



3

CONTINUED:

3

They finally make it to the front and show their passports to the OFFICIAL. She glances routinely at their photos, blinking and rubbing her eyes, momentarily disoriented. ABBY notices she is sweating.

ABBY

You're busy today.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

We've got a lot of staff off with this flu bug. Sorry for any delay.

ABBY

It's not your fault.

She gives them their passports back. DAVID and ABBY move towards the baggage area.

DAVID

Of course it's their bloody fault. They don't employ enough people.

ABBY

They can't help being ill, can they?

CUT TO:

4

**INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL. DAY 1 08.46**

4

ABBY's mobile rings. She listens eagerly as they walk.

ABBY

It's a message from Peter...

Her expression grows anxious as she listens.

ABBY

They went white water rafting this morning... his canoe capsized and he had to be rescued....

She quickly presses a number.

DAVID

What are you doing?

ABBY

Calling him...

DAVID

He's okay, isn't he?

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

ABBY

What if he's cut himself on a  
rock? It could get infected.

There is a hint of panic in her response.

DAVID

Abby, you promised you wouldn't  
make a fuss.

She hesitates and looks at him uncertainly.

DAVID

We'll call him this evening, like  
we said.

She gives in reluctantly. DAVID puts an arm around her  
shoulders as they head towards the exit. HOLD on them as  
they walk out of the terminal past the thousands of other  
travellers, then -

CUT TO:

5

**EXT. CITY. DAY 1 08.49**

5

We see the city from above, its crowded streets, shopping  
malls and housing estates, its schools, hospitals and  
cinemas, all the arterial links of day to day life.

CUT TO:

6

**EXT. STREET. SHOPPING AREA. DAY 1 08.49**

6

The pavements are thick with people pouring in and out of  
shops, cafes and restaurants.

CUT TO:

7

**INT. TRAIN. DAY 1 08.50**

7

A packed train rattles across town, full to bursting with  
rush hour travellers.

CUT TO:

8

**EXT. GRANT HOUSE. DAY 1 09.45**

8

David and Abby's house is a comfortable pre-war terraced  
place in a busy street.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

There is a faintly neglected back garden with a covered trampoline in one corner and a football left amongst the flowerbeds. A modern parish church stands at the end of the road.

CUT TO:

9

**INT. GRANT HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 1 13.01**

9

DAVID opens a can of lager and slides it across the table to JOE POPE while ABBY pours crisps into a bowl and chats to Joe's wife LINDA. Joe and Linda, the next door neighbours, are an amiable couple in their late 30s. A TV plays silently in the corner.

LINDA

Tell us about Cyprus, then. Was it dead romantic?

DAVID

Oh, sexy as hell. Abby spent the whole time in the hotel texting Peter.

ABBY

I was worried about him. It's only been a few months...

LINDA

But he's fine now, isn't he? He looks so well.

ABBY hesitates but DAVID steps in, smiling briskly.

DAVID

He's in total remission. A hundred per cent well. He's a normal, healthy little boy.

He says this forcefully, as much for Abby's benefit, we feel, as Joe and Linda's. ABBY glances at him.

ABBY

We'll always have to be careful.

DAVID

That doesn't mean we treat him like an invalid.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

DAVID (cont'd)  
It's time he got on with his  
life. (Pause) Time we did, too.  
I'm sick of talking about  
Leukemia.

ABBY looks at him, resenting the unfairness of this. JOE  
and LINDA look awkward at the sudden atmosphere. JOE smiles  
affably.

JOE  
Our Michael did that adventure  
holiday thing last year. He loved  
it. (Pause) Cheers!

They clink cans and glasses. JOE glances at the TV, which  
shows a long line of people queuing at a doctor's surgery  
under the banner "Flu Crisis Worsens".

JOE  
(Looking at the TV)  
It's mad. A few weeks ago no one  
had even heard of European Flu.  
Now half the country's off sick.

LINDA  
The council are talking about  
closing the school for a few  
days. The kids are ecstatic.

ABBY looks at DAVID uneasily.

ABBY  
I should have taken Peter for a  
jab before he went.

DAVID  
He'll be fine up where he is.

JOE  
Miles away from anywhere. Best  
place to be.

As he smiles Abby glances uncertainly at the silent images  
of queues of people waiting for their flu jabs.

CUT TO:

10

**OMITTED**

10

11

**INT. GRANT HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 1 14.40**

11

ABBY and DAVID are clearing up but in the middle of a slow  
burning argument, one that has been coming for a long time.

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

ABBY

We should drive up there now and  
just get him back.

(CONTINUED)

**5A**

DAVID

You want to ruin his holiday?

ABBY

Of course I don't!

DAVID

Then why are even talking about it?

ABBY

Because I'm scared! Scared he might catch this stupid bug, you know his immune system's still fragile...

DAVID

When does it stop, Abby? When do we start being an ordinary family again? When do I get my wife back?

She looks at him resentfully.

ABBY

This isn't about you.

DAVID

God, don't I bloody know it! Do you think you care about him more than I do?

ABBY

Of course not...

DAVID

Every minute we were in Cyprus you were thinking about him. We couldn't talk, we couldn't eat, we couldn't make love...

ABBY

My son might be dying but as long as you get to have sex...

DAVID

Our son! He's *our* son. (Pause) And he's not dying. That's the point.

He throws an empty can of lager angrily into the bin.

DAVID

He made it. He's okay. Why can't you just accept that?

11

CONTINUED:

11

They look at each other a little helplessly; Abby wants to protest but can't articulate her primal fear of losing her child. DAVID understands and looks at her more softly.

DAVID

You have to let go of the fear  
now, Abby. Not just for my sake.  
For all of us.

She looks at him, close to tears. He takes her in his arms and she finally lets him hold her, her mood softening.

ABBY

I get so frightened. If something  
happened to him and I wasn't  
there...

DAVID

Nothing's going to happen.

He sounds so certain she laughs and brushes the tears from her eyes.

ABBY

You're right. He's fine.

DAVID

So we're not going to get him?

ABBY

(Shakes her head)  
Let him have fun.

He smiles. She thinks for a second.

ABBY

And I'm going to see Helen about  
getting my old job back.

DAVID

Great idea.

ABBY

It's time for a fresh start.

She smiles bravely. He kisses her and the kiss quickly becomes passionate. There is a huge release of emotion in the way they hold each other, months of anguish and fear pent up in their sudden desperate affection.

ABBY

I love you.

He smiles. She nudges him sharply.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

ABBY

You're supposed to say it back.

DAVID

It only counts when you're not expecting it.

He grins and grabs her hand to lead her upstairs. She pauses to reach behind her for her mobile. He looks at her wryly.

ABBY

(Protesting)

He might phone...

He gazes at her. She sighs and puts the mobile back on the table, then follows him out, grabbing his hand as they go. We hear them laughing as they tumble up the stairs.

CUT TO:

12 INT. DR. THOMPSON'S OFFICE. DAY 1 14.41

12

TOM PRICE (30s) sits staring at the floor, his hands clasped in front of him. He wears jeans and a blue shirt. The room is bare except for a few shelves of books, a faded art print on the wall, a desk and a computer. There are no windows. Opposite PRICE sits DR. COLIN THOMPSON (40s).

PRICE

The first thing I remember is sitting in the kitchen while mum was ironing. She was laughing at something on the radio. I used to like it best when I was alone with her.

THOMPSON

Did you resent it when your brother was born?

PRICE

Why would I?

THOMPSON

Because his arrival shattered that special bond you had with your mother.

PRICE looks up, smiling.

PRICE

I know where this is going.

(CONTINUED)

THOMPSON

You talk about your mother a lot.

PRICE

She's a strong woman. I respect her.

THOMPSON

Do you love her?

PRICE

(Grins)

Not in the way you mean.

PRICE is lean and handsome, with a charming smile. There is a focused strength about him that is both attractive and unsettling.

THOMPSON

Has she been to see you recently?

PRICE

(Shakes his head)

She doesn't approve of me anymore.

THOMPSON

Is that surprising? Most people would describe what you did as evil.

PRICE

Most people don't interest me.

He smiles, fixing THOMPSON with his laconic gaze.

THOMPSON

She said in the newspapers that you're no longer her son. How does that make you feel?

PRICE

Angry. Very angry. It makes me want to pick up a hammer and smash someone's head in.

He stares at THOMPSON, then bursts out laughing.

PRICE

I'm sad about it. But what can I do? (Pause) Are you all right, doc?

THOMPSON massages his temples as he listens.

12

CONTINUED:

12

THOMPSON

Just a headache. (Pause) Have you written to her..?

A piercing alarm rings and the door opens. Prison Officer GARY WILSON, paunchy and middle-aged, comes in. Only now do we fully realise that Thompson's office is inside a high security prison.

WILSON

Back to your cell, Price.

PRICE

Not now, Mr. Wilson. We're just on the verge of a breakthrough.

THOMPSON smiles tolerantly and glances at WILSON.

THOMPSON

What's going on?

WILSON

Governor's orders. All prisoners to be isolated to prevent the spread of European flu.

PRICE stands up, looking at WILSON with teasing concern.

PRICE

You're looking a bit peaky yourself, Mr. Wilson.

CUT TO:

13

**INT. PRISON. DAY 1 14.43**

13

PRICE walks ahead of WILSON along the gangway. All along the corridor PRISONERS are being locked in their cells amid angry cries of protest.

PRICE

How long is this going to last?

WILSON

As long as it takes.

PRICE looks back at him, deadpan.

PRICE

You can't just lock us all up. It's a breach of our human rights.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

WILSON  
So call a lawyer.

CUT TO:

14

**INT. PRISON. PRICE'S CELL. DAY 1 14.43**

14

PRICE enters his cell, glancing briefly at TONY COYNE (19) his cell mate, who sits on his bed, reading a dog-eared graphic novel. COYNE is little more than a child - gangling, eager to please and not too bright.

COYNE  
All right, Tom? Weird stuff this, isn't it?

PRICE  
Locked up all day with you? It's a bloody nightmare. Nelson Mandela had it easy.

COYNE giggles as WILSON locks the door.

COYNE  
Most of the screws are off sick.

PRICE  
It's a flu epidemic. Don't you read the papers?

COYNE  
I had flu once. Sweats and shakes and everything. Two weeks off school. Bloody brilliant, that was.

PRICE  
You're an idiot, Coyne.

COYNE laughs. PRICE paces restlessly around the cell.

COYNE  
You reckon they'll send us home, then?

PRICE  
What?

COYNE  
There's a rumour going round about early release for anyone with less than a two to go. There ain't enough screws left to keep the prisons open.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

PRICE  
You actually believe that?

COYNE  
I was only saying...

PRICE  
Well don't. You're embarrassing  
yourself.

COYNE grins awkwardly and ducks back to his graphic novel.

CUT TO:

15

**EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE. DAY 2 15.30**

15

A few days later. ABBY walks towards a department store in a busy shopping centre. She dials quickly on her mobile and smiles as the call connects.

ABBY  
Peter? It's mum.

PETER  
(On Phone)  
Hi, Mum. I thought you were going  
to call tonight?

ABBY  
I just had a spare moment. You're  
not too busy to talk?

PETER  
(On Phone)  
We've got abseiling later. I  
should get ready...

There is a silence. ABBY frowns.

ABBY  
Are you okay?

PETER  
(On Phone)  
I'm fine. Everything's great.

He says this just a little too quickly for Abby's comfort. She tries to sound as bright as she can.

ABBY  
You're all fit and well up there?

PETER  
(On Phone)  
Oh... sure...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

PETER (cont'd)  
(Pause) I should go.... Look,  
mum, honestly, there's nothing to  
worry about. I'm fine. Love you.

ABBY  
You too.. Peter?

But the line is already dead. ABBY puts her phone away,  
feeling uneasy but angry with herself for fretting.

CUT TO:

16

**INT. DEPARTMENT STORE. STAFF CAFE. DAY 2 15.43**

16

ABBY and HELEN CRAWLEY chief women's clothes buyer, sit  
down at a table with coffee and sandwiches.

HELEN  
I can't stay long. I've got to  
get Frank to the doctors.

ABBY  
Is it the bug?

HELEN  
(Laughs)  
Of course it's worse for him than  
anyone else. You know what men  
are like.

They share a smile of complicity, but Helen frowns.

HELEN  
It's the old folks you worry  
about. It always hits them  
hardest.

ABBY smiles vaguely but is already planning her next  
speech. She takes a (mental) deep breath.

ABBY  
Helen, I was wondering about me  
coming back to work. I know it's  
been a while...

She pauses. Helen looks at her kindly.

HELEN  
How is your Peter now?

ABBY  
(Determined)  
Fine. He's absolutely fine.

HELEN  
We were all rooting for him.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

ABBY

I know that.

HELEN smiles encouragingly.

HELEN

I never wanted you to go. Not many of my girls handled the salesmen so well. They all asked for you.

ABBY

They were all trying to get into my knickers. You know what salesmen are like.

HELEN laughs, but looks thoughtful.

HELEN

You're sure you're ready to come back?

ABBY

Absolutely.

HELEN

(Smiles)

I'll put in a word...

She stops, her attention distracted by events outside the window. ABBY follows her gaze. A middle-aged woman has collapsed in the street. People crowd around her to help. HELEN and ABBY watch.

ABBY

Do you think she's all right?

HELEN

It must be the flu.

Outside, the woman is lifted to her feet. Someone gives her back her handbag and she is helped away to a seat.

HELEN

She needs to be home in bed, poor love.

CUT TO:

17

**INT. TRAIN STATION. DAY 2 16.15**

17

ABBY looks up in dismay at the departure board. Train after train is being cancelled.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

STATION MANAGER

(Over)

I am sorry to announce that owing to staff shortages we are running a revised timetable this evening. Please wait on the platform for further announcements...

As the frustrated crowd jostles around her she scratches at a persistent itch in her armpit, hardly even aware she's doing it.

CUT TO:

18

**EXT. BRIDEWELL PRIMARY SCHOOL. GATES/PLAYGROUND. DAY2 16.15** 8

The school is a typical inner city mixture of single storey pre-fabricated buildings. Standing in the playground is JENNY WALSH, 24. She is very pretty, with a sweet, sympathetic manner. At her side is TINA STYLES, 7, who carries her rucksack on her back.

JENNY

Don't worry, Tina. She'll be here in a minute.

TINA

Mummy's ill.

JENNY

A lot of people are ill.

TINA

You're not.

JENNY

Neither are you. We're lucky, aren't we?

Suddenly JENNY sees a man running towards them.

TINA

Daddy!

MR. STYLES

Sorry... I couldn't get a bus.

He scoops his daughter up in his arms. She feels his face.

TINA

You're hot!

MR. STYLES

I've been running, sweetheart.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

JENNY can see he is ill. He avoids her gaze.

MR. STYLES

I've got to get back. Her mum's  
in bed...

JENNY

There's no school tomorrow. We  
think it's best if the children  
stay at home for a few days.

TINA waves goodbye and JENNY waves back. MARION STURGES  
(50) the Head Teacher, comes to stand at Jenny's side.

MARION

Half the children off yesterday,  
two thirds today. It's very  
upsetting.

She looks exhausted. JENNY looks at her with concern.

JENNY

Are you all right Mrs. Sturges?

MARION

Fine. I just haven't eaten all  
day.

JENNY

(After a second)  
I should go. My flat mate wasn't  
feeling too bright this  
morning...

MARION

I'll email you as soon as we get  
the all clear.

CUT TO:

19

**OMITTED**

19

20

**INT. TRAIN. DAY 2 17.30**

20

ABBY is wedged into the carriage. The train grinds along  
reluctantly, hot, airless and miserable. Passengers stand  
in stupefied silence. The MAN next to her sneezes violently  
while a WOMAN nearby looks hot and unwell. ABBY takes out  
her mobile and tries Peter's number but only gets a  
recorded message.

ABBY

Peter? It's mum. Call me.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

She gazes out of the window, longing to be home. Suddenly the woman faints, falling back against the window. ABBY is only inches away. She is shocked by how ill the woman looks. A MAN stands up reluctantly to give her his seat.

ABBY

Are you all right, love?

The woman only looks at her vaguely. The passengers exchange uneasy glances.

CUT TO:

21

**INT. GRANT HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 2 19.45**

21

DAVID watches the TV as he lays the table. Images of jam packed health centres and A&E departments fill the screen.

NEWSREADER

(Over)

The flu crisis deepened today with much of the UK's population now affected by the virulent strain. In a statement the Prime Minister said everything possible was being done to confront the emergency. Updated medical advice this evening is that anyone who fears they may have contracted the flu should stay at home, drink plenty of fluids and avoid contacting a health professional except in an emergency...

He turns the sound down as he hears the front door slam and ABBY comes in. She smiles in relief as she sees him.

ABBY

Three hours for a twenty minute journey.

DAVID

It's crazy. The whole country's grinding to a halt.

She kisses him quickly, preoccupied.

ABBY

Have you heard from Peter? I spoke to him earlier and he was a bit strange.

DAVID

Strange how?

(CONTINUED)

She shrugs awkwardly, feeling a little foolish now.

ABBY

Like he didn't want to talk...

DAVID

He probably wanted to go out and play.

She smiles, trying to convince herself he must be right.

DAVID

(After a second)

Well?

ABBY

What?

DAVID

The job?

ABBY

Oh... It went well. Helen thinks she can swing it.

She grins. DAVID is thrilled.

DAVID

That's great.

Abby smiles but can't control her bubbling anxiety.

ABBY

Look, don't be angry with me, but I think something was wrong with him.

DAVID looks at her patiently. She sighs and finally gives in as cheerfully as she can.

ABBY

Okay, I'll stop worrying now. I'm going up for a bath.

DAVID

I'll get you a drink.

ABBY

Sounds wonderful.

CUT TO:

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS and CIVIL SERVANTS mill about setting up laptops and plasma screens and talking urgently into mobiles. SAMANTHA WILLIS (late 30s/40s) walks through the milling crowd of her staff with MARK CARTER, (20s) her chief aide, at her elbow. They move towards her office, which is semi-partitioned off from the rest of the office. WILLIS, the junior Minister for Health, is attractive and elegant.

CARTER

The State of Emergency is still being discussed in cabinet.

WILLIS

You mean by any minister left standing.

CARTER

The Prime Minister is reluctant to put troops on the streets. He feels that should be a last resort.

WILLIS

What stage does he think we're at now?

He shrugs helplessly. She smiles in exasperation.

WILLIS

I have to give the media more information.

CARTER

We should stress the problems are unprecedented. There hasn't been an outbreak of this severity since 1918, that kind of thing.

WILLIS

Can I at least announce that the army is on stand-by?

She looks at CARTER but his expression makes her pause.

WILLIS

What is it, Mark?

He takes a piece of paper from his inside pocket.

22

CONTINUED:

22

CARTER

This came from the Chief Medical Officer's people a few moments ago, marked strictly confidential. I'm still trying to get clarification.

She glances at it, then looks up.

WILLIS

The impact of the virus is thought to be more severe than early tests indicated. What does that mean?

CARTER

(After a second)

No one seems to know. All they said was that the implications are very serious.

WILLIS

How serious?

He shrugs helplessly. END on the nervous uncertainty on his face, then -

CUT TO:

23

**OMITTED**

23

24

**INT. GRANT HOUSE. BATHROOM. DAY 2. 20.05**

24

It is a light summer's evening. ABBY lies soaking in a hot bath, letting the warm water soothe her aching body. A glass of red wine stands on the side. She reaches up for it but her hand brushes the glass and sends it tumbling. It smashes on the floor and a red stain leaks across the tiles. ABBY attempts to get out of the bath but suddenly feels woozy. She closes her eyes to clear her head as she scratches at her armpit. Only now does she think to look for the cause of the irritation. She raises her arm. There is a small pink lump under her armpit. She stares at it in surprise but is then distracted as she hears her mobile ringing downstairs.

CUT TO:

25

**INT. GRANT HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 2. 20.06**

25

DAVID looks away from the TV and goes to pick up Abby's mobile.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

DAVID

Peter? (Pause) Oh, Mr. Brown...

(CONTINUED)

**20A**

He stops, listening to the voice at the other end.

DAVID  
When was this?

His expression grows more serious as he listens.

DAVID  
You should have phoned us  
straight away. You knew his  
medical history...

ABBY comes in at the end of this in jeans and a T-shirt,  
her hair still wet from the bath. She knows immediately  
something is wrong.

ABBY  
David? What is it?

She tries to take the phone but he holds it away from her  
as he finishes his conversation.

DAVID  
We'll be there as soon as we can.

He hangs up. ABBY looks at him frantically as he tries to  
reassure her.

DAVID  
It's nothing serious. He's just a  
little unwell.

ABBY  
Oh, God. I knew it. I knew  
something was wrong. We have to  
get him to the hospital, check  
his white blood cell count...

DAVID  
It's nothing to do with the  
cancer. It's flu. He's got the  
flu and gone to bed, that's  
all...

ABBY  
How do they know? The symptoms  
aren't that different...

Her panic turns rapidly to anger.

ABBY  
He shouldn't even be there. We  
should have brought him home.

25

CONTINUED:

25

DAVID

It doesn't matter where he is.  
He'd still have caught it...

She wrenches the phone furiously from his hand.

ABBY

Why did I ever listen to you? Why  
was I so stupid?

She spits the words out bitterly. DAVID looks at her,  
feeling both angry and guilty.

DAVID

Well, do you want to stand here  
arguing about it or do you want  
to get going?

They hurry out. DAVID looks at her anxiously and reaches  
out to touch her face.

DAVID

Look, I'm sorry...

She pulls away from him angrily but not before he reacts in  
surprise.

DAVID

Bloody hell. You're on fire.

ABBY

I'm fine. Come on.

CUT TO:

26

**OMITTED**

26

27

**INT. CAR. PETROL STATION. DAY 2. 20.31**

27

There is a long queue of cars waiting for the pumps. DAVID  
and ABBY sit in the queue in tense silence. DAVID looks at  
the cars in front.

DAVID

Come on. Come on.

ABBY

Look, just go.

DAVID

We'll never make it all the way  
there.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

ABBY

We can get petrol somewhere else.

DAVID looks at her uncertainly but then suddenly sees a gap open up by the pumps a few cars ahead.

DAVID

Sorry everyone.

He jams his foot on the accelerator.

CUT TO:

28

**EXT. PETROL STATION. DAY 2. 20.31**

28

DAVID wedges his car in front of the next in line and jumps out. The driver already waiting looks at him in outraged protest. DAVID holds out his hands in apology.

DAVID

Sorry, mate... it's urgent...

DRIVER

I've been waiting half an hour...

DAVID

It's my son. He's ill.

DRIVER

Who isn't? Wait in line like everyone else...

DAVID takes out his wallet and offers the man a £20 note.

DAVID

I'll be two minutes...

DRIVER

Get lost...

DAVID loses his temper and tries to grab the pump. ABBY gets out of the car as the two men scuffle.

DRIVER

I was here first.

He lands a clumsy punch on DAVID, who pushes him away. Other DRIVERS rush over to intervene.

DRIVER

He's a bloody queue jumper...

The other drivers, exasperated by the long wait, also turn on David. He lashes out angrily, still clinging to the pump, and gets thumped for his trouble.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

The confrontation turns into a full on scrap, though with more pushing and shoving than real fighting.

ABBY

David... for God's sake, leave it!

DAVID

Bloody idiots, panic buying...

ABBY watches in horror. Then, from her POV, we see the whole scene go briefly out of focus. She staggers, clutching at her head, sweat pouring down her face.

ABBY

David? David!

He looks across as she suddenly collapses against the car. Horrified, he drags himself away from the fight and rushes across to her. The other drivers stand and watch, not sure how to respond. Abby is conscious but very woozy.

DAVID

Abby! What is it?

ABBY

I don't feel right... I think I've got the bug. I'm so hot. My head feels as though it's about to explode.

DAVID

Why didn't you say something?

ABBY

We have to get Peter... please...

DAVID looks at her, horribly torn.

DAVID

We'll go home, get you a doctor. Then I'll come back for Peter...

ABBY is too weak and groggy to argue. He picks her up and puts her back as gently as he can in the car, then runs around to the other side. The other drivers look on in silence.

CUT TO:

29

**INT. PRISON. PRICE'S CELL. NIGHT 2. 22.35**

29

TONY COYNE lies shivering on his bunk. His hair is matted and he pushes his blanket aside to scratch feverishly at his armpit. PRICE looks at him uneasily.

(CONTINUED)

COYNE

I don't feel good, Tom. I'm so  
bloody hot.

PRICE goes to the door and bangs on it.

PRICE

Hey! We need help in here!

The prison is a bedlam of shouts and pleas. WILSON's face  
appears in the spy hole.

WILSON

What do you want, Price?

PRICE

Coyne's sick.

WILSON

Everyone's sick.

PRICE

He needs a doctor.

WILSON

There is no doctor. He went down  
with it this morning. There's  
nothing I can do.

PRICE

You can't leave me in here with  
him. I'll catch it as well.

The spy hole slides closed. PRICE controls his anger and  
goes back to COYNE, who is clutching his armpit.

COYNE

My arm really hurts.

He looks like a frightened child. PRICE reluctantly opens  
his shirt to look under his arm. He stares at something in  
shock then quickly buttons up his shirt again. COYNE sees  
his expression.

COYNE

What is it, Tom?

PRICE

Nothing. (Pause) You're fine. Try  
to get some sleep.

END on PRICE's face as he looks around uneasily at the  
shouting and crying coming from the other cells.

CUT TO:

30

**INT. CLUB. NIGHT 2. 23.35**

30

The cries and shouts of the prisoners bleed into the clatter and thump of a brutally loud sound system. Lights swirl as we move through the dancers and finally come to AALIM SADIQ. AL is slim, dark skinned and very handsome. He dances well. A pretty redhead nearby smiles as they lock eyes. The DJ's voice booms out as he fades down a record.

DJ

Okay, people, here's an official message. I've just been told the club has to close early...

There is a roar of disapproval amongst the clubbers.

DJ

Sorry, government orders. Blame the flu. (Pause) But we've still got time to party!

The revellers cheer. AL grabs the redhead's hand and shouts in her ear.

AL

Drink?

She nods and he leads her to a roped off VIP section. The BOUNCER lifts the rope to let them through. A WAITRESS comes over.

AL

Champagne. Cristal.

He tips her generously and turns to the girl.

AL

What's your name?

SIMONE

Simone.

AL

Cute name. I'm Al.

She smiles drunkenly and kisses him. As they kiss we CHANGE ANGLE to the dance floor. In the heat of the club everyone looks sweaty and feverish. In half-glimpsed fragments we see a GIRL collapsed on the floor surrounded by her friends while A MAN drifts through the crowd, his face silvered with sweat, lurching into people who push him away angrily. AL takes no notice. It's just another drug and booze fuelled night in club land.

CUT TO:

31 INT. GRANT HOUSE. HALL. NIGHT 2. 23.38

31

As DAVID helps ABBY back in through the door the lights flicker and go out. ABBY looks up vaguely.

ABBY  
What's going on?

DAVID looks around.

DAVID  
Must be a power cut...

ABBY is half-delirious now, her words emerging in a slurred ramble.

ABBY  
There are candles in the hall  
cupboard... how long does the  
food in the freezer last? Is it  
24 hours or 48? Don't open the  
door... that lets the cold out...

DAVID  
The power will be back on soon.

He helps her up the stairs.

CUT TO:

32 INT. GRANT HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 2. 23.39

32

DAVID steers ABBY towards the bed and sits her down on the side, helping her take off her jacket. She looks at him, a little frightened.

ABBY  
There's a lump under my arm.

She lifts her arm. By the light of the moon we see the pink lump has now swollen and hardened. DAVID recoils in horror. She curls up on the pillow. DAVID looks at her in panic, then grabs his mobile.

ABBY  
What are you doing?

DAVID  
Calling you a doctor.

He tries the line but it is engaged. He thinks desperately, then tries to lift her again but she cries out in protest.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

ABBY

Leave me alone... I want to go to sleep.

DAVID

We'll have to drive there. Come on, darling, just try...

ABBY

I just need to lie down for a minute...

She slumps against him. He clutches her to him anxiously.

CUT TO:

33

**INT. WANDSWORTH PRISON. PRICE'S CELL. NIGHT 2. 23.40**

33

TOM PRICE wakes with a start as TONY COYNE looms over him, gripping his shirt violently, his features deadly pale.

COYNE

Help me! For God's sake...

PRICE

Get off me!

He pushes him away. COYNE slips to the floor and is too weak to get up again. PRICE rushes to the door.

PRICE

Help! Help, someone!

His pleas are met only by the delirious cries of the other sick prisoners. PRICE looks round at COYNE and sees the boy's feverish eyes gleaming in the darkness.

PRICE

Stop bloody staring at me! I'm doing my best!

He bangs on the cell door in angry frustration.

PRICE

What the hell's happening here?

CUT TO:

34

**INT. MINISTRY OF HEALTH. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. NIGHT 2. 23.40** 34

The sense of urgency is giving way to panic. CIVIL SERVANTS and MINISTRY AIDES work frantically to field the flood of information coming from mobiles, TVs and laptops. Many of them now look ill themselves.

(CONTINUED)

One WOMAN lies on a row of chairs with a concerned colleague at her side. SAMANTHA WILLIS and MARK CARTER find a quiet corner.

CARTER

We're getting reports of localised power outages and the tube system is virtually at a standstill. The picture's the same all over the country.

WILLIS

Well, what are we doing? No matter how serious the flu might be people don't expect the national infrastructure to collapse.

CARTER

None of our contingency plans allowed for the virus spreading so quickly.

WILLIS

We have to isolate people with the infection. Quarantine them if necessary...

CARTER shakes his head in frustration and leads her to a quieter part of the office where they won't be overheard.

CARTER

It's already too late for that.

WILLIS

What do you mean?

CARTER

Virtually the entire population has already been exposed.

She stares at him in shock as he continues as calmly as he can.

CARTER

The virus is much more aggressive than early tests indicated. By the time symptoms begin to show the body's immune system has already been severely compromised.

WILLIS

Compromised?

34

CONTINUED:

34

CARTER

(After a second)

It goes into meltdown. In effect  
the body is attacking itself.

CUT TO:

35

**INT. CLUB. NIGHT 2. 23.50**

35

AL and SIMONE dance close together. AL leans in to shout in  
her ear.

AL

I live pretty close if you fancy  
a nightcap.

SIMONE

I'm with my friends.

AL

They'll be all right. You want to  
see the view from my place.

She smiles and wraps her arms around his neck... and in the  
same second the sound system dies abruptly as the lights go  
out. There are cries of surprise and fear, shouts and  
confusion in the darkness. AL grabs SIMONE's hand.

AL

Let's get out of here.

CUT TO:

36

**INT. GRANT HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 2. 23.51**

36

The room is flooded with moonlight. Candles stand on the  
dresser. DAVID has changed Abby into her night clothes. He  
watches her as he tries his mobile again but the emergency  
number still rings engaged. Suddenly the line connects and  
we hear a voice.

DAVID

Ambulance. I need an ambulance...  
(Pause) How long? (Pause) It's  
12, Hallam Gardens... hurry,  
please.

He realises Abby is awake and looking at him.

DAVID

It's okay. Someone's coming..

ABBY

I feel a bit better now.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

DAVID

Does your arm hurt?

ABBY

I can't feel it. Where's Peter?

DAVID

As soon as the ambulance comes  
I'll go and get him.

He talks calmly, though he is trying to control his panic.  
She tries to smile.

ABBY

I'll be fine in the morning. Just  
let me sleep now.

She shivers, her face covered in sweat. DAVID holds her  
tightly, desperately worried. The lights flicker for a  
moment as the power surges, lending the scene a haunting  
quality. After a second they blink back on.

CUT TO:

37

**INT. AL'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 2. 00.10**

37

At the same moment AL and SIMONE stand in his flat looking  
out at the panoramic view from his living room windows.  
SIMONE tries to be cool but is obviously impressed.

SIMONE

Not bad.

He is used to this reaction. He kisses her, slyly checking  
his BlackBerry behind her back. As they break off she wipes  
her forehead.

AL

You're dripping.

SIMONE

It's the dancing. I need a  
shower.

AL

Down the hall. (Pause) Drink?

SIMONE

Vodka.

He goes to a drinks cabinet. SIMONE looks around.

SIMONE

You must be pretty rich.

(CONTINUED)

AL

Not compared to some. You should see my uncle's place in New York.

SIMONE

What are you? Saudi?

AL

My father's Kuwaiti, my mum was English.

SIMONE

Al doesn't sound like an Arab name.

AL

Short for Aalim. Al's easier.

She takes her drink and goes off down the hall. AL calls out after her.

AL

There are fresh towels in the basket. (Pause) And condoms in the cabinet.

She turns to him coolly.

SIMONE

It's just as well you're so fit. Otherwise you'd be a real creep.

AL grins and SIMONE heads off to the bathroom. He hurls himself down on the sofa, turning on the big TV with the remote as he looks at his emails. He glances up as SAMANTHA WILLIS appears on the screen, chairing a panel of MEDICAL and MILITARY experts. She looks cool and composed.

WILLIS

... there is nothing to be gained by giving credence to rumours and hearsay. All the hard information suggests the emergency services are coping extremely well...

AL channel hops impatiently until he finds a music video.

CUT TO:

At the same moment young teacher JENNY WALSH is trying to comfort her desperately sick flat mate PATRICIA KELLY. Pat would normally be a pretty young woman but now her face is pale with sweat and she is trembling violently.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

JENNY dissolves an aspirin in water, glancing at the TV where WILLIS'S press conference is continuing.

JOURNALIST 1

Minister, we're receiving credible reports that people are dying.

WILLIS

I think we have to treat internet speculation with a degree of suspicion at this point.

JOURNALIST 1

This is people talking about their own families.

WILLIS

I have no information on that.

JENNY stares for a second but then hurries over to PAT.

JENNY

Try to get this down, Pat. It'll make you feel better.

PAT gags and most of it goes down her T-shirt. She grips Jenny's arm with a pleading look.

PAT

Get Anya. Please, Jen... She'll know what to do.

JENNY

I've called the hospital. They said she'd call back when she could.

PAT

Please. I need Anya.

CUT TO:

38A

**INT. MINISTRY OF HEALTH. PRESS ROOM. NIGHT 2. 00.10**

38A

WILLIS sits with a panel of experts in the increasingly fractious press conference. On her right is an a silver-haired an eminent figure with chief medical officer and his name SIR BRIAN TILSTON on a card in front of him; on her left is a man in military uniform (GENERAL MIKE STONE).

JOURNALIST 2

Is there a vaccine yet?

WILLIS looks to TILSTON, who looks uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

38A

CONTINUED:

38A

TILSTON

Our immediate hope lies in prevention. My advice to the public is to stay home and avoid contact with each other as much as possible...

JOURNALIST 1

Is it true the Prime Minister himself is ill?

WILLIS

I briefed him a few hours ago and he was fine.

JOURNALIST 2

Then why won't he talk to us?

WILLIS

He's busy coordinating the Government's response. I'm sure you wouldn't expect anything less.

She turns swiftly to the military man on her left.

WILLIS

At this point I'd like to invite General Mike Stone to explain the practical aspects of the State of Emergency.

STONE

Thank you, minister. The army's first priority will be the maintenance of essential services...

CUT TO:

38B

**INT. AL'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 2. 00.12**

38B

AL switches off the TV and tries to send an email on his BlackBerry but the action fails. He clicks the phone function but the signal rings engaged. He curses, then glances up as SIMONE appears in the hall in a white robe, drying her hair with a towel. They kiss. He takes the towel from her hand and begins to dry her hair gently.

AL

You don't want to go to sleep with your hair wet. You'll catch your death.

(CONTINUED)

38B

CONTINUED:

38B

She smiles and leans against him, enjoying the sensation of the towel rubbing her head. She looks out of the window dreamily.

SIMONE

It's a nice view.

AL

You should see it from the bedroom.

He smiles, taking the sting out of his outrageous self-confidence as he wraps her in his arms.

CUT TO:

39

**EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE. STREETS. NIGHT 2. 00.20**

39

JENNY emerges from the house with PAT leaning heavily against her, wrapped up in a raincoat.

JENNY

Okay?

PAT nods, though she looks awful. JENNY guides her into the street. She stops to look around in amazement. The street is in chaos, with cars bumper to bumper. There is shouting and confusion everywhere. The traffic lights have failed and many of the drivers are out of their cars. A police car pulls out of a junction, its siren blaring and immediately grinds to a halt in the logjam. A POLICEMAN jumps out and tries to direct the passenger traffic to the side of the road but there is nowhere for anyone to go.

CUT TO:

40

**EXT. STREET/TRAM STATION. NIGHT 2. 00.21**

40

JENNY helps PAT along the high street. She stops in amazement as she sees a gang of KIDS hurl bricks through the windows of a shop and reach in to help themselves to plasma TVs, and other electronic goods. The kids scatter, expensive hardware smashing to the ground as they run.

JENNY drags PAT to the station but a temporary sign reads: "Trams suspended until further notice." JENNY nearly cries in dismay, but looks at PAT desperately.

JENNY

You have to walk, Pat. Please.  
It's not far.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

PAT looks at her, barely registering what she is saying but somehow putting one foot in front of another.

CUT TO:

41

**INT. GRANT HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 2. 00.21**

41

ABBY is soaked in sweat. She twists and turns, kicking off the covers in her delirium. DAVID tries to calm her. She looks at him in panic.

ABBY

Where's Peter? He mustn't be late  
for school...

She stares at him, more lucid now but very frightened.

ABBY

I can't breathe...

She tries to throw off the covers and moans angrily.

ABBY

I'm too hot.

DAVID

The Help Line said to keep you  
warm. The ambulance will be here  
in a minute. It's been ages...

He tries to put a bottle of water to her lips but she bats it away angrily.

ABBY

David? I'm scared. I feel so  
awful...

She looks terrible. DAVID puts the bottle back to her lips and this time she manages a few sips before settling back on the pillows. He looks at her anxiously.

CUT TO:

42

OMITTED

42

43

INT. HOSPITAL. A&E NIGHT 2. 00.32

43

Sick people are sprawled all over the waiting room. It is bedlam. PAT is barely conscious as Jenny drags her into A&E. The crowded entrance is blocked with patients and frantic paramedics. The two women stumble through the crowd. THE RECEPTIONIST is under siege. JENNY finds a seat for PAT and pushes herself to the front of the queue.

RECEPTIONIST

The hospital is completely full.  
Please go home...

People shove back resentfully as JENNY elbows in.

JENNY

Page Dr. Anya Raczynski for me.  
Tell her it's Jenny, please.

The RECEPTIONIST ignores her. JENNY impulsively grabs the microphone for the PA unit and shouts into it.

JENNY

Dr. Anya Raczynski, please come  
to reception immediately...

RECEPTIONIST

Hey, leave that alone!

The RECEPTIONIST grabs it back and pushes her away. Jenny retreats and looks for PAT, who is now slumped in a chair, leaning against the wall. JENNY puts an arm around her and tries to ignore the shouts and crying all around her. She looks up at the television. The rolling news shows SAMANTHA WILLIS's crowded press conference.

WILLIS

(On TV)

Fresh supplies of flu vaccine are  
being distributed and the  
Department of Health has opened  
up a record number of hospital  
beds...

JOURNALIST 1

(Interrupting)

How can you say that when you  
know hospitals all over the  
country are closing their doors  
to new patients?

WILLIS

That is emphatically not the  
case.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

WILLIS (cont'd)

Nobody denies the seriousness of the situation but we are confident we're handling it well.

JOURNALIST 2

It's true, isn't it, that the government has lost control?

WILLIS

We're a very long way from that situation...

ANYA

(Off)

Jenny..?

JENNY looks up to see ANYA RACZYNSKI (25) gazing at her. The pretty young doctor is hollow-eyed with exhaustion. JENNY looks at her desperately.

JENNY

I didn't know what else to do.

ANYA

(After a second)

Wait here.

She rushes off. JENNY smiles encouragingly but PAT is unresponsive. A moment later ANYA comes hurrying back with a wheelchair. Between them they manage to get PAT into it.

JENNY

Will she be all right?

ANYA doesn't reply. JENNY follows her down the hall.

44

**INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDORS. NIGHT 2. 00.36**

44

A long queue of people snakes away down the corridor. A NURSE goes down the line giving people flu jabs. ANYA leads JENNY past, pushing the chair. She finds a trolley in an alcove and they transfer PAT onto it. ANYA gazes at Pat, then wipes the sweat tenderly from her forehead. She glances at JENNY.

ANYA

Give me a minute.

JENNY nods and wanders away, looking back at the long line of frightened people waiting for their jabs. She finds herself by the half-closed door of a ward. As she passes she glances inside, then stops. She goes closer and looks inside, glancing back at ANYA, who is busy with Pat.

From JENNY's POV through the half-open door we see a terrible sight.

(CONTINUED)

The ward is overflowing with dead patients, some covered in sheets, some in body bags. They are on beds, on the floor, on trolleys. It is like something from a nightmare.

JENNY reels back, trembling with shock. As she stands, shaking, she sees ANYA bending to kiss PAT briefly on the forehead. The young doctor looks across and realises what has happened. She rushes over, grabs Jenny's arm and yanks her away angrily.

ANYA

You're not allowed in there...

JENNY stares at her wide-eyed with shock.

JENNY

How many..?

ANYA

Hundreds in the last few hours alone. It's the same everywhere.

JENNY holds her hands to her mouth as she tries not to scream.

JENNY

But some people recover. You must have some who get through it...

She reads her answer in Anya's face.

JENNY

No one..?

ANYA

Not yet.

JENNY looks back at the queue of people waiting for a jab.

JENNY

What about the jab?

JENNY

It's useless, just a fiction to keep the panic under control.

JENNY slumps back against the wall, trembling with shock.

JENNY

Pat?

ANYA

I can't help her.

JENNY

There must be some kind of treatment.

44

CONTINUED:

44

ANYA

It takes years to develop effective vaccines. We've had days.

The two young women look at each other, one disbelieving, the other dazed by tiredness and horror.

ANYA

The virus causes our own immune systems to turn against us. It rips our natural defences to shreds. It moves so quickly...

She looks down helplessly.

ANYA

Calling it flu is like comparing a stick of dynamite to a nuclear bomb.

CUT TO:

45

OMITTED

45

46

**EXT. STREET. NIGHT 2. 00.40**

46

NAJID, 11, a young boy of Pakistani extraction, stands in the road looking around in wonder as a crowd of neighbours and friends from the Muslim community walk past. There are a few murmured greetings but the mood is sombre; many people are supported by their friends and family, while one man is carried on an improvised stretcher. They move forward with a common purpose, their torches glimmering in the darkness.

NAJID has never seen anything like this. The strangeness of it is overwhelming; he bumps into someone in the darkness, earning an angry rebuke.

MAN

Watch where you're going!

NAJID turns in the crowd, lost for a second, then sees his father up ahead. He runs to catch up. His MOTHER leans on his FATHER's shoulder, wiping her forehead with the sleeve of her dress. His FATHER turns to him with a tired smile.

FATHER

Keep up, Najid. We must stick together.

NAJID

What are we doing, dad?

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

FATHER

We must pray to be spared this  
terrible sickness.

He touches his son's face affectionately.

FATHER

There's nothing to be scared of.

His father gives NAJID his copy of the Koran and places a  
hand on his shoulder.

FATHER

If anything happens... if you  
somehow find yourself alone, tell  
the authorities you have cousins  
in Blackburn.

He closes his eyes as a sharp pain stabs through his head.

NAJID

Are you all right, dad?

FATHER

(Smiles)

Come on. Your mother's waiting  
for us.

NAJID hurries to catch up with his mother, who has moved  
ahead.

CUT TO:

47

**INT. MOSQUE. PRAYER HALL. NIGHT 2. 00.45**

47

NAJID follows his father into the candlelit prayer hall,  
taking off his shoes as the women go upstairs. He finds a  
spot on the crowded carpet. Muttered sounds of worship echo  
around him. NAJID bows his head and begins to recite the  
comforting words of the Koran, his hands cupped in front of  
him in prayer. He notices that his father's face is shiny  
with sweat in the candlelight.

As the sounds of prayer echo quietly and the candle smoke  
curls up to the ceiling -

CUT TO:

48

**INT. GRANT HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 2. 00.45**

48

DAVID leans over the bed. The room is lit by the moon; the  
power has long since gone off again. ABBY's eyes flicker  
open and she stares at him. He smiles in relief.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Hi.

ABBY

I was having a strange dream.

DAVID

You're awake now. Does it hurt anywhere?

ABBY

I feel like I'm floating. It's quite nice.

He smiles. In the moonlight we see he has been crying. She touches his face.

ABBY

Are you crying?

DAVID

Of course not.

He bends quickly and kisses her head. She looks desperately pale but smiles.

ABBY

I love you.

DAVID

I love you too.

ABBY

I thought it didn't count when I was expecting it?

She tries to smile but then a flicker of fear comes over her face. She grabs his arm fiercely.

ABBY

David? I'm falling...

Her head suddenly rolls to one side as she lapses into a coma. DAVID looks at her frantically.

DAVID

Abby..?

He wraps her in the duvet and tries to lift her. Her head lolls back and her eyes stare lifelessly. He puts her down and feels frantically for a pulse in her neck. He finds nothing. He cries out in horror.

48

CONTINUED:

48

DAVID

Abby... Don't do this... Abby!

CUT TO:

49

**INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT 2. 00.50**

49

PAT lies on the trolley, her eyes open but lifeless. Her struggle is over. ANYA and JENNY stand by her side. JENNY clutches ANYA's hand.

CUT TO:

50

**INT. HOSPITAL. STAFF ROOM. NIGHT 2. 00.51**

50

ANYA and JENNY sit in the deserted staff room, a mess of coffee cups, newspapers and pizza boxes. The lights are dimmed but still on. JENNY looks up as they flicker.

JENNY

There must be some hope.

ANYA

There are bound to be some people who are naturally immune. The lucky ones, if you can call them that.

JENNY

Why shouldn't you?

ANYA

Can you imagine what life will be like for them now? How lonely and scared they'll be?

JENNY

But life is better than anything isn't it? Whatever happens, I'd rather live.

There are tears in her eyes. ANYA looks as though she doesn't really agree but then smiles gently.

ANYA

Perhaps you will. If you stay well for another few days...

She stops as she reads something in Jenny's face.

ANYA

Jenny?

JENNY's hands tremble.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

I think I've got it. My head  
hurts and I'm too hot. There's a  
lump...

Despair nearly overwhelms ANYA as she stares at her friend.

ANYA

Oh, Jenny...

She quickly hides her intense sadness beneath a brisk  
professional exterior.

50

CONTINUED:

50

ANYA

Stay here. No one will bother you. You can lie down on the sofa. I'll give you something to help you sleep.

JENNY

I don't want to be alone...

ANYA

I won't go. I promise.

They embrace for a second, then JENNY looks at her as calmly as she can.

JENNY

Why haven't you got it? You've been exposed longer than anybody.

ANYA smiles sadly.

ANYA

It's only a matter of time.

CUT TO:

51

**INT. MINISTRY OF HEALTH. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. NIGHT 2. 00.52** 51

The place is now littered with coffee cups, sandwiches and documents. Television screens relay a constant stream of images of the crisis. There are many fewer people present. SAMANTHA WILLIS sits drinking a cup of coffee. MARK CARTER hands her a document. She reads it and is visibly shocked.

WILLIS

This is it? This is what I'm supposed to tell them?

CARTER

I think that's up to you now. The Prime Minister died a few minutes ago.

SAMANTHA stares, then looks back down at the document.

WILLIS

How many millions?

CARTER

If the infection carries on progressing at the current rate we're talking more than 90 per cent of the population.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIS stares at him, then glances around at the remaining staff struggling to coordinate the crisis response.

WILLIS

Tell everyone to go home as soon as the press conference is finished. They should be with their families. You too.

A mobile rings and he takes it out of his pocket.

CARTER

Of course, Jack. She's right here. (Pause) It's your husband. Better hurry. They don't think the mobile networks will last much longer.

WILLIS takes the phone, covering the mouthpiece briefly as she looks up at her young aide.

WILLIS

Thank you, Mark. You've done a remarkable job.

CARTER

It's been a privilege working with you, minister.

They gaze at each other in numbed silence before she answers the phone, her manner bright and cheerful.

WILLIS

(On Phone)

Jack? I'm sorry. I couldn't phone earlier... (Pause, listens) All of you? The boys too?

Tears spring to her eyes but she speaks briskly.

WILLIS

Are they in bed? Good. (Pause) No, I'm fine. I'll be home soon. (Pause) Of course everything's going to be all right. It's just a nasty bug. (Pause) Jack? I love you.

She hangs up, straightens her jacket and walks out.

CUT TO:

52           **INT. MINISTRY OF HEALTH. PRESS ROOM. NIGHT 2. 00.53**           52

In a cramped and functional press room in the same building SAMANTHA is on her own; the experts have gone and so have most of the journalists. Only a few camera crews are left. The mood is sombre. WILLIS stares directly into the camera.

                  WILLIS

I can no longer disguise from you the fact that we are facing a very grave crisis. During this period of uncertainty it is possible there will be temporary losses of power and water. I urge you all to behave responsibly, to be good neighbours and to avoid panic....

CUT TO:

53           **INT. MINISTRY OF HEALTH. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. NIGHT 2. 00.53**   53

CARTER stands watching WILLIS on the TV.

                  WILLIS

          (On TV)

... as soon as it is practically possible your government will restore services and normalise the situation.

She pauses, then carries on calmly.

                  WILLIS

Rest assured we continue to work on your behalf. In the meantime, good luck and God bless you all.

We go CLOSER and CLOSER on her and then abruptly, the screen goes blank.

CUT TO:

53A          **INT. MINISTRY OF HEALTH. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. NIGHT 2. 01.00** 53A

WILLIS stands in the now deserted office. She watches lights begin to go out in the buildings all around her, as little by little power fails all over London.

CUT TO:



59 **EXT. CITY/ROADS/FIELDS/STADIUM/CAR PARK. DAY 3. 06.02** 59

A poignantly lovely sunrise. Golden light filters over a series of images of the desolate new reality of the disease ravaged country -

- roads stand silent, blocked with cars. Nothing moves.
- houses stand quiet. There is little visible sign of the horror, but we know that within each home lies the same terrible story.
- cows stand in a field, lowing plaintively to be milked.
- a shopping mall is eerily deserted.
- a huge football stadium stands empty.
- a dog sits in the back of a locked car, barking frantically for an owner who will never come.

FADE TO:

60 **INT. PRISON. PRICE'S CELL. DAY 3. 06.30** 60

Dawn light filters in through the windows. The prison is ominously quiet. TOM PRICE sits by his bunk, fiercely alert. Across the cell TONY COYNE lies on the floor, his eyes staring. He is dead.

TOM looks up as he hears footsteps. He rushes to the door.

PRICE

In here! Hey!

Keys rattle in the lock. WILSON walks in. He looks grey, not with illness but a deep and terrible shock. He stares at Coyne's body, then at PRICE.

WILSON

There was nothing I could do.

As he looks at PRICE we see a sudden spasm of anger in his eyes.

WILSON

You're not even ill?

PRICE shakes his head.

WILSON

You know how many people are still okay in this place?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

WILSON (cont'd)  
(Pause) None of them. Not one.  
They're all either dead or dying.

PRICE stares at him incredulously, then laughs.

WILSON  
What's funny?

PRICE  
We're still here, Mr. Wilson.  
Just you and me.

WILSON hits him. PRICE spins back against the wall, his mouth bleeding. WILSON stares at him with hatred.

WILSON  
You should have been the first to  
go. Scum like you don't deserve  
to live.

PRICE wipes the blood from his lip.

PRICE  
So, what happens now?

WILSON only stares at him then goes out, slamming the door. PRICE reacts furiously.

PRICE  
You can't just leave me here...

But he can already hear Wilson's footsteps moving away. PRICE stares around the cell, facing the very real prospect of dying of thirst or starvation.

CUT TO:

61

**INT. LONDON. AL'S FLAT. BEDROOM. DAY 3. 07.30**

61

AL SADIQ surfaces in bed with the light streaming into his eyes. He groans at his hangover, then turns to look at the time. The digital display on his clock is blank. He sits up and reaches instinctively for his BlackBerry, but there is no signal. He sits up, confused. SIMONE lies beside him, half-covered by the sheet. He shakes her shoulder.

AL  
Time to make a move, darling.

He flinches at the coldness of her skin.

AL  
Simone?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

He pulls her over to face him. Her eyes are staring and her limbs stiffening with rigor mortis. AL yells in shock and hurls himself out of bed.

AL

What have you done you, stupid  
cow? What have you taken?

He drags on a pair of trousers and presses the emergency number on his mobile. He shouts into it frantically.

AL

Ambulance. I need an ambulance...

There is no signal. He is talking to dead air.

CUT TO:

62 **EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE AL'S APARTMENT. DAY 3. 07.35**

62

AL hurls the car into the street from the underground car park but immediately has to brake. A van has been left blocking the road. It is freakishly silent. No cars, no trains, no planes, none of the normal, comforting chaos of the rush hour. AL opens his door and stares around.

Seeing someone in the van he hurries over and bangs on the window.

AL

Hey! What's going on? Where is  
everybody?

There is no response. Fear prickles at AL's skin. He flings open the door and grabs the driver's arm.

AL

Didn't you hear me..?

The DRIVER slumps half-out of his cab. AL jumps back in horror.

CUT TO:

63 **INT. MOSQUE. PRAYER ROOM. DAY 3. 11.35**

63

At first sight the faithful appear to be bent in prayer, but the posture of the bodies shows that the truth is much more terrible. Most of the congregation are already dead; some are still alive but are firmly in the grip of the virus. They are semi-conscious or delirious, their eyes open but unseeing.

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED:

63

The male members of Najid's family lie side by side. Najid's father has a protective arm slung around him but is clearly dead. At first we think that NAJID too is lost but suddenly the young boy blinks and sits up. He looks around, his eyes heavy with sleep. He is surrounded by a sea of bodies.

NAJID

Dad? Dad -

He shakes him, then turns in panic to his brother - but he too is lifeless. He pushes at them both frantically.

NAJID

Wake up. Please... wake up.

His little face crumples in dismay. He sees a man moving a few yards away and rushes to him.

NAJID

Please, can you help me..?

The dying man stares at him with feverish vacancy.

CUT TO:

64

**INT. MOSQUE. STAIRS. DAY 3. 11.37**

64

NAJID takes the stairs to the women's gallery two at a time, shouting as he runs.

NAJID

Mum! Mum!

We STAY on the stairs rather than follow him any further. There is no need to see the horror that awaits him. After a moment he comes back down slowly, looking dazed and lost.

CUT TO:

65

**EXT. MOSQUE. STREET. DAY 3. 11.38**

65

NAJID emerges into the sunlight. He is used to the vibrant urgency of a busy working class area, the crush of people, the laughter and shouting, the everyday life he takes for granted. But that is all gone now, vanished as though swept away in a conjurer's trick. Empty of people, completely silent, the street looks like an alien world.

CUT TO:





73

CONTINUED:

73

There is no one to be seen and nothing moves. The silence and emptiness of the once busy city are haunting. In a brief series of shots we see the sun sink and then rise again.

CUT TO:

74

**OMITTED**

74

75

**INT. PRISON. PRICE'S CELL. DAY 4. 14.02**

75

PRICE paces the cell like a rat in a cage. He suddenly hears footsteps and hurls himself to the door.

PRICE

Hey! In here!

The door is unlocked and WILSON comes in. He throws a bottle of water and Price catches it, drinking greedily and spilling the water down his shirt.

WILSON

I was going to leave you to die.  
But I couldn't do it. I'm not an  
animal like you.

He is nearly blacking out with exhaustion, but as PRICE moves he snaps awake, taking a tazer gun from his belt. He gestures that PRICE should go ahead of him out of the cell.

WILSON

Keep where I can see you.

CUT TO:

76

**INT. WANDSWORTH PRISON. WALKWAY. DAY 4. 14.03**

76

PRICE walks out ahead of WILSON. Most of the cells are locked but a few doors stand open. He sees glimpses of bodies in bunks.

PRICE

Is it as bad as this outside?

WILSON

Worse.

PRICE looks back over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

76

CONTINUED:

76

PRICE

Have you lost anyone, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON

Wife and two kids. They died  
within an hour of each other.

PRICE

I'm sorry.

WILSON

I don't want your sympathy.

CUT TO:

77

**INT. WANDSWORTH PRISON. STORAGE ROOM. DAY 4. 14.04**

77

WILSON stops PRICE in front of a storage cupboard. The small room is stuffed with blankets and prison uniforms piled on shelves. There is a small barred window high up on one wall. On the floor is a pack of bottled water, a few chocolate bars and a loaf of bread.

PRICE

You can't be serious.

WILSON

Someone will come for you.

PRICE turns on him angrily.

PRICE

I'm not going in there...

WILSON jabs the tazer in his chest and he goes down, yelling and writhing in shock. WILSON stands over him.

WILSON

You're a prisoner of Her Majesty's Government. You'll do what you're bloody told.

PRICE

You enjoyed that, didn't you?

He staggers to his feet, struggling to catch his breath. WILSON stares at him with hatred.

WILSON

You've got twenty years left to serve, Price. And no matter what happens, I intend to see you do every last one of them. Now get in.

(CONTINUED)

He finds the store room key on his ring. As he looks down we GO CLOSE on the sleeve of PRICE's shirt as he works something out of it - a screwdriver sharpened to a point and taped to a wooden handle. He palms it as he looks at WILSON, his tone calm and reasonable.

PRICE

You know, you don't have to do this, Mr. Wilson.

WILSON

What are you talking about?

PRICE

You could just look the other way while I walk out that door. Nothing's the same now. The old rules don't apply.

WILSON

Get in there.

PRICE

I'm giving you a chance. Let me go and I'll just disappear. We'll never bother each other again.

WILSON raises the tazer threateningly but PRICE is ready for him this time. He ducks away, grabs his arm and stabs upwards with his other hand. WILSON gasps, drops the tazer to the floor and looks in surprise at the wound in his stomach.

PRICE stabs him again, plunging the blade calmly and precisely between his ribs into his heart. WILSON sinks to the floor, fatally injured. PRICE looks down at him.

PRICE

Now that's what I call ironic. You survive the plague only to go and get yourself killed over something stupid like this.

He throws the blade away, steps over the dying WILSON and walks towards the door.

PRICE

I offered you a fair deal. You should have taken it.

CUT TO:



80

CONTINUED:

80

There is a mad grin on his face and he gives ANYA the finger as he goes past. ANYA stares after him in disbelief. Is this what the world is going to be like now?

CUT TO:

81

**EXT. CITY. CANAL. DAY 4. 20.01**

81

ANYA walks down by the canal as the light begins to fade. Barges are moored to the side. ANYA suddenly knows she doesn't want to go any further tonight; in any case, she has nowhere particular to go. She sees a gaily painted barge and hops onto it. Out of habit she knocks on the door, which is open. Inside, it is mercifully free of bodies. ANYA looks around, then slips inside.

CUT TO:

82

**EXT. CANAL BARGE. NIGHT 4. 21.01**

82

ANYA sits on the deck, enjoying the last of the sunlight. It is peaceful, even beautiful in the warm evening. She eats a tin of peaches, glancing up as a seabird glides low over the canal before wheeling away gracefully. Although nothing can soften the deadening despair in her heart, for a moment at least she is at peace. She opens her bag and takes out a creased photograph of her, Jenny and Pat in a club somewhere raising their glasses to the camera. She stares at it for a second, then lets it slip from her fingers into the canal.

CUT TO:

83

**INT. CITY. NIGHT 4. 23.59**

83

Once more the city sinks into darkness. There is something sinister in the total blackness that sinks over the once brightly illuminated landscape. Night is like a curtain being drawn across the day.

CUT TO:

84

**INT. GRANT HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 5. 08.01**

84

ABBY GRANT lies in bed. Her eyes are open and staring; the horrible aura of death hangs heavily over the room.

But ABBY is not dead. Suddenly her eyelids flutter and her throat contracts in a rasping cough. She gags as she struggles to suck in oxygen. It is as though she is being born again, wrenched from death and trust back into life. Her throat is sticky with dehydration, her limbs stiff and uncoordinated, her hair matted.

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED:

84

She tries to shout but her words emerge as a croak and she is too weak even to raise herself up in bed.

(CONTINUED)

**58A**

84 CONTINUED:

84

ABBY

David?

With a huge effort of will she swings her legs out of the bed. She collapses and sits on the floor panting with shock.

CUT TO:

85 INT. GRANT HOUSE. BATHROOM. DAY 5. 08.06

85

ABBY staggers to the tap and puts her mouth to it. The cold water runs over her face. She drinks desperately, then reels back feeling sick. She leans against the wall and sees her own reflection in the mirror. She stares in shock at her gaunt, muck stained face, soiled T-shirt and pyjamas. She looks like a filthy shadow of her normal self.

She strips off her pyjamas and drags herself to the shower. She turns on the hot water but nothing emerges. She turns to the cold and gasps in shock as the water hits her. She forces herself to stay under the chilly stream of water, desperate to scrub off the stink of her illness. But after a moment the water slows to a trickle as the tank empties.

CUT TO:

86 INT. GRANT HOUSE. STAIRS/HALL. DAY 5. 08.35

86

ABBY, now dressed in a fresh T-shirt and jeans, walks down the stairs, leaning heavily on the bannister. She tries the light switch.

ABBY

David?

The silence is oppressive. She looks around fearfully.

CUT TO:

87 INT. GRANT HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 5. 08.35

87

The fridge is surrounded by a pool of water. ABBY flinches at the smell. She looks in the bread bin but the loaf is mouldy. Glancing in the cupboards she finds some cheese biscuits and a bottle of water. She eats and drinks greedily, messily, feeling stronger all the time.

CUT TO:



90A CONTINUED: 90A

LINDA lies in the bed, while JOE is sprawled on the floor by the door. Both of them have been dead for days. ABBY sobs in horror.

CUT TO:

91 OMITTED 91

91A EXT. STREET. DAY. 08.45 91A

ABBY dashes back out into the street, overwhelmed by panic. She rushes from house to house, shouting frantically.

ABBY

Hello! Please, is anyone there.  
Someone please help me.

She sees an open door and goes into another house, but emerges only seconds later, pale and shocked. She stumbles into the middle of the street, a terrible fear clutching violently at her heart. A desperate plea springs to her lips.

ABBY

Oh, God. Please don't let me be  
the only one.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. STREET. DAY 5. 11.30 92

Rubbish blows along the deserted street. TOM PRICE walks casually around the corner, looking for all the world like a man enjoying a simple trip down to the newsagent. He wears new jeans and trainers and a smart jacket. He carries a sports bag. He drinks from a bottle of water as he goes.

CUT TO:

93 INT. PRICE FLAT. HALL/BEDROOM. DAY 5. 12.02 93

A key turns in the lock. PRICE walks in. He stands in the hall. The flat is neat and quiet, a small two bedroom place on the ground floor.

PRICE

Mum?

He walks down the hall and looks in through the bedroom door. We change angle to a WOMAN in her 60s lying in the bed. She is dead, sprawled out of the covers. A broken glass lies on the floor. PRICE touches her face gently.

(CONTINUED)

93

CONTINUED:

93

PRICE

I'm home.

CUT TO:

94

**EXT. PRICE FLAT. PATIO. DAY 5. 12.06**

94

The patio is only a few yards square and covered with potted plants. PRICE clears the pots out of the way so that he can see the paving underneath. He gets down on his knees holding a hammer and chisel. He begins to chip away at the cement until he can move the heavy paving stone to one side. The space underneath it is hollow. He reaches down and brings out a rucksack wrapped in plastic. He throws the protective covering to one side and opens the bag. Inside we see many thousands of pounds.

PRICE gazes at the money, then opens a side pocket and brings out a handgun.

CUT TO:

95

**OMITTED**

95

96

**INT. AL'S FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY 5. 13.15**

96

AL turns on the tap and tries to drink from it, but nothing comes out. Frustrated and desperate he goes to the already open cupboards, frantic for anything he can eat or drink. But he was never the kind of man to keep much in - he always ate out or had takeaways. Now, all he can find in the spotlessly neat cupboards is a single tin of caviar and a few bottles of champagne.

He opens the caviar, wolfing it down greedily with a dessert spoon. He washes it down with gulps of vintage champagne.

CUT TO:

97 **OMITTED** 97

98 **EXT. GRANT HOUSE. GARDEN. DAY 5. 13.20** 98

ABBY drags David's body out into the garden. The blanket covering his face falls away and the blankness of his expression nearly overwhelms her. She half slips to the ground as a wrenching sob racks her body.

CUT TO:

99 **EXT. GRANT HOUSE. GARDEN. DAY 5. 14.01** 99

ABBY splashes paraffin over the unseen David's body, then takes a match from a packet. She looks up briefly, her voice cracking.

ABBY

I have to find Peter now. I'll  
look after him. I promise.

Her hands shake so violently she can barely strike the match on the side of the packet. It flares for a second then fizzles out. ABBY cries in despair, then tries again, striking match after match until finally the fire bursts into life. She has to turn away quickly as she is scorched by the sudden ferocity of the blaze.

CUT TO:

100 **EXT. GRANT HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. DAY 5. 14.04** 100

ABBY sticks a handwritten sign on the door. It reads simply: *"Peter - I Can't Stay Here. Wherever You Are, I'll Find You. Mum"*

She closes the door and walks down the path, clutching a bag in one hand and her mobile in the other. She pauses, glancing back once at the column of smoke rising from the garden. She hesitates, her heart breaking, but then forces herself to leave behind everything she has ever known and loved.

CUT TO:

101      **EXT. ROADS. DAY 5. 14.05**      101

AL drives around the silent streets. He looks a little crazed, and swigs from the bottle of champagne. He looks around for signs of life but nothing moves.

CUT TO:

102      **EXT. STREETS. DAY 5. 14.06**      102

NAJID walks down the street, shifting a heavy bag from hand to hand and kicking a football in front of him. He is a lonely but determined figure.

CUT TO:

103      **EXT. ROADS. DAY 5. 14.07**      103

The city streets stand empty. It is a slate wiped clean of life, devoid of its reason for existence. We see shining urban landmarks, serene and haunting in their emptiness.

After a moment AL's powerful sports car surges down the road. He drives fast, looking around for signs of life, the champagne bottle still in one hand.

CUT TO:

104      **EXT. STREETS. DAY 5. 14.07**      104

NAJID plays football in the silent street. He kicks the ball against the glass wall of an office building. He stops suddenly as he hears a car approaching fast. He dashes out into the street.

CUT TO:

105      **EXT. ROAD/AL'S CAR. DAY 5. 14.08**      105

AL accelerates, glancing out of the side window as he scans the streets, his attention briefly off the road ahead...

... and then suddenly sees the football in the road and NAJID standing right behind it.

The surprise makes him veer wildly across the road, sending the car into a skid before he can bring it under control and brake.

(CONTINUED)

105

CONTINUED:

105

He gets out of the car and stands shaking with shock. He looks up at NAJID. They stare at each other. It is hard to say which of them is more surprised.

AL

What the hell are you doing?

NAJID

I didn't know anyone was there.

AL

I could have crashed. Do you know what this car cost? Ninety grand.

NAJID only stares at him. AL shakes his head.

AL

You don't play football in the road. Didn't your parents teach you anything?

NAJID collects his football from where it has rolled into the gutter.

NAJID

Sorry.

The two of them look at each other.

AL

Where are you going, anyway?

NAJID

To find my cousins in Blackburn.

AL

You're a bit off course, aren't you?

NAJID

I don't know the way. (Pause)  
Haven't you got the bug?

AL shakes his head. NAJID shrugs.

NAJID

Me neither. My family are all dead.

AL

I'm sorry.

NAJID

(After a moment)  
Do you reckon it's the same as this everywhere?

(CONTINUED)

AL

That's what I'm trying to find out.

He gazes at the little boy uneasily.

AL

I better get going. (Pause) I'd give you a lift but I'm heading south.

NAJID

I'm not allowed to accept lifts from strange men.

AL

Fair enough.

NAJID shrugs, determined not to show his terror and vulnerability. AL looks at him awkwardly.

AL

You'll be all right. In a few days everything will be back to normal.

NAJID

You reckon?

AL looks out over the deserted city with as much optimism as he can muster.

AL

Yeah, probably. (Pause) I'd take you with me but it's complicated.

NAJID

I wasn't asking.

He picks up his bag and turns away. AL looks after him guiltily.

AL

I wouldn't know how to look after a little boy. I'm not really the parental type.

NAJID

I'm not little. I'm eleven.

AL shrugs then goes back to his car. He drives away. NAJID watches him, his little face blank.

CUT TO:

106

**INT. AL'S CAR. DAY 5. 14.09**

106

NAJID stands forlornly in the road, as the engine noise fades. But then after a second it grows louder again and Al's car reappears around the corner. It stops in front of him. AL opens the passenger door.

AL

Get in.

NAJID

I told you. I don't need looking after.

AL

Just bloody get in.

NAJID shrugs and finally slings his bag on the back seat.

NAJID

No funny stuff, okay?

AL

What?

NAJID

You're not a paedophile, are you?

AL

No, I am not a bloody paedophile.  
Now get in.

NAJID gets in the front seat and straps himself in carefully. He looks at AL.

NAJID

Belt.

AL

What?

NAJID

You should put your belt on.

AL looks at him, then at his belt.

AL

Oh, yeah. Right.

He does it, then puts the car into gear and drives away.

AL

Have you got your cousins'  
address?

NAJID shakes his head. AL looks at him in exasperation.

(CONTINUED)

AL

Well I can't just drive round  
Blackburn on the off-chance, can  
I? (Pause) Look, there must be  
someone still in charge. We'll  
find them and they'll sort you  
out. All right?

NAJID nods solemnly.

NAJID

So where are we going?

106

CONTINUED:

106

AL stares back at him. He has no idea. He puts the car in gear, swigs from the champagne bottle and then gives it to NAJID to hold. The boy promptly opens the window and chucks it out into the road.

AL

Oi!

NAJID

You shouldn't drink and drive.

CUT TO:

107

**EXT. CANAL. BARGE. DAY 5. 15.11**

107

ANYA leaves the barge almost reluctantly. She knows she must move on but the peaceful canal was a momentary respite from the uncertain horror of the future. She steps down onto the embankment, slings her bag back over her shoulder and moves on.

CUT TO:

108

**OMITTED**

108

109

**EXT. ROAD, COUNTRYSIDE. DAY 5. 15.12**

109

After the strange, disorienting silence of the city, the majestic beauty of the countryside comes as a breath of fresh air. A car makes its way through the countryside, winding up a solitary road through the Peak district.

CUT TO:

110

**OMITTED**

110

111

**EXT. PUB. CAR PARK. DAY 5. 15.30**

111

The pub stands in a scenic spot overlooking the valley. A single car sits in the car park. ABBY drives in and gets out. She stares at the other car. A WOMAN DRIVER sits at the wheel. ABBY hurries across to her.

ABBY

Can you help me, please? I've run out of petrol.

Only now does she realise that the woman is dead.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

ABBY gazes at her, then forcing herself to open the door, she puts her hands under her arms and drags her out, laying her gently on the gravel. She gazes at the young woman's body sadly.

ABBY  
I'm sorry.

She walks quickly back to her own car, taking out her bag and a few other essentials.

CUT TO:

112 **EXT. CASTLE CRAG ADVENTURE CENTRE. DAY 5. 16.01** 112

ABBY turns her new car into the approach to the centre, a modern building set in a lovely part of the Peaks.

CUT TO:

113 **EXT. CASTLE CRAG ADVENTURE CENTRE. HALL. DAY 5. 16.04** 113

As ABBY gets to the door she finds a printed notice stuck to the glass: "For the protection of residents and visitors during the current flu epidemic the centre is now closed. Please phone or email for further information".

CUT TO:

114 **INT. CASTLE CRAG ADVENTURE CENTRE. STAIRS/HALL. DAY 5. 16.05** 114

The windows are open to a gentle breeze. ABBY looks around.

ABBY  
Hello?

She walks along the hall towards the dormitories. She says a silent prayer, then opens a door. She reels back, the smell of decomposing bodies making her retch. She finds a handkerchief and puts it over her mouth and nose.

CUT TO:

115 **INT. CASTLE CRAG ADVENTURE CENTRE. DORMITORY. DAY 5. 16.06** 115

There are six beds in each dormitory. ABBY walks past each of them, overwhelmed with sadness and fear. Each bed has the outline of a small body under the covers. Someone has covered them all with a blanket. We see nothing of the wretched sight beneath but ABBY has no option.

(CONTINUED)

115

CONTINUED:

115

She looks under every blanket. Her eyes fill with tears as she does it.

We can tell from her anguished relief that none of the boys is Peter. As she leaves the room she catches sight of a pathetic pile of rucksacks in the corner. Only now does she nearly give way to the horror welling inside her but she quickly closes the door and moves on to the next room.

CUT TO:

116

**INT. CASTLE CRAG ADVENTURE CENTRE. DORMITORY. DAY 5. 16.12** 116

As ABBY comes to the last room she finds three or four beds are empty. She has only one body left to check. She lifts the blanket. We can tell from her reaction it is not Peter. She half-laughs, then feels terrible for her own feeling of overwhelming relief.

CUT TO:

117

**INT. CASTLE CRAG ADVENTURE CENTRE. OFFICE. DAY 5. 16.15** 117

ABBY comes into the office. A MAN (BROWN) in a sweater and heavy boots lies with his head slumped on the desk in front of his computer. ABBY stops in the doorway, knowing he is dead. She looks away wearily and turns to go...

... then feels a touch on her arm and spins back with a scream of shock. BROWN stands looking at her, very much alive.

BROWN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to frighten you.

ABBY gazes at him, stupefied.

BROWN

I should have said something...

ABBY

Have you had the illness?

BROWN

It never touched me. You?

ABBY

I recovered.

He looks at her in surprise, but then rallies quickly.

BROWN

I'm Callum Brown, one of the instructors here. Well, I was...

(CONTINUED)

117

CONTINUED:

117

He offers her his hand but a wild impulse of relief makes her embrace him, laughing.

ABBY

Don't take this the wrong way,  
Mr. Brown, but I think you might  
be the most beautiful man I've  
ever seen.

He extracts himself awkwardly, smiling.

BROWN

Coffee?

CUT TO:

118

**EXT. ROAD. DAY 5. 16.15**

118

TOM PRICE walks at a leisurely pace, his bag over his shoulder. He tries a few cars but finds them all locked. He sees a handsome sports car in a drive. He is just sizing it up when an estate car appears around the corner of the road. It goes past him but then stops. The window winds down and NEIL looks out with a friendly smile.

NEIL

Hi. Where are you headed?

He is young, no more than 20 or so. At his side is CATHY who is a year younger. She has a fixed, glassy look.

PRICE

I don't know. Just out of here.

NEIL

I'm Neil. (Pause) This is Cathy.

PRICE

Pleased to meet you. I'm Tom.

The young woman doesn't acknowledge him.

NEIL

We're looking for somewhere to  
live.

PRICE looks around at the houses on every side.

PRICE

Take your pick.

NEIL

Not round here. Too many bodies.  
It creeps me out.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

118

CONTINUED:

118

NEIL (cont'd)

We're trying to meet up with other people, maybe join a small community or something. Start a new life.

PRICE gazes at him.

PRICE

It's all wide open, isn't it?

NEIL

What is?

PRICE

The future. Like a blank canvas waiting to be painted. We can make it anything we want.

He smiles, a glint of excitement in his eye. NEIL looks at him uncertainly and PRICE quickly changes the subject.

PRICE

Did you lose anyone?

NEIL

My parents. You?

(CONTINUED)

71A

118

CONTINUED:

118

PRICE

Wife and two kids. They died  
within an hour of each other.

He lies with easy fluency, taking Prison Officer Wilson's story as his own. NEIL smiles sympathetically, then follows PRICE'S glance at Cathy.

NEIL

She doesn't say much. I found her  
in a kids playground, just  
sitting on a swing.

He thinks for a second, then, then suddenly decides.

NEIL

You're welcome to ride along with  
us, if you want.

PRICE glances down. CATHY'S coat has fallen open and her short skirt reveals a lot of leg. PRICE takes in the sight, then looks up at NEIL with a charming smile.

PRICE

Why not?

NEIL

Great. You can share the driving.  
(Pause) Sling your bag in the  
back.

PRICE glances at his bag and smiles casually.

PRICE

I'll keep it with me.

NEIL

Suit yourself.

CUT TO:

119

**EXT. CASTLE CRAG ADVENTURE CENTRE. DAY 5. 16.30**

119

ABBY sits on a wall staring at the peaceful scenery. CALLUM BROWN emerges from the centre carrying coffee and biscuits on a tray.

(CONTINUED)

119

CONTINUED:

119

BROWN

Fig rolls or bourbons?

ABBY

Oh, bourbons for me, every time.  
Fig rolls are too chewy.

She has a brief moment of confusion as she looks at him. He notices her expression.

BROWN

Are you okay?

ABBY

Everything just seems so normal.  
It's hard to believe all those  
children are upstairs...

She stops. BROWN looks at her sympathetically.

BROWN

I pretend it's morning and  
they're all still asleep. I was  
always an early riser. I'm used  
to being the only one around.

He smiles sadly. He is a shaggy sort of man in early middle age, with long hair and windblown features. It is easy to guess that he has lived much of his life outdoors.

CUT TO:

120

**EXT. CASTLE CRAG ADVENTURE CENTRE. DAY 5. 16.30**

120

ABBY and BROWN walk together. ABBY gazes out but doesn't really see anything. BROWN's voice is gentle as they talk about the terrible events of the last few days.

BROWN

Peter was one of the first boys  
to fall ill. At that point we  
didn't know what was coming, of  
course.

ABBY

I spoke to him in the morning. I  
knew something wasn't right.

BROWN

(Nods)

In the end Phil Emerson decided  
to drive him down to the  
hospital. I stayed behind with  
the other kids.

(CONTINUED)

120

CONTINUED:

120

ABBY looks at him desperately.

ABBY

But he was still alive when he left?

BROWN

He was very sick, Mrs. Grant. And no one else recovered.

ABBY

I did!

BROWN

You're the only one...

ABBY

(Fiercely)

But you don't know. You don't know for certain he's dead.

BROWN

(After a second)

No, I don't.

ABBY looks at him, suddenly frantic to be away.

ABBY

I have to go. He could be looking for me right now...

BROWN gets up and stops her urgently.

BROWN

You can't drive now. You're exhausted...

ABBY

I'm fine...

BROWN

It's dangerous at night now. There are no lights. How would you find your way around the city?

ABBY doesn't want to listen but has to concede the wisdom of this.

BROWN

Stay for tonight. Rest.

She stares at him, hating it but knowing he's right.

CUT TO:

121 INT. CASTLE CRAG ADVENTURE CENTRE. KITCHEN. NIGHT 5. 22.0521

The room is lit by oil lamps and candles. BROWN heats soup on the gas ring. ABBY stands by a notice board staring at pictures of the boys abseiling, climbing etc.

She looks frantically from picture to picture until she finds what she is looking for - PETER.

He is seated in or near a canoe, a helmet obscuring part of his face. He smiles at the camera. One of the adventure centre supervisors stands behind him, his face turned away in profile. He is tall, in his mid 20s.

BROWN looks up.

BROWN  
That's Phil with Peter.  
(pause)  
Take it.

ABBY smiles gratefully. She takes the picture back to the table and gazes at it for a second before putting it in her pocket.

ABBY  
What will you do now?

BROWN  
I'll have to bury the boys. Then  
I'll walk in the Peaks, climb a  
little. Life won't be so very  
different.

ABBY  
Not many of us can say that.

He serves the soup. Out of habit she checks her mobile. BROWN smiles as he glances at it.

BROWN  
That way of life is finished.  
Mobile phones, computers, the  
electricity that powers them. All  
gone for good.

ABBY  
We'll soon get things working  
again.

BROWN  
(Smiles)  
You think so? (Pause) When was  
the last time you did anything  
truly practical, Mrs. Grant?

ABBY

Like what?

BROWN

Like milked a cow. Or slaughtered a pig. Or grew a vegetable. Do you know which mushrooms are okay to eat and which ones will kill you? That's the kind of knowledge you're going to need now.

ABBY

We still have books. We can learn what we need from them.

BROWN

We're going to have to. And soon.

ABBY frowns and shakes her head.

121

CONTINUED:

121

ABBY

But there must be millions of tons of preserved food left, a huge stockpile of things. Clothes, cars, petrol...

BROWN

And how long will that last? We can't scavenge off the debris of civilisation for ever. We have to start all over again, relearn all the skills we've forgotten.

He goes on, warming passionately to his theme.

BROWN

We've become like helpless babies, pushing the buttons of our fancy technology while distancing ourselves further every day from the reality of what it actually means to be human.

ABBY looks shaken but refuses to give in to his pessimism.

ABBY

Perhaps I have more faith in people than you do.

BROWN

Oh, we can save ourselves, all right. But the work starts now. And mobile phones won't help.

ABBY glances at her mobile with a self-deprecating smile.

ABBY

I'll hang onto it for now. Just in case.

CUT TO:

122

**INT. CASTLE CRAG ADVENTURE CENTRE. OFFICE. NIGHT 5. 23.00** 122

ABBY sleeps on a camp bed in the office, an oil lamp at her side. She gazes at the screen of her mobile, finding comfort in its faint glow. The battery is running down but she is reluctant to turn it off. Allowing the screen to go dark would make the hope of Peter seem even more distant.

CUT TO:

123

**INT. AL'S CAR. STREETS. DAY 6. 10.05**

123

AL wakes up in the car with a jolt. He looks completely wrecked, his eyes bleary and his chin covered in stubble. He blinks as he feels the pain of his hangover. He jumps as NAJID appears suddenly at the window. He winds it down.

AL  
God, my head... what happened?

NAJID  
You were drunk. You fell asleep.

AL looks at him, then rubs his eyes.

NAJID  
I'm hungry.

AL  
We'll stop at a shop.

NAJID  
I need to pray first.

AL  
What?

He looks at NAJID incredulously. The little boy takes no notice of him.

CUT TO:

124

**EXT. CAR. STREET. DAY 6. 10.06**

124

NAJID takes a clean sweater out of his bag and places it on the ground, then kneels down on it.

NAJID  
Which way's east?

AL  
How do I know?

NAJID chooses a direction at random and kneels down. AL takes pity on him.

AL  
That's north. East is that way.

He points. NAJID bows his head, his hands cupped in front of him. AL watches him. NAJID looks up at him.

(CONTINUED)

124

CONTINUED:

124

NAJID

You're a Muslim, aren't you? You should be praying.

AL

You still believe in God after all this?

He sweeps an arm in the direction of the silent houses.

NAJID

Of course I do.

AL

Hasn't done much for you lately, has he?

NAJID

My dad says God always knows what he's doing.

AL

If he does he's keeping it to himself. (Pause). Hurry up.

AL ambles back to his car.

124A

**INT. AL'S CAR. DAY 6. 10.06**

124A

AL gets in the car and switches on the ignition. He takes some comfort in the powerful roar of the engine and then frowns as it promptly dies. He looks at the petrol gauge which stands at empty.

AL

Oh, great.

CUT TO:

124B

**EXT. STREETS. DAY 6.**

124B

AL and NAJID walk along in sullen silence carrying their bags.

NAJID

(after a second)  
Where are we going?

AL

To get some petrol.

NAJID

Where from?

(CONTINUED)

124B CONTINUED:

124B

AL  
Where do you think?

NAJID  
They don't just keep it lying  
around in cans you know. (Pause)  
We've got to get another car.

AL  
I don't want another car, I want  
my car.

He looks away petulantly.

NAJID  
My dad would know what to do.

AL  
Well, I'm not your dad am I?

NAJID looks at him, hurt. AL feels guilty.

AL  
Alright, we'll find another car  
but it'd better be something  
decent.

They walk on.

NAJID  
I'm hungry.

AL gives him a withering look.

CUT TO:

125 **OMITTED**

125

126 **EXT. CASTLE CRAG ADVENTURE CENTRE. DAY 6. 11.15**

126

Abby's car drives away from the centre into the lonely  
beauty of the hills.

CUT TO:

126A **EXT. STREET. DAY 6. 12.00**

126A

ANYA walks through the deserted streets. She hardly seems to know where she's going, but just moves forward at a steady pace staring straight ahead.

CUT TO:

127 **EXT. CORNER SHOP. DAY 6. 12.20**

127

TOM PRICE and CATHY wait by the car outside the shop. NEIL emerges carrying a box full of groceries. He dumps it in the back of the car. CATHY looks at everything anxiously.

CATHY

There's such a lot. Can we afford all this, Neil?

He exchanges a quick glance with PRICE then looks back at her, his voice gentle.

NEIL

Course we can.

She nods, her pretty face clouding with the struggle of understanding what has happened to them. NEIL smiles encouragingly.

NEIL

Just a couple more things.

NEIL goes back inside the shop. CATHY leans into the car trying to push the heavy box to one side to make more room. Her skirt stretches up her legs as she does it. TOM PRICE watches her. She looks round and he smiles.

PRICE

I've got it.

He leans in next to her and pushes the box into place, they are only a few inches apart. He smiles.

PRICE

You look nice in that dress. It suits you. You've got good legs.

She bites her lip but says nothing.

PRICE

Who did you lose? Husband? Kids?  
(Pause) Did you hear what I said?

She nods.

(CONTINUED)

127

CONTINUED:

127

PRICE

Good. I was beginning to think you were a bit simple. (Pause) I know it seems bad now but you'll be okay. We've all got to look after each other.

He strokes her cheek gently with his finger. It is barely more than a touch but the effect is electrifying. CATHY screams as though she has been stabbed. PRICE stares in disbelief.

PRICE

For God's sake, shut up...

He grabs her roughly, which only makes her scream more. NEIL comes running out of the shop.

NEIL

What happened?

PRICE

She just started screaming.

CATHY is crying and shaking. NEIL takes her in his arms and she lets him hold her.

NEIL

It's okay. You're all right.

He looks accusingly at PRICE, who shrugs innocently.

PRICE

We were just talking.

CUT TO:

128

**EXT. STREETS/ROYAL INFIRMARY. A&E. DAY 6. 12.20**

128

At the same moment ABBY drives aggressively through the empty streets. Nothing is going to stop her finding her son. She drives into the hospital entrance, picking a way through the litter of abandoned cars and ambulances. She stops near A&E and jumps out. The sliding doors are closed. She pushes and pulls at them but with no result. They are firmly locked, clamped in place when the power went off. She scrabbles her fingers into the gap between the doors but with no result.

She shouts in frustration and beats on the doors furiously. But she will not be stopped, not now.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: 128

She hesitates, then looks back at the car.

CUT TO:

129 **EXT. HOSPITAL. A&E. DAY 6. 12.21** 129

ABBY sits in the car. She can hardly believe what she is about to do. For a moment she feels like the old Abby standing outside her body and staring at herself in wonder; but that woman, the happy, unassuming home-maker and mother, is gone forever.

She takes a deep breath, then stamps on the accelerator and drives the car straight at the entrance.

CUT TO:

130 **INT. HOSPITAL. A&E. DAY 6. 12.21** 130

From inside we see the car approaching at speed. The impact as it hits the glass doors is like a bomb going off. Glass explodes everywhere as the doors give way and the car smashes into the foyer. It comes to a juddering halt, brakes screeching and engine whining.

ABBY switches off the engine and gets out. The car is battered and crumpled but basically okay. ABBY stands for a second, shaking but strangely exhilarated, as though the shock has woken her to the reality of the new world. She runs off down the hall, shouting.

ABBY  
Peter! Peter?

CUT TO:

131 **INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDORS/WARDS. DAY 6. 12.22** 131

But her adrenaline fuelled optimism doesn't last long in the face of grim reality. We have only the briefest glimpses of the bodies piled on beds and trolleys but the impact is terrible. ABBY reels back, dazed. She tries to force herself on but can't do it. She has seen too much death already. She stumbles back out into the corridor and leans against the wall, closing her eyes against the horror, her shout now a wail of despair.

ABBY  
Peter!

Only now does she fully understand the hopelessness of the task. The thought that there is a living soul in this place is unimaginable.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

She sits down on a bench and puts her hands to her head. The hope of finding Peter alive has kept her going so far but now she has no idea what to do or where to go.

CUT TO:

132 INT. OUTDOOR SUPPLIES SHOP. DAY 6. 12.22 132

But elsewhere in the city other people are adjusting more readily to the new world.

The shop's glass door gives way under a series of blows from a baseball bat. A hand reaches in and opens the latch.

GREG PRESTON (30s) opens the door and walks in. He is handsome, tall and fit. He looks around, his manner alert and watchful, as any looter's might be. The shop is well stocked. Greg goes around the shelves picking up tents, sleeping bags, calor gas stoves and so on. Satisfied with his haul he goes to the door, but then pauses and turns back to the counter. We wonder what he is thinking.

Then, surprisingly, he reaches inside his jacket, finds his wallet and takes out a couple of notes. Smiling wryly at himself, he leaves them on the counter.

Greg Preston is clearly no ordinary looter.

CUT TO:

133 EXT. ROAD. DAY 6. 12.25 133

GREG opens his car and puts his supplies in the back. The car is a big four wheel drive already well stocked with provisions - canned food, water, matches and tools. Every square inch of luggage space is stuffed with vital commodities. He slides his baseball bat across the passenger seat and gets in.

CUT TO:

134 INT. CAR/ROAD. DAY 6. 12.25 134

ABBY drives fast away from the hospital. She sees a speed camera ahead and instinctively slows, then gives a hollow laugh at the absurdity of it. She accelerates instead, racing past the camera in a blur. She hardly cares now what she does, but the speed and recklessness of the driving is strangely comforting. She tears through junctions without even looking, smiling grimly at traffic lights that will never turn red again.

(CONTINUED)

134

CONTINUED:

134

As she comes to a roundabout she hurtles across it without bothering to slow down. There is nothing coming and there never will be, so why bother?

The last thing in the world she is expecting is another car to emerge on her left. She spins the wheel frantically as she suddenly sees it looming in her windscreen.

There is a screeching of brakes as they skid trying to avoid each other but Abby can't prevent her already battered car ramming the other one with a juddering impact.

CUT TO:

135

**EXT. ROAD. DAY 6. 12.26**

135

GREG PRESTON is out of his car looking at the damage. He turns to stare at ABBY in disbelief as she emerges, shocked but unhurt.

GREG

What were you doing? You could have killed us both.

ABBY

I'm sorry.

GREG

Of all the terrible pieces of driving...

ABBY

I've said, I'm sorry. Is your car badly damaged?

He inspects the scrape on the side of his car.

GREG

It's okay.

He looks at her in disbelief but by now she has had enough.

ABBY

Well, you didn't stop either.

GREG

I had right of way. You do know how to drive, don't you?

ABBY

Fine. It was my fault. Do you want my insurance details?

GREG

Is that supposed to be funny?

(CONTINUED)

135

CONTINUED:

135

ABBY  
(After a moment)  
I thought so.

Suddenly a laugh bubbles up unstoppably in her throat. She can't help it.

ABBY  
Your face. You look so pompous.  
"You do know how to drive, don't you". Men...

She gulps again, a sound as much like a sob as a laugh and in truth something of both. GREG gazes at her for a second, then he too finally relaxes and begins to laugh as well.

CUT TO:

136

**EXT. ROAD. ROUNDABOUT. DAY 6. 12.35**

136

ABBY and GREG sit together in the middle of the roundabout. He pours her hot tea from a thermos and adds long life milk. She drinks it gratefully.

ABBY  
I never really appreciated how wonderful tea is before.

GREG  
The milk won't last long. I'll have to get hold of a cow before long. Or a goat.

ABBY  
Is that what you're going to do? Find a farm?

GREG  
(Nods)  
Just a small place where I can grow a few things, keep a few animals.

ABBY  
You make it sound quite nice.

GREG  
It won't be. It'll be hard work.

ABBY  
You'll have other people to help.

GREG  
I don't need other people.  
(Pause) What about you?

(CONTINUED)

ABBY

I was looking for my son... now I don't know what to do.

She shrugs uncertainly. He gazes at her.

GREG

You can't stay in the city. It's too dangerous.

ABBY

I've had the virus.

GREG

I'm talking about cholera, typhoid, all the diseases that come with millions of unburied bodies. In a few months these places will be hell.

She looks at him. She had barely even thought about it. He stands up and throws away the remains of his tea.

GREG

I better get going.

ABBY

You're on a tight schedule, then?

He smiles, taking her teasing in good part.

GREG

I want to keep moving.

He gets up, then hesitates, looking back at her dazed and uncertain expression.

GREG

You have to live, you know.  
(Pause) You owe it to the people you loved to keep going. That's what they'd want.

She stares at him and nods slowly.

ABBY

If I recovered, maybe my son did too. Maybe he's out there somewhere.

GREG

All the more reason to keep yourself fit and well. Then if you do find him, you can be ready to make a fresh start.

She smiles gratefully.

ABBY

You really think he might be  
alive?

GREG

(Smiles)  
Miracles happen. Even now.

As he walks to his car she looks after him wistfully,  
suddenly appalled at the thought of being alone. He senses  
it and looks back.

GREG

(After a second)  
You can travel with me for a  
while, if you want. (Pause)  
You're obviously not safe driving  
yourself.

ABBY

(Smiles)  
I'm actually a very good driver.

He glances at the ruin of her car and smiles.

GREG

Yeah. So I see.

ABBY

It's a long story. (Pause) I'd  
like that.

GREG

It's just for now though. I've  
got plans of my own.

She nods in acknowledgement of this.

GREG

I'm Greg Preston, by the way.

ABBY

Abby Grant.

She smiles, more relieved than she will admit to have some  
company at the start of the long, strange journey that lies  
ahead.

CUT TO:

137

**INT. NEIL'S CAR. MOTORWAY. DAY 6. 12.35**

137

NEIL drives while TOM sits in the front passenger seat and CATHY is behind. The car bulges with provisions.

NEIL

We just need somewhere decent to stay until things get sorted out. Once everything's back to normal we can hook up with someone else, put down a few roots.

He smiles, glancing back at CATHY.

NEIL

It won't be so bad, will it, Cath?

She smiles nervously.

NEIL

I'm starving. See what you can find for us, love. I put the biscuits down somewhere.

CATHY picks up the nearest bag, without realising it is Price's hold-all. She unzips it, then stares down in puzzlement at the gun sitting on top of wads of bank notes. She pulls it out.

CATHY

Neil..?

PRICE looks up in the mirror. He sees the gun.

PRICE

Put that back.

NEIL turns to look. His face falls. He stares at PRICE.

NEIL

Who the hell are you?

PRICE reaches over to Cathy for his bag.

PRICE

Give me that.

He tries to wrench the bag from her grasp and she screams.

NEIL

Leave her alone.

PRICE

Just drive.

(CONTINUED)

137

CONTINUED:

137

NEIL tries to pull him back but PRICE knocks him away. They spin wildly across the road. PRICE grabs his bag. Money falls out all over the front seats. NEIL stares at it.

NEIL

Get out of the car...

He tries to slow down but PRICE grabs the wheel with one hand while gripping his throat with the other. The car veers dangerously but PRICE is icy calm.

PRICE

Just drive the car and we'll pretend this never happened.

NEIL

Okay... okay...

PRICE increases the pressure on Neil's throat for a second before finally letting him go. But as he relaxes his grip he turns to see that the terrified CATHY is now holding a can of de-icer. She squirts it full in his face.

He yells in agony and puts his hand over his eyes. NEIL sees his chance. He springs the seat belt then leans across and flings open the passenger door. As the car swings crazily across the lanes, he pushes hard at the temporarily blinded PRICE, sending him flying out of the door.

CUT TO:

138

**EXT. ROAD. DAY 6. 12.37**

138

PRICE hurtles out of the speeding car and hits the tarmac with a sickening thump. He rolls over and over and finally lies still. He tries to pull himself up but then falls back, unconscious or dead, as Neil speeds away.

CUT TO:

139

**EXT. ROAD/PETROL STATION. DAY 6. 12.37**

139

GREG and ABBY see a petrol station ahead. GREG points to it.

GREG

There might be something we can use...

As he gets nearer he sees there is a van parked up by the pumps with a man nearby. He smiles wryly.

GREG

There's always a bloody queue.

(CONTINUED)

139

CONTINUED:

139

ABBY smiles in excitement and is already opening the door and hurrying towards the forecourt waving at the VAN DRIVER.

ABBY

Hi...

We STAY ON GREG. Only now does he see the MAN is using a battery powered pump to extract petrol from the storage tanks 30 feet below the surface. The doors of his van are open, and he is storing huge plastic bottles of fuel in the back. He instantly hurls open his door to follow Abby.

CUT TO:

140

**EXT. ROAD/PETROL STATION. DAY 6. 12.38**

140

ABBY hurries onto the forecourt. The MAN backs away, looking protectively at his van.

MAN

Back off. This is my petrol.

ABBY

Where have you come from? Have you met anyone else?

She goes towards him, open and friendly. But the man shrinks back.

MAN

You can have your turn later.

ABBY

What?

MAN

I was here first...

ABBY

You don't understand...

MAN

Get lost.

ABBY stops in confusion.

ABBY

Why are you being like this..?

Before the man can reply GREG barrels onto the forecourt, shouting desperately.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

The pump... turn off the pump.

He points at the pump, which chugs noisily, blue smoke rising from its motor. Petrol leaks where the hose isn't tightly screwed on.

GREG

It's sparking! For God's sake  
turn it off!

The MAN glances at it but is clearly more suspicious of Greg.

MAN

Keep away...

GREG

I don't want your bloody  
petrol...

GREG crashes into ABBY, pushing her to the ground. She cries out in shock but then seconds later a spark catches and a sheet of flame engulfs the van. The man disappears in a billowing wall of fire. GREG shields Abby and covers his head as the ferocious heat sucks the oxygen from the air all around him.

As the initial explosion dies down GREG looks up cautiously. Fire sweeps across the forecourt and the van is a charred wreck. The MAN has disappeared completely, evaporated in an instant. GREG realises it is only a matter of seconds before the blaze reaches the storage tanks. He gets to his feet, grabs ABBY and runs.

GREG

It's going to blow.

Reeling with shock and confusion she rushes after him towards the car.

140 CONTINUED: 140

CUT TO:

141 **INT. GREG'S CAR. DAY 6. 12.38** 141

GREG hurls the car around the corner. Suddenly there is a percussive whoosh and a sound like thunder. ABBY looks behind them in shock. A huge black cloud of oily smoke rises as the petrol station disappears in the massive explosion.

GREG stops the car, breathing heavily, well aware of how close they came to disaster. They stare at each other in shock. ABBY is distraught.

ABBY

Why would he behave like that?

GREG looks at her, but has no easy answer.

ABBY

We were only trying to help him.

GREG

Welcome to the new world.

CUT TO:

142 **EXT. MOTORWAY SERVICE STATION. DAY 6. 12.38** 142

AL drives the most boring, small car imaginable up to the entrance of a service station. The doors stand open.

CUT TO:

143 **EXT. MOTORWAY SERVICE STATION. CAR PARK. DAY 6. 12.38** 143

AL stands looking at his new car with utter disgust. NAJID emerges from the cafe carrying a tray loaded with muffins, crisps and sweets.

NAJID

There's loads of stuff here.

AL

You can't live on crisps. You need fruit and vegetables. Stuff like that.

NAJID

Some of the fruit's still okay.  
(Pause) We can hang out here for a while then go to Blackburn to look for my cousins.

(CONTINUED)

143

CONTINUED:

143

AL  
(After a second)  
You know they're probably dead?

(CONTINUED)

**91A**

143

CONTINUED:

143

NAJID

We're not.

AL

Good point.

NAJID

And it's not like you've got any brilliant ideas, is it?

AL

I've got plans, don't you worry.

NAJID

Yeah? What are they?

AL

Never you mind. (Pause) And I'm not going to bloody Blackburn.

AL ignores him as he takes a muffin from his tray.

AL

I'll go across to the travel inn and get us some blankets. You stay here. There might be bodies.

NAJID

I've seen bodies. Loads of them.

AL

Then you don't need to see anymore.

NAJID shrugs and wedges half a muffin in his mouth.

NAJID

I'm going down to the road to see if anyone is coming.

AL

Don't get run over.

He grins as he heads for the travel lodge.

CUT TO:

144

**EXT. ROAD. DAY 6. 13.05**

144

ANYA walks along the verge. As she comes over the crest of a hill she sees a body in the road. She hesitates, but then sees him move. She rushes down the verge and into the road towards him.

(CONTINUED)

144

CONTINUED:

144

PRICE is still conscious. He is badly knocked about, he tries to say something but only groans. He lifts his hand towards her but she stops him quickly.

ANYA

Don't try to move.

She feels his neck and head.

ANYA

Breathe for me, try to relax.

He does as he is told. She nods approvingly, brisk and professional. She touches his foot.

ANYA

Can you feel this?

He nods. She examines the rest of his body for injuries.

ANYA

You'll live.

CUT TO:

145

**EXT. ROAD. LAY-BY. DAY 6. 13.30**

145

PRICE comes round slowly. He is lying on a sleeping bag at the side of the road. ANYA is cleaning the cuts on his face, using cotton wool and a half bottle of vodka. He flinches as the alcohol stings his cuts. She smiles then sits back and takes a cigarette from the packet in her bag.

PRICE

You shouldn't smoke. It's bad for you.

ANYA

So I'm told.

She smiles, more glad than she knew to have company. She lights the cigarette. She offers it to him but he shakes his head.

ANYA

You've cracked a couple of ribs but as far as I can tell there are no internal injuries. (Pause) What happened?

PRICE

I was mugged.

ANYA

Why would anyone mug you?

(CONTINUED)

145

CONTINUED:

145

PRICE

They gave me a lift, then jumped  
me and took my stuff.

She guesses there is more to it than this, but then shrugs  
and goes back to her cigarette.

PRICE

(After a second)

Are you a doctor?

ANYA

I'm nothing anymore.

PRICE watches her through half-closed eyes.

CUT TO:

146

**OMITTED**

146

147

**EXT. ROAD. LAY-BY. DAY 6. 13.35**

147

ANYA looks up as a car appears in the distance. As it draws  
closer it slows and then swings into the lay-by. GREG and  
ABBY get out. They nod, a little wary. GREG looks at PRICE.

GREG

What's wrong with him?

ANYA

He had an accident. I can't move  
him on my own.

GREG looks at ABBY and she nods her agreement instantly.

GREG

You're welcome to travel with us  
until the two of you find  
somewhere to stay.

ANYA

We're not together.

ABBY kneels beside PRICE, squeezing his hand kindly.

ABBY

You'll be okay now.

PRICE stares at her. His face is badly swollen but his eyes  
glint with their customary sharp intelligence.

(CONTINUED)

147

CONTINUED:

147

PRICE

Thanks. I won't forget this.

She offers him her hand and he sits up painfully. With her and Greg helping, he hauls himself to his feet.

CUT TO:

148

**EXT. MOTORWAY. DAY 6. 13.35**

148

NAJID stands in the fast lane playing football. He flicks the ball up and juggles it. The sight of the little boy playing in the motorway is strange and unsettling. AL appears.

AL

What did I tell you about playing football in the road.

NAJID grins and kicks the ball towards him. AL traps it and smiles.

AL

Oh, what the hell.

He kicks it back. NAJID rushes after it, then stops as they suddenly hear cars in the distance.

NAJID

Al!

He points at the approaching vehicles. AL gestures to him.

AL

Come here.

NAJID does as he is told. They look on uncertainly as the car gets nearer. When they stop, GREG, ABBY and ANYA get out. PRICE sits in the back seat.

There is a second as they all look at each other. ABBY smiles at NAJID.

ABBY

Hello.

He shrugs, suddenly shy.

(CONTINUED)

NAJID

Hi.

There is an awkward moment. She smiles warmly.

ABBY

It's so good to see you.

NAJID

I don't know you, do I?

ABBY

(Shakes her head)

There are so few of us left,  
every new person feels like a  
gift.

For a second NAJID hesitates but then suddenly all his pent-up loneliness and misery overwhelm him. He runs to her and flings his arms around her neck, holding her desperately. She hugs him back, tightly.

When she looks up at GREG there are tears in her eyes. There is a moment, then GREG looks at AL.

GREG

Where are you headed?

AL

I thought I'd check out what's  
happening in London.

GREG

I wouldn't if I were you.

AL looks at him inquiringly. GREG jerks his head over his shoulder back towards the city.

GREG

You think back there was bad?  
Wait until you see London.  
(Pause) If someone was still in  
control we'd know by now.

AL

There must be something left.

GREG

Just a few people like us.

Everyone looks at him soberly. They know he is right.

AL

So what do we do?

GREG shrugs.

GREG

That's up to you. (Pause, to Abby) I reckon this is the end of the line for me.

ABBY

What do you mean?

GREG

I've got things to do. You'll be okay now.

ABBY looks at him in shock.

ABBY

You're just going to walk out?

GREG

I told you. I'm going to find a place of my own.

ANYA nods her head in agreement.

ANYA

Me too. Once Tom's okay.

She gestures at Price. AL shrugs.

AL

I might as well push off as well. I can't play nanny for much longer.

NAJID looks at him bitterly.

NAJID

I didn't want you lurking around me anyway.

ABBY stares at them all in angry dismay.

ABBY

Are you all completely crazy?

They gaze at her in surprise.

ABBY

You can't just... go.

GREG

Why not?

ABBY

Because we've only just found each other.

GREG

We don't know each other. We've got nothing in common.

ABBY

We survived! Isn't that something?

GREG looks at her uncertainly. The others glance at each other, startled by her clarity. TOM PRICE climbs awkwardly from his seat and leans against the car as ABBY stares bitterly at GREG.

ABBY

You told me I should make a fresh start. How can any of us do that on our own?

GREG

I also told you I had plans...

ABBY

Well they can bloody well wait! This is more important. (Pause) Everything we ever knew has been ripped away from us. Our old life is dead. Now we have to build a new one. And we can't do it alone. (Pause, to Greg) You can't go. None of us can.

No one is more surprised by her passion than Abby herself, but the more she talks the more certain she is. She looks around at them, finding an inner strength and will she never knew she possessed.

ABBY

There's only one choice. We stand together or die.

There is a long silence, then AL whistles in appreciation.

AL

I'm going where she's going.

PRICE

(After a second)  
I'm in.

They all look at him in surprise. He smiles through cracked lips.

PRICE

What else have we got going?

NAJID looks at ABBY uncertainly.

148

CONTINUED:

148

NAJID

I'm going to find my cousins. But  
I don't mind hanging around for a  
bit.

ABBY smiles at him and he looks down shyly. ANYA shrugs.

ANYA

Why not?

All eyes turn to GREG. ABBY looks at him fiercely.

GREG

(Finally)

All right. Just until you get  
settled. Then I'm away.

Abby smiles. The others smile too, optimism spreading  
amongst them like an unfamiliar and welcome guest. They are  
an odd, mismatched crowd, but at least they are not alone.  
GREG smiles and looks at ABBY.

GREG

All right, boss. What do we do  
now?

ABBY stares at him in surprise, suddenly aware that all of  
them are looking at her expectantly. She gazes out  
uncertainly at the empty landscape. HOLD on a last image of  
this isolated beauty, then -

CUT TO:

149

**OMITTED**

149

150

**INT. WHITAKER'S ROOM. DAY 6. 15.01**

150

The room is warmly lit and well appointed. There are prints on the wall, a TV screen in one corner, a working computer and comfortable chairs. There are no windows. WHITAKER sits listening to music on his headphones. He is in his 40s, a good-looking man with greying hair. He hums placidly.

There is a knock at the half-open door but only when the visitor comes in does WHITAKER see him. He takes off his headphones apologetically.

WHITAKER

I'm sorry, James. I didn't hear you.

150

CONTINUED:

150

His visitor, JAMES HUTCHINGS, is in his 20s. He wears a white lab coat over his jeans and sweater.

WHITAKER

Is everyone waiting?

HUTCHINGS

It's quite all right, sir.  
There's no rush.

WHITAKER takes his own white coat off the back of a chair.

CUT TO:

151

**INT. CORRIDOR. DAY 6. 15.02**

151

The corridor has a sterile feel. WHITAKER and HUTCHINGS walk side by side.

WHITAKER

Strange to imagine what's been happening out there. Hard to grasp the enormity of it.

HUTCHINGS

I don't like to think about it.

WHITAKER glances at him.

WHITAKER

Who did you have on the outside?  
Parents, wasn't it?

HUTCHINGS

And my sister.

WHITAKER

I'm sorry. (Pause) We've all sacrificed so much. You never told them anything?

HUTCHINGS

No, sir.

WHITAKER

That must have been hard.

HUTCHINGS nods uneasily, then leads the way into a room.

CUT TO:

152

**INT. LAB. DAY 6. 15.03**

152

They turn into a big room, fully equipped with the latest hi-tech laboratory equipment. A few WORKERS, also in white coats, pore over computers. There is the same sterile glow from the harsh white lighting. There is something oddly normal about the this hermetically sealed environment and at the same time jarringly strange.

WHITAKER looks around, then turns to HUTCHINGS with a smile.

WHITAKER

Well, James. (Pause) I think it's time to begin.

HOLD on his face for a second, then -

**CUT TO BLACK.  
END OF EPISODE  
ONE**