

# WOLF

by

Megan Gallagher

Based on the novel by M. Hayder

## Episode 2 "Torture"

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Over a black screen, we hear the SQUEAL of a teenage girl.

SOPHIE (O.S.)  
*You're gonna drop me!!*

HUGO (O.S.)  
(mock caveman voice)  
ME MAM! ME CARRY!

She erupts in giggles.

HUGO

Called the Donkey Pitch. It's because some guy way back used to -  
[keep his donkeys here]

SOPHIE

Keep his donkeys here?

HUGO

Well, yeah.

SOPHIE

I ruined that for you, didn't I?  
Sorry.

(mock girly voice)

Why do they call it the Donkey Pitch, Hugo? Can you explain it to me?

HUGO

(mock manly voice)

Well, Sophie, back in the something-hundreds, a man used to keep his donkeys here.

SOPHIE

(mock girly voice)

Oh, thank you! I never would have guessed!

They both laugh. Hugo approaches another door, at the opposite end of the Donkey Pitch's rectangular wall. It's smaller.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(re: behind the door)

What's in there?

Hugo smiles, excited to show her. But says nothing. With Sophie still slung over his shoulder, he walks through the next door, and into...

202

INT. DOVECOTE - DAY [EVENING - FLASHBACK]

202

A high-walled, circular, encased stone structure with numerous "holes", (the perfect size for birds to nest). In several of the holes, tea lights burn.

There's no roof on the dovecote...the dark sky above them

SOPHIE

Oh my god! Put me down!

HUGO

(mock caveman voice)

Me MAN. Me FIND CAV-

She pinches his leg



She tries climbing the wall. Fingers digging into tiny grooves, socked feet flat against the stone. Pulling herself up with every ounce of strength she has.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
HELP!!!!!!

She falls. Scrapes her face. Scrambles to her feet again.

She looks left. Then right. The rectangular stone wall encases them. But maybe there's another exit?

She bolts right, scrambling along the wall. Racing. Faster and faster, her feet bleeding through her socks.

She falls. Tries again. Falls again. She climbs to her feet, stumbling, but pushing on. *There has to be a way out.*

204 INT. DOVECOTE - DAY [EVENING - FLASHBACK] 204

The Hazmat Man stands over Hugo, calmly eyeing him (Hugo O.S./on the ground). Then -

A SCREAMING (Sophie - calling for help) heard through the door (leading into the Donkey Pitch). It piques the Hazmat Man's interest.

He goes through the door, (just a few inches), leaving Hugo behind.

205 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [EVENING - FLASHBACK] 205

WITH THE HAZMAT MAN

The Hazmat Man emerges from the dovecote. He (and we) see the fluttering of yellow fabric (Sophie's dress) through the trees. We hear her WHIMPERS.

She's running around the pitch, scrambling to find another way out. She keeps falling, getting up, trying again. Her determination unwavering.



He glances to his right. A poster of two fluffy kittens playing.

WAVERLY

Well, there's no chip.

JACK

(under his breath)  
'course not.

WAVERLY

Which is strange because her coat and teeth are in great shape. This isn't a stray. Someone loves this dog very much.

JACK

But no one's reported her missing?

WAVERLY

Not that's in our system, no. And I checked with the shelters, too. Nothing about a missing dog that fits this description.

Waverly gingerly palpates Bear's back legs. Bear retreats inward.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

As for her foot, she may have broken a toe. She'll be sore for a while but it will heal.

JACK

Any idea how she got it?

WAVERLY

It's on the underside. Most likely she fell.

(pause)

If you want to find her home, you could always have a drive around, see if anyone recognises her. Take a picture on your phone, show people.

JACK

It'd be easier to take her with me.

WAVERLY

Oh, no, sorry, I need to keep her until we can get her x-rayed.

JACK

X-rayed?



WAVERLY

Thought that was why you took her  
in.

Waverly palpates Bear's belly.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

She's swallowed something. Humans  
can pass all kinds of things. But

She's pinned in place. The men leave the room

Matilda tries to move the table. But it's massively heavy.  
It's no use.

Bear YAPS. Matilda is alone. Panic mounts. Then -

Molina PUSHES Oliver into the kitchen. The old man's hands  
cuffed in front of him

When he sees Matilda, his body deflates with sorrow

MATILDA

Ollie? Ollie? What's happening?

Molina pushes Oliver against the AGA cooker, now cuffing his  
hands around the handle. Molina leaves.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

Ollie? For heaven's sake, what's  
happening?

He doesn't answer. His head low

MATILDA (CONT'D)

Speak to me!

He raises his head. His eyes saggy, tired. Bloodshot.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

What are they doing?

OLIVER

I don't know

MATILDA

They can't be the police. Why would  
the police do something like this?

OLIVER

They're not police.

MATILDA

Then who?

OLIVER

I don't know

MATILDA

Did you see Lucia?

OLIVER

No.

MATILDA

But she's okay? Isn't she?



Lucia STRUGGLES against the fridge. It nearly tips over on top of her.

OLIVER

Lucia! Don't fight!

Molina attaches a leash to the dog's collar, then tethers it to a handle for dish towels on the kitchen island.



MATILDA

But we have to tell someone!  
They're going to do it again!  
(to Oliver)  
My wedding ring. They've taken the  
ring you gave me!

OLIVER

We can replace it.

MATILDA

But why did they have to do all of  
that? If they just wanted to rob  
us, why go to such trouble? They're  
worse than Kable. Worse!

OLIVER

But they're go go T goyxg

But now Jack turns it over. We see the back:

*Please call the police.*

*Please take this seriously.*

Jack eyes the note, mulling it over. Decision time. Finally, he picks up his phone. Taps the screen.

On his screen: a map of Monmouthshire. Several tiny neighbourhoods.

Jack sighs. Here we go.

211 EXT. MONMOUTHSHIRE NEIGHBOURHOODS, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY [EARLY AFTERNOON] 211

Gravel roads. Luxurious, oversized homes everywhere. Jack drives through it, taking in the scenery.

So this is how the other half lives.

212 EXT. MINI-MANSION, MONMOUTHSHIRE NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY [EARLY AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS] 212

Jack rings a doorbell, his phone (and the pic of Bear) in his hand. A LADY (50s) answers.

JACK

Hello. My name is Detective Caffery. This might sound a bit odd but...

(swallowing pride)

I'm actually in the neighbourhood trying to find the home of a lost dog.

LADY

I don't want a dog.

JACK

No, that's not what - [this is about]

LADY

Is this what the police are doing with my tax money?

(annoyed, shutting the door)

*Cer i grafu.*

Jack sighs - going to be a long day.

213 EXT. MONMOUTHSHIRE NEIGHBOURHOOD, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 213  
[AFTERNOON - LATER]

Quick snippets/montage. Jack driving. Parking. House after house. Mums, dads, sullen teenagers, grandparents... everyone looks at the picture of Bear and shakes their heads "no."

Door after door after door, all shutting in Jack's face.

214 EXT. MINI-MANSION, MONMOUTHSHIRE NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY 214  
[AFTERNOON - LATER]

Jack with a FRUMPY GRANDMOTHER (80s). Her door wide open, she beckons him inside.

FRUMPY GRANDMOTHER  
It will only take you a minute! My son says it's a button somewhere to make it start again.

JACK  
I'm sorry, I can't - [come in right now]

FRUMPY GRANDMOTHER  
But he's sent me pictures of the kids!

Off Jack, stuck...

215 INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY [AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER] 215

Jack SLAMS his door.

In his hand, a lemon poppyseed loaf, wrapped in clingfilm He tosses it in the passenger seat.

216 EXT. COLONEL FRINK'S HOUSE - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON] 216

COLONEL FRINK (late 70s) stands in his doorway, leaning on a walking stick. His kind, wrinkled face looks confused.

COLONEL FRINK  
You've been out searching all day?  
You poor lad!

JACK  
I'm quite all right.

COLONEL FRINK  
Would you like to step in?

JACK  
No, thank you. If you could just have a look there.



Jack hands the Colonel his mobile. The old man holds it, but doesn't look at the picture.

COLONEL FRANK

What a lucky family, whoever this dog belongs to. Might be a little boy or girl, crying their eyes out right now. But they don't know you're on the way! And a police detective! It's amazing.

JACK

If you could just have a look at her picture.

COLONEL FRANK

Don't you want some tea?

JACK

No. Thank you. I'm all right.



COLONEL FRINK

Yes.

(pause)

You'll have to forgive me if I've forgotten your face. There were so many police at that time. Were you involved with her case?

Jack chooses his words carefully.

JACK

I haven't been a detective that long.

The wooden door. The same one Hugo and Sophie walked through.

In front of the door, a small, recently-erected shrine to Sophie and Hugo (same one we saw from a distance in ep 1).

But now we see the shrine up close.

Small, framed pictures of Sophie and Hugo. A few bouquets. Graveyard candles (unlit). Knickknacks that we can only assume belonged to the teenagers.

Jack looks at the shrine, a moment of respect.

JACK (V.O.)  
Quebec Bravo Five Two on route.

RADIO DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Copy that, Sergeant.

223 EXT. WALL/DONKEY PITCH - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK] 223

Jack in a sergeant's uniform

He looks 5-6 years younger here, not even 30 yet. A radio on his chest.

Alongside him is a uniformed PC (20s). Both of them walk along that wall, headed to the wooden door.

It has recently rained; the ground is a muddy/wet mess.  
(note: this is important for forensics)

PC  
Some lady called it in. Said there

PC (CONT'D)  
(nervous)  
Never been a first responder to a  
murder before. You don't mind me  
asking, Serg, have you?

Jack hesitates - but we sense nerves on him too. Without him  
saying a word, we can tell the answer is 'no.'

They reach the wooden door, where both of them hear -

WAILING.

Jack opens the door. They rush into/onto -

224

EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK]

224

A DOG WALKER (30s, female), leans up against the wall. She's  
crying. Trembling from shock.

Her dog (a large lab. Note: clearly not Bear) is beside her.  
He grips a tennis ball in his slobbery mouth.

He reaches the bodies. Crouches down. Now just centimetres away from the grotesque remains of the teenagers (off camera).

We stay tight on Jack's face. It's a lot to take in, and his sorrowful expression betrays it.

Then his eyes glance up again, towards those intestines (again, off camera). As he takes in the sight of them intertwined in the trees...

LI NCOLN (O. S.)  
You the SI O?

Jack startles. Turns.

Behind him DI MAI A LI NCOLN (40) stands. Boots. Tight jeans. Hands on her hips.

Jack opens his mouth, but no words come out.

LI NCOLN (CONT' D)  
No? Then what the fuck are you doing on my crime scene?

227 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY [AFTERNOON] 227

Matilda GRUNTS awkwardly, trying to push the heavy table up high enough to slip her cuffs from underneath.

But it's impossible. It CRASHES to the ground. She collapses, sweating.

A splinter from the table leg has cut her hand. A bit of blood on the floor (set up for ep 6).

OLI VER  
You have to stop.

MATI LDA  
You need your medication.

OLI VER  
Beca will come.

MATI LDA  
She cleans on Saturdays.

OLI VER  
Today's Saturday.

MATI LDA  
But we just got back! The house isn't dirty. She won't come until next Saturday!

OLIVER  
I'll be all right.

MATILDA  
How do you feel?

OLIVER  
I'm okay. I promise.

LUCIA  
He's not. Look at him

OLIVER  
Honestly, I'm fine. Let's not  
panic. Panic is the worst thing we  
can - [

HONEY

*Hello.*

The air is sucked out of the room

Honey and Molina enter the kitchen, holding paper bags.

HONEY (CONT'D)

(re: their bags)

I want to start by saying, the  
produce here is amazing.

MOLINA

Top marks.

HONEY

It's usually so hard to eat well on



HONEY

Well, of course we're not. People assume things too easily.

Bear starts YAPPING.

OLIVER

What is this all about? Are you friends with Kable? Are you working for him?

HONEY

(to Molina)

Ooooooo, someone's playing detective.

MOLINA

(to Honey)

Got his thinking cap on.

HONEY

(to Oliver)

I like it. I do. But as far as I'm aware, Kable's still in prison. Best place for him considering what he did to those kids. Don't you think, DS Molina?

MOLINA

Best place.

OLIVER

Then why did you do all of this?  
(stern, definitive)  
What's your agenda?

HONEY

(mocking stern)

What's your agenda?

Bear keeps YAPPING.

OLIVER

If we don't know what you want, how can we help you?!

HONEY

Fair enough. Since you're being generous enough to offer to help, I'll tell you what we want.

Honey approaches Oliver. Crouches down, so they are eye to eye.

HONEY (CONT' D)

We want you to be scared. But when I say 'scared', I mean *really* scared. Let's say your current rating on the scared scale is, oh, I don't know, four? What DS Molina and I are aiming for is ten.

Honey stands again.

MATILDA

But there's no point in simply scaring us!

HONEY

You're very right. Simply scaring you would be pointless. So of course it's more than that. Of course we *want* something.

OLIVER

Tell us.

HONEY

No, no. The first stage is to scare you. And when you're so scared you'll do anything, anything at all, *then* we'll tell you what we want.

Honey holds out his hand. Molina passes over the bag, full of the family's belongings. Honey opens it. Looks inside.

HONEY (CONT' D)

So many pretty things.

He strides over to Bear's food bowl. Picks it up. Places it on the kitchen island.

Then he picks out the rings and necklaces from the bag. Drops



HONEY (CONT'D)

MATTHEWS

I've seen a lot of a things  
but... *Jesus*. Forensics is gonna  
need a dozen bags.

LINCOLN

Not to mention a soup spoon.

Jack's eyes nearly pop out of his head. *Did she just say that?*

Matthews shoots Lincoln a look.

MATTHEWS

*Lincoln.*

LINCOLN

What?

MATTHEWS

They're *kids*.

LINCOLN

I'm aware.

He still looks pissed.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

What's your problem?

A forensics examiner gently digs into Hugo's jean pockets. Pulls out keys, a small bag of weed, and some fags.

LI NCOLN (CONT' D)  
 (to everyone)  
 If nothing comes back on those  
 fags, I'm claiming them

Everyone's heads snap in her direction, Jack's included. She looks up, sees everyone staring.

LI NCOLN (CONT' D)  
 What?

Jack gazes at Lincoln, *transfixed*.

232 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON]

232

Jack walks away from Sophie's hiding place, leaving his hoodie behind.

He reaches the door to the dovecote. Turns, facing the pitch. Squints, looking for his hoodie. But he can't see it.

He pulls out his mobile. Fiddles with it.

On screen: A "binoculars" app. Jack uses it to zoom in on where his hoodie should be.

But it's too far away. Trees and bushes in the way. He can't see the hoodie.

We don't understand what Jack is up to yet (we're not meant to). But from his expression, we can an

OLIVER

The section in the top right.

HONEY

Open your mouth.

Oliver does. Honey tips the contents into Oliver's mouth. Then fetches a glass of water. Holds it to Oliver's lips.

Oliver drinks, swallowing the pills. Water dribbles down his chin.

MOLINA

(to Matilda)

Get up.

But Matilda is unsteady. Molina pulls her up, annoyed.

Bear starts GAGGING.

HONEY

(to Molina)

It's gonna puke. I don't do dog puke. Deal with it.

LUCIA

Give me my dog! I want my dog! I want -

SMACK. Honey backhands Lucia hard enough to knock her back down to the floor. Matilda GASPS.

MATILDA

No!!

Lucia is beside herself with shock. Cheek red. Mouth open.

OLIVER

(roaring)

*Don't you touch her! Don't you ever touch her!*

HONEY

(mimicking, ignoring Oliver)

"I want. I want." Didn't Mummy tell you not to whine? Or has Mummy been slack in her parenting skills?

LUCIA

(still shocked)

Please. Just...just let me have my dog.

HONEY

I give the orders, not you.

(to Molina)

Take Mummy upstairs. Then put the dog anywhere.

(re: Lucia)

But *not with her*.

234 INT. MONMOUTH PUB - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON]

234

A posh place, but a watering hole nonetheless. Several patrons (men in their 60s) nurse beer and liquor.

Jack has a Sprite. His laptop opened on the bar. He posts pictures of Bear on Next Door/Facebook/etc.

We see him type, "Please contact..." (we cut away before he lists the mobile number)

He's finished. Thinks. Then brings up the Police National Database.

Pulls up the files on the Donkey Pitch murders.

235 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY [LATE 235 AFTERNOON]

We're at the top of the spiral staircase. A landing. Three doors. All closed.

236 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, THE ROSE ROOM - DAY [LATE 236 AFTERNOON]

A room with outdated decorations. Matilda and Bear are both on the floor, tied to a radiator. Bear by her leash. Matilda by her feet.

Matilda searches around her, looking for something. *Anything*. She reaches a small table. Pulls open the drawers. Finds pens. Pens!

But she pulls the tops off. They're felt. Useless as a weapon.

Matilda pulls Bear into a hug. Starts sobbing.

The door opens. Matilda startles. Hides the pen.

It's Molina. He enters. Places a sandwich, on a plate, on the floor.

MOLINA

Dinner.

Matilda looks at the sandwich. But makes no move towards it.



MILINA (CONT'D)  
Sui t yourself.

MATILDA

She washes her hands, her entire body deflating. Then, her



MATILDA (CONT' D)

No! No, no, no, no...

Too late. Bear has ripped the note in two.

Matilda fights tears, then stuffs both notes back into her collar, firmer this time.

243 INT./EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON] 243

Honey and Molina in the kitchen, cleaning up the mess. Dog food on multiple surfaces, even the walls.

The men have buckets of soapy water. Sponges. Honey wears washing up gloves. Molina doesn't.

Honey cleans near the sink. Molina works on the kitchen island.

HONEY

This place stinks.

MDLI NA

Well there's dog food everywhere. Didn't know you were going to do that.

HONEY

No. It stunk before. It's dirty. This is a dirty house. And what was on the floor over there?

He points towards the entrance hall.

HONEY (CONT' D)

Was that blood?

MDLI NA

I had to bring everything through the house. Must have sloshed around a bit.

HONEY

You brought *intestines* through the house? Why'd you do that?

MDLI NA

Well, I had to get them to the garden.

HONEY

You could have gone *round* the house. Outside.

MDLI NA

It was quicker to go through ~~the~~ ~~door~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~garden~~





Honey holds the note, unaware that there's any more to it. It reads:

*We are at The Milton House, Monmouthshire. NP25 5KN*

*Please send help.*





HONEY

I mean me, being from the dregs of society, I don't get it. Never saw how a horse or a dog could take the place of a human. Never been a fan of dogs, to be honest. Don't like the way they eat. It's messy.

MOLINA

Gets in their fur.

HONEY

Now Lucia. I'm going to say something. Because I think you need to hear it.

He crouches down. Gets right in her face.

HONEY (CONT'D)

You are deserving of love.

She doesn't answer.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

Still no answer.

HONEY (CONT'D)

I'd feel so much better if you nodded.

Trembling, Lucia nods.

247 EXT. PARK - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON]

247

Veronica walking, on her mobile.

VERONICA

But you said it, Jack. And that means something. Words mean something.

INTERCUT THESE TWO SCENES:

JACK

I was angry.

VERONICA

But you -

JACK

And I had every right to be angry, Veronica. What you did to me, what you did to my brother's things, that was...

(struggling)

When someone's gone, the things they leave behind, they're all you have. There's not gonna be anything new

She softens, but doesn't reply.

JACK (CONT'D)

So I'm not sorry for being angry. But I am sorry for threatening you. That wasn't right.

VERONICA

I accept your apology.

JACK

All right.

VERONICA

Are you at home?

JACK

No, Cardiff. For a few days.

VERONICA

Look. I'll be out there to see some family tomorrow. Maybe I can stop by afterwards.

JACK

No. It's over, Veronica. We're never to talk again. I just needed to say what I - [said]

VERONICA

Oh my god! I wasn't suggesting we get back together!

She was.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I was suggesting we have an *adult conversation* about our relationship, for the sake of *closure*. But you're not equipped for that kind of thing, are you?

He grits his teeth.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

You know Jack, I feel sorry for you. You're dysfunctional. You are *deeply, deeply, dysfunctional*.

She hangs up. He tosses his mobile on the passenger seat, exhaling. The mobile RINGS again.

JACK

*Fuuuuck.*

But when he picks it up, the Caller ID isn't Veronica. His demeanour changes.

JACK (CONT'D)

(into mobile)  
Caffery.

248 INT. VETERINARY EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON] 248

Waverly, examining some x-rays.

WAVERLY

Mr. Caffery. We've done an x-ray on your dog. What she's swallowed appears to be jewellery.

INTERCUT THESE TWO SCENES:

JACK

Jewellery? How'd that happen?

WAVERLY

Dogs will eat a variety of things. But I admit, this is a first for me.

JACK

But, it's metal. It wouldn't taste

WAVERLY

ROBBIE

You know when you left Cardiff for London, we all took bets on the reason why. Cause you wouldn't say. My money was on a woman. Was I right?

JACK

Not quite.

ROBBIE

Are you never gonna have kids?

JACK

I'm 32, Robbie.

ROBBIE

You wait too long, your back won't keep up with it. Mine's on fire, round the clock.

JACK

Noted.

ROBBIE

(smiling)

Plus it's fun. Really.

The girls TUMBLE into the room, BANGING against the dinner table. MIK goes FLYING.

Jack forces a smile.

250 EXT. ROBBIE'S HOME, BACK STEPS - DAY [EVENING]

250

Jack sits on the back steps, alone. From the second storey (open) window we hear voices:

EMMA (O.S.)

But it hurts!

ROBBIE

ROBBIE (O.S.)

We got to get the tangles out, yeah?

EMMA (O.S.)

Mam lets me do it!

ROBBIE (O.S.)

All right, all right. Big girl you are.

Jack's eyes stare out at the darkness, alone, until...

Ch

ve"

taR g Roud m fu arck "SFOÀ@P

From the looks of it, she drags that thing everywhere.

She sits right next to Jack. She's comfortable. He's a bit surprised.

(note: Jack likes kids, he's just not around them much)

CHARLOTTE  
Why are you here?

JACK  
I'm visiting your dad.

CHARLOTTE  
But why?

JACK  
Just wanna talk to him

CHARLOTTE  
About what?

JACK  
Work stuff. It's boring.

CHARLOTTE  
Do you like Miraculous?

JACK  
That a kid's movie?

CHARLOTTE  
It's not a movie. It's a show

JACK  
But it's for kids?

CHARLOTTE  
Yeah.

JACK  
I don't have kids.

Her eyes go down to her blanket. He hesitates, a little uncertain on how to proceed. Then -

JACK (CONT'D)  
What's it about?

CHARLOTTE  
's 'bout Lady Bug and Cat Noir.  
They got superpowers. But they're  
also in school and stuff.

JACK  
So they're juggling a lot.

CHARLOTTE

And there's a, um, akuma. It's a butterfly. But it's bad and it makes you go evil.

JACK

How can a butterfly make you go evil?

CHARLOTTE

It just does.

JACK

Wouldn't make me go evil.

CHARLOTTE

It would.

JACK

What'd it fight me with? It's a butterfly. It's got no teeth. No claws. Can't even make a mean face. Butterflies don't have - [have faces]

CHARLOTTE

They do to have faces!

JACK

You've seen a butterfly's face?

CHARLOTTE

YES.

JACK

And you're certain this akuma thing is dangerous?

CHARLOTTE

YES. But it's not *real*. It's just in the show





ROBBIE

I know you mean nothing by it, but you've got no idea how often her work is questioned.

JACK

All detectives have their work -

ROBBIE

(firm)

It's not the same.

Jack stays quiet. Robbie sips his beer, exhales before answering.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

You ever look around our CID floor? It's almost all blokes. Lincoln's the best detective there, but she's second guessed constantly. Treated like a newbie when she's got years of...

(pause)

Never used to notice that stuff. Then you have daughters and you can't not see it.

(pause)

Do you know the Chief Inspector didn't used to let her answer press questions *on her own cases*? She didn't even speak on camera.

JACK

Why not?

ROBBIE

He said the face of the force should be someone more 'reassuring'.

Jack absorbs that.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

That's the kind of shite she was dealing with.

JACK

What about Matthews?

ROBBIE

Her partner? Nah, the two of them are tight. Always have been.

JACK

ROBBIE

Yeah.

JACK

And I'm guessing you were, too?

ROBBIE

You know how these things work, Jack. There's always elements that are inconclusive. But overall? Yes.

251 OMITTED 251

252 OMITTED 252

253 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY - NIGHT 253

A connected living room and kitchen. A small sofa. A small table with a single chair. Nothing on the walls.

This is a bachelor pad. Jack enters, taking it in.

A large window overlooks the bay. Lights from inside various flats reflect on the still surface of the water.

254 INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, BEDROOM - NIGHT 254

Jack, sitting upright on his bed. His laptop is open. We see the social media postings regarding Bear (he was obviously checking for updates, but there are none.)

Jack stares at the wall, mind elsewhere.

255 INT. NEWPORT MORGUE - DAY [AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK] 255

Jack, in uniform. He stands by a door of an autopsy room just outside. He's looking in, at:

Lincoln and DI Matthews, on one side of the room. Near them is Robbie.

On the other side of the room, a handful of uniformed and suit-clad men (we assume: higher-ups within the precinct).

And between all of them...

Hugo and Sophie are on two metal tables. (Details and gore are all off-camera).

Lincoln paces around Hugo, focused on him. But Jack watches Lincoln, transfixed by her.



259 INT. NEWPORT MORGUE - DAY [AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK] 259

Lincoln's long, brown hair cascades over her shoulder. Jack takes it in.

LINCOLN

At daylight, the killer leaves the male victim, finding the female victim on the far corner of the pitch. He drags her back to the

264 INT. NEWPORT MORGUE - DAY [MOMENTS LATER/AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK] 264

One by one, everyone files out of the autopsy room walking past Jack. They walk down a hallway, out of view

Jack remains by the door. The only person remaining in the autopsy room is Lincoln.

She takes her time. Then walks towards Jack. Slowly.

She stops in the door frame, leaning against it, facing him. He's immobile. Waiting.

The tension between them electric. But neither says a word.

She takes one step forward. Presses her body against Jack's. She stays there a moment. Her breath against his collarbone.

Jack swallows. Hating this. But loving it, too.

She puts a hand on his chest. Moves it lower. Low



JACK (CONT' D)

It means this couple probably doesn't live in Monmouth full time. Registered to vote elsewhere. And if you widen the search for all the Jameses and Matildas that have gotten married in the United Kingdom since the dawn of time, you get exactly...

(reading the screen)

One million fuckloads of matches.

He puts down his mobile. Picks up the ring again. Looking more closely, we see: symbols and numbers on the inside of the band. (note: all rings made of precious metal have these.)

JACK (CONT' D)

(re: the symbols and numbers)

So we'll go about this a different way...

He puts the ring in his pocket. Cranks the car's engine.

268a EXT. THE WALKING MAN'S HUT - DAY [LATER THAT MORNING] 268a

Jack walks through the woods, Bear along at his side. They approach the clearing, and the hut.

The Walking Man is outside, he's pulled vegetables from his garden, taking them back inside. He straightens up when he sees Jack, waiting just outside his door.

JACK

You said you found this dog on the Donkey Pitch. Then you reminded me that the anniversary of those killings was coming up.

The Walking Man doesn't respond.

JACK (CONT' D)

You think there's a connection between this dog and those murders.

THE WALKING MAN

You found something, didn't you? Something with the dog. Something's wrong, isn't it?

Now it's Jack's turn not to respond. The Walking Man cracks a smile.

THE WALKING MAN (CONT' D)

I told you.

JACK

Why do you think there's a connection?

THE WALKING MAN

I don't know that there is. But you do, don't you? You sense it. That you're on to something.

(pause)

That there's something evil. And you can almost reach it.

A beat.

JACK

I'll find the dog's owner. But you'll get information about my brother in return.

THE WALKING MAN

We have a deal.

Jack sighs, nods.





HONEY (CONT' D)

Let's not make a big fuss of this, but...it does feel appropriate for you to apologise.

MATILDA

(cracked voice)

I apologise.

HONEY

You don't sound sincere.

MATILDA

I apologise. I'm sorry. I am

HONEY

I forgive you.

MATILDA

You're...you're obsessed with him aren't you? You're copying him

HONEY

Copying who, darling?

(pause)

Oh! Minnet Kable? Well gosh, that's a theory. Love that you're being constructive with your time.

MATILDA

Are you going to...

Her face contorts. He waits, patiently.

MATILDA (CONT' D)

Are you going to rape my daughter?

HONEY

Rape your daughter! My goodness. I wasn't planning on it! Mainly because I just don't think we'll have time.

Matilda starts crying. Honey turns completely serious.

HONEY (CONT' D)

Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers, I'm going to tell you something important. Are you listening?

She nods, yes.

HONEY (CONT' D)

(sincere)

We're not here to rape your daughter. Or you. Or your husband. Doesn't interest us.

MATILDA

But what does interest you?

He smiles. Reaches for her shackles.

HONEY

Come downstairs, and I'll show you.

Fresh fear bubbles up within her. Eyes wide with panic.

MATILDA

You're going to kill us! You said you're going to scare us but that's not where it's going to end. You're going to kill us!

He sighs. Theatrically contemplates something.

HONEY

Agh! I was being honest about the rape thing so I guess I should keep being honest, so...yes, okay. We are definitely going to kill you.

Breath catches in her throat, she trembles.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Oh, no, no, no, no! Don't worry! It'll take a long time. Days, probably. Maybe weeks.

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

271

Oak tables. Mason-jar chandeliers. Leather armchairs. An elegant, but understated pub.

Jack sits at a table in the back. A Sprite in front of him. He looks at his mobile. The clock reads 12:43.

He sighs. Annoyed. Then -

Lincoln enters (5 years older from the flashbacks). She spots Jack. Takes her time coming to his table.

As she does, he slowly stands. It's a gentlemanly gesture. Hard to tell if it's done with sincerity or sarcasm.

LINCOLN

Sergeant Caffery.

JACK

Not a sergeant anymore.

LINCOLN

Sacked?

JACK

LINCOLN

You sure?

JACK

Wasn't complaining then. Not  
complaining now. When it comes to  
me, you can do whatever you want.  
My answer is yes.

That lingers in the air, thick.

He stays quiet. She sighs, drops the act.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

He put on plastic coveralls. Any moron can do that and it's in my report. And then the rain washed away whatever evidence was still left behind. So really, just how smart did he need to be to kill those two kids?

(pause)

Plus, the cuts on the bodies were both left handed and right handed in origin. Minnet Kable is ambidextrous.

JACK

What if that's a coincidence, and



280 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS, SPIRAL STAIRCASE / ENTRANCE WAY / CELLAR STAIRS - DAY [AFTERNOON] 280

Lucia and Oliver, hands tied, are at the bottom of the spiral staircase, (having just walked down).

Molina opens the door leading to the cellar stairs. (This is the first time we've seen this back portion of the house).

Molina motions to Oliver and Lucia to go down. Without another choice, they do. We follow them..

It's dark. The steps wooden. Each one gives a CREAK.

JACK (V. O.)  
*It's that you tried to cram a  
single-killer theory into a crime  
scene that just doesn't fit it.*

Molina follows Oliver and Lucia, shinning a torch. At the bottom of the staircase...

The basement door. It's closed. Honey stands outside.

JACK (V. O.)  
*It never was one stupid man.*

Molina joins Honey at the door. They lock eyes with one another. Smile.

JACK (V. O.)  
*It was two very smart ones.*



*But now we pan up, revealing...*

*TWO HAZMAT MEN are perched along the grey wall, like gargoyles. Watching. Waiting.*

*As Sophie and Hugo go into the dovecote, the Hazmat Men exchange a glance through goggles - here we go.*

283 INT./EXT. DOVECOTE & DONKEY PITCH - DAY [ EVENING - FLASHBACK] 283

*One Hazmat Man guards Hugo (stabbed and pinned to the ground). But behind him (through the arched door, onto the Donkey Pitch), we now see:*

*The other Hazmat Man leaves the dovecote, walking onto the Donkey Pitch.*

284 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 284

*Sophie runs, frantic, through the Donkey Pitch, trying to find a way out.*

*The other Hazmat Man moves through the pitch, at an even and calm pace, keeping an eye on her the whole time.*

285 INT. DOVECOTE - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK] 285

*Hugo reaches for the knife in his thigh. He braces, ready to pull.*

*But the Hazmat Man (who we now see is guarding him) shakes his head: no, no, no.*

286 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 286

*Sophie, collapsing in her hiding place in the woods at night. But now we widen the shot to include one of the Hazmat Men, who is close by, squatting down, keeping an eye on her.*

287 EXT. DONKEY PITCH - DAY [MORNING - FLASHBACK] 287

*Sophie, eyes wide open, near the tree (where she will be disembowelled). Hugo there, too, though he's barely conscious.*

*One Hazmat Man stands above Sophie, holding the knife. The other Hazmat Man holds her arms down. She SCREAMS.*

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

288

JACK

The killers were never caught.  
*They're still out there.*

LINCOLN

I didn't throw the Donkey Pitch  
 case.

JACK

And yet, it was botched so badly...

LINCOLN

(pointedly)  
*I didn't throw the Donkey Pitch  
 case.*

JACK

Well then, that really only leaves  
 one alternative.

Jack straightens up in his chair. Leans forward over the table. A smirk on his face.

JACK (CONT'D)

(taunting)  
 What if you just aren't cut out for  
 this kind of job?

Lincoln smiles. He's trying to get a rise out of her. *And it's working.*

JACK (CONT'D)

(whispering)  
 Maybe you were promoted because  
 someone had to tick a few boxes?

She holds his stare a moment. Then stands.

LINCOLN

You coming?

She turns. Walks through a swinging door to the restrooms.

He cracks a smile. Waits a minute. Then stands, following her through the swinging door...

MATCH CUT TO:

289 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY [AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS] 289

The basement door opens...

It's dark. Misty. A few chairs and tables scattered about. Some covered in sheets.

Honey enters first, disappearing into the shadows of the room

Then Molina pushes Oliver and Lucia inside. Through their POV, we take in the room and see:

Matilda. Hanging upside down - from her feet - from the rafters.

Her face red. She's hyperventilating from panic.

Note: there is a GoPro camera set up, filming the room/scene/Matilda.

Panicked about his wife, Oliver opens his mouth to scream but

Oliver moves towards his wife.

But Molina grabs an empty bottle from a nearby crate (dusty and old, maybe an old-fashioned milk bottle), and SMASHES it against the stone wall.

He holds it to Oliver's neck. Oliver stops where he is, helpless, blocking his daughter from Molina.

MOLINA

Don't interrupt *the performance*.

As the verse comes to a climax...

Honey JUMPS down from the sofa, SLIDES across the basement floor, SWPING a sheet along the way.

It FLUTTERS behind him

