

WOLF

by

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Based on the novel by M. Hayder

Episode 4

"Night Terror"

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Over a black screen, we hear a CREAKING sound. Wood aching under someone's weight.

FADE IN:

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

- 408 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT [1998] 408
Young Jack wakes again. Panting, confused, scared.
He throws the blankets off of him Climbs out of bed.
- 409 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, HALLWAY - NIGHT [MOMENTS LATER] [1998] 409
Young Jack enters the hallway. He looks to his right. *No shadowed man. Whew*
But then...
He looks to his left. Ewan's door is open.
A deep breath. Mustering all the courage this 8 year old can.
Young Jack approaches Ewan's bedroom door.
- 410 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EVAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT [1998] 410
We recognise this room, even in the dark. The trophies. The

JACK
Know where he lives?

BETHANY
Probably his mum's basement.

JACK
(ignoring her again)
Could you describe him?

BETHANY
Thirty-something? White skin. Dark hair. Only saw him a few times, and from a distance. He wore that stupid plastic suit a lot.

JACK
Any idea why?

BETHANY
Probably because he's ugly.

JACK
Did Bones ever come by the school?

BETHANY
No. Look, I'm telling you the truth. I don't know anything about him. None of us did. He was just Bones. He sold drugs and threw scary raves. That's it.

JACK
This guy, these parties, the drugs, all the horror movie stuff... was this a cult?

BETHANY
Oh GOD we weren't *that* lame. No one

HONEY

What if he got out?

MDLI NA

Well, I mean, he shouldn't.

HONEY

Of course he shouldn't. He's a fucking lunatic. He filleted two teenagers. Strung their guts up in a tree.

MDLI NA

Well, we kind of did that, too.

HONEY

We did it with a deer. Not a human. Not the same thing.

MDLI NA

Fair point.

(pause)

But if it's Minnet Kable messing with us, what do you think he wants?

HONEY

I don't know

MDLI NA

We should ask the boss what to do.

HONEY

No. He can't think we're fucking this up.

MDLI NA

But could this be one of those times where it's best to just be honest?

HONEY

Listen to me, you fuckwit. You are not permitted to contact the boss. Do you understand?

Molina averts his eyes.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Promise me you will not contact -

MDLI NA

Okay! I promise. But what are we going to do?

Honey thinks.

HONEY

The boss wants videos of the family being tortured. Lots of them. Then we're supposed to make the call. Right?

MOLINA

Right. So?

HONEY

So one video will have to suffice, given the circumstances. We need to speed things up.

(an order)

Reattach the landline. We're making the call today.

416

INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY
[MORNING]

416

Jack parks outside the N/

AY"

JACK
Sophie and Hugo knew him Bought
study drugs from him

He waits for a reaction. But there is none. She's focused on
her pen.

JACK (CONT'D)
(re: video)
He's simulating disembowelling

LINCOLN
 You just accused me of knowingly
 putting an innocent man in prison.

A beat.

JACK
 Are you fucking with me?

LINCOLN
 That'd be awful.

She YANKS a pen off the wall, string and all. Walks into the meeting room leaving Jack behind.

418 OMITTED 418

419 EXT. NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 419

Jack hurries away from the police station. Seagulls swirl above calm water. Bright sunshine.

Jack breathes. Shallow and sharp, a physical manifestation of emotional overload.

419A INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, HALLWAY - NIGHT [FLASHBACK] 419A

Prody waits for more, but it's not coming.

PRODY

Right, then. I'll see ya.

Prody turns, heading towards the station. Jack hesitates, then -

JACK

Actually, you got a second?

421

EXT. NEWPORT BRIDGE - DAY [MOMENTS LATER]

421

Jack and Prody walk across the bridge, more to get air than reach any particular destination.

PRODY

's all right.

(pause)

Mum said Sophie'd become impossible. Bullying her and stuff. No charges were filed, though. Think Mum just wanted to set her daughter straight with a couple of uniforms showing up.

JACK

How do you remember this? It was years ago.

Prody looks at his feet, a little embarrassed.

PRODY

I thought maybe you'd have more questions about the Donkey Pitch. Wanted to be, you know, prepared. So I read up on everything last night.

JACK

Did the original investigators know about the trouble Sophie was in at home?

PRODY

Yeah.

JACK

Lincoln and Matthews knew about the 999 call?

PRODY

For sure. But it was just Sophie getting in trouble with her mum. They didn't think anything of it.

(pause)

Want me to get you the report?

CLOSE ON: The aforementioned police report.

Pull back to reveal we are now

422

OMITTED

422

422a

INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, LIVING ROOM - DAY

422a

Jack paces slowly through his living room, that gorgeous window overlooking the Cardiff Bay behind him

He's reading the police report. As he reads...

*SOPHIE'S MUM (O.S.)
She can't have a police record!*

426 OMITTED 426

427 OMITTED 427

427A INT. SOPHIE'S OLD HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 427A
[FLASHBACK / JACK'S IMAGINATION]

Gorgeous, canvas family photos adorn the perfect walls. But knives are stabbed through faces.

As Jack (holding that file) walks down the hallway, taking in the scene...

*SOPHIE'S MUM (O.S.)
I hear her, at night. She makes noises, trying to scare me. She's obsessed with horror movies!*

428 OMITTED 428

428A INT. SOPHIE'S OLD HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, SOPHIE'S MUM'S 428A
BEDROOM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK / JACK'S IMAGINATION]

It's filled with designer clothes. But they've been cut to pieces. On the floor is a pair of scissors, covered in that same candy-syrup red blood.

Jack stands, file in hand, taking in the sight.

Then he turns, walking into...

429 OMITTED 429

429A INT. SOPHIE'S OLD HOUSE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, SOPHIE'S BEDROOM 429A
- NIGHT [FLASHBACK / JACK'S IMAGINATION]

A well-appointed, modern teenage girl's room. A plush, cozy bed. A large desk. Bookshelves with photos and knick-knacks.

Jack walks in, holding the file, thinking.

*OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Ma'am, are you absolutely certain your daughter is doing all this?*

*SOPHIE'S MUM (O.S.)
She's not denying it!*

Sophie walks into the bedroom Jack turns. They lock eyes.

Sophie's expression is pleading - help me.

*SOPHIE'S MUM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
If it wasn't her doing it, she'd
say so!*

429b INT. JACK'S FLAT, CARDIFF BAY, LIVING ROOM - DAY

429b

And just like that, Jack's living room is back to "normal."

MDLI NA

But if we're in a hurry -

HONEY

Our calls could be traced. The answer is no.

(sniffing)

It still smells in here.

MDLI NA

You moved the bucket.

HONEY

It's still wafting in somehow I hate this house. Don't know how these people can live here.

MDLI NA

What do you think the family did to the boss?

HONEY

What do you mean?

MDLI NA

Well, he wants videos of the family suffering. So he must really hate them. What do you think they did?

HONEY

I've no idea.

MDLI NA

The boss isn't someone I'd want to cross. I mean, think about it: he said that once the family realises who he is, they won't go to the police and report any of this.

(pause)

(re: the home invasion)

Who could be so scary that you wouldn't report *this*?

Honey swallows, fears mounting.

Molina relocates the right drill bit. Screws it onto the screwdriver - a perfect fit.

MDLI NA (CONT'D)

You ask me, the boss is a total nutter.

(smiling)

But, he sure does pay well.

Insecurity flashes across Honey's face. Molina doesn't notice. But we do.

JACK
 (gently, kindly, re: Bear)
 I will find her owner, you know

Colonel Frink straightens up, looks at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
 I have to. There's a... personal
 reason for it.

COLONEL FRINK
 (hiding disappointment)
 Of course.

Colonel Frink goes back to fixing things for lunch. Jack
 looks around the kitchen.

On nearly every surface, we see family photos. Sophie. Her
 mum The Colonel and (we presume) his deceased wife. As Jack
 eyes them..

COLONEL FRINK (CONT'D)
 Are you here to talk to me about
 Sophie?

Jack nods, yes.

COLONEL FRINK (CONT'D)
 (tentative)
 Is it because of something I said?

JACK
 You wanted me to look into the
 case, didn't you?

COLONEL FRINK
 Something about it never felt quite
 right. Nothing I could ever do
 about it, but you...
 (pause)
 But is it all right if we eat
 first? code.. qq

430d EXT. COLONEL FRINK'S HOUSE, GARDEN - DAY [LATER]

430d

Jack and Colonel Frink sit outside on lawn chairs, a small

COLONEL FRINK
 I'm sure there were lots of
 gatherings. But I don't know much
 about them. Really, it's Emily you
 should be talking to. The two of
 them did everything together.

Colonel Frink blinks a few times, keeping emotions down.
 Mostly.

COLONEL FRINK (CONT'D)
 You lose your kids for a while,
 when they're teenagers. But you're
 supposed to get them back. When
 they're older.

431 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, VARIOUS LOCATIONS, 431
 SITTING ROOM / ENTRANCE HALL - DAY [MORNING]

In the sitting room Honey stands by a window leading out to
 the front of the house. With his back to the camera, now we
 see: the boning knife tucked in the back of his trousers.

He's pulled one of the net curtains across the bottom half of
 his face; only his eyes are visible.

He scans the front lawn/garden, eyes darting everywhere. But
 no one is outside. It seems safe. Then, from off screen, we
 hear:

A FARTING NOISE.

Confused, Honey drops the net curtain, moving towards the
 entrance hall.

In the entrance hall

433 EXT. ROAD BY ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - DAY [MORNING] 433

Honey crouches, walking through woods/bushes near the road outside the Anchor-Ferrers' home - a distance from the house. Trying to stay hidden from any potential drivers.

He holds his mobile aloft, waiting for a signal to pop up. Another step. Another. Another. Then finally -

A signal.

He looks around again, paranoid, then sits down on the ground, behind a bush.

Honey dials. Waits. Then -

HONEY

Hi.

434 INT. SMALL KITCHEN, COZY HOME - DAY [MORNING] 434

A small but tidy home kitchen. Lovingly decorated.

LILY (late 30s, visibly pregnant) pours tea, but stops when she hears Honey's voice on her mobile.

LILY

(instantly worried)

Are you all right?

INTERCUT THESE TWO SCENES:

HONEY

I'm fine.

LILY

But you're not supposed to ring anyone.

HONEY

I know But I just -

LILY

You're sure you're all right?

HONEY

Everything's fine. I didn't mean to worry you. Just needed to hear your voice.

A beat.

LILY

Your agent rang. You got a call back!

HONEY

You're joking.

LILY

You said I couldn't ring you so I didn't but it's that di shwashing advert!

HONEY

You're not jo-

LILY

Wouldn't joke about that! They said you felt 'authentic'.

HONEY

I was going for authentic! I wanted to be *real*.

LILY

They said you did this gesture -

HONEY

I did! And it wasn't in the scriun

NEY

(She makes literal air quotes when saying this)

HONEY

I know. But this trip, it's a big one. And we need the money.

LILY

You said it didn't even pay that well!

HONEY

We still need it. For the baby. You don't know what it's like to grow up *needing*. I can't have that for her.

LILY

What matters more: a bit of money, or a father she can admire? A father who knows his potential and believes in himself enough to go after it?

Honey's eyes well up a bit.

LILY (CONT'D)

This baby is going to love you more than anything in the world. That's all that matters.

(pause)

You don't belong in 'marketing'.

HONEY

But you know we never... we never *actually* make the clients buy anything.

She stays quiet - not appeased. His resolve is weakening.

HONEY (CONT'D)

We just make them *think* they'll have to buy something. It's really just a show. In the end, we never... I'm not like that. I wouldn't ever...

(pause)

Fuck it. This is my last marketing trip.

LILY

Are you serious?

HONEY

I'm completely serious. I'm not a marketing executive. I'm an actor. With a *call back*.

441 OMITTED 441

442 EXT. EMILY'S POSH FLAT, CAR PARK - DAY [AFTERNOON] 442

Emily strides towards her car. Jack keeps pace next to her.

Emily is half-watching the video on Jack's phone. We recognise the MUSIC at this point (it's the video of Bones).

EMILY

What's the big deal?

She hands him his mobile back.

JACK

You didn't mention he had raves.

EMILY

Fine. There were raves. We done now?

JACK

You have any idea what Bones' real name is?

EMILY

No. I told you. I never met him

JACK

But Sophie was into him. And you and Sophie talked about everything.

She reaches her car. Tosses her things inside.

EMILY

I don't think she knew his real name either. And if she did, she certainly never told me.

JACK

What *did* she say about him?

EMILY

The same thing everyone else said: cool raves, lots of drugs. That's *it*.

Emily him a hard stare.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I don't know anything. And Max says what you're doing is basically harassment. So leave me alone, yeah?

EMILY (CONT'D)
Oh, and threatening me about my posts won't work anymore. That's taken care of.

She climbs inside her car. Cranks the engine, and pulls out.

443

INT. HALLWAY, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY [LATE AFTERNOON]

443

Jack walks, reading a file. Robbie walks, finishing up a to-go salad. A leisurely pace to allow the chat/eating.

Robbie has a work bag slung over his shoulder.

ROBBIE
(re: the salad)
Missus told me these things have just as many calories as the burgers. Told her there was no way.

JACK
(eyes on the report)
But she was right?

ROBBIE

ROBBIE
People react differently to stress.
(pause)
Lincoln know you're looking into
her old case?

JACK
She does.

ROBBIE
How does she feel about it?

Jack chuckles.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
You might want to watch it, Jack.
She's got teeth, you know

JACK
I'm aware.

ROBBIE
But you're not worried?

JACK
If she's got nothing to hide then
what's she hiding?

ROBBIE
No detective wants someone poking
around their cases.

JACK
Then solve 'em right the first
time.

ROBBIE
You're being hard on her. She cared
about those Donkey Pitch kids.
She's got a big heart, you know

JACK
Is it under the teeth?

Robbie laughs, heads into the meeting room Jack follows.

443a INT. MEETING ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY
[CONTINUOUS]

443a

Robbie sets his work bag on a table. Starts unpacking
paperwork (presumably for a meeting). Jack remains standing.

ROBBIE
All's I'm saying is, she's a tough
lady but she's got a sweet side.
She just won't always show it.

ROBBIE
(mocking Jack's mind
churning)
A teenager expressing body autonomy
would be extraordinary...

Jack cracks a smile. Robbie cuts the act.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
But if the anti-depressants were a
recent thing, it would explain the
vomiting the granddad was talking
about. So...

Robbie's paperwork is now all ready.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Mystery solved?

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

444

Honey follows Molina around the front of the house. Molina scans the ground, looking for something.

Honey's eyes dart in every direction, nervous. He grips his boning knife.

HONEY
Is this strictly necessary?

MDLI NA
Well, I reattached the line inside.
But the phone's still not working.
(pause)
Did you know they're switching off
all landline phones in 2025?

(MORE)

MDLINA (CONT'D)

Maybe the *lunatic* damaged the cable? Because usually it's a lawnmower but I'm pretty sure no one's mowed since we've been here.

Honey just stares at Molina, not able to find the words.

MDLINA (CONT'D)

(pointing)

There it is.

Molina approaches the wire/phone line, discretely weaving through the garden.

As he walks, he delicately sidesteps Matilda's flowers. Honey follows, purposefully tromping all over her blooms.

As the two men follow the cable...

Honey sniffs his sweater. Recoils. Molina clocks it.

MDLINA (CONT'D)

Behind his back, Honey's hand inches towards his knife...

MOLINA

He is. Still trying to close the deal there.

Honey's eyes dart to Molina -

HONEY

Do tell.

MILINA

He said, 'whether you come in to visit or just to rest, when you enter our home, may you be blessed'.

LOUISE

I didn't think Kiernan was religious at all.

Honey's hand reaches the handle of the knife...

LOUISE (CONT'D)

But how lovely.

Smiles all around. Then...

The net curtains move inside one of the upstairs windows.

Louise has seen it. The men have seen it. An awkward beat, then...

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Is someone else home?

445

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

445

Matilda, stretched on the ground, as far as she can in her restraints.

She's thrown one shoe already (that was the movement of the curtains at the end of 444). She has her other shoe in her hand.

MATILDA

(calling out)

Did Louise see it?! Did she?!

OLIVER (O.S.)

I don't know darling.
(straining towards the window)

I can't see her anymore!

LUCIA (O.S.)

But she's definitely there, Dad?
You saw Louise in the garden?

OLIVER (O.S.)

Yes! When she crossed through!

LOUI SE
How fun! But I can't today.

MDLI NA
Are you sure, Louise?

HONEY
(to Molina)
Let's not push now

MDLI NA
(to Honey)
You can make more batter.

LOUI SE
Another time. But thank you. You
two enjoy yourselves. And if you
see Tilly, do tell her I dropped
by.

She turns to leave, but then hesitates. Leans in towards the
men a bit.

LOUI SE (CONT'D)
Does something smell?

Honey shoots Molina a look - *I TOLD YOU.*

From somewhere far away, we hear the THUMP, THUMP, THUMP of
dance music. It carries us over to...

447 EXT. MAX'S HOME, MONMOUTHSHIRE - DAY [AFTERNOON] 447

A large Georgian country house nestled on a private estate. A
detached cottage. A tennis court. A swimming pool.

MAX (23) leans against his doorframe, staring at Jack. A
generic t-shirt over designer jeans. He holds a bottle of
import beer in one hand.

The music comes from behind him. We hear a few VOICES, too. A
small gathering, it seems.

MAX
Emily said you were asking
questions.

JACK
I'm not after much of your time.

MAX
She also said you were a real twat.

Jack waits, unphased. Max cracks a smile.



448 INT. MAX'S HOME, MONMOUTHSHIRE, DRAWING ROOM / LIBRARY / DINING ROOM - DAY [CONTINUOUS]

Max walks through the house, Jack trailing. He, and we, take in the sight.

A drawing room larger than some people's flats... an enviable library...

JACK
So you went to Bones' graves?

A dining room with a table for 12...

MAX
Sure. They were cool.

JACK
Know his real name?

MAX
Nah. No one did.

JACK
Not even Sophie? From what I understand, she was really into him

MAX
(scoffs)
Who told you that?

The THUMPING of the music gets louder and louder and they go deeper into the house. They enter into -

449 INT. MAX'S HOME, MONMOUTHSHIRE, DEN - DAY [CONTINUOUS] 449

AN OVERSIZED DEN

- a ping-pong table. A billiards table. A home theatre system

Three GUYS (early 20s), and one GIRL (early 20s) are day-drinking and playing darts. They're too drunk to notice Jack (plus he's young and in a hoodie and jeans - he blends).

On the plush sofa, a DRUNK GIRL in skimpy clothing is completely passed out.

Jack eyes her. Eyes the guys. Taking it all in. Max clocks it. Shrugs.

MAX
(as if it's an

Max heads behind the wet bar. Starts making two Bloody Marys.

MAX (CONT' D)
(re: his Bloody Mary)
Wait 'til you taste this.

JACK
No. Thanks. I'm all right.

Max keeps making the drinks. Jack lets it drop.

MAX
Sophie wasn't into Bones. Not really. She just liked *using* him to make Hugo jealous. Sophie was a cock tease.

On the other end of the den, the guys start throwing ping pong balls at the drunk girl, trying to land them in her cleavage.

The balls bounce off her breasts, landing on the carpeted floor. She doesn't wake up. The guys think it's *hilarious*. The (awake) girl laughs along with them

Jack watches, vary. Max slides over the Bloody Mary.

MAX (CONT' D)
(re: the drink)
Best one you'll ever have.

Jack doesn't touch it.

JACK
Was Sophie imitating Bones?

MAX
What? No. I told you, she wasn't even really into him

CHEERS from the other side of the room One of the guys has landed a ping-pong ball right on the girl's cleavage.

Jack's eyes shift between *that* situation and Max.

JACK
I understand you and Emily had a row with Sophie and Hugo, a few weeks before they died. That you all weren't really talking.

MAX
Yeah. So?

JACK
Sophie's mum called the cops on her. Said she was pulling pranks at night.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Pranks that really *feel* like things Bones would do. So maybe Sophie was imitating Bones, but you just didn't know about it, because you weren't talking?

MAX

Sophie's mum was a menopausal maniac. I guarantee you, she got hysterical over nothing.
(re: Bloody Mary)
You're missing out, mate.

Jack doesn't touch the drink.

MAX (CONT'D)

Listen, if anyone is saying Sophie or Hugo were acting like Bones, they've just got it wrong.

JACK

You seem really sure about that.

MAX

And you seem to forget that I'm doing you a courtesy right now

More CHEERS. One of the guys has now landed a ping-pong ball up the girl's (very) short skirt. Again, Jack clocks it.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm not a suspect. Not even a person of interest. Not now, not then. When you lot questioned me after the murders, my solicitor was really clear: it's not my job to explain things to the police.

(Leaning in, purposefully coy)

And honestly, it's not my fault you were too stupid to understand what they're looking at.

JACK

You want to tell me what that's supposed to mean?

MAX

Think I'm done being courteous.

JACK

(re: the drunk girl)
I'll drive her home.

MAX

She's fine.

JACK
I'll drive her home.

450 OMITTED 450

451 OMITTED 451

452 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/MONMOUTHSHIRE ROADS - DAY 452
[AFTERNOON]

Jack driving down the country roads. Drunk Girl has woken up a bit, taking in her surroundings.

Laying right next to her is her mobile (Jack has clearly put it there for her to see).

DRUNK GIRL
Who are you?

JACK
I'm a cop. I'm taking you home.

DRUNK GIRL
How do you know where I live?

JACK
I rung your mum

DRUNK GIRL
Oh for fuck's sake...

JACK
(ignoring her)
She told me to drive you home. And she wants you to ring her. Please do.

The Drunk Girl stares at her mobile, but doesn't move to pick it up just yet.

JACK (CONT'D)
She's worried about you.

DRUNK GIRL
We were just having fun.

He eyes her. A million cop-related thoughts swirling in his head. He opens his mouth, but then -

His mobile R

K

susei . O Hi o

aei

MDLI NA
 But whatever I say, you'll say
 you're getting paid more. How do I
 know you're being honest?

HONEY
 Fine.

Honey grabs a pad of paper from a drawer.

HONEY (CONT' D)
 Where are the pens?

MDLI NA
 What pens?

HONEY
 You were in charge of collecting
 all the sharp pens in the house, so
 the family couldn't use them as
 weapons. *Where did you put them?*

Molina points to another drawer. Honey opens it. Sure enough,
 there are dozens of pens. He grabs two, distributing one to
 Molina.

HONEY (CONT' D)
 We write down our daily rate.
 Exchange the pieces of paper.
 Agreed?

MDLI NA
 Agreed.

Both men write. Eyeing each other. Honey folds his paper.
 Molina does, too. They exchange. Each read.

Honey turns red. Molina's face is awash with pity.

MDLI NA (CONT' D)
 I'm *really* sorry.

Furious, (and embarrassed) Honey STORMS out of the kitchen,
 and into the entrance hall.

He heads towards the spiral staircase, once again
 sidestepping gå

HONEY

Are you stupid, Mrs. Anchor-Ferrers? Or is it an act?

She doesn't answer. Eyes welling with tears.

He approaches. Squats. Gets right in her face, threateningly close. He reads her. Makes an assessment.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Nah, you're not stupid. But you like that people think you are, don't you? Because then no one expects anything.

He brushes hair out of her face. Lovingly tucks it behind her ear. She recoils, trembling.

HONEY (CONT'D)

RI CHARD

JACK (CONT'D)

Things were going on, in their house, at night. Sophie's mum was at her wits' end.

Ripples of something hit Richard, thoughts processing.

RI CHARD
(no)

Lincoln stands inside, looking over paperwork (probably about to leave).

JACK

I need to know what you know about my brother.

She eyes him. Doesn't immediately answer.

462 INT. MEETING ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY [EARLY EVENING / MOMENTS LATER] 462

Jack, in a chair. But Lincoln is still on her feet, now leaning up against the desk.

LINCOLN

There were three calls, from three different houses in the area. They were spread out over a few months. Different officers each time. No one wrote a report because there was nothing to write about. So no one put any dots together. Until your brother was abducted.

(".Û O

q s

re spreade ed

JACK
I saw... someone.

462A INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EVAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 462A
[FLASHBACK]

A man, cloaked in shadow in Evan's windowsill. We cannot see the man's face.

463 INT. MEETING ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY [EARLY EVENING] 463

LINCOLN
Was it your neighbour?

Jack hesitates.

463A INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EVAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 463A
[FLASHBACK]

Now it's Ivan Pendercki in the windowsill.

464 INT. MEETING ROOM, NEWPORT POLICE STATION - DAY [EARLY EVENING] 464

JACK
I don't know I don't...
(pause)
What if they weren't nightmares?
What if it was real? What if he was
really in our home and I saw him
and I...
(horri fied/realisation)
I could have done something about
it.

A pregnant pause in the room

Then Lincoln takes a step towards Jack. Then another. Until she's between his legs.

She stands over him, looking down. He looks up, *as fragile as we've seen him*

But there's no sympathy in her expression. No kind eyes. No loving touch. She unbuttons her blouse. Lets it hang open. Waits.

He looks like he might cry. Like the weight of the day might finally be too much. But then -

He puts a hand on her waist. Then the other. Thumbs on her hip bones. Gripping them a tad harder than necessary.

She shutters.

He stands, picking her up. A pivot and they're on the desk.
Him on bottom Her on top.

465 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/NEWPORT POLICE STATION - NIGHT 465
[LATER THAT EVENING]

Jack shuts his car door, looking out his windshield. It's evening. Dark, heavy clouds.

A BING from his mobile. On screen: a Google Alert on Emily.

He taps on the corresponding website. We see the frozen image of Emily, prompting Jack to play a video. He does.

We stay with Jack as he watches, hearing the video.

EMILY (O.S.)

(on mobile)

So, I'm joining this forum and
telling my story today to help
process some transphobic feelings
I've had in my past.

(pause)

I didn't like the idea that a man
could become a woman because,
honestly, I didn't like men.

On Jack's mobile, we now see images from Emily's Instagram account (sans dick pic). Emily with lo " " p c

As Jack strides towards Max...never breaking pace...

MAX
What the fuck?!

JACK
Emily just posted a picture online.

MAX
You can't just come here!

JACK
It was taken just two weeks before
the Donkey Pitch murders.

MAX
I don't know anything about a -
[picture]

Jack GRABS Max's shirt, WHIRLS him to the ground, holding his head just above the water of the pool.

Max's terrified eyes dart towards the den - where his friends are.

JACK
(calm honest)
I genuinely believe the world would
be a better place without blokes
like you. And I honestly know how
to make this look like a drowning.

Max is scared. Jack keeps a grip on Max's shirt, holding him above that water.

JACK (CONT'D)
The picture went around the whole
school. And when the police
questioned you about it, your

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

I never said anything. We might
have been fighting buvi g

481	OMITTED	481
482	OMITTED	482
483	OMITTED	483
484	OMITTED	484
485	INT. VERONICA'S OFFICE - DAY	485
	Veronica speaks into her mobile. She looks shaken.	
	VERONICA	
	Jack, don't hang up. I borrowed my mum's mobile, so you'd answer. I went to your home, to get my things. But I didn't go inside because...	
	(pause)	
	Your front door was open.	
485a	EXT. MONMOUTHSHIRE ROADS - DAY	485a
	Jack freezes at Veronica's words. Then ends the call. Climbs into his car.	
486	OMITTED	486
486a	INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT	486a
	Molina sits on the floor of the kitchen. He's removed the panel holding the <u>phone cables</u>	

MDLI NA

It's about the deer carcass.

HONEY

What about the deer carcass?

MDLI NA

There wasn't a deer carcass. It was just the bucket. And what was in it.

486b OMITTED 486b

486c INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, AMETHYST ROOM - NIGHT 486c
[CONTINUOUS]

Unlike his wife, Oliver is not smiling. He's as low as we've seen him

He glances under the bed, which he can now see more clearly (because Honey tipped over the trunk, clearing a view for Oliver).

A child's felt-tip marker (like for colouring), is under the bed.

Oliver reaches for the pen, straining. Almost there. Almost there. Then...

He pinches the pen. Pulls it towards himself. A wash with relief.

He digs into his pockets, finding medical release forms from his surgery. Care instructions for his wound, etc.

He flips over the pages. On the back side, they're blank.

486d EXT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE - NIGHT 486d

Honey storms through the back of the house, half angry, half terrified ! s s

AV

Honey reaches down into the bucket, recoiling from the smell.
He slices through the intestines (we don't see). Then stands up again, gasping for fresh air.

HONEY (CONT'D)
What does that look like to you?

MDLINA
Looks like... meat.

HONEY
Deer don't eat meat.

Honey digs into his pocket. Pulls out the "buck shot."

HONEY (CONT'D)
This isn't buck shot. It's a dental filling.

MUSIC CUE: "HEART OF GLASS" by Blondie and Philip Glass

Note: this orchestral mash-up music will continue through the remainder of the episode.

HONEY (CONT'D)
These are *human* intestines.

487 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, AMETHYST ROOM - NIGHT 487

Oliver begins to write.

OLIVER (V. O.)
I am Oliver George Anchor-Ferrers
and I am of sound mind.
(pause)
Two men, posing as police officers,
have taken us hostage in our home.
(MORE)

OLIVER (V. O.) (CONT'D)
 'Di Honey' is roughly 5 feet, 8
 inches tall. Slight build. Mid 30s.
 English. Of South Asian decent. 'DS
 Molina' is of a similar height and
 weight but he's younger. Caucasian.
 Welsh. I presume both names are
 fraudulent.

488 INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/MOTORWAY - NIGHT

488

Jack speeds. We see the city lights of London just ahead.

OLIVER (V. O.)
*I also presume that if you're
 reading this, > e k t*

492 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, HALLWAY - NIGHT [MOMENTS LATER] 492

Jack stands, looking down the dark hallway, at Evan's bedroom door. It's ajar.

OLIVER (V.O.)
*Truths that have been buried so
long...*

Jack takes a step forward. Then another.

OLIVER (V.O.)
*...most days they feel like a
dream*

He reaches Evan's door. A trembling hand reaches out.

493 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EVAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 493
[CONTINUOUS]

The Arsenal posters. The Rubik's Cube on the bookshelves. The school trophies and ribbons. Evan's bed. The desk. The window. The treehouse right outside.

We know this room well, even in the dark.

Jack enters, every nerve in his body on hyper alert. Fear and adrenaline coursing through his body in equal measure.

Eyes scanning but there's no one here. He approaches the window. It's closed.

495 INT. ANCHOR-FERRERS' HOUSE, AMETHYST ROOM - NIGHT 495

Oliver writes. Tears now streaming down his cheeks, splashing the ink on the page.

OLIVER (V. O.)
And what the cameras were for.

495a INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EVAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 495a
[CONTINUOUS]

Jack, still in his chair, staring out the window. We take in the whole room particularly the floor behind Jack.

(note: the audience needs to understand that, as of night time, there is nothing on the floor behind Jack.)

TIME JUMP TO:

496 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, DALSTON, EVAN'S BEDROOM - DAY 496
[MORNING]

Sunlight streams in through the open window. Jack sleeps, sitting in the chair.

His mobile rings. He blinks, waking. Stiff and sore.

JACK
(into mobile)
Caffery.
(listens)
What?
(listens)
Yes. Sorry. I did. I requested a
prison visit.
(listens)
Mnnet Kable. He's in your -
(listens)
Thursday. I'll be there. Thank you.

Jack hangs up. Moves his neck to the side, cracking it. A little sigh of relief. He stands. Turns. Then freezes.

We pan down, revealing what Jack sees:

A small box. Gift wrapped. With a balloon.

It's in the centre of the room

Right behind Jack.

FADE OUT