



Seri es One

Epi sode Two

By

Davi d Wol stencroft

FADE IN:

EXT. OSBORNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1. 2105

DANNY'S POV: Seen from the house across the road--a detached Barratt-style home, Mock Tudor, behind gates. All is dark inside. No car. On the roof--movement.

Pulling back: DANNY'S here, in the dark, with a microphone headset and a pair of hi-tech binoculars.

INT. UPSTAIRS, OSBORNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1. 2106

Darkness. Three Hi-Tech Burglars drop silently down from a loft access, above. All wear night vision goggles and fabric covers clipped over their shoes. A bedroom door is open--there's no-one home, by the looks of things.

GOGGLE POV--the stairs:

Red beams shine down from points around the architrave. Motion detectors, everywhere. (NB BURGLAR TWO is female).

BURGLAR TWO

Watch it. Blow the main circuit.

Burglar One plugs a tiny generator into the mains. Switches it on--a small "tink!"--and the sensor lights go off--but downstairs the alarm is still beeping in warning.

Burglar one dashes downstairs--

INT. KITCHEN, OSBORNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1. 2107

Large fridge. Family photo stuck to the door shows a couple with their small boy (OSBORNE, CLAIRE, SAMMY). Next to it--an alarm box. Burglar One enters a code--the warning beeps stop.

BURGLAR TWO

Get that main fusebox repaired.

(beat)

Oi, Skipper. Window cages. Motion sensors. Wireless alarms. Your Mr. Osborne's a real security nut.

DANNY'S VOICE

Tell me something I don't know.

BURGLAR THREE O.S.

I'm banging your sister.

Burglar One points to a door off the kitchen with a huge computer lock-! BURGLAR TWO shakes her head. He moves off. THREE comes out of the kitchen area holding a small device.

BURGLAR THREE

Bunch of countermeasures in here. Spectrum analysers, EM detectors--he's not a spook, this bloke, is he?

BURGLAR TWO

Skipper, the kit we brought can't do burst transmission. With that lot he'll find anything we put in here tonight.

DANNY V.O.

Abort. Come home.

A SERIES OF BRIEF STACCATO SHOTS--CLOCKS BEING RESET

-- Oven clock;
-- Microwave clock;
-- Wall-mounted digital clock;

DOWNSTAIRS - SAME TIME--

BURGLAR TWO is about to re-set the main fuse box.

BURGLAR TWO

Resetting main fuses in 3--2--1--

She slams the switches up--the alarm systems come to life again... and, just like any alarm system, it's warning the occupants there's 30 seconds to get out of the building--

BURGLAR TWO (CONT'D)

Thirty seconds, count off please skip.

INT. UPSTAIRS, OSBORNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1. 2108

Feet disappear up into the loft. BURGLAR TWO is left, about to lift herself up--glances right--main bedroom is visible. On the bedside table, a flashing alarm clock.

BURGLAR TWO

Missed one. How're we doing?

DANNY'S VOICE

Twenty three seconds.

Alarm warning continues downstairs. BURGLAR TWO runs to the-- MAIN BEDROOM

And re-sets the timer. Struck by a thought--

BURGLAR TWO

What time does target get up in the morning?

DANNY'S VOICE

Get up?

BURGLAR TWO

I'm setting the alarm!

DANNY'S VOICE

Just stick a blown fuse in.

BURGLAR TWO opens a wallet to find neatly-arranged fuses. One side is labelled "DEAD", the other "LIVE". Nimbly, she takes the plug apart, slams a dead fuse in. Closes up.

DANNY V.O.

Fifteen seconds. Move it!

Plugs the clock back in--now blank and justifiably so. BURGLAR TWO runs off as the warning beeps rise in volume.

IN THE CORRIDOR

The loft access door slams shut--and the motion detectors flick off--once more, the house is impenetrable.

INT. BEDROOM, OSBORNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1. 2120

In the shag pile... nestled on a tuft... a new 13A fuse.

MAIN TITLES

EXT. ALBERT BRIDGE TOWPATH - DAY 2. 0750

Tom and Danny are out jogging...

TOM

You can't expect every target to lie down and be bugged.

DANNY

No, Tom, but I don't expect them all to have countermeasures in their kitchen either.

TOM

We knew Osborne was up to something. Now we know he's paranoid about anyone finding out. Whatever it is.

They stop to look at the time on their watches. DANNY is out of breath--TOM is hardly sweating. Stretching etc.

DANNY

I'm paranoid about how much extra training you're

doing. Where's all this energy come from?

TOM

If I told you, I'd have to kill you.

TOM runs off--upping the pace. DANNY grits his teeth--

DANNY

You're already killing me.

EXT. OSBORNE'S HOUSE - DAY 2. 0831

OSBORNE leaving, kisses CLAIRE goodbye on the step. She does not respond. OSBORNE's holding a newspaper. He gets into a Jag parked in the driveway.

INT./EXT. OSBORNE'S JAG/OSBORNE'S WASTE DISPOSAL FIRM - DAY 2.
0833

OSBORNE drives. The paper is on the seat next to him. Large headline reads: "RACE WAR LOOMS".

TOM V.O.

We'll just have to make sure the Runner does what she's paid for. Osborne's a background man, always keeps his hands clean.

OSBORNE pulls up outside a warehouse that is headed "Osborne Waste Management".

DANNY V.O.

A miracle considering how much shit passes through his fingers.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - BATHROOM/CORRIDOR/GRID - DAY 2. 0834

Tom and Danny getting dressed, post-shower. Almost done.

DANNY

So you think a runner's the way to go? Send her up there, befriend our source and Bob's your racist uncle?

TOM

He's so paranoid, even if he never found those bugs, my guess is he wouldn't be saying much. Meanwhile we've got sources in every far right group in the country. And every one of them has namechecked Brian Lyndon in the last two months.

DANNY

Sorry to throw this back at you, but so what? He's

Osborne's business partner, fine, but--

We follow them out along a corridor. People move in and out of offices as they push us down the corridor...

DANNY (CONT'D)

He's been visiting, flashing the cash, but that's all.
Nothing new.

TOM

Everything new. Come on, you've seen the reports. This is large scale schmoozing. Something new's on the cards, it's national, it's happening through or with or because of Osborne, and unless we find a runner who can sweet-talk someone close to him into spilling some quality beans, we're not going to find out what it is. Or how to stop him.

DANNY

No chance of getting Lyndon on side?

TOM

No chance. They go way back. No chance of infiltration either, given his talent for paranoia. We need good old fashioned human intelligence.

DANNY

Won't find any of that in here.

TOM

You'd be surprised.

They punch in codes and enter the Grid--

DANNY

Anyway Tom, I've always said, never trust what people tell you. Especially if you're paying them.

TOM

Fair enough. Nice jacket by the way--

DANNY

Thanks--oh. Yeah. Hilarious.

He realises TOM's point. They both walk off.

JED and HELEN watch them go, then press play on the video... We push in on the footage:

INSERT - VIDEO FOOTAGE, MOS

Bright light illuminates a macabre scene--DV footage shows sand, some vehicles... and corpses: some covered in sheets. Some not.

Lying in lines on the shores. TV symbol in the corner shows "mute". The silence is eerie. Then:

MALCOLM O.S.

The traffickers chucked them all overboard when they saw the Customs patrol ship. Strong onshore current washed all the bodies up on the same stretch of beach. Kent, I believe.

JED O.S.

Serious Customs cockup, eh?

ADMIN ISLAND - SAME TIME

JED, HELEN and MALCOLM watch the beach footage on a small TV. Very covert, like it's something they shouldn't do. It's upsetting stuff.

MALCOLM

Customs sent this ahead with part of the file. They want our help.

HELEN

Would you give your life's savings to get here?

JED

Depends where I'm coming from. And how many volts the Minister for Torture's putting through my gonads, of course.

TOM and DANNY can be seen approaching the Large Meeting Room. MALCOLM moves to join ZOE and HARRY, who are also converging. HELEN watches with longing--she's not part of it. JED ejects the video as TESSA arrives, hands a stack of papers to HELEN.

HELEN

Join MI5, they said. Multiple opportunities for advancement, they said. Protect national security, they said.

TESSA

Double sided, if you don't mind. And it's Eyes Alpha, so try not to look at the interesting bits.

JED

Andrew Dorland called from Customs. He'll be a bit late.

TESSA nods, spies the tape and file on a desk. Grabs both.

TESSA

Mine I believe.

JED

You're welcome to it. And it's not romantic comedy, I warn you.

HELEN

No, it's horror. That's what it is.

TOM V.O.

We need to move quickly on this, okay?

INT. THAMES HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - NARNIA - DAY 2. 0838

Close on a printed screen grab of CLAIRE. 30s, pretty. black eye. The grab is from a CCTV camera in a corner shop.

TOM, DANNY, ZOE and MALCOLM sit with a tracksuited woman in her 30s. RUNNER--rough Essex accent--warm, not grating. DANNY tries to pick a padlock throughout the following.

RUNNER

You're telling me.

TOM points to CLAIRE on the screen grab. The RUNNER picks up a file. Retrieves another photo: a stocky man in a suit, 30s. BRIAN LYNDON.

MALCOLM

Bryan Lyndon. Business associate to Osborne. Manages the waste disposal business and potentially a collaborator. Avoid like the plague -

RUNNER

(reading the file)

Jesus, this is hardcore. He's all over the place.

TOM

Which is why you're sitting here now. We've got a potential race war on our hands. Osborne's past, his contacts, his business partner, his money-- they're all pushing the needle to red.

ZOE

Plus there's Bill Watson.

On screen--a press shot of WATSON (sincere, 40s). Danny clicks through a number of surveillance shots--all showing OSBORNE and WATSON together outside.

DANNY

Independent MP for Chigwell.

Then: a matriculation photo. OSBORNE and WATSON are students.

DANNY (CONT'D)

They met fifteen years ago. College.

HARRY and TESSA appear at the door--beckon ZOE. ZOE looks to TOM--he nods. She walks off. DANNY watches her.

TOM

Old muckers. Watson did the debating, Osborne just did the baiting. But right now, they're walking on eggshells, not using the phone, only talking in public places. Combined with our failed bugging expedition last night, we've not been getting any closer.

DANNY pushes over the image of CLAIRE and her black eye--

DANNY

Lucky for us he's beating his wife.

TOM shoots DANNY a look. DANNY tries the lock--it opens. HARRY knocks and enters-- beckons TOM out.

INT. GRID - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LARGE MEETING ROOM - DAY 0850

TOM and TESSA, mid-argument. HARRY refereeing. ZOE nearby.

TESSA

It's a huge Customs operation--

TOM

I'm sure it's enormous--

TESSA

--with large liaison potential, I'm overcommitted on my side--
(to Harry)

Zoe knows all the players in this area. She's dealt with many other cases on this route, in liaison with Customs. She speaks three languages. I need her on my team.

TOM

And I need her help on this race-hate campaign. I've got a runner all set to go up and recruit a source.

TESSA

Playing the race card?

TOM

(to Harry)

I don't want to send a runner into bandit country without the personnel to back them up. Customs can cope without us.

(to Tessa)

What is it? Smuggling?

TESSA

Yes, Tom, doubloons from the Spanish Main. We think it's some men with wooden legs and parrots on their shoulders.

(beat)

Illegal Immigration. Human traffic. Customs need a hand. In the light of current events, Tom, calling them twitchy would be an understatement.

HARRY

Sorry Tom, you'll have to make do.

HARRY smiles and ushers TESSA and ZOE away.

TESSA

I'm borrowing her, Tom, not stealing her.

TOM

(steel)

That's right, Tessa, you're not.

DANNY comes out of the meeting room.

He watches as ZOE goes to collect some files. Catches DANNY watching her. Bites her lip--nerves.

DANNY

Don't give me that rabbit in headlights crap. You've got the professional horn and you know it.

ZOE

No, really, I'm just pleased to see you.

DANNY leaves. ZOE turns to see MALCOLM, standing nearby--a little too quietly, perhaps.

ZOE (CONT'D)

And you, Malcolm. And you.

EXT. OSBORNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2. 1925

Gnomes in the garden of this mock-Tudor detached house.

INT. UPSTAIRS, OSBORNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2. 1926

Darkness. SAMMY (4, cute) can't sleep. He pads along an upstairs landing in his pyjamas. Lights are on downstairs.

INT. OSBORNE'S OFFICE - SAMMY'S POV - NIGHT 2. 1927

SAMMY walking towards that big door with the computer lock. It's ajar. Pushing open the door--

OSBORNE stands with three other men. BRIAN LYNDON is instantly recognisable from the MI5 photos. So is WATSON, now casually dressed. A new face is NICK--late 20s, clever-looking, average build, very reverential as BRIAN waves a small anti-bugging device.

NICK

Do we have to do this every single time?

WATSON

I vetted Nick myself, Robert.

OSBORNE

Brian won't be a moment.

BRIAN

Arms up.

BRIAN continues passing the device over NICK. Done. Picks up an envelope on his desk. It's weighty. Then, calmly, he picks up WATSON's briefcase, opens it, and drops the envelope in. A transaction has taken place.

WATSON

So.

(beat)

What's all this about?

OSBORNE

Come on Bill.

(smiles)

You know me.

The door squeaks--OSBORNE whips round--sees SAMMY, eavesdropping. OSBORNE's smile disintegrates. SAMMY runs for it... OSBORNE erupts from his chair--chasing him through to

THE KITCHEN

Where SAMMY starts wailing in fear of what's to come--

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

What's the golden rule? Sammy?

Bear-like arms scoop up SAMMY-- spanking him hard. OSBORNE turns-- finds himself face to face with CLAIRE. Steeled. She gently takes her son and puts him down.

CLAIRE

Don't touch him. Ever again.

(quietly, to Sam)

Go back to bed, sweetheart.

(Sammy runs off)

You might think you can touch me. But you lay another
finger on him--

OSBORNE's blood rush is short lived. That's a temper alright.

OSBORNE

There's a reason he can't go in there. Alright? Do you
understand?!

CLAIRE flinches, expecting a blow. Now OSBORNE melts--

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm sorry, darling. I'm sorry.

He holds her face... although he looks like he could pack a punch,
he touches her with amazing tenderness. He turns and walks back
towards his office. CLAIRE watches him go.

INT. OSBORNE'S HOUSE, OFFICE - NIGHT 2. 1940

OSBORNE rubs his eyes in frustration.

WATSON

Leeds. Hundreds of miles from my own constituency.
Having recently warned the House about rising racial
tensions in Bristol.

OSBORNE

And being proved right I seem to remember--

WATSON

Yes, which is starting to earn me the nickname of
Nostradamus... I'm coming across like a prophet.

OSBORNE

(suddenly)

Do you know why there's never been a revolution in
this country? John Wesley. He was a Methodist. He went
around preaching. Got everyone sitting on their hands
in church when everyone in France was going nuts.

WATSON

Your point?

OSBORNE

Most people don't do anything in this country on
principle. And most people won't kick up a stink
unless a) they're told to, or b) it's in their faces
and it hurts them.

(beat)

It's in their faces now, Bill. It's hurting.

WATSON

I know that.

OSBORNE

This time last year no-one knew what a Muslim was. Now everyone's looking at people in the street. Where's he from, what's he doing... And they're suddenly seeing things they never noticed before. Asylum seekers clogging up the hospitals. We have a window, right now. A great big window just opened. People are starting to realise. But they're not going to do anything til they're told, Bill. They're British. Everyone's crying out for a voice of reason. Someone who can make them realise they're not alone, they're not on the extreme. That they're the majority, that it's their country, and it's alright to get angry. Face it, Bill. They're crying out for someone like you.

He pops open a bottle of whisky. We're pushing tight on NICK's shirt. And the pen in his shirt pocket...

INT. THAMES HOUSE, TESSA'S DEPARTMENT - NIGHT 2. 2010

TV monitor displays the Customs footage--the darkness, the bodies. TESSA and ZOE view it impassively. Next to them is Customs officer ANDREW DORLAND. He's 20s--with egg on his face.

ANDREW

(it hurts him to say it)

After a major incident like this, they'll change their route, their landing sites, their crews... We'll have to start over again for next time. HM Customs and Excise would appreciate a spot of consultation.

TESSA

You mean help, Andrew.

ANDREW

I do. I mean help.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - NIGHT 2. 2012

TOM and DANNY exit with the RUNNER. She gives a tired wave and departs. TOM and DANNY head back to TOM's department.

TOM grabs his stuff, clears his desk-- Locks his document safe.

DANNY

We're asking her to rat on her hubby. I mean she might

do a Dolly Parton or whatever. Stand by her man.

MALCOLM
Tammy Wynette.

MALCOLM passes on his way out. TOM and DANNY grab their coats and head off, passing HELEN and JED--

TOM
It's been a time honoured way in for centuries. And
I'll take whatever I can get right now.

Catches HELEN's eye--eavesdropping. TOM continues out to the lifts. DANNY smiles at HELEN, follows. JED nudges HELEN on.

JED
I've got this, Tinkerbell.

HELEN grins at JED--thanks--grabs her coat. Follows TOM.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - NIGHT 2. 2014

HELEN joins TOM and DANNY, and COLIN, a technician in his shirtsleeves, carrying a pot plant, as they leave.

TOM
Stop beating yourself up Danny. With that amount of countermeasures he'd never have risked saying anything juicy in the house.

DANNY
It's not that, it's the clock. We almost screwed up the alarm.

HELEN
You could have worked backwards.

Beat. TOM's interested--DANNY's quietly teasing.

HELEN (CONT'D)
For the alarm. From what I, um, happened to read... He leaves for work at 0845. Any man with kids is most likely keen to get out of the house soon as possible. Give half an hour for a shit shower and shave and ten minutes for breakfast, I'd say he's an eight a.m. man myself.

DANNY
Would you.

HELEN
Yeah. Most men don't need two hours in the bathroom,

Danny. I know it's hard to believe.

TOM

So I take it the flat share's going well, you two?

HELEN

Fun but expensive, Tom. Fun but expensive.

INT. ELLIE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT 2. 2248

TOM is having coffee at the end of the night. ELLIE is rushing around, trying to finish up for the evening in the kitchen. TOM watches her buzzing around like a force of nature. He smiles to himself -- loving her like this.

Waiters clean tables. MAISIE draws on the next-door table.

MAISIE

Matthew, look--

TOM gets up and looks over her shoulder--

TOM

Maisie, that's lovely--

The picture is a crayon piece titled "My Family". There's a house, a girl called "MAISIE", a big-headed stick woman called "MUMMY" and a tall, big-nosed SCRAWL called "MATTEW".

ELLIE comes over from the kitchen, drying her hands. She looks at the drawing too--coos over it. But covers her embarrassment--

ELLIE

She was doing families in school today...

TOM

Is my nose really that big?

ELLIE smiles. Strokes MAISIE's hair--sniffs it--not happy.

ELLIE

Oh, Maisie, your hair... I'm sorry darling, I'm going to have to wash it again tomorrow... Up to bed.

(to Tom)

Poor thing. I keep her up half the night and stink her hair up. Soon as the smell's gone it's back again. No surprise round here, I guess.

TOM

That'll teach you to serve fajitas.

(on Ellie's look)

It's handy, though. Living above your office. Isn't

it?

It's not okay at all and TOM knows it. ELLIE shrugs. The bill arrives. TOM reaches for his wallet--

ELLIE

Ah-ah--how many times. No more of this paying nonsense.

TOM

Sorry, still can't hear you--

He removes his wallet--and a strange look flashes across him for a second. TOM replaces his wallet.

ELLIE

Finally, the man sees sense.

MAISIE

Are you going to stay with us Matthew?

ELLIE looks at TOM--just what she was going to say.

ELLIE

I think she means tonight.

TOM

How do you feel about that?

ELLIE checks MAISIE's not looking, kisses TOM passionately.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a maybe?

ELLIE takes TOM's and MAISIE's hand, and they walk, like a family unit, towards the stairs...

EXT. OSBORNE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2. 2251

OSBORNE, WATSON and NICK walk to the door. BRIAN remains seated.

NICK

It's so nice to meet someone who cares so much about this country.

OSBORNE

(eyes him carefully)
So you keep saying.

WATSON

These problems, Rob. In Leeds. Just how sure are you ... they'll happen?

OSBORNE smiles-- WATSON's clearly not wholly in the loop here.

OSBORNE

Educated guess, Bill. And no-one ever blamed
Nostradamus when the bad news arrived. Remember that.

WATSON stares at OSBORNE. NICK looks glowingly at OSBORNE, in
total agreement. WATSON seems more uncomfortable--clutches his
briefcase tight. And we're pushing in on that pen again...

INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 2. 2340

ELLIE sleeps. Wakes suddenly--sees TOM, creeping out the door...
Guilty face. ELLIE pretends to be asleep. The door clicks shut.
ELLIE's eyes open once again.
Far away thoughts.

EXT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 2. 2341

TOM strides away from ELLIE's place. Mobile to ear.

TOM

You paged me.

(listens)

When?

UP AT THE WINDOW

We can see ELLIE. Ghostly, forlorn. Watching him go.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - NIGHT 2. 2359

HARRY's in a tuxedo. He sits with TOM. Everyone's desks are
totally clear. JED, on night watch, reads nearby.

TOM

It looks like the runner won't be out of hospital for
a week or more. She was five times over the limit. Hit
a minicab. Idiot.

HARRY

Didn't know she was a boozer, did we?

TOM

She kept it well hidden.

HARRY

We train our officers well.

TOM

Claire's planning to leave Osborne, she talks about
nothing else on the phone. We let this window pass,
she might go through with it and our best chance is

gone for good. We have to get in there now.

HARRY

Danny's no good to us in that environment--obviously.
And much as it pains you, Tessa's operation is high
priority. So Zoe's out too.

TOM looks at HARRY. Resigned to it now.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You're the only one who knows the case as well as the
runner. But we can't withdraw the cover story now.
Neither am I going to let you go alone, single males
in child care situations stick out like sore thumbs.
The couple who run the centre. Are they removable?
...In a nice way.

TOM

I'll need a wife of course.

HARRY

Wouldn't have thought that's too difficult. Dishy
catch like you.

EXT. THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 2. 0005

TOM and HARRY stride towards HARRY's car with driver.

TOM

I had the wrong wallet with me tonight. I almost paid
for dinner as Tom Quinn. Which seeing as Ellie thinks
she's going out with Matthew Archer right now might
have seemed a little odd to her.
(beat)
I can't do this for much longer.

HARRY

You've not had a problem before.

TOM

I've not felt like this about anyone before.

HARRY

If you'd told us the truth a little earlier, of
course... the vetting would be over now.

TOM

I just wanted to keep things simple.

HARRY

Always a mistake. In my experience.

HARRY smiles encouragingly and disappears into his car, as TOM walks off down the street.

INT. DANNY AND HELEN'S FLAT - NIGHT 2. 0029

DANNY is up late, in his suit--ready for action. Checks his watch. Knock at the door. DANNY springs up-- opens it. TOM.

TOM
Nice place.

DANNY
Just signed the lease. Six months.
(beat)
She's in the shower.

TOM
No sugar for me.

DANNY is puzzled--then gets it. He rushes off to put the kettle on. The generous host.

DANNY O.S.
Sorry the place is such a mess--

The place is like a show house. TOM allows himself a smile.

INT. DANNY AND HELEN'S FLAT - NIGHT 2. 0051

TOM, HELEN and DANNY are sitting in the living room.

TOM
There's a long tradition of admin staff helping out on operations. You sure you want to do this?

HELEN
That's why I've taken all the courses, Tom.

DANNY
And come top in all of them. Swot.

TOM
This isn't a typical source recruitment. We're trying to move fast. Engineer the relationship, break cover, move to close. Okay?

HELEN nods--taking it all in.

DANNY
How far d'you want the backstops?

TOM
We say we've got an aunt in Lapland, she better bloody

be there.

HELEN is secretly thrilled she's actually living her dream.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, NARNIA - NIGHT 2. 0137

HELEN sits with TOM as he goes over CLAIRE's file.

TOM

Claire's always buying computer magazines in the newsagents. So the IT training is not a whim, it's part of what we imagine to be a concerted effort on her part to take control of her life. She outwardly supports her husband's racist stance on the world, but that might be more through her own insecurity than actual conviction. You might say she's never known any better.

SERIES OF SHOTS--DOCUMENTS MONTAGE

-- Flash! Flash! TOM and HELEN's mugshots are taken.
-- driving licences, passports, all mocked up on screen...

INT. THAMES HOUSE, FORGERY SUITE - NIGHT 2. 0159

Artists and image manipulators put the touches on identities. Printers of different shapes and sizes churn out receipts, airline tickets, cinema stubs. We approach a booth--

DANNY stands with HELEN as a credit card is displayed on screen. COLIN is running through details.

COLIN

Credit rating. Not too bad, not too good. Should back up your limit okay.

DANNY

That the real CCR database?

COLIN

Yep. And that's a real credit rating.

DANNY watches closely. Then he notices a mascot on the desk.

DANNY

Palace supporter?
(Danny points to himself)
Junior squad.

COLIN

Seriously?

HELEN

Don't I need all that junk for my purse? Receipts and stuff?

DANNY goes to a gigantic filing cabinet, removes a bag. Hands it to HELEN. It's full of receipts, tickets, etc.

DANNY

Best wallet litter money can buy.

HELEN

It better be, sunshine.

She's smiling--but the nerves are starting to show.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, MEETING ROOM - NIGHT 2. 0530

TOM and HELEN sit with DANNY. Tea and tired eyes.

DANNY

Brothers? Sisters?

HELEN

Only child. Love kids. Can't wait to start my own family.

TOM

Is this you or her?

HELEN

Me, sweetheart, darling. Susan. Your loving wife.

DANNY lets a smile escape. HELEN's going gangbusters.

Close on a table:

Neatly laid out, two folders. One, "SUSAN WILKES". The other, "STEVEN WILKES". Photos of HELEN and TOM adorn them. HELEN takes a wedding ring out of her folder. TOM takes one out of his. Both put them on. DANNY watches.

DANNY

I now pronounce you man and wife.

Through the windows, we can see dawn creeping over London.

EXT. VAUXHALL BRIDGE - DAY 3. 0600

Dawn: TOM is torn between two landmarks--MI5 and MI6--as he puts a call in to ELLIE. The scale of London seems to amplify his isolation. Intercut conversation (ELLIE in bed):

TOM

I have to go away for a while.

(silence)

Someone dropped out, I have to step in. It's a fact-finding tour. USA and Japan. I'm sorry.

ELLIE

So am I.

TOM

I'll be on a work mobile.

ELLIE

Will it work?

TOM

Yes.

ELLIE

Then maybe you can use it to call me. Maybe you can start to tell me what the hell's going on, Matthew.

The line goes dead. TOM breathes deeply. Walks away--north.

EXT. A127 - DAY 3. 0740

Early morning traffic streams into London on the other side.

INT. SUSAN & STEVE'S CAR (MI5) - DAY 3. 0741

TOM drives, HELEN sits up with him. Nerves.

HELEN

Call in. Midnight on the dot.

Each minute late is code for our perceived level of risk. One minute late, minor problem. Ten minutes, SOS, we're screwed, come get us.

TOM

Urgent message waiting?

HELEN

The cat in the van. Only in emergencies and we'll know it when we see it.

TOM

Where'd you two meet then?

HELEN

Again?

(Tom nods)

Gift shop in Jersey. Five years ago.

(then)

I love turtles, you see. And in the back they had these little models of turtles.

(Tom's eyes widen--this is all new)

So then Steve came in and tried to buy the one I had my eye on--a bright green loggerhead I seem to remember. And we fought over it and he relented and it all started from there. We've been at loggerheads ever since. Okay?

TOM

(amused--then:)

My Uncle lives in Jersey. I've never seen stuff like that for sale. Where was the shop?

(she hesitates)

North or South? East or West?

(more hesitation)

If you go off-piste be sure you've got enough detail to back it up.

(she nods)

Lovely impro, mind you.

HELEN

..Did you like the turtles?

TOM

(chuckles)

Love those turtles.

EXT. TOM & HELEN'S HOUSE - DAY 3. 0900

Anonymous detached property on a housing estate. Most still for sale.

HELEN V.O.

You sure you don't want the big bed?

INT. TOM AND HELEN'S HOUSE - DAY 3. 0901

TOM and HELEN look ready for work. Wedding bands. They move around the house clutching their "litter" bags.

TOM pins supermarket reward cards on the noticeboard. He places a photo of TOM and HELEN (brilliantly mocked up) on the mantelpiece. HELEN watches TOM work--tries to copy him--

TOM

I'm very happy. Thanks.

HELEN nods--her nerves are showing again. But she's fighting--

TOM (CONT'D)

We're just making friends with her. That's all, okay?

Fate's just thrown us all together. Like it was always meant to be.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, NARNIA - DAY 3. 0927

Pulling back: a newspaper is on ZOE's desk, acting as a temporary coaster for an empty cup of coffee. ZOE has several files open. TESSA arrives with posh chainstore coffee.

TESSA

I thought you might like one of these.

ZOE

(teasing)

Are we allowed?

TESSA

Budget might just stretch. How goes the struggle?

ZOE

(faux innocent)

Oh, simple-- the UK stops selling the guns that arm the regimes that drive people here in the first place.

But since we can't do that--

TESSA looks at her oddly. Which is what ZOE expected. She turns round to a large map of Europe spread on another table. Draws lines with a marker pen as she talks.

ZOE (CONT'D)

If Customs was moving to intercept the boat here--

(marks map)

Then it's possible that these human traffickers were using a route that the Dutch heroin posse know and love. Good routes are hard to find.

TESSA

Which means we'll know someone who knows someone.

ZOE

Possibly. There's a few people in NCS and Ostend who owe me favours.

(stares)

How many were on that boat?

TESSA

Forty. Mostly women and children.

ZOE shakes her head, sips her coffee--face registers surprise.

TESSA (CONT'D)

Problem?

ZOE

No--it's decaf. It's what I always drink.

TESSA

(I know)

Oh. How fortunate.

ZOE is smiled at by an acolyte.

EXT. CHADBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY 3. 1138

A small low-rise building, possibly an ex-library. Car park outside has a few occupants.

INT. CHADBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY 3. 1139

TOM and HELEN are busy. TOM attends to a line of computers, around which sit happy Essex wives. HELEN is sitting with kids, reading them all a story. Every so often, TOM looks at the door. And HELEN looks at TOM.

INT. CHADBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY 3. 1706

TOM and HELEN shut up for the night.

TOM

Fingers crossed for tomorrow.

INT. TOM AND HELEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3. 2100

TOM comes downstairs to find HELEN carrying two steaming plates of pasta. TOM's expression says: oops.

TOM

Oh--I've just ordered a curry.

HELEN

Well I've just cooked this.

TOM

..I'll... call them back then.

A beat. TOM heads back upstairs--HELEN, satisfied, amused, starts to lay the table.

INT. TOM & HELEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3. 2143

TOM takes the two empty bowls to the kitchen area. HELEN follows, bringing the glasses. TOM leaves the bowls in the sink, with the pot HELEN used to cook with. Squirts soap on it, fills the sink with water. Starts to walk out:

HELEN

Not going to leave them there are you?

TOM

(stares)

Yes, dear. No dear.

HELEN smiles, walks up the stairs. TOM stares at the stairs, then back at the sink.

INT. TOM & HELEN'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 3. 2215

HELEN sits in bed, reading. Hearing pots being put away downstairs. Smiles to herself.

INT. TOM & HELEN'S HOUSE, SPARE ROOM - NIGHT 3. 0000

TOM dials his mobile, in bed. Clock reads 12:00. He pulls out the picture MAISIE drew. Stares at it.

PHONE VOICE

Sunny Cabs.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, OPERATIONS - NIGHT 3. 0001

The "Sunny Cabs" operator is here, in the bowels of Thames House. Other operators talk quietly in the b.g.

TOM V.O.

The name is Wilkes, I'll have to cancel the cab for tomorrow.

PHONE VOICE

Very good sir.

INT. TOM & HELEN'S HOUSE, SPARE ROOM - NIGHT 3. 0002

TOM hangs up. Stares at the drawing. Turns out the light.

INT. OSBORNE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3. 0015

OSBORNE and others are having a drink (wine). BRIAN isn't drinking. OSBORNE is finishing a sweep of his house. Bug detector is being passed over fittings etc. Door buzzes. OSBORNE glances at the entryphone--

OSBORNE

Let him in.

A thuggish man goes to the door.

BRIAN
Heading up tonight.

OSBORNE
Then have a drink--it's Barolo.

BRIAN
Not when I'm driving.

OSBORNE
Call yourself a business manager?

OSBORNE hands him a huge clip of cash. NICK arrives, escorted by the thug. BRIAN is a little slow putting the cash away, and NICK arrives to witness the cash exchange.

NICK
Didn't mean to interrupt anything.

NICK smiles at OSBORNE--who gestures to him. Stand there. BRIAN takes out the bug sweeper and sweeps NICK.

OSBORNE
What do you want, my friend? Really?

NICK
Really? I want to help.

Titters from the group. NICK holds his nerve.

OSBORNE
Then go and put the kettle on.

NICK
I'm behind you. I know Bill has his doubts sometimes,
but -- I agree with everything you say.

OSBORNE
Well that's all very touching.

CLAIRE's at the connecting door.

CLAIRE
I'm going to bed.

OSBORNE
How's your email my darling?
(to the men)
My wife is going to master the international internet.

(Claire turns to go)
Hold it.
(the strength of his voice stops her)

Turn around a minute.

CLAIRE turns to face the men.

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

(to the men)

That top doesn't do them justice, does it? Five grand each they cost me. Man buys his wife a tit job, least she can do is show them off to his mates. Come on, up.

CLAIRE

Robert?

OSBORNE

Lift-your-top-up.

The menace in his voice is terrifying. CLAIRE's inured to this. Numb, slow, she lifts up her top to expose her chest.

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

Lovely. My beautiful wife.

(she leaves)

Don't say goodnight then.

BRIAN

So we all set?

OSBORNE

(to Nick)

Can I borrow a pen?

NICK takes out a pen from his trouser pocket. The pen in his front pocket stays put. This is very underplayed. OSBORNE takes the pen and writes something on scrap of paper--hands it to BRIAN. The lads make their way out. OSBORNE hands the pen back to NICK, who also leaves. OSBORNE moves to

THE KITCHEN

where CLAIRE is getting a glass of water. Trembling. He leans over her, pressing her against the sink with a kiss.

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

I love you.

He exits. CLAIRE twists away--the trembling becomes a shake. On the board behind her: TOM and HELEN'S flyer.

INSERT--SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE

Dark, stark, black and white. Night-time. A small woman is seen walking across a car park. This is from quite far away--

REPORTER V.O.

This exclusive police camera footage shows the brutal

events that sparked this night of carnage. The woman,
an Asian nightshift worker, was attacked by white
youths in Leeds city centre--covered in petrol, then
set alight--

Group of young guys approach her. One carries a cannister. Push
her to the ground.

INSERT. EXT. LEEDS - REPORT FOOTAGE

A riot is on the streets--over-turned cars. Use old news footage,
poss. Bradford... Total mayhem.

REPORTER

The rioting continued long into the night--hospitals
reporting multiple casualties--

INT. BBC MILLBANK STUDIO - DAY 4. 0802

And we find BILL WATSON here, looking reasonable and smug--

WATSON

I think actions speak louder than words and it's
obviously clear what the problem is. In spite of
recent moves to stem the tide of immigrants--there's
already enormous resentment within the indigenous
community--

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

So you're not condoning these acts--

WATSON

Of course not, I condemn violence on both sides but
the provocation of this race war came not last night,
but out of the last three decades of unchecked
immigration into this country--

INT. CHADBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY 4. 0930

CLARIE walks in, sees TOM. A moment of confusion.

CLAIRE

Are Pete and Jessie around--?

TOM

Jessie's Mum's not been too well. They kept it pretty
quiet I think. Best they're both down there though.

CLAIRE nods. HELEN arrives. Immediate rapport with the kid.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm Steve by the way...

INT. CHADBRIDGE C'CENTRE, COMPUTER ROOM - DAY 4. 1052

TOM sits with CLAIRE and several other women at PCs.

TOM

I'll be back in five minutes, try and finish your contact list by then.

TOM walks towards the loos--then heads for the exit.

EXT. CHADBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY 4. 1053

TOM looks around... no witnesses. Drags on a cigarette--employee on a fag break. Drops a pack of 10. Bending down, he casually inserts a nail into the tyres of the white Merc.

INT. CHADBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTRE, RECEPTION - DAY 4. 1235

TOM stands with HELEN, as CLAIRE walks back in, flustered.

TOM

Everything okay?

CLAIRE

Bloody puncture. I'll just have to call the AA or something.

TOM

No, I'll do it for you. If you like. No problem at all. You got a spare?

CLAIRE looks at HELEN as if to say... is it okay? HELEN smiles. CLAIRE hands her keys to TOM, who walks outside.

CLAIRE

Man of many talents!

HELEN

I like to think so.

CLAIRE and HELEN left alone now.

CLAIRE

So how long you two been married?

HELEN

Three years...

EXT. CHADBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY 4. 1305

CLAIRE is pulling out of the carpark. She smiles and waves at TOM and HELEN, who wave her off. Through their smiles:

TOM
Stage one.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, FORGERY - DAY 4. 1354

COLIN sits in front of top-flight AV equipment. The pot plant from earlier is also here.

DANNY stands behind COLIN, watching the screen: various phone conversations with mugshots. BRIAN'S is visible. On another screen, footage of the Leeds riot.

COLIN
Brian Lyndon--the sales guy? Talk about Mr. Boring. He's a big fan of curry and sex chat lines, but apart from that no mention of Osborne. He's been trained well.
(beat)
Unlike your other guy, of course.
(on Danny's look)
The tap on the politician's office? Watson was it? Osbornes all over the place. Listen--this is his private office line.

He calls up a window--a soundwave. Selects it, presses 'play':

NICK'S VOICE (D)
..wondering if Mr. Osborne was available at all...
it's Nick...

DANNY
That's not Watson's voice.

COLIN
Probably cos it's Nick Thomas. I voice-matched him to be sure.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - DAY 4. 1400

DANNY and HARRY by a desk. A local paper called the Romford News has a headline: "COULD LEEDS HAPPEN HERE?".

HARRY
He's just an assistant.

DANNY
He's calling Osborne direct. Blabbing on the phone like a teenager in love.

HARRY
What about the partner? Lyndon?

DANNY

We recced his flat--just the same. Countermeasures and Fort Knox. He's been trained up.

HARRY

You're doing facial matching on the riot footage I presume?

DANNY

No. Mr. Facial Hair's doing facial matching.

HARRY

I think you'll find his name is Colin. Surprised you're so ready to judge on appearance, Daniel.

DANNY

Yeah, well. I'm used to it.

HARRY walks off.

DANNY looks around--checks his watch--taps a few keys--we see he's on a secure web payment site... buying his mother a present - a Franklin Mint plate... DANNY removes his credit card subtly from his shirt pocket and types in his number. Submits. Waits. On screen: "CARD DECLINED--PLEASE CONTACT YOUR CARD COMPANY". DANNY hides the application from view.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY 4. 1450

Saturday crowds. TOM and HELEN pass a security guard. TOM glances at the guard. The guard glances back. Collusion?

IN THE DISTANCE

CLAIRE shops with SAMMY by her side. Gucci bag round her shoulder. Suddenly CLAIRE screams-- a black teenage boy has grabbed her purse. Runs expertly through the crowds.

CLAIRE

My bag! He's got my bag!

TOM springs into action--a chase, but short lived-- as TOM tackles the boy. Grabs the bag back. The security guard arrives -- restrains the kid.

Officer starts to lead the boy away when the kid wrestles free and runs off--empty handed.

The guard now shoots after the kid. TOM is left with the purse... looks around "helplessly"... CLAIRE arrives.

TOM
Claire?

CLAIRE
Oh I don't believe it... Steve! Thank you so much...
Thank God you were here.

TOM
(watching chase)
He's not going to catch him.

CLAIRE
Coloured you see. They're fast runners.

A shopper shoots her a look as he overhears this. Walks off.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Oh, let me buy you two a drink--if you've got time?
Please.

TOM and HELEN look at each other--sure, why not?

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE, SECURITY STATION - DAY 4. 1455

The black boy stands with the security guard, chatting happily.
The guard removes a large wad of notes, peels off a fifty and
hands it to the kid. They part company. Done deal.

INT. TOM & HELEN'S HOUSE (MONTAGE SEQUENCE: NIGHT 4D. 0000)

-- TOM, alone, in his room, on the mobile. Staring at the picture
MAISIE drew:

TOM
I'd like to cancel a cab for tommorrow morning. Name
is Steven Wilkes.

[This shot again, from different positions.]

TOM hangs up and dials another number. His body language changes--
i.e. not so formalised as the 'call in'.

TOM (CONT'D)
I can't believe I've missed you again. Hope you're
both OK. Just know that I can't wait to see you.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, NARNIA - DAY 5. 0857

DANNY clicks on a computer picture of WATSON, taken outside his
office. Beside WATSON, NICK. Picks up the phone.

DANNY
I need you lot to lift some bank details. Last name

Thomas...

INT. CHADBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY 5. 1042

CLAIRE, TOM and HELEN chat over a cup of tea. CLAIRE offers a cigarette to TOM--he takes one, lights himself and CLAIRE.

HELEN

We'd love a family, we really would. But we've been trying so long...

CLAIRE

(the sage prophet)

No, no, I can tell. You'll be fine. Trust me, I'm good at these things.

TOM

You still want me to check that alternator?

CLAIRE

If it's not a bother...

TOM smiles--he walks off.

HELEN

Poor Steve. He's always trying to blame himself. But it's not him. Not me either. It's just hard sometimes, you don't know what to think.

CLAIRE

My husband thought it was him. But then Sammy came along. I think it was the fags. Get Steve to cut down. You'll be up the duff in no time.

HELEN keeps staring at CLAIRE--hard not to see the bruises.

HELEN

Can I ask you a personal question?

(Claire shrugs)

Was that a garage door?

CLAIRE

Garage door?

(gets it)

Oh--yeah.

HELEN

I was going to say. I used to have one of them. Got me in the same place, every bloody time.

EXT. CHADBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY 5. 1050

Unknown POV: TOM works on the Merc. TOM becomes aware, stops working--looks up: OSBORNE stands before him.

OSBORNE
That's my wife's car.

TOM
Oh--you're Claire's husband?

OSBORNE
Well deduced, Holmes. And who might you be?

TOM wipes up, goes to shake hands. OSBORNE declines.

TOM
Steve Wilkes. Claire asked me to check her oil.

OSBORNE
So long as that's all you're checking.

CLAIRE walks out with SAMMY in tow. HELEN follows. OSBORNE sees her--and clearly likes what he sees.

CLAIRE
What are you doing here?

OSBORNE
Just passing. Saw Mr Fixit here with his hands all over your bodywork. Thought I'd ask him exactly what he thinks he's doing.

CLAIRE
Steve, Sue, this is Robert. My husband.

He shakes HELEN's hand--her presence lightens his mood.

OSBORNE
(to Helen)
Been in the area long?

TOM cleans up. Stands next to HELEN--married couple front.

TOM
Few months. We've just bought a place in Abbey Crescent.

OSBORNE
Where were you before?

TOM
We were renting. Pokey little place just down Mervyn Road--

CLAIRE

They're doing a great job, Robert.

OSBORNE

Yeah, well. See you later sweetheart.

OSBORNE moves to kiss CLAIRE. She makes no move to kiss him, so he kisses her cheek. Emboldened by her defiance--

CLAIRE

Why don't you both come round for dinner?

(to Sammy)

That would be lovely, wouldn't it?

TOM and HELEN smile. SAMMY nods. OSBORNE's been pincerred.

TOM

Sure--if it's not too much trouble--

CLAIRE

New to the area, it's good to meet people. How's tomorrow night for you?

Grins all round. Even OSBORNE forces out a smile.

EXT./INT. MERVYN ROAD - DAY 6. 0831

BRIAN at the door of a house, talking with an OLD WOMAN.

OLD WOMAN

They've moved, love, they're up Abbey Crescent I think. That new estate.

BRIAN leaves. We follow the OLD WOMAN back

INSIDE THE HALLWAY

Where she calmly shuts the door and picks up the phone. Speed dials a number. It's picked up immediately.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, hello dear. It's Rosie. I just got tickled.

INT. TOM AND HELEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6. 1830

HELEN is getting ready to go out. TOM comes in.

TOM

Osborne's checking backstops. Which doesn't surprise me. His wife's new best buddies.

(HELEN looks nervous)

You know you can call off sick. I can still go, make

apologies.

HELEN

I'm coming with my husband.

TOM goes to the kitchen, takes out a big wedge of cheese.

HELEN (CONT'D)

We're going for dinner, remember.

TOM

Osborne's going to ply us with booze. Long as your stomach's full of fats, it'll stave off the effects for a couple of hours. Eat. Tip from the top. Oh, and when you drink, just wet your lips. Makes it last for hours. Come on. Tuck in.

HELEN

If I get bad dreams I'm blaming you.

She eats a big bite of cheese.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, NARNIA - NIGHT 6. 1843

DANNY arrives back at his desk to find COLIN waiting, sweaty.

COLIN

Bank details. Finally.

COLIN types at DANNY's computer--we change angle so the screen is not visible. But DANNY's face shows--this is a surprise.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Two different shell companies, right, but I got there in the end. Your man Nick isn't being entirely truthful about his job history. Shall we say.

DANNY

Shave me sideways.

INT. OSBORNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6. 1958

HELEN and TOM sit with OSBORNE and CLAIRE. Dinner. Elgar plays on the stereo. OSBORNE's monopolising HELEN.

HELEN

We moved to Brighton when I was 3.

OSBORNE

Oh really? My Mother's from Brighton. What street did you live on?

HELEN
Altringham Road?
(quickly)
I love your placemats--

CLAIRE
Yeah, they're nice aren't they? Rob got them from
Cyprus years ago--
(to Tom)
How did you two meet then?

TOM
Funny story actually--

INT. OSBORNE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/LOUNGE - NIGHT 6. 2109

HELEN is helping take dishes through to the sink. She moves a pile of plaited reed placemats to make way.

CLAIRE
Turtles, that's so sweet, honestly.

TOM walks through--to CLAIRE--who anticipates his question--

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Littlest room? Left up the stairs.

TOM shoots HELEN a look--you okay? HELEN nods, walks back to--

THE LIVING ROOM

where OSBORNE is admiring a painting. It's a Canaletto reprint. London from Richmond. HELEN approaches.

HELEN
Nice.

OSBORNE
Very pleasant, I agree.
(then)
What does your boyfriend do again?

HELEN
He's--

She stops dead. Looks at OSBORNE. He's staring. This was a test and HELEN's tripped up. This could go either way.

HELEN (CONT'D)
--my husband. What? Boyfriend, did you say?

OSBORNE stares. HELEN better say something quick.

OSBORNE

That's what I said.

HELEN

He told you, didn't he?

(beat)

Steve. Did he tell you? I was in the loo and I heard you two talking...

Now OSBORNE's getting confused.

OSBORNE

I don't understand.

HELEN

Our marriage... it's not what it seems.

(Osborne's listening now)

It's more, um, relaxed. I... see other men. I don't really believe in monogamy. I don't think it's healthy for a long term relationship.

OSBORNE, from hitting a paranoid fury high gear has changed down to horny old bastard. Though he's hiding it.

OSBORNE

I'm inclined to agree.

HELEN

I'm seeing someone at the moment. So when you said-- how's your boyfriend, I didn't know if you knew, so... I'm sorry if I embarrassed you.

TOM walks back in as CLAIRE brings out pudding and whisky. HELEN turns, sashays back to the table with OSBORNE watching.

INT. OSBORNE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 6. 2358

Post-pudding, OSBORNE is holding forth. Toasting her glass with his--he's forcing her to drink whisky with him. We might notice that when she puts the glass to her lips, she only wets them--only fakes a swallow.

OSBORNE

I saw this young Islamic lad on TV last year. Talking about how he was a Muslim first, and British second. Happy to draw benefit, naturally, happy to live here in peace and democracy and drive his Mum down to the NHS Trust for free radiotherapy. And not a shred of evidence he loves this country. Not a shred of pride to even call himself British. That's why it's never going to work in this country. They say it's religion, but it's not, it's cultural. It's the same with the Jews. They just all want to marry each other. Why

should we stick up for any of them? That's not extremism, you know, it isn't, it's just human nature. And no-one is going to make me feel guilty for wanting what's best for my family and my country.

HELEN

They're not all like that, surely. I mean, some people come because there's a chance of getting on--don't they?

OSBORNE

Oh, sure, their governments all say it's our fault. But they come here anyway. And then they complain they're being forced into these centres. Well they should be grateful for the chance.

CLAIRE is getting embarrassed. TOM glances subtly at the mantelpiece--fighting for space with photos is a carriage clock--reading almost midnight.

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

Oh, my loving wife is ashamed of me.

CLAIRE

You're just talking all the time.

OSBORNE

Well, what can I say. I'm a proud man. I love my country. I love the sound of my own voice. And I love you, too, by the way--even if you don't love me back.

TOM

We should really get going.

OSBORNE

Got some swinging to do have you?

TOM reacts--what's this? But it's microscopic... the pro.

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

Almost midnight, look, plenty of time. I should try the clubs, my friend.

TOM

Gosh. Is that really the time?

TOM turns to HELEN--a flicker. Shit. OSBORNE clumps off to the kitchen. CLAIRE sees TOM and HELEN to the door. She's evidently annoyed and upset.

TOM (CONT'D)

Claire, it's okay, really.

CLAIRE

No it bloody isn't. I'm sorry. He's been in a complete mood all week. All been going pearshaped around here.

HELEN

Well, look, we had a great time.

OSBORNE strides back, yanks CLAIRE away from the door, slams it in TOM and HELEN's face.

EXT. OSBORNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6. 0000

TOM and HELEN stand frozen as a screaming match progresses inside. HELEN is visibly shaking. TOM takes her hand, and they walk away. Surreptitiously--TOM dials a number.

TOM

The name is Wilkes, I'll have to cancel the cab for tomorrow.

He hangs up. Checks his watch--phew. Just in time.

INT. TOM AND HELEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6. 0032

TOM and HELEN sit, numbed, exhausted.

HELEN

I'm sorry... I screwed up... I thought he'd sussed me.

TOM

You handled it brilliantly. He can dismiss us as pervs now. The cretin. You know that Elgar he was playing? Yehudi Menuhin on violin.

HELEN

I can't bear to think of her alone in that house with that arsehole...

TOM goes over... puts his arm on her shoulder. She leans her head on his hand.

HELEN (CONT'D)

This is going to sound odd. But. Would you mind... if we slept in the same bed tonight?

(Tom looks at her)

I just... I'd really like to have you there if I wake up.

(beat)

I mean, we are married.

INT. TOM & HELEN'S HOUSE, HELEN'S ROOM - NIGHT 6. 0043

HELEN slides into bed. TOM emerges from the bathroom, in a T-shirt and boxers. Shyly walks to the other side of the bed..

HELEN
Did you want to read...?

TOM shakes his head. Gets under the covers.

TOM
Goodnight.

HELEN switches her light out. TOM turns over. HELEN lies still for a moment. Emotion and alcohol churning.

HELEN
Thanks for the tip. About the cheese.

TOM
My pleasure.

HELEN rolls over... moves close. Closer... TOM's eyes register panic--but his body remains relaxed. HELEN's hand falls over his midriff. Nice. Then... it moves lower. Gently, she moves to kiss his neck, nuzzling into his shoulder. TOM moves HELEN's hand gently back to her hip.

HELEN
Oh, God. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

TOM
It's okay.

TOM lies in bed for a few seconds. Gets up.

INT. TOM & HELEN'S HOUSE, TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT 6. 0049

TOM on the mobile. Staring at MAISIE's picture again.

TOM
(into phone)
If you're in bed listening to this, stay there. I just wanted to say... I miss you. So much. That's all--

Knock at the door. TOM closes his eyes, ends the call.

HELEN
Sorry... did I screw up again?

TOM
(no)
I'll see you in the morning.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 7. 1401

DANNY and HARRY. Photo of NICK on the table.

DANNY

Surveillance just in. Nick Thomas. Real name is Kieran Harvey, he's a freelance journalist. Works for an independent radio producer in Soho.

HARRY

Obviously fancies himself as a bit of an undercover maverick.

DANNY

Not for long.

HARRY

Sort out an urgent message.

INT. OSBORNE'S WASTE DISPOSAL FIRM, OFFICE - DAY 7. 1405

NICK walks sheepishly in to meet OSBORNE.

OSBORNE

You're a nosey little weasel, Nicko.

I like that in a bloke.

NICK smiles through his concern.

NICK

I don't mean to pry, Rob, I'm just keen to be involved. In any way I can.

OSBORNE

Glad to hear you say that. You free today at all? I need a bit of nosing around some new friends of mine.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, OZ - DAY 7. 1422

TESSA sits with acolytes. ZOE arrives, flushed.

ZOE

My mate in Holland just paid me back. A new group's just moved out of Ostend using old Heroin sea routes. They've got contacts in Greece, routing refugees from the Caucauses to a pick up in Holland and onto a boat. Chechens, mostly.

TESSA

Do we know the Greek contacts?

ZOE

I'm talking to James Hopkinson over in Six--he's sending stuff over soon as he finds it.

TESSA

Excellent. Excellent, excellent.

She leaves. ZOE's flushed with pride. DANNY passes.

DANNY

Someone's feeling rosey.

ZOE

Yeah, well. Hot in here.

But DANNY's not buying it.

EXT./INT. TOM AND HELEN'S HOUSE - DAY 7. 1423

HELEN looks out of the window--a van is pulling up across the road. A Garfield sticky-model in the driver's side window. A CAT IN THE VAN.

HELEN

(into phone, nerves)

Steve? There's a van outside. With a cat in it.

TOM VO..

On my way.

INT. CORNER SHOP - DAY 7. 1440

TOM enters, waits for another customer to leave.

TOM

History Today?

MALE SHOPKEEPER

Only just come in.

He passes the magazine to TOM. TOM hands over the exact money. As he leaves the shop, TOM opens the magazine to the centre pages--a blank insert card. TOM takes it.

INT. TOM AND HELEN'S HOUSE - DAY 7. 1448

TOM wipes the insert card with a pen. Writing becomes visible. "Nick Thomas - Real occupation: journalist..." We don't see all of it. But he exclaims--whistles.

TOM sets fire to the card.

INT. TOM & HELEN'S HOUSE, LOUNGE. DAY 7. 1450

HELEN and TOM are sitting in the lounge. A knock at the door. HELEN peers out--it's NICK. TOM nods, HELEN opens the door--

NICK

Hello--I was just in your area canvassing on behalf of Bill Watson. Have you got a moment? Nick Thomas.

HELEN steps aside, allowing NICK to come in.

TOM

Hello, Nick. Nice to meet you Nick.

NICK

(sweating)
You too.

TOM

Really. Nick. It's very nice. As is your suit. Did you NICK it, Nick? Did you Nick it from anywhere nice, Nick?

NICK

Maybe I'll come back another time.

TOM

Oh, at least stay for some tea.
Kieran.

HELEN slams the door. NICK freezes.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, OZ - DAY 7. 1451

Electric atmosphere. Phones and chatter. JED approaches ZOE.

JED

Urgent delivery from across the river.

She takes a series of photos from him, plus a file. It's a two shot of two men in a cafe--looks continental. TESSA arrives. A look between them: ZOE's full of confidence again.

ZOE

Man on the right's the Cypriot fixer. Man on the left is Driscoll.

TESSA

You know him?

ZOE

(hands over a memo)

I think we've got our landing site.

TESSA

(reads)

Suffolk. How lovely. Fancy a trip to the seaside?

ZOE smiles--starts packing a file with papers. But glancing at the photo again, her face falls--

TESSA (CONT'D)

What is it?

ZOE

Recognise him at all?

ZOE points to a spot on the photo. Grabs the phone--dials--

ZOE (CONT'D)

James, it's Zoe over in the Kremlin.

Can you do me a favour? I need a keyword search on the Istanbul phone taps? The word is--

TESSA views the photo: the two men in the cafe. But there's a mirror between them. And in the mirror, in reflection, but still part of the meeting, a third man. Pushing in... It's someone we know. It's ROBERT BLOODY OSBORNE.

ZOE O.S.

Osborne.

INT. TOM AND HELEN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 7. 1455

TOM and HELEN have a nervy NICK cornered in the kitchen.

NICK

He'll be wondering where I am--

TOM

So talk faster.

NICK

I've been deep for a few months. Doing an expose of the racist underbelly of British politics when I stumbled on this Osborne thing.

NICK takes his pen out of his pocket.

NICK (CONT'D)

It's digital audio, so no detection. I download it onto hard drive, burn a CD, easy. What are you, NCS?

TOM

Far as you're concerned I don't even exist. You in

touch with anyone else?

NICK

No way--look, this is major stuff, alright? Osborne's funding Watson to shove immigration to the front of the agenda. Reception centres are already overcrowded. Once the problem reaches critical mass, the government will have to act. Osborne gets guys going in with cash, palling up to the local thugs, then taking them right to asylum seekers. And beating the crap out of them. Cue the riots.

TOM

And Bill Watson grabs the political advantage when the news breaks out.

NICK

He puts the gloss on. But he's moderate, that's the gambit. He's the one who makes it all seem reasonable.

NICK moves to leave--TOM gently places his hand on NICK's chest--not til I'm finished...

TOM

I want everything you've got. Names, tapes, contacts, copies.

NICK

Oh, no. I'm done now mate. I'm off tonight, then editing for the next few months.

Nick pushes past them both and heads for the door but TOM is there before him. NICK is afraid. So would you be.

TOM

What makes you think you'll have anything to edit when you get home... exactly?

TOM steps aside and NICK rushes out.

HELEN

What now?

TOM

We're breaking. Move to close.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY 7. 1525

HELEN sits on a bench. CLAIRE hurries over. She has a cut lip.

CLAIRE

I got your message... what is it?

HELEN

(nerves)

Do you mind if we take a walk?

They start to stroll through the crowds. Musak plays.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Are we friends?

CLAIRE

I know what you're going to say, Susan, and I'll just say this. I think that whatever lifestyle you lead, I'd never think of judging you--

HELEN

Claire. Please.

(beat)

Robert beats you, doesn't he?

(silence)

Before I met Steve, I was with a bloke... I know what it's like.

CLAIRE

The garage door thing.

HELEN

(nods)

Is it bad?

CLAIRE

(tears)

You're the first person I've told who really understands.

HELEN

Have you ever thought of leaving?

CLAIRE

(lying to herself)

Where would I go? Come on. The life I've got now. Sammy's just starting school. What could I do?

Point of no return for HELEN.

HELEN

I know someone who can help you.

CLAIRE

If it's police, forget it, I don't need--

HELEN

It's not police. It's nothing like that. But he's helped me before. He could help you and Sammy get away

from him for good.

CLAIRE
I don't know.

HELEN
Claire, please. As your friend. Meet him. Talk to him.
Please say yes.

CLAIRE looks at her friend.

EXT. ROAD - DAY 7. 1537

HELEN walking along, pleased with herself.

HELEN
(into phone)
I think she's on her way.

TOM V.O.
Go home. Pack. We're leaving.

EXT. OSBORNE'S WASTE DISPOSAL FIRM - DAY 7. 1539

A large industrial estate with garages and loading bays.

INT. OSBORNE'S WASTE DISPOSAL FIRM, OFFICE - DAY 7. 1540

OSBORNE is here. BRIAN sits with him.

BRIAN
Full shipment. Big cheque.

OSBORNE
What about the route?

BRIAN
Seems kosher. And they've already got their hands full
up north.

Three short knocks. One loud knock. BRIAN goes to the door, lets
in NICK. Door shuts behind him.

NICK
Sorry I'm late.

OSBORNE
Listen, Nick, I'm shooting off for a bit.

OSBORNE's eye catches NICK's pocket. That pen again.

NICK
Oh really? Why?

OSBORNE regards NICK with disappointment in his eyes.

OSBORNE
Can I borrow a pen?

NICK pats his trousers--no pen.

OSBORNE (CONT'D)
No? Never mind. Oh, here's one look.

OSBORNE takes the pen from NICK's shirt pocket. It's a normal-looking pen. He "fumbles" with it--it springs open to reveal a BATTERY. NICK laughs, nervously.

OSBORNE (CONT'D)
Who are you working for?

NICK
I don't understand.

OSBORNE
You will.

And suddenly BRIAN's grabbed NICK in a headlock--

INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - DAY 7. 1541

HARRY, DANNY and ZOE cross towards TESSA and the large meeting room. DANNY and ZOE carry files.

ZOE
The photo was taken in Paris a year ago. Greek guy's name is Bora, he's the fixer in Cyprus for routing Chechnyan refugees to Holland.

DANNY
What the hell's he doing in Paris with a far right racist from Essex?

ZOE
Osborne was in the army, wasn't he?

A jolt of realisation buzzes through DANNY. He fingers through his file at great speed--

DANNY
Only for a short while--Corporal--he was kicked out--
(reads--sighs)
Shortly after his first posting to Cyprus.

ZOE

That's where they met. Obviously kept in touch.

DANNY

Tom and Helen. They'll want to know if their man's running an illegal immigration ring. Wouldn't you?

EXT. JEWISH CEMETERY - DAY 7. 1600

Between the gravesites wanders CLAIRE. Clutching a bunch of flowers for protection. Spies a bench. Sits down, nervous. From the other direction, a man. CLAIRE stands up... the man turns away to look at a grave.

TOM O.S.

Hello.

CLAIRE whips round--sees TOM. Relief.

CLAIRE

Oh, it's you. Jesus H.

(beat)

I'm sorry to be rude, Steve, but I'm meant to be meeting someone here.

TOM

Claire. It's me.

CLAIRE looks--I know it's you. Then: oh. It's YOU.

CLAIRE

What's going on?

He walks off. CLAIRE follows, confused.

TOM

Do you know what your husband does in his spare time?

(Claire stops, stares)

Claire. I have another job I'd like to tell you about.

I work for a government department. We know that your husband is trying to start a race war in this country.

CLAIRE starts crying... walking away. TOM keeps pace.

TOM (CONT'D)

Before you do anything silly, I want you to know that this was the only way we could contact you. This was the only way we could be sure you could be on side.

CLAIRE

What? Are you arresting me?

TOM

We're not the police, Claire. Okay? This isn't about you, it's about Rob.

CLAIRE

What do you want?

TOM

I want to help you. I want to get you sorted enough so you can leave Robert. Go anywhere. With Sam.

CLAIRE

How can I do that?

TOM

You can tell us what your husband's up to. Does he ever tell you what he's planning? Dates? People?

CLAIRE

..Sometimes.

TOM

That kind of information helps us stop not just him, but everyone he's working with. Do you see? If you could be our eyes and ears... Claire, he's trying to incite a war on British soil, a civil war. We need to stop him.

CLAIRE is nothing but questions now...

CLAIRE

Susan?

TOM

She's nothing to do with this.

(cuts to the chase)

Six hundred pounds a week. In a bank account in your name. In return you'll tell us everything you know about your husband's activities. You can leave information for us here, or anywhere else you think would be safe.

CLAIRE

I need to go home, I need to think about it...

TOM

No. If you don't want to help, you'll never see me again. If you agree, you'll never see me again. But someone will contact you and become your go-between. You can still pass messages to me through them. But you and I will never meet again. I'll give you five minutes. Okay? I'll be over by the car. In five

minutes and one second, I'm leaving.

He walks away. CLAIRE is left alone with the graves.

EXT. JEWISH CEMETERY - DAY 7. 1605

CLAIRE approaches TOM, who glances nervously at his watch.

CLAIRE
Anywhere I like?

TOM
Anywhere within reason.

CLAIRE
Spain?

TOM
Spain is no problem. But only when we've got
everything we need.
(silence)
A good choice, too. Spanish attitude to kids is very
healthy.

CLAIRE
(not looking at him)
Don't patronise me about my life.

TOM nods. Humbled. In the sky, the moon has risen.

TOM
I'm sorry Claire. I'm nervous too.

CLAIRE
(beat)
Okay.

INT. TOM AND HELEN'S HOUSE. DAY 7. 1635

TOM unlocks the door and comes inside.

TOM
We're out of here.

He shuts the door. Sees--across the room. BRIAN.

BRIAN
In a manner of speaking.

The Sidekick is behind TOM and coshes him on the head.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, OPS ROOM - NIGHT 7. 0005

An operator waits for a call. It's 12:05. Phone doesn't ring. She picks up another phone.

OPERATOR

We're five minutes late on Greensleeves.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, NARNIA - NIGHT 7. 0006

JED is here--night watch. He puts the phone down. Dials another number. TESSA's working late too. Sees the activity.

JED

Sorry to wake you. Probably nothing.

INT. VAN - NIGHT 7. 0007

Cold, gloom. HELEN wakes to find TOM is tied to her--back to back. She fidgets, panicking, freaking out...

TOM

We're going to get through this. Alright? Understand?

But now we see why she's so freaked--one inch from her nose is NICK's bloodied face-- staring right back at her. Quite dead.

INT. DANNY AND HELEN'S FLAT - NIGHT 7. 0010

DANNY has a whisky and bank statement on the coffee table, next to his lease agreement and a credit card bill. Sucking his teeth. Nightmare. Phone goes. Answers idly.

DANNY

Yep.

(stands up)

Soon as I can.

INT. VAN - NIGHT 7. 0102

Darkness--the sky lifts. BRIAN and Sidekick stare in.

BRIAN

(to Sidekick)

Hurry up.

EXT. CAR PARK NR OSBORNE'S WASTE FIRM- NIGHT 7. 0103

TOM and HELEN hauled out onto the tarmac. Moon is risen high in the sky now. They're prodded towards a back door.

MOVING

to a messy corridor... leading to--

INT. OSBORNE'S WASTE FIRM, CANTEEN - NIGHT 7. 0107

Large window lets in a sulphurous glow over the catering-size range. Counter top, empty cases. And lots of fryers.

HELEN is crying now. TOM blinks away the headache. Eyes his immediate surroundings.

And now their captors. BRIAN and Sidekick. BRIAN moves to the window--all clear. HELEN is pushed to the floor.

TOM is floored by a jujitsu move on his wrist--wham! Foot on his windpipe turns his groans into hoarse rattling.

HELEN

You're killing him! For God's sake!

She lunges at Sidekick. He takes his foot off TOM's throat to kick her down again. She just may have saved his life.

TOM sucks in air. Sidekick's about to start again--

BRIAN

Wait til they get here.

And he flicks on the fryers.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 7. 0111 (FORMERLY SCENE 113)

DANNY ends a call. Face like death. HARRY comes to him as TESSA approaches.

HARRY

Last call in?

DANNY

Midnight yesterday, could be a full twenty five hours
they've been gone.
Where's Zoe?

TESSA

She's with the Customs team at the landing site on the
Suffolk coast. Lamberton.

DANNY

We should pull her back to Romford. Start a search.

HARRY

Not now.

INT. OSBORNE'S WASTE FIRM, CANTEEN - NIGHT 7. 0115

A man and a woman enter. Revealed as OSBORNE... and CLAIRE. It's obvious CLAIRE is here under duress. Smoking nervously.

OSBORNE

You must think I'm some kind of moron.

CLAIRE

I trusted you! You bastard!

She runs at TOM--a kick to the groin. TOM doubles over in pain. BRIAN laughs. She kicks TOM again, again--jumps on top of him, laying punch after punch...

BUT HER EYES--CLOSE UP

they're trying to say something totally different. Until she's pulled off. Has she talked?

OSBORNE

We're fighting for you, you idiot.

TOM

I don't know who you think we are...

OSBORNE

(thinks)

Shut up.

He feels the heat over the fryers with his hand.

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

I know someone's been interested in me for quite a while. Her fault, of course. Boyfriend line. Stood out a mile.

He holds up the 13A fuse--the one the burglar dropped.

TOM

What do you want?

He's looking at HELEN. OSBORNE tosses the fuse into the fat--it bubbles away sulphurously...

OSBORNE goes to HELEN and picks her up. Holds her arm at the elbow. Forces her over the now sizzling fat. Her hand is inches away. HELEN looks at TOM. Her wedding ring is already scalding her.

OSBORNE

MI5 penetration of all far right groups. Names of sources, their runners, and the officers managing them.

TOM

MI5? Is that who you think we are?

OSBORNE

I don't think you understand. You're used to dealing with the skinhead lads. The dropouts. Lowlifes. But we're officer class, you see. We've thought things through a little more. And little by little, the country will change. Immigration was always a problem for other people. It was never in people's faces all the time. Now we're on the edge of the abyss, my friend. And soon people are going to realise that. And then we'll take this country back. One street at a time. So. Names, runners, sources. Everything you've got.

TOM

Nick Thomas--he's--

OSBORNE

A journalist. Was.

(sighs)

Dear oh dear.

He plunges HELEN's hand into the fat. Her scream rips the lining from TOM's soul. CLAIRE pulls hard on her cigarette. She can't look, but hides her tears.

TOM's teeth grind...he's sucking in air, trying to regain composure. HELEN's face... pleading... pleading...

TOM

You want a name? I've got a name.

OSBORNE is staring at TOM--what's this?

TOM (CONT'D)

Brian, for God's sake tell him!

BRIAN is momentarily thrown--what? OSBORNE is less impressed.

OSBORNE

(long beat)

Cheap trick.

OSBORNE takes what looks like an asbestos glove from a hook. He puts it on. And grabs a chip pan.

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

(to Tom)

Everyone used to laugh at us. Not any more. Not any more.

Then, he presses the chip pan to the back of HELEN's head--

And plunges HELEN's face into the fat.

A creature from hell arrives in TOM's eyes. A murderous, vengeful beast. HELEN's body shakes--her eyes explode, vocal chords burnt out in a second... the bubbling is sickening...

TOM screams--!

OSBORNE sighs, nods to BRIAN, who pulls out a gun. Shoots HELEN in the head. Her body jerks--and then slumps down. Limp. Quite dead. OSBORNE's face turns to the next-door fryer. CLAIRE has frozen. Her eyes meet TOM'S. Collusion.

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

I guess you'd better try again.

BRIAN grabs TOM's hair. Leads him towards the bubbling fat...

TOM

I've got a kid. Same age as Sammy.

This was directed more to CLAIRE than to OSBORNE.

OSBORNE

He might just grow up in an all white England. And he'll have me to thank.

And suddenly everything's happening very very fast--

CLAIRE throws her cigarette stub into the fryer. At the same time, TOM shifts his weight--bringing his captor into direct firing line as the flames leap up--setting him alight.

Flames lick higher--charring the ceiling. Screams.

The room fills with smoke. TOM shoulders the Sidekick's back at OSBORNE--who fumbles for his gun... firing wildly--

And now TOM does an amazing thing. He launches himself headfirst towards the window. Bad news--OSBORNE keeps firing--good news--the bullets weaken the glass--
--which shatters as TOM impacts dead-centre.

Moment's pause. Then all hell breaks loose.

EXT. OSBORNE'S WASTE FIRM - NIGHT 7. 0118

TOM rolls up into a crouching run--no idea of time, place, anything but getting away--

EXT. UNKNOWN PLACE, ROMFORD - NIGHT 7. 0120

Coughing, bleeding, running, wheezing--TOM --his hands now untied--sprinting away from the scene of fire, smoke, gunfire and devastation behind him. Side streets beckon.

Godforsaken industrial estate. Windblown, dark. He cuts through a gap between units--onto a main drag beyond which is total, pure, black--

To his right, a construction site. To his left, a wall. footsteps behind him. He ducks over the wall.

INT. OSBORNE'S WASTE FIRM, CANTEEN. NIGHT 7. 0121

OSBORNE struggles to comprehend what just happened. He makes a grab for Claire.

EXT. ANOTHER UNKNOWN PLACE, ROMFORD - NIGHT 7. 0122

TOM runs... Street names, meaningless. The industrial estate goes on forever. Reeling, reeling...

A phonebox, like the Holy Grail, fifty metres away.

Choking back tears now, sprints through shadows. Checks once, twice--the streets are empty for now. He opens the door.

INT./EXT. PHONEBOOTH/ROMFORD- NIGHT 7. 0123

Phone is totally fucked. Gum stuck everywhere. No receiver. TOM turns away as a car passes--after the headlights fade, he runs out again... to the other side of the phone box (it's a two-sided one).

Enters. It's working. Hands behind his back... dials, feeling for the digits... scoops up the receiver with his shoulder... We hear the BT "number unobtainable" sound, then:

BT OPERATOR

The number you have dialled has not been recognised.
Please check and try again.

But TOM seems unperturbed. The sound again...

BT OPERATOR (cont'd)

The number you have dialled has not been recognised.
Please check and try again.

TOM waits patiently. Mouths "two". Memories cut in--he starts to cry once more. Wrenches it back. Control. Grim, almost demonic determination. Willing the phone on.

BT OPERATOR (cont'd)

The number you have dialled has not been recognised.
Please check and try again.

Car lights flash in reflection. TOM turns again--the phone slips from his shoulder... clanking against the side...

BT OPERATOR (cont'd)

The number you have dialled has not been recognised.
Please check and try again.

TOM raises the phone up again, bends over, almost double, scooping the phone back towards his neck area.

BT OPERATOR (cont'd)

The number you have dialled has not been recognised.
Please check and try again.

The BT OPERATOR continues. The phone clicks for a second. Starts to ring. It's picked up immediately. Busy office.

TELEPHONE VOICE

Hello?

TOM

Greensleeves. SOS.

TELEPHONE VOICE

Tracing. Any idea of your orientation?

TOM

It's all I can do to fucking well stand up! I need a safe house. Now.

TELEPHONE VOICE

Hold please.

TOM closes his eyes--HOLD! Another car, slow, this time... scoots past... and that bloody phone is slipping away from his ear now... he slams himself against the side of the booth. The receiver slides back towards his ear.

TELEPHONE VOICE (CONT'D)

Callbox is Romford grid reference G-ML9185. Safe house at G-ML9293. Stand by for directions.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, OPS - NIGHT 7. 0126

DANNY, HARRY, TESSA, all crowded round the operator. DANNY smashes his fist on the desk.

HARRY

Get a take team fanning out in a three mile arc. Start

with the safe houses.

DANNY
I'll go with.

HARRY
You'll stay put.

A phone rings. DANNY dives off to answer it. JED runs in --

JED
The bastard's dumped the payload. Customs saved as many people from the water as they could. A live feed's just coming through. Zoe's on her way back.

DANNY hangs up and joins them, as TESSA stands up and heads towards the meeting room.

DANNY
(overhearing)
To Romford, you mean. That was her. She's going after Tom and Helen.

HARRY
Pull her back.

DANNY
Believe me, she's unstoppable.

EXT. PHONEBOOTH/ROMFORD - NIGHT 7. 0127

The phone hangs from the cord.

INT. MEETING ROOM, THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 7. 0128

INSERT ON TV: Eerie, unclear footage of a chaotic scene... C&E teams, in life jackets, carry people across the beach, whilst men and women walk amongst the dead. Their faces pained, as they grieve and look for loved ones.

WE PULL BACK: to see TESSA watching the scene.

EXT. ROUGH GROUNDS, ROMFORD - NIGHT 7. 0134

TOM's powering over grass and bush.

INT. SAFE HOUSE, ROMFORD - NIGHT 7. 0138

TOM sits on the stairs. Head against the wall. Despair. headlights probe the darkness inside. TOM backs away, one step at a time. Door flies open--

Dark figure in the doorway. Friend or foe?

ZOE'S VOICE
It's me.

ZOE steps into the light--sees TOM is alone. TOM sighs--

ZOE
Where's Helen?

And TOM's face says it all as we dissolve to:

INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - NIGHT 7. 0425

DANNY and ZOE hug each other. Stare over at the meeting room. Where even they are banned right now. They glance over at JED. He's staring at the wall.

HARRY (V.O.)
You know Derek from Millbank, of course.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, MEETING ROOM - DAY 7. 0426

HARRY, TOM and DEREK, a young Home Office off-spinner of the Peter Mandelson school. Sitting with TOM, who is patched up. With a face of stone.

TOM
I want the Increment.

HARRY
Impossible.

TOM
They're Special Forces. SAS. Assigned specifically to us for precisely this purpose. They'll understand. We look after our own. One call. That's all it'll take. We've got the locations, the names. Extract Claire and the kid. Erase Osborne and the rest of them from the planet.

HARRY
Claire's in hospital. We just heard. She took a beating, but she'll pull through.

TOM
Thank God.

DEREK
I understand how angry you must feel.

TOM

You don't understand a thing.

DEREK

I'm surprised you're not seeing the positives in all this. This is a mess. But a merry mess. Nonetheless. Two people have died and Osborne's on the rampage. I say--good. In a manner of speaking.

TOM

He's a murderer.

DEREK

Not technically.

TOM

He's responsible. He killed one of our own. And we can stop him. Today.

DEREK

Who ever said anything about stopping him?

Silence.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Just speculating, but now we know what he's up to, despite the cockup, and chuffed to say he's tainting the right with every single action he takes. Pushing the right further right and the left towards the central reservation. Meanwhile these reception centres are a living nightmare and suddenly a Government position on immigration is now possible that was practically unthinkable two years ago--despite the fact that most of the Cabinet were gagging for it. Now we can venture a new bill, that brings the shutters down on undesirables and make it look like we're practically socialist, for God's sake. All thanks to you. Pardon me for being party political.

TOM stares.

TOM

You're not going to let us touch him.

DEREK

Now I didn't say that. But this has all proved very successful in France, you know. Only difference here is we hardly need to slip these lads a tenner at all.

(beat)

As I say, mere speculation. And only until the Bill's been passed, obviously. Then you can get Special Branch to do your dirty work as per the hymnsheet.

We're not total cynics, you know.

TOM gets up in disgust and leaves.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Oh dear.

HARRY

You're a little shite, Derek, have I ever told you that?

DEREK

You've implied it enough times. Take a chill pill, Harry. Please.

DEREK shrugs, saunters out--HARRY follows him, quietly fuming.

OUT IN THE GRID

HARRY sees the sadness in every face. A black cloud hangs over everything in here today. HARRY picks up a nearby phone. DEREK looks over as he departs. A little wave. HARRY nods, a little wave back.

HARRY

(smiling falsely)

Fuck you Derek. With bells on.

He starts punching numbers.

INT. ZOE'S SHARED HOUSE - DAY 8. 1000

DANNY and ZOE enter. ZOE sits in the middle of the floor, begins to cry. Papers everywhere. The house is a total mess.

DANNY

Jesus. What a shithole.

He joins ZOE on the floor. Hugs her. She sniffles.

ZOE

Oh, God.

(blows her nose)

It's all coming out.

DANNY

You ask me to give you a lift home and then you show me this. Sorry, but. No way. I can't leave you here.

(beat)

Come stay with me. Come on. Move in.

ZOE

You're thinking about your LEASE!

She springs to her feet. Before he can defend himself--

ZOE (CONT'D)

Helen's been dead two seconds and you're worried about
your bloody CASHFLOW!

ZOE cries. Gathers herself. DANNY is stunned.

ZOE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. That was wrong. What a thing to
say. It's just -

(beat)

We could all be dead tomorrow.

They hug again.

INT. THAMES HOUSE, FORGERY DEPARTMENT - DAY 8. 1354

DANNY walks determinedly in through the door. COLIN's desk is
empty, computer's still on. Cool as you like, DANNY sits down.
Taps out some numbers.

His own credit card details appear. He starts to change the
numbers. Glancing around... checking... Hits 'send'. The perfect
crime. Fuck you, Establishment.

INT. ELLIE'S RESTAURANT - DAY 8. 1355

TOM stands in the doorway. ELLIE's clearing tables, Maisie helping
her. She looks up. Looks like she's seen a ghost.

MAISIE

Matthew!

ELLIE

Why didn't you call?

TOM

Wanted to surprise you.

ELLIE

How was the trip?

TOM

I missed you.

He removes a child's American baseball cap. A gift for MAISIE.
ELLIE moves to him--tentative at first. But missing him-- they
hug. TOM holds her like he'll never let go. Winces.

ELLIE
Are you alright?

TOM
Long story. Not now. There's something I want to happen.
(silence)
I want you to come and live with me. I have a big flat. It's big. It's got a garden. I want you and Maisie in my life and in my flat as soon as possible. Will you do that?

ELLIE's eyes now water. Yes. Yes. She goes to him--another embrace. TOM looks down at MAISIE, who is looking at: HIS FINGER and the wedding ring he still wears. TOM and MAISIE exchange a long, long look. ELLIE kisses TOM, walks over to MAISIE.

ELLIE
Does that sound nice? To go and live with Matthew?

MAISIE nods as TOM gently removes the ring from his finger.

INT. OSBORNE'S HOUSE - DAY 9. 1100

OSBORNE unlocks the front door. Enters.

OSBORNE
Sweetness?

His voice echoes.

INT. OSBORNE'S HOUSE, MAIN BEDROOM - DAY 9. 1101

OSBORNE enters, agitated. Opens the cupboard. Half the clothes are gone. Dressing table is empty. She's gone.

OSBORNE
Dammit!

He runs out.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY 9. 1106

Post memorial service for HELEN, people mill around outside the chapel. Everyone's in black. HELEN's parents in numb grief. DANNY'S MUM too.

VICAR (V.O.)
Helen brought sunshine wherever she went. She was a credit, not only to the Department of the Environment that she was so committed to, but also to those colleagues, those friends, who worked alongside her.

To whom her loyalty was unquestioning. And
unflinching.

We're pushing in on TOM--and behind his eyes, it's all starting to
sink in... and in amongst the grief, guilt.

EXT. OSBORNE'S HOUSE - DAY 9. 1107

OSBORNE gets in his car and roars off--past a van. The driver is
talking on his cellphone.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY 9. 1108

We're close on TOM now.

VICAR (V.O.)

And to lose her so tragically... so needlessly, in a
car accident--

And now we know. Cover up. TOM's eyes are flint. He glances at
DANNY. ZOE. HARRY. TESSA.

EXT. A13 - FROM THE AIR - DAY 9. 1109

OSBORNE's car powers along. An underpass looms ahead--

EXT. A13 - FROM THE AIR - DAY 9. 1110

OSBORNE's car enters the underpass. As we fly over we might just
see a flash of white light and the screeching of tyres--

We reach the other side ... but OSBORNE's car does not appear.

VICAR V.O.

It makes each and every one of us ask simply, "why"?

INT. AIRPORT CHECK-IN - DAY 9.1141

Smiling Iberia clerk hands over two passports.

CLERK

Thank you Mrs. Sykes, your flight is boarding from
Gate 9 in forty minutes.

CLAIRE (a little beaten) takes the passports and, clutching
SAMMY's hand, walks off to a new life--

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY 9. 1150

Mingling crowds get ready to head off to a reception. Tears,
hugging. Some distance between work colleagues and obvious
schoolfriends. ZOE comforts JED, who is inconsolable.

A car pulls up and, unseen by most of the crowd, a man approaches HARRY. Whispers in his ear. HARRY nods. The man departs. TOM has noticed the man. His presence means a lot to TOM--and he reads in the rest.

INT. WATSON'S OFFICE - DAY 9. 1151

A cheery WATSON walks in, notices a Westminster internal mail Bag on his desk. Curious, he opens it.

Inside: a picture of the bodies on the beach. Written on the back, "Are you happy with your wash?" His phone rings--he nearly jumps out of his seat--

INT. TOM'S FLAT - DAY 9. 1515

TOM is cleaning... but oddly. He goes through papers. Letters. Files. Anything with "Tom Quinn" on it. And puts it in a folder. Marked "Me". He is also re-distributing everything from an open "Matthew Archer" file on the table.

He stares at his bookshelves. Beat. Starts to remove all Le Carre books. Remembers something. Removes his wallet--and the wedding ring drops out, rolls onto the floor.

TOM stops everything. Squats down--Picks it up. Holds it tight. And sits heavily down against the wall.

Tears.

END OF EPISODE