

WOLF

by

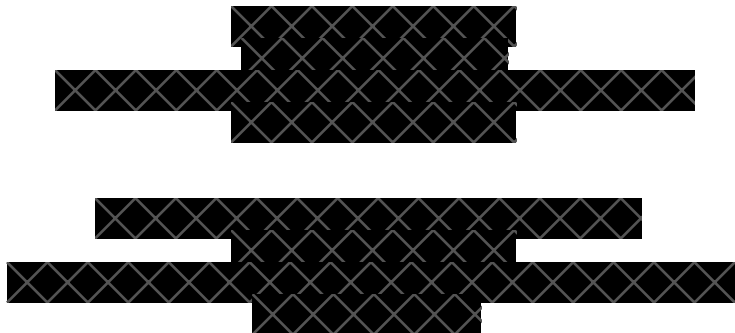
Megan Gallagher

Based on the novel by Mo Hayder

Episode 6 "Knock, Knock"

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BOUND BY A DUTY OF CONFIDENCE TO PRODUCER AND ITS SUBSIDIARY AND PARENT
COMPANIES.

Over a black screen, we hear the sound of a woman CRYING. Her moans are deep and low.

Like her chest is a bottomless well of pain.

FADE IN:

600 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT [1998] 600

Young Jack sits on his bed, in the dark. Fully clothed. Head down, he stares at his hands.

They hold a screwdriver.

His mum's WAILS come through the thin walls of the house. Young Jack hears them. Wipes away a tear of his own.

He stands, stuffing the screwdriver in his pocket. He grabs a pair of Fila trainers. Tip toes towards his bedroom door.

His small, socked feet silent against the dark flooring.

601 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, GARDEN - NIGHT [1998] 601

We've seen this garden before, but only through the eyes of an adult. Now we're seeing it through the eyes of a child.

It feels bigger. Darker. The trees that line the grass loom larger, arching overhead.

Young Jack slips on his trainers, stepping onto the grass. He walks towards the edge of the garden, passing underneath the treehouse.

He glances up at the wooden planks.

601A EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, GARDEN - DAY [FLASHBACK] 601A
[1998]

Young Jack (8) and Ewan (10) are in the treehouse (this is Young Jack's memory). Ewan holds his Combat Hero.

EWAN

Shut up!

YOUNG JACK

You shut up!

Young Jack PUSHES Ewan.

602 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, GARDEN - NIGHT [1998] 602
IN THE TREES AROUND THE GARDEN

Dragonflies RATTLE. Twigs SNAP under Young Jack's feet. His raised forearm keeps branches at bay. Up ahead, the wall that separates Jack's home from Ivan Penderecki's home.

And that door.

Young Jack reaches forward. Pushes the door open. As he looks through it...

602A EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, GARDEN - DAY [FLASHBACK] 602A
[1998]

In the seconds/moments after their fight.

Young Jack (his thumb hurt from being caught in the wooden planks), looks through the tiny door at Ewan (with his Combat Hero in hand).

Ewan has walked through the small door, now standing on the other side of the wall.

Ewan - still steaming - turns back to look at his brother through the door.

(note: this is our iconic shot of Ewan's disappearance/final moment)

The brothers lock eyes.

Then Ewan stomps off in anger, disappearing from Young Jack's view.

603 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, GARDEN - NIGHT [1998] 603

It's just Young Jack's imagination. But when Ewan disappears from view, it still cuts like a knife.

Young Jack goes through the door... Jack emerges into Penderecki's garden. He stares up at the distinctive white window and then creeps round the side of the house, disappearing from sight

604 OMITTED 604

605 INT. IVAN PENDERECKI'S HOUSE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS/ HALLWAY/ 605
BASEMENT / BEDROOM - NIGHT [1998]

From the window, Young Jack puts one Fila-clad foot onto the floor. Then another. Moving slow. Quiet. We can practically hear his heart THUMPING in his small chest.

He's all the way inside. He looks around. Everything is unfamiliar and confusing in the dark. It's all edges and shadows.

He takes one step. Then another. Moving slowly, silently, through the house.

A long hallway leading to a basement door. *It's open.*

That gets Young Jack's attention. *That's* where he needs to go.

He moves down the hallway, silent as a mouse. But with each step closer to that basement door, he also gets closer to...

A bedroom door. On Young Jack's right. It's also open.

Young Jack's hand is against the wall on his left, gliding against the cool surface. We see his fingers tremble.

He's opposite the bedroom. Inside: a lump underneath a sheet. This is Ivan Penderecki.

He's sleeping. One calloused foot sticking out.

He SNORES.

Young Jack's breath catches in his throat. For a moment, he's frozen. Then -

The lump moves. Young Jack quickens his pace, moving past the bedroom door. He holds his breath. Shaking. Waiting. But...

The SNORING continues. Ivan is still asleep. Young Jack is safe. For now.

606 INT. IVAN PENDERECKI'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT [MOMENTS 606
LATER] [1998]

Stacks of cardboard boxes. Furniture covered in yellowing sheets. A light dangles from the ceiling. But it's off.

Young Jack creeps down the wooden stairs to the cold, concrete floor of the basement.

From upstairs/O.S., we hear Penderecki's SNORING (though it's faint).

YOUNG JACK
(quiet)
Ewan?

No answer.

YOUNG JACK (CONT'D)
(quiet)
Ewan?

POP.

Young Jack GASPS, startled.

But it's just the home's water boiler, in a small, dusty room to Young Jack's right. Above the water boiler, we note: a small window.

It leads to the garden outside.

Young Jack pants, regaining his composure - kind of. Then he creeps deeper into the basement. His footsteps light. Careful. Quiet.

From upstairs/O.S., the SNORING stops. Young Jack doesn't seem to notice, *but we do...*

Young Jack walks under that ceiling lamp. Even in the dark we can see it's covered in dust.

His eyes scan the room. Past stacks of boxes, pieces of plywood, broken appliances long out of use. Then he sees...

A door. And underneath the door frame, we see...

A light is on. What's in there? Who's in there?

Young Jack's heart THUMPS in his chest. He swallows. Opening his mouth to call out but then -

CREAK. A sound from overhead. Young Jack freezes.

Another CREAK. Then another. **It's footsteps.** Directly overhead.

Young Jack panics. Scrambles towards the water boiler, eyeing the window as a means of escape. Right above him -

Dust dislodges from the ceiling lamp as Ivan TROMPS towards the basement.

Young Jack climbs the water boiler. Pushes open the window, preparing to climb out, just as -

Ivan STOMPS down the basement steps. Closer. Closer.

Young Jack turns, looking one last time at that door.

Something moves in that room. A shadow beneath the door frame.

Young Jack GASPS.

Ivan's footsteps down the stairs. Lower. Lower...

Young Jack is seconds away from being caught...

And at the last second, fear overwhelms him and he...

BOLTS out the window. But the shoelaces of his trainer get caught on the boiler's metal tap. Young Jack pulls and pulls, but he's stuck.

The footsteps closer. Closer. Young Jack pulls and pulls and finally -

His shoe SLIPS off his foot, FALLING to the ground in Ivan Penderecki's basement.

TITLE SEQUENCE

607 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

607

DPU 585.

Molina sits in Oliver's armchair, his posture straight and proud. A sly, mischievous smile.

Honey stands, slack-jawed.

MOLINA

Do you know what this means?

Honey opens his mouth but no words come out. Molina smile BURSTS into a ear-to-ear grin.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

It means we can *finally* talk!

Molina BOLTS up from the armchair, excited. **Now** we see: he's holding a hand gun.

Honey clocks it. Scurries back against the wall in fear.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

I couldn't let you in on the secret. I needed you to be in character. Which meant there were so many things I had to do while you were sleeping. I kept thinking you'd figure it out, but you honestly didn't know, did you?

Honey, stunned, shakes his head - no.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

And the two detectives! 'Honey' and 'Molina'. You should have seen your face! I knew they were real coppers, it's them I used to make our ID cards, but for them to show up here? I mean, small town and all that, but come on, what are the chances?

Honey just stares, stunned. Molina crosses the room. Embraces Honey, squeezing him tight, that gun still in his hand.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
(face nuzzled into Honey's
neck/shoulder)
I'm so relieved you know.

He releases Honey.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
You must have so many questions.
Fire away.

HONEY
There's....there's no boss?

MOLINA
No. He's not real. Or, he's *me*.
However you want to look at it. I
recruited you.

HONEY
And you...you killed...

Honey glances down the stairs, to where Beca's body is.

MOLINA
Yep.

HONEY
Why?

MOLINA
Well, at first it was just to keep
her from coming to the house. But,
honestly, I probably could have
dealt with that situation if it had
arose.

(unsure)
Arose? Arisen? Arosen?
(pause)
Anyway, I think really she was just
kind of my warm up. For the family.
The main attraction, if you will.

HONEY
You're a nutter.

MOLINA
Am not.

HONEY
You are! You're a fucking nutter!

MOLINA

I am not mentally ill. And I would know if I was. Used to work at a nut house.

(leaning in)

And trust me, *all* of God's creatures were there.

HONEY

You're going to kill me.

MOLINA

After everything we've been through? Why would you imagine of something so dreadful?

Honey eyes the gun.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

(re: the gun)

Oh. This. Yeah. Hate these things if I'm honest. They do come in handy, but it's such a boring way to go. No one deserves that.

(pointedly)

I don't want to kill you. In fact, you can leave now if you want! But you would have to walk. I need the car.

HONEY

That's no problem.

MOLINA

You want to walk? All the way to the train station?

HONEY

I do. I really -

MOLINA

It'll take hours. Think how exhausted you'll be once you finally make it home to Stroud Green.

Honey freezes, realisation dawning.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Imagine what the missus would think. *Hate* the idea of dragging her into this.

(imitating a pregnant belly)

Especially with all her hormones raging.

Honey goes pale. Molina lets that sink in a moment, then -

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Then we're in agreement! I'll drive you to the train station myself, as soon as I'm finished up with the family. I'm thinking, late afternoon? I'll need some sleep first.

HONEY

(re: the family)

So, all of them...you'll kill all of...

MOLINA

Yep.

HONEY

The plan was never that they were just going to keep quiet?

MOLINA

No. Too big of a chance to take. At any moment they could tell the police what we look like, and that won't work, now will it?

Honey shakes his head - no.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Exactly. I'm thinking of us both here. No, it's got to look like a man took the family hostage, killed them all and got away. But here's the thing.

(re: Beca)

Little miss housekeeper doesn't really fit that narrative. So...can you give your old pal a hand?

Off Honey's wide-eyed alarm...

608 OMITTED

608

609 OMITTED

609

610 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, BASEMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT 610
[CONTINUOUS]

Honey goes backwards, holding Beca's feet.

But he TRIPS. Falls on his backside. Beca's body slides down inside the tarp.

Her bare feet smoosh up against Honey's face.

611 OMITTED 611

612 EXT. WOODS IN MONMOUTHSHIRE - NIGHT 612

Tree branches stretch and twist against the soft white glow of the moon. Crickets chirp. Owls hoot.

We hear a slow CRUNCHING sound as the men's car pulls into frame.

The car stops. The headlights cut out.

613 INT. HONEY AND MOLINA'S CAR - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS] 613

Molina stares at his hands, in his lap. He still holds his gun. But his mood low.

MOLINA

Are you here with me now because
you *want* to be, or because you *have*
to be?

Honey doesn't answer, still shell shocked.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

I have this tendency to threaten people, so that they don't leave. But then I'm never really sure how they feel about me. You don't look happy, and you were so quiet on the drive...

(pause)

I'm worried you're only with me now because I *implied* that I would kill your pregnant girlfriend. I mean, you picked up on that, right?

HONEY

I did.

MOLINA

And you assumed when I killed her that you would be bundled in with -

HONEY

Yes.

MOLINA

The thing is, I *would* go through with that. Probably? I'm not sure. It's not important. What's important is, how do you feel about *me*?

Honey opens his mouth, struggling....

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Because if you don't like me, honestly, there's no point in continuing.

(re: his gun)

We can just end things right here and -

HONEY

No! No. No need. I'm, um....adjusting. That's all. It's a lot to take in.

MOLINA

That's fair.

HONEY

And I don't want to die.

MOLINA

Also fair.

HONEY

But what I feel about you is...

Molina hangs on Honey's every word. Honey searches for the right thing to say....

HONEY (CONT'D)
That you are very clever.

MOLINA
Thank you.

HONEY
And I have so enjoyed our time together.

MOLINA
Really?

HONEY
Really, really. And I want to, you know, help you, with...

He nods towards Beca, in the boot.

HONEY (CONT'D)
I mean, we'll just bury her, right?

MOLINA
Well...

He nods towards the carryall, still on Honey's lap.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
Few things first. We don't want anyone ID-ing her straight away.

HONEY
Of course not! That would be terrible. So we'll do that. And then, we'll go back to the house, and, just, kill the family?

MOLINA
Don't need your help there. Kind of want to do that myself. You can just watch. If that's all right wi-

HONEY
Absolutely.

MOLINA
You sure?

HONEY
Love to spectate! But since we're being open with one another -

MOLINA
Finally!

HONEY

Finally. Um, what exactly is it that the family has done to you?

MOLINA

Oh. *That*. Yeah. Don't worry about that right now.

Molina grabs the carryall, unzips it, points to the inside (which we don't see).

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Sort of need you to concentrate on the task at hand.

HONEY

Right! *Focus*.

MOLINA

But you and I are good?

HONEY

More than good! We're great.

Molina smiles, ear-to-ear.

MOLINA

Then I just have one question for you.

Molina reaches into the carryall, pulls out a handsaw.

Honey goes pale.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

How do you feel about Doctor Who?

Molina puts the handsaw down. Pulls out a hammer.

Honey's horror grows.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Because they've got a tour in Cardiff, takes you to all the spots they filmed it. The castles and everything!

He puts down the hammer. Pulls out a measuring tape. Extends it a bit.

Honey furrows his brow, confused. WTF?

MOLINA

I've been wanting to go forever but
I've got no one to go with. And I
don't want to be one of those
weirdos who's like "party of one",
right? So embarrassing.

He puts down the measuring tape. Pulls out pliers.

Honey goes nauseous. Molina misreads it.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Look, I get it. The 13th Doctor
wasn't to everyone's tastes. And
you don't strike me as a feminist.
But let's get *something* in the
diary, yeah? Otherwise, we'll
forget.

Molina grabs the tools, climbing out of the car. As we hear
the boot CREAK open, we close in on Honey's terrified face...

614 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY [EARLY MORNING] 614

The blow-up mattresses are laid out again, all puffed up. We
see duct tape over the various holes and cuts (obviously
they've been repaired).

Honey sits on the bottom step of the **spiral staircase**,
utterly traumatised. His wheel-y suitcase next to him, open
again.

Honey looks at the mattresses, then down at his hands. They
are caked in dirt.

MOLINA (O.S.)

You want a shower?

Honey looks up. Molina is clean, with wet hair - towel
wrapped around his waist. He's brushing his teeth.

HONEY

(dazed)

I'm good.

***Note:** folded on top of his belongings in the suitcase should
be whatever jacket/blazer Honey was wearing when he showed up
in ep 1 playing a detective. We briefly clock it here.

Through the window of the **front door**, we see the sun just
starting to rise over the horizon...

615 INT. LINCOLN'S HOME, BEDROOM - DAY [MORNING] 615

Jack blinks, waking. The sun shines through the window. Lincoln's side of the bed is empty.

MOMENTS LATER

Jack slips on his jeans and t-shirt. Wanders over to Lincoln's dresser.

On it, little things. Miniature bottles of perfume. Foreign coins in tiny ceramic bowls. Photos of Lincoln with (presumably) family or friends. Tiny insights into who she is.

Jack doesn't touch anything. He just smiles. Sweet.

616 INT. LINCOLN'S HOME, KITCHEN - DAY [MORNING] 616

Lincoln sits, fully dressed, at her kitchen table by the window. She sips a latte. Eyes her mobile.

Jack enters, a bit tentative.

LINCOLN
(re: her mobile)
Hearing more about your swim last night. The details are fabulous.

Jack waits, knowing more is coming.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
(mock remembering)
Loads of drugs. Fake crocodile. And a fuckload of bullets. That about it, or am I missing something?

JACK
Python.

He glances at her latte. She clocks it.

LINCOLN
I'm not making you coffee.

JACK
Didn't ask you to make me coffee.

LINCOLN
And I'm leaving in twenty minutes.

JACK
I guess that means I'm leaving in twenty minutes?

LINCOLN
If not before.

A beat. He should be stung. But instead...

He cracks a wry smile. Leans against the wall, crossing his arms over his chest.

JACK
You *hate* that I'm here.

LINCOLN
I just don't want you getting the wrong idea.

JACK
That you're the coffee-making type?

LINCOLN
That I'm the home-making type.

He eyes her kitchen sink.

JACK
Is that a bar of soap shaped like a sea shell?

She fights to keep a smile at bay.

JACK (CONT'D)
I tell you what. I'm going to make my own cup of coffee. Then I'm going to sit down with you. We can talk about work. No other topics allowed. And in twenty minutes, we both leave. I won't kiss you goodbye.

He waits for approval. Finally -

LINCOLN
(nodding towards the pantry)
Coffee's in there.

She turns back to her mobile screen.

Still smirking, he moves towards the pantry. Removes a coffee capsule. Runs it through the machine.

Sits down at the table, facing her. Spoons sugar in his coffee. Stirs.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Your man Bones isn't the Donkey Pitch killer. Puts you at a dead end, doesn't it?

He sips his coffee. Doesn't take the bait.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Kable's guilty, Jack. He's
ambidextrous. One of only a few
people capable of carrying out
those murders.

JACK
Unless it was two people. One right
handed. One left handed.

LINCOLN
Jesus Christ. Kable confessed.

JACK
Yeah, you've mentioned that. A few
dozen times. He just wandered in
off the street one day, started
talking to whoever was arou-

LINCOLN
He asked for me, actually.

He opens his mouth but -

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
(answering)
He'd heard me talking, on the news.
Told me he thought I sounded nice.
As we've established, he's not
terribly bright. The confession was
done properly. Matthews was there.

JACK
Kable asked for you specifically?

LINCOLN
He did.

JACK
Because of the news.

LINCOLN
I might be disliked by my
colleagues, but the camera
absolutely loves me.

JACK
You're lying.

A beat.

JACK (CONT'D)
You didn't used to speak on camera.
Never answered questions, not even
about your own cases. Robbie told
me. Said your boss was a sexist
arse and didn't allow it.

LINCOLN

I was still on the news all the time. He saw me -

JACK

You said he'd heard you. Talking. That you sounded nice. But he couldn't have.

(pause)

How do you know Minnet Kable?

She's quiet.

JACK (CONT'D)

This is it, isn't it? This is what you haven't wanted to talk about.

Still quiet.

JACK (CONT'D)

What have you been -

LINCOLN

I don't hide.

JACK

But you've lost your way, haven't you?

She BURSTS out laughing. Genuinely finding the comment hysterical. He waits. Finally -

LINCOLN

(still laughing)

You self-righteous *twat*. Now you've pushed it too far. Big mistake.

JACK

Why?

LINCOLN

(slowly turning serious)

Because I know you. Know your nightmare.

He's not sure what that means. Neither are we. She savours the moment. Then -

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

The Donkey Pitch case was fucked from the get go. Rain washed away whatever forensics we would have got. Witnesses were dumb teenagers who weren't talking. Oh, and for a kicker? *No motive*. It was never going to be solved.

(pause)

I knew Minnet Kable from another case. He was a witness, nothing important. But that's why he asked to speak with me, when he came to confess.

(pause)

Matthews and I accepted his statement. We got Kable into custody. Informed the families. Gave them closure.

Just a flicker of hesitation from her. A bit of vulnerability.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

I really did think he'd done it. I thought we'd caught a break.

Tougher exterior back on.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

About a week later, I'm typing up a report on my other case, the one where I first met Kable. And I'm looking at our conversations and I'm adding things up and...he's got an alibi for the night of the murders.

(shrugs)

The Donkey Pitch was headlines for weeks. Kable confessed to get attention. People do sometimes. Especially when they're dim.

(pause)

His solicitor never would have found the alibi so I kept it to myself. Didn't tell Matthews. Didn't tell anyone. Because what's the point? We're supposed to put people in prison. Who cares how we get them there?

Jack looks repulsed by her.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
(animated, pointing to his
face)
See, that. *Right there.* That look.
Next time I see you, it'll be
smacked clean off your face.

He's confused. We're confused. But she isn't.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Because you've got a prison visit
today, with Minnet Kable, don't
you?

She stands, her chair scooting out from under her.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Be sure to ask him about his
'nest'.

She walks out of the kitchen. He remains, frozen.

617 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY [MORNING] 617

Molina is asleep on his mattress, turned on his side, facing
the wall.

Honey is wide awake on his mattress. His eyes shift from the
ceiling to Molina.

His eyes drift down to Molina's pocket. Honey can see inside
it....the keys to their car are inside. But it's too risky to
try and grab them.

Honey thinks. Glances at his wheel-y suitcase. Thinks some
more.

Then, quiet as a mouse, he sits up. Digs in the pockets of
the blazer in the suitcase, finding...

Car keys to the family's SUV. (We recognise Matilda's corgi
on the keychain).

Honey comes to his feet, quiet. Keys in hand. He eyes the
front door. Moves towards it. Reaching the front handle but
then he....

Turns. Looking back at the spiral staircase. The family being
held upstairs.

He looks at the keys. Looks upstairs. Back at the keys. Back
upstairs.

HONEY
(almost inaudible)
Just get in the car. Drive away.

But he's not moving.

HONEY (CONT'D)
(almost inaudible)
Just get in the fucking car and
drive away.

Still not moving.

HONEY (CONT'D)
(almost inaudible)
Don't be a dick. Don't be a dick.
Don't be a dick.

He glances upstairs. Then squeezes his eyes shut, wallowing
in self-hatred.

HONEY (CONT'D)
(almost inaudible)
You're such a fucking dick.

He steps towards the **spiral staircase**, passing sleeping
Molina.

One foot on the first step. It CREAKS. He looks back at
Molina - still sleeping. Another step. Another. Slow.
Careful. Quiet.

Soon, Honey is out of view (upstairs). But we stay in the
entrance hall, where...

Molina opens his eyes, smirking. He's been awake this whole
time, watching to see what Honey will do.

Above Molina, we hear the CREAKING of Honey's steps on the
upstairs landing.

618 OMITTED 618

619 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY 619
[CONTINUOUS]

Matilda is pale. Exhausted. Dehydrated. Still shackled to the
radiator.

The doorknob turns. She tenses, scrambling against the wall.

The door opens. Honey enters. He puts a finger to his lips,
indicating for her to be quiet. As he creeps towards her...

HONEY
(whispering)
Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers, you need to
listen.

He reaches her. Gets down on his knees. His face honest, sincere, pleading.

HONEY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I'm going to untie you. We're going to get out of here. You and your family. But we have to move fast, and we have to be very, very quiet.

She trembles. Her arms crossed over her chest, terrified.

HONEY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I'm not going to hurt you.

Now we see, in one of her clenched fists: her bra wire (set up in ep 3).

HONEY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I promise.

He reaches to unshackle her, but -

She STABS his neck with her bra wire. Then SCREAMS in horror at her own action.

He freezes, confused, mouth agape. Blood dribbles out over his lips. He tries to speak, but no sounds come out.

He clutches his neck. Then wobbles, trying to stand, but he falters, falling onto...

The bed. Blood soaking into the satin sheets. He flails, the sheets slippery. Tries to roll to standing but...

619a INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 619a
[CONTINUOUS]

Molina listens to a THUD up upstairs. Head cocked in curiosity.

619b INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY 619b
[CONTINUOUS]

Honey has fallen off the bed, face first onto the ground. He rolls over, now on his back. Clutching his neck. Blood dribbles. Soaking into the carpet.

Matilda watches, horrified, until...

Honey stops moving.

620 OMITTED

620

620A OMITTED

620A

621 OMITTED

621

622 OMITTED

622

623 INT. PRISON, HOLDING CELL - DAY [EARLY AFTERNOON]

623

A barred room. Jack sits with:

MINNET KABLE (late 30s). Pudgy and awkward. Big, wide eyes. Prematurely bald.

JACK

Mr. Kable, my name is Jack Caffery.
I'm a police detective.

MINNET

I haven't done anything. I've been
in here.

Minnet's voice sounds far-off. His eyes a little unfocused.

JACK

I know. I was just hoping we could
talk. That's all.

Minnet processes. Then sits. Jack does, too.

JACK (CONT'D)

You confessed to killing those two
kids, on the Donkey Pitch. That's
why you're in here. Is that right?

He nods, yes.

JACK (CONT'D)

When you went to the police, to
tell them what you did, you talked
to a woman.

He nods - yes.

JACK (CONT'D)

But you already knew her, didn't
you?

MINNET

She wanted to find someone and I
knew what he looked like. So I
pointed to him in a picture. I was
a witness.

JACK

Okay. And you got to know her a little bit too, right?

He nods - yes.

JACK (CONT'D)

What did you talk to her about?

He looks away.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm not after getting you in trouble. I just want to know what you and the woman talked about.

MINNET

Why?

JACK

(choosing his words carefully)

I think she doesn't like you. And I want to know the reason.

MINNET

Because I killed those two kids. On the Donkey Pitch.

JACK

No, see, I think maybe she didn't like you even before that.

Minnet looks at Jack, surprised.

MINNET

But I wasn't bad before the Donkey Pitch. They were just thoughts.

Jack's eyes flicker, wide.

JACK

What thoughts?

MINNET

She told me, you don't go to prison for thoughts. So I told her about them. I told her, I thought about them all the time.

JACK

You thought about who, Mr. Kable?

MINNET

I came there a lot. To watch. And to have the thoughts. That's how I was a witness.

(pause)

I liked to go there.

JACK

Was it a school, Mr. Kable? Or a playground? Is that where you liked to go?

MINNET

I wouldn't tell her which ones I liked because I didn't want her to take them away. And I had a plan. I was going to take care of them. And keep them together because they're sisters and they should be together. I made a place for them to sleep. It was warm. And round. It was their own nest.

(pause)

I drew pictures on the walls, in case they got sad.

624 INT. PRISON, HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF HOLDING CELL - DAY 624
[MOMENTS LATER]

Jack leaves his meeting with Kable, as stunned as we've seen him. Mind reeling.

MINNET (V.O.)

*But I can't see them anymore.
Because I'm in here.*

625 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY 625
[AFTERNOON]

Matilda, still staring at Honey's lifeless body. A large pool around him by now.

We hear FOOTSTEPS. Matilda FLINCHES. Breath held. Then, her door swings opens. It's Molina.

He sees Honey (dead). Matilda trembles in fear. A long, silent beat. Then Molina BURSTS out laughing.

MOLINA

You. Stupid. Cow. You killed the wrong one!

Matilda's eyes wide and watering.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
This is...I mean, thank you. You
saved me the bother. It was going
to be so awkward. We'd made plans.

As he heads out again...

MOLINA (CONT'D)
Oh! Almost forgot. Today's the day
you're gonna die!

626 EXT. GRANGETOWN, CARDIFF - DAY [AFTERNOON] 626

Rows of terraced houses. Bay windows. We recognise this
neighbourhood.

Jack parks. Exits his car. Takes in the neighbourhood.

627 INT. PRODY'S HOME, KITCHEN - DAY [AFTERNOON] 627

Jack and Prody's mum Lori both by the kitchen sink. Jack a
little stooped under the kitchen's slanted ceiling, mind
still somewhere far away.

She washes grapes in the sink.

LORI
(re: the grapes)
This is so thoughtful of you.

JACK
It's no bother. Really.

LORI
But it is. You're kind. Very kind.

Her eyes linger on him a bit longer than they should. Her
cheeks just a tad flushed.

Now Jack clocks it. Does his best to smother a (flattered)
smile.

Behind them, Prody sits at the small kitchen table, his bandaged/braced ankle propped up. He eyes his mum.

A kettle comes to a boil. But Lori doesn't seem to notice, eyes still on Jack.

PRODY

Mum.

Lori doesn't seem to notice, eyes still on Jack.

PRODY (CONT'D)

Mum!

LORI

(snapping out of it)

Sorry!

Lori pours the tea. Puts the washed grapes on the kitchen table. An awkward moment, then -

LORI (CONT'D)

Well, I'll leave you two.

But she lingers.

LORI (CONT'D)

(to Jack)

So nice to meet you.

JACK

Yes, ma'am. And you.

Still lingers.

LORI

All right.

She leaves. A silence fills the room. Finally -

PRODY

My wife and I are taking a little break. But we'll patch things up.

(pause)

Anyway, it didn't seem worth it to rent another place.

JACK
(re: Prody and his mum)
It's nice. You two having the time
together. You'll be glad for that
one day.

Prody nods. Jack eyes Prody's ankle. The unspoken event of
last night hanging in the air.

JACK (CONT'D)
(re: the ankle)
You could have been hurt a lot
worse.

PRODY
I was fine.

JACK
You shouldn't have done it.

PRODY
It's not a big -[deal]

JACK
Thank you.

Prody nods. Jack nods. Issue closed.

Jack takes a seat at the kitchen table, Prody's propped-up
ankle on the chair between them. Both men with steaming mugs
of tea.

Through the kitchen window, we hear kids playing outside.

A PING on Prody's mobile. Prody reads it. Then sets his
mobile down.

PRODY
You gonna question Bones?

Jack doesn't immediately answer.

PRODY (CONT'D)
He's been charged and released. You
know where he is.

JACK
He's got an alibi for the Donkey
Pitch murders. Matthews told me.
And it checks out.

PRODY
So that's it?

JACK

I don't know. I...

(pause)

I don't know what I've done,
opening this all up. And I...

(to himself)

I don't know what I'd even do with
the truth.

PRODY

What's that supposed to mean?

JACK

Nothing.

PRODY

Bones knows something. He's
involved in what happened on the
Donkey Pitch. You know that.

JACK

It's a closed case, Prody.

PRODY

But it's closed *wrong*. Which means
the killers are still out there.
Are you all right with that?

Off Jack, absorbing that....we hear the CREAK of a barn door
and it transitions us to:

628 OMITTED

628

629 INT. BARN, LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN AREA - DAY

629

Jack enters through the creaky door (the sound from the
previous scene). All the partiers are gone - the only thing
left behind is a mess.

And Bones. He's drinking a beer in the kitchen area.

BONES

What the fuck are you doing here?

Jack ignores him, walks closer. They're face to face.

BONES (CONT'D)

I'm not talking to you. How stupid
do you think I am?

JACK

I want to ask you about Sophie and Hugo.

A beat. Bones slowly comprehends.

BONES

The Donkey Pitch? I've nothing to do with that.

JACK

I know.

BONES

Wasn't even in town.

JACK

But you knew them. They came to your raves. You sold them drugs. And you talked.

Bones stays silent. Jack grows frustrated.

JACK (CONT'D)

You know they were just 18 when they died. Couple of innocent - [kids]

BONES

(angry)

All morning, police have been telling me about the *innocent kids* around here. How I've corrupted them. But coppers don't have a *fucking clue* what kids around here get up to.

JACK

Then tell me what we don't know.

But Bones hesitates.

JACK (CONT'D)

It costs you nothing.

Finally -

BONES

Sophie and her friends had a gathering. Out on some farm. Couple of weeks before they died.

JACK

And?

BONES

And they hurt someone. Bad.

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

630

CLOSE ON:

A boom box speckled with white paint. We recognise it from Beca's house in ep 5. A hand comes into frame, pressing "play."

We hear a fast-paced, drum machine beat.

MUSIC CUE: "I THINK WE'RE ALONE NOW" by Tiffany. (note: music will play through scene 631-633)

Pull back to reveal we are:

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

631

The boom box is set up on the carpeted floor.

Molina's back faces the camera. His shoulders move to the beat. Then his hips. Head bobbing.

Then, just as Tiffany's voice kicks in, he...

SWIVELS towards us. Hair flopped on his brow, he pops and moves to the beat. Then -

SLAMS himself against the wall - paintings be damned.

SLIDES across a table with a lady-like cross of his legs, knocking a lamp to the floor.

He LEAPS onto the arm of the sofa, pivots and falls backwards onto the cushions, only to SPRING up again.

A jeté through the air. And he sticks the landing.

631a INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE AMETHYST ROOM - DAY
[AFTERNOON]

631a

Oliver, on the floor, terrified.

631b INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY 631b
[AFTERNOON]

Matilda, tears streaming down her face, knowing the end is near.

631c INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE IVY ROOM - DAY 631c
[AFTERNOON]

Lucia closes her eyes, unable to bear it any longer.

631d INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 631d
[AFTERNOON]

Molina rounds the corner into the entrance hall, legs high in the air with exaggerated kicks right on the beat.

The half Rockette, half Nazi goose steps, he's getting into his groove. As the chorus kicks in, he SPINS then DROPS into a full split on the floor.

He gazes up at the ceiling. The family is just above. A smile creeps across his lips.

He slides back up to standing, pulling his legs back together. He step-taps his way towards the **spiral staircase**.

Hands and knees on the steps in a feline crawl.

Then on his feet again, two steps up, one step down, caressing the banister with his fingertips, milking his way towards...

632 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, SECOND STOREY - DAY 632
[CONTINUOUS]

Molina dances in place/on the spot. Then calmly *pulls a knife out of his belt*.

MOLINA
(calling out)
Any volunteers?

OLIVER (O.S.)
Please! Please! Don't do this!

MOLINA
Decisions, decisions...

Then he darts inside -

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

633

Molina smiles at Matilda. She SCREAMS, red-faced.

OLIVER (O.S.)
NO!!!!!!

LUCIA (O.S.)
MUM! MUM!!!!

Molina dances closer to Matilda. Step-dancing over/on Honey's corpse. Closer. Closer.

Her screams and sobs LOUDER and LOUDER until...

He stops dancing. Looks down at her. Flopping hair stuck to his sweaty brow.

He squats down, knife in hand.

MATILDA
NO!!! DON'T!!!! PLEASE!

He puts his finger to his lips, shushing her.

MATILDA (CONT'D)
PLEASE! NO! PLEASE!!!!!!

MOLINA
(quietly, below to the
sound of the music)
Okay. Here's the deal. Here's the
deal.

She's SCREAMING.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
Nah, nah, nah. Cut that out, Mrs.
Anchor-Ferrers. You need to listen
to me.

She stops screaming. Pants, staring at him.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
(re: the knife)
This is going to happen.

She SCREAMS again.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
Come on, now! Come on. Rein it in.
Take a deep breath, and accept it.

She sobs, but more quietly.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
There we go. Good.

Through the tears and snot, and with every ounce of bravery imaginable...

MATILDA

Please don't make my daughter feel any pain. I beg of you. No pain.

(digging deep)

Whatever you need to do, whatever violence is in you, take it out on me. Do anything to me. Just not her.

She closes her eyes. Ready.

A flicker of emotion crosses Molina's face. And for just a second, he hesitates...

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

634

That massive Georgian country home. Jack pulls up the drive. Emerges from his car. Listens. From far away, we hear MUSIC.

Jack glances at the neatly-manicured front lawn. On it, a security sign warning off intruders (similar to the one at the AF house).

Jack strides around the back of the house, by the pool. The BBQ. The sliding glass doors leading into the games room/den (set up in ep 4).

But the curtain is closed - can't see inside. However...

The music is LOUDER right behind that glass.

Jack considers. Then picks up a medium-size rock. HURLS it at the glass. It SHATTERS. An alarm BLARES.

EMILY (O.S.)

What the fuck!

Jack strides...

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

635

Booze laying about. Max and Emily in the midst of a mini daytime party. Both of them are startled, staring at Jack.

The alarm still BLARING. Max takes in the sight of Jack, then scurries towards the wall nearest him, (not near Jack). He enters a code. The alarm stops.

Silence.

JACK
(to Max, re: the alarm)
How long for the police to get
here?

Max says nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)
You cut the alarm but they're still
coming, aren't they?

MAX
6 minutes. They'll arrest you.

JACK
I know you're used to getting your
way with cops because you're rich
and white but I'm actually *one* of
them. Probably the only demographic
that trumps you. Whatever I tell
them, it'll stick.

MAX
About fucking what? I haven't done
anything.

JACK
Doesn't matter. I'll make it up.
But you'll be taken into custody.
Questioned. And even if nothing
comes of it, I'll personally make
sure it's public and ugly.

He stares at them both, letting that sink in.

JACK (CONT'D)
Or, I can already be gone when they
arrive. And this...
(the broken window)
...can just be an accident.

EMILY
What do you want?

JACK
What happened on the farm?

Emily and Max exchange a look - surprise but also confusion.

JACK (CONT'D)
You all had gatherings. Out on the
farmland Hugo's family owned. But
one night, something happened.
Someone got hurt.

MAX
Why does that even matter?

JACK
Because I'm asking.

A prolonged beat. Finally -

EMILY
It was an accident.

OLIVER (V.O.)
Where is my wife?!!

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

636

Oliver (ankle still injured) is shoved into the rose room by Molina. Honey is dead, in a pool of his own blood. But Matilda is gone.

OLIVER
What did you do with her? Where is she?! *Tell me!!*

MOLINA
But that would ruin the surprise!

Oliver falls to his hands and knees, dissolving into a blubbery mess.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
So much for that stiff upper lip
your generation's always banging on
about.

OLIVER
Please....

MOLINA
Now, I need you to be a good boy
and head over there, by the wall.

Oliver sobs.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
Go on now.

Oliver slowly comes to his feet.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
(re: Honey)
Mind the corpse.

637 INT. MAX'S HOME, MONMOUTHSHIRE, DEN - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 637

Max slowly walks back to the sofa, resuming his seat across from Emily. They look at each other. Max swallows.

MAX

There was this girl at our school.
Hugo had been fucking her. But in
secret. He never liked her. And
he'd stopped because he was finally
with Sophie.

(pause)

But then she showed up, at the
farm. Uninvited.

EMILY

I think she was trying to get Hugo
back. She was being clingy with
him. It was so embarrassing.
Anyway, Hugo was drunk. And he
flipped out.

MAX

He thought Sophie would figure that
he'd fucked her. So he started
being mean to her. Like, really
mean. Trying to get her to leave
but she was too stupid to take the
hint. And then...

JACK

And then, what?

Emily and Max exchange a look.

EMILY

(she and Max)

We didn't do anything. We weren't
anywhere near it.

JACK

Near what?

MAX

They were drunk. They thought it
was funny. *We weren't a part of it.*

EMILY

We told them to stop!

JACK

What happened?

Jack eyes them both, not letting it go.

EMILY

There's this....pen...on the farm.
Traps animals in place. They
tricked her into it.

And it dawns on Jack...

637A EXT. HUGO'S FAMILY'S FARMLAND/BONFIRE LOCATION - DAY 637A
[FLASHBACK, MID APRIL 2018]

*The branding machine on the farm. Sophie and Hugo,
drunk/stoned, laughing at...*

*A young girl in a summer dress, in the branding machine. We
only see the lower half of her body (we see it from the
side).*

*She KICKS and SCREAMS, trying to get free from the branding
machine. Her dress is lifted a bit, exposing her upper thigh.*

638 INT. MAX'S HOME, MONMOUTHSHIRE, DEN - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 638

MAX

Then Hugo started messing around.
Showing off for Sophie. It was the
kind of thing Bones would do. Hugo
didn't actually mean to do
anything, he wasn't really going
to, but Sophie was laughing and
encouraging him and...it slipped
out of his hand.

O.S. we hear a SIZZLE...a girl SCREAMING....

639 OMITTED 639

640 INT. MAX'S HOME, MONMOUTHSHIRE, DEN - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 640

It's all dawning on Jack.

JACK

What happened to the girl?

EMILY

She ran off. I went after her, but couldn't find her.

(pause)

I went back up to the bonfire. That's when the four of us got into that row. We really had it out. It'd been building between us for months. Sophie and Hugo had been such assholes. Max and I were sick of it.

(pause)

Sophie was just supposed to buy Adderall from Bones. That was all it was supposed to be. But then she got *into* him. Into the *scene*.

MAX

And of course, Hugo did whatever she did.

EMILY

And then, it's like, they weren't even our mates anymore. They were high on everything *all the fucking time*.

MAX

What does any of this have to do with the Donkey Pitch? It's not like *she* did it. She was just a girl. And she's *small*.

EMILY

She literally *couldn't* have killed
Sophie and Hugo.

JACK

Not on her own.

Max and Emily exchange a glance - huh? Jack ignores them.

JACK (CONT'D)

What's the name of the girl?

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

641

Oliver, now tied up, against the wall. He glances at his
"confession" letter, which is in his pocket (taken with him
from his room).

Molina SHOVES Lucia into the room. She almost trips over
Honey.

Lucia takes in the sight of her father, GASPING. Molina
smiles, enjoying Lucia's reaction.

But then Lucia's expression turns to confusion.

LUCIA

Where's my mum?

MOLINA

Come on now, Lucia. Be a good girl.

LUCIA

What did you do to her?

MOLINA

Go sit by your father.

Lucia looks at Oliver. A weighted glance between them.

Oliver grips the confessional in his pocket....

OLIVER (V.O.)

People underestimate my daughter.

642 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/MAX'S MONMOUTHSHIRE HOME
- DAY [CONTINUOUS]

642

Jack SLAMS his car door. Grabs the fat stack of papers from
his ring search. Scans the first page, until his eyes land
on:

Oliver Anchor-Ferrers.

JACK

You've got to be fucking joking.

Police SIRENS in the distance (responding to Max's alarm).

Jack cranks the engine, throws the car in reverse, and backs out the drive.

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

643

Lucia takes one slow step forward, towards her father, stepping over Honey. Then another step. Another. Molina right behind her.

OLIVER (V.O.)

*When she was a young, she destroyed
my wife's flowers in the garden.
She then denied it.*

Another step. Molina right behind her.

MOLINA

There we go.

OLIVER (V.O.)

*We put cameras up, to deter Lucia
from doing it again. They were only
ever meant for our use.*

Lucia looks at her father, freezing, emotion overwhelming. Now the tears spill over.

OLIVER (V.O.)

*Lucia killed a cat while being
filmed, to spite us.*

Molina pushes Lucia right up towards Oliver. She stands right by her father.

Tears streaming down her face. Snot and spit mixing as she cries. She and Oliver lock eyes.

Oliver's breathing has grown shallow. That scarred chest, now heaving.

OLIVER (V.O.)

*Psychiatrists told us that Lucia
could be treated from home.*

MOLINA

Why don't you have a seat, Lucia?

But she doesn't. Still sobbing.

Oliver is pale. Brow sweating. His hand inches up towards his (scarred) chest.

OLIVER (V.O.)

But we chose to send her away to a mental institution. Because we were ashamed.

643A INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION, MONMOUTHSHIRE, GROUP THERAPY ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK, AUGUST 2017] 643A

Lucia, as a teenager, in some kind of circle-therapy at a mental institution. She looks bored.

Molina - a cleaner, wearing a tabard - passes by. A glance between them. He's smitten.

643B INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION, MONMOUTHSHIRE, LUCIA'S ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK, AUGUST 2017] 643B

Lucia and Molina making out in her room in the mental institution, all hushed and secretive.

643c INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY 643c

Lucia, still standing over her father, crying, but then...

Lucia's tears dry up. Like a faucet that's been shut off.

OLIVER (V.O.)

It was the biggest mistake we've ever made.

She stares at her father, a sneer creeping up across her lips...

He turns red, clutching his chest.

OLIVER (V.O.)

Because she came back ten times worse.

Lucia raises her boot-clad foot in the air, about to bring it down on Oliver's head, when...

He CRIES out in pain. GASPS for breath. **He's having a heart attack.**

She freezes. Then slowly lowers her boot to the floor. Watching him. Head cocked to the side. Curious.

Oliver gasps. Lucia crouches down, eye level with her father. As the last bits of life drain from his eyes...

She waves. Bye-bye. Then...Oliver is dead.

Lucia stands. Turns to face Molina.

MOLINA

Didn't see that one coming.

LUCIA

Life is *full* of surprises.

She smiles. He wraps his arms around her. She runs her fingers through his hair.

As they tumble onto the bed, clothing slipping off, we see...

The branding scar on Lucia's thigh. It's large. Dark. And with her for life.

643D INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS, ENTRANCE HALL / AMETHYST ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK, MID APRIL 2018] 643D

The night of the bonfire/branding.

Lucia, crying, comes home at night, running up to her room. Alone, she pulls up her summer dress, revealing a horrid, fresh, blistering branding scar on her thigh.

643e INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY 643e

Molina and Lucia kiss on the bed. Deep. Passionate.

643F INT. MOLINA'S OLD CAR - NIGHT [FLASHBACK, MID/LATE APRIL 2018] 643F

Molina and Lucia, parked somewhere wooded and private. They're in the back seat. The car engine is off.

She curls up against his chest. Her summer dress raised high, revealing the (homemade) bandage covering the scar. The gauze is a bit bloody and yellow.

He looks at her injury, sorrowful. Then strokes her thigh near the bandage (not sexual - tender and sweet). Kisses her head.

JACK (V.O.)

The girl's name is Lucia Anchor-Ferrers.

644 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/MONMOUTHSHIRE - DAY [AFTERNOON] 644

Jack, *speeding* down the country roads. One earpod in.

JACK

Which is a pretty fucking memorable
surname. And I've seen it before.
Oliver Anchor-Ferrers is on my list
of ring owners. You want to guess
what his wife's name is?

645 INT. PRODY'S HOME, KITCHEN - DAY [AFTERNOON] 645

Prody, awkwardly on one leg, by the kitchen sink. Trying to
load the dish washer.

PRODY

Don't suppose it's Matilda?

INTERCUT THESE TWO SCENES:

JACK

Right you are.

(pause)

Now I've no idea how "*Jimmy*" is a
nickname for "*Oliver*" but the rest
of it adds up.

Jack rounds a corner, fast. Accelerates out of the turn.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's the Anchor-Ferrers' ring, the
Anchor-Ferrers' dog, and Lucia
Anchor-Ferrers is at least one of
the Donkey Pitch killers.

646 OMITTED 646

646A OMITTED 646A

646B OMITTED 646B

647 OMITTED 647

647A OMITTED 647A

647B INT. PIERCEFIELD HOUSE, CELLAR - NIGHT [FLASHBACK, LATE APRIL 2018] 647B

Inside the Piercefield House, during that snake-party. But we're no longer in Bethany's video, we're actually there. And now we see...

Lucia is in attendance.

Bones theatrically puts on his hazmat suit. Lucia takes keen notice of the hazmat suit, the plastic, how it covers every inch of his body.

Later, Bones 'cuts' into Jessica Bell's stomach, pulling out 'intestines' that are actually snakes...

647C EXT. DONKEY PITCH - NIGHT [FLASHBACK, MAY BANK HOLIDAY 2018] 647C

Night of the Donkey Pitch murders (ep 2).

Lucia and Molina, putting on hazmat suits. We hear Sophie and Hugo approaching in the distance...

647d INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/MONMOUTHSHIRE - DAY [AFTERNOON] 647d
Jack, driving fast.

647e INT. PRODY'S HOME, KITCHEN - DAY [AFTERNOON] 647e
Prody's mind is racing.

INTERCUT THESE TWO SCENES (AGAIN):

PRODY
The Anchor-Ferrers, are they in
Monmouthshire?

JACK
Yeah. Why?

PRODY
Housekeeper's been reported missing
in the area. Name's Beca Van Der
Bolt.

Jack presses his foot harder on the accelerator.

JACK
I'm headed to their address now. I
need you to do something for me.

PRODY
Jack -

JACK

Wait 30 minutes. If you don't hear from me by then, call back up.

PRODY

(dry)

Again?

JACK

Tell them everything you know about the case. I trust you.

647f INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY [MOMENTS 647f LATER]

Lucia and Molina in bed, post-coitus. Both wrapped in sheets stained with blood (from Honey).

She stares at her dead father on the floor. He, however, stares at her. Love in his eyes.

Molina delicately brushes hair out of Lucia's face.

648 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY [MOMENTS 648 LATER]

Lucia's eyes water.

LUCIA

My dog was supposed to be with me in the ivy room.

MOLINA

I'm sorry. I am. But it would have been too obvious if I'd -

LUCIA

There were blankets in there for her! Food and water under the bed!

MOLINA

I know! I know.

LUCIA

Has she come back?

Molina shakes his head - no. Lucia's lower lip trembles.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

What if she's hurt?

He pulls her in close. They embrace.

MOLINA

I'm sorry. Truly. And I love you, darling.

LUCIA
(through tears)
I love you, too.

MOLINA
Look at me.

She looks up.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
The rest of it's gone pretty well,
yeah? Are you happy?

LUCIA
I am.
(re: Oliver)
Though I *was* looking forward to
killing him. He ruins *everything*.
(pause)
Wait a second. Where's my mum?
She's supposed to be in here. We're
supposed to kill them both.

MOLINA
All right. So. We need to talk
about that.

LUCIA
Talk about *what*?

MOLINA
But, first there is one small thing
you don't know about...
(wincing)
Your father sort of botched the
call to the bank. The money wasn't
transferred.

She sits up.

LUCIA
What the fuck?

MOLINA
There wasn't anything I could do.

LUCIA
It was your *one job*!

MOLINA
That doesn't feel like an accurate
statement *at all*.

LUCIA
But what are we supposed to do now?
My father didn't leave me the
money. My brother will get all of
it.

MOLINA
Just listen.

LUCIA
No! I told you! My dad left
everything to him because -

She looks at her father, lifeless on the floor.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
- he thinks I can't *handle* it or
whatever.

MOLINA
Lucia!

LUCIA
(eyes back on Molina)
It's not fair!

Now Molina sits up.

MOLINA
Hear me out, darling! Just hear me
out.

She listens, still fuming.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
What if *no one* gets the money right
now, because maybe your mum
survives...

Lucia's eyes shift, taking that in.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
Your mum, who was never really as
bad as your dad, if we're being
honest...

She sighs - fair point.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
Your mum, who still has no idea you
were in on this...and who is really
easy to control...

Now she smiles.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
And once you've got her to change
the will, so you inherit your fair
share, *then* maybe she has a little
accident.

LUCIA
And then, a bit later, maybe
something happens to Kiernan...

MOLINA

All we need is a bit more patience
than we thought. But it's all going
to work out. Just like I promised.

She kisses him. Pushes him down. Climbs on top. But just as
things heat up -

DING DONG.

They freeze.

649 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY [CONTINUOUS]

649

Jack stands outside the front door, waiting. Eyes shifting
towards windows, the second storey, Matilda's expansive
garden.

Just as Jack's about to walk around the side of the house...

The door swings open. Molina is now dressed smartly - clean
khaki pants, a button-down shirt, an expensive sweater.
Presumably all Kiernan's clothes.

JACK

Hello. I'm Detective Jack Caffery.

Jack flashes his police card.

MOLINA

Kiernan Anchor-Ferrers. Pleased to
meet you.

The men shake hands.

JACK

A woman has been reported missing
in the area. A housekeeper. Beca
Van Der Bolt.

MOLINA

Oh no. *Beca*.

JACK

I'm speaking to people in the
neighbourhood. Seeing if anyone
knows anything.

MOLINA

My goodness.

Molina steps aside.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Do come in.

650 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL / KITCHEN 650
- DAY [CONTINUOUS]

Jack steps inside the **entrance hall**. Molina shuts the door.

MOLINA
May I offer you some tea?

JACK
(yes)
Thank you.

Molina nods, walking into the **kitchen**. Jack follows. Molina puts the kettle on the kitchen's AGA cooker. Jack stands, hands in his pockets, looking around.

The kitchen island is between the two men.

JACK (CONT'D)
Don't have much of a watchdog, do you, Mr. Anchor-Ferrers?

MOLINA
Sorry?

Jack points to Bear's food and water bowls. Next to the bowls, Bear's leash.

MOLINA (CONT'D)
Oh. Bear. Yes. She's roaming about right now. But please, call me Kiernan.

Molina places two (empty) mugs on the kitchen island. Leans against the kitchen counter, waiting for the water to boil.

The two men eyeing each other. Neither saying anything for the moment.

Jack eyes a wedding photo of Oliver and Matilda, on a shelf.

JACK
(re: the photo)
Those your parents?

MOLINA
Going on forty years ago, if you can believe it.

On the photo frame, we see the inscription: "**Matilda and Jimmy 14.6.1985**".

JACK
Matilda and...does that say Jimmy?

MOLINA

Yes, but it's Oliver, actually.
'Jimmy' is a nickname from when Dad
was young. He served in the Royal
Signals. They all call themselves
that.

Jack nods - that puzzle piece finally falling into place.

JACK

So. Beca Van Der Bolt. Does she
work for your family?

MOLINA

Yes. Beca's been looking after this
house since we were kids.

JACK

We?

MOLINA

My sister and I.

JACK

And is your sister home?

MOLINA

Lucia? No. She's off. God knows
where.

Jack waits.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Lucia's always been a
bit...problematic.

JACK

Younger sister?

MOLINA

(nodding)

22.

A beat.

JACK
(eyeing the kitchen
island)
Well, I can tell your housekeeper's
not been here recently.

Jack points to the kitchen tile on the island (smeared dried
dog food, ep 2).

MOLINA
Looks clean to me. But then again,
I've been told I'm messy.

The water in the kettle starts RUMBLING.

JACK
If your sister...was it Lucia?

MOLINA
Yes.

JACK
If Lucia is 22, then that would
make her a teenager at the time of
the Donkey Pitch killings. Did she
know the victims?

MOLINA
Don't mean to be rude, detective,
but what does this have to do with
Beca?

JACK
Nothing. Sorry. It's just, you said
Lucia was a bit problematic. I was
only wondering if it was because
she was maybe traumatised when
Sophie and Hugo passed.

MOLINA
They weren't friends.

JACK
Didn't run in the same social
circles, then?

Molina seethes, but keeps it in check. Kind of.

JACK (CONT'D)
Such a shame what happened. From
what I understand, Sophie and Hugo
were great kids. Really kind.

Molina forces a smile. The RUMBLING grows louder.

JACK (CONT'D)
Always been bothered by that crime,
if I'm honest. Never could see how
just one killer could have done it
all. Feels like there had to have
been two.

Molina says nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)
Does something smell?

MOLINA
Shouldn't. I took the rubbish out
last night.

JACK
I know that smell, Mr. Anchor-
Ferrers.

MOLINA
I do wish you'd call me Kiernan.

The men lock eyes. Then, Jack glances towards the kitchen floor.

JACK
Is that blood?

Jack turns his back towards Molina. Squats down to get a closer look at the kitchen floor.

The kettle comes to a full boil, HISSING.

Molina turns, pulling a knife off the magnet strip against the kitchen backsplash.

Jack's eyes are on the floor. Molina moves closer. That HISSING from the kettle getting louder and louder.

Molina raises the knife in the air....Jack seems totally unaware....but then...

Molina SLICES down just as Jack PIVOTS and SWIPES Molina's legs out from under him.

Molina CRASHES to the ground. The knife *slides* across the kitchen floor towards Bear's food bowls.

Jack POUNCES on top of Molina but Molina WRESTLES Jack to the ground, SLAMMING him hard enough that we hear Jack's shoulder SNAP.

Jack GRITS through the pain, but then -

Molina's hands GRIP Jack's neck, squeezing the life out of him. The kettle now SCREAMING.

Jack's hands pull at Molina's elbow, trying to dislodge his grip. As Jack turns red....

It's a pure battle of upper body strength, and Jack's shoulder is in agony...

Jack turns redder...still pulling at Molina's elbow.

Molina's elbow BUCKLES. Jack GASPS for air. Then KICKS his heel against Molina's knee, pushing it (the wrong way) against Matilda's heavy kitchen table.

We hear Molina's knee CRACK. He WAILS in pain. Then -

Both men see the knife at the same time.

On their stomachs, they scramble towards it. Molina gets there first, grabbing the knife but then we realise...

Jack was never going for the knife. He was going for Bear's leash.

Molina SWIPES the knife through the air but misses, just as Jack LOOPS the leash around Molina's neck.

Jack, behind Molina, pulls the leash.

JACK (CONT'D)
Drop the knife!

Molina gets redder and redder but he's still trying to stab Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
Drop the knife!

But Molina won't. He keeps trying to stab Jack.

Jack pulls harder on the leash, self-defence necessary for survival. And then...

Molina stops moving. Jack lets go. Molina is dead.

Jack is breathless. Recovering. He stands. Takes the kettle off the heat. The screaming stops.

651 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, SECOND STOREY - DAY [MOMENTS 651 LATER]

Jack reaches the top of the **spiral staircase**, injured and sweating.

The door to the rose room is partly open. He reaches out with his good arm, pushing it open all the way...

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

652

Jack stops dead in his tracks. Honey and Oliver are dead.
Their blood a collective pool on the floor.

Lucia - now dressed - cowers in the (open) window frame.

She is dangerously close to falling.

LUCIA
Don't hurt me!

JACK
It's all right. I'm police.

LUCIA
No you're not! You're one of them!
You'll hurt me!

JACK
I'm going to need you to step away
from the window.

LUCIA
No!

He takes a step towards her.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
No!

She dangles closer to the edge. He freezes.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
Stay where you are! I'll jump! I
swear! I'd rather fall and die then
let you do whatever you're
planning.

Jack watches her feet on the windowsill... centimetres away
from slipping to her death.

JACK
Can you tell me your name?

She hesitates.

JACK (CONT'D)
All I'm asking is your name.

LUCIA
Lucia Anchor-Ferrers.

JACK
Lucia, I'm Detective Caffery.
Newport County Police will be here
soon. I'm not going to hurt you.

LUCIA
No. It's not...it's not...

JACK
Whatever was planned here, it's
failed. Police are on the way.

She absorbs that. Wheels churning in her mind, strategy shifting.

JACK (CONT'D)
How many men are there?

LUCIA
Two.
(pointing to Honey)
He's one of them. I don't know
where the other one is.

JACK
He's downstairs. He's dead.

LUCIA
No.

JACK
He's dead.

LUCIA
He can't be. He's fooling you.

JACK
I killed him myself.

She trembles, *pained*, but covers (kind of).

JACK (CONT'D)
Come in from the window.

She doesn't move.

JACK (CONT'D)
Come on, Lucia.

He takes a step towards her. She puts a leg out the window - a clear threat. He freezes again.

Then something inside him shifts.

JACK (CONT'D)
You don't want it to be over, do
you?

She eyes him. Eyes wide. Body surging with adrenalin.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's been too much *fun*.

Her eyes narrow just a bit.

JACK (CONT'D)

Let me see if I can figure it out.
The one downstairs was
a...boyfriend?

(re: Honey)

And this one here...maybe a friend
of his? I assume he was promised
money. This was a big job. It's
been going on for days, hasn't it?
But that's the part you like. The
torture.

A little sneer creeps up Lucia's lips. But she stays quiet.

JACK (CONT'D)

You and the boyfriend...you
tortured Sophie and Hugo for weeks
before you killed them. Breaking
into their homes. Scaring them.
Messing with their meds. Taking
pictures.

LUCIA

Don't forget the porn.

JACK

That's right. The porn. Nice touch.

She chuckles, exhaling a bit.

LUCIA

You think I'm mad, don't you? But
I'm not.

(pause)

I used to think someone was going
to save me. Because I was so
unhappy. And I know everyone saw
it. But it never happened. Not with
my parents. The kids at school. No
one. There were so many times when
if just one thing had gone better,
maybe...

(pause)

But then I realised, people don't
save you when you don't deserve it.
They don't save you, when you're a
piece of shit. And if you're a
piece of shit...

(re: the house around her,
the bodies)

Why not lean into it?

JACK

(unimpressed, shrugging)
So you're just...evil.

LUCIA
But with agency.
(pause)
Oh wait! I just realised something.
(re: the window)
You have to save me. You're a
copper.

She stands in the windowsill (crouched over a bit).

LUCIA (CONT'D)
(damsel in distress)
And I really need saving.

She puts on a fake crying-face. He tenses.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
Because I'm feeling super duper
suicidal.

She dangles a leg outside. Jack flinches, ready to spring.

Then she LAUGHS at him, cutting the act.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
God, you're pathetic. Like I'd ever
really kill myse-

She *SLIPS*.

Jack *BOLTS* towards her, but -

Her head *HITS* the windowsill *hard*. Blood splatters upwards.

Jack reaches but -

WHOOSH. She falls backwards. Gone.

Jack looks out the window.

Lucia is on the front steps of the house. Legs and arms twisted and bent in all the wrong directions. Blood pools under her.

She's long gone. Jack trembles. Exhaling. Then -

Then Jack's eyes land on: papers, in Oliver's pocket.

Sidestepping the blood, Jack approaches Oliver. Carefully pulls the papers out. Begins reading.

OLIVER (V.O.)

I witnessed my daughter leave our house on the night of the Donkey Pitch murders. She has no alibi. I never told the police. I never told my wife.

(pause)

I have no excuse for my behaviour. But my hope is that, in death, I can somehow make things right.

Jack's eyes on that letter. Staring at those words.

OLIVER (V.O.)

May the truth finally be known.

Jack closes his eyes.

653 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY 653

Lucia, outside, dead.

654 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 654

Molina, in the kitchen, also dead.

655 EXT. PLAY PARK - DAY [JACK'S IMAGINATION] 655

Minnet Kable, parked outside of a play park, watching the children.

656 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY 656

Jack opens his eyes.

Rips the letter into pieces. Shoves them in his pocket.

CREAK. A sound. But where's it coming from?

Jack snaps to attention. Bolts from the room.

657 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 657

Jack climbs a narrow staircase, two steps at a time. Another *CREAK* as he reaches the third floor landing.

A door. It's locked. He angles his good shoulder towards it and *BUSTS* it open to -

658 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, ATTIC - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 658

A tiny, cramped room with a low ceiling. A few storage boxes and a lot of dust.

A door to the roof is open.

659 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, ROOF - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 659

ON THE ROOF

Matilda has crawled out.

She's on her stomach, half of her body (bum and legs) hanging off the side of the roof. A desperate attempt to escape.

Jack inches towards her, one trainer-clad foot at a time on the narrow, slanted rooftop. Matilda hasn't seen him yet.

FROM BELOW/VIEW FROM SIDE OF HOUSE

We see her foot reaching towards a drain pipe. Inches away...

ON THE ROOF

The wind kicks up. Matilda still hasn't seen Jack. He gets closer, closer.

He opens his mouth to call out to her, then closes it. Not wanting to startle her. Also not having a choice. Finally -

JACK

Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers.

She *SCREAMS* in fear. One arm slips free, dislodging part of the roof.

FROM BELOW/VIEW FROM SIDE OF HOUSE

Bits of the roof fall to the ground. We take in the depth of the drop - if Matilda falls, no doubt she'll die.

ON THE ROOF

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm police, ma'am. I'm police!

Minding his balance, he pulls out his ID card, flashing it from a distance.

JACK (CONT'D)

The two men inside are both dead.

MATILDA

You're lying.

JACK
I'm police.

MATILDA
You're one of them!

JACK
I'm not. I promise.

FROM BELOW/VIEW FROM SIDE OF HOUSE

Matilda's foot reaches the drain pipe. She's got an option (albeit, an unsafe one), to get down.

ON THE ROOF

Jack reaches out his non-injured hand.

JACK (CONT'D)
Take my hand.

She's not yet convinced.

JACK (CONT'D)
Ma'am, I'm here to help you.

She's still frozen.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm here to help.

Now he's convinced her, *we see it on her face*. She moves to take his hand but -

FROM BELOW/VIEW FROM SIDE OF HOUSE

The drain pipe BENDS. Matilda's foot is on it...

ON THE ROOF

Matilda SLIPS, but Jack GRABS/CATCHES her. She dangles over the side of the house. He uses his injured arm to keep them both from falling over.

Bit by bit, he/they pull her up. She collapses on the roof, sobbing. He holds her.

JACK (CONT'D)
I got you. I got you.

In the distance, we hear police sirens.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's over.

660 EXT. COLONEL FRINK'S HOME - DAY [MORNING] 660

Jack, a few bruises and cuts on his face, but he's cleaned up. A change of clothes. A shower.

He walks up to Frink's front door, but then hears BARKING from just behind the house.

661 EXT. COLONEL FRINK'S HOME, BEHIND/BACK GARDEN 661

Colonel Frink sits on a lawn chair, throwing a ball for a (happily barking) Bear.

Jack approaches. Frink looks up, smiles.

LATER

Jack and Colonel Frink, both seated on lawn chairs. Jack is struggling.

JACK

I have a choice, sitting here with you. I could tell you the truth about your granddaughter's death. What I found out. And the decisions I made. But you might not agree with what I've done.

(pause)

Or I could lie to you, tell you I found nothing at all. But that doesn't sit right with me.

Jack swallows.

JACK (CONT'D)

So I've decided to leave it up to you. You can choose. If you want, I'll tell you what I found out. And what I did about it.

Colonel Frink absorbs that. Bear comes up with a ball, panting. Rests her face on Colonel Frink's lap.

COLONEL FRINK

Will the person who killed my granddaughter ever hurt anyone again?

JACK

No.

Colonel Frink takes the ball from Bear's mouth. Examines it.

COLONEL FRINK

Well then. What does the rest really matter?

Colonel Frink throws the ball. Bear runs after it.

COLONEL FRINK (CONT'D)
(re: Bear, tentative)
You find her home?

Bear runs back with the ball. Colonel Frink pets her. A perfect match, these two.

Jack looks at them, a small smile on his face.

JACK
(re: Colonel Frink)
Think I did.

662 EXT. ALONG THE RIVER WYE, NEAR MONMOUTH - DAY [LATER] 662

Jack treads along the river. He comes to a clearing. Stops. It's The Walking Man's hut.

JACK (V.O.)
I've done what you've asked.

663 INT. THE WALKING MAN'S HUT - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 663

Jack sits opposite The Walking Man. This time, both men have coffee (The Walking Man made Jack a cup).

JACK
The dog. The family. It's over now.
And you were right.

Jack glances down at his bruised thumb.

JACK (CONT'D)
Please. Tell me what you know about
what happened to my brother.

THE WALKING MAN
The man who beat your neighbour in
prison, I know him. And I know what
he told me is the truth.

Jack waits.

THE WALKING MAN (CONT'D)
Ivan Penderecki had been stalking
your brother prior to abducting
him. He had a plan in place to
kidnap Ewan on his way home from
school. The fight you two had in
the treehouse...it provided an
unexpected opportunity to take him.
But it would have happened no
matter what.

JACK
You're lying. You're just saying
that to -

THE WALKING MAN
When Ewan walked home from school
he passed through a short tunnel,
winds through the park near your
home. Isn't that right?

Jack is speechless.

THE WALKING MAN (CONT'D)
How would I know that, unless what
I'm saying is the truth? Ewan would
have been taken one way or another.

Jack's eyes are down. He shakes his head, no.

THE WALKING MAN (CONT'D)
It's not your fault.

Jack's head stays down still.

JACK
He was stalking Ewan? Planning the
whole thing?

THE WALKING MAN
Yes.

JACK
I should have known it wasn't a
nightmare. That it was real. I
should have said something.

663A INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
[FLASHBACK][1998]

663A

*Ivan Penderecki, in the shadows of Ewan's bedroom, sitting on
the windowsill, watching the boy sleep.*

664 INT. THE WALKING MAN'S HUT - DAY [CONTINUOUS]

664

JACK
If I had said something, maybe it
never would have happened. But it
did. And then...
(pause)
Then I should have stayed. I should
have been braver.

664A INT. IVAN PENDERECKI'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT
[FLASHBACK] [1998]

664A

Feet moving under the door frame in Ivan Penderecki's basement.

665 INT. THE WALKING MAN'S HUT - DAY [CONTINUOUS]

665

JACK
I never even told my parents what
I'd seen. I thought...I thought I'd
get in trouble. Then I thought I'd
imagined it. I...

Now Jack looks up.

JACK (CONT'D)
There's so many things I could have
done.

THE WALKING MAN
How old were you, Jack?

JACK
I was eight.

THE WALKING MAN
(pointedly)
Do you remember how young that is?

666 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, LIVING ROOM - DAY [EARLY EVENING]

666

Jack throws a final few items into his rucksack (the one he hastily packed in ep 1). But he's moving slowly now. Thoughts weighing heavily on his mind.

He closes the rucksack. Sets it on the floor. Then sits on the sofa. A little lost.

667 OMITTED

667

668 OMITTED

668

669 OMITTED

669

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

670

Jack pulls up. Parks. Emerges from his car, taking in the sight of his childhood home. Then...

He sees something.

We don't know what it is yet. But he takes a step towards his front door. Then another. Another. He stops. Looking down.

At Jack's feet is his Fila trainer. The one he lost inside Penderecki's basement.

He stares at it. We think he's going to pick it up. But he doesn't. Instead he strides towards the -

671 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, BACK GARDEN - DAY [EVENING] 671

- where he has a view of Ivan Penderecki's house. And through the window, we see: **Ivan's silhouette**. With one hand, he holds the curtain back. With his other hand...

He waves.

Jack closes his eyes. Swallowing. All the emotion coming to the surface, about to boil over, and then -

He climbs up to the treehouse.

672 INT. JACK'S TREEHOUSE - DAY [EVENING]

672

The first time we've been in here. It's rudimentary. Hastily built but the kind of place a kid would love.

Jack's hands - *that bruised thumb* - grab hold of a plank of wood. He YANKS it from the tree. Tosses it to the ground.

Another plank. He PULLS it lose. Throws it.

Plank after plank, they CLATTER as they fall to the ground. He keeps going. Unable to stop. Until...

All the walls of the treehouse are gone.

Jack stands on the platform, panting. Sweating in the night air. He looks over to Ivan Penderecki's house.

Ivan drops the curtain.

Jack smiles.

673 INT. LONDON POLICE STATION, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY
[MORNING]

673

Sergeant Cox wanders the halls of the police station, friendly smiles as he passes colleagues. He's drinking coffee from a environmentally-friendly/reusable cup.

He approaches his desk. On it, the RoboMajor toy in a plastic evidence bag.

A file has been laid next to the toy. He picks up the file. Absently reads.

Then his eyes go a little wide.

He moves back down the same hallway, that file in hand. Less friendly smiles this time around - he's in too much of a hurry.

He reaches a stairwell, heading down.

Another hallway. His stride quickening a bit. He heads into the open door of the -

674 INT. LONDON POLICE STATION, FORENSICS DEPARTMENT - DAY 674
[MORNING]

- where an ANALYST (30s, female) looks up from her computer.

SERGEANT COX
There was a fingerprint on the
robot toy?

ANALYST
Yeah.

SERGEANT COX
You're *sure*?

ANALYST
Yeah.

SERGEANT COX
*And it was a match for Jack's
brother?*

ANALYST
An exact match.

Sergeant Cox's mind races.

SERGEANT COX
Ewan Caffery was abducted in 1998.
Presumed killed. That toy wasn't
even made until 2004.
(pause)
That means, Jack's brother wasn't
killed in 1998. That would mean he
was alive until at least 2004.
(pause)
Maybe longer.

675 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, BACK GARDEN - NIGHT 675

Jack stands in his garden. The wood from the treehouse now
broken down and set on fire in a small pit. Orange flames
against the sky.

Jack watches the treehouse burn.

FADE OUT