MUM'S 428A
 BEDROOM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK / JACK'S IMAGINATION]

It's filled with designer clothes. But they've been cut to pieces. On the floor is a pair of scissors, covered in that same candy-syrup red blood.

Jack stands, file in hand, taking in the sight.

Then he turns, walking into...

429 OMITTED

429

429A INT. SOPHIE'S OLD HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, SOPHIE'S BEDROOM 429A
 - NIGHT [FLASHBACK / JACK'S IMAGINATION]

A well-appointed, modern teenage girl's room. A plush, cozy bed. A large desk. Bookshelves with photos and knick-knacks.

Jack walks in, holding the file, thinking.

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Ma'am, are you absolutely certain your daughter is doing all this?

SOPHIE'S MUM (O.S.)
She's not denying it!

Sophie walks into the bedroom. Jack turns. They lock eyes.

Sophie's expression is pleading - help me.

SOPHIE'S MUM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
If it wasn't her doing it, she'd
say so!

429b INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, LIVING ROOM - DAY 429b

And just like that, Jack's living room is back to "normal." The daylight from the bay streaming in from his window.

He holds the file in his hand, thinking.

430 OMITTED 430

430a INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 430a
 [AFTERNOON]

Honey stands, hands on his hips. He's now properly dressed (no more robe). He's watching:

Molina, who is cross-legged on the floor, next to a phone socket in the wall.

A hard case (for an electronic screwdriver) is open on the floor next to him. A roll of duct tape nearby, too. And an electric screwdriver is between his crossed legs.

Molina overturns the hard case. Drill bits spread on the floor.

Molina searches for the right drill bit. Finds it. But then can't find the duct tape...where was it?

He puts the drill bit down. Searches for the duct tape. Finds it. But then can't find the drill bit again. It takes some time, but he finds that, too.

But then where's the screwdriver?

HONEY
 (re: Molina's life, in
 general, because he's
 stupid)
 Is it always this hard?

MOLINA
 We could use our mobiles.

HONEY
 We're not supposed to. That was a
 very specific order.

MOLINA

But if we're in a hurry -

HONEY

Our calls could be traced. The answer is no.

(sniffing)

It still smells in here.

MOLINA

You moved the bucket.

HONEY

It's still wafting in somehow. I hate this house. Don't know how these people can live here.

MOLINA

What do you think the family did to the boss?

HONEY

What do you mean?

MOLINA

Well, he wants videos of the family suffering. So he must really hate them. What do you think they did?

HONEY

I've no idea.

MOLINA

The boss isn't someone I'd want to cross. I mean, think about it: he said that once the family realises who he is, they won't go to the police and report any of this.

(pause)

(re: the home invasion)

Who could be so scary that you wouldn't report this?

Honey swallows, fears mounting.

Molina relocates the right drill bit. Screws it onto the screwdriver - a perfect fit.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

You ask me, the boss is a total nutter.

(smiling)

But, he sure does pay well.

Insecurity flashes across Honey's face. Molina doesn't notice. But we do.

430b EXT. COLONEL FRINK'S HOUSE - DAY [AFTERNOON] 430b

Jack pulls up. Parks. Eyes the house.

COLONEL FRINK (O.S.)
Nonsense! It's no bother at all!

430c INT. COLONEL FRINK'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY [AFTERNOON] 430c

A clean but cluttered kitchen. A mismatched collection of egg cups. A ceramic salt dish clearly made by a child. Tins for flour and sugar that look straight out of the 70s.

It's the kind of homey atmosphere you only achieve when you throw out *nothing* for *decades*.

Jack stands, keys still in hand, a tad uncomfortable.

Colonel Frink pulls a cooked Frey Bentos pie out of the oven (we do not see the packaging, just the pie). He puts it on a cooling rack.

COLONEL FRINK
(re: the pie)
Never can finish the whole thing
myself. Hate the waste. You'll be
doing me a favour.

Colonel Frink gathers things for lunch for two. Dishes, utensils, water glasses.

Jack eyes Bear, in the corner of the kitchen. She has a plush dog bed, several toys, and her own blanket. A few metres away, newly-bought food and water dishes.

She rolls onto her back, exposing her belly. Jack can't help but crack a smile. *Spoiled animal*.

COLONEL FRINK (CONT'D)
(re: Bear)
She seems to be settling in all right.

JACK
I'd say so...

Colonel Frink walks over to Bear, rubbing her belly.

COLONEL FRINK
(re: Bear)
Her foot's much better. I can see
it, on our walks.
(to Bear)
Isn't that right? Better every day.

Jack takes in the sight of Frink and the dog - a happy pair. Jack's face falls just a tad.

JACK
 (gently, kindly, re: Bear)
 I will find her owner, you know.

Colonel Frink straightens up, looks at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
 I have to. There's a...personal
 reason for it.

COLONEL FRINK
 (hiding disappointment)
 Of course.

Colonel Frink goes back to fixing things for lunch. Jack looks around the kitchen.

On nearly every surface, we see family photos. Sophie. Her mum. The Colonel and (we presume) his deceased wife. As Jack eyes them...

COLONEL FRINK (CONT'D)
 Are you here to talk to me about
 Sophie?

Jack nods, yes.

COLONEL FRINK (CONT'D)
 (tentative)
 Is it because of something I said?

JACK
 You wanted me to look into the
 case, didn't you?

COLONEL FRINK
 Something about it never felt quite
 right. Nothing I could ever do
 about it, but you...
 (pause)
 But is it all right if we eat
 first?

430d EXT. COLONEL FRINK'S HOUSE, GARDEN - DAY [LATER]

430d

Jack and Colonel Frink sit outside on lawn chairs, a small garden table between them. The pie has been eaten, empty plates on the table between them.

The Colonel's expression is pained. Jack waits, patient.

COLONEL FRINK
 Those last few weeks, she was this
 shell of herself. Exhausted. On
 edge. The bags under her eyes, it
 broke my heart. I just wanted to...

His hands make a small hugging motion. Then they fall back to his lap.

COLONEL FRINK (CONT'D)

A lot of it was stress. There's so much pressure these days on kids. She told me she'd started vomiting at school. She felt nauseous just walking in, in the morning.

JACK

(surprised)

Vomiting?

COLONEL FRINK

I know what you're thinking, but it wasn't that.

JACK

No, I know.

COLONEL FRINK

I'm not naïve to what teenagers do. But the coroner said -

JACK

(delicately)

I know.

The Colonel takes a deep breath.

COLONEL FRINK

I knew what was going on. At night, with her mum. The horror film things. The fighting between them. But I never asked Sophie about it.

JACK

Did she ever talk to you about her social life? Friends. Boyfriends. Maybe someone besides Hugo?

COLONEL FRINK

No. Sorry.

JACK

You ever hear her mention the name...Bones?

COLONEL FRINK

Goodness, no. I'd remember that one.

JACK

What about raves? She ever talk to you about that kind of thing?

COLONEL FRINK

I'm sure there were lots of gatherings. But I don't know much about them. Really, it's Emily you should be talking to. The two of them did everything together.

Colonel Frink blinks a few times, keeping emotions down. Mostly.

COLONEL FRINK (CONT'D)

You lose your kids for a while, when they're teenagers. But you're supposed to get them back. When they're older.

431 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS,
SITTING ROOM / ENTRANCE HALL - DAY [MORNING]

431

In the sitting room. Honey stands by a window leading out to the front of the house. With his back to the camera, now we see: the boning knife tucked in the back of his trousers.

He's pulled one of the net curtains across the bottom half of his face; only his eyes are visible.

He scans the front lawn/garden, eyes darting everywhere. But no one is outside. It *seems* safe. Then, from off screen, we hear:

A FARTING NOISE.

Confused, Honey drops the net curtain, moving towards the entrance hall.

In the entrance hall. Molina stands, (his back towards Honey and the audience), pressing down on the air mattress with his foot.

The air escaping from the hole makes the farting noise. Molina GIGGLES. But then the air is gone - fun over.

Molina sighs. Then walks through the doorway (leading to the bathroom/staircase/etc).

Now with no one watching, Honey sneaks out the front door.

432 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY [MORNING]

432

Honey descends the Anchor-Ferrers' drive, now carrying his boning knife. His eyes dart left and right, but no one is about.

He heads out towards the road.

433 EXT. ROAD BY ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY [MORNING]

433

Honey crouches, walking through woods/bushes near the road outside the Anchor-Ferrers' home - a distance from the house. Trying to stay hidden from any potential drivers.

He holds his mobile aloft, waiting for a signal to pop up. Another step. Another. Another. Then finally -

A signal.

He looks around again, paranoid, then sits down on the ground, behind a bush.

Honey dials. Waits. Then -

HONEY

Hi.

434 INT. SMALL KITCHEN, COZY HOME - DAY [MORNING]

434

A small but tidy home kitchen. Lovingly decorated.

LILY (late 30s, visibly pregnant) pours tea, but stops when she hears Honey's voice on her mobile.

LILY

(instantly worried)

Are you all right?

INTERCUT THESE TWO SCENES:

HONEY

I'm fine.

LILY

But you're not supposed to ring anyone.

HONEY

I know. But I just -

LILY

You're sure you're all right?

HONEY

Everything's fine. I didn't mean to worry you. Just needed to hear your voice.

A beat.

LILY

Your agent rang. You got a call back!

HONEY

You're joking.

LILY

You said I couldn't ring you so I
didn't but it's that dishwashing
advert!

HONEY

You're not jo-

LILY

Wouldn't joke about that! They said
you felt 'authentic'.

HONEY

I was going for authentic! I wanted
to be *real*.

LILY

They said you did this gesture -

HONEY

I did! And it wasn't in the script!
That was ME!

LILY

Well they loved it. They loved you.

HONEY

Oh my god. I can't believe it!
You're really not joki-

LILY

(laughing)

Stop asking me if I'm joking! It's
happening! It's really happening!

HONEY

Last night, I was laying there,
thinking, I should just give up on
it. Because they say 'don't give up
on your dreams' but we all laugh at
those sad sacks who -

LILY

You're not a sad sack. You're
talented. I believe in you. And now
it's *finally happening*.

HONEY

I miss you. I love you.

LILY

I love you, too. But...I'm getting
tired of these...

(gigantic eye roll)

....'*marketing trips*'.

(She makes literal air quotes when saying this)

HONEY

I know. But this trip, it's a big one. And we need the money.

LILY

You said it didn't even pay that well!

HONEY

We still need it. For the baby. You don't know what it's like to grow up *needing*. I can't have that for her.

LILY

What matters more: a bit of money, or a father she can admire? A father who knows his potential and believes in himself enough to go after it?

Honey's eyes well up a bit.

LILY (CONT'D)

This baby is going to love you more than anything in the world. That's all that matters.

(pause)

You don't belong in '*marketing*'.

HONEY

But you know we never...we never *actually* make the clients buy anything.

She stays quiet - not appeased. His resolve is weakening.

HONEY (CONT'D)

We just make them *think* they'll have to buy something. It's really just a show. In the end, we never...I'm not like that. I wouldn't ever...

(pause)

Fuck it. This is my last marketing trip.

LILY

Are you serious?

HONEY

I'm completely serious. I'm not a marketing executive. I'm an *actor*. With a *call back*.

LILY

You promise?

HONEY

I promise. This is the last one.

435 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY [MOMENTS 435 LATER]

Honey walks into the **entrance hall**, closing the front door behind him. Molina is still elsewhere.

Honey pauses. A few deep breaths, a wiggle of his shoulders, getting back into character.

Then he strides past the deflated mattresses, (carefully sidestepping the drill bits, which are still spread on the floor), and up the **spiral staircase**.

436 INT. THE ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE IVY ROOM - DAY 436 [MOMENTS LATER]

Lucia is on the floor, still cuffed to the radiator. The door opens. She flinches. Honey enters.

He approaches her, his expression full of menace. He kneels down. Uncuffs her.

HONEY

Urinate.

LUCIA

What?

HONEY

Well not *here*.

(re: the bathroom)

In there. Like a civilised girl.

But she doesn't move.

LUCIA

I saw you. You're a *fake*. You were pretending to do that Sudoku puzzle while you were hurting my mum. You weren't *really* doing it. It was an act.

(pause)

You're not dangerous. Not really.

Honey's insecurities flicker across his face. A raw nerve momentarily exposed.

But then he swallows that down. Menace boils back up to the surface.

HONEY

Oh, Lucia...

He re-cuffs her hands.

HONEY (CONT'D)

(whispering in her ear)

You can piss yourself.

He stands. Leaves the room, and when the door SLAMS behind him it -

436a INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY

436a

- WAKES Matilda, who had dozed off, leaning upright against the wall. She blinks. And the first thing she sees is:

A bird. On the windowsill outside. For just a second, she and the bird seem to lock eyes. Then it flies off.

Matilda half-laughs, half-cries. Emotional. Moved.

MATILDA

(calling out)

Lucia! Lucia!

LUCIA (O.S.)

What?

OLIVER (O.S.)

Darling! Be quiet! They might hear you!

MATILDA

It's going to be all right!

Neither of them respond. But Matilda doesn't even notice. Her eyes are on the sky, the bird now just a tiny dot against the blue.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

It is. It's going to be all right.

437 OMITTED

437

438 OMITTED

438

439 OMITTED

439

440 OMITTED

440

441 OMITTED

441

442 EXT. EMILY'S POSH FLAT, CAR PARK - DAY [AFTERNOON]

442

Emily strides towards her car. Jack keeps pace next to her.

Emily is half-watching the video on Jack's phone. We recognise the MUSIC at this point (it's the video of Bones).

EMILY

What's the big deal?

She hands him his mobile back.

JACK

You didn't mention he had raves.

EMILY

Fine. There were raves. We done now?

JACK

You have any idea what Bones' real name is?

EMILY

No. I told you. I never met him.

JACK

But Sophie was into him. And you and Sophie talked about everything.

She reaches her car. Tosses her things inside.

EMILY

I don't think she knew his real name either. And if she did, she certainly never told me.

JACK

What did she say about him?

EMILY

The same thing everyone else said: cool raves, lots of drugs. That's it.

Emily him a hard stare.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I don't know anything. And Max says what you're doing is basically harassment. So leave me alone, yeah?

She goes to climb into her car, but stops.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Oh, and threatening me about my posts won't work anymore. That's taken care of.

She climbs inside her car. Cranks the engine, and pulls out.

443 INT. HALLWAY, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON]

443

Jack walks, reading a file. Robbie walks, finishing up a to-go salad. A leisurely pace to allow the chat/eating.

Robbie has a work bag slung over his shoulder.

ROBBIE

(re: the salad)

Missus told me these things have just as many calories as the burgers. Told her there was no way.

JACK

(eyes on the report)

But she was right?

ROBBIE

'course she was.

JACK

(eyes on the report)

So why aren't you eating the burger?

ROBBIE

Well, that'd be *admitting* it, now wouldn't it?

Jack cracks a smile.

They reach a doorway to a meeting room. Outside it is a rubbish bin. As Robbie chuck's his salad, Jack looks up.

The men facing each other before heading inside the room.

JACK

What kind of things make you throw up? Not just once, but regularly?

ROBBIE

You talking about Sophie?

JACK

Her granddad said she was vomiting in the mornings. She wasn't pregnant. He said it was stress, but that sounds extreme.

ROBBIE

People react differently to stress.
(pause)
Lincoln know you're looking into
her old case?

JACK

She does.

ROBBIE

How does she feel about it?

Jack chuckles.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

You might want to watch it, Jack.
She's got teeth, you know.

JACK

I'm aware.

ROBBIE

But you're not worried?

JACK

If she's got nothing to hide then
what's she hiding?

ROBBIE

No detective wants someone poking
around their cases.

JACK

Then solve 'em right the first
time.

ROBBIE

You're being hard on her. She cared
about those Donkey Pitch kids.
She's got a big heart, you know.

JACK

Is it under the teeth?

Robbie laughs, heads into the meeting room. Jack follows.

443a INT. MEETING ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY
[CONTINUOUS]

443a

Robbie sets his work bag on a table. Starts unpacking
paperwork (presumably for a meeting). Jack remains standing.

ROBBIE

All's I'm saying is, she's a tough
lady but she's got a sweet side.
She just won't always show it.

A tiny sideways glance from Jack.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

No, no, no. Don't look at me like that. I'm a happily married man. But she is something, isn't she?

(Note: Robbie has no idea Jack and Lincoln are involved sexually. So this comment isn't meant to be 'loaded' or subtextual. It's simply Robbie commenting on Lincoln's appeal.)

JACK

(reading autopsy report)

Anti-depressants are in Sophie's system at the time of her death. Those can make you vomit, right?

ROBBIE

It's rare, but when you first start with them, yeah.

JACK

Had she been on them long?

ROBBIE

We're not sure. They weren't prescribed by her GP. But it's a common tricyclic and it was within therapeutic range, so *someone* prescribed them.

JACK

What did her mum say about it?

ROBBIE

Mum didn't know she was on anti-depressants at all. Only prescription Mum knew Sophie was on was antihistamines.

JACK

(reading)

But there were no antihistamines in Sophie's system at the time of her death.

ROBBIE

Nope.

JACK

(to himself, mind churning)

So Sophie *stopped* with the antihistamines, and *started* on anti-depressants, all in secret...

ROBBIE
 (mocking Jack's mind
 churning)
 A teenager expressing body autonomy
 would be extraordinary...

Jack cracks a smile. Robbie cuts the act.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
 But if the anti-depressants were a
 recent thing, it would explain the
 vomiting the granddad was talking
 about. So...

Robbie's paperwork is now all ready.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
 Mystery solved?

444 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY [AFTERNOON] 444

Honey follows Molina around the front of the house. Molina scans the ground, looking for something.

Honey's eyes dart in every direction, nervous. He grips his boning knife.

HONEY
 Is this strictly necessary?

MOLINA
 Well, I reattached the line inside.
 But the phone's still not working.
 (pause)
 Did you know they're switching off
 all landline phones in 2025?
 Everyone's supposed to go internet-
 based. But I worry about the older
 generation. Just don't think
 they're ready. What do you think?

HONEY
 What I think, is that you shouldn't
 feel any pressure to rush what
 we're doing out here.

Molina looks confused.

HONEY (CONT'D)
 You know. Because there's a
 murderous lunatic romping about.

MOLINA
 (remembering)
 Oh right. Sorry. Anyway, the
 cable's probably been damaged
 somewhere out here. Wait!
 (MORE)

MOLINA (CONT'D)
Maybe the *lunatic* damaged the
cable? Because usually it's a
lawnmower but I'm pretty sure no
one's mowed since we've been here.

Honey just stares at Molina, not able to find the words.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
(pointing)
There it is.

Molina approaches the wire/phone line, discretely weaving
through the garden.

As he walks, he delicately sidesteps Matilda's flowers. Honey
follows, purposefully tromping all over her blooms.

As the two men follow the cable...

Honey sniffs his sweater. Recoils. Molina clocks it.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
Smell really is awful, isn't it?

HONEY
It's in our fucking *clothes*. It's
disgusting. I - WAIT. You smell it
now?

MOLINA
Oh yeah. It's terrible. All I can
think about.

A beat.

HONEY
You're lying.

MOLINA
(he is)
Am not.

HONEY
You're lying!

MOLINA
Okay I am. But I was only trying to
be a comfort! I can see how much
it's bothering you! And it doesn't
matter if it's real or not. What
matters is, it's real to you.

Honey's about to LUNGE at Molina but -

HONEY
Who the fuck is that?

LOUISE (60s) approaches from the distance, walking through the greenery that surrounds the house.

MOLINA

Think it's the neighbour.

HONEY

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

Honey slides the knife in the waistband at his back.

MOLINA

Maybe she's found the dog! That'd be good, yeah?

HONEY

How would that be good?

MOLINA

Well you wanted to find it.

HONEY

I wanted to find it *because* I didn't want anyone else to find it. Did you never fully grasp that?

He didn't.

As Louise gets closer...

HONEY (CONT'D)

Tell me you remember our story.

MOLINA

Which one?

HONEY

What do you mean, which one?! Our story. That we *discussed*. In case we're seen.

And closer...

HONEY (CONT'D)

I'm a *photographer*. You're my *assistant*. We're taking pictures of the family's home for a magazine spread.

MOLINA

Which magazine?

HONEY

I don't know which fucking magazine.

MOLINA

What if we're freelance?

HONEY
Fine. That's *fine*.

MOLINA
But then who pays me? You or the
magazine?

LOUISE
(calling out)
Bore da!

Louise reaches Honey and Molina. A bit breathless. Smiling.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
I don't mean to intrude! Just
thought I'd pop by and say hi to
Tilly. I'm Louise.
(pointing)
Live over there.

HONEY
It's very nice to meet you. I'm -

MOLINA
Family's not home.

A beat.

LOUISE
That's so strange. Could have sworn
Tilly said they'd be in from London
by now.

MOLINA
She's getting older. Dates and such
are the first to go.

LOUISE
Pardon me, I don't think I caught
your names?

HONEY
(shaking hands)
Oh, terribly sorry. I'm Henry.

MOLINA
(shaking hands)
My name is Bardo.

HONEY
We're photographers.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
We're friends with Kiernan.

LOUISE
You're photographer friends of
Kiernan? I thought he was in Hong
Kong...

Behind his back, Honey's hand inches towards his knife...

MOLINA

He is. Still trying to close the deal there.

Honey's eyes dart to Molina - *WTF?*

LOUISE

Seems he *always* gets held up longer than planned.

MOLINA

I add two weeks to whatever he says.

LOUISE

That's smart!

HONEY

Yes, Bardo. That's *brilliant*.

LOUISE

So, if the family's not here, then it's just you two staying in the house?

Honey's hand gets closer to the knife....closer....

MOLINA

It *is* rather large. We feel a bit spoilt.

HONEY

Really just here to take a few photographs.

MOLINA

(to Louise, wink, wink)

And it's not like we need more than one bedroom.

An awkward silence, then Louise BURSTS out in a smile and laugh, putting a hand on Molina's arm.

LOUISE

Oh of *course!* Yes. I understand.

MOLINA

We just needed to get away. And Kiernan said the home was empty, so why not stay?

LOUISE

Yes *really*. Why not indeed?

MOLINA

You know what he said to me?

HONEY

Do tell.

MOLINA

He said, 'whether you come in to visit or just to rest, when you enter our home, may you be blessed'.

LOUISE

I didn't think Kiernan was religious at all.

Honey's hand reaches the handle of the knife...

LOUISE (CONT'D)

But how lovely.

Smiles all around. Then...

The net curtains move inside one of the upstairs windows.

Louise has seen it. The men have seen it. An awkward beat, then...

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Is someone else home?

445

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

445

Matilda, stretched on the ground, as far as she can in her restraints.

She's thrown one shoe already (that was the movement of the curtains at the end of 444). She has her other shoe in her hand.

MATILDA

(calling out)

Did Louise see it?! Did she?!

OLIVER (O.S.)

I don't know, darling.

(straining towards the window)

I can't see her anymore!

LUCIA (O.S.)

But she's definitely there, Dad?

You saw Louise in the garden?

OLIVER (O.S.)

Yes! When she crossed through!

LUCIA (O.S.)
 Did you signal her? Did she see
 you?

OLIVER (O.S.)
 I didn't react fast enough. I
 thought I was imagining it. I'm
 sorry!

MATILDA
 (as loud as possible)
 LOUISE! LOUISE!!!!

OLIVER (O.S.)
 She won't be able to hear you,
 Tilly! You have to make her see
 you!

MATILDA
 She will. She'll see!

Matilda looks at her other shoe, her last hope. A silent moment of prayer, then, as she throws the shoe again...

446 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRER'S HOUSE, MATILDA'S GARDEN - DAY 446
 [CONTINUOUS]

Honey, Molina and Louise all watch the net curtains move again.

MOLINA
 It's the dog.

LOUISE
 Oh! Did Lucia finally persuade them to get a dog?

HONEY
 She did. So we're dog sitting.

MOLINA
 It loves playing with the curtains. You know how dogs are. Always on their backs, batting things about.

Molina makes feline clawing motions.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
 We gave it a ball of wool. Played for hours.
 (pause)
 Would you come in for a bit? We're making pancakes for dinner.

Honey grips the knife, knuckles white...

LOUISE

How fun! But I can't today.

MOLINA

Are you *sure*, Louise?

HONEY

(to Molina)

Let's not push now.

MOLINA

(to Honey)

You can make more batter.

LOUISE

Another time. But thank you. You two enjoy yourselves. And if you see Tilly, do tell her I dropped by.

She turns to leave, but then hesitates. Leans in towards the men a bit.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Does something smell?

Honey shoots Molina a look - *I TOLD YOU.*

From somewhere far away, we hear the THUMP, THUMP, THUMP of dance music. It carries us over to...

447

EXT. MAX'S HOME, MONMOUTHSHIRE - DAY [AFTERNOON]

447

A large Georgian country house nestled on a private estate. A detached cottage. A tennis court. A swimming pool.

MAX (23) leans against his doorframe, staring at Jack. A generic t-shirt over designer jeans. He holds a bottle of import beer in one hand.

The music comes from behind him. We hear a few VOICES, too. A small gathering, it seems.

MAX

Emily said you were asking questions.

JACK

I'm not after much of your time.

MAX

She also said you were a real twat.

Jack waits, unphased. Max cracks a smile.

448 INT. MAX'S HOME, MONMOUTHSHIRE, DRAWING ROOM / LIBRARY / 448
DINING ROOM - DAY [CONTINUOUS]

Max walks through the house, Jack trailing. He, and we, take in the sight.

A drawing room larger than some people's flats...an enviable library...

JACK

So you went to Bones' raves?

A dining room with a table for 12....

MAX

Sure. They were cool.

JACK

Know his real name?

MAX

Nah. No one did.

JACK

Not even Sophie? From what I understand, she was really into him.

MAX

(scoffs)

Who told you that?

The THUMPING of the music gets louder and louder and they go deeper into the house. They enter into -

449 INT. MAX'S HOME, MONMOUTHSHIRE, DEN - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 449

AN OVERSIZED DEN

- a ping-pong table. A billiards table. A home theatre system.

Three GUYS (early 20s), and one GIRL (early 20s) are day-drinking and playing darts. They're too drunk to notice Jack (plus he's young and in a hoodie and jeans - he blends).

On the plush sofa, a DRUNK GIRL in skimpy clothing is completely passed out.

Jack eyes her. Eyes the guys. Taking it all in. Max clocks it. Shrugs.

MAX

(as if it's an explanation)

Bank holiday.

Max heads behind the wet bar. Starts making two Bloody Marys.

MAX (CONT'D)
(re: his Bloody Mary)
Wait 'til you taste this.

JACK
No. Thanks. I'm all right.

Max keeps making the drinks. Jack lets it drop.

MAX
Sophie wasn't into Bones. Not
really. She just liked *using* him to
make Hugo jealous. Sophie was a
cock tease.

On the other end of the den, the guys start throwing ping pong balls at the drunk girl, trying to land them in her cleavage.

The balls bounce off her breasts, landing on the carpeted floor. She doesn't wake up. The guys think it's *hilarious*. The (awake) girl laughs along with them.

Jack watches, wary. Max slides over the Bloody Mary.

MAX (CONT'D)
(re: the drink)
Best one you'll ever have.

Jack doesn't touch it.

JACK
Was Sophie imitating Bones?

MAX
What? No. I told you, she wasn't
even really into him.

CHEERS from the other side of the room. One of the guys has landed a ping-pong ball right on the girl's cleavage.

Jack's eyes shift between *that* situation and Max.

JACK
I understand you and Emily had a
row with Sophie and Hugo, a few
weeks before they died. That you
all weren't really talking.

MAX
Yeah. So?

JACK
Sophie's mum called the cops on
her. Said she was pulling pranks at
night.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Pranks that really *feel* like things Bones would do. So maybe Sophie *was* imitating Bones, but you just didn't know about it, because you weren't talking?

MAX

Sophie's mum was a menopausal maniac. I guarantee you, she got hysterical over nothing.

(re: Bloody Mary)

You're missing out, mate.

Jack doesn't touch the drink.

MAX (CONT'D)

Listen, if anyone is saying Sophie or Hugo were acting like Bones, they've just got it wrong.

JACK

You seem really sure about that.

MAX

And you seem to forget that I'm doing you a courtesy right now.

More CHEERS. One of the guys has now landed a ping-pong ball up the girl's (very) short skirt. Again, Jack clocks it.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm not a suspect. Not even a person of interest. Not now, not then. When you lot questioned me after the murders, my solicitor was really clear: it's not my job to explain things to the police.

(leaning in, purposefully coy)

And honestly, it's not my fault you were too stupid to understand what they're looking at.

JACK

You want to tell me what that's supposed to mean?

MAX

Think I'm done being courteous.

JACK

(re: the drunk girl)

I'll drive her home.

MAX

She's fine.

JACK
I'll drive her home.

450 OMITTED

450

451 OMITTED

451

452 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/MONMOUTHSHIRE ROADS - DAY
[AFTERNOON]

452

Jack driving down the country roads. Drunk Girl has woken up a bit, taking in her surroundings.

Laying right next to her is her mobile (Jack has clearly put it there for her to see).

DRUNK GIRL
Who are you?

JACK
I'm a cop. I'm taking you home.

DRUNK GIRL
How do you know where I live?

JACK
I rung your mum.

DRUNK GIRL
Oh for fuck's sake...

JACK
(ignoring her)
She told me to drive you home. And
she wants you to ring her. Please
do.

The Drunk Girl stares at her mobile, but doesn't move to pick it up just yet.

JACK (CONT'D)
She's worried about you.

DRUNK GIRL
We were just having fun.

He eyes her. A million cop-related thoughts swirling in his head. He opens his mouth, but then -

His mobile RINGS.

Jack pats his pockets but can't reach it while still driving. He pulls over on the side of the country road.

453 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/MONMOUTHSHIRE ROAD - DAY [AFTERNOON] 453

As he digs for his mobile, we see out of Jack's driver's side window. Jack is parked directly outside of...

The Anchor-Ferrers' home.

In the distance, we see Honey and Molina walking up towards the front door.

But Jack's eyes are on his mobile. He finds it, but by now the ringing has stopped (he's missed the call). On the caller ID we see it's an unknown number.

Jack pulls back onto the road, just as...

Honey and Molina enter the house. Honey SLAMS the door behind him.

Jack drives on, never even giving it a second glance.

454 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS, 454
KITCHEN / ENTRANCE HALL - DAY [AFTERNOON]

Honey's just SLAMMED the front door, walking into the **entrance hall**. He's furious.

HONEY

What the fuck was that?!

MOLINA

What? Thought it went quite well.

Molina walks into the **kitchen**. Honey follows.

HONEY

You invited her inside!

MOLINA

I was trying to be *natural*. People around here are *hospitable*.

HONEY

(seething)

We have the *family held hostage*. What if she'd said yes?

MOLINA

Oh. Wasn't thinking of that at the time.

HONEY

Nooo.

MOLINA

To be honest, not sure what I would have done. Hard question to answer.

HONEY

Well then, thundercunt, here's a whopper of a follow-up: what's the plan if she comes back?

MOLINA

Like, for pancakes?

Honey picks a ceramic corgi up off a shelf in the kitchen. Hurls it a Molina's head.

Molina ducks. It SMASHES against the wall behind him.

HONEY

AND WHO THE FUCK IS KIERNAN?!

MOLINA

He's the older brother! He's in China on business!

HONEY

How do you know that?

MOLINA

I read the paperwork. On the family. With all the information.

HONEY

What paperwork?!

MOLINA

The stuff the boss gave us!

HONEY

The boss didn't give us any paperwork!

MOLINA

You didn't get it?

A beat.

HONEY

All right. That's it. How much are you being paid for this job?

Molina opens his mouth, then closes it. A thought occurring to him (for once).

MOLINA

How much are you being paid?

HONEY

I asked you first.

MOLINA

But whatever I say, you'll say
you're getting paid more. How do I
know you're being honest?

HONEY

Fine.

Honey grabs a pad of paper from a drawer.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Where are the pens?

MOLINA

What pens?

HONEY

You were in charge of collecting
all the sharp pens in the house, so
the family couldn't use them as
weapons. *Where did you put them?*

Molina points to another drawer. Honey opens it. Sure enough, there are dozens of pens. He grabs two, distributing one to Molina.

HONEY (CONT'D)

We write down our daily rate.
Exchange the pieces of paper.
Agreed?

MOLINA

Agreed.

Both men write. Eyeing each other. Honey folds his paper. Molina does, too. They exchange. Each read.

Honey turns red. Molina's face is awash with pity.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

I'm *really* sorry.

Furious, (and embarrassed) Honey STORMS out of the **kitchen**, and into the **entrance hall**.

He heads towards the spiral staircase, once again
sidestepping those drill bits.

455 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, ROSE ROOM - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 455

The door SWINGS open. Honey STORMS in. Matilda cowers in fear.

Honey looks at the thrown shoes. Then he looks at the window. Puts the pieces together in his mind.

Honey darts to the window. Pulls the net curtains closed.

HONEY

Are you stupid, Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers? Or is it an act?

She doesn't answer. Eyes welling with tears.

He approaches. Squats. Gets right in her face, threateningly close. He reads her. Makes an assessment.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Nah, you're not stupid. But you like that people think you are, don't you? Because then no one expects anything.

He brushes hair out of her face. Lovingly tucks it behind her ear. She recoils, trembling.

HONEY (CONT'D)

But you're smart. You know all three of you will die in this house, don't you?

Her face contorts in agony, but she's silent. Then she nods her head, yes.

HONEY (CONT'D)

When the time comes...
(leaning in, whispering)
I'm going to let you pick who goes first.

Matilda's face contorts, about to erupt into tears but we -

CUT TO:

455a INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, AMETHYST ROOM - DAY [MOMENTS 455a LATER]

Oliver, hearing his wife BURST into tears of agony.

OLIVER

What are you doing to her?!!

No response. Matilda still crying.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

What are you doing to her?!!!

The door SWINGS open. Honey enters, standing right over Oliver, who is red-faced with anger.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Leave my wife alone!

HONEY

(to himself, a genuine
observation, not with
menace)

God I hate you.

OLIVER

You've no right to touch her!

HONEY

However, the whole broken ankle
thing really was an accident.

On instinct, Oliver's eyes dart towards his ankle, just as Honey TIPS a wooden trunk over on top of Oliver's foot.

Oliver CRIES OUT in pain. Honey leaves.

From somewhere far away (O.S.) we hear the **SQUEAL OF A PIG...**

456 EXT. HUGO'S FAMILY'S FARMLAND/BONFIRE LOCATION - DAY 456
[LATE AFTERNOON]

Three FARMERS stand around a large squealing pig, its head and neck caught in a metal pen which holds it in place.

The fourth farmer holds the branding iron against its hind. The pig squirms and fights, but it's no use.

Jack watches.

The farmer finally pulls the branding iron back. The farmers set it free. It runs off, still SQUEALING, into a metal pen.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Never heard the name Bones. Sorry.

Pull back further to reveal:

Jack stands with RICHARD (60s). A clean button-down shirt and jeans, Richard is clearly the white-collar boss of this expansive farm.

He's up against his brand-new truck. But just like Richard, the truck isn't dirty. It's not actually *hauling* anything.

Behind them, extensive farmland. This is quite a property.

JACK

He was into horror movie stuff.
Scaring people. Blood and guts.
Hugo ever talk about that kind of
thing?

RICHARD

No. I mean, we knew Hugo went to gatherings, but we never asked questions. We were lenient.

(chuckles, sad)

Some parents said, too lenient.

JACK

How so?

RICHARD

We used to let the kids have beer and bonfires up there.

He points up the hill, towards a bonfire area.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We made sure no one drove after drinking. It wasn't a big deal but parents around here...

(pause)

We could trust Hugo. He was a good kid. He wasn't like...

(with difficulty)

We have another son. Theo. He's always been a problem.

Off Jack, absorbing those words -

456A INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S ROOM - NIGHT
[FLASHBACK] [1998]

456A

Young Jack stands in the doorway to Ewan's room, taking in the sight of Ewan's awards, ribbons, various achievements, etc.

457 EXT. HUGO'S FAMILY'S FARMLAND/BONFIRE LOCATION - DAY
[CONTINUOUS]

457

Jack smothers the memory.

JACK

So no changes in Hugo's behaviour?
Nothing different about him, before he died?

RICHARD

No. Look, I'm sorry but I've got t-

JACK

Because there were changes in Sophie's behaviour.

This has Richard's attention. He waits.

JACK (CONT'D)
Things were going on, in their
house, at night. Sophie's mum was
at her wits' end.

Ripples of something hit Richard, thoughts processing.

RICHARD
We didn't know that. Didn't know
the mum at all.

Richard's still processing. Jack smartly gives him space.
Finally -

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I need to know that if I say
something, it won't go on Hugo's
record. I don't want it being a
part of who he was.

JACK
I wouldn't -

RICHARD
I need to know.

JACK
We don't charge people with crimes
after they've passed. It's just not
how it works.

Richard nods, slowly accepting that.

RICHARD
Hugo's mum and I were divorcing.
I'd had an affair. It hit Hugo
pretty hard. He was angry. With me.
(pause)
He'd started planting pornography
'round the house. At night. Videos
cued up on the telly, so it'd play
when we turned it on. And it
wasn't, you know, normal
pornography. It was violent. Awful.

JACK
You ever confront Hugo about it?

RICHARD
Of course we did. And he fessed up.

JACK
Any chance he was covering for your
other son?

RICHARD

(no)

Happened at times when Theo wasn't even home. Trust me, it was Hugo.

(pause)

We never told the police because it's got nothing to do with how he died, and because we didn't want to think about it. Didn't want to admit that our last weeks with him were...

(pause)

That he wasn't himself. That he was being more like....you don't understand, Hugo was the good son. It shouldn't have been Hugo who -

Richard stops himself.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I shouldn't have said that. I'm sorry.

Richard walks away, leaving Jack to process.

457A OMITTED

457A

458 EXT. HUGO'S FAMILY'S FARMLAND/BONFIRE LOCATION - DAY
[LATE AFTERNOON]

458

THE BONFIRE PIT - moments later.

Jack approaches the area Richard pointed to. Burnt-out ground. A ring of rocks. Nothing more.

But for a moment, it has Jack's attention.

Then we hear (**Jack's imagination**) the SOUND of a party. Music playing. Kids laughing. A beer can opening.

459 OMITTED

459

459A OMITTED

459A

460 OMITTED

460

461 INT. HALLWAY, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY [EARLY EVENING]

Jack walks down the hallway, approaching the same meeting room as earlier that day. He stops in the doorway.

Lincoln stands inside, looking over paperwork (probably about to leave).

JACK

I need to know what you know about my brother.

She eyes him. Doesn't immediately answer.

462 INT. MEETING ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY [EARLY 462 EVENING / MOMENTS LATER]

Jack, in a chair. But Lincoln is still on her feet, now leaning up against the desk.

LINCOLN

There were three calls, from three different houses in the area. They were spread out over a few months. Different officers each time. No one wrote a report because there was nothing to write about. So no one put any dots together. Until your brother was abducted.

(pause)

And it's not like anyone would write a report then, would they? Because it'd look like we fucked up.

He scoffs; it hides the fury underneath.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

The calls were from parents, who were spooked because their kids had said they'd seen a man, in their bedrooms. Sitting in the windowsill.

Jack trembles. Teeth grit.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

They said he was watching them, while they slept.

It's a while before Jack speaks. Before he can even find words. But finally -

JACK

I thought they were nightmares. I thought I had them *after* Ewan was taken. *Because* he was taken.

LINCOLN

What did you see?

JACK

I saw....*someone*.

462A INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 462A
[FLASHBACK]

A man, cloaked in shadow, in Ewan's windowsill. We cannot see the man's face.

463 INT. MEETING ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY [EARLY 463
EVENING]

LINCOLN

Was it your neighbour?

Jack hesitates.

463A INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 463A
[FLASHBACK]

Now it's Ivan Penderecki in the windowsill.

464 INT. MEETING ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY [EARLY 464
EVENING]

JACK

I don't know. I don't...

(pause)

What if they weren't nightmares?

What it was real? What if he was
really in our home and I saw him
and I...

(horrified/realisation)

I could have done something about
it.

A pregnant pause in the room.

Then Lincoln takes a step towards Jack. Then another. Until
she's between his legs.

She stands over him, looking down. He looks up, *as fragile as
we've seen him*.

But there's no sympathy in her expression. No kind eyes. No
loving touch. She unbuttons her blouse. Lets it hang open.
Waits.

He looks like he might cry. Like the weight of the day might
finally be too much. But then -

He puts a hand on her waist. Then the other. Thumbs on her
hip bones. Gripping them a tad harder than necessary.

She shutters.

He stands, picking her up. A pivot and they're on the desk. Him on bottom. Her on top.

465 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/NEWPORT POLICE STATION - NIGHT 465
[LATER THAT EVENING]

Jack shuts his car door, looking out his windshield. It's evening. Dark, heavy clouds.

A BING from his mobile. On screen: a Google Alert on Emily.

He taps on the corresponding website. We see the frozen image of Emily, prompting Jack to play a video. He does.

We stay with Jack as he watches, hearing the video.

EMILY (O.S.)

(on mobile)

So, I'm joining this forum and telling my story today to help process some transphobic feelings I've had in my past.

(pause)

I didn't like the idea that a man could become a woman because, honestly, I didn't like men.

On Jack's mobile, we now see images from Emily's Instagram account (sans dick pic). Emily with lots of male friends and boyfriends - typical teenage pictures.

We stay on these images as her V.O. continues.

EMILY (V.O.)

And I know that's not right or fair. But maybe if you see some of the ways I used to be electronically assaulted by men, you'll understand.

(pause)

Imagine waking up to this image, on your mobile, when you're just a kid.

Back on Jack, watching the screen.

466 OMITTED

466

467 EXT. MAX'S HOME, MONMOUTHSHIRE, POOL - DAY [MOMENTS LATER] 467

Max is at the outdoor kitchen, BBQ-ing steaks. We hear his friends still partying inside, but they are out of sight.

As Jack strides towards Max...never breaking pace...

MAX
What the fuck?!

JACK
Emily just posted a picture online.

MAX
You can't just come here!

JACK
It was taken just two weeks before
the Donkey Pitch murders.

MAX
I don't know anything about a -
[picture]

Jack GRABS Max's shirt, WHIRLS him to the ground, holding his head just above the water of the pool.

Max's terrified eyes dart towards the den - where his friends are.

JACK
(calm, honest)
I genuinely believe the world would
be a better place without blokes
like you. And I honestly know how
to make this look like a drowning.

Max is scared. Jack keeps a grip on Max's shirt, holding him above that water.

JACK (CONT'D)
The picture went around the whole
school. And when the police
questioned you about it, your
solicitor jumped in real fucking
quick. Almost like he didn't want
you to explain anything to us.

Max doesn't answer.

JACK (CONT'D)
Why is that picture important?

MAX
Because it's Hugo.

JACK
It was sent from a pay-as-you-go.
How are you sure it's him?

MAX
Trust me. It's him. But no one else
knows but me. Not even Emily.
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

I never said anything. We might have been fighting but he was still my mate.

JACK

Why not tell the police it was Hugo?

MAX

I was scared! He and I had fallen out when he got killed, okay? What if someone thought I had something to do with him dying? I didn't want to talk to the cops about *anything*.

JACK

Who sent the picture?

MAX

Hugo did.

JACK

No. He didn't.

MAX

People do it all the time. It's called a dick pic.

JACK

I know what a dick pic is, you little shit, but no one sends out a dick pic that looks like that. He's soft. Not exactly flattering, is it? Hugo didn't even take that picture. It looks like he's sleeping. It looks like -

Something clicks in Jack's mind.

MAX

What?

Jack PLUNGES Max's head into the water. Jack storms out.

Max sputters and coughs as he comes to the surface.

468

EXT. MONMOUTHSHIRE ROADS - DAY [EVENING]

468

Jack parks by the side of the road, exiting the vehicle.

In front of him, a beautiful landscape, but his mind is racing too much to appreciate it.

With his breathing (a tad) shallow, we go with him as he visualises...

468A INT. HUGO'S HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - 468A
NIGHT [FLASHBACK/JACK'S IMAGINATION]

The Hazmat Man walks through Hugo's house, passing family photos on display (the family photos help us understand this is Hugo's house).

The Hazmat Man's gloved fingers knock over knick-knacks on tables. Hide keys in drawers. Overturn a box of kitty litter.

469 EXT. MONMOUTHSHIRE ROADS - DAY

469

Jack, still visualising.

469A INT. HUGO'S HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, KITCHEN - NIGHT
[FLASHBACK/ JACK'S IMAGINATION]

469A

The Hazmat Man roots through the refrigerator.

Again, pictures of Hugo and his family on the fridge door help orient us.

470 EXT. MONMOUTHSHIRE ROADS - DAY

470

Jack, mind reeling.

470A INT. HUGO'S HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT 470A
[FLASHBACK / JACK'S IMAGINATION]

The Hazmat Man sits on the family sofa, watching violent pornography on the family's big-screen telly.

470b EXT. MONMOUTHSHIRE ROADS - DAY

470b

Jack, the thoughts coming at him fast.

471 OMITTED

471

471A INT. HUGO'S HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, HUGO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 471A
[FLASHBACK / JACK'S IMAGINATION]

The Hazmat Man, standing in Hugo's bedroom while he sleeps. Watching him.

He pulls back the sheet covering Hugo, exposing the teenage boy (off camera). Snaps a picture.

471b OMITTED

471b

471c EXT. MONMOUTHSHIRE ROADS - DAY [JACK'S PARTIAL IMAGINATION]

471c

Jack looks straight ahead, almost as if he knows someone is beside him....

And now the camera pulls back a bit, to reveal:

Sophie stands next to him. The same clothes as in 429A.

She turns to face Jack. He looks towards her. They lock eyes (just as they did in 429A).

Then Jack closes his eyes, and we go into his imagination with...

472 OMITTED

472

473 OMITTED

473

473A INT. SOPHIE'S OLD HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, LIVING ROOM - 473A NIGHT [FLASHBACK / JACK'S IMAGINATION]

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)

*Ma'am, are you absolutely certain
your daughter is doing all this?*

-The Hazmat Man, in the well-appointed living room and kitchen, splashing fake blood all over the house.

473B INT. SOPHIE'S OLD HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 473B [FLASHBACK/ JACK'S IMAGINATION]

-The Hazmat Man, in the hallway, stabbing bespoke-framed family photos with knives.

473C INT. SOPHIE'S OLD HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, SOPHIE'S MUM'S 473C BEDROOM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK / JACK'S IMAGINATION]

SOPHIE'S MUM (O.S.)

She's not denying it!

-The Hazmat Man, in a bedroom, cutting up Sophie's mum's expensive clothes, while Sophie's mum sleeps soundly just two metres away.

473D INT. SOPHIE'S OLD HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, BATHROOM - NIGHT 473D [FLASHBACK / JACK'S IMAGINATION]

SOPHIE'S MUM (O.S.)

If it wasn't her doing it, she'd say so!

-The Hazmat Man, in Sophie's bathroom, dumping her antihistamines and replacing them with anti-depressants.

474 OMITTED 474

474A OMITTED 474A

474a EXT. MONMOUTHSHIRE ROADS - DAY 474a

Jack opens his eyes, and we expect to see Sophie next to him, but instead we see...

The Hazmat Man.

A little JUMP SCARE that's interrupted when -

Jack's mobile RINGS.

It snaps us out of Jack's imagination (Hazmat Man is gone - we are back in "reality").

Jack answers his mobile.

JACK
(into mobile)
Caffery.

474B OMITTED 474B

474b OMITTED 474b

475 OMITTED 475

475A OMITTED 475A

476 OMITTED 476

477 OMITTED 477

478 OMITTED 478

479 OMITTED 479

480 OMITTED 480

481 OMITTED 481
482 OMITTED 482
483 OMITTED 483
484 OMITTED 484
485 INT. VERONICA'S OFFICE - DAY 485

Veronica speaks into her mobile. She looks shaken.

VERONICA

Jack, don't hang up. I borrowed my mum's mobile, so you'd answer. I went to your home, to get my things. But I didn't go inside because...

(pause)

Your front door was open.

485a EXT. MONMOUTHSHIRE ROADS - DAY 485a

Jack freezes at Veronica's words. Then ends the call. Climbs into his car.

486 OMITTED 486

486a INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 486a

Molina sits on the floor of the kitchen. He's removed the panel holding the phone cables into the wall. He pulls the cable free. Both men look at the end of it.

It's cut clean.

HONEY

That's scissors. Someone's cut the landline from *inside the house*.

Now even Molina looks scared.

MOLINA

There's something I have to tell you.

HONEY

What?

MOLINA

It's about the deer carcass.

HONEY

What about the deer carcass?

MOLINA

There wasn't a deer carcass. It was just the bucket. And what was in it.

486b OMITTED

486b

486c INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, AMETHYST ROOM - NIGHT
[CONTINUOUS]

486c

Unlike his wife, Oliver is not smiling. He's as low as we've seen him.

He glances under the bed, which he can now see more clearly (because Honey tipped over the trunk, clearing a view for Oliver).

A child's felt-tip marker (like for colouring), is under the bed.

Oliver reaches for the pen, straining. Almost there. Almost there. Then...

He pinches the pen. Pulls it towards himself. Awash with relief.

He digs into his pockets, finding medical release forms from his surgery. Care instructions for his wound, etc.

He flips over the pages. On the back side, they're blank.

486d EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

486d

Honey storms through the back of the house, half angry, half terrified. Molina follows, his face awash with concern.

Both of them huffing and puffing, their breath white puffs in the chilly night air.

They reach the bucket (where Honey has presumably hidden it, somewhere discrete). We hear flies BUZZING around it. Honey pulls out his knife.

MOLINA

What are you doing?

HONEY

I want to see the deer's last meal.

Honey reaches down into the bucket, recoiling from the smell.
He slices through the intestines (we don't see). Then stands up again, gasping for fresh air.

HONEY (CONT'D)
What does that look like to you?

MOLINA
Looks like...meat.

HONEY
Deer don't eat meat.

Honey digs into his pocket. Pulls out the "buck shot."

HONEY (CONT'D)
This isn't buck shot. It's a dental filling.

MUSIC CUE: "HEART OF GLASS" by Blondie and Philip Glass

Note: this orchestral mash-up music will continue through the remainder of the episode.

HONEY (CONT'D)
These are *human* intestines.

487 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, AMETHYST ROOM - NIGHT

487

Oliver begins to write.

OLIVER (V.O.)
I am Oliver George Anchor-Ferrers
and I am of sound mind.
(pause)
Two men, posing as police officers,
have taken us hostage in our home.
(MORE)

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 'DI Honey' is roughly 5 feet, 8 inches tall. Slight build. Mid 30s. English. Of South Asian decent. 'DS Molina' is of a similar height and weight but he's younger. Caucasian. Welsh. I presume both names are fraudulent.

488 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/MOTORWAY - NIGHT

488

Jack speeds. We see the city lights of London just ahead.

OLIVER (V.O.)
I also presume that if you're reading this, these men have killed us.

Jack takes an exit.

489 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON - NIGHT

489

Jack parks. Exits his car. Walks up to his front door. It is, indeed, open (just a crack). He pushes the door open wide. Waits. Every muscle in his body tensed.

490 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, ENTRANCE HALL,
DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

490

The lights all off. Jack enters. But not like he *lives* here. Like he's answering a *distress call*.

Back close to the wall. Senses on alert. Eyes scanning. One foot forward, ahead of the other, slow.

OLIVER (V.O.)
I love my children. I love my wife. We have been a very happy family.

Jack moves, snake-like, through his own home.

OLIVER (V.O.)
But there are things we have hidden.

491 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, STAIRCASE - NIGHT [MOMENTS LATER]

491

Jack ascends. Slow. Careful.

OLIVER (V.O.)
Secrets we've never shared.

492 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, HALLWAY - NIGHT [MOMENTS LATER] 492

Jack stands, looking down the dark hallway, at Ewan's bedroom door. It's ajar.

OLIVER (V.O.)
Truths that have been buried so
long...

Jack takes a step forward. Then another.

OLIVER (V.O.)
...most days they feel like a
dream.

He reaches Ewan's door. A trembling hand reaches out.

493 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 493
 [CONTINUOUS]

The Arsenal posters. The Rubik's Cube on the bookshelves. The school trophies and ribbons. Ewan's bed. The desk. The window. The treehouse right outside.

We know this room well, even in the dark.

Jack enters, every nerve in his body on hyper alert. Fear and adrenaline coursing through his body in equal measure.

Eyes scanning but there's no one here. He approaches the window. It's closed.

493A INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 493A
 [FLASHBACK / JACK'S IMAGINATION]

Ivan Penderecki sits, cross-legged, in the windowsill.

494 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 494
 [CONTINUOUS]

Jack opens the window, eyes on Penderecki's house. Come on in, motherfucker, I dare you...

Jack sits down in the chair by the desk (exactly where we met him in the pilot). Arms crossed over his chest, he watches Ivan's house. Waiting.

OLIVER (V.O.)
But the time for dreaming is over.
It's time to admit who we really
are.

495 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, AMETHYST ROOM - NIGHT 495
 Oliver writes. Tears now streaming down his cheeks, splashing the ink on the page.

OLIVER (V.O.)
 And what the cameras were for.

495a INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 495a
 [CONTINUOUS]
 Jack, still in his chair, staring out the window. We take in the whole room, particularly the floor behind Jack.
 (note: the audience needs to understand that, as of night time, there is nothing on the floor behind Jack.)

TIME JUMP TO:

496 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S BEDROOM - DAY 496
 [MORNING]
 Sunlight streams in through the open window. Jack sleeps, sitting in the chair.
 His mobile rings. He blinks, waking. Stiff and sore.

JACK
 (into mobile)
 Caffery.
 (listens)
 What?
 (listens)
 Yes. Sorry. I did. I requested a prison visit.
 (listens)
 Minnet Kable. He's in your -
 (listens)
 Thursday. I'll be there. Thank you.

Jack hangs up. Moves his neck to the side, cracking it. A little sigh of relief. He stands. Turns. Then freezes.

We pan down, revealing what Jack sees:

A small box. Gift wrapped. With a balloon.

It's in the centre of the room.

Right behind Jack.

FADE OUT