

# **WOLF**

by

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Based on the novel by Mo Hayder

## **Pilot Episode "Watching"**

SHOOTING SCRIPT: 09.03.22

PINK REVISIONS: 07.04.22

BLUE REVISIONS: 25.05.22

YELLOW REVISIONS: 07.06.22

GREEN REVISIONS: 09.06.22

GOLDENROD REVISIONS: 15.06.22

POST SHOOT VERSION: 26.07.22



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AND ITS SUBSIDIARY AND PARENT COMPANIES.

A100 Over a black screen, we hear the single string of a base A100 guitar THUMP, THUMP, THUMPING...

Music cue: "**PSYCHO KILLER**" by The Talking Heads.

**(note: this song will play over the entire pre-title sequence)**

As the song kicks in, we hear the *CREEEEEEK* of a car's boot opening up and we -

FADE IN:

B100 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOME - DAY

B100

The camera is inside the boot of a car, looking up at:

**The Hazmat Man.**

The almost-comically bright blue sky is directly behind him, framing his "face".

He reaches towards the camera and we -

CUT TO:

C100 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOME - MOMENTS LATER

C100

We're close on the Hazmat Man (head and shoulders shot), as he drags *something* behind him.

From his body language, and the sound of the object *DRAGGING* on the ground, we can tell: it's heavy.

(We presume it's a body - and it is - but we don't see it)

The Hazmat Man stops in front of a tree. Behind him, we see the Anchor-Ferrers' house.

He releases what he's been dragging. Pulls off a tarp (we see the tarp, not the body).

The music still playing - the chorus kicking in. And then, just as we get caught up in the song, *ever so slightly*, we see...

The Hazmat Man's shoulders move to the beat of the song. Then his arms.

**He can hear it, too - the song is "in" the scene.**

Now his head BOPS a bit to the beat. And as it does, he briefly angles his head downward, and we see:

The body reflected in his goggled-eyes.

It's not a detailed or gruesome shot, just a teasing glimpse.

His head comes up again. And the dancing abruptly stops - *party time is over.*

His hand grabs a KNIFE in his belt.

He raises the knife in the air. It GLEAMS in the bright sunshine.

Then, all in one move, he FALLS to his knees, and (presumably, off camera) PLUNGES the knife into the torso of the body.

Blood SPLATTERS on the Hazmat Man's left shoulder.

He drags (off camera) the knife down/to the right (presumably along the stomach of the victim - again, off camera).

As he does, a THIN SPRAY of blood moves across the Hazmat Man's body, from his left shoulder all the way to his right.

(note: this isn't how blood would spray, but it's for heightened/exaggerated/over-the-top effect).

When he's finished...

## **WOLF**

...drops into frame, taking up the whole screen, dripping in blood.

### **TITLE SEQUENCE**

100 EXT. SAND DUNES, NEAR MONMOUTH, WALES - DAY [EVENING] 100

Over a black screen, we hear GASPING. It sounds painful.

MIA (O.S.)  
(screaming)  
*Amy!*

The voice is strained. Throat raw.

MIA (O.S.)  
(guttural)  
*Amy!!!*

FADE IN:

MIA (40s) runs through a sand dune field, sweat-soaked under a light jumper. Her breath comes in sharp, hard puffs.

She stops, spinning around, eyes darting everywhere. Through the surrounding trees (which line the dunes), the setting sun casts an orange glow.

MIA  
*Amy!!!!*

A FLASH OF RED - something behind a tree. It's a duffle coat. Mia bolts towards it.

MIA  
AMY!!

Mia races forward, colliding with AMY (5). A plastic bucket and spade tip over.

MIA  
Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus!  
(screaming)  
Brian! I've found her!  
(to Amy)  
Are you all right?

Amy nods.

MIA  
Are you sure?

AMY  
Why?

MIA  
*Why?*

Mia erupts in nervous laughter, adrenaline still surging through her veins. She hugs her daughter tighter.

BRIAN (O.C.)  
*Amy!*

MIA

She's here! We're here!

BRIAN (40s) emerges from the woods, running towards them.

BRIAN

*Amy!*

MIA

She's all right!

He stops just a few metres short of them, panting, red-faced. Trembling with relief. Then -

BRIAN

(angry, erupting)

Where have you been?!

MIA

*Brian.*

BRIAN

How many times have I told you not to go out of our sight?!

MIA

She's all right. That's the main thing.

BRIAN

Is she? Are you, Amy? Where've you been? Have you spoken to anyone?

Amy bites her lip.

BRIAN

(voice softening)

Amy. Did you speak to anyone?

AMY

Only the man.

BRIAN

The man?

AMY

He had a puppy.

BRIAN

Oh Christ!

MIA

*Brian, please.*

AMY

The puppy was hurt.

BRIAN

It's the oldest trick in the book.  
(mocking voice)  
'I've got a poorly puppy, come into  
the woods and I'll show you.'  
(stern)  
We're taking her to the police. She  
needs an examination.

AMY

I don't want a zamination.

MIA

You're upsetting her! Amy, love,  
this man...was he nice to you?

AMY

Yeah. And he was nice to the puppy.  
He found it.

MIA

So it wasn't *his* puppy?

AMY

No. It was just in the woods. It  
didn't have a nowner.

MIA

Amy, did this man...touch you? Did  
he ask you to do anything you  
didn't like?

AMY

No.

MIA

Are you sure?

AMY

Honest, Mam.

Mia and Brian still look worried.

AMY

Honest *honest*.

Brian shudders an exhale. Then -

BRIAN

(calling out)

Hello?! You want to come out? Have  
a chat with me? We can talk about  
puppies, you  *fucker!*

Amy looks startled. Brian slowly calms down. Then he  
approaches Amy. Falls to his knees. Pulls her into his chest.

The wind kicks up. Leaves on the surrounding trees rustle.

BRIAN

I love you, cariad.

MIA

Let's go home.

All three of them come to their feet. Hands held, they walk towards the woods.

101 INT. MIA AND BRIAN'S CAR - DAY [EVENING]

101

Amy buckled up in back. Mia in the passenger seat. Through the rear window, we see Brian loading up the boot of the car.

AMY

Mam? What word does it make if you put that "huh" letter Miss Redhill makes when she puffs on her hand?

MIA

'H', you mean?

AMY

Yeah, and what happens if you put H next to egg 'e' and lollipop 'el' and the "puh" sound?

MIA

H-E-L-P? That spells "help."

AMY

And what about umbrella "uh" and snakey "sssss"?

MIA

U and S? That spells 'us'. 'Help Us'. Why are you asking that?

Brian climbs in the driver's seat. Gets buckled up.

MIA

Amy? Why are you asking?

Both parents turn around, looking at Amy.

AMY

It's nuffink.

101a EXT. MIA AND BRIAN'S CAR/ROAD BY SAND DUNES - CONTINUOUS 101a

The car slowly pulls onto the road, driving away.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD, WE SEE:

**A small dog (her name is "BEAR")** is in the woods. She pants, wet tongue hanging. A simple collar with a silver, bone-shaped name tag.

**A hand** moves into frame. It's large. Calloused. Clad in fingerless gloves.

The hand pets Bear. Whoever is attached to the calloused hand...whoever that man is...

**He's watching the family.**

102 OMITTED 102

103 OMITTED 103

104 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 104

**Close on: a thumb. The nail is damaged, a deep, worn charcoal-black mark right in the centre.**

Pull back to reveal:

JACK CAFFERY (32). Jack is *young*. No crow's feet here. The room around him is dark, but we see his legs are up on a desk by the room's only window.

Bright, intelligent eyes staring outside at...*something*. His glare is intense. Unwavering.

Now we reverse. Through the window:

Jack's back garden. One of many in a long row of attached houses.

In the garden, a treehouse. It looks old. Worn. Like it was built decades ago. It's nestled in the branches of the garden's only tree.

But beyond the treehouse, over the alley, there's a second row of houses.

Jack is focused on one house in particular. A single window. But it's dark inside. No movement. Nothing.

Jack shifts in his chair. Under a white t-shirt we see long, lean muscles. He waits. Patient. Then -

*Movement. A shadow in the house. Something in the window.*

Jack's eyes pop open. Feet find the floor. His hand - *that thumb* - now pressed against the desk.

The shadow is a shoulder. A man is standing in the window.

*Staring back at Jack.*

Jack trembles. Breath held. His stare intense but now we see something else. Something...vulnerable.

Like looking hurts. But he can't stop. Then -

**The man waves.**

104A EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON - DAY [FLASHBACK] [1998] 104A

Jack and Ewan playing happily in the garden with the Combat Hero. They've rigged a ramp from the treehouse ladder and push a truck carrying Combat Hero down it. A happy memory for Jack. But then we reveal Penderecki at the window watching them.

105 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S BEDROOM - DAY 105 [MORNING]

In the daylight, we take in the details of the room.

The walls are covered with Premiere League posters. Arsenal, specifically. But all the team pictures look old. The players are from the 90s. Their uniforms dated.

On the shelves, we see toys. But they're from the 90s; nothing a kid today would play with.

In between the toys: football trophies, school awards, ribbons. Whoever the kid is who lived in this room, he was amazing.

We end on a school certificate:

**Ewan Caffery. June, 1998.**

Jack sleeps in the chair we saw him in last night. Somewhere downstairs, a door opens and SHUTS.

Jack blinks awake. Then winces, stiff.

VERONICA (O.C.)

Jack?

The voice is gentle, melodic... a little sexy. Jack straightens up, working out the kinks in his neck, just as -

VERONICA (40) enters. Tall. Skinny jeans showing off perfect, long legs. She carries a clothing bag. She smiles, sweet.

Jack's still foggy. He looks at her, then down at her feet.

JACK

Where are your shoes?

She's barefoot. She extends a leg, revealing pale pink toes.  
Makes a silly face.

VERONICA  
'Bermuda Bliss'. They're still  
drying.  
(smiling)  
Lovely to see you, too.

She approaches. Leans down to kiss him, but -

JACK  
I haven't showered.

VERONICA  
I like you just the way you are.

She kisses him. In an instant, it turns just a tad sexual; a chemistry between these two.

Then she straightens up, leaving him wanting more.

VERONICA  
(re: the clothing bag)  
But I could still shine you up a bit.

He shoots her a look.

VERONICA  
Oh come on! That was funny.

She unzips the clothing bag. Inside, a nice, new jacket. Stylish, understated cool.

JACK  
How much did that cost?

VERONICA  
It doesn't matter.

JACK  
It does matter. I mean, *thank you*, but I can't have you spending that kind of money on me.

VERONICA  
I am an adult woman, Jack. If you try to control what I spend my money on, I'm pretty sure that makes you a chauvinist.

He opens his mouth, but then closes it - defeated.

Another quick kiss, then she takes the jacket out of the clothing bag, draping it over her arm.

JACK  
(re: the jacket)  
We're not done talking about -

VERONICA

Aren't you late for work? Unless  
you want to stay and help me clean.  
(looking around, half  
joking)

Though fair warning: it's going to  
take some effort to get this place  
party-ready.

JACK

I told you, I'd hire someone. Also,  
didn't we agree on '*informal  
gathering*'?

VERONICA

(hands in the air)

'Informal gathering', 'party', call it what you want, Boris. I just want your friends to meet my friends.

JACK

I have colleagues, Veronica. I don't have friends.

VERONICA

You know what can fix that? A *party*.

She smiles. He sighs - reluctantly charmed. A moment of held eye contact between them, playful affection, then -

He stands, turning to face what is on the floor in front of him. Only now do we see it:

**Stacks of items in plastic evidence bags.** They appear random: plastic cups, dirty socks, bits of paper, pieces of gum.

Everything is labelled, dated, colour-coded.

**An obsessive collection, but of what?**

Veronica flops into a chair. The jacket still over her forearm.

VERONICA

So, my mum has offered to lend us her really expensive champagne flutes for the party. I know, I know, who cares about glasses? But it sort of feels like a blessing.

Jack starts putting the items away into a nearby box (we presume he took everything out last night).

VERONICA

Or at least evidence that she  
doesn't think your friends are apes  
who will crush them in their big  
hairy hands.

He's still putting items away.

VERONICA

Or that she trusts that we'll put  
them away before the orgy begins.

(pause)

*Jack.*

He snaps out of it. Stands.

JACK

I appreciate all you're doing for  
this...party. But what exactly are  
we celebrating?

VERONICA

That we're finally in the same  
city! Together. I mean, it's what  
you wanted.

He hesitates. Veronica reads it. Some sort of subtext we  
don't (yet) understand between them.

Her usually chipper demeanour shifts - now stung.

VERONICA

You slept in here again last night?

Now *his* demeanour shifts. He leaves the room. She follows.

(note: as he leaves, we see a nameplate on the door that says  
"Ewan")

106      INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY / STAIRCASE 106  
/ DOWNSTAIRS - DAY [MORNING]

Jack walks down the **upstairs hallway**, passing a closed bedroom door with a nameplate that says "Jack".

He walks down the **stairs**. Veronica follows.

VERONICA  
I'm only worried, Jack.

JACK  
It's fine. Really.

They reach the downstairs. Both heading down a **hallway**, him leading, her following.

VERONICA  
But you're in there almost every night.

Jack walks into -

106a     INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, GUEST BEDROOM - DAY  
[MORNING]

106a

A much more "done up" room for a couple. A double bed with nice sheets. Decorative blankets. An open closet door reveals a woman's clothing (Veronica's).

(note: we can see Penderecki's house from the window in this room, too. Obviously a slightly different view, though).

Jack enters. Veronica follows.

Jack roots through drawers and the closet, pulling out a shirt and tie. He slips the shirt on over his t-shirt, leaving it unbuttoned for now. Drapes the tie around his neck.

She stands at a distance, giving him space.

He moves into the bathroom (the door open, we stay in the bedroom). Veronica (and we) watch as he brushes his teeth.

Veronica exhales. We watch her mood shift, a conscious effort to save the morning.

VERONICA

Let's make a deal. You wear it for one day. If you don't like it, I'll return it.

JACK

(while brushing teeth)

To wear it for one day, I have to take the tags off. Then you can't return it.

VERONICA

Aren't you clever.

He cracks a smile, despite his best efforts not to. Spits out the toothpaste.

Walks towards her. Takes the jacket - *she's won*. He kisses her. Then moves out the door.

As he's leaving, her face falls a bit.

VERONICA

(hurt, re: the neighbour)

Sometimes I think you moved back to be closer to *him*.

Jack freezes. A chord struck. Then he leaves.

106b EXT. LONDON POLICE STATION - DAY [MORNING]

106b

Establishing.

DI RICHARDS (V.O.)

Here she comes. This is her.

107 INT. LONDON POLICE STATION, MAJOR CRIMES, BRIEFING ROOM - 107  
DAY [MORNING]

A few suit-clad detectives stand in a huddle.

DI RICHARDS (40s, male), holds his mobile, playing a video for the group. Among the detectives is DI AKERS (50s, male). They watch with genuine interest.

DI AKERS

Aw, she's beautiful.

DI RICHARDS

Yeah?

DI AKERS

You got a talented one there. Look  
at her go!

Richards glows with paternal pride. The other detectives  
huddled around him, a close-knit group.

A few metres away:

Jack sits at one of the long tables. He's by himself. Not  
part of the group. By choice, it looks like.

DRISCOLL (O.S.)

I'll tell you lot the same thing I  
tell my son.

SUPERINTENDENT DRISCOLL (late 40s, female) walks to the front  
of the room.

DRISCOLL

If you can't concentrate on your  
work with your phone in your hand,  
then I'll take the phone away.

Detectives find seats.

DI RICHARDS

Your son joining Major Crimes,  
then?

DRISCOLL

I'll give him your job, you don't  
watch it.

The detectives chuckle. Driscoll approaches a large white  
board, writes case assignments as she speaks.

The chuckles die down. Expressions turn serious.

DRISCOLL

All right, from the last 24: two  
gang stabbings, one of them a  
fatality. He was 15 and white, so,  
fair warning, the media will give a  
shit.

We close in on Jack's face as Driscoll's voice continues...

DRISCOLL (O.C.)

Acid attack in the underground. The  
victims are parents and their 7  
year old. Little one's lost the  
left eye, they're trying to save  
the right.

Jack remains stoic. But it's hard....*the job is hard.*

DRISCOLL (O.C.)  
Sexual assault in an estate  
stairwell. Seems like it was  
several boys. We're waiting on an  
appropriate adult before we talk to  
her. She's...  
(checking her report)  
Not quite 14.

108 EXT. COUNTRY ROADS, NEAR MONMOUTH, WALES - DAY [MORNING] 108

Rolling hills. A dark blue sky threatening rain.

A small road. A luxury SUV drives along, passing Welsh signs.

***NOTE: We are about to meet the Anchor-Ferrers family. Their storyline and Jack's storyline do not run parallel to each other.***

109 INT./EXT. OLIVER AND MATILDA'S LUXURY SUV - DAY [MORNING] 109

Soft black leather. A smart screen display. The engine a  
soothing HUM.

MATILDA ANCHOR-FERRERS (60s) drives. Minimal wrinkles for her  
age. A well-preserved figure.

**Note:** the electronic key that operates the SUV has a keyring  
with a corgi on it. It dangles near Matilda's knee.

Matilda's eyes are wide, animated, in the midst of telling a  
story.

MATILDA  
I didn't know what to do! They were  
about put you under!

Next to her, OLIVER ANCHOR-FERRERS (60s). Grey, like his  
wife. Leathery skin. A kind smile.

OLIVER  
Please tell me you didn't say  
anything.

LUCIA  
(teenage petulance)  
It was so embarrassing.

LUCIA ANCHOR-FERRERS (22). Lanky skinny. Combat boots. Nose  
earring. Dark eye-liner.

MATILDA

I just keep thinking, if I don't intervene, and then something happens, I'd never forgive myself. Because if you don't like a patient, that has to affect your performance as a surgeon.

Oliver stifles a laugh. Reaches his chest; a tinge of pain.

MATILDA  
(re: his chest)  
Is it the stitches?

OLIVER  
I'm fine.

MATILDA  
Should I pull over?

OLIVER  
No. And you are not getting out of  
this story.

He waits. She sighs.

MATILDA  
You'd been wheezing when that one  
woman asked all those pre-operation  
questions. She kept telling you to  
speak up. She had an attitude.

OLIVER  
She had *tattoos*.

MATILDA  
Well, she was the one who wrote it  
on your chart! And I thought she  
wrote it because she didn't like  
you because you didn't *annunciate*.  
(pause)  
And so she's wheeling you in for  
surgery and I...I asked if we could  
have a word.

LUCIA  
You blocked her from the operation  
room.

MATILDA  
I asked her why she thought my  
husband was a 'son of a bitch.' I  
said, "because you've written that  
on his chart, *for the surgeon to*  
*see*. And that's not only unfair but  
potentially litigious!"

Oliver starts laughing. Matilda, too.

MATILDA  
But as it turns out, 'S.O.B' also  
stands for 'shortness of breath'.

Oliver laughs harder. Matilda, too. Even Lucia joins in.

Oliver reaches over, takes his wife's (free) hand. He loves  
her, flaws and all. And then...

The road ends in a T intersection.

The family's laughter dies down. An uncomfortable silence taking over as the car comes to a stop.

A long beat. Then, Matilda puts on her turn signal.

There's no other cars on the road, so the CLICKING sound of the turn signal is just for the three of them. Like a warning. *But for what?*

She turns right.

They drive in silence. The HUM of the engine is no longer soothing. Now it's stifling.

Matilda and Oliver keep their eyes forward. Oliver's jaw clenched. We hear Matilda swallow, her throat tight.

*Then...a shadow is cast on the vehicle. Something so large, so looming, that it's blocking the sun.*

Lucia is the only one who looks out her side window. She stares at something, transfixed.

Finally, we reverse, seeing what she's seeing (and what is casting the shadow):

**A large, ominous stone wall.**

Deep grey with speckles of white. It stretches on, and on.

And then, in the middle of the wall, we see: **a wooden door.** It's closed (bolted/locked). And in front of the door...

Flowers. Graveyard candles. Framed photos (we don't see any faces or details up close). But we can definitely tell...

**It's a shrine.** Someone died behind this wall.

110 INT. LONDON POLICE STATION, JACK'S DESK - NIGHT [EVENING] 110

The CID floor. Through the windows, we hear the common sounds of city life: horns HONKING, people SHOUTING. But we also notice, the sun has started to set. Evening time.

A group of detectives make their way out the door, leaving behind...

Jack. He sits at his (cluttered) desk. Now (finally) alone.

Jack's eyes go towards his mobile. A moment of contemplation. Then he grabs it.

With his blackened thumb he dials a number he knows by heart. Puts the mobile to his ear.

It RINGS. And RINGS. Seemingly endless, but Jack doesn't hang up. He waits. And waits. Until -

*Someone picks up. Jack freezes. Breath held. There's no "hello". No sound at all. Just silence. It stretches on, and on, until finally we hear:*

A CHILDREN'S CARTOON SHOW. High-pitched cartoon voices, over-the-top sound effects, upbeat music (think: Looney Tunes). The sound of the show gets louder. Louder. LOUDER.

111 INT. LONDON POLICE STATION, HALLWAYS - NIGHT [EVENING] 111

Jack, rattled, passes the Major Crimes room (where the debriefing was this morning). Through the door frame, we see:

Driscoll writing fresh cases up on the white board.

DRISCOLL  
(without turning)  
Nice jacket.

Jack freezes. Chuckles to himself. Then turns to stand in the door frame.

DRISCOLL  
Hadn't pegged you for a bloke with designer taste.

Driscoll turns to face Jack.

DRISCOLL  
(re: the jacket)  
That has 'girlfriend' written all over it. Same girlfriend's throwing this party?

JACK  
No one here has to come, ma'am.

DRISCOLL  
You're a real charmer, Jack.  
(pause)  
I saw the others are going for a pint. You not joining?

JACK  
Don't really drink.

A beat.

DRISCOLL  
Detectives have spent years carefully cultivating the image of downtrodden alcoholics. And you millennials are just going to throw it all away.

Jack chuckles, but then sees something on the white board behind Driscoll. His face falls.

JACK

She here?

Driscoll turns. We see the name she was writing: Ella Ward.

DRISCOLL

Hospital.

JACK

You can give her to me.

DRISCOLL

It's the end of your shift.

112 INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - NIGHT [EVENING]

112

Jack stands with an overworked, exhausted A&E Registrar DOCTOR DIAZ (30s). She's reading from a chart. He's listening.

DOCTOR DIAZ

Fractured sternum. Fractured ribs.  
Fractured right side of the skull.  
MRI revealed no intracranial  
haemorrhage, which was what saved  
her. Extensive facial hematoma.  
Lacerations on the neck, hands,  
feet...

113 INT. HOSPITAL, ELLA'S ROOM - NIGHT [EVENING]

113

Jack enters. In the bed, ELLA WARD. Hooked up to a cardiac monitor. She's in her 40s but you can barely tell with all the bruises and bandages. She blinks when she sees Jack.

JACK

I've only been in London six  
months, Ella. Not long enough to  
have regulars, but you...

(pause)

We've been through all this, but  
I'll say it again: if you don't  
give a statement about what he's  
doing, there's not enough evidence  
for CPS to consider a victimless  
prosecution. Which means, my hands  
are tied. And this will keep  
happening. Are you going to give a  
statement this time?

Her silence is her answer.

JACK

All right.

He sits next to her. On Ella's un-bandaged hand, a wedding band and a sizeable engagement ring. Manicured fingernails.

(Note: her engagement ring is a visual motif to be used in block 2).

JACK

Then, I'm going to be honest with you about what's going to happen.

She isn't looking at him. She can't.

JACK

Next time, one of the blows to the head will be harder than he meant it to be. He'll be scared, but he's smart, so he'll leave town. Use one of his business trips to establish an alibi. You'll die in the house. Alone.

(pause)

It'll probably be a week before we're called in. You'll be decomposing. Bloated. Leaking from the mouth and nose and anus. Week-old corpses are shiny. It looks like sweat but it's not. It's these tiny blisters. They show up right before the skin starts to loosen and fall off.

(pause)

You will smell horrible. My team...honestly, we'll probably tell jokes about your stench.

(pause)

Coroner will saw through your skull to examine the damage to your brain. When they do that, they fold down your face. Forehead to chin. I may or may not be there for the autopsy, depends on if I've got time. But I'll get the report. Pick apart his alibi. Make the arrest. Shouldn't be too hard.

(pause)

You'll be stapled back together for the funeral. I'll get a conviction. He'll serve time. And you'll go underground.

Her bloodshot eyes are filled with tears. But she doesn't make a single sound.

He leans in, forearms on his knees, looking her dead in the eye.

JACK

I can't change who you married,  
Ella. But whether or not he kills  
you? That's something I've got a  
say in.

(pleading)

Let me help you. Please.

114

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

114

Jack cuts the engine of his car. Climbs out, on his mobile.

JACK

(on mobile)

Full statement. We got him. Can  
have him in custody by morning.

Jack approaches his front door.

JACK

Thank you, ma'am.

He ends the call. Takes another step towards his own house  
but -

FREEZES.

His breathing grows shallow. We can practically hear his  
heart THUMPING in his chest.

On his front steps, **TWO DOLLS**. A male action figure, and a  
female doll.

They're intertwined in a 69 sexual position.

The action figure's trousers are undone, giving the female  
doll's face access to his groin.

The female doll is fully naked. Her synthetic hair blows in  
the warm evening wind.

115

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

115

A stately, golden brick façade. A long, circular gravel  
driveway arches towards steps leading to the front door.

This is the Anchor-Ferrers' country mansion.

Lucia stands next to the family's SUV, taking in the view of  
the home. Her expression oddly blank. Her body still.

The only thing moving is her hair, blowing in the wind.

Matilda helps Oliver up the front steps. They go slow, step  
by step, approaching the front door, but then -

Oliver trips.

Lucia flushes with concern, about to bolt forward to help, but -

Matilda has him. She waves off Lucia - all is well.

Lucia sighs in relief. Then smiles, watching her parents disappear into the mansion.

Lucia turns towards the SUV. Opens a pet carrier. Pulls out a small dog.

**We recognise this dog - this is Bear.**

She flops in Lucia's arms, sleepy from the car ride. Lucia kisses the dog, their faces touching.

LUCIA

I know. It was a long drive. But we're finally here.

(re: the mansion)

This is your country home.

116 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, KITCHEN - NIGHT [EVENING] 116

THE DOLLS. Now separated, they lay on their backs.

The male is 'Combat Hero', clad in British army fatigues and thick black boots. His plastic skin is scuffed. The sleeve of his uniform is ripped.

The female doll, meanwhile, has been decorated with a red marker. Large, round nipples and a grotesquely engorged vulva.

But Jack isn't looking at the female doll. He's looking at the Combat Hero. His eyes glued to it.

Jack reaches forward, touching Combat Hero's worn fatigues. Feeling the soft fabric. His eyes flash wet, some deep well of pain bubbling up to the surface. Then -

A SOUND from upstairs.

117 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT [EVENING] [CONTINUOUS] 117

Veronica vacuums the carpet (that's the sound). The stacks of evidence-bagged items have been moved to the bookshelves.

JACK (O.C.)

What are you doing?

She JUMPS, startled. Shuts off the vacuum. Then she smiles, a little sly.

VERONICA

I seriously considered finding one of those maid's costumes. But I thought it might be too subtle. However...

(a sexy gaze)

If you think I've missed a spot, I might be game for a punishment...

He stays quiet - no reaction. She cuts the act.

VERONICA

I'm just tidying up.

JACK

I've asked you not to come in here before.

VERONICA

I was only trying to clean.

JACK

I've asked you.

A beat.

VERONICA

This is getting ridiculous. I'm tired of coming in second to this, this, *obsession* that you have.

JACK

Obsession?

VERONICA

You're living in your childhood home! And why? All of this is in your head! And it's making both of us miserable.

(resolute)

That's it. You've got to choose between your past and your future.

JACK

Don't do this.

VERONICA

It's between him and me.

JACK

Don't give me an ultimatum.

VERONICA

Why not?

JACK

(gently)

Because I won't choose you.

She looks genuinely gobsmacked. He lowers his head, ashamed of himself.

JACK

When I moved back to London, you assumed it was for us. So we could be together. But that wasn't the reason. And I never corrected you. I'm sorry.

He swallows, tapping into something painful.

JACK

You deserve better. You deserve someone who - [is actually what you want]

VERONICA

(softly)

You love that this is happening now, don't you? It's perfect. You'll get out of all of it.

JACK

What do you mean?

She looks up. Eyes a tad wet.

VERONICA

I was so silly to think I could hide it from you.

(laughing through tears)

You're a detective! Of course, I can't hide it. I've been so tired. Emotional.

JACK

What are you - [talking about]

VERONICA

The cancer is back. I thought I could keep it from you until after the party. But you can tell.

(re: Ewan's things)

And I've just given you the perfect excuse to break up with me.

JACK

No, that's not what I was -  
[talking about]

VERONICA

Yes, it was! You could tell I was ill!

JACK

I couldn't! I swear! But wait. You've been in remission for years. When did you find out it'd come back?

VERONICA

I had the test a week ago. Haven't gotten the results yet, but I know my body.

She musters strength. Real courage. Finally -

VERONICA

You don't have to break up with me. I'll break up with you. I don't want to put you through cancer.

JACK

I'm not breaking up with you.  
That's not what -

VERONICA

Yes, it wa-

JACK

(firm)

That's not what I was talking about. Come on. Sit down.

They move to the bed. Sit side by side. Hands held.

VERONICA

I'm sorry this happened.

JACK

It's not your fault. And I'm not afraid of cancer.

He looks down at her toes. 'Bermuda Bliss.' Her feet so pretty, so dainty.

JACK  
Not one bit.

118 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS, 118  
SITTING ROOM / KITCHEN / ENTRANCE HALL - DAY [AFTERNOON]

**Inside the front door, a grand entrance hall.** High ceilings. Ornate crown moulding. A grand chandelier. Herringbone wood flooring.

The entrance hall leads to a **large spiral staircase.**

**To the right, directly inside the front door, is the family kitchen.** Beautifully decorated, with large windows overlooking the expansive greenery.

We note a long, magnet strip against elegant, bespoke backsplash tiles. On the magnet strip are various kitchen knives.

Matilda, in the kitchen. She wears an apron and oven mitts. She closes the oven door, placing a piping-hot, light-coloured cake onto a cooling rack.

She removes the oven mitts, picking up a knitting needle.

She methodically/evenly pokes holes in the hot cake. Then drizzles lemon icing into each of the holes (note: this is lemon drizzle cake).

One by one, the holes fill up and pool atop the cake. She's focused on the process, the artistry.

So focused, in fact, that she doesn't hear the...

TICK, TICK, TICK noise.

But we hear it. It grows louder. And LOUDER. But she's engrossed in cake. Almost finished. Nearly there. Then -

POP

Matilda GASPS, startled. A sprinkler system comes on, water hitting the window.

She exhales - chuckling at herself.

**To the left of the entrance hall, a formal sitting room.** Built-in bookcases. Plush furniture. A fireplace.

Oliver sits in an arm chair. A book and a blanket on his lap. Water and pill bottles on the table next to him.

Matilda enters the sitting room, having crossed the entrance hall, still in her apron.

Oliver looks up. Smells the air, (in an exaggerated way), smiling.

MATILDA

Don't even think about it. It needs to cool.

OLIVER

What if I don't survive the wait?

MATILDA

You shouldn't joke.

OLIVER

Not joking at all.

(re: his heart)

We're still getting to know each other. At any moment, he could call it quits. And I'd die. Cakeless.

She shoots him a stern look. He smiles, cutting the act.

OLIVER

You should go.

MATILDA

What do you mean?

OLIVER

You're dying for the fresh air. Go on out. Trim whatever has bloomed. Make a bouquet for the table.

(with an adoring smile)

You always do, right when we come home.

MATILDA

I don't want to leave you alone.

OLIVER

Lucia's just upstairs.

Matilda opens her mouth to argue, but -

OLIVER

She's an adult.

MATILDA

(no she's not)

She's 22.

OLIVER

But she'll take care of her dear old dad. Now go.

She smiles, then removes her apron. Tosses it on a chair. Heads to the door. Slides on her gardening shoes, a duffle coat.

MATILDA  
(casually, on her way out)  
I love you.

OLIVER  
And I, you.

The door closes behind her. Silence.

Oliver picks up his book. Focuses on the words for a few moments, but then -

MUSIC. It's coming from up the large spiral staircase. Loud and obnoxious.

OLIVER  
Lucia!

But she doesn't hear him.

OLIVER  
*Lucia!*

Oliver sighs, puts down his book. Struggles to his feet. By the time he's standing, he's panting.

A careful step forward. Then another. And another. Until he's in the entrance hall (nearer to the front door). He leans against the wall, panting just a bit. Then -

OLIVER  
*Lucia!*

Bear comes running downstairs. She stops at Oliver's feet. Looks up, expectantly.

OLIVER  
Oh that's right. You're here now.

Bear just stares.

OLIVER  
Go tell her to turn it down.

Bear still just stares.

OLIVER  
You're useless. You know that?

Oliver has a clear view of the kitchen. His eyes land on the cake. A little smile creeps across his face.

OLIVER  
(to Bear)  
I'll blame it on you.

He takes a step towards the cake, then another, walking **into the kitchen** but then -

MATILDA (O.C.)  
Oliver?

Oliver turns, startled. Matilda is behind him, having just come inside the front door. She is white as a ghost.

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

119

The sun has reached it's midday summit.

Matilda and Oliver stand along the circular drive, near Matilda's gorgeous garden (where there are flowers she would have trimmed for a bouquet).

Her arm under his elbow. Both of them now pale. Jaws unhinged.

**They are staring up at a tree. We don't see what they see.  
But whatever it is, it's high up in the branches.**

OLIVER  
It has to be a coincidence.  
Something's been brought down by an animal. It's just a fluke the way it's...

He waves his hands vaguely towards whatever it is.

OLIVER  
The way it's ended up like that.

MATILDA  
What sort of animal could be big enough, tall enough, to - [DO THIS]

LUCIA (O.C.)  
Dad?

They turn. Lucia's approaching. Bear trailing behind her.

OLIVER  
Lucia, go inside!

LUCIA  
What is it?

OLIVER  
It's nothing. Go inside.

LUCIA

You're so fake. I can tell when  
you're ly-

She stops, seeing what they're seeing. She goes completely still. Bear GROWLS. But it's a tiny sound, from a tiny dog.

MATILDA

Lucia, it's not what it looks like.  
Go inside. Check to see if the cake  
has cooled.

LUCIA

But how could...

MATILDA

Lucia! Inside! Now!

Still stunned, she turns, leaving. Her steps awkward, uncoordinated.

Once she's gone, Matilda and Oliver turn back around. Facing... it.

OLIVER

I think we're making too much of  
this.

MATILDA

Are we? What if he's been let out?

Oliver opens his mouth to answer, but then closes it.

MATILDA

I'm calling the police.

120

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE NICE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY  
[LATE MORNING]

120

Jack leans against a bench, eyeing the scene across the street. He's patient. Relaxed. Then -

CLIVE WARD (50s), comes into view. Steel grey hair. A bespoke Dunhill suit over a burly, overweight physique.

Clive enters the office building, striding into work.

A teeny, tiny smile spreads across Jack's face.

121

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, HIGH RISE BUILDING - DAY [LATE MORNING - MOMENTS LATER]

121

Clive's chubby face SLAMS against a shiny wooden table.

JACK (O.C.)

You are under arrest for grievous  
bodily harm with intent.

Pull back to reveal:

Shocked COLLEAGUES around the conference room table. Jack puts handcuffs on a red-faced Clive Ward.

JACK

Meaning, you intended to cause  
grievous bodily harm to your wife.

A few WOMEN around the table GASP.

JACK

(can't help it)  
Who weighs 7 stone.

Jack PUSHES Clive's huge frame towards the door.

JACK

Wave goodbye.

Once they're out of earshot of the others...

CLIVE WARD

(furious)

You could have come to my house.

JACK

(smiling shamelessly)

Yeah. I could have.

122

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

122

**In the sitting room.** Lucia sits on the sofa. A dazed look on her face. Bear YAPS at her feet.

Oliver stands, pressing buttons on a cordless phone, his face scrunched in frustration.

Matilda locks the windows of the sitting room. Testing them again and again. Her hands shaking. But she can't concentrate because -

MATILDA

*Lucia.* Deal with Bear. She wants attention.

Lucia doesn't move. Bear YAPS.

MATILDA

Lucia!

Lucia snaps out of it. Picks up Bear. The yapping stops.

OLIVER  
(re: phone)  
It's dead.

MATILDA  
*What?*

OLIVER  
It needs new batteries.

MATILDA  
It doesn't work at all?!

OLIVER  
It *will*. It just needs new batteries.

MATILDA  
I promised the hospital we had a working phone line! I told them we don't have mobile signal here, but I *promised* them -

OLIVER  
Matilda. *Batteries*.

Matilda scurries **across the entrance hall** and **into the kitchen**. Opens a drawer. We see pens, keys, mints, paperclips. But unfortunately -

MATILDA  
We don't have any!

Bear resumes YAPPING.

MATILDA  
Didn't we buy some?!

But Oliver doesn't answer.

MATILDA  
Oliver?

No answer.

MATILDA  
*Oliver?!*

She rushes back into **the sitting room**. Lucia's there, but no Oliver. Bear YAPS and YAPS.

MATILDA  
*Oliv-*

Oliver straightens up - he was crouched behind a sofa, simply out of view. Matilda sighs with relief.

He had been rooting through drawers of a dresser. He holds up television remotes. In which, are, presumably -

OLIVER  
Batteries.

Oliver removes the batteries from the remotes. Then tries to pry open the back of the cordless phone. But his hands tremble.

YAP. YAP. YAP.

LUCIA  
In the garden. It looks like what they said happened. On the Donkey Pitch.

MATILDA  
Let's not rush to conclusions.

Matilda smooths the front of her dress, like she's expecting company.

LUCIA  
But it's just like what - [happened on the Donkey Pitch]

MATILDA  
Your father thinks it was an animal.

LUCIA  
But it's the same!

YAP. YAP. YAP.

Matilda folds a throw blanket.

LUCIA  
It's the exact same!

YAP. YAP. YA-

MATILDA  
Shut that dog up!

LUCIA  
She's scared! She's only ever been in our London flat!

MATILDA  
Then check the cellar door. Top bolt. And take her with you. I can't hear myself think.

LUCIA  
I already did the cellar door!

MATILDA

*Do it again!*

Holding Bear, Lucia heads **into the entrance hall**, towards the **spiral staircase**, her socked feet padding along that herringbone floor.

Matilda watches her, a parental eye on her daughter.

Lucia moves left, out a door and down a flight of stairs **towards the cellar** (we don't go with her).

OLIVER

(from the sitting room)

God *damn* it!

Oliver CUTS his thumb opening the cordless phone.

Matilda's gaze fixes on the floor, where her daughter just walked.

In the circle of sunlight from the skylight above, we (and Matilda) see something:

**Spots.**

Oliver SLAMS the phone on the back of a table, the old batteries CLATTERING to the floor.

But Matilda pays no attention to Oliver. Or the batteries. She approaches the spots.

Oliver fumbles the new batteries into the phone. Snapping the back of the phone in place.

Matilda kneels on the floor, by the circle of sunlight. Now we see, the spots look dark.

She touches them. They're dry. With her thumb, she scrapes at one of the spots. She stands. Smears her thumb into her forefinger. **It's red.**

OLIVER (O.S.)

It's not working.

She looks up. Oliver now stands behind her in **the entrance hall**, holding the cordless phone.

OLIVER

Our phone line's been cut.

*DING DONG.* Their heads whip towards the front door.

123 INT. LONDON POLICE STATION, JACK'S DESK - DAY [AFTERNOON] 123

A head. *The side of it split open.*

This is a picture of Ella Ward, taken from the hospital. We're seeing what we didn't see before...what's under those bandages.

Pull back to reveal we are:

On Jack's monitor, he's finalising paperwork on Clive Ward's arrest file. (Ergo, the pictures of Ella's head.)

Jack finishes typing. Closes the file.

Around him, Major Crimes is crowded. Various detectives working. Talking to one another.

We see Jack's cursor on the search button within the police database. A moment of hesitation, then Jack types in a name:

***Ivan Penderecki***

A file pops up. But we don't see it yet, because -

SERGEANT COX (O.C.)

They're clean.

SERGEANT COX (early 20s), lays the two dolls on Jack's desk. They're in evidence bags.

SERGEANT COX

Not a single print on them.

JACK

(not surprised)

Thanks.

Jack's eyes wander back to the contents of Ivan's police file (we just see text for now). We only catch bits and pieces:

*...possession of indecent images...11 year old...*

SERGEANT COX

(re: Combat Hero)

Didn't recognise him. Looked him up, though. 'Combat Hero.' Guess they were popular in the 80s or something.

*...distribution of child pornography...10 year old...*

JACK

(eyes on the screen)

1996.

SERGEANT COX

Sorry?

JACK

(eyes on the screen)

Every kid wanted one. If your mum  
bought you one, you'd take it  
everywhere.

*...sexual exploitation...8 year old...*

Sergeant Cox is confused, but stays quiet.

Jack grabs a post-it note. Scribbles down an address. Hands it over. Only now do we see he's barely containing his anger.

JACK

(now looking at Sergeant Cox)

Take a full team there. Turn it  
upside down.

SERGEANT COX

(quietly, diplomatically)

Listen, um, without a warrant...it  
won't fall back on me, it'll fall  
back on you. *Hard*.

Jack glances back at his computer screen. Now we see:

**Ivan Penderecki's mug shot (from the 90s).** Shoulder-length, thin hair. Pock-marked skin. Pale blue, vacant eyes.

JACK

Go.

124

INT./EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, GUEST BEDROOM - DAY  
[EARLY EVENING]

124

Jack (still in a suit from work - it's ruffled/wrinkled, tie off), sits on the windowsill, looking out at Ivan Penderecki's house.

Through the window into Penderecki's house, Jack (and we) can see figures (officers) moving about, carrying things, etc.

Jack watches, smiling, relishing the moment. Then he turns towards Veronica.

She's in front of the bathroom mirror. In a robe, fussing with her hair. Her clothing for the party hangs in the doorway.

She emerges from the bathroom, leaning on the door frame.

VERONICA  
(genuinely insecure)  
You think I look all right?

JACK  
I think you look beautiful.

She smiles. But then it falls.

VERONICA  
When your parents left you the  
house, I figured you'd just sell  
it. So when you said you were  
moving back, I really did think it  
was because of us.  
(tentatively)  
Do you miss them? Your parents.

He doesn't immediately answer.

JACK  
I do. But not because they died.  
Last decade or so, we only spoke  
once, maybe twice a year. The three  
of us never quite made it back  
after Ewan...  
(pause)  
So I miss them. But from a long  
time ago.

She isn't sure what to say.

JACK  
I can come with you to the  
appointments.

VERONICA  
No. You don't have to, Jack.

JACK

I mean, it's chemo, right?  
Radiation?

VERONICA

Let's not talk about cancer. Today  
should be fun. I want us to get  
dressed up, I want to feel pretty,  
and I want to have fun.

JACK

Well, you're not 'pretty.' You're  
stunning.

She smiles, touched.

JACK

Have you got sun lately?

VERONICA

I don't think so.

JACK

Just a nice colour in your cheeks.

She waves her blush brush in the air.

VERONICA

(re: the brush)

Practically a magic wand.

She heads back into the bathroom. Jack's eyes linger on her  
for a moment. Then -

124a EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON]

124a

Jack steps outside his home. A quick look up at his window  
(where Veronica is still getting ready) but there's no way  
she can hear him.

He pulls out his mobile. Dials. Waits.

JACK

(into mobile)

Hey, mate.

(listens)

Yeah, good, you?

(listens)

Listen, I know I said I'd never  
squeeze you for free medical advice  
but -

(listens, laughs)

Exactly. I lied. So, you did a  
rotation in oncology, right?

(listens)

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

The dye that they inject in you, to  
look for cancer cells...has it  
changed in the last few years?

As Jack listens to the response, we watch his face fall. Half  
hurt, half anger.

**MOMENTS LATER**

More from a distance. We see Jack end the call. Then walk off  
(not back in the house), processing

125

OMITTED

125



126 INT./EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY [AFTERNOON]

126

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR HONEY (Welsh, late 30s) and DETECTIVE SERGEANT MOLINA (Welsh, early 30s) stand at the front door.

Honey is commanding, strong-jawed. Molina is youthful and wide-eyed. Both men wear dark suits. Muted ties.

MOLINA

(translation: I do. It  
sounds great.)

Ydw. Swnio'n gret.

The front door swings open. Matilda, Oliver and Lucia all there.

The detectives smile, flash their police cards.

HONEY

Hello. I'm Detective Inspector Honey. And this is Detective Sergeant Molina. We're - [here because there's been an incident in the area]

MATILDA

Thank goodness you're here!

HONEY

Pardon me?

OLIVER

How did you know to come? We haven't been able to place a call.

MATILDA

Our phone line's been cut!

HONEY

It's been cut?

MOLINA

Are you certain?

MATILDA

Well, it's not working. And there's something we ought to show you.

OLIVER

Just a moment now. If you're not here about our phone line, what are you here about?

Honey and Molina exchange a weighted glance.

HONEY

Another matter entirely.

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

127

Oliver, Matilda and Lucia are all seated in plush arm chairs. Across from them, Honey and Molina sit on the family sofa.

HONEY

Have you been in the house all morning?

MATILDA

No. We didn't get here until 11. We drove down from London.

HONEY

So you're on holiday now?

MATILDA

(jittery)

No. This is our home. But we've always had a flat in London and our daughter now stays there, so we split our time, plus my husband had some medical needs in the city, they've got specialists there, it wasn't the kind of procedure we could have done -

OLIVER

*Darling.*

MATILDA

Sorry. What exactly has happened?

HONEY

There's been a murder in the area.

Matilda GASPS. Oliver and Lucia register shock, but remain quiet.

HONEY

The victim lives not far from here.

MATILDA

Who is it?

HONEY

Until we've got a positive identification and have informed the relatives, we can't give out details of any sort.

MATILDA

But you have to tell me! We know everyone in the area!

OLIVER

*Tilly. They can't.*

He takes her hand, comforting.

MOLINA

The downstairs window of the residence was open. This is how the offender entered the home.

HONEY

(corrective)

That's the theory we're working with.

MOLINA

(apologetic)

Right.

MATILDA

Have you arrested anyone?

HONEY

Again, we can't give out details.

(pause)

We've been going door to door, asking people if they've seen anything unusual.

The detectives wait. A long silence. Then -

MATILDA

You really should apologise!

The detectives exchange a glance - both confused.

MATILDA

You should have told us! Someone should have....It happened just a few miles from this house. So we have a right to know if he's been released, and...and he's only served 5 years!

HONEY

I'm sorry, ma'am, I don't -  
[understand]

MATILDA

My daughter was only seventeen when it happened. *Seventeen*.

Lucia averts her eyes, ashamed.

MATILDA

And my husband's just had serious surgery, so we're not exactly equipped to deal with any of this. Meanwhile, he...HE...is already...

(erupting)

How could he have been released?!

Honey holds up his hands, defensive.

HONEY

I'm sorry, Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers. I can hear you're angry, and I want to help, but first I need to understand who you're talking about.

Matilda catches her breath. Exchanges a glance with Oliver and Lucia before saying the name...

MATILDA

Kable.

HONEY

Minnet Kable?

MATILDA

Well, of course! Please tell me this has at least occurred to you both?

A long silence. And then, Honey winces a bit (silent acknowledgement that she has a point).

Matilda straightens up a bit, self-righteous. Honey turns to his partner.

HONEY

Don't know if you remember what Minnet Kable did. It was before you joined - [the force]

MOLINA

Of course I remember. Doesn't everyone? It was out on the Donkey Pitch, just down the road from here.

(growing concern)

Has he been released?

HONEY

I've not been notified of any -  
[changes to his sentence]

MOLINA

But has he been?

Honey opens his mouth, but no words come out. Molina stands, pulling out his mobile.

MOLINA

I can check. I mean, that's the sort of thing we should -

HONEY

Now just hang on a minute.

MOLINA

They can't send us out here and not even tell us if - [he's been released]

HONEY

*Calm down.*

Molina goes quiet. Honey takes a deep breath, resuming control of the conversation. He turns to the Anchor-Ferrers.

HONEY

The Donkey Pitch murders were five years ago. I realise another murder in the area can stir up some very strong emotions, but there's no actual reason to believe that there's a connection between the cases.

Oliver and Matilda exchange a glance.

OLIVER

There's something we need to show you. Something in the garden.

128 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, GARDEN - DAY

128

Elegant, white garden lights strung around the perimeter. Water pitchers with cut fruit and mint mixed in with the ice. Cupcakes frosted to look like flowers.

A stylish, metal fire pit on the lawn. A make-your-own s'mores station set up next to the pit.

Roughly 30 guests mingle on the grass. Cops in worn-looking work suits. Veronica's friends are in discretely expensive jewellery.

Veronica, in a blue summer dress, talks with a party guest.

In the crowd, we also note Superintendent Driscoll (in off-duty clothing) who stands with her pre-teen SON (12) (who has undoubtedly been dragged there).

DI Richard and DI Akers are next to each other, chatting with other guests.

JENNIE (5) approaches DI Richards, pulling on his sleeve.

JENNIE  
Summonindagardin.

DI Richards looks down.

Next to Jennie is HENRY (7), and a few other young kids. They are holding bubble wands, (some are blowing bubbles).

DI RICHARDS  
What, darling?

JENNIE  
A monsty in the garden.

DI RICHARDS  
Jennie, there's no - [monstys]

DI AKERS  
(mock alarmed)  
A *monsty*!!

HENRY  
's true. We didn't see it. But we  
heard it.

DI AKERS  
Probably invisible, then. We deal  
with stacks of them every day at  
the station.

The other cops and party guests struggle to keep straight faces.

DI Akers leans down, talking to the kids in a low voice.

DI AKERS

Good thing we've got policemen  
here. You think we should go find  
the monsty?

The kids nod vigorously.

DI AKERS

(to all the cops, spread  
about)

All right, then! Come on! Monsty  
duty!

Good-natured laughs. Driscoll cracks a smile as DI Richards and a few other cops put down their drinks.

As the cops begin their 'monsty hunt', with the kids scurrying along with them, we pull back, now revealing:

Jack. He's arrived. He stands at the end of a long table of drinks/food. His eyes bore down on Veronica.

She turns away from the 'monsty show', seeing Jack.

VERONICA

(excusing herself)

There's the man of the hour!

Veronica crosses the garden, approaching Jack. Now they are both at the end of the long table.

VERONICA

(giddy, quiet)

I think it's going quite well!

She embraces him, kisses his cheek. He doesn't respond. But she doesn't notice.

Jack looks over Veronica's shoulder, to the other end of the long table (roughly 3 metres away). On it, expensive looking champagne flutes.

VERONICA

(eye roll, re: the flutes)

I know, they're only glasses, but  
my mother loves them.

(pause)

Jack, please go change. I laid out  
your nice suit. And when you come  
back, I need help. I'm just so  
tired these days.

JACK

I believed you at first. I thought  
you might die.

Jack takes a step **forward**, towards the flutes. Veronica is forced to take a step **back**.

DI AKERS (O.S.)  
No monstys here!

COP #1 (O.S.)  
All clear here, too!

CUT TO:

*The monsty show.*

*Quick shots of smiling adults, giggling children, police detectives pretending to hunt for monsters.*

*There's a few trees in front of the wall (the one separating Jack's garden from Ivan Penderecki's). But we focus in on one larger one. It's in front of the small door in the wall.*

*Right now, the door is closed.*

*Kids run around the tree, chasing each other and giggling.*

BACK TO:

VERONICA  
What are you talking about?

JACK  
The cancer isn't back, Veronica.  
You lied to me.

VERONICA  
Jack, that's sick. That's sick that  
you would even - [suggest that]

JACK  
You never had the test.

VERONICA  
I did! I'm waiting for the results!

JACK  
The dye from the test turned your  
veins blue for weeks. Forgot you  
told me that bit, didn't you?

She goes a little pale.

He takes another step **forward**. She's forced **back** again.

JACK  
You're smart, Veronica. I'll give  
you that. You can think on your  
feet.

VERONICA

I told you, I *thought* it was coming back. I never said I knew for sure. I never said there was an actual diagnosis!

JACK

But at some point, you were going to have to come clean.

DI AKERS (O.S.)

(shouting)

*MONSTY BUSTERS!*

CUT TO:

*Giggles, chasing, bubble blowing.*

*The adults leave frame, looking for the monsty off screen. The kids giggle, following. As they all leave frame, we now notice...*

*The door in the wall is open.*

BACK TO:

DI RICHARDS (O.S.)

(calling out)

This count towards overtime?

VERONICA

Jack, please.

JACK

Because you can't fake chemo. You weren't going to shave your head.

VERONICA

You need to - [listen to me]

JACK

You were going to have to admit that there was no cancer. But when? How far was it going to go?

VERONICA

Jack! Don-

JACK

You had a plan.

VERONICA

Just sto-

JACK

*What was the plan?!*

CUT TO:

*In the crowd (the crowd observing the monsty show), Driscoll's head turns, clocking Jack's outburst.*

*Right behind Driscoll, we see: IVAN PENDERECKI (50s).*

*A head-and-shoulders shot of him, looking at Jack. Waiting.*

*This is the first time we've seen Penderecki up close, we may not even recognise him.*

*And Jack pays neither Penderecki nor Driscoll any attention, because he's engaged in...*

BACK TO:

VERONICA

(erupting)

It was just going to be a scare!  
The test was going to come back  
negative! But then we would have  
been focused on prevention.

Nutrition. Meditation. Retreats.

(indignant)

It would have been good for both of  
us!

For a second, he's gobsmacked. Then shock gives way to rage.

JACK

I want your shit...

Another step **forward**. She goes **back**.

JACK

Out of my house...

**He's now next to the tray of champagne flutes.**

JACK

By morning.

VERONICA

Well, that's fine, Jack. Just fine.  
The truth is, you're impossible to -  
[be with]

Jack puts a finger on a flute.

VERONICA

No. No, don't - [do that]

He tips it over. It SMASHES onto the ground.

DI AKERS (O.S.)

ROOOOOAAARRRR!

More O.S. LAUGHS from the party-goers.

VERONICA  
(re: the glass)  
You have *no idea* what you've just  
done!

Jack puts his hand underneath the silver tray upon which the champagne flutes lay. **One move and all of them will shatter....**

VERONICA  
No. No, Jack. *Please.*

His hand up against that cold tray. He hasn't moved it yet. Still contemplating. And then -

**A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM FROM A LITTLE GIRL. (O.S.)**

Jack's attention SNAPS towards the scream.

We PUSH IN on Jack's stunned face as he takes in the sight of:

Penderecki, standing in the garden party crowd. But now, we get a full-body view of him.

He's got thin hair. Meaty arms. Thick, womanly hips. Eyes pale and vacant.

He's aged since his mug shot, but he's still the stuff nightmares are made of.

In Penderecki's arms, he holds BONES. (This is what made the little girl scream).

Jack is frozen. He and Penderecki locking eyes.

Driscoll's pre-teen son whips out his mobile, starts filming. Everyone watches, breath held.

An excruciating silence, and then -

Ivan lowers his arms.

The bones spill onto the ground, clattering amongst the feet of the guests, who GASP.

129 OMITTED

129

130 INT. LONDON POLICE STATION, HALLWAYS - NIGHT

130

A hallway lined with several office doors. Jack sits on a chair outside of a closed office door. Down the hallway, he sees -

Two OLDER MEN (60s), also seated in chairs outside of a closed office door.

The first one leans forward, crossing his arms over his knees and burying his head. Probably hiding tears.

The second one pats the first one's back, between his shoulder blades. A small, comforting gesture.

Jack watches them.

Brothers? Mates? Lovers? It's hard to tell, and it doesn't matter. They're just *together*. Both look exhausted. Emotional.

The office door by Jack swings open. Behind it: Driscoll.

131 INT. LONDON POLICE STATION, DRISCOLL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 131

Driscoll behind her desk, seated. Jack facing her, standing. A long silence. Finally -

DRISCOLL

They weren't human bones. They aren't bones at all. They're fake. Probably a film prop.

Jack nods, eyes down, unsurprised.

DRISCOLL

Your neighbour. Did he take your brother?

Jack's eyes flicker up, surprised.

DRISCOLL

I know your family history. Or, at least, now I do.

JACK

Yes, ma'am. He took my brother.

DRISCOLL

And no one ever found him?

Jack shakes his head, no.

DRISCOLL

Well. We could get your neighbour for harassment.

JACK

No, ma'am, that's not - [necessary]

DRISCOLL

We've got loads of witnesses from the party.

JACK

Thank you, but I'd rather just -  
[handle it myself]

DRISCOLL

Send sergeants to perform illegal  
searches on his residence?

Jack freezes - caught.

DRISCOLL

After tonight's little spectacle, I  
looked up your neighbour. His  
address. Saw the search you ordered  
earlier today. It's not hard to put  
the pieces together. Quite a little  
game the two of you like to play.

He remains quiet. She struggles internally, wrestling with a  
thought until -

DRISCOLL

Listen, Jack. It's not my job to  
care. And I don't.

She does.

DRISCOLL

But you're going about this *thing*  
the wrong way.

JACK

What thing, ma'am?

DRISCOLL

*Life.* When someone shows a video of  
their kid dancing, *watch it*. When  
the lads go for a pint, *join*. Open  
up a bit. Be a part of things.  
Coppers lean on each other for a  
reason. And you've got more reason  
to lean than most. You keep trying  
to go it alone, you'll burn out  
before you're 40.

(pause)

Now, if I could help you with your  
situation I would, but I can't. And  
your illegal raid is a disciplinary  
offence. I'm making an oc health  
referral, we'll see how the rest  
pans out. Time to take some leave,  
Jack. Get out of my office.

Jack turns to leave, but hesitates.

JACK

Do you mean it, ma'am? Would you  
help me, if you could?

She waits, eyeing him.

JACK

I'd give anything to know what happened to my brother. To know where he's buried. I've tried every lead there is, but...  
(eyeing her computer)  
But you've got higher access to our intelligence systems.

DRISCOLL

(incredulous)  
You're asking me for a favour?

He remains quiet.

DRISCOLL

People above me are already going to be looking at giving you a suspension. Based in large part on what I tell them. You think it's wise to push me right now?

JACK

(desperate, not sarcastic)  
Probably not, ma'am.

Driscoll mulls. She softens.

DRISCOLL

What exactly do you want to know?

JACK

Penderecki's been in and out of prison for years. I've tracked down every cell mate he's ever had because prisoners talk. Brag. Maybe he said something about my brother. But I've gotten nowhere.

(pause)

But there's three weeks I can't account for. He's held somewhere before being transferred. I don't know where and I don't know why I can't access the details. But something happened. It's the only lead I've got left.

She hesitates. Then types something into her computer. Reads the screen. Sits back.

DRISCOLL

(from her screen)

Penderecki was in Long Lartin for the first 3 weeks of a 6 month sentence. There was a scuffle. Doesn't say who it was with, but they sure didn't like Penderecki. Beat him properly. He was deemed 'vulnerable.' That's when he got transferred.

JACK

(pulse pounding)

Penderecki must have said something to provoke it. Maybe something about what he'd done...

DRISCOLL

You find the man who beat Penderecki in Long Lartin, maybe that man knows something about your brother. Maybe he doesn't, of course.

(pause)

But it's *something*.

132

INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY / GUEST 132  
BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack enters the house, striding. *He's in a hurry.* Rushes into the **guest bedroom**.

He rushes to his laptop. Boots up the Police National Database. Starts a search within Long Lartin's prison system.

We see Jack scroll through pictures, eventually landing on one (we don't see it clearly).

JACK

(smiling)

You fucker.

In a closet, he snags a rucksack. Slips his laptop into its sleeve, packing everything in a hurry.

He crams a few extra shirts into the rucksack, and is about to rush back out when... he freezes.

Through the guest bedroom window, he sees something in the garden.

133

OMITTED

133

134 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, GARDEN - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS] 134

Platters of food, half-consumed meals, glasses and cutlery everywhere. The party was abandoned mid-way and it shows.

Jack enters the garden, puts his rucksack down. Veronica stands near the fire pit, her back to Jack.

JACK

Why are you still here?

VERONICA

You'll be angry. But it's for your own good.

She turns to face him. Next to the fire pit, we see empty plastic bags (the ones from Jack's collection in Ewan's room...).

She's burned the contents.

JACK

*You didn't.*

She doesn't answer.

JACK

Those things were his! They were actually my brother's!

VERONICA

I'm helping you.

JACK

You bitch.

VERONICA

What did you call me?

He's too stunned to respond, staring at his brother's things. She grows enraged.

VERONICA

I just did you a favour!

JACK

(eerily calm)

I need you to listen.

He looks up from his brother's belongings, locking eyes with her. Hard to tell if he's about to cry or...

JACK

You have to leave. If you stay,  
I'll kill you.

(stunned himself)  
I will actually kill you.

A flicker of fear in her eyes. Then she leaves.

Alone, he closes his eyes. Pained.

135

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

135

**Intestines. They hang, *heart-shaped*, in branches of a tree.**  
**Flies BUZZ around them.**

Pull back to reveal we are:

Honey and Molina stare at the intestines. Right behind them are the Anchor-Ferrers. Matilda has an arm around Lucia. The family surrounded by garden flowers.

The afternoon sun shines overhead.

MATILDA

We know what Minnet Kable did. The details of the crime scene, they leaked through the community. It was all anyone...

(pause)

This is clearly meant to look exactly like the Donkey Pitch.

OLIVER

But it *could* be something else. Maybe they're from an animal. A small deer, perhaps.

MOLINA

I doubt it.

OLIVER

(grasping at straws)

But it *could* be. There are foxes here. And they're big enough to take down a deer if they're keen to do it.

MOLINA

And hang them up in the trees like that?

An uncomfortable silence lingers. All we hear is the BUZZING of the flies around the intestines.

MOLINA  
(re: the intestines)  
This is...consistent with this morning's crime scene.

No one answers. Then -

HONEY  
Mr. and Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers, go gather your things. My partner and I will drive you to the station.  
(pause)  
We should get you away from here until we have a better understanding of this situation.

136 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/MOTORWAY - DAY [EARLY MORNING] 136

The motorway is filling up with morning traffic. Jack drives. Signs tell us: he's leaving London.

LATER

Jack's car crosses a bridge from Bristol to Wales.

137 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE, NEAR MONMOUTH, WALES - DAY [LATER THAT 137 MORNING]

Quiet, country roads. The sun shines bright in the distance. We now see signs in Welsh.

Jack parks on the side of a road. Exits his car.

138 EXT. SAND DUNES, NEAR MONMOUTH, WALES - DAY 138 [MORNING - MOMENTS LATER]

**We recognise these sand dunes.** Jack crosses it, heading into the nearby woods.

139 EXT. ALONG THE RIVER WYE, NEAR MONMOUTH, WALES, VARIOUS 139 LOCATIONS - DAY [MORNING - CONTINUOUS]

The trees and brush are thick. Jack moves down a muddy hill, careful steps to avoid slipping.

LATER

We hear insects, but nothing else. Jack continues, growing tired.

140 EXT. THE WALKING MAN'S HUT - DAY [MORNING  
- MOMENTS LATER]

140

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

A small hut. Made by hand, clearly, but with skill. Nearby, a vegetable garden. A water purification system. A fire pit.

Jack doesn't approach the front door. He stands outside, waiting. And after a moment, it swings open.

And now we meet someone who we shall refer to simply as:

THE WALKING MAN (50s). A thick sweater. Cargo boots. A full but neatly trimmed beard.

He stares at Jack, looking skittish. Doubtful he gets many visitors.

141 INT. THE WALKING MAN'S HUT - DAY [MORNING - MOMENTS LATER] 141

Close on:

Large, calloused hands in fingerless gloves. They wrap around a coffee mug.

**We recognise those hands.**

We pull back to reveal we are now in the Walking Man's hut.

The Walking Man and Jack sit. The Walking Man has coffee. Jack does not. An uneasy tension between them.

Maps (some in Welsh) cover every centimetre of the hut's walls. Each map has elaborate markings. Degrees and angles, notes detailing the terrain, etc.

On the shelves of the hut, we note military equipment. Some of it quite dated but no doubt functional.

An uneasy silence. Finally -

JACK

You know, technically, living like  
this is illegal.

THE WALKING MAN

(scoffing)

So you're here to arrest me?

JACK

No.

THE WALKING MAN

Why not?

JACK

(shrugs)

I don't work around here anymore.

THE WALKING MAN

So you'll send your police friends  
out to - [GET ME INSTEAD?]

JACK

No. I won't. You're not causing any  
harm. Besides, don't think the  
police would be interested. They  
mostly just feel sorry for you.

Something flickers across The Walking Man's face. Emotion  
that's barely contained.

THE WALKING MAN

I'm not the one to feel sorry for.  
And if you lot were the type to  
have sympathy for anyone -

JACK

We're not all the same. You can't  
just lump us all together.

THE WALKING MAN

- then you never would have called  
off the search.

JACK

That wasn't my decision. I didn't  
work her case. You know that.

THE WALKING MAN

But would you have? If it was you  
in charge of finding my little  
girl, would you have called off the  
search after just ten days?

JACK

(firm)

No. I wouldn't have. And I've told  
you that a dozen times.

The Walking Man inspects Jack, trying to detect a lie. But  
Jack holds his gaze.

THE WALKING MAN

I'll find her myself. I won't give  
up until I do. I'll bury her right.

JACK

You're allowed to hate the police.  
I do, too, sometimes. But I'd ask  
you not to hate me.

## THE WALKING MAN

Why not?

## JACK

Because each time you wandered into town, each time you were arrested for vagrancy, each time you were released without charge, it was *me* getting that done.

(pointedly)

*I admire you. After what happened to your little girl, what you did to the man responsible...it was the right thing to do.*

A beat.

## THE WALKING MAN

What do you want, Jack?

## JACK

You served your time in Long Lartin. There was another prisoner there. Man named Ivan Penderecki. He abducted my brother in 1998. We never found the body.

We see a flicker of emotion cross The Walking Man's face - he had no idea.

## JACK

Penderecki was beaten in Long Lartin. Badly. It was you, wasn't it?

But The Walking Man remains silent.

## JACK

Did he say anything about my brother? Anything at all?

(desperate)

*Please.*

Still, nothing.

## JACK

*You fucker.*

Jack stands, moving towards the door, but -

## THE WALKING MAN

I didn't beat Penderecki.

Jack freezes.

## THE WALKING MAN

But I know who did.

142 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN / ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 142  
[AFTERNOON]

Oliver, Matilda and Lucia all hold their things (coats, purses, etc.).

Note: Matilda is now in 'outdoor' shoes, because she is headed out soon, and those shoes have laces.

Lucia holds Bear. They all wait.

Honey keeps an eye out the kitchen window, which faces the circular drive. He's waiting, watching, but then -

The front door opens, and closes. Molina enters the kitchen.

HONEY

Where's the car?

MOLINA

I couldn't bring it up from the road.

HONEY

Why not?

MOLINA

It wouldn't start.

Everyone tenses.

HONEY

What do you mean it wouldn't start?

MOLINA

And I...I saw something.

Honey waits for more. Molina hesitates.

LUCIA

(covering her ears)

Oh please don't! I don't want to hear!

MOLINA

It was...someone. He was....waiting.

HONEY

Where was he?

MOLINA

By the back door of the house.

Audible whimpers from Matilda and Lucia.

HONEY

(to Oliver)

Does the house have an alarm system?

OLIVER

The phone line is down which is enough to trigger a callout. But since no one from the alarm company's come, I can only assume it's been tampered with, too.

MOLINA

What about wifi?

OLIVER

It isn't working. But it never does out here. The only signal is down the road. We have to get there. Somehow. We have to call for help.

The detectives exchange a look, but say nothing.

OLIVER

Oh for Christ's sake, neither of you are armed and we don't have guns in the house. We need help!

HONEY

(to Matilda)

*Your car. Isn't it just out front?*

MATILDA

(pointing towards the front door)

Yes. In the drive.

HONEY

We'll take it to the station. Hand me your keys.

She rummages through her purse, looking for that corgi-keychain. Then rummages some more. And more. But comes up with nothing.

MATILDA

I don't understand. I swear I put them in here!

HONEY

Where else might they be?

MATILDA

I don't know! I...I was helping Oliver inside, he could barely walk, he almost fell, I can't remember where I - [PUT THEM]

MOLINA

Do you have a spare set?

MATILDA

Downstairs.

(with dread)

Near the back door.

OLIVER

I'll get them.

MATILDA

No!

MOLINA

(to Matilda, re: Oliver)

I'll go with him.

OLIVER

(to Matilda)

You and Lucia stay put.

(pause)

It'll be all right, darling. We're  
getting out of here.

Oliver hobbles out of the kitchen. Molina follows, watching over him.

Lucia, Matilda and Honey are left behind.

But Matilda's too anxious to stand still. She moves towards the cake. Touches it. It's cooled. She releases it from its spring-form pan. Grabs a serrated knife.

From somewhere nearby, we hear a familiar TICK, TICK, TICK sound.

HONEY

When did you find it? You know,  
what you showed us. In the trees.

MATILDA

Just after we'd arrived.

TICK, TICK, TICK...

She starts slicing. The knife moving through the moist cake with ease.

Honey contemplates saying something, but then closes his mouth. Matilda clocks it.

MATILDA

What?

HONEY

Nothing.

Matilda goes back to slicing.

TICK, TICK, TICK...

The cake is beautifully baked. Eat your heart out, Mary Berry.

Matilda glances up again. Honey looks like he's still swallowing a question. It only adds to Matilda's nerves.

TICK, TICK, TICK...

Matilda pricks her finger with the knife - just a tiny cut.

MATILDA  
(under her breath)  
*Damn it.*

*POP.* Matilda SCREAMS. Water hits the window behind her.

MATILDA  
What is it that you want to ask?

HONEY  
Why didn't you move, after it happened?

Matilda glances at Lucia. Lucia looks down at her feet.

MATILDA  
We couldn't. No one in the whole neighbourhood could sell.

Molina returns to the kitchen.

MATILDA  
Where's Oliver?

MOLINA  
He can't find the keys.

LUCIA  
(to Molina)  
I'll show you.

MATILDA  
(to Lucia)  
Your father wanted us to stay here!

LUCIA  
(re: Molina)

Someone has to show him!

MOLINA  
(to Matilda)  
I won't let her out of my sight.

A beat. Then Matilda relents, nodding. Lucia puts Bear down on the floor. Then she follows Molina out of the kitchen.

Matilda and Honey are alone.

MATILDA

Inspector Honey, I didn't want to say it with my daughter in the room but I found spots on the floor in the entrance hall. Perhaps you should have a look.

He nods. They walk (just a few paces) towards **the entrance hall**. But Matilda stays in the door frame of the kitchen. She points to the spots.

Honey walks into the entrance hall, squatting by the spots. Examining them. Then he stands. Walks back towards her.

HONEY

I don't know. They could be anything.

MATILDA

Are you sure it's not blood?

HONEY

I'm fairly sure.

MATILDA

'Fairly'?!

She retreats to the **kitchen** again, pulling out a plastic container to store the cake. He follows.

HONEY

Everything's going to be all right, Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers. You can calm down. I promise you, there's nothing to worry about.

MATILDA

I'm sorry, but I don't believe you.

Honey grabs one of the slices. Pops the whole thing in his mouth. Chews.

Matilda is a bit taken aback.

HONEY

Golden syrup? It's very good. I'm a keen cook myself.

MATILDA

Do you think he's been in the house?

HONEY  
(re: the cake)  
Is it a family recipe?

MATILDA  
I understand what you're trying to do, Inspector Honey. You're trying to distract me, to calm my nerves. I appreciate the intention. But it won't work.

Honey moves towards the pantry.

HONEY  
I've been on the force a long time.  
Since I was twenty.

He grabs an empty glass, fills it with milk from the refrigerator.

HONEY  
Can't even guess any more what it's like to be a civvy.

He drinks the whole glass at once.

HONEY  
I've seen a few things, believe me.

MATILDA  
I'm not much interested in -  
[HEARING ABOUT THEM]

HONEY  
But I've never seen anything like the murder scene this morning. What he did to that woman...it was ferocious. He'd cut her here.

He runs a finger along his stomach.

HONEY  
Pulled everything out.

MATILDA  
Please, I - [DON'T WANT TO HEAR]

A LOUD NOISE from the back of the house. Matilda GASPS.

HONEY  
It's all right.

MATILDA  
How do you know?

He puts one hand on Matilda's shoulder. Points towards where the noise came from (back of house).

HONEY

He's just blocking the back door.

MATILDA

Blocking it?

HONEY

(reassuring)

So no one gets in.

Molina enters the kitchen, panting a bit (as if he just did something slightly physical).

Honey drops his hand from Matilda's shoulder.

HONEY

Everything OK?

MOLINA

Yes.

HONEY

I was just telling Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers what happened to the woman.

MOLINA

The woman?

HONEY

You know, the one on the scene this morning.

Molina doesn't answer. He looks a tad unsure.

HONEY

I was telling how he took a knife to her.

Molina hesitates. Glances at Matilda. Then back at Honey.

HONEY

Eemptied her out. Almost like he wanted to crawl inside.

MOLINA

Yes. Yes, that was bad.

HONEY

Really bad.

Honey slowly drops his Welsh accent...

HONEY

If you ask me, he was thinking about cutting off her breasts, too.

Less Welsh...more English...

HONEY

He didn't actually do it, but you could tell from the cuts he'd made that's what he was thinking.

Matilda's eyes dart between the two men. She scoops up Bear, holds the dog in her arms.

MATILDA

Where's Lucia?

HONEY

I beg your pardon?

Honey massages his jaw, like it's tired.

MATILDA

Where's my daughter?

HONEY

(now pure English)

Yes. Sorry. You confused me then. Your daughter. I mean, she must be someone's daughter, of course. I knew she must have been born from someone. It's just that she's sort of....

MATILDA

Sort of what?

HONEY

I mean, there's something wrong with her, isn't there? If we're being honest, Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers. She's a fully grown adult and yet she dresses like, well, a teenage slut.

MATILDA

Where is she?!

The two men lock eyes a moment. Then they turn back to Matilda. Both silent.

MATILDA

Where's my husband?!

**A cocky smile flickers across Honey's face. Molina bites his lip to keep from laughing.**

**Matilda goes pale, realisation dawning.**

**She clutches Bear.**

143 INT. THE WALKING MAN'S HUT - DAY [MORNING - CONTINUOUS] 143

Jack, still standing, frozen in place.

THE WALKING MAN

It was his cell mate who beat Penderecki. They spent three weeks together before their row. I don't know what Penderecki might have said about your brother. But three weeks is a long time.

JACK

Tell me who he is.

THE WALKING MAN

He won't talk to you. But he'll talk to me. I'll find out what he knows. No one should have to live without answers.

(pause)

But I want your help with something.

The Walking Man reaches down by his feet, pulling a blanket aside.

**Underneath: Bear lays, curled up.** We recognise that bone-shaped name tag.

THE WALKING MAN

Found her in the woods. Near the Donkey Pitch.

A flicker of recognition crosses Jack's face.

JACK

The Donkey Pitch?

The Walking Man nods. Jack mulls.

THE WALKING MAN

After I found the dog, this little girl appeared out of nowhere. She wanted to pet him. She looked just like my little one.

The Walking Man smiles, but it's a sad one.

THE WALKING MAN

(re: Bear)

No address on her collar. Just a name. "Bear."

JACK

Why do you care about a dog?

THE WALKING MAN

I don't. I care about this.

The Walking Man pulls out a thin piece of cardboard paper.  
Hands it to Jack.

THE WALKING MAN

It was in her collar.

Jack looks down at the cardboard paper. We don't yet see what he sees.

He turns it over. Looks at the back as well. Again, we don't see it yet.

JACK

This is a prank. Kids.

THE WALKING MAN

That's an adult's handwriting. An adult wouldn't joke like that.

JACK

You'd be surprised.

THE WALKING MAN

She's got a limp, too. Back leg is hurt. Something happened.

JACK

This is *nothing*. And finding the dog on the Donkey Pitch...it just wandered there by chance.

THE WALKING MAN

But it was in the *area*, wasn't it?

JACK

That doesn't mean - [ANYTHING]

THE WALKING MAN

Isn't the anniversary of those murders coming up?

Again, Jack hesitates. But then smothers it.

JACK

It's a coincidence.

THE WALKING MAN

Are you *sure*?

Jack hesitates.

THE WALKING MAN

I know what the cops say about me.  
But I'm not a nutter. You know that.

JACK

Why do you care about any of this?  
Why ask me to do this?

THE WALKING MAN

I couldn't save my little girl,  
Jack. And you couldn't save your  
brother. But now we've both got a  
chance to make right by another.

(re: the note)  
Someone needs you.

Jack holds The Walking Man's stare. Then, finally, he looks down at the cardboard paper again. The front side.

We now see what he sees. It reads, simply:

*"Help Us"*

FADE OUT