

Over a black screen, the sound of STEADY, HARD RAIN.
Rhythmic. Calming. Wind blowing in waves.

FADE IN:

300 EXT. CHEPSTOW COUNTRYSIDE, WALES - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 300

Lincoln strides across lush green fields, getting soaked in the heavy storm. It's pitch black. She carries a torch.

Next to her, SERGEANT PRODY (27) scrambles to keep up.

PRODY

I'm sorry. I know it's a bad time
for this. I didn't mean - [for them
to send you]

LINCOLN

Too late to walk it back now

LINCOLN

Yes.

PRODY

Back and for-

LINCOLN

That's what a conversation is,
isn't it?

Lincoln ducks underneath a (small) fallen tree, putting her hand on the trunk for balance.

Prody follows her, also putting his hand on the trunk. But when he releases it...

Ea_WfZ[`Y eZS] We ^aaeW Xda_ fZWTdS`UZWe.

It's too dark to see what it was. But it looked...long.

It falls onto the wet ground with a SPLAT.

305 INT. CWMY GROES ABBEY - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK] 305

Lincoln stands over a wooden door in the floor. She opens it. Stone steps lead downward.

Lincoln's torch beam shines into a pitch black abyss.

PRODY

What'd he say?

A flicker of *ea_WfZ[`Y* crosses Lincoln's face. Just a hint of vulnerability.

LINCOLN

He said that he'd warned me. And he had. He'd told me I wouldn't want to see what he was gonna do.

(pause)

I'd said I could handle it.

She descends the stone stairs. Prody follows.

306 INT. CWMY GROES ABBEY, CELLAR - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK] 306

B[fUZ T^SU]. The only light comes from their torches. The

LINCOLN

They set up another generator down here?

PRODY

Don't know

LINCOLN

Were you in the room when Minnet
Kable confessed?

Jack chuckles.

JACK

I guess that passes for pillow talk
in a bathroom

LINCOLN

(ignoring him)

There's usually a uniform standing
about for statements. Can't
remember if it was you.

JACK

(playing along)

I was at the crime scene. And I was
there for the post mortem. But no,
wasn't in the room when Minnet
Kable confessed.

She straightens her skirt. Smooths her blouse.

LINCOLN

Are you really gonna do this?
Because the Donkey Pitch is closed.

JACK

Doesn't mean I can't - [look into
it]

LINCOLN

And you don't even work in Wales
anymore.

JACK

Open or closed, Wales or London, I
have the authori -

LINCOLN

Oh for fuck's sake, I'm not asking
about the reach of your SgfZad[fk.

She slips on a shoe. Faces him, shoulders square.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Though it is interesting timing to
be pushing things, don't you think?
Aren't you already looking at a
suspension?

His eyes flicker to hers. She smirks.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Both of us can do off-duty
detective work.

JACK
Why do you care what I do?

LINCOLN
Because it's my case. And it's solved. And you don't even live in this country anymore. What you're doing is *idv*. Why are you doing it?

He doesn't immediately answer. But she waits.

JACK
It's five years since the Donkey Pitch. The anniversary.

LINCOLN
So?

JACK
So I found a note, asking for help. There wasn't an address, but - [it might mean something]

LINCOLN
Where'd you find the note?

JACK
(not wanting to say it)

JACK (CONT'D)
 If something happens tomorrow if
 someone is hurt tomorrow and I did
 nothing today, I don't think I
 could - [live with myself]

LINCOLN
 (flat)
 Wow Jack. You're such a good guy.

She leaves. The door swinging behind her. Jack is alone. His
 mobile RINGS. He picks it up, looking at the caller ID (we
 don't see it).

He rejects the call. Presses a few buttons. @ai we see his
 mobile screen:

3dWkag egdWkag iS`f fa T^aU] fZ[e US^^Wd1

HONEY (O.S.)
 Lights, please.

308 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY [AFTERNOON] 308

A ring light GLOWS on Matilda. She is bright red on the
 floor. She's still bound.

Honey is next to her, sword in his hand. Molina stands at a
 distance, adjusting the light.

Lucia and Oliver have fallen to their knees. Oliver fights
 tears. Lucia looks shell shocked.

HONEY

Honey steps aside, examining Matilda like a piece of artwork.
Molina films.

OLIVER

Please, just, don't touch her!
Please, please, please...

HONEY

Oliver. *DWSj.*
(to Molina)
He thinks we're going to rape his
wife.

MOLINA

But we're not rapists.

HONEY

Of course we're not. But that's
what he's thinking. Mrs. A's
worried about it, too.

MOLINA

She is?

HONEY

She thinks we're going to rape the
daughter.

MOLINA

That's awful.

HONEY

They're a family of perverts. Oh!
And I forgot to tell you. Mrs.
Anchor-Ferrers also has a theory.
She thinks we're obsessed with
Minnet Kable. She thinks we're
Uabk[`Y hi m

MOLINA

So if all of that's true, then
we're... copy cat murderer rapists?

HONEY

Doesn't that feel like a -

MOLINA

A lot in one head.

HONEY (CONT'D)

- mixed psychological
profile.

HONEY

MILINA

They might appreciate clarity.

HONEY

All right. Let's do it.

(to Matilda)

Darling, would you tuck your blouse
up into your bra, please?

MATILDA

But, you just said - [you weren't
going to do anything like that]

HONEY

And while I'm drawing, perhaps you can ask yourself: how might these two handsome men know such incredible details about the Donkey Pitch murders? Why, it almost seems as if they'd have to be there themselves...

Realisation dawns on Matilda, Oliver and Lucia. Their eyes wide with panic.

MILINA

I feel like they just got it.

HONEY

They did, indeed.

MILINA

They understand it was ~~ge~~ on the Donkey Pitch.

HONEY

Well now you're just over explaining.

Tears roll down Matilda's cheeks. But she's totally silent.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Oh darling, you can make noise if you'd like. It's cliché to say, but in this instance it's true.
(smiles)

There's no one to hear you scream

309 INT. UPSCALE PUB, CARDIFF - DAY [AFTERNOON]

309

Jack, back at the table where he met Lincoln. He's standing, having gathered/gathering his things (jacket, etc).

Jack holds the ring in his hand. He's on his mobile. The engine of the car is cut.

JACK

(into mobile)
It's your company's sponsor mark on the ring.

309a INT. JEWELLERY STORE, BACK ROOM - DAY [AFTERNOON]

309a

ERIN (late 50s), is on her mobile, amongst stacks of boxes. Everything looks worn and dusty.

The ring is in Jack's hand. The afternoon sun glinting off the gold band...

MATCH CUT TO:

310 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY 310
[AFTERNOON - LATER]

Bare fingers gripping an arm. On the ring finger, a tan line. A pale white strip where a wedding band should be...

Pull back to reveal we are:

Matilda huddles on the floor. Her arms cross over her body, gripping her shoulders.

Molina ties her back up to the radiator. For a moment they make eye contact. A flicker of sympathy crosses Molina's face.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (to the Boy)
 Hello.

The Boy's face contorts. He lets out a WHINE, crawling up his dad's back.

312 EXT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY - DAY [EARLY EVENING] 312

Jack carries a single bag of groceries to his front door.

313 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, KITCHEN - DAY [EARLY EVENING] 313

Jack stands by his small kitchen table. A box of kid's cereal, some milk and a bowl in front of him. But right now he's on his laptop.

On the screen: the Police National Database (which we recognise from previous episodes).

He clicks on an audio file. Slips a wireless earpod in one ear. As he listens, he pours himself a bowl of cereal for dinner.

> @5A>@ /AžEžfi
 /fZdagYZ VŠdbaVfi
 ; _ 6WfWf[hW; `ebWf ad ?S[S
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 aX kag SdW egebWf ež

As Jack eats, he closes his eyes, imagining the scene. And we go along for the ride with him...

314 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY [FLASHBACK] 314

479; @ 8>3E: 435= ?A@F397:

Lincoln and Matthews with various TEENAGERS, all seated next to their PARENTS.

- I[fZ S 4AK /#' fi.

MATTHEWS

How did other students feel about them?

BETHANY

Everyone hates the popular kids. But they weren't total dicks.

BETHANY'S DAD

4WZ.

BETHANY

(ignoring her father)

Emily's like, a medi~~u~~m dick. Like, shitty-online-but-mostly-okay-to-your-face, medi~~u~~m dick. Know what I mean?

LINCOLN

(sincerely)

I do.

BETHANY

Look, you're wasting your time talking to the whole school. Most of us never even spoke to those four. ~~We~~ don't know anything.

LINCOLN

So you don't think anyone is hiding something from us?

BETHANY

EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY [EARLY EVENING - MOMENTS

HONEY

Why not just buy - [a trap]

MDLI NA

Glad you asked. The Deer Act of 1991 made it illegal to trap or snare a deer.

HONEY

Is that so?

MDLI NA

'Tis indeed. Can't buy a deer trap

322 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, BATHROOM - DAY [EARLY EVENING] 322

The mirror still foggy from a shower. Jack is wet. He brushes his teeth. A towel wrapped around his waist.

An earpod in one ear.

7?; >K / AžEžfi
; US` f TW[WhWeZWe Ya`Vž

323 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY [FLASHBACK] 323

EMILY (17) sits next to her MUM and the family's SOLICITOR. Across from them Lincoln and Matthews.

Emily is devastated. Sleep deprived. Eyes puffy from crying.

EMILY
I can't believe I won't see her at school. Can't ring her.

LINCOLN
(gently, but pointedly)
Emily, can you think of anyone who might have wanted to harm Sophie?

EMILY
I can't. Honestly.

LINCOLN
(pointedly again)
What about Hugo? Any enemies in his life?

EMILY
Hugo didn't have enemies. You couldn't hate him. He was sweet.

MATTHEWS
Emily, even really good kids sometimes keep things from the adults in their lives. That's normal. And it wouldn't be speaking ill of Sophie and Hugo if you talked to us about that kind of thing.

She reads him pieces of a puzzle coming together in her head.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
 You're not convinced, are you?
 That's what's bothering you.
 (pause)
 You didn't block me because of W
 You blocked me because of Kag. You
 want to pretend that side of you
 isn't in there. But it is.

He's quiet, a nerve struck.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
 (heart on sleeve)
 When I met you, I really thought I
 had you pegged. I thought you were
 a catch.

She turns. Leaves. He remains in the doorway, absorbing that.

326 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, BEDROOM - DAY 326
 [EARLY EVENING]

Jack sits on the edge of his bed, still digesting Veronica's words. He slips an earpod in. Presses play again.

The "scene" with Emily resumes.

327 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY 327
 [FLASHBACK]

LINCOLN
 You won't be in any trouble.

Emily hesitates, then opens her mouth -

EMILY
 We weren't hiding anything. The
 four of us just wanted to do well
 in school. Get into a good
 university.

328 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, BEDROOM - DAY 328
 [EARLY EVENING]

Jack listens.

EMILY (V.O.)
 There's no big awful secret.

Jack takes the earpod out. Considers. Then glances at his laptop.

329 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY [EARLY 329
MORNING]

Morning sunlight beams through the skylight. Honey and Molina are each on inflatable mattresses, positioned at the bottom of the staircase. We see an old-fashioned foot pump nearby.

Honey wakes. His mattress has nearly deflated - he's sunk

HONEY
I wouldn't lie to you.

Molina goes back to wiggling. Honey takes his latte over to the kitchen window looking out at the view

HONEY (CONT'D)
All right. I admit it. It's beautiful out here. It's the mist. The morning mist has sold - [me]

He's seen something. He bolts towards the front door.

332 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY [EARLY MORNING] 332

Honey stumbles down the house's front steps, silk robe fluttering behind him, latte still in hand.

He reaches the circular drive. He's looking at something. We don't see what it is yet. But he doesn't look happy.

333 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY [EARLY MORNING 333 - MOMENTS LATER]

Honey returns, holding a security sign (the kind you post in the ground to advertise you've got security cameras/an alarm).

Molina, still handcuffed to the cooker, looks up.

HONEY
[ZSf fZW XgU] [e fZ[e1

MDLI NA
I think it's a security sign.

HONEY
I j'ai it's a security sign, you SeeZSf. But what is it doing outside of the Anchor-Ferrers' home?

MDLI NA
Maybe they have security cameras?

Honey waits, exasperated.

MDLI NA ?/

MOLINA

But there's no wifi. So nothing's
being sent to a cloud or anything.
It's probably okay.

334 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE IVY ROOM - DAY [MORNING 334 -
LATER]

Honey and Molina stand in front of Lucia, who covers against the wall. Molina holds a pillow in his hand.

LUCIA
What kind of game?

HONEY
I'm going to ask you, your dad and your mum a question. If all your answers match...

Honey points to the pillow

HONEY (CONT'D)
... then Mummy gets a pillow. But if the answers don't match, if one of you lies, well then...

Honey pulls the boning knife out of the back of his trousers. He flings it toward a dresser (not particularly near Lucia).

It stabs the wood with a THUNK, wobbling upright. Luca GASPS, frightened.

HONEY (CONT'D)
Mummy will be wheeled in for surgery straight away.

LUCIA
No! You said - [you wouldn't do that yet]

HONEY
I know I know I said surgery could wait a few days. But, we ZShW sort of established that I can't be trusted, haven't we?

Lucia fights tears.

HONEY (CONT'D)
So that's the choice. Pillow or cutting. It all depends on the answers to the - [question]

LUCIA
- but what question? I don't know anything!

Honey stares at Oliver, his expression betraying `afZ[`Y.

Then he walks closer to the old man. Kneels down so they're face to face. Honey's eyes land on Oliver's bandaged chest.

HONEY

Remove the bandage.

Oliver's trembling hand reaches up. He pulls the white tape

Oliver WHIMPERS as the flesh around his scar PULLS forward with the knife.

HONEY (CONT'D)
You see, Oliver. You might not know me. 4gf ; J'ai kag.

3 f[k E@3B. The first stitch breaks open.

336 EXT. EMILY'S POSH FLAT, EMILY'S BALCONY - DAY [EARLY AFTERNOON] 336

Emily (5 years older), mounts an iPhone on a tripod. Situates a ring light just so. On the outdoor dining table in front of her, an elaborately-decorated latte.

She's in expensive leggings. Pony tail high on her head. Make-up done perfectly. If we look closely, we may notice: she's wearing silicone butt pads.

Jack stands, absorbing the scene. She fiddles, not looking at him

EMILY
So does this mean it's going to be in the press again?

JACK
No. No media.

EMILY
Because I don't want it coming up again. When people Google me.

She shoots him a look (mild warning). He ignores it.

JACK
So you and Sophie were close.

EMILY
Since we were kids. It was me and Sophie, and later Hugo and Max kind of joined. Have you talked to Max? It's a bank holiday, he'll be home.

JACK
Not yet.

She looks up. Cocks him eyeing her "scene."

EMILY
(by way of explanation)
I do 'what I eat in a days'. Did they not have those on MySpace?

He cracks a smile.

JACK

Sophie and Hugo were a couple. Was that ever awkward with you and Max?

She hesitates, suddenly on guard.

EMILY

I already told the police all of this.

JACK

Humour me.

EMILY

Max and I both have alibis for the night of the murders. I was at my great aunt's birthday.

JACK

(sincere)

You didn't kill your friends. I get it. But just walk me through what happened.

She deflates, a tad.

EMILY

Hugo was mad about Sophie. For like, a year. Max and I were chuffed when they got together. But then they got annoying. Couple-y. Max and I fought with them just a couple of weeks before they died. Silent treatment, both ways, you know? Anyway, the police know all about it. We told them everything.

EMILY

It was Adderall. Not Ritalin.
Sophie bought it for us. She had a
connection in Cardiff. She never
told me his name.

JACK

Why wouldn't she -

EMILY

Because he was like... ZWde.

337

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

337

Matilda sobs in fear. The pillow on the floor in front of
her.

Honey's boning knife is (a little) bloody. Molina stands next
to Honey.

MATILDA

But I don't know!

HONEY

You don't want to disappoint me.
Your husband already did.

(re: the knife)

I removed his stitches and the damn
skin held together.

MOLINA

Human body is a wonder.

MATILDA

Is he all right?!

HONEY

Let's not make a fuss. He's fine.
Now Cameras?

MATILDA

But I've no idea where the cameras
are! I don't deal with those
things. Ollie does!

HONEY

All right. Enough is enough. Count
of three, M's. A.

Honey flips the knife up high, catching it in the air. Holds
it aloft, ready to strike. She SCREAMS.

HONEY (CONT'D)

MATILDA
I don't know!

HONEY
Two.

MATILDA
(screaming)
; 6A@ F =@AI KAG E; 5= 8G5=~~~~

Honey looks aghast. He turns to Molina.

HONEY
I adefž 4W ~ 4dVŠ]XSež 7hVž

MOLINA
(to Matilda, a warning)
A Wstar review coming your way.

Honey cuts the act, turns back to Matilda, knife up high.

HONEY
And thr-

MATILDA
The basement! They're in the
basement! Probably in a box
somewhere! I think there's three of
them!

HONEY
Now Was that so hard?

He lowers the knife. She heaves, sobbing. Relief and terror
in equal measure.

HONEY (CONT'D)
Tell me, Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers, out
of pure curiosity, why did Oliver
take the cameras down?

MATILDA
They were an eye sore. In the
garden.

He eyes her. Then bursts out laughing.

HONEY
You ridiculously shallow e`aT.
(to Molina)
Give her the pillow

Molina tosses Matilda the pillow Both men leave the room

Matilda clutches the pillow to her chest, grasping on for
comfort.

MATTHEWS

You don't.
(calling out towards the
pitch)
5[USId Tf^t Fa_ae~

Matthews watches the pitch, unhappy with whatever's going on.
Jack smartly waits.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

(calling out)
C'mon, Ref! Ma isis sbectol arnat
ti!

The drama appears over.

JACK

MATTHEWS

Well, you have the authority to do
that, Jack. Though I will say, it

Matthews eyes Jack, unsure if he's going to be helpful, but then -

Noah glances up from his book. Smiles, shy, at his dad. Matthews smiles back.

Jack clocks the exchange.

MATTHEWS

I know one guy. He was a sergeant, 'round the same time as you. But I don't think you two knew each other very well. I'll put you in touch.

Jack stands. Starts walking down the bleachers, but -

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

Did going back to London fix it?

JACK

(choosing his words carefully)

It's where I belong.

MATTHEWS

I was rooting for you, you know

A tiny nod from Jack. Then he leaves.

339 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY [AFTERNOON] 339

With the lights on, the room looks different. Previously it was the scene of Matilda's torment. Now it's just a boring family basement. Old furniture, musty sheets, ugly lamps.

We note the GoPro and the ring light in the background, though.

Honey and Molina root through the clutter, looking for something. Then -

HONEY

Here.

Molina approaches. Honey opens a cardboard box. Inside, three cameras.

MDLI NA

They were telling the truth! Now we don't have to worry about the cameras, yeah?

But Honey doesn't look relieved.

MDLI NA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

HONEY

The security sign, at the bottom of
the drive.

MOLINA

What about it?

HONEY

I

Prody nods, in agreement with his own comment. Jack keeps a straight face. But barely.

JACK

Victims were into Adderall, which they got in Cardiff. This was maybe 5-6 years ago. Both of us were skippers then. But I can't remember ever coming across any study drugs. Do you?

PRODY

I remember lots of drug busts...but no, not that, sorry.
(sincere)
Really wanted to help you.

JACK

The old case is the Donkey Pitch murders.

PRODY

Christ. Why didn't you say? You think we got the wrong guy on fZSf?

JACK

Maybe you can't remember Adderall specifically, but these kids were keeping secrets. Who knows what they were into. Can you think of any scenes from back then - houses, raves, whatever - where something seemed a little...off?

A beat. Then Prody chuckles - yeah, he can.

INT. PRODY'S CAR - DAY [LATER THAT AFTERNOON]

JACK
I was. Still am

PRODY
How'd you do that?

JACK
Sorry?

PRODY
Like, how do you do this job on your own? Because it feels...lonely. I feel lonely.

JACK
Find a partner. Work with them. Lots of people do.

Prody nods, but we can tell something's still bothering him. Jack clocks it. Should keep his mouth shut, but -

JACK (CONT'D)
You already tried working with a partner?

PRODY
They wanted to switch. So, you know I want to fit in with the lads. I've. It's just not easy for me. I think I try too hard. So I just thought, maybe I'd be more like you. Just...not care.

Jack is visibly uncomfortable. But Prody has his hands on his head

JACK
Sophie and Hugo.

PRODY
Right. No way of knowing if they
were here that night.

They reach the Cwm Y Groes Abbey. Jack takes in the sight.
It's less scary in the daylight, but more sad. Forgotten.

PRODY (CONT'D)
There was one girl, she broke her
foot running. Friends left her. We
got a statement, but she didn't
give us anything useful.

JACK
I'd like her name. The title.

PRODY
No,

343 INT. CWMY GROES ABBEY - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER] 343

Prody leads Jack through the interior of the abbey. Fallen
trees. Cracked walls. Broken woodenoh kel Crake h M

PRODY

There were a few of these raves back then. At one of them we found shackles. Chains. Handcuffs. If we'd found that stuff in the bedroom maybe we wouldn't have thought much about it, but it was all over the main floor, where the rave was.

JACK

Like people were tied up, and others were - [watching]

PRODY

Watching. Exactly. I don't know I started to wonder if maybe the raves were connected. Like, maybe there was some cult stuff going on.

JACK

You tell anyone?

PRODY

Yeah. Called a detective here. But she shot that theory down pretty quick.

JACK

Remember her name?

PRODY

Di Lincoln. You know her?

A beat.

JACK

Bit. Yeah.

344

INT. CWMY GROES ABBEY, CELLAR DAY [LATE AFTERNOON -
MOMENTS LATER]

344

Jack descends the stairs, followed by Prody. It's musty, damp. They take in the room but it's cavernous. Empty.

Jack uses his torch to search the room

PRODY

There must have been fifty of 'em I'm not gonna lie, scared the shite out of me.

JACK

And the rave down here, too?

OLIVER
(erupting in blubbering
sobs)
I can't fix this. I can't fix it!

LINCOLN
(re: the cereal)
Gonna ask me to stay for dinner?

JACK
What are you doing here?

LINCOLN
Because I haven't eaten.

JACK
You're in my Za_W

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

It seems you're not fully understanding what's going on here Jack, so let me spell it out.

(firm angry)

Kag SdWXgU][`Y i[fZ_k USeVž Ea
; _ Ya[`Y fa XgU] i[fZ kagd ZWŠV.
And I'm not leaving until you tell me -

JACK

(calm matter-of-fact)

My brother went missing when he was ten. I was eight.

From somewhere far away...

7I 3@ /AžEžfi

EZgf gb~

KAG@9 <35= /AžEžfi

Kag eZgf gb~

JACK

We had an argument in our treehouse. I started it. And I shoved him

AžEž Kag`Y 7i S` 5D; 7E AGF /[` dVŠUF[a` fa TW[`Y eZahVWfiž

JACK (CONT'D)

He was so angry. He stormed off.

(pause)

I tried to go after him, but I fell. I was holding on to the planks of the treehouse with just one hand. My thumb got stuck, it...

348 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON - DAY [FLASHBACK]

348

*Kag`Y <SU] /*fi XS^^e Xda_ fZWfdVWZageW bS`f[`Yt Za^V[`Y Z[e
[`\gdVW ZS`Vž FZW ZW^aa]e gbž*

*7i S` /#"fi i S^]e fai SdVe fZWVaad [` fZW i S^^ ^VŠV[`Y fa ;hS`
BWVWdWU][e YSdVWž 7i S` [e Za^V[`Y S` SUf[a` X[YgdW[` Z[e
ZS`V /5a_TVWU 63! ° Sg! S*

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And every item he's ever left me,
 there's never a print. There's
~~WVW~~ a print. I got so angry. So
 angry, I...

353 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY - NIGHT

353

He swallows.

JACK
 I left London. I thought it'd be
 better here. But it was worse.

7I 3@ / AžEžfi
EZgf gb~

KAG@9 <35= / AžEžfi
Kag eZgf gb~

JACK
 So I moved back. To be closer to
 Z[.

A pregnant pause. Everything riding on her response.
 Finally...

LINCOLN
 You want me to feel sorry for you?

JACK
 (no)
 You're the only person who won't.

A beat.

Lincoln stands. Walks past Jack, and out the front door. It
 closes behind her.

HONEY (CONT'D)
Civilised people would want to -
9AA6 9A6 fZW_e_W^~

He's stopped above the UW^Sd efS[de.

MDLINA
You really smell something?

HONEY
KW. And it's getting i adeW

MDLINA
Do you have conflicted feelings
about what we're doing here?

Honey stares at Molina - ZgZ1

MDLINA (CONT'D)
I read this story about a bloke who
kills another bloke, buries him in
the floor, and he gets away with
it, right? 'cept he hears the dead
guy's heart beating. Drives him
right mad. But the thing is, it's
`af really beating, it's just in
his head. Like the beating of the
heart dWdWfe the original
bloke's guilt. So I was thinking,

At a good distance from the home, (perhaps back near the tree), he sets the bucket down. He turns to head back inside but something in the bucket catches his eye...

BETHANY (V. O.)
(startled)
Oh my god who are you?!

356 OMITTED

356

357 INT. COMMUNITY THEATRE, CARDIFF, STAGE - NIGHT [MOMENTS LATER] 357

Bethany is on stage, hanging lights on a lowered lighting bar. They are the only (soft) illumination in the otherwise dark theatre.

A joint in her fingers.

Jack's entered down the aisles of the theatre seats. He's only now close enough to the stage to be visible to Bethany.

JACK
I'm DI Caffery. Police.

BETHANY
You're creepy as fuck is what you are.

JACK
I didn't mean to scare you.

BETHANY
You're [^][fW^S^k] lurking in the shadows. P., ° A`Y"! Y62 I\$! 80 @U XJ

JACK
You weren't answering your mobile.

BETHANY
I'm on a VVfaj. What do you want? And how did you even know I was here?

JACK
I called your dad. He told me.

JACK

You might know more than you think.
Just a few questions.

She still hesitates.

JACK (CONT'D)

(re: the joint)

And I don't give a shit about that.

A beat. Then her shoulders lower a tad. She goes back to stringing lights.

BETHANY

You know people made a shrine for them? Flowers and candles and pictures. I don't understand why we do that in the spot where people die. It's fucking macabre.

(pause)

So whatever, ask what you need to ask, but I probably don't know the answer.

JACK

Whole school was interviewed by the police. But you were sitting next to your parents. I'm thinking

BETHANY

With them? No. Around them? Maybe
once or twice.

JACK

So you weren't friendly with -
[them]

She stops. Faces him

BETHANY

Have you seen pictures of Sophie
and Hugo? Like, how gorgeous they
were. Before they were hacked up.

JACK

Yes.

BETHANY

And do you have working eyeballs?
Do you see me right now?

He's smart enough not to answer.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

@a. We weren't friends.

She resumes her lighting work.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Anyway, we didn't talk about raves
or drugs. But only because it had
nothing to do with them dying. Why
mention it?

JACK

There was one particular rave. At
Cwm y Groes Abbey.

357a INT. CWMY GROES ABBEY / CELLAR - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 357a

I WdW[` S` S` a` k` age BAHŽ ?ah[` Y fZdagYZ fZW5i_ k 9daVē
3TTVKž =[Ve SdWbSdfk[` Yž ?ge[U 4>3D7Ež

A` fZW i S^Y S VSfVW E>3E: 7D ?AH; 7 [e bda\WfVW SYS[` ef fZW
UdSU]VW Ua` UdWfVž 3 i a_ S` eUdWŒ_[` Yf dg` `[` Y

357b INT. COMMUNITY THEATRE, CARDIFF, STAGE - NIGHT

357b

Bethany laughs at the memory.

BETHANY

FZSf. Yeah. Broke my foot, so I got stuck talking to the police. They asked me a bunch of questions but they already knew pretty much everything I did. The raves were a regular thing. Lots of drugs. Pot, X, Ket.

JACK

Adderall?

BETHANY

Probably.

JACK

Who brought the snakes?

She chuckles, remembering.

BETHANY

Bones.

JACK

Bones?

BETHANY

That's what we called him

JACK

Why?

BETHANY

I think because we thought it was scary. Which is embarrassing in retrospect. Anyway, I don't know

357d INT. COMMUNITY THEATRE, CARDIFF, STAGE - NIGHT

357d

Bethany sighs. Jack waits.

BETHANY

Slasher movie stuff. You know fake blood, retractable knives. None of it was real. The whole point was that he was going to eUSdWus. But also get us high. Bones was like a... druggie Freddie Kruger.

(pause)

We were young. We thought he was

358 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

358

Honey descends the front steps of the house, marching back to the bucket of intestines. Molina now following.

They reach the bucket. Honey points down into it.

HONEY
What is that?

MDLI NA
I dunno.

Honey reaches in the bucket. Pulls something out. Shoves his bloody, slimy hand in Molina's face.

HONEY
That, is buckshot.

Molina looks confused.

HONEY (CONT'D)
You told me you trapped the fucking thing!

MDLI NA
Yeah, well, I...it might have been shot by someone first. That's probably how come it was easier for me to trap.

HONEY
So you lied?

MDLI NA
Not really.

HONEY
Okay. You were economical with the truth, then?

MDLI NA
Does it matter? I had a lot to set up. I thought I got it quite good.

HONEY
It only matters because if someone shot the fucking thing before you got to it, they might still be wondering where it is.

MDLI NA
Oh.

HONEY

Yes. AZ. So your story now is that someone else shot the deer and then it voluntarily wandered into your trap to die?

MDI NA

Right.

HONEY

Well then. After said doe shuffled off the mortal coil, what did you cut it with?

MDI NA

What do you mean? It was dead already.

HONEY

To get the innards out, fuck nuts.

MDI NA

Oh. Yeah. Um A knife.

HONEY

From where?

MDI NA

The kitchen.

HONEY

From the wooden block?

MDI NA

Yeah.

HONEY

The wooden block on the kitchen island?

MDI NA

Yeah. From there.

MDI NA

I'd spoken to the housekeeper. Beca. Took care of that right like I was supposed to. Then I was about to do the deer thing but I was really nervous because, well...I'd never really gotten the deer trap to work all the way. They're really hard to build.

(pause)

But then, I drove by the house here and I saw something. It was a deer. And it was dead. And it's insides were in a bucket already. So I thought, why not just use that?

HONEY

You found the deer? At this house?

MDI NA

Yeah. Along the drive.

HONEY

With the bucket and the intestines
d[YZf `Wf fa [f?

MDI NA

Yeah. So I put the deer carcass in the car, drove it out into the woods and dumped it. Came back here, and used the intestines in the trees just like we planned.

(pause)

Was a bi Q

He SHOVES them in Molina's face.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Ea_w`WZSV S^dVSVk Va`W[f Xad
kag1`

MDLI NA

(eyeing the intestines)

Yeah actually maybe that is a bit
strange. What do you think it
means?

With that question, Honey's anger dissipates.

360 INT. COMMUNITY THEATRE, CARDIFF, STAGE - NIGHT [MOMENTS 360
LATER]

Jack is watching the video on Bethany's mobile, which he now holds (Bethany has her joint back). We still hear the music playing, the video is going.

Jack swallows, reacting to what he's seeing.