

WOLF

by

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

Like her chest is a bottomless well of pain.

FADE IN:

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

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

They hold a screwdriver.

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

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

His small, socked feet silent against the dark flooring.

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

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

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

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

He glances up at the wooden planks.

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

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

713@

EZgf gb~

KAG@9 <35=

Kag eZgf gb~

Young Jack PUSHES Ewan.

- 602 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, GARDEN - NIGHT [1998] 602
- IN THE TREES AROUND THE GARDEN
- Dragonflies RATTLE. Twigs SNAP under Young Jack's feet. His raised forearm keeps branches at bay. Up ahead, the wall that separates Jack's home from Ivan Penderecki's home.
- And that door.
- Young Jack reaches forward. Pushes the door open. As he looks through it...
- 602A EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, GARDEN - DAY [FLASHBACK] 602A
[1998]
- In the seconds/moments after their fight.
- Young Jack (his thumb hurt from being caught in the wooden planks), looks through the tiny door at Ewan (with his Combat Hero in hand).
- Ewan has walked through the small door, now standing on the other side of the wall.
- Ewan - still steaming - turns back to look at his brother through the door.
- (note: this is our iconic shot of Ewan's disappearance/final moment)
- The brothers lock eyes.
- Then Ewan stomps off in anger, disappearing from Young Jack's view
- 603 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, GARDEN - NIGHT [1998] 603
- It's just Young Jack's imagination. But when Ewan disappears from view it still cuts like a knife.
- Young Jack goes through the door... Jack emerges into Penderecki's garden. He stares up at the distinctive white window and then creeps round the side of the house, disappearing from sight
- 604 OMITTED 604
- 605 INT. IVAN PENDERECKI'S HOUSE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS/ HALLWAY/ 605
BASEMENT / BEDROOM - NIGHT [1998]
- From the window Young Jack puts one Fila-clad foot onto the floor. Then another. Moving slow Quiet. We can practically hear his heart THUMPING in his small chest.

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

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

A long hallway leading to a basement door. ; f e abW.

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

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

A bedroom door

BAB.

Young Jack GASPS, startled.

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

It leads to the garden outside.

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

From upstairs/O.S., the SNORING stops. Young Jack doesn't ~~to~~ cups/

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

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

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

TITLE SEQUENCE

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

DPU 585.

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

Honey stands, slack-jawed.

MOLINA

Do you know what this means?

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

MOLINA (CONT'D)

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

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

He releases Honey.

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

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

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

HONEY
And you... you killed...

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

MOLINA
Yep.

HONEY
Why?

MOLINA

MDLI NA

I am `af mentally ill. And I would know if I was. Used to work at a nut house.

(Leaning in)

And trust me, S^^ of God's creatures were there.

HONEY

You're going to kill me.

MDLI NA

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

Honey eyes the gun.

MDLI NA (CONT'D)

(re: the gun)

AZ

MOLINA (CONT'D)

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

HONEY

(re: the family)

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

Honey goes backwards, holding Beca's feet.

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

Her bare feet smosh up against Honey's face.

611 OMITTED 611

612 EXT. WOODS IN MONMOUTHSHIRE - NIGHT 612

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

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

The car stops. The headlights cut out.

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

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

MOLINA

Are you here with me now because
you *iS`f* to be, or because you *ZShW*
to be?

HONEY

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

MOLINA

MOLINA

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

He puts down the measuring tape. Pulls out pliers.

Honey goes nauseous. Molina misreads it.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

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

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

615

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

MOMENTS LATER

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

On it, little things. Miniature bottles of perfume. Foreign
coins in tiny ceramic bowls. Photos of Lincoln with

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

: W U d S U] e S i d k e _ [^ W Leans against the wall, crossing his arms over his chest.

JACK
You Z S f W that I'm here.

L I N C O L N
I just don't want you getting the wrong idea.

JACK
That you're the coffee-making type?

L I N C O L N
That I'm the home-making type.

He eyes her kitchen sink.

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

She fights to keep a smile at bay.

JACK (CONT'D)
I tell you what. I'm going to make my own cup of coffee. Th R O.

K

LINCOLN

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

JACK

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

(pause)

How do you know Minnet Kable?

She's quiet.

JACK (CONT'D)

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

Still quiet.

JACK (CONT'D)

What have you been -

LINCOLN

; Va` f Z[VW

JACK

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

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

LINCOLN

(still laughing)

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

JACK

Why?

LINCOLN

(slowly turning serious)

Because I know you. Know your nightmare.

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

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WOLF - EPISODE 6 - POST SHOOT VERSION - 26.07.22

But he's not moving.

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

Still not moving.

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

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

HONEY (CONT'D)
(almost inaudible)
Kag dWegUZ S XgU] [`Y V[U].

He steps towards the spiral staircase, passing sleeping
Molina.

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

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

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

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

618 OMITTED 618

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

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

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

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

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

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

620A OMITTED

620A

621 OMITTED

621

622 OMITTED

622

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

623

A barred room Jack sits with:

MINNET

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

(pause)

I liked to go there.

JACK

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

MINNET

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

(pause)

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

624

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

624

Jack leaves his meeting with Kable, as stunned as we've seen

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

As he heads out again...

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

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

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

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

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

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

She washes grapes in the sink.

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

JACK
 It's no bother. O

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

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

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

PRODY
I was fine.

JACK
You shouldn't have done it.

PRODY
It's not a big -[deal]

JACK
Thank you.

Prody nods. Jack nods. Issue closed.

2 on 1

Jou S
\
lon a

JACK
 I don't know I...
 (pause)
 I don't know what I've done,
 opening this all up. And I...
 (to himself)
 I don't know what I'd even do with
 the truth.

PRODY
 What's that supposed to mean?

JACK
 Nothing.

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

JACK
 It's a closed case, Prody.

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

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

628 OMITTED 628

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

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

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

BONES
 What the fuck are you doing here?

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

BONES (CONT'D)
 I'm not talking to you. How stupid
 do you think I am?

JACK

I want to ask you about Sophie and Hugo.

A beat. Bones slowly comprehends.

BONES

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

JACK

I know

BONES

Wasn't even in town.

JACK

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

Bones stays silent. Jack grows frustrated.

JACK (CONT'D)

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

BONES

(angry)

All morning, police have been telling me about the

BONES

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

JACK

And?

BONES

And they hurt someone. Bad.

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

CLOSE ON:

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

We hear a fast-paced, drum machine beat.

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

Pull back to reveal we are:

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

The boom box is set up on the carpeted floor.

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

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

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

SLAMS himself against the wall - paintings be damed.

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

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

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

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

Oliver, on the floor, terrified.

633

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

633

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

OLIVER (O.S.)

NO!!!!!!

LUCIA (O.S.)

MUM MUM!!!

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

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

MATILDA

Please don't make my daughter feel any pain. I beg of you. No pain.
(digging deep)
Whatever you need to do, whatever violence is in you, take it out on me. Do anything to me. Just not her.

She closes her eyes. Ready.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The music is LOUDER right behind that glass.

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

EMILY (O.S.)

What the fuck!

Jack strides...

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

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

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

Silence.

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

Max says nothing.

JACK
Because I'm asking.

A prolonged beat. Finally -

EMILY

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

EMILY

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

And it dawns on Jack...

637A

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

637A

The branding machine on the farm Sophie and Hugo,

JACK
Kag hWYaf fa TWXgU][`Y \a][`Y.

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

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

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

643

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

A>; H7D / HŽAžfi
I ZW eZW i Se S kag`Yt eZW VVef dakWW
_k i [XW e X^ai Vde [` fZW YSdVWž
EZW fZW VW [W [fž

Another step. Molina right behind her.

MDLI NA
There we go.

A>; H7D / HŽAžfi
I W bgf US_ VdSe gbł fa VV Vd >gU[S
Xda_ Va[`Y [f SYS[`ž FZVW i VdWa` ^k
VhVd _Vd` f Xad agd geVž

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

A>; H7D / HŽAžfi
>gU[S] [^^W S USf i Z[^W TW `Y
X[^_VWł fa eb[fW gež

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

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

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

A>; H7D / HŽAžfi
P!

A>; H7D / HžAžfi
 4gf i WUZaeWfa eWV ZWđ Si Sk fa S
 _WfS^ [`ef[fgf[a`ž 4WUSgeWi Wi WđW
 SeZS_ VWž

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A>; H7D / HžAžfi
 ; f i Se fZW T[YYWef _[efS] Wi WhW
 VhWđ _SVVž

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

He turns red, clutching his chest.

A>; H7D / HžAžfi
 4WUSgeW eZW US_W TSU] fW f[_Wđ
 i adeVž

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

MOLINA

Didn't see that one coming.

LUCIA

Life is Xg^^ of surprises.

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

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

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

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

The night of the bonfire/branding.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<35= /HžAžfi
FZWY[d^ e `S_W[e >gU[S 3`UZadŽ
8WdWdež

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

Jack, driving down the country roads. One earpod in.

JACK

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

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

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

PRODY

Don't suppose it's Matilda?

INTERCUT THESE TWO SCENES:

JACK

Right you are.

(pause)

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

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

JACK (CONT'D)

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

Inside the Piercefield House, during that snake-party. But

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

PRODY
(dry)
3YS[`1

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

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

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

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

Molina delicately brushes hair out of Lucia's face.

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

Lucia's eyes water.

LUCIA
My dog was supposed to be with me

LUCIA
(through tears)
I love you, too.

MDLI NA
Look at me.

She looks up.

MDLI NA (CONT' D)

MDLI NA
Just listen.

LUCI A
No! I told you! My dad left
WVdkfZ[`Y to him because -

She looks at her father, lifeless on the floor.

LUCI A (CONT' D)
- he thinks I can't ZS`V^Wit or
whatever.

MDLI NA
Luci a!

LUCI A
(eyes back on Molina)
; f e `af XS[d`

Now Molina sits up.

MDLI NA
Hear me out, darling! Just hear me
out.

She listens, still fuming.

MDLI NA (CONT' D)
What if `a a`Wgets the money right

MILINA

A/I we need is a bit more patience. Wdn / nti Q
than we thought. But it's all going
to work out. Just like I promised.

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

6; @9 6A@9.

They freeze.

649 EXT ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY [CONTINUOUS] / nti h 649
tncp0 iR / l / h / dp ds /

Jack stands outside the front door, waiting. Eyes shifting
towards windows, the second storey, Matilda's expansive
gao R or d. P th tsnseswaHP

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

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

MOLINA
May I offer you some tea?

JACK
(yes)
Thank you.

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

The kitchen island is between the two men.

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

MOLINA
Sorry?

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

MOLINA (CONT'D)
Oh. ~~4WSd~~. Yes. She's roaming about right now. But please, call me Kiernan.

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

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

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

JACK
(re: the photo)
Those your parents?

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

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

JACK
Matilda and... does that say Jimmy?

MDLINA

JACK (CONT'D)

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

Molina says nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)

Does something smell?

MDLI NA

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

JACK

I know that smell, Mr. Anchor-Ferrers.

MDLI NA

I do wish you'd call me Kiernan.

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

JACK

Is that blood?

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

The kettle comes to a full boil, HISSING.

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

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

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

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

Molina CRASHES to the ground. The knife e^[[VW across the kitchen floor towards Bear's food bowls.

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

Jack GRITS through the pain, but then -

Molina's hands GRIP Jack's neck, squeezing the life out of him The kettle now E5D73?; @9.

LUCIA

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

JACK

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

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

JACK (CONT'D)

How many men are there?

LUCIA

Two.

(pointing to Honey)

He's one of them I don't know where the other one is.

JACK

He's downstairs. He's dead.

LUCIA

No.

JACK

He's dead.

LUCIA

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

JACK

I killed him myself.

She trembles, *bS[`W*, but covers (kind of).

JACK (CONT'D)

Come in from the window

She doesn't move.

JACK (CONT'D)

Come on, Lucia.

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

Then something inside him shifts.

JACK (CONT'D)

You don't want it to be over, do you?

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

JACK (CONT'D)

It's been too much Xg`.

Her eyes narrow just a bit.

JACK (CONT'D)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then she LAUGHS at him, cutting the act.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
 9aV, you're pathetic. Like I'd ever
 really kill myse-

She E> BE.

Jack 4A>FE towards her, but -

Her head HITS the windowsill ZSdV. Blood splatters upwards.

Jack reaches but -

I: AAE: . She falls backwards. Gone.

Jack looks out the window

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

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

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

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

OLIVER (V. O.)
 ; i [f` WeeW _k VSgYZfWd ^VShWagd
 ZageWa` fZW` [YZf aX fZW6a`] Wk
 B[fUZ _gdVWdež EZWZSe `a S^[T[ž ;
 `WwWd fa^V fZWba^[UVž ; `WwWd fa^V
 _k i [XVž
 /bSgeWfi
 ; ZShW`a W UgeW Xad _k TVSh[agdž
 4gf _k ZabW[e fZSfł [` VVsfZł ;
 US` ea_WZai _S] WfZ[`Ye d[YZfž

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

OLIVER (V. O.)
 ?Sk fZWfdgfZ X[`S^^k TW] `ai `ž

Jack closes his eyes.

- 653 EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY 653
 Lucia, outside, dead.
- 654 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 654
 Molina, in the kitchen, also dead.
- 655 EXT. PLAY PARK - DAY [JACK'S IMAGINATION] 655
 Minnet Kable, parked outside of a play park, watching the children.
- 656 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY 656
 Jack opens his eyes.
 Rips the letter into pieces. Shoves them in his pocket.
 5D73=. A sound. But where's it coming from?
 Jack snaps to attention. Bolts from the room
- 657 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 657
 Jack climbs a narrow staircase, two steps at a time. Another CREAK as he reaches the third floor landing.
 A door. It's locked. He angles his good shoulder towards it and 4GEFE it open to Ž

Colonel Frink throws the ball. Bear runs after it.

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

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

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

JACK
(re: Colonel Frink)
Think I did.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jack glances down at his bruised thumb.

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

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

Jack waits.

THE WALKING MAN (CONT'D)
Ivan Penderecki had been stalking
your brother prior to abducting

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

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

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

JACK

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

Now Jack looks up.

JACK (CONT'D)

There's so many things I could have done.

THE WALKING MAN

How old were you, Jack?

JACK

I was eight.

THE WALKING MAN

(pointedly)

Do you remember how young that is?

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

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

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

667 OMITTED 667

He climbs up to the treehouse.

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

672

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

Jack's hands - "fZSf Tdg[eVW fZg_T - grab hold of a plank of wood. He YANKS it from the tree. Tosses it to the ground.

Another plank. He PULLS it loose. Throws it.

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

All the walls of the treehouse are gone.

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

Ivan drops the curtain.

Jack smiles.

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

673

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

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

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

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

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

SERGEANT COX

There was a fingerprint on the robot toy?

ANALYST

Yeah.

SERGEANT COX

You're ~~egdv~~

ANALYST

~~KV~~SZ.

SERGEANT COX

3' V [f i Se S _SfUZ Xad <SU] e
TdafZVd1

ANALYST

An exact match.

Sergeant Cox's mind races.

SERGEANT COX

Ewan Caffery was abducted in 1998. Presumed killed. That toy wasn't even made until 2004.

(pause)

That means, Jack's brother wasn't killed in 1998. That would mean he was alive until at least 2004.

(pause)

Maybe longer.

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

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

Jack watches the treehouse burn.

FADE OUT