

WOLF

by

Megan Gallagher

Based on the novel by Mo Hayder

Episode 5 "Death Roll"

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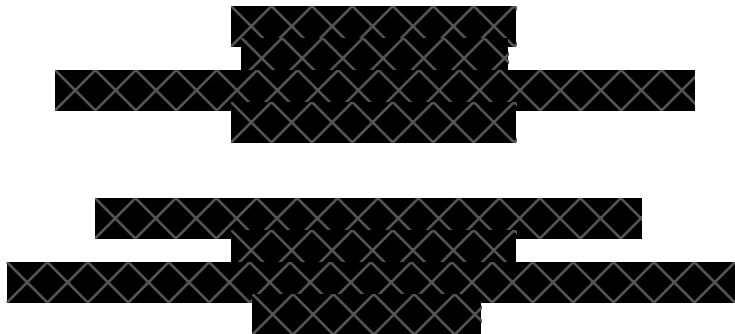
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COMPANIES.

Over a black screen, we hear rapid PLUCKING of an acoustic guitar. Staccato notes. Precise. Sharp.

The song is familiar, maybe, but we probably can't place it. Not yet. Then...

Three haunting notes on a Yamaha keyboard. Followed by...

An overpowering drum solo.

Now we can place it.

MUSIC CUE: "BURNING DOWN THE HOUSE" by The Talking Heads

FADE IN:

500 OMITTED 500

500a EXT. BECA VAN DER BOLT'S HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE - DAY 500a
[MORNING]

A stone home with a stunning view of Monmouthshire. Bright sunshine on rolling green hills.

We notice one (kitchen) window in particular. As we focus on it...

BECA (O.S.)
(into mobile)
Never had a problem with them
before.

BECA VAN DER BOLT (late 40s) passes by the kitchen window (inside the house). She's on her mobile.

BECA (CONT'D)
(into mobile)
Then I wake up today, and they're
absolutely everywhere.

As she passes out of view, we go inside...

500b INT. BECA VAN DER BOLT'S HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, KITCHEN - 500b
DAY [MORNING]

A cozy, cottage-style kitchen. Wooden cabinets. Wooden counters. Lots of wine bottles. Le Creuset on the hob.

Shelves held aloft with spiralling wrought iron. Tiny, colourful dishes stacked on top.

A decorative dishtowel hangs from the oven handle. Ornate cursive writing reads "Eat a bag of dicks."

Beca walks through the kitchen, on her mobile. She's got a great figure in too-tight jeans.

BECA
(into mobile)
I don't know. But I don't do
insects. Ych a fi. Mould, vomit,
fine. But not insects.

An old-school boombox radio is perched on the kitchen table. Splattered with white paint. It's playing the music.

Next to it, a bag of tools and a tarp.

BECA (CONT'D)
(into mobile, after having
listened)
No, he's here now. Thank *god*.

Behind her, we see now the **Hazmat Man**. He moves around her living room, pushing furniture away from the walls. His masked and goggled head bops to the music.

BECA (CONT'D)
(into mobile)
Some other houses are having the
same problem so he was already in
the area. He stopped by just in
time.

Beca peers out the kitchen window. A friendly wave to someone she knows (we don't see them).

BECA (CONT'D)
(into mobile)
He said he'd spray everywhere. But
I have to be away for at least four
hours. And I've no idea what to do.
Is it too early to just drink?
(listens)
That wasn't what you were supposed
to say.

Beca turns. The Hazmat Man is bent over, his bum in the air, moving to the beat of the song. She chuckles.

BECA (CONT'D)
(into mobile)
No, nothing.
(listens)
Well then, I'm off to read to
orphans.
(listens)
Yes *of course* I'm going to the pub.
(listens)
I never said they *couldn't* read.
(listens, smiles)
You, too. Be good.

She hangs up. Puts her mobile on the kitchen table.

The Hazmat Man holds a table in his arms. With a step-tap, step-tap, he *dances* it across the room. Beca is charmed.

BECA (CONT'D)
So is this show part of the regular
spray service?

He looks at her through goggled eyes. Shakes his head: **no**.

BECA (CONT'D)
It's just for me, then?

He nods: **yes**.

He puts the table down, blocking the door leading out to the back garden. Then he turns to face her. Then...

He does the robot. Beca BURSTS out laughing.

BECA (CONT'D)
Oh, that's lush! I love it!

He *robots* over to the sofa.

BECA (CONT'D)
You know, you're actually really
quite good.

He picks up one side of the sofa. Waits.

BECA (CONT'D)
Oh! Sorry. You'd distracted me.

She rushes over. Picks up the other end of the sofa.

BECA (CONT'D)
Where are we going?

He takes a step forward, pushing her back. Like dance partners. Then he steps back, pulling her forward. A back and forth.

BECA (CONT'D)
(re: dance partners)
Oh this is cute. But the tango
would be out of the question.

Now he pushes her forward again, several steps. As they move across the room....

BECA (CONT'D)
I'm so grateful you could be here
on short notice. I don't know what
I'd do if I had to spend a night
with all those *things* crawling
about.

He stops. She stops. They're in front of the front door.

BECA (CONT'D)
How do people sleep?

Sofa still in his hands, he **shrugs**. Then puts his end of the sofa down. She follows suit.

The sofa is blocking the front door. For a moment, she looks confused by it. Then -

He does the Single Ladies dance. Tiny, prancing steps forward to the beat of the song. Ass in the air. Shoulders at sharp angles.

BECA (CONT'D)
All right! Now you're just showing off.

More tiny, prancing steps. He's approaching the kitchen table. With the boombox. The tarp. The tools.

BECA (CONT'D)
(re: the sofa)
I do need to get out, though,
before you spray.

He's still prancing. Fingers now gliding over his tools.

BECA (CONT'D)
Sorry to bother. It's just that,
there's not another door.

He pulls a knife out of his tools. Turns. *HURLS* it at her.

It *PLUNGES* into her stomach (off camera).

She GASPS. Shocked.

The Hazmat Man walks towards her. Calmly puts a hand on the knife and *TWISTS IT* (again - off camera).

She GASPS but no sound comes out of her mouth.

He removes the knife, holding it in his hand.

She's too shocked to speak. Frozen and silent, her jaw simply hangs open.

He waits. Still, no sound comes out of her mouth.

He puts a hand behind his ear, signalling that he's waiting for a sound. But still, she's too stunned to be audible.

He straightens up again. Head cocked in confusion.

He changes strategy. Wipes his gloved hands over the blade of the knife, cleaning it.

Tosses the knife into the air, catching it above his head in a single clenched fist, ready to stab downwards.

Beca gargles a *SCREAM*.

With his free hand, the Hazmat Man gives a **thumbs up**. That's the sound he wanted to hear!

Beca stumbles backwards, but the front door is blocked by the sofa. The back door is blocked by a table.

501 INT. BECA VAN DER BOLT'S HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, STAIRS - 501
DAY [CONTINUOUS]

SECOND STOREY

She races up the stairs.

502 INT. BECA VAN DER BOLT'S HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, UPPER 502
LANDING - DAY [CONTINUOUS]

Beca stumbles, holding her stomach, reaching the upper landing.

But she's already lost a lot of blood. She's woozy. She moves into a bedroom.

503 INT. BECA VAN DER BOLT'S HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, KITCHEN - 503
DAY [CONTINUOUS]

FIRST STOREY

The Hazmat Man tucks his knife into his belt.

He picks up the tarp. Shakes it open, fluttering it up in the air. It settles on the floor in the kitchen.

Then he takes big, slow, exaggerated dance steps towards the bottom of the staircase. Turns sideways. Right arm stretched out. Left arm bent.

He *dabs* up the staircase.

504 INT. BECA VAN DER BOLT'S HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, BEDROOM - 504
DAY [CONTINUOUS]

SECOND STOREY - BEDROOM

We're with Beca, huddling under a bed, laying on her stomach. Blood pooling under her.

Her head bobs, dizzy. The colour drained from her face.

The door CREAKS open.

Adrenaline SHOOTs through Beca, waking her from near unconsciousness. Her face contorts in fear, but she makes no sound. She waits. Eyes clenched shut.

But there's only...silence.

She opens her eyes. Scans the room from underneath the bed. No Hazmat Man. No *nothing*. She listens. *We* listen.

But all we hear is the MUSIC coming from the boombox downstairs.

Then...

The pool of blood underneath Beca gets larger. Spreading, wider and wider, slowly expanding...

Out from underneath the bed.

Her location betrayed, and her death imminent, Beca half-cries, half-laughs as...

The Hazmat Man's feet moonwalk through her blood.

His feet move out of frame. Beca's eyes flutter, struggling to stay open, the last bits of life draining from her, then...

YANK! He pulls her out from under the bed.

TITLE SEQUENCE

505 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S BEDROOM - DAY 505
[MORNING]

DPU sc 496.

Jack stands, pale, staring at the small box left by Ivan Penderecki. Gift wrapped. With a bow and balloon. In the centre of the room.

Jack swallows. Approaches. Kneels down on the floor. Breath held, he opens the lid of the box. Stares inside.

His expression morphs. From *nervous* to *perplexed*. Amused, even.

He chuckles to himself. A small smile. Not what we were expecting at all.

506 OMITTED

506

507 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, BACK GARDEN - DAY [MORNING] 507

Jacks sits on the steps leading out to the garden. Next to him, we now see what's inside the gift box: a robot toy.

A single earpod in Jack's ear. He's on his mobile, but he's staring at Ivan Penderecki's house.

JACK

It's called a RoboMajor. It was manufactured in 2004, 6 years after my brother went missing. It's not Ewan's.

508 INT. LINCOLN'S HOME, PONTCANNA NEIGHBOURHOOD, OPEN PLAN KITCHEN - DAY [MORNING] 508

Lincoln, in lounge clothes (it's her day off). She drinks tea.

LINCOLN

But he left it for you?

INTERCUT:

JACK

Everything else has been Ewan's. Or, something I'm supposed to think was Ewan's. Not this. He *knows* I know this isn't my brother's.

LINCOLN

Where'd he leave it?

JACK

Bedroom.

LINCOLN

He was inside your house last night?

JACK

Yeah.

LINCOLN

While you were home?

JACK

I was sleeping. Didn't hear him.

LINCOLN

He do anything else?

JACK

No.

LINCOLN

He been in your house before?

JACK

No. Or, well, actually, I don't know.

LINCOLN

You got a weapon at -

JACK

Look. Don't worry. He's not going to hurt -

LINCOLN

(harsh, overcompensating)
I'm not worried.

JACK

Thanks.

LINCOLN

No. I'm serious. I'm not. Because you've brought this all on yourself. Because you're weird. This whole thing with your neighbour, it's fucking weird.

JACK

I'm not the one doing this. He is.

LINCOLN

But you moved back to London so he could do more of it.

509 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY [MORNING] 509

Honey and Molina lay on their deflated air mattresses, at the bottom of the spiral staircase.

On the floor around them, we note the drill bits are still about.

From the looks of it, neither man has slept a wink.

MOLINA

Whose intestines do you think they are?

HONEY

I don't know.

MOLINA

(only semi-sure, to himself)
Because I *think* they'd be dead now.

HONEY

It has to be the boss doing this to us. He's been messing with us this whole time.

MOLINA

Thought you said it was Minnet Kable?

HONEY

Someone cut the house's landline. Only the boss knows we need to make a phone call. No one else has any idea that's why we're here.

(pause)

I just don't know why. Why do this to us?

MOLINA

It's a lot of bother, if you think about it. If the boss was cross with us, then he could have just killed us. But he didn't. He killed someone else. Took out their intestines. Left them in a bucket for us to find.

HONEY

You to find.

MOLINA

My point is, it's pretty elaborate.
(an idea striking)
Maybe it's a test.

HONEY

A test for what?

MOLINA

Haven't got that far.

They look back up at the ceiling. Stare in silence. Honey's wheels churning.

HONEY

To see how we'd react.

MOLINA

(already lost)
What's that?

HONEY

The test, you muppet. It's to see how we react under pressure. To see how we handle ourselves.

MOLINA

So, that's good news, right? All we have to do is pass the test.

HONEY

No, it's not good news, you sloppy wet fucking *knob*. Do you have any idea what a looney bin he'd have to be to test us like this? And what if we *don't* pass the test? What do you think he might do then?

MOLINA

Have you...

HONEY

What?

MOLINA

Nothing.

HONEY

No. What?

MOLINA

I don't want to -

HONEY

Just say it.

MOLINA

Have you ever killed anyone?

Honey doesn't answer. His expression sheepish.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Because I haven't. And I was sort of hoping you had. So that, you know, one of us was...

HONEY

We're going to complete the job today.

MOLINA

But we don't have a working landline.

HONEY

We'll have to improvise. You up for that, DS Molina?

Molina thinks it through, confidence slowly growing.

MOLINA

Yeah, DI Honey. I am.

510 INT. LONDON POLICE STATION, JACK'S DESK - DAY [LATE MORNING] 510

Jack leans over his desk, filling out a small form (note: a fingerprint request form - NFPl). Sergeant Cox stands by waiting.

The RoboMajor is now in a plastic evidence bag.

As he writes, Jack glances up from the form. Notices a few COLLEAGUES (at various desks) glancing at him.

SERGEANT COX
People talked, after your party.
About your neighbour.

Jack hands the toy and the form to Sergeant Cox.

JACK
(re: the toy)
You're not gonna find any
fingerprints on it. But just run it
anyway. Thanks.

Jack leaves, walking down the -

511 INT. LONDON POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 511

Jack passes more colleagues, but keeps his head down. He's about to turn the corner when -

DRISCOLL (O.S.)
Hang on, hang on, hang on.

Jack winces, caught. Then backs up, until he's standing in the doorway to -

512 INT. LONDON POLICE STATION, MAJOR CRIMES, BRIEFING ROOM - 512
DAY [CONTINUOUS]

Superintendent Driscoll stands in front of the white board, eyeing Jack, who's in the doorway.

DRISCOLL
I really thought you'd be smart
enough to stay away for a while.

JACK
(sheepish)
My apologies, ma'am. I'm obviously
not that bright.

DRISCOLL

And you know that thing where, once
you see someone, you sort of
realise how much you've missed
them?

JACK

It's not happening?

DRISCOLL

Not even a bit.

JACK

How about I leave now, ma'am?

DRISCOLL

There's an idea.

Jack cracks a small smile. Turns to leave, but then sees
something on the white board behind Driscoll.

Under "homicide" we/Jack see a familiar name: **Ella Ward**.

512A INT. HOSPITAL, ELLA'S ROOM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

512A

Close on: a blood-pressure monitor BEEPS.

***Close on: a hand on a hospital bed. Manicured fingernails. A
massive engagement ring (set up in ep 1).***

Close on: blood-shot eyes blink behind head bandages.

(note: this is Ella Ward - abused woman, pilot episode.)

513 INT. LONDON POLICE STATION, MAJOR CRIMES, BRIEFING ROOM - 513
DAY [MOMENTS LATER]

Jack, now inside the room, with Driscoll. Jovial atmosphere
gone, Jack reads a file (we presume it's Ella's), as Driscoll
speaks.

DRISCOLL

COD was subdural hematoma. Her
sister found her. She'd been there
a few days, so...

Jack nods. Eyes still down.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)

No weapon on the scene, but the
skull fracture's acute. We're
thinking he pushed her, she fell
and hit -

JACK
(pointing to a photo we
don't see)
The table there. Yes, ma'am.
(examining the photo)
But she's still awake for a while
after. You can see she tried
crawling to her handbag. You find
her mobile in there?

DRISCOLL
Yeah.

JACK
Husband's got an alibi?

DRISCOLL
Business dinner. But we can pick it
apart.

JACK
Easy one, then.

Jack hands back the file.

JACK (CONT'D)
Thank you, ma'am. I'll be off.

514 OMITTED 514

515 INT. JEWELLERY STORE, BACK ROOM - DAY [LATER THAT MORNING] 515

A florescent light flickers on. Erin (ep 3) opens the door.
She and Jack enter. Boxes everywhere. Jack takes in the
scene.

JACK
Life before the internet...

ERIN
They were dark times.

Erin points to a stack of papers on top of some boxes.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Those are all the ring engravings.

516 OMITTED 516

517 INT. JEWELLERY STORE, BACK ROOM - DAY [LATER] 517

Jack, alone, sitting on a box, flipping through the stack of
papers, and using his mobile at the same time.

From the tired look on his face, we can tell: *he's been at this a while.*

Jack gets through the last page. SCOFFS in frustration.

He grabs a stack of papers, and moves towards the door leading to -

518 INT. JEWELLERY STORE, FRONT ROOM - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 518

Erin, in the midst of packing inventory (the store is closed permanently, from the looks of it).

JACK
There's no more orders for engravings?

ERIN
Those were all of them. Why?

JACK
(re: the master list and his mobile, cross referencing)
None of the James on here are married to a Matilda. And none of the Matildas on here are married to a James. So your company -

ERIN
My father's company.

JACK
Your father's company made the ring for this couple, but neither the husband nor the wife ordered it themselves.

ERIN
Then probably someone else ordered the ring for them. Best man, maybe?

JACK
(re: master list)
Then it could be *any one* of these names.

519 INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY [MOMENTS LATER] 519

Jack climbs in his car, SLAMMING the door. Tosses the stack of papers in the passenger seat.

Jack glances at the first page of the stack of papers. His eyes coincidentally landing on a very familiar name...

Oliver Anchor-Ferrers.

HONEY (V.O.)
Oliver? Oh, Oliver? Time to wake
up.

But Jack looks away from the papers, not having any idea why that name is significant. He cranks the engine.

520 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, AMETHYST ROOM - DAY [LATE MORNING] 520

Oliver blinks. He's on the floor, still tied up. His lips white and cracked.

Honey stands above him, smiling.

HONEY
Today's the day.

521 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/MONMOUTHSHIRE ROADS - DAY [AFTERNOON] 521

A quiet, country road. Welsh signs let us know where we are.

Jack parks his car. Exits.

522 EXT. SAND DUNES, NEAR MONMOUTH - DAY [MOMENTS LATER] 522

We recognise these dunes. Jack crosses the territory, heading into the nearby woods.

523 EXT. ALONG THE RIVER WYE, NEAR MONMOUTH - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 523

Jack stomps through thick brush, moving carefully down a muddy hill.

524 EXT. ALONG THE RIVER WYE, NEAR MONMOUTH - DAY [LATER] 524

We hear insects, but not much else. Twigs SNAP under Jack's feet as he walks.

525 EXT. THE WALKING MAN'S HUT - DAY [LATER] 525

Jack reaches a small path, splitting away from the river. As he walks down it, we see it leads to:

A small hut. We recognise it as The Walking Man's homemade living quarters.

Jack waits outside. But this time, no one comes out.

526 INT. THE WALKING MAN'S HUT - DAY [MOMENTS LATER] 526

Maps cover every centimetre of the hut's walls.

Each map (all of close-up areas) has elaborate markings. Degrees and angles, notes detailing the terrain, etc.

Jack enters. Eyes the wall of maps, trying to figure it out.

527 EXT. ALONG THE RIVER WYE, NEAR MONMOUTH - DAY [LATER] 527

Jack sweats - he's been walking a while now. We hear the rushing water of the nearby river. Twigs SNAPPING underneath Jack's feet with each step. But then -

A **SNAP** that's out of step with Jack. He stops. Pivots. Eyes scanning his surroundings. But there's no one. *Huh.*

As he turns back around...

The Walking Man is in front of him. Jack startles.

THE WALKING MAN
You shouldn't be out here.

JACK
We have to talk.

THE WALKING MAN
You shouldn't be out here.

JACK
Did you get information about my brother?

THE WALKING MAN
I did.

Jack swallows. Hesitating. Then -

JACK
Tell me what you know.

THE WALKING MAN
The dog?

JACK
I've got a list of names. But it'll take weeks to call them all. I *will* do it. I made you a promise and I intend to keep it. But you need to tell me what you know about my brother, right now.

THE WALKING MAN
No.

JACK
I told you, I would -

THE WALKING MAN
Your promise means nothing to me.

JACK
I'm not a liar.

THE WALKING MAN
We had a deal.

JACK
I want this to end. I need this to end. *I'm not like you.*

THE WALKING MAN
Come to me when the job is done.
(pause)
Now leave. And be careful, Jack.
The river people don't tolerate
coppers.

The Walking Man turns, leaves.

528 EXT. CLOSER TO THE RIVER WYE, NEAR MONMOUTH - DAY [LATER] 528

Jack, walking back the way he came. Tired. Sweaty. STOMPING through thick brush. Then -

SNAP. Twigs break, somewhere off in the distance. He freezes. Looks around. But sees nothing.

Another **SNAP. No mistaking it this time - someone is out there.** Then -

A GUNSHOT. Far in the distance. Jack flinches on instinct. Spins. But no one is about.

After a moment, Jack resumes walking. We hear the river RUSHING in the close distance. Up ahead, a small clearing.

Jack approaches the clearing. We see, across the River Wye, and in the distance...

A camp of sorts. Containers. Tents. Everything looks sloppy and rundown. Rubbish everywhere.

A few people mill about (from a distance, we don't see them in detail). And we see a shooting range (we assume someone down at the camp was firing the gun).

Jack takes it in.

529 EXT. GRANGETOWN, CARDIFF - DAY [AFTERNOON] 529

Kids ride bikes past rows of brick, terraced houses. Bay windows. Small front gardens. Trash bins cluttered together.

PRODY (V.O.)
Mum?! Do you have any whites to
wash?!

530 INT. PRODY'S HOME, KITCHEN - DAY [AFTERNOON] 530

Prody, in the kitchen, loading the washing machine with clothes.

A cramped, slanted ceiling. Laminate countertops. A window looking directly into the neighbour's.

LORI (O.S.)
What?

PRODY
(calling out)
I'm starting the machine!

LORI (O.S.)
You're doing laundry?

PRODY
Yes!

LORI (O.S.)
Now?

PRODY
Yes. Do you have any whites?

Prody's mobile RINGS in his pocket. He checks the caller ID.

LORI (O.S.)
Let me look.

Prody leaves the laundry on the floor.

531 INT. PRODY'S HOME, HALLWAY/BEDROOM - DAY [AFTERNOON] 531

He then moves through a hallway, and into a bedroom for quiet.

PRODY
(into mobile)
Hey, mate.

532 EXT. CLOSER TO THE RIVER WYE, NEAR MONMOUTH - DAY
[AFTERNOON]

532

Jack, staring at the encampment. Earpod in.

JACK

Who were you seeing, out on the river?

INTERCUT:

PRODY

(into mobile)

What?

JACK

(into mobile)

When I came to talk to you, you were out on the river. Said you were checking something out. What was it?

PRODY

(into mobile)

Oh. We call them the 'river people'. Guess you could say they're a commune? They've got a camp out there, by the water. It's disgusting.

JACK

(into mobile)

What were you investigating?

PRODY

(into mobile)

Well, I wasn't. Nothing official, anyway. Just a lot of noise complaints from around there. If I'm being honest, I was just sort of curious.

LORI (O.S.)

I've got my whites!

JACK

(into mobile)

Sorry. Thought you were at work.

PRODY

(into mobile)

No. It's fine. It's -

The door swings open. LORI (50s), has laundry. She's tall. Stylish and modern. A sweet smile.

LORI

You didn't start the machine yet,
did you?

PRODY

(hushed voice, re: the
floor)
Just put it there, I'll take 'em.

JACK

(into mobile)
Don't mean to bother you on your
day off.

LORI

I can run it if you want.

Prody points - exaggerated - to the floor, annoyed with her.
She plops the laundry down.

LORI (CONT'D)

(whispering reprimand,
only Prody can hear)
You're being a bit chopsy.

He rolls his eyes. She leaves.

JACK

(into mobile)
I can ring you back.

PRODY

(into mobile)
No, it's no problem, mate. I don't
mind.

JACK

(into mobile)
Yeah, well, your girlfriend might
feel differently.

A beat.

PRODY

(into mobile)
She'll get over it.

JACK

(into mobile)
When did these people first move
out on the river?

PRODY

(into mobile)
Not sure exactly when. But they've
been sort of expanding for a couple
years now. Why?

JACK
(into mobile)
Bones' raves were always in
different locations. And then one
day, they just stopped, which never
made sense to me. But what if they
didn't stop?
(eyeing the encampment)
What if he just set up camp?

533 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, CAR PARK AREA - DAY
[AFTERNOON]

533

Honey and Molina emerge from the back of the house, pushing
Oliver, his hands bound in front of him. They've dressed
Oliver in a jumper.

OLIVER
Where are we going?

HONEY
(to Molina)
Get the back door.

Molina does as he's told. Honey pushes Oliver into the car.

534 INT./EXT. HONEY AND MOLINA'S CAR/ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - 534
DAY [MOMENTS LATER]

Oliver in the back seat. Molina in the driver's seat. Honey
in the front passenger seat.

OLIVER
I won't leave my family behind!

HONEY
Have you honestly not realised you
don't have a say in the matter?
(to Molina)
Drive.

Molina backs out. Gravel CRUNCHES under the wheels as the car
gets closer to the road.

HONEY (CONT'D)
(to Molina)
Stop.

Honey looks left and right, paranoid. He (and we) watch as a
dark-red car passes. Once it's out of view...

HONEY (CONT'D)
(to Molina)
Go on.

Molina slowly backs the car down the drive. Honey pulls out his mobile, looking for a signal. Oliver clocks it.

OLIVER
You won't get a signal anywhere up here.

HONEY
Shut up.

OLIVER
Who is it you're calling? Tell me who -

HONEY
Shut the fuck u-

BANG. The car smacks against something hard. Stops.

MOLINA
I think I hit something.

HONEY
I'm confident you hit something.

MOLINA
You can't have your eyes up front and in back at the same time!

OLIVER
You hit a stone. They line the drive. If you had been using your mirror you would have seen it.

MOLINA
(to Honey, re: his mobile)
Look at that! I got a signal!
(to Oliver)
You're not always right, you know.

He looks back at his mobile, face falling.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
(re: the signal)
No, it's gone now.

Honey shoots Molina a look. Molina pulls the car forward a bit, then uses his mirrors to realign the car in the drive.

They slowly move down to:

535 EXT. ROAD BY ANCHOR FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY [MOMENTS LATER] 535

THE COUNTRY ROAD

Again, Honey's eyes dart in every direction. He holds his phone out, looking for the signal.

HONEY

There. Stop. Pull over.

Molina moves the car to the side of the road. Honey turns around, facing Oliver.

HONEY (CONT'D)

All right, old man. Time to call your bank.

OLIVER

That's what this is all about?
Money?

Honey shoves the mobile towards Oliver.

HONEY

Dial. Now.

536 OMITTED

536

537 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY 537
Matilda, against the wall but now a bit animated. Thinking.

MATILDA
Lucia? Lucia!

No answer.

MATILDA (CONT'D)
LUCIA!

537a INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE IVY ROOM - DAY 537a
Lucia, up against the wall as well.

LUCIA
Mum! Don't! They'll hear you!

INTERCUT:

MATILDA
They're outside!

LUCIA (O.S.)
Are you sure?

MATILDA
I heard them leave. They've taken
your father.

LUCIA (O.S.)
They took Dad?!

MATILDA
Your father is going to get us out
of this.

LUCIA (O.S.)
Mum, he can't...

MATILDA
He will find a way. I know it. This
is the day we escape.

538 EXT. LINCOLN'S HOME, PONTCANNA NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY 538
[CONTINUOUS]

Lincoln stands in the doorway of her home, leaning against the door frame.

She's still in lounge clothes. Her mobile is to her ear. She doesn't look happy.

Jack stands in front of her, but at a distance. Lincoln's body language clearly indicates: *he won't be invited inside.*

LINCOLN
What are you doing here?

JACK
You weren't answering your mobile.

LINCOLN
Because you and I aren't *two-chats-a-day* people.

Lincoln looks towards the street, where Prody sits in Jack's car.

Prody clocks Lincoln's stare. He looks nervous/scared of her. Pulls out his mobile, pretending to text, but his eyes keep darting to Lincoln.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Who put you two idiots together?

JACK
Matthews.

LINCOLN
That figures.
(into mobile)
Product key is 14141-30187-76769.
That wasn't memorised when we started this call, if you're wondering how long this has gone on.
(listens)
Thrilled to hold.
(to Jack)
What do you want?

JACK
What do you know about the river people? Prody says they're on your radar.

LINCOLN
Is he too afraid to ask me himself?

Jack hesitates.

Lincoln looks at Prody again. He drops his mobile in the car. Reaches down for it, accidentally releasing the car's emergency break.

It rolls down a metre before he yanks it back up, stopping the vehicle.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
(staring at Prody, to herself)
Some woman, somewhere, has had sex with him.
(genuinely curious)
What does she tell herself?

Lincoln snaps out of it. Looks back at Jack.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
River people are tied to weapon sales in Cardiff. But the ties are weak and it's just hand guns. Can't go storming in there just yet.

JACK
You don't think it's more than hand guns?

LINCOLN
Might be. We don't know. Police make priorities Jack. You know how this works. Not enough intel yet to warrant action.

JACK
You have a suspect?

LINCOLN
I do.

Jack open his mouth, but -

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
(into mobile)
When you say you're 'fixing the problem' can you be more specific?
(listens)
Do you hear how vague your answer is? And also how your voice keeps shifting upwards? Quick question: is your hand covering your mouth right now?
(listens)
Thought so. It's because you're lying.
(listens)
I'm a police detective. And now I need you to hold.

She drops her mobile from her ear. Stares at Jack.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Is this about the Donkey Pitch?

His lack of answer is his answer.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Jack, it's one thing to read some old case files. It's another thing entirely to start opening doors that the Newport County Police specifically have chosen to leave shut. *You are not Newport County Police.*

(pause)
Besides, there's no connection between the Donkey Pitch and the river people.

JACK
Then send me on a pointless errand.

He waits. She mulls. Finally -

LINCOLN
Suspect is Elis Hennion.

JACK
Thank you.

He turns, leaves. As he's walking away...

LINCOLN
Jack?
(a warning)
This is my home.

She turns, enters her home, and shuts the door.

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

539

Matilda, waiting anxiously.

LUCIA (O.S.)
Do you really think Dad can save us? I mean, *really*?

MATILDA
I do, darling. I have faith.

LUCIA (O.S.)

Mum. If you have the chance to get
out of here...

(pause)

I want you to leave me behind.

540 INT./EXT. HONEY AND MOLINA'S CAR/COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 540
[AFTERNOON]

Their car still parked. Molina in the driver's seat.

Honey stretches back into the back seat, holding the mobile near Oliver's face. Oliver's hands are still tied.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
(through mobile)
I'd be delighted to help you, Mr.
Anchor-Ferrers.

OLIVER
Thank you, Arthur.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
(through mobile)
But it is a substantial
transaction. And we take security
quite seriously. So I'm afraid I
need to formally verify that it is,
indeed, you. Even though, of
course, I recognise your voice, Mr.
Anchor-Ferrers.

Honey rolls his eyes. Molina silently mocks Arthur's posh voice.

OLIVER
I understand, Arthur. Please
proceed.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
(through mobile)
Now these are security questions
you've already chosen. To begin
with, what was the name of your
childhood pet?

OLIVER
Juniper.

Honey and Molina exchange a look - *what an asshole.*

541 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY 541
[AFTERNOON]

Matilda, processing shock.

MATILDA
Lucia, what are you talking about?

541a INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE IVY ROOM 541a

Lucia, eyes wet.

LUCIA

I mean, if it's between me and you.
Or me and Dad. Just leave me.

(pause)

I know I'm not what you guys want.
I never have been.

542 INT./EXT. HONEY AND MOLINA'S CAR/COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 542
[AFTERNOON]

Honey keeps the mobile right under Oliver's mouth.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
(through mobile)
And your favourite novel?

OLIVER
Ivanhoe. Sir Walter Scott.

Honey rolls his eyes. Molina pretends to adjust his monocle.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
(through mobile)
Finally, your favourite piece of
music?

OLIVER
Trois mouvements de Petrouchka.
Stravinsky.

Honey and Molina both make wank-off gestures.

543 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY 543
[AFTERNOON]

Matilda shakes her head, in disbelief.

MATILDA
No, sweetheart. No. We love you!

LUCIA (O.S.)
I'm a fuck up! I'm nothing like
Kiernan.

MATILDA
You're our daughter! We love you!

LUCIA (O.S.)
I embarrass you.

MATILDA
Lucia...

LUCIA (O.S.)
I *embarrass* you, Mum. I see it on
your face.

Matilda puts her hand to her mouth, trying to smother tears
of her own.

544 INT./EXT. HONEY AND MOLINA'S CAR/COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 544
[AFTERNOON]

Honey's thumb hovers over the red "hang up" button. He eyes
Oliver - *a warning*.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
(through mobile)
Excellent, Mr. Anchor-Ferrers.

OLIVER
So you've now verified that I am
who I say I am?

ARTHUR (V.O.)
(through mobile)
Yes, sir. Now, in regards to your
transacti-

OLIVER
MY FAMILY AND I ARE BEI -

Honey kills the call. Then starts SLAPPING Oliver, awkwardly
from the front seat.

HONEY
Stupid! Fucking! Man!

545 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY 545
[AFTERNOON]

Matilda, still recovering emotionally. Then, we hear
FOOTSTEPS coming up the staircase.

LUCIA (O.S.)
Mum! They're back!

Matilda freezes. Listens.

LUCIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
They've brought Dad back!

MATILDA
Lucia! Be quiet!

We hear a bedroom door OPEN and CLOSE (off screen). A moment of silence. Then footsteps descend the staircase.

LUCIA (O.S.)
Dad? Dad?!

OLIVER (O.S.)
I'm all right. I'm...I'm back in
the room.

Matilda is crushed, but we only see her agony. She doesn't make a sound.

545a INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY [AFTERNOON] 545a

Honey paces in the kitchen. Molina enters from the entrance hall.

MOLINA
(re: Oliver)
He's tied back up.

Honey doesn't immediately answer. His eyes are wide. Breath a little shallow. He's trembling from nerves. Mental processing.

HONEY
So, here is where things are: if
the man from the bank understood
what Captain Silver Spoon was
saying, then the police are already
on their way. If he *didn't*
understand -

MOLINA
(excited)
Then we're all right!

HONEY
Far from all right. FAR. Because
the call to the bank was still
botched. Which means there's been
no transfer of funds.

MOLINA
That's bad.

HONEY
Very bad.

MOLINA

It was sort of the main thing we
were supposed to do.

HONEY

And since we've failed, I'm pretty sure the boss, who is a lunatic, will kill us.

MOLINA

(fear mounting/reality hitting)

He has demonstrated somewhat dotty judgment.

HONEY

So we need to leave. Now.

THUD. It's come from upstairs.

545b INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY
[AFTERNOON]

545b

Now Matilda's dresser has tipped over, contents spilled everywhere. Matilda's eyes frantically scan the items that have fallen out...

LUCIA (O.S.)

Mum, what are you doing?

MATILDA

(still scanning)

There has to be something! There has to be -

MOLINA (O.S.)

What's this?

Matilda scrambles back against the wall. Molina stands in the doorway. He still looks shaken from his conversation with Honey.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

(re: the dresser)

There's nothing in there. Told you.

He picks up the dresser (it's heavy, takes effort). Scoots it against a wall she can no longer reach.

MATILDA

You don't want to do this. You're not the bad one. I can tell.

He freezes. Listening.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

It's not too late to stop this thing.

546 INT./EXT. JACK'S (PARKED) CAR/PONTCANNA PARK - DAY 546
[AFTERNOON]

Jack and Prody, pulled over by a park. Kids play on swings.
Couples chat holding lattes.

Prody's on his mobile, midway through research. On his
screen, we see a headshot/arrest photo of Elis Hennion.

PRODY

Elis Hennion is a 25 year old
Cardiff native and, from the looks
of it, a little shit.

(reading)

Drunk driving. Pub brawls. A
restraining order.

Across the street, Jack spots a grey car pull over. It's at a
distance. (**note: this is NOT the same car Honey has seen**).

Jack simply notes it. As do we.

JACK

He's living at that camp. So he's a
way in. Who took out the
restraining order?

Prody taps his screen.

PRODY

(reading)

Barbara Bell. Probably a
girlfriend.

Jack mulls. Something doesn't feel right.

PRODY (CONT'D)

Elis has a last-known in Cardiff.
Probably not there but we can -

JACK

Barbara's an older woman's name.
Check her date of birth.

Prody does.

PRODY

She's 54.

JACK

That's not a girlfriend.

547 EXT. BELL HOME - DAY [EARLY EVENING] 547

Another row of terraced houses in a lower-middle class neighbourhood.

Jack pulls up. Parks. He and Prody emerge from the car. Jack glances at the street - only a few cars, and not the grey one.

They approach the front door.

548 INT. BELL HOME - DAY [MOMENTS LATER] 548

A small but cozy living room. A fireplace. The kind of sofa you sink into.

Family photos on shelves (including pictures of Jessica during better times: hair still long and dark but no goth makeup or clothes; we should be able to recognise her).

A bay window gives a view of the street outside.

Jack and Prody sit with MR. and MRS. BELL (50s). He's in a button-down and jeans. She's in nurses scrubs.

MRS. BELL

Elis is who the river people send,
when they want you to leave them
alone.

JACK

Mrs. Bell, why did the river people
send Elis to you?

She swallows. Mr. Bell swallows.

MRS. BELL

We're trying to get our daughter
back. She's with them. With *him*.

JACK

Who?

MR. BELL

Bones.

Jack and Prody exchange a glance. Jack pulls out his mobile.

JACK

May I ask you to watch something
for me?

He cues up a video. Hands it to them. They watch, pained.

On screen: we see bits of the Bones/snake/intestines video.

Then we go back to Mr. and Mrs. Bell, reacting.

MRS. BELL
That's our Jessica.

549 INT. RIVER WYE COMPOUND, JESSICA'S BEDROOM/BARN - DAY 549

No windows. Everything looks a bit mouldy. Damp.

Beyond the container's walls, somewhere off screen, we hear men LAUGHING and SHOUTING.

JESSICA BELL (23) sits at a vanity, in a black silk slip.
Hair wrapped in a towel. Alabaster pale skin.

She's skinny in a childlike way. All knees and elbows.

She slips a pill in her mouth. Drinks from a bottle of beer.
Releases her hair from the towel. It cascades downward -
beyond her waist.

549a INT. BELL HOME - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 549a

They hand the mobile back to Jack.

MR. BELL
And the man in the hazmat suit,
that's Bones.

JACK
Do you know what Bones' real name
is?

MRS. BELL
No. Sorry. We've never actually met
him.

JACK
How did your daughter meet Bones?

The couple exchange a sad glance.

MRS. BELL
He used to throw raves. We let her
go. I knew she was dating whoever
was behind it, but I didn't realise
how serious it was until it was too
late.

(pause)
When he came into her life,
everything about her changed. The
way she acted. The way she dressed.
She just turned...black.

MR. BELL

She started not coming home,
sometimes for days. We'd report her
missing but the police kept telling
us she wasn't really 'missing' she
was just -

JACK

Absent.

MR. BELL

Exactly.

JACK

It means she's not where she's
supposed to be but you technically
know where she is. It's low-
priority for missing persons. I'm
sorry.

Mrs. Bell swallows tears.

MR. BELL

Then she turned 18 and there was
nothing we could do. She's an
adult. She lives with him. Not sure
where they were before, but now
they're in that disgusting compound
by the Wye.

Jack peers out the window. Now he sees a grey car parked
across the street. **The same grey car he saw with Prody, by
the park.**

He eyes it a second, wary. Then -

JACK

What can you tell us about the
people there?

The couple exchange a look.

MR. BELL

(hesitates)

It's a more formal organisation
that you might be imagining.

MRS. BELL

(to her husband)

It's a cult. Our daughter is in a
cult. No sense in not saying it.

(to Jack)

They all worship him. *She* worships
him. She'd do anything for him. I
suspect...

She trails off. Jack smartly waits.

MRS. BELL (CONT'D)
I suspect they've been violent.
Together.

549b INT. RIVER WYE COMPOUND, JESSICA'S BEDROOM/BARN - DAY 549b

Jessica picks a thick foundation for her skin. Eyes her reflection in the mirror. Begins applying it - a shade even paler than she is.

She smiles with what feels like excitement.

But if we're looking closely, we now see something round and yellow and *thick* framing the mirror.

We're not sure what it is. And then...

It moves.

549c INT. BELL HOME - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 549c

Mr. Bell swallows. Continues.

MR. BELL
Been onto their territory myself.
Tried to get her home. But she
turned me away. Now I can't get
anywhere near. So we've persuaded
family members, hired counsellors,
even a crisis negotiator to try to
talk her into coming home. But the
moment any of them step onto those
river people's 'territory', they
retaliate.

PRODY
By sending Elis?

Jack glances out the window. The grey car pulls out into the street, disappearing from view.

MR. BELL
Exactly.

PRODY
And what exactly does Elis do?

MRS. BELL
He starts by following you. But
trust me, it escalates from there.
These people like scaring you. And
they take their time with it.

550 EXT. NEWPORT BRIDGE - DAY [EARLY EVENING]

550

Matthews walks away from a coffee stand, having just purchased a tea. Jack at his side.

JACK

Sophie and Hugo were on Adderall. They bought it at raves which were horror-movie themed. Fake blood, stuff like that. And the guy behind it all was named Bones.

MATTHEWS

Kids never mentioned anyone named Bones.

JACK

Of course not. They were *teenagers*. They had their parents sitting right next to them.

MATTHEWS

But the parents didn't mention him either. Surely one of them knew about it. Why keep it a secret?

JACK

Wasn't a secret. But the parents had no reason to think Bones or the raves had anything to do with the murders. So why mention it?

MATTHEWS

But -

JACK

Plus you know how parents are around here. They don't exactly like to volunteer that their kids are anything less than perfect.

MATTHEWS

All right. So why do I care about this Bones person?

JACK

Because he was harassing Sophie and Hugo in the weeks leading up to the Donkey Pitch murders. And not just little things. He was in their *homes*.

MATTHEWS

You can prove this?

Jack hesitates.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

Jesus, Jack, this is just a theory?

JACK

Hear me out: Bones is performative. It's all about theatre with this guy. Spectacle. Just like the Donkey Pitch scene.

MATTHEWS

This is thin, Jack.

JACK

And he's got a thing for intestines.

Matthews doesn't answer.

JACK (CONT'D)

Bones is living on the River Wye, in that camp. I want to go question him.

MATTHEWS

Absolutely not.

JACK

There's a whole group of people down there. His followers. And he's got a girlfriend who could be the second killer.

MATTHEWS

Or the killer could be Minnet Kable. Who's already in prison. Because he confessed to the crime. And you could be officially out of your *fucking gourd*.

A beat.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

Every operational decision the police make is based on risk. The people down on that river *do not pose a risk*.

Jack opens his mouth to argue, but -

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

And if you go down there and kick down their door, they're gonna leave the river, scatter into the city, and be a headache for all of us.

JACK

All I want to do is -

MATTHEWS

You're investigation into this matter is discreditable conduct, which undermines public confidence in the police. I'm giving you an order as a senior officer to immediately cease this investigation.

(pause)

Get in your car, Jack. Drive back to London.

Matthews leaves. Jack is alone.

551 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN / ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 551
[EARLY EVENING]

Molina stands in the **kitchen**, looking out the front window at the tree (where the intestines were hanging). Molina looks lost...scared.

Honey enters from the entrance hall, his wheel-y suitcase packed and rolling behind him.

HONEY

(re: the window)

What are you doing? I told you to pack.

MOLINA

I was just thinking.

HONEY

You pick *now* for that?

MOLINA

What about the family?

HONEY

What about them?

MOLINA

If the bank *doesn't* call the police. But we leave. And they're tied up.

HONEY

(unconvinced)

They'll be fine. They'll...

MOLINA

They'll die.

An internal struggle in Honey, anxiety growing, his conscience getting the best of him... finally he opens his mouth to -

DING, DONG.

Both men's heads whip towards the front door. An excruciating silence as the fear sinks in....both of them frozen.

Then -

Honey puts a finger to his lips, signalling for Molina to stay quiet.

With his other hand, Honey *slides* his wheel-y suitcase into the kitchen (and out of view from anyone who might enter), then grabs Molina by the front of his shirt, silently pulling him/them both into the **entrance hall**.

He/they tiptoe towards the bottom of the spiral staircase, Honey with one eye on the front door the whole time.

When they reach the bottom of the staircase, Honey turns to Molina. Speaks calmly. Evenly.

HONEY
(whispering)
I know that you are *weapons-grade*
witless but right now we can't have
any fuck ups. Do you understand?

Molina nods.

HONEY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Go upstairs. Gag the family. And
when you come back down: *follow my*
lead.

Molina nods again. Heads up the stairs.

Now alone, still at the bottom of the spiral staircase, Honey takes a deep breath, calming himself and regaining control.

Then he turns towards the front door, confidently striding towards it but then he -

Trips on the drill bits. Face plants on the floor.

552 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/NEWPORT BRIDGE - DAY [EARLY EVENING] 552

Prody in the passenger seat. Jack climbs in the driver's seat. Slams the door.

PRODY
I could have gone with you.

JACK
No reason for Matthews to be pissed
off with both of us.

PRODY
(in disbelief, re:
Matthews)
Can't believe he doesn't see it.

We close in on Jack's face...

(note: as Prody continues talking, we focus in on Jack, who is making a decision. Prody's voice perhaps fades a bit to the background).

PRODY (CONT'D)
I mean, what makes more sense: that Minnet Kable, who has no connection to the kids, and no history of violence, is the Donkey Pitch killer, or that someone like Bones, who has a connection to Sophie and Hugo and specifically has a thing for, you know, like gore and blood and -

JACK
(snapping out of it)
Look, I've got to go do something.
I'll drive you home.

PRODY
You're going to the river camp.

JACK
No. I'm not.

PRODY
You are. And I'm coming with.

JACK
You're a good detective, Prody. I can't risk your career over this.
The answer's no.

PRODY
These people are dangerous.

JACK
I'll drive you home.

PRODY
What kind of friend would I be if I let you go on your own?

JACK
Someone's got to check it ou-

PRODY
Why should it be yo-

JACK
(outburst)
Why the fuck shouldn't it be?

Prody is taken aback. Confused, but says nothing.

Jack's mind reeling. Emotions right under the surface, but eloquent explanations not coming.

Jack cranks the engine.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'll drive you home.

553 INT./EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY [EARLY EVENING] 553

The front door swings open. Honey (recovered from his fall) smiles at TWO SUIT-CLAD DETECTIVES (40s, both male).

HONEY
Why....hello.

DETECTIVE #1
Hello. We're -

HONEY
Hello.

A beat.

DETECTIVE #1
Hello. We're -

HONEY
Police. You're *police*.

DETECTIVE #2
Newport County Police, yes. We're sorry to bother you. I'm -

HONEY
No bother at all! Do come in! It's *awful* outside.

The detectives instinctively look up - gorgeous, clear skies.

554 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS, 554
SITTING ROOM / KITCHEN / ENTRANCE HALL - DAY [MOMENTS LATER]

The detectives have entered the house. Honey closes the door behind them. They stand in the **entrance hall**. An awkward silence, interrupted by -

Molina, who comes downstairs. As he walks to join them near the front door...

HONEY

There you are! We've got company!
Such a nice surprise. It *does* get
lonely out here. Lovely mist. But
very lonely.

Molina now stands with them.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Now. Time for introductions. I'm
Kiernan Anchor-Ferrers. And this is
my boyfriend -

MOLINA

Fiancee.

HONEY

- Bardo.

DETECTIVE #2

Pleased to meet you both. I'm -

HONEY

Would you like to sit? Drinks? I
mean, not drinks-drinks. You're
working. Thoroughly inappropriate.
Tea? Give Bardo a bit of honey and
some turmeric you won't believe
what he can do.

DETECTIVE #1

We're both fine, thank you.

DETECTIVE #2

We're just here to ask a few
questions.

Honey CLAPS his hands together, then widens them dramatically
towards **the sitting room**.

The detectives stare at him. Then move towards the sofa. They
sit. Honey and Molina sit in two arm chairs facing the
detectives.

Detective #1 opens his mouth, but -

HONEY

I'm so sorry my father isn't here
to speak with you.

DETECTIVE #1

He isn't home?

HONEY

No. He's taken to wandering.

DETECTIVE #1

Wandering?

HONEY
Long stretches.

MOLINA
Days.

DETECTIVE #2
Days?

MOLINA
DAYS.

HONEY
Days. At first it had a charming,
sort of Forest Gumpy feel to it.
But now we're thinking it might be
something more serious. Anyway,
I've no idea where he is. But he's
gone for sure and he took his
mobile. Likes to ring people on his
wanders. Say all sorts of things.

DETECTIVE #1
Interesting.

MOLINA
And true.

DETECTIVE #2
We're here to speak to you about a
somewhat sensitive matter.

Honey leans forward, elbows on his knees. Eyes wide. Waits.

DETECTIVE #1
How well do you know local resident
Beca Van Der Bolt?

Honey sits back in his chair, confused and trying to cover.

DETECTIVE #1 (CONT'D)
Our understanding is that she's a
housekeeper here.

HONEY
She is. Yes. That's the reason why
I'm so taken aback right now. She's
our housekeeper here at the house.

DETECTIVE #1
When was the last time you saw
Beca?

HONEY
Oh goodness me. A while back. A few
weeks? I'd have to check.

DETECTIVE #2
So she wasn't due to visit this
residence in the last few days?

HONEY
No.

DETECTIVE #2
She's gone missing.

Molina puts a hand to his heart.

DETECTIVE #2 (CONT'D)
And there are signs of a struggle
at her residence.

Molina clasps Honey's hand.

HONEY
When you say 'struggle'...

DETECTIVE #1
We're not at liberty to discuss
details.

HONEY
No, of course not.
(too loud)
Inappropriate again!

DETECTIVE #1
But we're going door to door,
asking if anyone has seen anything
out of the ordinary.

The detectives look at Honey and Molina. Waiting. But neither
man speaks.

DETECTIVE #2
So, have you?

HONEY
What, now?

DETECTIVE #2
Have you seen anything out of the
ordinary?

HONEY
No. Definitely not.

MOLINA
Well...

Honey shoots him a look. But Molina is lost in his own world.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

What's really considered out of the ordinary?

HONEY

You haven't seen anything.

MOLINA

I'm just asking.

HONEY

You would have told me.

DETECTIVE #1

Anything you've seen that made you feel suspicious.

Molina takes a deep breath, struggling with a thought.
Honey's eyes go wide. The detectives wait.

MOLINA

What about feelings that make you feel suspicious?

DETECTIVE #2

Feelings that make you *feel* suspicious?

DETECTIVE #1

So the feeling *of* suspicion?

MOLINA

That's it.

DETECTIVE #1

What gave you that feeling of suspicion?

MOLINA

I don't want to use the word clairvoyant -

HONEY

Don't.

MOLINA

But I've had that *feeling* that's made me *feel* suspicious. Lately.

DETECTIVE #1

Any particular reason?

MOLINA

No. But I thought you should know.

A beat.

DETECTIVE #2

All right. Thank you both for your time. You've been very helpful.

The detectives stand. Honey and Molina stand, too. All four move towards the front door. Honey opens it.

DETECTIVE #1

We'd like to leave our cards, in case you think of anything *else* you think we should know.

The detectives reach into their pockets. Hand cards to Honey. Honey reads the cards. And goes completely slack-jawed.

But the detectives don't clock it. Just the audience.

DETECTIVE #1 (CONT'D)

Terribly sorry, we never actually introduced ourselves. I'm DI Honey.

HONEY

I'm...I'm sor....I'm sorry?

DETECTIVE #1

I said, I'm DI Honey.

Detective #1 holds out his hand, smiling. Honey, stunned, extends his own limp hand. They shake.

DETECTIVE #1 (CONT'D)

And this is my colleague, DS Molina.

Honey and Detective #2 shake hands. Molina (also stunned) shakes the detectives' hands, too.

DETECTIVE #2

Right then.

The detectives nod, polite. Then leave. Honey and Molina stand. Frozen.

555 OMITTED

555

556 OMITTED

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557 OMITTED

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558 OMITTED 558

559 OMITTED 559

560 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/OUTSKIRTS OF CARDIFF, COUNTRY ROAD - 560
DAY [MOMENTS LATER]

A long, winding country road. Jack driving. The grey car behind him.

No other cars. Not even a roundabout.

The grey car is a ways back, but anyone with half a brain would have noticed by now they're being followed. They'd be scared.

That's the point.

As Jack's car rounds various corners, he/we lose sight of the grey car (just for moments at a time).

But it always pops up again.

561 INT. GREY CAR - DAY 561

ELIS (25) watches Jack's car through the windshield.

And just like with Jack's view of Elis' car, Jack's rear view mirrors keep 'disappearing' around corners for moments at a time. But they always pop up again.

Jack 'disappears' around corner up again. Elis continues driving. But then he rounds a corner and...

Jack's car has stopped in the middle of the road.

Motor running, driver's side door opened.

Elis slams his breaks, stopping his car behind Jack's.

561a EXT. COUNTRY ROADS, OUTSKIRTS OF CARDIFF - DAY

561a

Elis emerges from his car, on alert. Eyes the surrounding woods. But there's no one there. Just trees. And of course...

Jack's car, a few metres ahead.

Elis takes a step forward. Then another. FOOTSTEPS on the concrete, approaching the RUMBLING motor/car.

Elis gets closer. Closer.

And as he does, the camera moves closer and closer to the driver's side of the car, that door open, until we can finally see inside...but...

The driver's side is empty. Jack is not in the car.

Elis hesitates. Processing. Then -

A few more steps forward to the front of the car. He stands. He crouches down, looks under the car but...no Jack.

A twig SNAPS.

Elis straightens up, spinning around, paranoia growing.

That snap came from the woods, but where? He - and we - can't locate the sound.

Spooked, Elis strides back to his car.

561b INT. GREY CAR - DAY

561b

Elis climbs inside, but before he shuts his door, a thought BOLTS into his mind and he TURNS around to face the back seat.

We expect a jump-scare. We expect Jack to be waiting there but...

The back seat is empty.

A little exhale from Elis. He turns back around to face forward and -

JACK

Hi, Elis.

(note: Jack is now standing outside Elis' car, bent over at the waist, leaning into to be face-to-face with Elis)

Elis STARTLES. Jack YANKS him out by his shirt.

562 EXT. COUNTRY ROADS, OUTSKIRTS OF CARDIFF - DAY

562

Jack SLAMS Elis onto the asphalt, face first.

Elis pushes himself up, fighting to get free, but Jack grabs Elis' wrist, yanking his arm UP.

Elis SCREAMS.

JACK

Go back to the river, tell your friends you scared me off. Tell them there's no way I'm heading down there.

ELIS

You don't want to mess with Bones.

JACK

Actually. I really, really do.

Jack releases Elis' wrist. Elis WHIMPERS with relief. Jack climbs into his car, and drives off.

We hear the THUMP, THUMP, THUMPING of dance music. It carries us over to...

563 EXT. WOODS/RIVER WYE COMPOUND, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 563

Jack wanders through thick forest, branches SNAPPING underneath his feet.

Up ahead, we hear the RUSHING sound of water. Jack is close to the River Wye.

The dance music gets LOUDER. The forest thicker. And then, up ahead -

A DRUNK COUPLE, laughing. Both stumbling drunk, entirely self-absorbed, until...

They see Jack.

The laughing stops. They stare at Jack, longer than they should. Jack keeps his head down, walking.

GUNSHOTS. Jack flinches.

More GUNSHOTS. Ringing out from between the THUMPS of music. He quickens his pace. Up ahead:

Trees thin, revealing...

The River Camp/Compound. We've seen it at a distance, but now we're up close. A collection of interconnected tents with one large barn-like structure in the centre.

A few dozen PARTIERS are scattered about the scene, many of them congregating near: **a shooting range.**

But all of this sits beyond a chain-link fence.

And at the gates of the fence are armed men. Specifically: armed with assault rifles.

Just as Jack takes in the sight of the assault rifles, he/we clock that...

The armed men have now seen Jack. Too late for him to turn back.

In the distance, a DRUNK GIRL climbs on top of one of the targets, egging some MEN into taking a shot (these men have hand guns, though we see rifles in the crowd as well).

Jack watches, eyes wide, trying to smother his concern.

ARMED MAN #1
Who are you?

In the distance, a MAN takes aim at the target...

JACK
Why you asking?

ARMED MAN #1
Who are you?

The drunk girl wobbles on top of the target...

ARMED MAN #1 (CONT'D)
Who do you know?

Jack pulls out his mobile. Pulls up his text messages. Starts a new one to Prody.

ARMED MAN #2
What's he doing?

ARMED MAN #1
(re: Jack's mobile)
Put that down.

The man FIRES. He hits the target. The drunk girl giggles.

ARMED MAN #1 (CONT'D)
Give me the fucking mobile.

Jack texts: "**ARU**" Sends it.

JACK
I'm not giving you shit.

ARMED MAN #1
Who the fuck do you think you are?

ARMED MAN #2
No one gets in with a mobile.

ARMED MAN #1
And no one gets in without knowing
someone. So who do you know?

JESSICA (O.S.)
Me.

Jessica swings on the gates of the chain-link fence, like a little girl. Pale, cake make-up. Black hair past her waist. A white silk dress.

(note: for this scene/day, Jack is also in a white t-shirt, under his jacket).

JESSICA (CONT'D)
He knows me.

Jessica eyes Jack, a sloppy smile on her face. Half childlike, half drunk. She reaches out her hand.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(to Jack)
Come.

He moves towards her, but -

ARMED MAN #1
Mobile.

Jack hesitates. Then hands it over.

He joins Jessica. They walk through the chain-link fence, her bone-thin hand leading him into the party...

As they approach the barn at the centre of the compound, about to enter, Jack hesitates, getting a glimpse of...

Something *white* through the trees.

It's the **Hazmat Man**.

564 INT. BARN, LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN AREA - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 564

The music THUMPS louder in here. Mismatched furniture riddled with cigarette burns. Frayed, ultra-thin carpet.

The space is cramped with people. Men in their 20s and 30s and women and girls in their early 20s and teens. Smoke hangs in damp air.

Everyone glances towards Jack. That same look of - *you don't belong*.

Jessica whispers in Jack's ear. A little too close.

JESSICA
(re: the looks)
They just don't know you.

He nods. She leads him towards a **kitchen area**. People part ways for Jessica.

On the kitchen counter: a lizard. Roughly a metre long. Fat, squat arms. A tail as long as your forearm.

Jessica pulls out two plastic cups. Starts mixing drinks.

We get a better look at her now, up close. That white cake make-up. Bright red lipstick. Deep, dark eyes.

All of her movements are lazy and slow. Doped up and only half-awake.

She hands him a drink. "Cheers" with him. Drinks hers. He doesn't. She waits.

He scans the room. People still staring; an unspoken threat hanging in the air, thick.

He drinks (first time we've seen Jack do this).

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Are you wondering why I let you in?

Jack nods.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Elis told me who you are. You'll
report back to my parents? Tell
them what you've seen?

Jack nods again, lying.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
That's why I let you in.
How are my mum and dad?

JACK
They miss you.

JESSICA
But they'll never understand that
I'm a part of someone else now.
(suddenly concerned)
Do you like my dress?

JACK
It's beautiful.

She smiles, reassured.

JESSICA
I want you to watch me tonight. I
want you to tell my parents that
I'm happy. And loved. Because I
want them to let me go. Will you do
that?

Jack hesitates, taking it all in. Before he can answer -

JESSICA (CONT'D)
If you don't, I'll be unhappy. And
everyone here *hates* it when I'm
unhappy. Because they love me, too.
Do you want to see how much they
love me?

She takes his hand. Brings it to her face. Uses his thumb to
smear her red lipstick through her cake make-up.

Then her face contorts, morphing into agony. Tears
overflowing out of nowhere.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(screaming)
No! No! You're hurting me!

Two men SLAM Jack against the floor. Arms behind his back.
Gun at his skull.

Jack, pants, eyes wide, face to face with...

The python. We met him earlier. Thick, yellow.

We (and Jack) hadn't even noticed he was in the barn...

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(still faking crying)
Stop! Stop! He didn't mean it!

One of the men COCKS the gun at Jack's skull.

The python's head is roughly the size of a dog's. It lifts off the ground, above Jack's, curious.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
He didn't mean it! Let him go.
Please.

The men let go of Jack. Jack SCRAMBLES across the dirty floor, back against a kitchen cabinet.

Jessica squats, eye to eye with Jack. Her lipstick smeared across his chin.

Behind her, the python glides out of the room.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
So do you understand what I want
you to do?

Jack nods. Then, he blinks. Shakes his head. *Something doesn't feel right.*

He looks up at the red plastic cup. Then at Jessica. Putting pieces together...

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I've got to go. I can't be late.

JACK
For what?

JESSICA
My wedding.

She stands. Leaves. Jack pants on the kitchen floor.

565 OMITTED

565

566 EXT. RIVER WYE COMPOUND / PONTOON - DAY [MOMENTS LATER] 566

Jack emerges from the barn. His breathing uneven. He blinks and swallows more than necessary.

The music **THUMPS**, louder than seems normal. *Like he's carrying it around in his head.*

DRUNK PARTIERS
FEED THE CROC! FEED THE CROC! FEED
THE CROC!

The chants are coming from the crowd by the river. Jack walks towards them, his gait unsteady.

As he nears the water, he peers through the crowd, getting a view of...

The Hazmat Man. (**Note: Bones is underneath the hazmat suit. So in this scene, he will now be referred to as 'Bones'.**)

Bones is on a pontoon, in the centre of the river.

Next to him, on the pontoon, is the base of an old crane.

At the end of the crane's arm is a rudimentary swing (like for a child).

(note: the swing should be made out of something heavy, not wood, so it ultimately won't float)

Jessica - clad in her white dress, lipstick still smeared - sits on the swing, arms holding the ropes.

Bones ties her wrists to the ropes, binding her tight.

He then operates the crane, moving her out over the surface of the water.

But the crane's arm JERKS, RATTLING Jessica on her swing. The whole apparatus is unstable.

She *nearly* falls out, but the ropes around her wrist hold her in place. She giggles.

As she gets further and further out over the water, we (and Jack) see:

Something in the water, moving *fast*, kicking up a SPLASH.

(We don't see the thing/animal clearly at all, just the water.)

DRUNK PARTIERS (CONT'D)
FEED THE CROC! FEED THE CROC! FEED
THE CROC!

Now a FLICKER of something comes out of the water, just for a split second. Was that a crocodile tail?

As Jack takes that in, struggling to focus, he looks back at Jessica...

566A INT. HOSPITAL, ELLA'S ROOM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

566A

-A blood-pressure monitor BEEPS.

-A hand on a hospital bed. Manicured fingernails. A massive engagement ring (ep 1).

-Ella Ward's blood-shot eyes blink behind head bandages.

566b OMITTED

566b

567 EXT. RIVER WYE COMPOUND / PONTOON - DAY

567

Jessica, on her swing, is now 'in place' over the water.
Wrists still tied to the ropes.

Another SPLASH from the hungry animal below (again, we don't see the animal in any detail).

DRUNK PARTIERS
FEED THE CROC! FEED THE CROC!

A deep **THUNK, THUNK, THUNKING** noise.

Jack looks around, but it's not clear where it's coming from.
And no one else seems to hear it.

From the pontoon, Bones reaches for a red bucket. He holds it up for the crowd to see.

They CHEER.

On the swing, Jessica laughs, drugged out of her mind.

Bones reaches into the red bucket, pulling out fish. He tosses them into the air. They land in the water, just below Jessica's feet.

A SPLASH of water tells us the animal is a few metres away from where Bones just dumped the fish.

Miraculously, the animal does NOT go for the fish.

Instead, it waits. And waits. Until....

Bones LOWERS his arm (a non-verbal command).

Now the animal *SHOOTS* across the water, devouring the fish in a frenzy. (It's all white splashes.) But after a moment, those white splashes turn....

Bright red. A pool of blood in the water.

More CHEERS from the crowd.

Another deep **THUNK, THUNK, THUNKING** noise.

Jack looks around, but it's still not clear where it's coming from, until Jack focuses his eyes (with effort) on:

The ropes of her swing. They're fraying.

(note: him being able to hear the ropes fraying from such a distance would not actually be possible, but should feel like he's sensing something/heightened situation because of the drugs he's on.)

JACK
She'll fall.

But no one hears him.

Jack starts pushing his way through the crowd, struggling to walk without stumbling. He heads towards the water, just as...

One of Jessica's (two) ropes SNAPS.

She FALLS from the seat of the swing, now just dangling from one wrist.

She's LAUGHING, too doped up to be afraid.

Inches below her head is a waiting predator...

THUNK, THUNK, THUNK. The second (last) rope is about to snap.

JACK (CONT'D)
She'll fall!

But again, no one listens.

Jack races towards the water. Closer. Closer. Removes his jacket (white t-shirt underneath). And then -

The swing BREAKS. Jessica (tied to the ropes still) falls into the water.

Jack dives in to save her.

567a INT. RIVER WYE (UNDERWATER) - DAY

567a

Jack swims, underwater, searching for Jessica. But there's nothing but murky dark. He swims further. Further.

And then...

A flicker of white. Off in the distance. Jessica's dress.

-The BEEP of the blood pressure machine.

Jack swims towards the billowing white silk, as it drifts downward....

He reaches Jessica. Her eyes wide with fear. Her wrist tied to the swing, which weights her down.

She struggles. Bubbles escaping from her mouth.

-The BEEP of the blood pressure machine.

Jack grabs her wrist, prying at the ropes.

As he does, they both get enveloped in her long, white silk dress.

It billows and ripples around them, white against the dark water.

We're on Jessica's face. But then the white silk passes in front of the camera.

When it clears, we're on Jack.

White silk passes in front of the camera again.

But when it clears, we're back on Jessica.

White silk again, then we're back on Jack, but...

For a split second we see something crocodile-shaped behind Jack.

But if we blink, we'll miss it, because -

White silk again.

We're still on Jack and there's nothing behind him.

Jack's trembling fingers struggle with the rope. Jessica's eyes are fading. He can't get it loose. He can't -

-The BEEP of the blood pressure machine.

Still struggling with the ropes. Now Jack's eyes are fading - he needs oxygen.

-The BEEP of the blood pressure machine.

Still struggling. Jack fading.

-The BEEP of the blood pressure machine.

He releases the ropes. Still fading, until he looks upward and sees -

THREE CROCODILES circle above them.

His eyes go wide with panic. He looks back down at Jessica, who starts swimming upwards.

He moves to stop her but then...

There's no crocodiles above them. Did he imagine them?
Jessica swims upward.

He watches her, confused. But then his eyelids grow heavier. He's moments away from death. And we see...

Something behind Jack. It's dark.

But it's getting BIGGER and BIGGER as it gets CLOSER and CLOSER. And as it gets bigger, it starts taking shape.

It's a behemoth of a crocodile.

It opens it's jaws just as Jack uses his last bit of energy to turn his head towards it and -

HARD CUT TO:

567b EXT. RIVER WYE COMPOUND - DAY

567b

Jack, standing on the river shore. Dazed, rattled, and soaking wet, but alive.

Police vehicles and the Armoured Response Unit (that Prody called for Jack) are all there, arresting dozens of people.

Jessica is wrapped in a blanket, being examined by medics.

Bones is in handcuffs, with police officers. His hazmat mask is now gone. And so we see him for the first time.

Flat, thin hair. Pock-marked skin covered in thick cake make-up. Heavy, dark eyeliner which now runs down his cheeks.

He really is just a loser hanging out with kids half his age.

Jack looks at the ground next to him. Now we see:

A crocodile suit.

It's realistic looking, but still not real at all.

Jack turns it over with his foot. On the underside, we see a clear plastic bag full of a dark liquid.

Jack steps on it. Candy-red syrup gushes out (this was the "blood" from the fish feeding frenzy).

Matthews approaches.

MATTHEWS

You all right?

JACK

Do you want me to be all right?

MATTHEWS

Not particularly.

A beat.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
Prody broke his ankle. I'll be
hearing those stories for a while,
so thank you for that.

JACK
Prody was here?

MATTHEWS
(duh)
He pulled you out of the water.

A beat as Jack absorbs that.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
Bones' real name is Jacob Adley. On
the weekend of the Donkey Pitch
murders, he was in police custody
in Bristol.

JACK
No. No.

MATTHEWS
Yes, Jack. There's police records,
police interviews, his solicitor
was there. He was in Bristol. And
Jessica Bell is the one who picked
him up.
(pause)
They're not the Donkey Pitch
killers.

Matthews leaves. Jack's mind reels.

568	OMITTED	568
569	OMITTED	569
570	OMITTED	570
571	OMITTED	571

572 OMITTED

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573 OMITTED

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574 OMITTED

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575 OMITTED 575

576 INT./EXT. POLICE VEHICLE/ROAD BY RIVER WYE COMPOUND - DAY 576
[DUSK]

Jack climbs in the passenger seat. An OFFICER in the driver's seat.

OFFICER
Where should I drop you off?

Off Jack, thinking...

577 OMITTED 577

578 INT./EXT. POLICE VEHICLE/CARDIFF - NIGHT [DUSK] 578

Jack leans against the window, looking out at Cardiff. City lights twinkle against the black sky.

579 OMITTED 579

580 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS, 580
SITTING ROOM / KITCHEN / ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Honey paces, nervous, by the front door of the **entrance hall**.
Molina looks out the window of the **sitting room**.

HONEY
Are you SURE you don't see them out there?

MOLINA
I'm telling you, they drove off.
Haven't come back.

HONEY
I don't think they were real
coppers. Their names...they...I
think the boss sent them. And that
makes me wonder, just how big is
this thing? How many people are...

Honey stops pacing. Looks at Molina.

HONEY (CONT'D)
Once we're far enough away, we'll
call the cops. The real cops. An
anonymous tip, so the family
doesn't die. But right now, we
leave.

Molina hesitates.

HONEY (CONT'D)
What?

MOLINA
My bag is downstairs.

HONEY
So?

MOLINA
So, I'm kinda scared now to go down
there on my own.

Honey SIGHS.

HONEY
Where did you leave it?

MOLINA
In the scullery.

HONEY
What? Why - nevermind.

Annoyed, Honey walks down the **entrance hall**, opening the door
to -

581 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, CELLAR STAIRS - NIGHT 581

Honey descends the stairs to the bottom floor of the house
(where the basement, scullery, and door to the car park area
all are). Honey instantly *recoils*.

The smell of the house *overwhelming*. He COUGHS in disgust.
Holds his nose.

HONEY
Jesus CHRIST! What is....

He moves into the..

582 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, SCULLERY - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS] 582

His hand over his nose and mouth now. The smell unbearable.
Then he freezes. His brow furrowing in curiosity.

Behind dozens of boxes, way back in the corner of the room, he sees the edge of **something plastic**. We're not sure what it is. Neither is Honey.

He approaches. The smell worse but he's got to see. He moves boxes.

They're stacked high - it's a real job - but eventually he gets them away and sees that the plastic is...

A tarp. We recognise that tarp.

And sticking out from the tarp, is a leg. In too-tight jeans...

583 EXT. LINCOLN'S HOME, PONTCANNA NEIGHBOURHOOD - NIGHT 583

The police vehicle drops Jack off. He stands, looking at Lincoln's home but keeping a distance.

A moment passes, then -

Her front door opens. She leans against the doorframe, just as before. Eyeing him.

He's wet. And exhausted. And broken.

For the first time, we just a hint of softness in her expression.

She steps inside. Leaving her front door open.

584 INT. LINCOLN'S HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT [MOMENTS LATER] 584

Jack lowers Lincoln onto the bed, both of them enveloped in plush down pillows, soft cotton sheets.

His arms around her. Her hand on the back of his head. Their kisses are deep, soft. Sweet.

585 INT. ANCHOR-FERRER'S HOUSE, CELLAR STAIRS / ENTRANCE HALL 585
/ SITTING ROOM - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

Honey's steps up the **cellar stairs** are slow. Robotic. Eyes wide. Breathing slow. Jaw hanging open.

He reaches the **entrance hall**, at the bottom of the **spiral staircase**. Molina is no longer there.

Honey steps forward. Another step. Another. Until he's near the (open) doorframe leading to the sitting room (on his right). He peers into the sitting room.

Molina is in Oliver's armchair. His body language has shifted. He sits tall. Shoulders wide. Confident. The "dummy" act is gone.

He smiles.

MOLINA
You worked out who I am yet?

FADE OUT