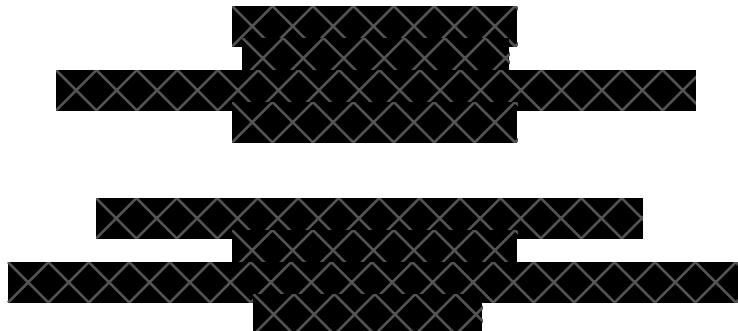


**WOLF**  
by  
**Megan Gallagher**  
Based on the novel by Mo Hayder

**Episode 6**  
**"Knock, Knock"**

SHOOTING SCRIPT: 10.05.22  
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LOCKED SCENES FROM 28.01.22



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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 614  
 MORNING]

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  
[CONTINUOUS]

619

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  
[CONTINUOUS]

619a

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

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

619b

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 630  
[AFTERNOON]

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 631  
[AFTERNOON]

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 631a  
[AFTERNOON]

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 634  
-DAY [AFTERNOON]

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 643  
[CONTINUOUS]

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 643A  
ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK, AUGUST 2017]

*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 - 643B  
DAY [FLASHBACK, AUGUST 2017]

*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]

*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]

*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

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

*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 647C 2018]

*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 a 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 than  
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 664A  
[FLASHBACK] [1998]

*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 666  
EVENING]

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

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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

673

[MORNING]

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