

WOLF

by

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Based on the novel by Mo Hayder

Pilot Episode
"Watching"

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AND ITS SUBSIDIARY AND PARENT COMPANIES.

A100 Over a black screen, we hear the single string of a baseA100 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 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 behind him

From his body language, and the sound of the object 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).

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

His head comes up again. And the dancing abruptly stops -

His hand grabs a KNIFE in his belt.

He raises t

MA

She's here! We're here!

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

BRIAN

MA

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?!

MA

BRIAN

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

MA

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 ?

AMY

He had a puppy.

BRIAN

Oh Christ!

MA

Brian, .

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.

MA

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.

MA

So it wasn't puppy?

AMY

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

MA

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

AMY

No.

MA

Are you sure?

AMY

Honest, Mam

Ma and Brian still look worried.

AMY

Honest .

Brian shudders an exhal e. Then -

BRIAN

(calling out)
 Hello?! You want to come out? Have
 a chat with me? We can talk about
 puppi es, you

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.

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

Mia? 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 eggy '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, EVAN'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 . No crows feet here. The

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

INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EWAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

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,
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 '
'?

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

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 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 - . 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 .

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.

DRI SCOLL (O.S.)

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

SUPERINTENDENT DRI SCOLL (late 40s, female) walks to the front
of the room

DRI SCOLL

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?

DRI SCOLL

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.

DRI SCOLL

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...

DRI SCOLL (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....

DRI SCOLL (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

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 .

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 .
(pause)
And so she's wheeling you in for
surgery and I...I asked if we could
have a word.

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.

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... . 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!

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

. 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.

DRI SCOLL
(without turning)
Nice jacket.

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

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

Driscoll turns to face Jack.

DRI SCOLL
(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

DRI SCOLL
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.

DRI SCOLL
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.

DRI SCOLL
Hospital.

JACK
You can give her to me.

DRI SCOLL
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 " " K / eol aestl ntpbdal as Use

Oliver trips.

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, 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

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 ve !

VERONICA

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, SITTING ROOM / KITCHEN / ENTRANCE HALL - DAY [AFTERNOON] 118

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, TICK noise.

But 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. "s t ,

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

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

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

OLIVER
Oh that's right. 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.

LUCIA

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.

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)

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
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.

MATILDA

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

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

A head.

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

JACK
(eyes on the screen)
Every kid wanted one. If your mum
bought you one, you'd take it
everywhere.

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.

Jack glances back at his computer screen. we / d

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 .

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

(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 Swni o'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. My car broke down here until 11. We sought a mechanic and drove down from London.

. 5.

HONEY

So you're on holiday now?

MATILDA

(jitters) I

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.

it's all worth it

so long,

2'

0 M% ...АЪ

ИЪОЪ8УИИЪ

He takes her hand, comforting.

MDLINA

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.

MDLINA

(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

Honey holds up his hands, defensive.

HONEY

I'm sorry, Ms. 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

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 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 h ~~(ex~~VERONICA

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

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

CUT TO:

The monsty show

VERONICA

I told you, I 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)

CUT TO:

Giggles, chasing, bubble blowing.

*The adults leave frame, looking for the monster 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,

JACK

Because you can't fake chem. 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-

In Q

VERONICA
 (re: the glass)
 You have 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.

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.

JACK

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

DRI SCOLL

Send sergeants to perform illegal
searches on his residence?

Jack freezes - caught.

DRI SCOLL

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 -

DRI SCOLL

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

She does.

DRI SCOLL

But you're going about this
the wrong way.

JACK

What thing, ma'am?

DRI SCOLL

. When someone shows a video of
their kid dancing, . When
the lads go for a pint, . 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.

DRI SCOLL

(incredulous)

You're asking me for a favour?

He remains quiet.

DRI SCOLL

People above me are already going
to be looking at giving you a

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you a

DRI SCOLL

(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...

DRI SCOLL

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

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

Jack enters the house, striding. . . 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 door

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 Evan's room..).

She's burned the contents.

JACK

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

MOLINA

I doubt it.

OLIVER

(grasping at straws)

But it be. There 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.

MDLINA
(re: the intestines)
This is... 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 MORNING] 137

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 [MORNING - MOMENTS LATER] 138

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

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

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 getting that done.

(pointedly)

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)

Still, nothing.

JACK

You

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?

MDLI NA
I couldn't bring it up from the road.

HONEY
Why not?

MDLI NA
It wouldn't start.

Everyone tenses.

HONEY
What do you mean it wouldn't start?

MDLI NA
And I... I saw something.

Honey waits for more. Molina hesitates.

LUCI A
(covering her ears)
Oh please don't! I don't want to hear!

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.

MILINA
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)
car. Isn't it just out front?

MATILDA
(pointing towards the

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)

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.

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 Pendercki. They spent three weeks together before their row I don't know what Pendercki 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?

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