

ELEVENTH HOUR: MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

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First scene # 200

200 OMITTED 200

200A EXT. COUNTRY LANE. NIGHT. 200A

Zoom! A small and shabby van bullets past us and away down a long country lane.

A beat when all seems to go quiet and then...

A police traffic pursuit car rockets past in its wake, all lights flashing and the howler sounding, closing the distance between them.

201 EXT. COUNTRY LANE. NIGHT. 201

Looking ahead, driving at speed, everything seen by the headlight beams. Stone walls, overhanging branches, the occasional cluster of dark buildings, but not another car or living soul.

202 INT. SANDERS' VAN. NIGHT. 202

The driver, Martin Sanders, grips the wheel and stares ahead as the vehicle barrels through the night. Fear has sobered him somewhat.

He's gabbling miserably.

MARTIN SANDERS  
My cup overflows. Surely goodness  
and mercy shall follow me...

In the side mirror, the beams and flashing blue lights of the pursuing cruiser come into sight.

He glances at the mirror.

MARTIN SANDERS  
Oh, crap.

203 EXT. COUNTRY LANE. NIGHT. 203

The van rips past us and away in a dizzying whip-pan and a deafening roar... A second or so of near-silence and then the cruiser rips through the frame in close pursuit.

204 INT. POLICE CRUISER. NIGHT. 204

Traffic cop Elaine driving, supercool.

Partner Mike on the radio, while checking a map.

MIKE  
 (calmly into radio)  
 Saw us and exited the pub car park  
 at speed. Vehicle is now heading  
 West on Higher Commons Lane...

205 INT. SANDERS' VAN. NIGHT. 205

Martin Sanders, growing visibly more desperate, glances down at something on the passenger seat beside him.

Another check on the mirror, but the cruiser's still there.

206 INT. POLICE CRUISER. NIGHT. 206

Mike looks up from the map.

MIKE  
 There's no turnoff now until the  
 Cable Road.

207 EXT. HILL ABOVE TOWN. NIGHT. 207

A north-country road, high on the brow of a hill with the lights of a valley town spread out in an immense carpet beyond.

A police city van is coming up the road, and over a radio link we hear:

VAN DRIVER  
 (radio)  
 On the Cable Road now.

We pan with it as it drives by and away.

208 INT. SANDERS' VAN. NIGHT. 208

Martin Sanders reaches for a button, and the driver's window opens.

Visibly upset, he glances down at something on the passenger seat.

MARTIN SANDERS  
 God forgive me.

209 EXT. COUNTRY LANE (WOODLANDS). NIGHT. 209

POV from the pursuing cruiser... For a moment there's no clear view of the car ahead, but we see a flash of something leaving it.

210 INT. POLICE CRUISER. NIGHT. 210

Elaine's spotted the action.

ELAINE

He threw something out of the car.

MIKE

(looking back as they pass  
the spot)

Near a white gatepost.

211 EXT. T-JUNCTION (WOODLANDS). NIGHT. 211

Here comes the shabby van, hardly slowing for the turn.

At it takes the corner, the bigger Police Van is arriving at  
the junction.

The Police Van brakes sharply and Sanders' vehicle swerves to  
avoid a head-on collision, leaving the road and ploughing  
into a ditch.

212 INT. POLICE CRUISER. NIGHT. 212

Elaine pulls in by the crashed vehicle.

She and Mike get out and move in. Others from the police van  
follow.

Sanders isn't hurt, but he's in tears at the wheel.

213 EXT. COUNTRY LANE (WOODLANDS). NIGHT. 213

Later. A white gatepost is briefly illuminated by slow-moving  
headlight beams.

And now we see why. Mike walks at the roadside, scanning the  
ground with his flashlight. He's backlit by the beams of the  
cruiser, creeping along behind him at 2 or 3 mph.

Almost immediately, he spots something. He signals for the  
cruiser to stop, and then moves in for a closer look.

ANGLE ON THE VERGE, pushing in... on a small bundle wrapped  
in medical-grade paper towel. It's about the size of a bag of  
sugar and secured by a cheap silver chain with a crucifix.  
Impact has loosened the wrappings.

Mike crouches, shining his flashlight onto it from all angles  
and then reaching in to lift a corner.

We don't see what's revealed. But we see Mike's face in the reflected glow of his flashlight beam.

MIKE

Oh.

Opening credits.

214 OMITTED 214

215 EXT. WOODLAND BURIAL GROUND. DAY. 215

Big closeup of Bruno, a senior CID officer. His eyes scan a scene of disturbing awe.

The scene before Bruno -- we see that we're in a sloping woodland of widely-spaced trees. The ground between the trees has been taped off into areas like an archaeological dig. The ground is peppered with holes like tiny open graves, marked with numbered flags.

Some have been dug out already. Others are being worked on by forensics officers in cool-looking, properly fitted blue Scene Suits.

DS Cook is carefully picking his way across the ground towards Bruno, following the marked way.

At one hole, a small cardboard evidence box is being draped in a black cloth.

DS Cook reaches Bruno.

DS COOK

Did you authorise some government bloke to enter the evidence tent?

Bruno looks at him sharply... Clearly, he didn't.

216 INT. EVIDENCE TENT. DAY. 216

One of the boxes stands open on a table. Professor Alan Hood, in latex gloves, has opened one and is carefully lifting a silver cross and chain out of the way while Rachel Young, his personal protection officer, looks on. She's holding a manila file.

HOOD

(looking at the crucifix)

The man who buried them put one of these in every grave.

Rachel looks into the box. She's too professional to react. Just about.

HOOD  
It's one thing to hear about it.  
But it's coming face to face that  
really brings it home.

She's going to say something, then changes her mind.

HOOD  
Would you rather wait outside?

RACHEL  
I'll be fine. Thank you.

The flap is thrown open and Bruno storms in.

BRUNO  
What do think you're doing?

HOOD  
(replacing the lid)  
You don't have to worry, inspector.  
I do know how to handle a sample.

BRUNO  
I don't care! I've got thirty dead  
babies and the last thing I need is  
for my evidence to be interfered  
with. Out!

Hood turns to him, stripping off his gloves.

HOOD  
Strictly speaking, you've got  
thirty dead foetuses. Can you read  
a DNA profile?

BRUNO  
Are you from the lab?

HOOD  
No. Can you?

As he's speaking, Rachel hands him the file in exchange for the gloves.

BRUNO  
I don't know what you mean by  
'reading it'.

He moves to the side of the tent and indicates for Bruno to join him...

Bruno, not quite sure how his momentum's been stolen, glances at Rachel and then complies.

From the file, Hood takes an A5-sized sheet of X-ray film showing the familiar banded pattern of a DNA profile.

HOOD

Think of it as a personal barcode.  
Each one's different, and each  
one's unique.

He slides the top edge of the sheet under the crossbar of the tent's frame so that it stays there, making the backlit fabric into a makeshift light box.

HOOD

This is the profile for the twelve-week-old foetus that was thrown out of the car.

He adds another next to it.

HOOD

And this from the first one you dug up. What do you see?

BRUNO

They're similar.

HOOD

(adding a third)  
They're not similar. They're the same. As are all the others. Look.

He holds up a fourth for comparison, and then starts moving back down the row gathering them into a stack like playing cards.

HOOD

Every one you've sent in for testing so far. The same... The same... The same.

Angle on the sheets -- in a single stack with the lines perfectly matched up.

HOOD

What do you know about cloning?

BRUNO  
I've heard of Dolly the Sheep.

Hood turns to look back and now we see that there's a grim row of fifteen of the boxes, perfectly spaced along the trestle tables, all labelled, all separate.

HOOD  
What you see here is the disaster you get when you try it with people.

BRUNO  
Who are you?

HOOD  
I'm Alan Hood.

216A EXT. WOODLAND PARKING AREA. DAY.

216A

Rachel's by the car, trying to make a call but frustrated by the lack of a signal, as DS Cook approaches.

DS COOK  
So. Special Branch are doing drivers now?

RACHEL  
I'm not his driver. I'm his bodyguard.

DS COOK  
What does he need a bodyguard for?

RACHEL  
Somebody bombed his car once. If you want to make him blush, ask him where the shrapnel is. And If that look means you're about to start taking the piss, save it for your mates back in Trumpton.

DS COOK  
Don't knock it. If I keep my nose clean and find enough stolen bikes, maybe someday I'll get given an old bloke to look after.

Red rag to a bull.

RACHEL  
That 'old bloke' is a science troubleshooter for the government.  
(MORE)

RACHEL (cont'd)  
 And don't think he's in it to make himself popular. There's at least one multinational with a dirty-tricks department gunning for him.

DS COOK  
 (backing off)  
 Okay.

RACHEL  
 You want to try a week on the road with him. You'd soon change your tune.

DS COOK  
 I said okay.

RACHEL  
 (regaining face)  
 I need a hotel for tonight.

DS COOK  
 All the road warriors come straight off the motorway and into the Novotel. (beat) It's not far from my house.

RACHEL  
 That ought to be worth a discount.

217 EXT. WOODLAND BURIAL GROUND. DAY.

217

Bruno leads Hood along the access route taped out by Scenes of Crime Officers.

HOOD  
 The man you arrested. Is he a microbiologist or a medical man?

Bruno thinks this is hilarious.

BRUNO  
 Hah.

HOOD  
 What's so funny?

BRUNO  
 You haven't seen him. He's a caretaker. Says he's been getting twenty quid a time to incinerate the bundles. Once he realised what they were he couldn't bring himself to stick 'em in the fire.

HOOD

Or give up the twenty quid. Who's been paying him?

BRUNO

He won't say a thing now he's sobered up. We'll see how he feels after Accessory to Murder.

HOOD

Technically a foetus is medical waste. Can that still be murder?

BRUNO

All right, then. Something under the abortion act.

HOOD

Clone foetuses abort themselves. They nearly always go wrong.

BRUNO

Well, for God's sake. Then you're telling me I'm wasting my time?

HOOD

You're not wasting your time. This isn't about scratching around for something to pin on a caretaker. It's bigger than that.

BRUNO

It can be as big as it likes. I need a crime and a charge. If I don't have that, I move on. So what are you telling me?

HOOD

That you're looking at evidence of an attempt at human cloning.

BRUNO

And I'm Flash Gordon.

HOOD

It's the twenty-first century, Inspector. At least make an effort to keep up.

At one of the graves, something's being lifted out into a waiting box and a cross and chain dropped in after.

HOOD

It's the work of a man who's been trailing this kind of misery across half of Europe.

BRUNO

Fine. Give me a name.

HOOD

I don't know his name! No-one even knows what he looks like. When they get close to him in one country he moves on to another. He'll keep on doing more of the same until sheer chance gives him a live birth.

BRUNO

Why?

HOOD

Fame, fortune and a place in history. And you're looking at the cost. If you won't go after him, get out of the way and I will.

217A EXT. WOODLAND PARKING AREA. DAY.

217A

Rachel waits alone by the car as a very dark-of-brow Hood comes stalking back to her. He talks on the move...

HOOD

I just about persuaded him to flag it up with local hospitals. Thirty babies in thirty graves... You know what that says to me?

RACHEL

I can't even guess.

Gets straight into the car...

HOOD

Thirty mothers. How do you keep them quiet?

And slams the door.

218 OMITTED

218

219 OMITTED

219

220

INT. SUPERMARKET. DAY.

220

Kelly Fox, 19 years old and 20+ weeks pregnant, is pushing along a trolley with a toddler in the rumble seat, studying a list. Her pregnancy isn't screamingly obvious and the clothes that she's wearing make it even less so.

She only belatedly notices that the child's holding a packet of biscuits.

KELLY

No, Davy. Not the fancy ones.

She extracts them from his grasp and we pan with her as she goes the few yards back down the aisle to replace them.

Then without a cut we pan back with her to the trolley, which now has no kid in it.

KELLY

Davy? David?

With rising panic, she looks all around her...

Then moves past the trolley to the aisle junction. As she turns the corner...

She sees, directly ahead of her a young guy with baseball cap and trackie pants tucked into his Nike socks. He's got Davy with him and is squatting down by the sweet shelves, unwrapping something to put in the boy's hands.

ROLY

There y'are. Take that from your dad.

Kelly freezes in horror. Roly sees her and rises.

ROLY

You didn't move but five miles. Did you think no-one was ever going to see you?

KELLY

You come near me again, I'm taking you right back to court.

ROLY

Yeah, whatever, you try it and see what happens. A dad's got a right to see his lad.

KELLY

Oh, don't come that. You take an interest when it suits you and it doesn't last five minutes.

Kelly spies what Davy is eating.

KELLY

That's got nuts! You know he can't have it.

She moves to take it from him and Roly catches her by the arm.

ROLY

Hey.

He's noticed something. He shoves her out to arm's length for a better look, and she makes a feeble attempt to cover the signs.

ROLY

You going to tell me that's all Dunkin' Donuts? Whose is it?

KELLY

Get off.

ROLY

I asked you a question.

The volume's rising and people are starting to take notice.

KELLY

It's none of your business!

ROLY

You needn't think you're having it.

KELLY

Get off!

He smartly hustles her to a spot no more than a stride away, where a stack of stuff in the aisle obscures them from general view.

Something nasty happens just out of our line of sight.

An instant later, Roly is walking away briskly, hands thrust in pockets, at a speed that will have him out of the store before anyone can act.

An elderly woman starts raising the alarm. She's got one of those walker-trolleys and can only shout from the spot.

ELDERLY SHOPPER

I saw what you did! You nasty little bastard! You should be ashamed of yourself!

Kelly is clutching her stomach, doubled-over and sinking to her knees.

Roly sweeps on and out of the store unimpeded.

CCTV insert as he passes the checkouts -- he tilts his head so that the baseball cap hides his features from the camera. Someone's trying to call after him but he doesn't break his stride.

Back in the aisle -- Kelly's doubled up, hugging herself, still not able to make any sound as people start coming to her aid.

221 INT. SUPERMARKET. DAY.

221

Another part of the store. Kelly's been seated on a chair. She's breathing deeply, wiping at tears with a tissue. A shelf-stacker lad hands her a paper cup of water.

MANAGERESS

Dan?

The lad looks at her and, with a flick of her eyes, she signals for him to move away.

Then she bends over Kelly and lowers her voice for discretion.

MANAGERESS

Have you stopped bleeding?

KELLY

Think so.

MANAGERESS

You've got to let me call an ambulance.

KELLY

(emphatically)

No!!

MANAGERESS

Well, I've got to call someone.

Kelly looks up. There is someone.

222 EXT. SUPERMARKET. DAY. 222

Kelly is being helped from the building by Lena Muller, 40s. A tall woman, dark and a bit sinister. One of the staff leads Davy by the hand, another brings Kelly's shopping.

They cross to where a slightly shabby dark car waits at the kerb with its hazards blinking.

We can hear Rachel's voice leading sound over the end of the scene.

223 INT. HOOD'S CAR. DAY. 223

On the move. Rachel at the wheel, Hood beside her. Still dark of mood and pensive.

RACHEL

So do we try and find this woman?

Hood stirs and starts paying attention.

HOOD

Which one?

RACHEL

The one who paid the caretaker to burn the foetuses.

HOOD

I can't get to her until they let me talk to him.

RACHEL

You need to cut the local bobbies a bit of slack, Hood. How often do you think they come up against something like this?

HOOD

Human cloning, a crime that brings all of science into disrepute and gets you ten years in jail. What's so complicated about that?

RACHEL

Nothing if you've got a PhD.

HOOD

Bloody coppers. Thick as they come.  
Present company excepted. How far  
are we going?

RACHEL

I've booked us into the Novotel.

HOOD

Does it have a gym?

RACHEL

What do you want a gym for?

HOOD

I like to ogle women in Lycra.

They pass a junction sign.

RACHEL

I thought your daughter lived in  
this neck of the woods.

HOOD

She does.

RACHEL

Are you going to call her?

HOOD

I might.

He doesn't sound too keen. Rachel glances his way with mild  
surprise.

224 EXT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY. 224

Just off the motorway. A big, run-down old cotton mill that's  
been converted for business units. It's barely a step above  
dereliction.

225 INT. BUSINESS UNIT. DAY. 225

At first we're close on Lena and Davy. The woman is chatting  
to him brightly, keeping him distracted by letting him play  
with some medical stuff -- tongue depressors, bandages. Only  
when she glances across do we see that this is...

A big, bare space. In the middle of the old floor stands an  
island of modern furniture and medical instruments, the  
centrepiece being an obstetrics examination table under an  
overhead operating light.

Kelly's lying on the table. Dr Sidney Hayward, 50s, runs a compact ultrasound scanner over her bulge and studies the results in a laptop screen. Hayward is a former consultant. His patrician manner is intact even if the bespoke suit has seen better days.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

I think we're all right. I don't see any damage. The placenta's a bit low down but that will probably sort itself out.

He hands her a towel, and closes everything down while she's wiping off the lube and rearranging her clothes.

KELLY

Would I still get paid if anything did go wrong?

SIDNEY HAYWARD

Not if it leads to a termination. Don't blame me, it's my boss who sets the terms. Why? Are you worried about anything in particular?

KELLY

Just asking.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

Asking's free. But if anything does go wrong, you call me and I'll do what's necessary. Don't even think about going to your doctor.

KELLY

I've only got you.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

Good. You know what they do with girls who break the law.

Kelly glances in Lena's direction.

KELLY

If she can't drive me back, can I have some taxi money?

SIDNEY HAYWARD

What's wrong with the bus?

KELLY

Bus fare, then.

Hayward hesitates, fails to come up with an evasion, then roots around in his trouser pockets for change.

SIDNEY HAYWARD  
How much is it from here?

KELLY  
Three pounds.

Lena Muller looks across at the scene with a face like a plate of condemned veal.

Hayward reluctantly sorts through his small change, trying to make up the three quid.

225A INT. BUSINESS UNIT. DAY.

225A

A short time later.

Kelly's leading Davy out. The door closes after them.

Lena Muller joins Sidney Hayward.

LENA MULLER  
What's the point sending her out again?

SIDNEY HAYWARD  
She's worth a few more weeks.

LENA MULLER  
I don't know why you didn't just terminate her right there.

SIDNEY HAYWARD  
If you believe the scan she's got the most viable-looking foetus yet.

LENA MULLER  
She'll never hold onto it.

SIDNEY HAYWARD  
Bit longer and it might be worth inducing.

LENA MULLER  
What if it won't wait?

SIDNEY HAYWARD  
Then she'd better be sure she gives me a call. Unless she particularly wants to die.

## FIRST COMMERCIAL BREAK

226	OMITTED	226
227	OMITTED	227
228	OMITTED	228
229	EXT. POLICE YARD. DAY.	229

Rachel's sitting behind the wheel in the parked car. Hood's standing beside it to make a personal call.

HOOD

Hello, Miranda. It's daddy. I assume you're not there or it's not convenient to pick up the phone, so... just to let you know I'm in the area for a while. Give me a buzz if you feel like it. Usual number.

He ends the call and gets into the car.

RACHEL

Everything all right?

HOOD

I assume so. You know what it's like. She'll be busy.

RACHEL

Heads up.

Sanders is emerging from the building.

HOOD

Is that the boy?

Right behind Martin Sanders, and without his awareness, DS Cook steps out of the doorway and points him out in near-pantomime fashion.

RACHEL

That's the boy.

She starts the car.

With Sanders -- he's leaving the police yard when the car brakes to a halt ahead of him and Hood steps out. He opens the car's rear door by way of invitation.

HOOD  
Martin Sanders?

Sanders starts to take a step back, but now Rachel's moved in right behind him.

MARTIN SANDERS  
Who are you?

HOOD  
Professor Alan Hood. Guess what I want to talk about.

From his pocket he produces the silver cross and chain and dangles it before Sanders.

MARTIN SANDERS  
Where'd you get that?

HOOD  
I stole evidence. There. Now you've heard my confession. I'm ready to hear yours.

MARTIN SANDERS  
The magistrate said I can go.

HOOD  
Good for the magistrate. Last chance to come on board, Martin. Your own free will.

MARTIN SANDERS  
Get lost.

With an air of mild regret, Hood nods to Rachel and sets off around to the other side of the car.

Sanders suddenly finds that Rachel is crowding him toward the open vehicle door. He's about to protest when she bangs her knee into his thigh in what, in the playground, we would have called a 'deadleg'.

Suddenly it won't take his weight, and she grabs him to steady him.

RACHEL  
Sorry. Did I do that? Sorry.

Sanders protests but isn't able to resist as she bundles him into the back of the car...

Where Hood now waits.

As Rachel goes back around to the driving seat, she catches DS Cook's eye across the yard...

And winks.

230 INT. HOOD'S CAR. DAY.

230

On the move. Rachel at the wheel, Hood and Martin Sanders in the back.

HOOD

Twenty quid a pop and you couldn't quite bring yourself to pass it up? You'd make a lousy businessman, Martin. Between the crosses and chains and the Dutch courage I think you'll find you were trading at a loss.

MARTIN SANDERS

You can't do this. It isn't legal.

HOOD

Apparently you were helpful drunk and useless sober. What's best to do with you, Martin? Take you to the pub?

MARTIN SANDERS

I'm not saying anything else.

HOOD

Have you got no conscience? You won't get a better chance to ease it.

MARTIN SANDERS

Jesus knows what was in my heart. And he's forgiven me.

HOOD

Let's ask him.

231 INT. CHURCH. DAY.

231

A gloomy town-centre Victorian Gothic church, pretty small. Hood marches Martin Sanders down the aisle toward the altar rail with Rachel following after.

Sanders' leg is still trailing and Hood's helping to support him, but the effect is that of dragging him up the aisle by the scruff of his neck.

HOOD

If the only thing that impresses you is the wrath of God then make no mistake, as far as you're concerned I am his instrument right here on Earth. You think you did right by the unborn dead? Think again. Who paid you to burn that medical waste?

MARTIN SANDERS

Just some woman.

HOOD

She didn't come out of nowhere and she didn't pick you for no reason. Who is she, Martin, and where can I find her?

MARTIN SANDERS

I'm already in trouble. I don't want more.

HOOD

Don't you? Well, you picked the wrong day to meet me, then, didn't you?

A side door opens.

PRIEST

What's going on?

Hood relaxes his grip, turns it into a friendly hand-on-shoulder.

HOOD

Sorry for the noise, father, I always get a bit passionate in a theological discussion.

PRIEST

Give me a better reason than that, or take it outside.

HOOD

We were talking about the slaughter of the innocents. Whether it was all down to Herod, or whether the footsoldiers and spear-carriers need to shoulder some of the blame. What do you say, Martin?

On Martin. His eyes flick from Hood to the priest. He has no ready answer.

232 EXT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY. 232

The converted mill we saw earlier.

Hood's car comes into the mill yard and stops.

233 INT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY. 233

A crude conversion -- partition walls and numbered units, each with the owner's custom-made security on the door.

Hood and Sanders are by the door to the unit 118. They're waiting for something. As they talk, Hood inspects the chunky padlock on its hasp.

MARTIN SANDERS  
I've never had a key.

HOOD  
Don't you worry about it.

Hood moves to the plasterboard wall alongside the door and gives it an experimental tap.

HOOD  
If the whole thing troubled you so much, why didn't you stop?

MARTIN SANDERS  
He who rides a tiger can never dismount.

HOOD  
You weren't riding any tiger. You were cremating human foetuses for money.

MARTIN SANDERS  
I stopped doing that when I found out what they were.

HOOD  
But you didn't stop taking them on. Why?

MARTIN SANDERS  
Who else was going to give them a decent burial?

HOOD  
A shallow grave and a couple of  
prayers.

MARTIN SANDERS  
And some holy water.

HOOD  
That's your idea of decency, is it?

MARTIN SANDERS  
Unless one is born of water and the  
Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom  
of God.

Hood stops tapping the plasterboard.

HOOD  
What?

MARTIN SANDERS  
If a baby's not baptised then it  
doesn't go to heaven.

HOOD  
So you did them yourself? Does that  
still count?

MARTIN SANDERS  
You probably think it's stupid.

On Hood. His manner doesn't change much but his deeper  
attitude to Martin does.

HOOD  
No, Martin. I don't.

A moment of understanding, then...

Rachel arrives, carrying a set of boltcutters.

Hood changes the mood.

HOOD  
Oy oy. Armed feminist.

234 INT. BUSINESS UNIT. DAY.

234

A slow track taking in the big empty space with the island of  
modern furniture and medical instruments, the centrepiece of  
which is the obstetrics examination table under an overhead  
operating light, now standing dark.

CLUNG! The sound of the padlock shearing is followed by the door opening.

After taking the sight in for a moment, Hood moves toward it. Rachel follows with the boltcutters in her hand. Martin comes in last, closes the door, and stands close to it.

MARTIN SANDERS

There's two of them. She calls him Doctor.

HOOD

Is this where they work on the girls?

MARTIN SANDERS

I wouldn't know.

Hood shoots him a cynical look.

MARTIN SANDERS

(admitting)

Couple of times a week. Most of them are only kids.

Hood picks up some shiny instrument, muses, and lays it down again.

RACHEL

You obviously don't have a gynaecologist.

HOOD

I don't have anything that would interest one.

RACHEL

You're not very happy.

HOOD

I was hoping for more than this.

Rachel's by a table with a compact inkjet printer and a scattering of discarded attempts. She holds one up for him to see.

It's an ultrasound scan from around 11 weeks. Printing was cancelled so the image is unfinished by an inch or two.

RACHEL

Hood! You've got baby scans in a secret clinic. What on earth are you looking for?

HOOD

He may have implanted his embryos here but he made them somewhere else. It's a big deal, Rachel. Big technology. It's not like your basic two lesbians and a turkey-baster.

RACHEL

Hood!

HOOD

It takes a proper lab and all the skills to go with it. See this?

He lays his hand on a container like a milk churn. Lifts the lid, but it's empty.

RACHEL

What?

HOOD

Liquid nitrogen transporter.  
(reads label on lid) With an import license for bovine semen.

RACHEL

What's he making, a minotaur?

HOOD

That'll be a cover. He can hardly say frozen clone embryos, can he? He's outsourced his lab work to a country where there's no regulation.

Their heads turn at a sound, as the door to the unit is opened.

Framed in the doorway stands Sidney Hayward, with the broken padlock in his hand and a furious expression.

The first person he sees is Martin.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

Martin? You know you don't come in here!

Martin can't help it -- he looks to Hood.

Hayward follows his glance...

And at the sight of Hood starting towards him, steps out quickly and pulls the door shut.

Hood covers the rest of the distance at a run, but he's too late -- the door won't open.

235 INT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY. 235

Closeup on the hasp and staple, as the door rattles -- it's been closed up and the broken padlock thrust into it so that the door can't be opened from inside.

A quick pan gives us a parting glimpse of Hayward as, none too dignified, he vanishes off down the stairs.

236 INT. BUSINESS UNIT. DAY. 236

Rachel can see that Hood's getting nowhere.

RACHEL  
I'll take him.

She turns and heads across the floor to a marked Fire Exit door with a crush bar.

HOOD  
Preferably in one piece!

Rachel hits the crush bar and an alarm sounds throughout the building as she heads out.

Something then occurs to Hood. He lays his hand against the partition wall by the door.

HOOD  
(to Martin)  
Is this hollow?

Martin does a kind of shrug to say, As far as I know.

Hood brings out a Swiss Army knife or Leatherman which he opens and plunges, dagger-like, into the plasterboard at shoulder height, before sawing it downward.

237 EXT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY. 237

Rachel's following a designated escape route that exploits the visual possibilities of the building.

238 INT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY. 238

Hayward reaches the bottom of the stairs and heads toward daylight.

239 INT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY. 239

A big, ragged section of plasterboard being booted out into the corridor with Hood stepping through after in a cloud of white dust.

He heads for the stairway.

240 EXT. BUSINESS PARK. DAY. 240

Hayward reaches his car and drops into the driving seat. Something like an old BMW, swish in its day but auction-fodder now.

Not a man of action -- he's flustered and panicking. He fumbles his keys and has to retrieve them from the floorwell.

241 EXT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY. 241

Rachel completes the escape route and reaches ground level on a different side of the building.

242 EXT. BUSINESS PARK. DAY. 242

Hayward gets his car started and backs out of his parking space in such haste that he clips the next vehicle.

Then he shifts to forward, but as he sets off...

Hood stands in the way of his exit.

Hayward doesn't slow, but presses hard on the horn.

On Hood, hand raised in a signal to halt, realising that Hayward intends to do no such thing.

HOOD

Ah.

When Rachel suddenly appears, drawing her 9mm Automatic and tracking the car as it heads straight for Hood and it's going to run him down if she can't stop or divert it...

She's aiming low, and it's BANG! BANG! without success at the tyres before she raises her aim and fires at the car itself.

On Hayward -- both rear side-windows are blown out as the bullet passes through the car, and Hayward's terrified reaction is to duck and violently jerk the wheel.

Angle from above -- the swerving car narrowly misses Hood.

On Hayward -- terrified, but recovering control.

She runs forward. But by the time she reaches Hood, Hayward's around the corner of the building and gone.

She's incandescent and she doesn't hold back one whit.

RACHEL

You stupid old man! What do you think you were doing?

HOOD

Me?

RACHEL

Do you think my job's a joke? I'm supposed to keep you safe, and look how you carry on.

HOOD

Well, I'm sorry, but that's the last thing I was thinking about.

RACHEL

Tell me something I don't know!

Rachel returns the firearm to its concealed holster and storms toward their car.

243 INT. HOOD'S CAR. DAY.

243

Both get in. Rachel slams her door. There's an atmosphere.

RACHEL

I discharged a firearm at a moving vehicle. Do you know what I'll have to go through now?

She makes an effort to calm herself.

HOOD

I am sorry.

RACHEL

(not looking at him)

Let me go, Hood. Please.

HOOD

Your job is far from a joke. And I do need you.

RACHEL

You'd get the exact same support from any one of a hundred people.

HOOD

Not from the ones they keep trying  
to send me. Look, I don't do  
apology very well.

RACHEL

Is that why your own daughter won't  
speak to you?

Ouch! Bullseye with a brick.

244 OMITTED 244

244A INT. KELLY'S FLAT. DAY. (INTERCUT) 244A

Kelly's in social housing and may not have been trained in  
housekeeping skills, but it's as decent as a 19-year-old  
single mother can make it.

She's reading to Davy. It's a child's book with pictures, but  
still she struggles with the words.

KELLY

(reading)

"And that's the end of the story,  
except to say that all of the  
guests went back to their homes,  
and told stories of the kindness of  
Mondrago their king. And when the  
word of his kindness had spread far  
and wide..."

Ouch. She winces with a sudden pain.

KELLY

Oh, god, no.

She puts a hand to her stomach and fights the pain. At this  
moment, her phone rings.

Kelly moves into the kitchen where her phone's plugged into a  
wall socket, charging.

We stay, and push right in on the cream-coloured cushion she  
was sitting on, to find...

Blood patches, freshly soaking into the material.

With Kelly -- wiping her eyes, she answers the call.

KELLY

Hello?

244B EXT. STREET. DAY.

244B

First we see the back windows of Hayward's car, with sheet plastic taped to replace the shot-out glass.

Through the plastic, we see something blurry moving.

And then we shift our point of view to see that it's Lena Muller, hastily deserting their crummy back-streets flat with a couple of suitcases. As she brings them around to the open boot we find Sidney Hayward on his mobile, just putting his own bag in.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

Kelly, it's Doctor Hayward. Stay away from the clinic. We've had a bit of an emergency. Has anyone been to see you?

KELLY

No. What if I have to call you?

SIDNEY HAYWARD

You can still call me, just don't go back to the building. Is there a problem?

KELLY

(feigning okay-ness)

No.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

Good. Stay healthy, have this baby -  
- everyone wins.

He ends the call.

LENA MULLER

(scornfully)

Everyone wins.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

We should get out now.

LENA MULLER

And do what? Look at us. Look at this!

She points at the plastic covering the car windows.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

That's what I mean! I was shot at!  
It was like the Wild (f\*\*\*\*\*g)  
West!

He does that thing where you censor yourself but the word leaves a shadow.

LENA MULLER

And where do you think we're going to go? You can't even cover a child's bus fare. If it's going to be like this then Luciano has to pay you more!

SIDNEY HAYWARD

Oh, yes. He'll go for that.

LENA MULLER

It's all right for him. He's miles away! We're stuck here looking after the girls and taking all the chances!

SIDNEY HAYWARD

Well, that's hardly going to be news to him, is it? As far as he's concerned it's the whole point of the setup.

LENA MULLER

Then start talking up how promising the new one is. See if that loosens his wallet. 'Cos we'll all be quids-in if one of them beats the odds.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

You think that's the answer.

LENA

Isn't it?

SIDNEY HAYWARD

If any one of those freaks of nature ever does draw breath, that's the day the real trouble starts.

245 INT. HOOD'S CAR. DAY.

245

Parked on a busyish street where there are flats and houses. Hood and Rachel sit in the car. Rachel's calmer now. They seem to be watching for something.

HOOD

Cloning's a numbers game. It's a fluke if one comes right. You make a thousand little monsters to get your one little angel.

RACHEL

Why's he doing it here?

Hood looks at her.

RACHEL

You tell me how tricky these maverick cloners are. Moving it around whenever there's a ban. So why not do the whole thing in some third world country?

HOOD

Maybe I'll get the chance to ask him.

RACHEL

Maybe this is where his client is.

Hood looks at her again, more seriously.

RACHEL

How much is it costing? Someone's got to be paying.

Hood's mind is so taken with the implications of this that he almost misses his reason for being here.

RACHEL

Is that your daughter?

Quickly, he returns his attention to the street.

A young woman has emerged from one of the houses. She's stopped to double-lock the door behind her.

RACHEL

Well?

Hood starts to undo his belt, then...

HOOD

What am I doing? This is stupid.

RACHEL

Get a move on. You'll miss her.

Hood hesitates. Then decides.

HOOD  
No.

RACHEL  
Hood!

HOOD  
It's not right. I've gone and dragged you down here to prove a point that doesn't need proving. Look. It's obvious she's going somewhere. I'm not going to bother her. (refastens his belt) Come on. Let's go.

Hood's blustering a bit and Rachel's not fooled. She keeps a steady gaze on him; he avoids looking at her.

HOOD  
Please.

With a shrug, Rachel starts the car.

246	OMITTED	246
247	OMITTED	247
248	OMITTED	248
249	INT. KELLY'S FLAT. NIGHT.	249

Davy sits watching TV.

Through an open doorway we can see that Kelly's in the next room. She's just pacing, but we can't see all the way in to what she's doing.

But we glimpse her as she passes the doorway, hand to her brow and crying.

250	INT. NOVOTEL FOYER. NIGHT.	250
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Hood comes in with Rachel a few paces behind him, professionally scanning for hazards. Hood's carrying a laptop.

HOOD  
D'you want to meet up in the restaurant later?

RACHEL  
 Nah. I'm for a long bath and room  
 service.

251 INT. HOOD'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

251

Hood stands waiting as Rachel takes a look in the bathroom,  
 then checks the window lock and closes the curtains.

RACHEL  
 Keep these closed. Got your panic  
 button?

He rummages around in his coat pocket and digs out a small  
 signalling device no bigger than a zippo lighter.

He blows the fluff off before showing it to her.

RACHEL  
 (patiently)  
 Switch it on.

He slides the thumb switch on the side.

RACHEL  
 In case you didn't notice it, your  
 threat level went up today.

HOOD  
 Does that mean I can't leave the  
 room?

RACHEL  
 You can leave the room, but don't  
 leave the hotel. And if you sign  
 for dinner...

HOOD  
 Use the cover name.

Rachel's phone gives a text beep. She looks and...

RACHEL  
 Excuse me. And I wouldn't risk the  
 fruit.

She leaves the room.

Hood puts the laptop computer down and starts to open it.

251A INT. NOVOTEL FOYER. NIGHT.

251A

(scene relocated from police yard, day and moved from 246)

DS Cook is standing in the foyer. Hands in pockets, waiting, killing time in motel limbo.

He wanders across to look at some piece of hotel art that's not worth looking at.

Suddenly...

Rachel comes striding through the swing doors from the rooms corridor.

RACHEL  
Doug. Thanks for this.

DS COOK  
I'm five minutes away.

RACHEL  
I know, I remembered. I need to give you this.

She holds a metal disc out to him.

DS COOK  
What is it?

RACHEL  
The lid from a container for refrigerated bull semen.

DS COOK  
Now you're embarrassing me, 'cause I haven't got a present for you.

RACHEL  
(patiently)  
There's a customs label on it. Do me a big favour and find out who applied for the import license.

DS COOK  
That's your close protection work, is it? Admit it, you're desperate for some proper coppering.

RACHEL  
I am not desperate for anything. But Professor Hood and I would appreciate a result.

She walks away, back toward the doors.

DS Cook glances at the lid and its label...

But finds Rachel walking away more interesting.

251B INT. HOOD'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. 251B

(relocated from police building, day and moved from 247)

Closeup on Hood's computer laptop screen. He's got it plugged into the room's internet access point.

It's showing a website news page very similar to the format of the BBC news pages. The news column carries the headline GYNAECOLOGIST BANNED and a column-width picture of someone we don't know above the text.

Hood clicks a link in the 'See also' column and another story takes its place... DISGRACED SURGEON STRUCK OFF and another picture we don't recognise.

A knock at the door.

HOOD

Yes.

Hood clicks again as Rachel enters the room on a key. HOSPITAL SPECIALIST SUSPENDED.

RACHEL

I forgot to leave your key. What's with the charm squad?

HOOD

Struck off.

RACHEL

All I did was ask.

HOOD

These are all gynaecologists who've been struck off the medical register. If you need a professional for something illegal then you'll find one among the fallen.

As he's speaking, up comes a photo of Sidney Hayward.

RACHEL

Isn't that ours?

The headline reads HAYWARD CONDEMNED AS 'DISGRACEFUL'. The picture shows a smoother, better-groomed Hayward in a pause-for-the-cameras-on-the-pavement-outside-the-GMC-on-the-day-of-the-enquiry shot.

Hood summarises from the screen.

HOOD  
 Sidney Hayward. Consultant  
 Gynaecologist. Incompetence and  
 financial irregularity. Left  
 seventeen women in pain,  
 incontinent, or unable to bear  
 children.

RACHEL  
 Great. Lift him, lock him up, job's  
 a good 'un.

HOOD  
 If only.

RACHEL  
 Why not?

HOOD  
 He's not the one who's making the  
 clones. He's just here to manage  
 the host mothers.

RACHEL  
 He could be doing both.

Hood looks around. How to explain?

HOOD  
 Give me your tweezers.

Puzzled, Rachel takes out a jellycard and pulls the tweezers  
 from it.

Hood, meanwhile, takes a green grape from the mixed bunch on  
 the room's underwhelming fruit basket. He holds it up between  
 thumb and forefinger.

HOOD  
 This a woman's egg. The pip inside  
 it is the nucleus with her unique  
 DNA. To make a clone you first get  
 rid of her nucleus...

He plunges the tweezers into the grape stem hole.

RACHEL  
 (wincing)  
 Hood...

The tweezers come out with a grape pip, which he discards.

HOOD

And replace it with a nucleus from any cell of the person you want to clone. I need a different grape.

RACHEL

I'll imagine.

HOOD

No, it's not the same.

Jump cut to a pip being pulled from a black grape.

Jump cut to Hood inserting the new pip into the original grape.

HOOD

Original egg, new DNA in the nucleus. Shock it with a little jolt of electricity...

He gives the grape a little flick.

HOOD

Which fools it into thinking it's been fertilised. Within a week...

He holds up the small cluster of half a dozen black grapes.

HOOD

...it's making stem cells that will develop into the person of your choice. You put this embryo back into a woman and then, and only then, does our incompetent gynaecologist enter the picture.

Rachel reaches over retrieves her sticky tweezers with an expression of distaste.

HOOD

The man I want is the man who does the grapes.

RACHEL

Goodnight, Hood.

She leaves him to it.

He pops the grape in his mouth.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Cannibal.

252 OMITTED 252

253 INT. TREATMENT CUBICLE. NIGHT. 253

Kelly Fox sits on an examining couch with her knees drawn up and a blanket over them.

A junior doctor who doesn't look much older is addressing her while amending her notes.

JUNIOR DOCTOR  
Why'd you let the pregnancy get  
this far without seeing anyone?

KELLY  
I was fine with my first one.

JUNIOR DOCTOR  
Well, this time's different. We  
need to know what's causing the  
bleed.

KELLY  
Are you going to give me something  
for it or not?

JUNIOR DOCTOR  
It's not that simple. Have a lie  
down. I'll be back in a minute.

254 INT. HOSPITAL CASUALTY DEPARTMENT. NIGHT. 254

A short time later.

The cubicle curtains part and Kelly pops her head out.

Unobserved, she slides out and away.

255 OMITTED 255

256 INT. NOVOTEL RESTAURANT. NIGHT. 256

Hood sits alone at a table. Reading a secondhand JG Ballard paperback.

WAITRESS  
Finished?

HOOD  
Yes, thank you. That was ever so  
good.

He sits back so that she can clear the table for him.

Ouch! Something's digging in. He reaches down behind and comes up with...

The panic button device. Seems he's been sitting on it.

With a frown, he holds it to his ear. It's humming faintly.

Peering through his reading glasses, he slides the little thumb-switch off and on again.

BAM!

The restaurant doors burst open.

SMASH!

The waitress drops all her plates and cutlery as a charging figure shoulders her aside.

It's Rachel. Her hair's up and she's dripping wet. One hand clutches a damp towel around her and the other hand holds a 9mm automatic ready to fire.

She skids to a halt in the middle of the floor and then...

Stillness. Only her eyes move as she quickly takes in the room.

Every diner is staring at her. At least one with mouth open and fork in midair.

And there's Hood, innocently surprised, paused in the act of fiddling with the device.

Rachel blushes to her roots.

RACHEL

Right.

Then makes as abrupt and dignified a withdrawal as she can manage.

256A INT. TREATMENT CUBICLE. NIGHT.

256A

The junior doctor approaches with a nurse, and draws the curtain aside to reveal...

An empty cubicle, blanket thrown back. Blood spotting on the couch's paper liner.

257 INT. NOVOTEL CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

257

Hood approaches.

He raises his knuckles to tap on one of the doors.

But before he even makes contact, the door jerks open about six inches and one eye of Rachel looks out through the gap.

RACHEL

Well done, Hood, you've blown our cover.

HOOD

Buy you a drink to say sorry?

RACHEL

You think I can show my face out there again?

Slam! She closes the door on him.

HOOD

It's not your face they'll remember.

As he starts to turn away from the door he sees...

DS COOK

Professor Hood!

DS Cook, heading down the hotel corridor towards him.

HOOD

Any luck with Sidney Hayward?

DS COOK

He'd done a runner. But the hospital watch has turned up a pregnant teenager. Nineteen years old. Turned up bleeding at A and E. No prior care and some serious complications.

Hood turns and bangs on the door behind him.

HOOD

Rachel. Rachel!!

She opens it, again a crack.

HOOD

We're not done yet.

She nods and vanishes. No messing.

SECOND COMMERCIAL BREAK

258 INT. HOSPITAL CASUALTY DEPARTMENT. NIGHT. 258

BANG! Through a set of double doors.

Hood and DS Cook come into view together, Rachel close behind. All moving briskly.

HOOD  
Any problem with patient  
confidentiality?

DS COOK  
Duty of Care overrides it.

259 INT. HOSPITAL SECURITY SUITE. NIGHT. 259

They're running CCTV tapes from earlier in the day.

One shows the children's play area by the waiting room.  
Davy's there alone.

Then Kelly rushes in, gathers him up, and exits. It's over in moments.

But they backwind, hunt around for the one frame that catches Kelly full-face, and freeze on it.

HOOD  
Doesn't that just put a human face  
on it?

Big close up on the monitor. Seen at this distance, Kelly's face comprises an op-art pattern of pixels that almost fills the screen.

260 INT. HOSPITAL CASUALTY DEPARTMENT. NIGHT. 260

Hood and Rachel talking to the junior doctor.

HOOD  
They won't let her go to a proper  
doctor. But if she can't hang onto  
it, she probably won't get paid.

JUNIOR DOCTOR  
She's well on her way to losing it.

HOOD  
Is she actually in danger?

JUNIOR DOCTOR  
 Someone's punched her in the  
 stomach. It's exposed a condition  
 where the placenta's covering the  
 exit of the uterus.

RACHEL  
 Placenta Previa.

They look at her.

RACHEL  
 My sister-in-law had it. They said  
 if it didn't correct itself they'd  
 give her an early caesarian.

JUNIOR DOCTOR  
 Better that than a fatal  
 haemorrhage. If contractions start  
 with the placenta blocking the  
 way...

He makes a POW! hand gesture like a grenade exploding.

HOOD  
 She has no idea.

He launches off without explanation.

261 INT. HOSPITAL CASUALTY DEPARTMENT. NIGHT. 261

Hood's heading for the treatment cubicles with Rachel  
 sticking close.

HOOD  
 An oversized placenta is one of the  
 commonest features of a clone  
 pregnancy.

And as we come around with them into the cubicle we find...

An orderly stuffing the bloodstained covering straight from  
 the treatment couch into a hazard bag.

HOOD  
 Excuse me. I'll need that.

262 OMITTED 262

262A EXT. FORENSICS LAB. NIGHT. 262A

Low-rise and fairly modern.

Sign reads Forensic Science Service with a diamond-shaped logo.

263

INT. FORENSICS LAB. NIGHT.

263

Hood watches closely as Amanda Ross sets up a DNA PCR test. Rachel stands further back.

HOOD

How long?

AMANDA ROSS

By morning. But don't get your hopes up. The foetus has its own blood supply. Chances are you've just got the mother's.

She starts to clear up, rebagging the waste.

HOOD

Had any repercussions?

AMANDA ROSS

Give it time. I've lost any popularity I had around here, I can tell you that.

Hood notes Rachel's questioning look.

HOOD

Amanda's my whistleblower.

AMANDA ROSS

Where else was I going to go with it? I showed my boss all the matching profiles, and he chucked them on his desk. Next thing I know, he's off to a conference and they're still lying there.

HOOD

Why wouldn't he take it seriously?

AMANDA ROSS

'Cause in his mind it's not real. Gave me his silly-woman look and talked about cross-contamination like I was the work experience kid.

HOOD

Cross contamination? I don't think so.

AMANDA ROSS

What'll happen if they ever get it to a live birth?

HOOD

Then for your boss and everyone else, human cloning suddenly becomes real in the worst possible way. And that's regenerative medicine screwed for the foreseeable future.

AMANDA ROSS

It was worth sticking my neck out for, then.

HOOD

Oh, you bet. One damaged human child in the headlines and we're right into the Frankenstein season.

264 INT. FORENSICS BUILDING. NIGHT.

264

(was Ext. Forensics Lab)

Hood and Rachel heading for the car.

RACHEL

What's all this regenerative medicine business?

HOOD

Remember the bunch of grapes? The stem cells that were going to go on and build your new person? They're also a potential repair kit for the original donor's body.

RACHEL

I thought this was all about teenaged girls and babies going wrong.

HOOD

It's about the abuse of embryo research. The girls are at the sharp end of it.

RACHEL

What about the embryo? Isn't that a person?

HOOD  
More like the basic kit for one.

RACHEL  
What's the difference?

HOOD  
There's your debate.

RACHEL  
I prefer it simple.

HOOD  
You want it simple? Therapeutic  
cloning good. Human cloning a  
perversion of the science.

RACHEL  
Making an embryo just to kill it  
doesn't sound too brilliant,  
either.

HOOD  
Nature makes them and wastes them  
all the time.

RACHEL  
So it's a numbers game. Same as  
with your cloner.

HOOD  
Not the same.

RACHEL  
Only because one suits your  
argument and the other doesn't.

Rachel's phone beeps with a text message.

As she checks it...

HOOD  
Who's it from?

RACHEL  
No-one you know.

265      OMITTED

265

266      OMITTED

266

267 INT. HOOD'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

267

Rachel completing the security once-over, bathroom and windows.

HOOD

You never got to eat.

RACHEL

I'll survive.

Hood rummages in his pocket and brings out a manky-looking paper bag that you wouldn't want to touch.

HOOD

I've got a sandwich.

He offers it.

RACHEL

How old is that?

He sniffs the bag and shrugs.

RACHEL

Good night, Hood.

She leaves him.

268 INT. NOVOTEL CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

268

Rachel closes Hood's door.

Then sets off down the corridor.

269 INT. NOVOTEL RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

269

The restaurant's now deserted apart from Doug Cook, sitting on a chair pulled out from an empty table with an uncapped bottle of beer at his elbow.

He rises when he sees Rachel coming.

DS COOK

Thought you were gone for the night.

RACHEL

It was starting to look that way.

She seizes him by the hand and tows him away. He's a bit bewildered but he doesn't resist.

We let them go.

270 INT. HOOD'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. 270

TV's on. Miniature teamaker kettle's on. Hood inspects his sandwich and decides it's only fit for the bin.

Having dumped it, he starts to throw his keys and loose change and stuff onto the unit.

Along the way he picks up the TV remote and switches on the set.

271 INT. RACHEL'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. 271

The minibar stands open. Empties are ranged on top of it. Loads of ice in the ice bucket. Energetic music on the TV for background.

On the king-sized bed, Doug Cook and Rachel are playing gin rummy, of all things.

RACHEL

I came to him on a three month assignment. I've been with him ever since. He won't have anyone else.

DS COOK

Why not?

RACHEL

He reckons no-one else will do. Which means my entire career has been stopped in its tracks. Now every few days it's another town and another hotel with a bar full of salesmen like chihuahuas on heat. Half the people from my year already outrank me and if I ever do return to duties, I'll be the oldest newbie in the business. Gin.

She lays down a completed hand of cards. Cook contemplates it for a moment.

DS COOK

This should really be poker.

RACHEL

I'm useless at poker. Get on with it.

He throws his cards down and starts to strip off his T-shirt. It gets snarled up over his head and he has a struggle.

Rachel gathers in all the cards and shuffles them like a pro.

272 INT. HOOD'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. 272

Hood's kicked off his shoes and stretched out on the bed covers with the pillows wadded up behind him; remote in one hand and a mug of coffee in the other, he's channel surfing and has found an ad to be offended by.

TV VOICE-OVER

Essence Rouge harnesses the power of multihydrated liposomes to literally turn back the clock on ageing skin.

HOOD

That's bollocks. Bollocks!

TV VOICE-OVER

(continuing under Hood)

Its special deep-penetration formula acts to reduce lines and wrinkles.

273 INT. RACHEL'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. 273

Rachel's down to her underwear.

She rearranges her hand and discards a picture card...

Which Doug Cook picks up and adds to his own.

DS COOK

Gin.

He lays down his hand. Looks at Rachel.

Rachel looks back. Anticipation in the air.

Then there's a gap in the music and they hear...

HOOD (O.S.)

(muffled by the wall)

Absolute bollocks!

274 INT. RACHEL'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. 274

Back with the music. Slam!

The game abandoned, Rachel and Doug Cook hit the mattress hard enough to make it bounce.

Then Doug Cook suddenly hesitates.

DS COOK  
What about protection?

RACHEL  
That's what I do all day.

Rachel waits but he's a bit too anxious to appreciate the gag... so she relents.

RACHEL  
In the drawer.

He slides out of shot and we hear the bedside table drawer being pulled open, followed by a nonplussed sound as Cook finds something unexpected.

DS COOK  
Oh.

RACHEL  
Behind that.

As Cook gets what he needs and returns to her, we pan away from them toward the bedside table.

Whatever they're doing sounds like fun but we don't see anything of it because we're pushing in on the open bedside drawer to discover...

Rachel's gun in its holster, lying on top of her clean underwear.

### THIRD COMMERCIAL BREAK

275 EXT. LANE BY GIFFORD'S HOUSE. DAY.

275

Morning.

Hood's car makes the turn in through a gateway and we go with it to see...

A big house in the stockbroker belt.

HOOD  
He's had a board up.

We let the car go, and end on an estate agent's board with a SOLD sign.

276 OMITTED 276  
276A EXT. GIFFORD'S HOUSE. DAY. 276A

Hood and Rachel get out of the car. Hood stands looking at the building.

RACHEL  
What were you hoping to see?

A man's emerging from the main building. Looks like he'd been disturbed from dusty work.

HOOD  
Would you be Mister Gifford?

GIFFORD  
Who are you?

HOOD  
Alan Hood. You don't know me. Can we talk inside?

GIFFORD  
What about?

277 INT. GIFFORD'S HOUSE. DAY. 277

Gifford's made a singlehanded start on packing the house up and hasn't got very far.

HOOD  
Hope I'm not holding up your move.

GIFFORD  
This lot's for storage. I'm taking a flat.

HOOD  
We traced your company name from the import license on a consignment of frozen bull semen.

GIFFORD  
Do I look like a farmer?

HOOD  
The license was a cover for something else. I take it you've no idea what I'm talking about.

GIFFORD

Sorry to disappoint you. My company's been wound up, now. Anyone could be using the name.

HOOD

What line of business are you in?

GIFFORD

I used to buy and sell office furniture. Until I sold up and liquidated the stock.

HOOD

What did you do then? Invest in biotech?

GIFFORD

I haven't done science since I was at school. I'll stick to what I know.

HOOD

Office furniture.

Gifford shrugs, his point already made.

Rachel's looking at a collection of framed family photos that's been gathered for packing.

RACHEL

How old was your son when he died?

Hood looks. Looks at the photos.

It all clicks.

HOOD

(to himself)

Hood, you're an idiot. Where idiots gather, they will speak your name with awe.

Gifford knows the game just changed. But he's calm.

GIFFORD

To answer your question, he was seventeen. We'd only just taken this place on.

HOOD

How did you lose him?

GIFFORD

H E S. It's a rare blood disorder.  
You treat it with chemo and drugs  
but it goes for the major organs.  
With Simon it was the heart and the  
lungs.

HOOD

I'm very sorry.

GIFFORD

Sorry doesn't bring him back.

HOOD

But you think money will? Is that  
why you cashed in your company and  
sold up the house?

GIFFORD

I don't expect you to understand,  
so perhaps you'd better just leave.

HOOD

Who's doing it for you? Has he told  
you that you can see your son  
again? Because he's lying to you.  
The dead stay dead.

GIFFORD

Get out.

HOOD

Just his name! It's not just about  
you! There's a girl out there who  
could be bleeding to death right  
now!

GIFFORD

Out!

278 EXT. GIFFORD'S HOUSE. DAY.

278

Hood and Rachel, walking to the car.

Hood looks back. Gifford's watching them from a window.

HOOD

I made a mess of that.

RACHEL

You did.

HOOD

I was so busy looking for the  
cloner I hadn't even thought about  
the client.

RACHEL

(moving closer)

Don't stress about it. Look.

He looks down. She's showing him something, using her body to  
screen it from Gifford's view.

HOOD

What's that?

RACHEL

A cordless extension.

HOOD

I don't get it.

RACHEL

The first thing he'll do is make a  
panic call.

They get into the car.

279 INT. TAWDRY B&B. DAY. (INTERCUT)

279

In a cramped attic bedroom, Sidney Hayward stands at the  
washbasin in his vest, shaving. Across the room, his mobile  
phone starts to ring.

Lena Muller lies fully-clothed but shoeless on the bed. One  
hand's over her eyes in a "I'm-precious-and-I've-got-a-  
migraine" pose.

Hayward looks at her, sees that she isn't going to move, then  
lays down his razor and moves to get the phone.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

(into phone)

Yes.

280 INT. GIFFORD'S HOUSE. DAY. (INTERCUT)

280

Gifford's in the kitchen.

GIFFORD

It's Peter Gifford. I just had a  
Professor Hood here. Do you know  
anything about him?

SIDNEY HAYWARD  
 (guarded)  
 Maybe.

GIFFORD  
 You do or you don't.

SIDNEY HAYWARD  
 He could be the one who found the  
 clinic setup.

GIFFORD  
 Well, thanks for the warning! I'm  
 telling Luciano we need to cool it  
 for a while.

This is not what Hayward wants to hear.

SIDNEY HAYWARD  
 You can't do that.

281 EXT. LANE BY GIFFORD'S HOUSE. DAY. 281

Hood and Rachel, standing by the car with their heads  
 together listening in. Hood's hand is clamped over the  
 mouthpiece.

GIFFORD (PHONE)  
 Give me one good reason why not.

SIDNEY HAYWARD (PHONE)  
 We've got a girl out there with the  
 most viable foetus yet.

282 INT. TAWDRY B&B. DAY. 282

Continuing as before.

GIFFORD  
 Is that true?

SIDNEY HAYWARD  
 On your son's life.

GIFFORD  
 I might have known it.

SIDNEY HAYWARD  
 What?

GIFFORD  
 Hood was trying to scare me by  
 saying she was bleeding to death.  
 The bastard.

SIDNEY HAYWARD  
 (mind racing)  
 He said that?

He kicks the bed, and gets some satisfaction as Lena Muller jumps.

SIDNEY HAYWARD  
 Look, if you pull the plug now,  
 that could be the end of it. You've  
 seen how Luciano protects himself.  
 You think your son will thank you  
 if you pass up your last chance?

Gifford takes a moment.

Hayward briefly covers the phone and gestures to Lena Muller.

SIDNEY HAYWARD  
 (to her)  
 Get your pouty arse in gear. He's  
 trying to bail out on us.

Then back to the phone as her jaw drops...

GIFFORD  
 What do we do?

SIDNEY HAYWARD  
 Don't do anything hasty. I'll check  
 on the mother right now.

283 EXT. LANE BY GIFFORD'S HOUSE. DAY.

283

Hood lowers the phone.

RACHEL  
 Could they be that close?

HOOD  
 It's always possible.

Rachel's looking at the phone.

RACHEL  
 We need to return that.

HOOD

Yes.

He weighs it in his hand for a moment, and then brings his arm back and chucks it over the hedge like a stick for a dog.

RACHEL

Hood!

HOOD

Don't shout at me. I'm pissed-off.

RACHEL

What at?

HOOD

Me! I've screwed it up.

RACHEL

You know Gifford's the client and now you've got a name for the cloner!

HOOD

"Luciano". Pass me the mafia phonebook.

RACHEL

Get in the car.

She moves to get behind the wheel.

284

INT. FORENSICS LAB. DAY.

284

A DNA profile on a lightboard.

Amanda Ross turns from it.

AMANDA ROSS

Sorry, Hood. There's only one person's DNA in the sample you brought me.

Hood looks on it despondently.

HOOD

So it's just the mother's?

AMANDA ROSS

Yes.

Rachel steps in.

RACHEL  
Can you run a familial search?

AMANDA ROSS  
If someone authorises it.

RACHEL  
You make a start and we'll get the authorisation.

AMANDA ROSS  
Will do.

She moves to it. Hood's aware that things just got a bit less bleak but he's not sure how.

HOOD  
A what?

RACHEL  
A familial search. DNA from every police case goes into the database. Doesn't matter if the girl herself isn't in there. You can look for a blood relation with points of similarity.

HOOD  
So you don't even have to be in the database... as long as you've got a relative who is?

RACHEL  
We found the Cardiff Valentine killer through a 14-year-old nephew who wasn't even born when the crime was committed.

285 OMITTED 285

286 EXT. COUNCIL FLATS. DAY. 286

Sidney Hayward and Lena Muller head down the deck accessway toward...

287 EXT. KELLY'S FLAT. DAY. 287

Hayward taps on the door, only to find it swings open a few inches.

SIDNEY HAYWARD  
Kelly? It's Doctor Hayward.

He leads the way, and Lena follows with a guilty glance back to see if they're being observed.

288 INT. KELLY'S FLAT. DAY. 288

Curtains drawn. The TV playing. Hayward leads the way through into the sitting room.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

Kelly?

In the sitting room... toys everywhere, the TV's on, and the young woman's hunched shape lies on the sofa.

Quickly, Hayward moves to her. He crouches by the sofa and opens up his medical bag.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

Kelly. Why didn't you call me?

KELLY

(in pain)

If I'm not doing well enough,  
you'll just get rid of it.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

Not this one, we won't.

289 OMITTED 289

289A EXT. LANE BY GIFFORD'S HOUSE. DAY. 289A

Gifford's in his Range Rover. It's decent but four or five years old. He's emerging from his driveway when...

He almost collides with Hayward's car as it makes the turn in. Hayward jumps out, his car blocking the way.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

She needs an emergency c-section  
with no questions asked.

Gifford starts to speak, but Hayward speaks across him.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

Without surgical intervention your  
son will be dead before the day's  
out, and the host mother with him.  
Your choice.

GIFFORD

Luciano wanted to be there at the birth.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

He's on his way. I can fix up the hospital but you need to front the cash.

Gifford glances at the Range Rover.

GIFFORD

Give them my number. I'll sort something out.

Hayward moves to get back into his car. As he goes around it...

SIDNEY HAYWARD

Just one thing. You do know we're talking viable here. Nobody's promising perfect.

He gets in.

On Gifford -- having to deal with the full implications of that for the first time.

290 OMITTED 290

290A INT. FORENSICS LAB. DAY. (INTERCUT) 290A

Amanda Ross phoning from before a computer screen with search results.

AMANDA ROSS

Hood, I've got a strong contender for you. Kelly Ann Fox, single teenage mother, one child, in council accommodation.

291 INT. HOOD'S CAR. DAY. 291

Rachel driving, Hood on the phone.

HOOD

Let me write down the address.

He gets out his palm pilot.

HOOD

Hang on. The battery's down.

Without even looking, Rachel produces a notepad from somewhere on the dash.

HOOD

Thanks.

Now he starts to pat his pockets for a pen.

With similar economy of movement, Rachel reaches up and pulls a pen from his sun visor.

Hood clicks the pen. Then keeps clicking it because he can't make it work.

RACHEL

(raising her voice)

Text it to him.

292

INT. KELLY'S FLAT. DAY.

292

Kelly sitting upright on the sofa now, a blanket around her shoulders. Lena Muller's cleaning Kelly's face up with wipes, taking off the tearstains and the smudged mascara.

KELLY

(attempting optimism)

I'm sure I can still feel it moving.

LENA MULLER

Don't you worry. The doctor's making the arrangements.

KELLY

I don't even care about the money any more.

LENA MULLER

Shh... shh... shh.

KELLY

I was all right till he punched me.

The door buzzer rings.

LENA MULLER

See? The doctor's back. Told you he wouldn't be long. You finish up.

She puts a clean wipe into Kelly's hand and leaves her to carry on in a weak and halfhearted manner, as she heads to the door.

293 EXT. KELLY'S FLAT. DAY.

293

At the door. Lena Muller opens it, expecting to see Hayward...

But it's Roly. He's not expecting her, either.

ROLY  
Does Kelly Fox live here?

LENA MULLER  
Sorry.

Lena flashes him a perfunctory half-smile and moves to close the door.

He stops it, and shouts past her into the flat.

ROLY  
Kelly! Are you in there?

DAVY (O.S.)  
Dad!

That's blown it. Roly pushes his way in.

The door is kicked back to slam in our face.

293A EXT. STREET. DAY.

293A

Gifford's Range Rover turns in under some bunting and a sign that reads, CARS BOUGHT FOR CASH.

294 EXT. KELLY'S FLAT. DAY.

294

Later.

Hood and Rachel approaching on the access deck.

HOOD  
Do I annoy you sometimes, Rachel?

RACHEL  
Oh, Hood. As if.

HOOD  
That's a yes, really, isn't it?

She doesn't reply -- she's double-checking numbers on the doors as they pass.

HOOD  
I'm going to take that as a yes.

RACHEL  
Is this the one?

The door's wide open.

Hood starts forward, but Rachel stops him with a light hand against his chest.

Makes a finger-against-lips gesture for silence and then points to a spot at a safe distance from the door.

Hood retreats to it without question. Rachel doesn't take out her gun, but unbuttons for quick access as she goes in.

We stay with Hood. Watches the door, looks all around.

Rachel comes out, less tense, taking out her phone.

RACHEL  
She's not here. The boy's in his playpen. And there's a man with a pair of surgical scissors in his neck.

HOOD  
Dead?

RACHEL  
Not too happy about it.

Hood goes in as Rachel speaks into her phone.

RACHEL  
Ambulance, please.

295 INT. KELLY'S FLAT. DAY.

295

Roly lies on the floor, curled up, scissors jammed deep into his neck so they're buried right up to the hilt, panting like a dog.

Hood comes up and crouches by him.

HOOD  
Who did this?

ROLY  
That old cow. She came up from behind me.

HOOD  
Where's Kelly Fox?

ROLY

How would I know. Get me the ambulance.

HOOD

I'm going to ask you again, and it's important. Where is she?

ROLY

I can't feel my legs. Ambulance! Ambulance!

HOOD

When you tell me.

Hood waits.

Roly starts to panic and blubber.

296 EXT. KELLY'S FLAT. DAY. 296

An ambulance siren can be heard somewhere in the distance. Rachel's at the rail, watching for it.

Hood emerges and joins her.

HOOD

He doesn't know where they took her. But it looks like we've got a baby on the way.

FOURTH COMMERCIAL BREAK

297 OMITTED 297

298 OMITTED 298

298aA EXT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY. 298aA

A white house in neat grounds. Hayward's car stands outside. Lena Muller is waiting by the entrance as an airport taxi pulls up.

From the taxi steps Luciano, 40s. The understated prosperity of a successful clinician, the looks and charisma of a professional charmer.

Lena Muller accompanies him into the building.

298A EXT. GIFFORD'S HOUSE. DAY.

298A

A rusty low-rent minicab is pulling away from the house, and as it clears our line of sight we see Gifford walking toward the door.

299 INT. GIFFORD'S HOUSE. DAY.

299

Gifford comes into the main room. He doesn't see Rachel waiting behind the door, but we do.

She reaches out and closes it just as he's realising that Hood's in the room.

He looks this way and that, momentarily wrong-footed. Then...

GIFFORD  
(pissed off)  
Oh, great.

HOOD  
You know what's happening today.

GIFFORD  
Yes I do.

HOOD  
Then tell us where they took Kelly Fox.

GIFFORD  
Forget it. You're not going to interfere.

HOOD  
Look. I know you think I don't understand what you're going through. Where's your wife?

GIFFORD  
Don't think you can get it out of her. She left me.

HOOD  
I think I can guess why.

GIFFORD  
Because I'm obsessed. All right? What of it?

HOOD  
Mine died two years ago.

GIFFORD

I'm sorry.

HOOD

So am I. I had to nurse her through her last illness, and every single day of it I'd find some little sign to let me think she might get better. Do you think I don't have the same dreams as you? There isn't a day goes by when I don't wish her back.

GIFFORD

Don't tell me that's the same! I'm sorry, but it isn't. One of you dies first, it's sad but that's the deal. Try losing a child! Because that's the day you die too. You're all rotten and dead on the inside, and the outside's just a shell that walks around. Your life is over but the pain goes on.

HOOD

That's grief. It's natural.

GIFFORD

I know, and they call it the price tag on love. Well, I don't accept it!

HOOD

What's your answer, then? Because what you're trying can only make it worse.

GIFFORD

Not possible.

HOOD

Don't make me prove it to you.

GIFFORD

I'm going to see my son again and there's not a thing you can do about it.

Hood stops.

He's reached the end of his road. He's given it his best shot, but it's clear to him now that nothing he says is going to make any difference.

He meets Rachel's eyes. A barely perceptible lift of his head, which sets her moving.

HOOD  
Just remember that I didn't want it  
to come to this.

GIFFORD  
All right, then. What's coming now?

Rachel moves to Hood's side. We now see that she's brought in one of the cardboard evidence boxes, which she gives to him.

HOOD  
You want to see your son again.

Hood holds the box up in front of Gifford and opens the lid. For a moment Gifford doesn't understand what he's looking at.

HOOD  
This is just one of them. They're  
still finding more.

Then he understands, but he can't quite believe that Hood would do this.

In the end he just stares down into the box, blank with shock.

Hood moves around beside him and speaks with persuasive urgency.

HOOD  
Even if he survived the damage,  
this would never be the boy you  
knew. He'd be some other, different  
child.

Gifford raises his gaze to stare at Hood.

HOOD  
What price your little angel now?

Gifford looks back into the box. He's broken now, and about to fall.

HOOD  
I can't speak for the child that's  
being born. But the girl who's  
carrying him will die if you don't  
help me.

300 EXT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY.

300

Hood's car comes tearing down the driveway and halts in front of the entrance.

Hood jumps out. Right there before him is Hayward's car with its crudely-repaired windows.

As Hood and Rachel head into the building, Lena Muller is just emerging.

Without knowing who she is, Hood stops to speak to her.

HOOD

Do you know where they put the teenaged mother who came in today?

LENA MULLER

I'm sorry. I don't work here.

Hood and Rachel head on in.

Lena Muller turns her head to watch them. She has the eerie calm of someone who's seen that it's the time to cut and run, and can do so without doubts.

Taking a breath and settling her shoulders, she turns and walks off up the drive.

301 INT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY.

301

It's tasteful and expensive-feeling but it's more like a sterilised country hotel than any kind of a modern hospital; no-one on reception, and empty corridors. Fresh flowers in the foyer, the odd antique.

We go with Hood and Rachel move through, looking into rooms as they pass...

RACHEL

Where is everyone?

HOOD

I know this kind of place. You pay top whack for a skeleton staff and the part-time attention of a moonlighting consultant.

RACHEL

You speak from experience.

HOOD

I do.

Hood's spotted an auxiliary emptying bins in one of the rooms.

HOOD  
Hey, Miss. You.

She looks somewhat intimidated as Hood comes bearing down on her.

HOOD  
I need your help.

302 INT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY. 302

The auxiliary leads Hood and Rachel through a doorway and points them at the treatment rooms.

303 INT. PRIVATE CLINIC TREATMENT ROOM. DAY. 303

Hood bursts in to find...

There's a man in shirtsleeves, sleeves rolled up, end of his tie tucked into his shirt, performing two-handed pressure heart massage on an inert Kelly Fox. Fifteen quick compressions and then one squeeze of the oxygen bag. She's bled out badly on the table.

HOOD  
What happened?

LUCIANO  
Her blood pressure dropped and her heart stopped beating.

HOOD  
Her name's Kelly Fox. Is there anything I can do?

The man looks up, and their eyes meet.

LUCIANO  
You can get the oxygen. When I stop, squeeze the bag and give her a breath. (Looks at Rachel) If you want to be useful, find a duty doctor.

She goes. Luciano drops to five compressions, then nods to Hood for a squeeze of the bag.

HOOD  
How long's she been like this?

LUCIANO  
 Long enough. Keep squeezing until  
 you see her chest move.

304 INT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY. 304

Rachel races through the corridors, flinging open doors.

RACHEL  
 Police emergency!

305 INT. PRIVATE CLINIC TREATMENT ROOM. DAY. 305

Both men working on Kelly.

HOOD  
 What about the baby?

LUCIANO  
 Dead. It was dead when I got here.

HOOD  
 It kills me to say it, but I count  
 that as a blessing.

LUCIANO  
 Shame on you. Every child is a gift  
 from God.

HOOD  
 God was looking the other way when  
 this one got its start.  
 When I find the man who put it  
 there, he's going to suffer.

Luciano abruptly ceases the heart massage and crosses the  
 room to where his jacket hangs on a chair.

HOOD  
 What are you doing?

LUCIANO  
 You need to take over.

He's pulling on his jacket as he heads for the door.

HOOD  
 Don't just walk away from her!

LUCIANO  
 Five compressions. Then one breath.

And he's gone.

Hood moves around the table. She's lying there and he has no idea.

He begins two-handed heart massage, imitating Luciano as best he can. Five compressions, then a squeeze on the bag.

306 OMITTED 306

306aA INT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY. 306aA

Rachel turns a corner and finds...

Sidney Hayward, struggling to manoeuver a trolley through a doorway.

Their eyes meet.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

I've got the crash trolley. Find me a nurse.

306A INT. PRIVATE CLINIC TREATMENT ROOM. DAY. 306A

Hood operating the oxygen. All the way through this, Kelly's made no response or shown any sign of life.

And now Hood lets the mask fall aside.

She's still. Gently, he lays his hand against her cheek.

On Hood -- the wrench as, in his heart, he lets her go.

307 INT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY. 307

Rachel's flying at us down the corridor with a Sidney Hayward and a uniformed nurse driving the trolley along behind her.

308 INT. PRIVATE CLINIC TREATMENT ROOM. DAY. 308

It's all over.

Kelly still lying in the same position on the table.

Hood by the window, head bowed in dejection.

Rachel bursts in and holds the door open for Hayward and the nurse to push the trolley through.

Then she moves to Hood. We're aware of Hayward and the Nurse attending to Kelly, but our focus is on Rachel as she lays a tentative hand of consolation on Hood.

Then...

SIDNEY HAYWARD

(to Nurse)

She's got a brady. Do the airway.  
I'll get some atropine into her.

Hood perks up and the weariness falls from him as understanding dawns.

RACHEL

What's a brady?

SIDNEY HAYWARD

Faint irregular heartbeat. Where's  
Luciano?

Hood's still taking in the first revelation.

HOOD

How would I know?

SIDNEY HAYWARD

He wanted to be present for the  
birth.

Hood takes a moment to absorb this.

Then he turns to the window and rips the blind aside.

308A EXT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY.

308A

Looking down from the treatment room's first floor window  
onto the forecourt before the entranceway.

A black cab stands there with Lena Muller holding the door  
open.

Luciano crosses to it.

As he's about to get in, he turns and glances up.

Angle on Hood, looking down from the window.

Closer on Luciano -- his eyes lock with Hood's and then he  
turns to get into the cab.

Angle on Hood -- he vanishes from the window.

308B INT. PRIVATE CLINIC/ EXT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY.

308B

We go with Hood as he races down the corridor, out through  
the entranceway, and onto the empty forecourt...

Where the cab is long gone.

309 OMITTED 309

310 INT. HOSPITAL WARD. DAY. 310

The visitor area. Kelly's up and about in a dressing-gown but she's bearing all the marks of the rough time she's had.

Hood's with her. Rachel waits a few yards off.

KELLY

They said if I was interested, I could help some poor couple who couldn't have a baby and make some money at the same time. I can imagine why they picked on me.

HOOD

Young, fit, one pregnancy and no complications.

KELLY

More like a teenaged slapper who'd been knocked up once already. You can't spoil damaged goods.

HOOD

I'm really sorry, Kelly.

KELLY

Now they're saying I can never have another kid. I don't mind. It's not fair on them. Not in a world like this.

HOOD

Anyone I can call for you?

She shakes her head... And Hood can see that her attention has focused on something beyond him.

He looks back and sees...

Davy, entering the ward on the hand of a social worker.

On Kelly -- it's as if her face is slowly lighting up from within.

Hood can see that he's now surplus to requirements. He rises to go.

HOOD  
See you later.

Kelly barely acknowledges him, and never takes her eyes off her approaching son. She pushes herself up in her chair a little.

Hood withdraws, and Rachel with him.

311 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY. 311

Hood and Rachel, walking side by side, this whole exchange played over their backs and on the longest lens we can get away with.

Hood's posture gives away his mood.

RACHEL  
What's the matter, Hood? You did well. You saved a life.

HOOD  
But I didn't get him.

RACHEL  
Proud of you anyway.

They walk on.

312 OMITTED 312

313 INT. MILAN CONSULTING ROOM. DAY. 313

On the soundtrack, a long low ominous note that tells us it ain't over yet.

A well-manicured hand slides some pictures across a desk. They're all interview shots of young women around 19 or 20.

LUCIANO  
These are the girls. All young and healthy. This time I'm very optimistic.

Luciano sits back. He's in an executive chair in a nice office. Obviously on his home territory.

LUCIANO  
Soon, very soon, you will be holding your son in your arms. I can guarantee you, there will be no feeling in the world like it.  
(MORE)

LUCIANO (cont'd)  
This time the signs just couldn't  
be better.

And now we see who's looking at the pictures.

It's Gifford.

Who no longer has the excuse of his ignorance, but is driven  
to go ahead anyway.

A man who knows what it is to be damned.

END CREDITS