



Series Two
Episode Eight
By
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INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 0. 2245

A burst of static, V.T. tracking... and then we see -

DV SHOT: ERIC WOODS. Early 20's, casually dressed. Bruised face. Smoking nervously. He hiccups. A little pissed. WOODS flicks his eyes between the camera and whoever's behind it, waiting for his cue as we hear -

MILITARY POLICEMAN (V.O.)

...a charge of fighting contrary to Section 43A of the Army Act. Prisoner Corporal Eric Woods wishes to make an additional statement.

And now we see where WOODS is. Two more people in the shadows, one operating a tripod mounted videocamera. WOODS speaks part to their camera, part to them.

WOODS

I want to tell you people in the national security game about a problem at the heart of the British Army. You have an enemy within.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT 0. 2245

ZOE and DANNY. Half-heartedly playing backgammon on a near empty Grid. Filing cabinet bottle of vodka on the go.

And half-watching a nearby T.V. - late night news show. ON T.V.: Stock footage - picketing Tube workers.

T.V. (V.O.)

... the latest 24-hour strike on London Underground started at 8 p.m. tonight, increasing pressure on the government to find a solution for what is now looking like a new Winter of Discontent, unparalleled since 1979. Shadow Cabinet spokesman Charles Lindsay -

DANNY (re: Charles Lindsay)

Isn't he the man who had the fling with the guy...?

ZOE

Who knew the girl who sold the thing? Yep.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 0. 2245

WOODS lights another cigarette.

WOODS

I can name the man who poses the single biggest

threat the British Army is currently facing.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT 0. 2246

HARRY appears behind ZOE and DANNY. Overcoat on, briefcase in hand, leaving for the night.

ON T.V.: Footage of Tony Blair meeting & greeting...

T.V. (V.O.)

... yet we live with the irony that this Labour government may surpass even Thatcher's in neutralising the Unions -

HARRY

Don't you have homes to go to?

DANNY

Tube strike. It's raining. No cabs.

HARRY

We train you to be resourceful. I'm sure you'll find a way.

DANNY (hopefully)

Maybe we could book out a pool car on strike days?

HARRY

Operational purposes only, I'm afraid. Even then you have to pay the congestion charge yourself.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 0. 2246

WOODS

The man who rank-and-file Army think walks on water. (a beat)
Major Samuel Curtis.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT 0. 2246

HARRY opens his briefcase as ZOE pulls on her coat.

HARRY

I can provide you with specially designed waterproofing equipment. Standard field officer issue.

An... umbrella. HARRY hands it to a disappointed DANNY.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You push this button here -

ZOE still has one eye on the T.V. Stock footage of various picket lines.

T.V. (V.O.)

Postmen. Teachers. Council workers. Air traffic controllers. Railway staff. Firemen. The country's infrastructure buckling while Downing Street is focused on events on the world stage. The government must be asking itself - what next?

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 0. 2247

WOODS

Major Curtis is planning industrial action. A laying down of arms.
(he kills his cigarette)

This government is about to face a mutiny from the British Army.

A beat - V.T. cuts out in a burst of static. WOODS - out of D.V. shot - looks up at his unseen cameraman.

WOODS (CONT'D) (grins)
How was that?

He stands up and strides - unchecked - out of the interview room.

TITLES

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 1. 0800

HARRY striding through the Grid.

HARRY
Meeting!

CAPTION: Two weeks later

ZOE, DANNY, MALCOLM, RUTH - all at their stations, gathering paperwork and coffee mugs. RUTH'S monitor bleeps - 1 New E-mail. From personnel@gchq.gov.uk. Re: Your secondment with M.I.5. She opens it hastily as the others head for the meeting room.

RUTH'S MONITOR: Her eyes - and ours - snap to one sentence -
'...decision will be made within 7 days, after which time you may be returned to GCHQ.'

RUTH'S face falls.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. MEETING ROOM - DAY 1. 0800

HARRY, DANNY, ZOE and MALCOLM.

HARRY

What's happening today in the wonderful world of espionage?

ZOE

Tube dispute is ongoing. Our people inside the RMT and TGWU say they're about to get back in the ring again, possible wildcat action on the way.

RUTH stumbles through the door, arms full of paper...

HARRY (to RUTH)

What's the headline intel?

She dumps the paperwork on the desk.

RUTH

I've only had time to check the overnight Grade One headers. There's an avalanche coming in from our union sources.

ZOE

Almost fifty agents in key sectors now, all saying the same thing.

HARRY

Specifically?

ZOE

While the government's got its back turned on domestic issues, the unions are gathering strength.

HARRY

Stay on it. Keeping this country's infrastructure working is part of defending the realm.

(turns to DANNY)

Next. How's Tom getting on?

EXT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. RANGES - DAY 1. 0805

TOM QUINN - dressed in full British Army khaki - BANG! BANG!! BANG!!! - crouches behind a wall as the sound of gunfire explodes overhead.

Beside TOM, a young soldier - BRYANT, early 20's. Both men carrying standard issue SA 80 rifles.

BRYANT

Bloody Hell!

TOM

They're flanking us to the left.

Next to BRYANT, there's a gap in the wall. Another RATTLE OF GUNFIRE as an unseen enemy lays fire down the gap. TOM points beyond it.

TOM (CONT'D)

Cross the gap. I'm right behind you. Fire and manoeuvre, fire and manoeuvre - Ready? Go!

BRYANT takes a breath, starts to move to his left towards the new cover -

The rapid rattle of more gunfire -

BRYANT

Shit! -

He raises his rifle - preparing to return fire - puts it to his left shoulder -

TOM

Wait!

And as BRYANT steps into the open, weapon aimed -

TOM lunges at him. Slaps the barrel of BRYANT's rifle downwards -

TOM (CONT'D)

No.

A whistle sounds -

CURTIS (O.S.)

Ceasefire!

CAPTION: Battle Training Ranges, Stonefield Barracks, near London.

And those of you who know about these things will recognise the distinctive yellow Blank Firing Attachments on the rifle barrel that indicates... they're not using live ammo.

TOM and BRYANT turn to look at MAJOR SAM CURTIS - striding towards them.

TOM salutes CURTIS; BRYANT stands to attention holding his rifle.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Everyone alright?

TOM
Yes, sir.

CURTIS holds out his hand.

CURTIS
Weapon.

BRYANT clears the breech on his rifle, thumbs on the safety catch, hands it over.

CURTIS takes the weapon, holds it at arms length.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
Never. Ever. Forget.

He squeezes the trigger. A burst of semi-automatic fire - The rifles cocking-handle jerks backwards and forwards, rapidly ejecting a stream of metal bullet casings.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
The SA 80 individual weapon cannot, under any circumstances, be fired from the left shoulder. Do so - the cocking-handle will break your jaw and you'll get a faceful of red hot metal casings.
Even when you're firing blanks.

He safeties the weapon, hands it TOM.

CURTIS (CONT'D) (to BRYANT)
I'm afraid that's your standard issue British Army rifle. Learn to love it.

BRYANT
Yes, Major Curtis.

CURTIS
Not your fault. You didn't design the bastard.

He turns to TOM.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
David, end ex. Return your men to barracks.

TOM
Sir.

CURTIS
S'ant Major Baker!

BAKER - a tough-looking N.C.O. in his late 30's.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Stand the rest of the men down.

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. OFFICERS' QUARTERS - DAY 1. 0810

TOM walks down the corridor to his own room. Checks the door - a hair pasted across the door and its' frame. It's undisturbed. All clear.

DANNY (V.O.)

Tom has been contacting us daily at 0700 and 2300 hours without fail. Curtis' Company are next in line for overseas deployment as required, so they're on full time exercise.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. GRID - DAY 1. 0810

DANNY points a remote at the monitor. Click. A photograph of a flyer appears on the vid-screen.

DANNY

There are some morale problems on base. Tom photo-messaged this over from his mobile last night.

(reads aloud)

"Fancy spending nine months away from home on crap pay, provide strike cover for Firemen earning twice as much money for six months work, and face the possibility of being killed for a country full of greedy, pathetic and selfish individuals? Sign below. Army - Be Depressed."

ZOE

Fair point.

HARRY

Satire never brought a country down.

DANNY

Curtis is a soldier's soldier. He'd rather be in the company of his men than sitting behind a desk.

He takes full part in all exercises. But Woods, our whistleblower Corporal - codename Nightingale - has come up with no hard evidence, no proof that Curtis is planning mutiny.

ZOE

We could be wasting our time.

HARRY

No strike cover for industrial disputes. No security back-up if there's a major terrorist incident. Britain's interests overseas put in severe jeopardy. Every tinpot General from Somalia

to poor sad little North Korea and all points in between gloating on CNN. And the special relationship with our cousins severely embarrassed. Until we know for sure? - it's not time wasted.

ZOE holds up a book "Escape from Iraq" by Soldier C. Photo of CURTIS on the cover, but with his eyes concealed behind a heavy black strip.

ZOE

Sam Curtis led five men across 200 miles of Iraqi desert in 1991, and was the subject of a best-selling account of the operation.

(sets the book down)

Eric Woods glassed a fireman in a pub then put a spotlight on Curtis in a bid for leniency. He could be playing us. Maybe we turn this over to Army Intelligence...

HARRY

Curtis' reputation precedes him throughout the country. It'd be like asking the Vatican to prove Mary wasn't a virgin. 'Incitement to disaffect' is a ballchopper charge under the Army Act. But Chief of Defence Staff is adamant this is our jurisdiction. If Curtis is guilty, we need to stop him.

(he stands)

Thank you, everyone.

DANNY and ZOE walk out side-by-side.

DANNY

What if we went on strike?

ZOE

If the Army took industrial action it'd be pretty damn obvious once the Iraqi Republican Guard started marching down Whitehall. If we went on strike - who'd notice?

INT. CORRIDOR - BARRACKS - DAY 1. 1600

TOM walking down the corridor. A Company noticeboard displays various formal and informal notices - including the mock 'Be Depressed' flyer. Someone's written 'We are!' on the bottom. TOM looks around - no-one watching. He takes a RED THUMB TACK from his pocket, sticks it in a corner of the board.

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. LANGUAGE LAB - NIGHT 1. 2000

It's dark. But we can make out desks, tape machines, labelled boxes of language courses.

The door cracks open - CORPORAL WOODS peers round nervously. Steps inside.

Click. A table lamp comes on at the far end of the room. TOM sitting at a desk in a pool of light.

TOM
You're late.

WOODS
Poker game. I won a big pot.

TOM
Three more minutes, I'd have assumed you were compromised. Pulled the operation.

WOODS
Yeah, well - you didn't and I'm not.
(he sits, looks around)
This ain't the best place to meet. No-one would believe I'd be in here of an evening. We don't really use the language lab.

TOM
That's why it's a safe location.

He gestures at a set of Arabic language tapes.

TOM (CONT'D)
If I was going on one of Her Majesty's cheap camping trips I'd be brushing up. Phrases like 'thank you, sir, for letting me travel in the boot of your car' could be all the rage soon.

WOODS
I'd rather train to kill the bastards than talk to them.

TOM
Yes. That's why we have wars.

TOM doesn't much like this man.

TOM (CONT'D)
I've been here two weeks and Curtis has said half a dozen words to me. You run his diary, you need to push me in front of him.

WOODS glances at the door. Nervous.

WOODS

There's movement. Curtis is reassembling his old team. The crew from Desert Storm. S'ant-Major Baker's only the first one. Two more men are shipping in tomorrow, Wallace and Parks.

TOM

Why's that significant?

WOODS

The bonds that men forge in battle are the strongest you'll find. Curtis trusts them. He can't lead an industrial action solo - he needs men beneath him to spread it through the ranks.

(he heads for the door)

Curtis is moving his pieces into place.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT 1. 2030

DANNY'S station. ZOE, RUTH, MALCOLM and SAM gathered round. A sense of conspiracy. DANNY's consulting SAM.

DANNY

How many officers are up for it?

SAM

Nineteen.

DANNY

Budget?

She glances at a scrap of paper.

SAM

One twenty five.

DANNY

One twenty five? Is that it? We can't afford something like this on only...

(calculates)

... six fifty an officer.

MALCOLM

Six fifty seven, actually.

DANNY

What about time, date, location?

SAM

1900 hours, 21st - budget means we'll have to do it at home.

DANNY

How's the transport infrastructure going to be that night?

ZOE

There are no Tube strikes announced, if that's what you mean.

DANNY

Good, good... and we're sure -

He glances over at HARRY, on the phone in his office.

DANNY (CONT'D)

- we're sure Harry suspects nothing?

ZOE (Big sigh)

For God's sake, Danny, we're not trying to infiltrate Baghdad. It's just a birthday party.

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT 1. 2245

TOM locks the door, draws the curtains. Pulls a cellular phone from his pocket. Hits a button. The phone's LCD screen shows a funky graphic -

Sweep Activated - a circular series of dots on the screen starts sweeping through a 360-degree clockwise movement.

TOM takes the phone in hand, starts running it over the room's surfaces and fixtures. The table-lamp. Picture on the wall. Overhead light. Bedframe.

Sweeping for bugs. The phone beeps happily - No Bugs detected.

- TOM... thinking for a moment... then hits another button on his phone. A microphone symbol appears, along with the word Recording. He lifts the phone to speak -

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID/STONEFIELD BARRACKS. TOM'S ROOM (SPLIT SCREEN) - NIGHT 1. 2259

- SAM in front of her computer monitor. DANNY, ZOE, HARRY and MALCOLM all gathered round.

- On SAM's monitor, a three-dimensional image - a blip undulating from left to right like a small wave.

- A digital clock icon in one corner of her screen... 22:59:53... 22:59:54...

- TOM presses a button. Transmit? Hits 'Send'.

- SAM. And as the clock ticks to 23:00:00 -

SAM

He's bang on time every night. Watch.

The blip undulating across her screen peaks vigorously, lancing up and down the screen from left to right.

Out of SPLIT SCREEN:

SAM (CONT'D)

That's so cool...

MALCOLM can't resist...

MALCOLM

And yet so simple. Tom's phone allows him to sweep for bugs then prerecord a message. Hits a button, the message is digitally compressed, electronically scrambled, and transmitted in a 0.1 second burst. Impossible to intercept.

SAM hits a button - a message on her computer - Decompressing... then TOM's message starts playback - soundwaves undulating on SAM's computer monitor.

TOM (V.O.)

Nightingale reports activity... Eagle One has two men reporting for duty tomorrow, former colleagues from Desert Storm.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT 1. 2301

HARRY, DANNY, ZOE, SAM and MALCOLM - all listening.

TOM (V.O.)

Request confirmation and any relevant background.
(a beat)

Face-to-face at blue location to discuss, 1100 hours.

A beep as the message ends.

HARRY

What's the coefficient?

DANNY

Minus Six. He wants to meet at 5 a.m.

HARRY

Is it just me, or does he sound a bit hacked off?

DANNY

He doesn't exactly look forward to his fortnight's annual training with the SAS. I wouldn't say this is his dream assignment...

HARRY

Count yourself lucky it's only section heads who have to train alongside the Regiment. Otherwise you'd be in there.

DANNY

I could cope.

ZOE looks skeptical.

ZOE

You in the Army? They don't do designer khaki.

HARRY (to ZOE)

You go. Try cheer him up a bit.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT 1. 2310

DANNY working on his computer, ZOE alongside, pulling on her coat. An official-looking Ministry of Defence website on the monitor. As he speaks, computer files line up one-by-one, side-by-side, headshots and background data.

DANNY

I've accessed the MOD database for some background on the five men Curtis led in and out of Iraq. Sergeant-Major Baker.

BAKER'S headshot on his monitor. Followed by:

DANNY (CONT'D)

Sergeant Phillip Wallace and Corporal Harry Parks - they're the men joining Curtis tomorrow.

WALLACE and PARKS - mean-looking bastards.

ZOE

Run me prints for Tom.

DANNY hits a button - as the printer spews out 10 x 8's of WALLACE and PARKS:

DANNY

The other two have since left the Army, William Scobey, whereabouts unknown, last seen in a homeless hostel 18 months ago; and Derek Hanson - lives on a north London council estate.

SCOBNEY and HANSON'S headshots up on the monitor. ZOE studies HANSON'S headshot.

ZOE
He's worth a look.
(checks her watch)
Great...
(weary)
...time for three hours sleep before I go.

She grabs WALLACE and PARKS' headshots, heads for the pods.

EXT. LAY-BY - DAY 2. DAWN

A countryside A-road. Parked in the lay-by, ZOE'S car parked.

TOM (V.O.)
I don't trust Woods.

INT. CAR - NIGHT 1. DAWN

ZOE and TOM in the front seats. Both with early morning weariness about them. TOM'S studying head shots of WALLACE and PARKS.

TOM
What's Harry saying?

ZOE
Stay with it.

TOM
Of course he does...

ZOE hands a file over to TOM.

ZOE
Correspondence from the Chief Of Defence Staff's office. Curtis has written eighty-six letters over a five year period - a litany of suggestions, complaints and occasional sarcasm directed at the military brass. Curtis has issues with everything from personal kit to pensions. He argues a good case.

TOM flips through the file.

TOM (reading a letter)
He's not wrong about the SA 80 rifle...

ZOE
Harry's adamant. A strike could spread throughout

the Armed Forces.

TOM

Catastrophic in the current climate... I know.

He hands the file back.

TOM (CONT'D)

I reckon forty-eight hours.

ZOE

What do you want me to say to Harry?

TOM

That I'm getting closer to Curtis.

(then, a little sardonic...)

And that I said hello.

ZOE watches TOM step from the car. Knows he ain't happy.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 2. 0705

ZOE at her station, coffee in hand - RUTH passes by, drops a load of paperwork on ZOE's desk.

RUTH

Overnight intel.

ZOE

I'm still in yesterday. Been up half the night.

Don't you have top-sheet summaries?

RUTH

I can't analyse it all myself. You'll have to cherry-pick.

ZOE

That's your job -

RUTH

Not for much longer.

ZOE

What?

RUTH points at the top sheet of paper in the new batch. We might just glimpse a vaguely pornographic surveillance photo.

RUTH (brave smile...)

Look at that. Of all government ministers I'd never have made him for a leather queen. No wonder he hasn't got time to sort out the unions.

ZOE won't take the bait.

ZOE

Ruth. What did you mean..?

RUTH is about to speak - but HARRY'S passing by -

HARRY

How was Tom?

ZOE

Grumpy.

HARRY

He'll live.

EXT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. DAY 2. 0730

Establishing shot.

EXT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. RANGES - DAY 2. 0730

TOM, BRYANT, WOODS and three other squaddies. All climbing into NBC overalls, BAKER watching, as they listen to -

CURTIS

Close-quarter battle; escape and evasion;
resistance to interrogation - we will be
practising the basic drills until we can do them
in the dark, under fire and on our chin-straps.
(looks at BAKER)

Distribute the equipment please, Lieutenant.

BAKER opens a kitbag. Inside - S10 Respirator gas-masks. He starts removing them as CURTIS continues -

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Today we are going to stick you in that building -

A small, featureless breezeblock construction.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

- and we are going to pump tear gas inside. By the
end of the day I want you in your Noddy suits and
respirators within nine seconds of a gas alert.

Everyone listening carefully to CURTIS. So no-one notices as TOM takes a couple of gas masks from BAKER and -

Click. Opens a lock-knife. Makes a swift cut on the strap of one of the gas-masks. Leaves it hanging by a small thread of rubber. Passes the mask on to BRYANT.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

If you don't, you'll end up in tears because S'ant-Major Baker will put his toe so far up your arse at high speed that you will be able to chew his toenails for him.

A gentle ripple of amusement passes through the unit.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

War is shit. Anyone who tells you otherwise has never been in one. Train hard, fight easy. Train easy, fight hard - and die.

TOM watches the unit hang on CURTIS' words.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. MEETING ROOM - DAY 2. 0745

RUTH has been confiding in ZOE.

ZOE (reassuring)

Harry's no fool. You're good. He'll want to keep you here.

RUTH

God I hope so. I don't want to go back to G.C.H.Q. - too many bloody mathematicians for one thing -

DANNY comes in through the doors - file in hand, M.O.D. lettering and photo of DEREK HANSON both prominent on it.

DANNY (reading)

Hanson quit the Army three years ago. Claiming benefits ever since. Why hasn't he re-enlisted? The Army offer good incentives for experienced soldiers to join up again.

Oblivious to the counselling ZOE was giving RUTH.

RUTH

Well... I'll just go read a North Korea Evening News or something...

She heads off, leaving her paperwork on the table. ZOE eyeballs DANNY.

ZOE

For a man whose job is all about observation, perception and intelligence, you just failed on all three counts.

DANNY'S face - what've I done?

ZOE divides the pile of reports that RUTH left on the table into two stacks, slides one over to DANNY.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Split this with me. Quick scan. Ten minutes tops.

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. N.B.C. CHAMBER - DAY 2. 0800

TOM following BRYANT and the other soldiers including WOODS into a bare room, wearing their overalls, gas-masks in hand. A SUPERVISOR already there and masked up.

A plate glass window in the room looks into a viewing gallery. CURTIS and BAKER behind the glass.

BAKER addresses the unit over a microphone.

BAKER

Be in time, mask in nine.

He nods to the SUPERVISOR, who lights half-a-dozen TABLETS sitting on oil drums tablets to start releasing tear gas into the chamber.

The unit wait nervously. TOM alert.

Then... as gas starts to fill the room... all react as drilled - eyes shut. Bend forward. Blow out hard.

ALL

Gas, gas, gas!

TOM slides his respirator over his head -

BRYANT fumbling with his -

TOM has his mask in place, checks the seal. Can see BRYANT struggling, fumbling his mask on and -

The strap on BRYANT'S mask snaps.

The room is filling with gas - like smoke - BRYANT'S eyes stinging -

BRYANT

Bloody Hell...!

A panicked breath - and he collapses.

TOM moves fast. Grabs BRYANT, drags him towards the door - kicks it opens, hauls BRYANT outside.

TOM
Breathe... breathe normally...

CURTIS and BAKER watching closely...

TOM (CONT'D)
...it's OK now...

BRYANT'S retching... finally catches a good lungful of oxygen.

TOM turns his head - CURTIS watching him closely. Which is exactly what TOM wants.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 2. CONTINUOUS.

RUTH in front of HARRY'S desk. Upset.

RUTH
- I'm good at my job. Overworked, but bloody good
-

HARRY
No decision has been made yet -

ZOE bursts in, sheet of paper in hand -

ZOE
Our R.M.T. source says there'll be a wildcat
strike on West Midlands rail-lines.
(checks her watch)
In the next thirty minutes...

HARRY
What do they want now?

ZOE
That's not the issue. A consignment of spent
nuclear fuel was on its way to Dover by rail. It's
about to grind to a halt, sitting in open
countryside.

HARRY (a day at the office...)
Liaise with the Nuclear Authority. Get it moving
again.

ZOE'S picked up on the vibe between RUTH and HARRY.

ZOE (to RUTH)
Good intel, thank you.

RUTH smiles - pleased. HARRY nods at her - noted. As ZOE and RUTH head for the door -

ZOE (CONT'D)

Got any railway timetables in your vast databank?

EXT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. RANGES - DAY 2. 0830

Outside the N.B.C. training building. BRYANT is just about recovered. CURTIS pats him on the shoulder, reassuring.

CURTIS

You'll be OK. I inhaled the equivalent of a duty-free carton of B & H first time I tried to put on a respirator.

(turns to TOM)

Good job, David.

TOM

With all due respect, Major - the Company quartermaster should be shot.

CURTIS

Accidents happen.

TOM

That's not good enough. Our equipment's a disgrace. Rifles spitting cartridges in your face, gas-masks falling apart in your hands -

CURTIS

Thank you, David. Your comments are noted.

TOM trying to push CURTIS' buttons...

TOM

Something should be done about it.

CURTIS can't let a subordinate talk to him this way.

CURTIS

That's enough, Lieutenant. Right -

(to all)

- we do it again.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 2. 1100

DANNY, ZOE, HARRY. They're studying surveillance photos of DEREK HANSON.

HARRY

Go talk to Hanson. Find out if he's joining his former colleagues for the class reunion, if not - why not?

(as he goes)

Try not to spend all day in the pub.

SAM approaches - hands DANNY a business card. On it - a magazine-type logo, 'Today's Soldier'. Underneath - 'Rob Simkins - Staff Writer'.

SAM
How's that?

He glances at it, slips it in his breast pocket.

DANNY
Perfect. Thank you.

SAM (pleased)
All my own work.

SAM leaves, happily. DANNY pulls on his coat as he watches her go. ZOE watches DANNY.

ZOE (mildly exasperated...)
Why don't you just ask her?

DANNY (innocent)
Ask her what?

ZOE
It's allowed, you know. You've read the rule book.
Inter-office dating is considered less of a
security risk.
(off DANNY'S look)
I'm just trying to help.
(a beat - slightly barbed)
Tom and Harry would be very proud.

DANNY
I don't see it as a career move.

DANNY heads for the pods. ZOE won't leave it, follows -

ZOE
Of course you'd have to fill out the S-24.

DANNY
Not the S-24...

ZOE
They take it very seriously.

DANNY (steps into the pod)
Fine. I fill out an S-24 form describing my
feelings for a colleague - then what happens to
it?

ZOE

You give copies to Harry and Tom, they have a bloody good laugh, file it - you and Sam are cleared for intimate relations.

DANNY pulls a face - very funny - as the pod closes.

INT. PUB - DAY 2. 1130

A dingy inner-city drinking hole, a few dingy inner-city drinkers. Sitting alone at a corner table -

DEREK HANSON. Late 30's - a drinker, ravaged face and shaky hands. HANSON's watching a TV above the bar, near-empty pint in hand.

Another full pint slides in front of him.

DANNY
Hello.

HANSON looks at DANNY suspiciously. Checks over DANNY's shoulder, looks around the pub. Back to DANNY.

HANSON
Whatever it is, the answer's no. But thanks for the drink.

He drains half the glass in one swallow.

DANNY
Thank you. I'd love to sit down.

Takes a seat opposite HANSON, who studies him closely.

DANNY (CONT'D)
My name's Rob Simkins.

He hands over the business card SAM prepared.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I'm writing an article for "Today's Soldier" magazine. What ex-servicemen have done since leaving the Army.

HANSON
Piss off.

DANNY
I know who you are Mr Hanson and I know what you've been through. I read the Sam Curtis book -

HANSON
That bollox...

DANNY
I thought Curtis was your friend?

HANSON leans over the table, aggressively.

HANSON
Curtis should never have told his story. Put all
of us in the spotlight.

DANNY
He gave you pseudonyms.

HANSON looks at him blearily.

HANSON
Bugger all good that did. You're a journalist.
You're here talking to me about it ten years
later.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 2. 1135

RUTH, MALCOLM, SAM, N.S.E.'s listening as ZOE debriefs. The
Grid monitors show a digitised map of the U.K. as she speaks.

ZOE
The Nuclear Authority has an off-the-shelf plan to
transport the spent nuke fuel by road on a low-
loader, accompanied by its' own security
personnel. Convoy is codenamed 'The Stick'.

The digitised map lights up to show the convoy's route. M6 to
M1 to M25, circle London, on down to Dover.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Departs 10pm tonight, arrives Dover 6pm tomorrow.
We're tasked with maintaining a rolling threat
assessment. This is highly irradiated uranium -
travelling halfway across the country. If there's
so much as a drawing-pin on the inside lane of the
M25, I want to know about it.

(to RUTH)

You're the overseer.

(to everyone else)

Ruth will process relevant reports as they come
in.

RUTH's pleased. This is a big day out for her.

ZOE (CONT'D)

This might sound like a routine baby-sitting job,
but something as simple as a puncture could mean
we all have a really bad day.

Takes RUTH to one side.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Chance to make yourself indispensable in Harry's
eyes...

RUTH'S up for it.

INT. PUB - DAY 2. 1145

HANSON takes another pint off DANNY.

HANSON

I've no idea where Scobey is. Lost touch.

DANNY

Everyone has. He was in a hostel two years ago,
since then, nothing.

HANSON

There you go. Lots of ex-servicemen end up
sleeping rough. Meantime we provide hotels for
asylum seekers. Still... can't all be the subject
of bestseller books, can we?

DANNY

Why not? Didn't you ever think of looking for a
ghost-writer, tell your side of the story?

HANSON's eyes flash.

HANSON

Official Secrets Act, son. I signed it, and I take
it very seriously. Something people don't
understand anymore.

DANNY

I understand it. Come across it all the time in
this line of work.

HANSON

Well you've just run into it again. That's why I
don't talk about Iraq. And Curtis shouldn't have
either.

DANNY

Everyone else seems to think Sam Curtis is a
legend.

HANSON

In his own mirror, sure.

(he leans close)

I passed S.A.S. selection. They binned me when the book came out. You can't have a covert ops soldier whose face is on the front page of every Western newspaper. Curtis ruined my career.

(a gloomy, silent beat...)

I told him. I'm a soldier, not a bloody chauffeur.

DANNY

What do you mean?

HANSON - did he just say too much?

HANSON

Excuse me...

He stands, heads towards the Gents. Little unsteady.

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. CURTIS' OFFICE - DAY 2. 1145

Photos on the walls, books, citations - it's all a bit of a shrine. To CURTIS.

He's at a desk, reading a file. A headshot of TOM in uniform clipped to the front. BAKER sits opposite.

CURTIS

Operational tours in Bosnia, Sierra Leone and Belfast...

ANGLE ON: WOODS - lurking outside the doorway.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

... clean progress.

(looks up at BAKER)

Mr. Getty seems extremely capable. I'd like to know more. Dig deeper. Put Wallace on to it.

(then, over BAKER's shoulder)

Corporal Woods. Do you need me?

WOODS - dammit. Steps round the doorway.

WOODS

Sorry, sir. Didn't want to interrupt.

(he holds out a file)

Today's op reports.

CURTIS holds his gaze as he takes the file.

CURTIS

You can go.

Shifts his gaze to BAKER as WOODS leaves.

INT. PUB. GENTS - DAY 2. 1146

DANNY alone at the pub table. Looks over towards the Gents. Looks around the pub. No-one taking any notice of him. He heads to the Gents.

As he rounds the corner -

HANSON'S there. Grabs DANNY'S shoulders, slams him against the wall.

HANSON (shaky)
You're green slime, aren't you? Army spook?

DANNY - keeps it cool but firm. Swipes HANSON's hands away. HANSON eases off.

HANSON (CONT'D)
Who are you?

DANNY
I've also signed the Act. All I can tell you -
it's important. And I think we're on the same
side.

HANSON stares at him... deciding...

HANSON
Baker came to see me six months ago. Said Curtis
wanted to give me a lead on some sort of driving
job. I told him to stuff it. He was looking for
Scobey as well. I don't know why. I didn't want to
know why. But I believe Curtis was trying to
recruit his own little squad of wild geese.

DANNY
For what?

HANSON
No idea. But no matter what he says, you can bet
it'll be for the greater glory of Sam Curtis.

INT/EXT. THE GRID/STREET - DAY 2. 1150

SAM waves a phone at ZOE.

SAM
CIA are looking for Tom.

ZOE punches a button on her phone, picks up the call.

ZOE

Hi. It's Zoe. Tom's on operation. I'm the acting
CIA liaison.

INTERCUT WITH CHRISTINE - on the street, on her mobile.

CHRISTINE

I thought he'd been a bit... quiet.

ZOE

Is there anything I can do?

CHRISTINE

No, no.

(a beat)

How long's he away for?

ZOE

Oh... you know...

CHRISTINE

Quite. Well... if you speak to him - tell him I
said hello.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY 2. 1245

Pleasant looking detached house in the Home Counties. SFX:
Doorbell.

INT./EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY 2. 1245

MR. GETTY (60's) opens the front door to a face we might
recognise from his earlier headshots:

WALLACE

Mr. Getty?

MR. GETTY

Yes?

WALLACE (friendly smile)

I'm an old friend of David's. We served in Belfast
together. Promised him I'd stop by and say hello
if I was ever in the neighbourhood.

MR. GETTY

Oh dear. I'm afraid David isn't here.

WALLACE glances over the MR. GETTY's shoulder. A framed
portrait on a hallway table beside the front door. MR. GETTY,
a woman in her 60's... and TOM. In Army uniform.

WALLACE

That's a shame. Not overseas is he?

MR. GETTY

No, he's on exercise in the U.K. If you'd like to leave me your details I'll pass them along.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE. DAY 2. 12.47

MR. GETTY watches as WALLACE's car heads off down the driveway. Reaches for the phone, dials a number.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 2. 1248

DANNY and HARRY.

HARRY

You're sure it's not hearsay? A drunk with a grudge jumping to conclusions?

DANNY

I think Hanson's a principled ex-soldier turning down under-the-table offers.

Nearby - RUTH shoves another piece of paper at ZOE.

Minor complication...

ZOE scans the document, groans, heads for HARRY and DANNY.

ZOE

Our source in the TGWU says dockers will come out in sympathy with the RMT. If Dover shuts down, we have the same problem - a batch of uranium left sitting where it shouldn't be.

HARRY

How long?

ZOE

Best guess is 24 hours earliest. I'm pushing all our other agents. This could be co-ordinated nationwide action across a range of industries...

HARRY

Hassle the Nuclear Authority. Stress to them the urgency of getting that convoy moving.

He eyeballs ZOE.

HARRY (CONT'D)

We're into Head of Section territory. In Tom's absence - I want you to run this op.

ZOE - pleased. Heads for the nearest phone.

SAM'S in front of HARRY now.

SAM

Someone just took an eyeball at Tom's legend.
Fitted Phillip Wallace's description.

She shows them WALLACE's 10" x 8".

DANNY

I think Derek Hanson was telling me the truth
today.

HARRY (to DANNY)

Update Tom.

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. CURTIS' QUARTERS - NIGHT 2. 1930

BAKER on a laptop, CURTIS pouring drinks. On the laptop
screen, a database heading - 'Army records index'.

TOM's file - as Lieutenant David Getty.

BAKER

It all stands up. Wallace took a look at his
parents and I've cross-checked his records - they
even include a disciplinary charge... taking
stores abandoned by the enemy. He found an IRA
arms dump in Armagh four years ago. It included a
case of whiskey which ended up behind the bar in
the Junior Ranks Mess...

CURTIS

Good for him.

(a beat)

He may be one of us. Tell him I'd like to see him.

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. CURTIS' OFFICE - NIGHT 2. 2004

CURTIS holding up a bottle of whiskey.

TOM

Thank you, sir.

CURTIS pours whiskey. TOM is studying framed photos and
portraits on the wall. He points at one.

TOM (CONT'D)

George Bingham; 3rd Earl of Lucan.

CURTIS (hands TOM a drink)

Sent almost five hundred men into the valley of death in the Charge of the Light Brigade. It's there to remind me how easy it is for a soldier to be remembered for the wrong reasons.

They sit down.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Some of our boys... War is an adventure to them, what they've been waiting for after months of training. They have no idea.

TOM

No-one does. 'Til they're in one.

CURTIS

A teenager signs up for the Army. He's spent his whole life wearing trainers. Suddenly we give him a dirty great pair of boots to wear. Usually he gets the wrong size. Ends up buying his own on the high street.

TOM

No good trying to turn a man into a soldier if you start off by crippling him.

SFX: a cellular rings. CURTIS' mobile phone sits on the table. It's not the phone that's ringing. CURTIS reaches for his jacket hanging on the back of his chair. He pulls out another mobile from the pocket, presses a button to divert the call. He puts it back in his jacket pocket.

TOM - noting both phones.

CURTIS

Did you take part in Operation Fresco?

TOM

Yes. Just come back from six months in Belfast. I was supposed to go on three weeks leave, but was handed a Green Goddess instead. Still haven't made up the leave.

CURTIS

Try explaining to the junior ranks on twelve and a half grand a year why they're covering for some firefighters who earn nearly twice as much.

TOM

You didn't agree with the strike?

CURTIS

On the contrary. Firemen risk their lives. So do

we. How d'you put a salary bracket on that?

He pours another round of drinks.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

I understand what you were saying about SA 80's,
gas-masks. You're not wrong.

TOM

Can't you do anything about it?

CURTIS

I can only look after the men below me. I can't be
responsible for the ones above me.

TOM

We all have to take it on trust our superiors know
what they're doing.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT 2. 2005

DANNY, RUTH and SAM - all looking at a monitor overhead. Split
screen on the monitor - on one side, the UK digitised map. On
the other a CCTV feed showing the Stick. A low-loader with a
container of spent nuclear fuel on the back, several escort
vehicles around it.

TWO DRIVERS stretching out before climbing into the truck. One
of them (SCOBAY) just finishing a mobile phone call, the other
chivvying him along.

SAM

They're about ready to go. Nuclear Authority
Central Control have been assigned callsign
'Polestar.'

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. CURTIS' OFFICE - NIGHT 2. 2006

TOM and CURTIS more relaxed, two or three drinks in.

CURTIS

That's the irony in defending democracy. You do it
for peanuts and your equipment is made by the
cheapest bidder. Belfast. You were at Blackwood
barracks?

TOM

Yes...

CURTIS

Sullen part of town.

TOM

Two communities bashing up against each other, a
Brit base right in the middle? Pretty vicious,
yes.

CURTIS

Your O.C. there was Tim Darbyshire, right?

TOM - alert. Where's this going...?

CURTIS (CONT'D) (reassuring smile)

Sorry - not trying to make you paranoid. New
officer in my Company, so - I took a look at your
background.

TOM

Find anything interesting?

CURTIS

To be honest David, you need to get out more. My
Auntie Alice has a more exciting life.

They share a smile as CURTIS goes to pour another drink.
Bottle's empty.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

I'll go grab another -

CURTIS leaves the room. TOM waits a beat, then -
Grabs the mobile from Curtis' pocket. On its screen - 1 Missed
Call. He pushes buttons - *#61# - 'enter' -

And up pops a phone number. TOM studies it a second,
memorising... CURTIS rummaging in the next room...

TOM replaces the phone as he hears CURTIS return.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT 2. 2030

ZOE, RUTH, DANNY, SAM.

ZOE (to SAM)

Tell Polestar we're ready when they are.

(to RUTH)

It's you and me now. Let's show off to Harry.

ON THE MONITORS: the Stick lumbers into action. Starts
creeping forward.

RUTH

And they're off.

DANNY

Hardly the Whacky Races, is it?

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. CURTIS' OFFICE - NIGHT 2. 2031

CURTIS has just topped TOM's glass up.

CURTIS

Here's a question for you, David -
(he holds TOM'S gaze)
- some of the stuff we've discussed... how
strongly do you feel about it?

TOM (a beat)

What do you mean?

CURTIS

I mean... would you take the chance to do
something?

TOM

If I thought it would make a difference...

CURTIS studies TOM. Makes his decision.

CURTIS

I have a small protest in mind. Be great if I
could count on your support.

TOM doesn't want to rush this...

TOM

What form... would this protest take?

CURTIS pulls a sheet of printed paper from a drawer.

CURTIS

I'm asking each man in the Company if he's
prepared to sign this.

(hands the paper over)

The issues we're worried about. I reckon I'm in a
position to get it direct to Downing Street.

TOM reads the paper. Looks up at CURTIS - surprised. And
truthfully... relieved.

TOM

It's a petition. You're organising a petition.

CURTIS

You've got to start somewhere...

TOM

Do you have a pen?

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT 2. 2255

TOM looks tired. Maybe even slightly pissed. He lies down on the bed, speaks into his mobile.

TOM

Eagle One is not, repeat not a threat. He is exercising his democratic right to written protest. Nightingale, however, is a weasely little bastard who should be sent to the Tower. He's an amateur who didn't even tell us that Curtis had two mobile phones. Those of you still of a paranoid disposition may confirm Eagle One's innocence by unlawfully listening to his voicemail on the following number. 0-7-7-6...

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT 2. 2301

HARRY, SAM, MALCOLM and DANNY listening in as TOM's message plays back, SAM writing the number down.

TOM (V.O.)

- 3-2-3. My next call in is at 0700, when I'll tell you how I want to be extracted from this badly sourced pigs ear of an operation. Night, night.

Message ends. No-one quite sure what to make of that.

HARRY

Is he pissed?

ZOE

Tired. Night exercise earlier in the week, rendezvous with me in the small hours yesterday. Let him sleep.

ZOE'S phone ringing - she grabs it as -

MALCOLM hangs up on another call.

MALCOLM

Curtis' Voicebox is PIN-protected.

HARRY

Get the code from his service provider. Let's be sure.

ZOE (O.S.)

Dammit!

All look over as she slams down her phone.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Dockers are coming out, 7pm tomorrow. (to SAM)
Let Polestar know. The Stick needs to stay on
schedule or we're back to square one.

INT. THE STICK TRUCK - NIGHT 2. 2304

TWO MEN sitting in the front seat of the truck, one driving,
one alongside, reading the paper.

POLESTAR (V.O.)

Stick One, be advised - industrial action at Dover
in less than twenty hours. Be aware of schedule.

The DRIVER reaches for the radio to respond -

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT 2. 2305

CLOSE on a computer terminal. Pictures of the unit from Iraq.
CURTIS. BAKER. WALLACE. PARKS. HANSON.

And SCOBNEY. Missing, presumed dead.

In fact - The Stick Driver.

SCOBNEY (V.O.)

Copied, Polestar. We're making good time.

ZOE - watching motorway CCTV footage of the Stick with RUTH.

ZOE

We have to stay on our toes. The Stick needs to be
put to bed by 1800 hours tomorrow night.

SAM, is getting ready to go home for the day, shows DANNY -

SAM

Harry's present. 25 year old malt.

DANNY

Good choice.

SAM replaces the bottle in a box file stamped 'UK EYES ALPHA:
TOP SECRET', locks it away in a filing cabinet. Pleased DANNY
approved her whiskey selection.

SAM

See you tomorrow.

She heads for the pods. DANNY screws up his courage... trots along behind her. ZOE clocks this from her workstation.

DANNY
Listen... er...

SAM (still walking)
Yeah?

DANNY
D'you want to... some night... when it's a bit
less busy... maybe we could, ah...

SAM steps into the pods. Looks at DANNY. Amused.

DANNY (CONT'D)
You want to get a beer sometime? Maybe dinner?

SAM
We work together.

DANNY grins. Relieved.

DANNY
I know. That's the good bit. They like us to date
each other. Security reasons.

SAM
Whose? Theirs, or ours?

DANNY
Harry would be thrilled.

SAM
You really know how to flatter a girl... You want
to go out with me, or you want to get into Tom and
Harrys' good books?

DANNY
The first bit. Definitely.

SAM touches the pod button.

SAM
Thought you'd never ask.

And as the glass doors seal her off from DANNY... she blows him a kiss...

DANNY turns away. Delighted. He catches ZOE's eye and grins, she smiles back.

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT 2. 0030

Darkness. TOM asleep in bed, when -

The door smashes open. Three masked men (BAKER, WALLACE, PARKS) crash into the room, drag TOM from his bed. TOM taken unawares - blindfolded in seconds.

BAKER

Out! Out! Out!

As he's dragged away TOM's mobile is jarred off the bedside table. A heavy Army boot smashes it in the scuffle.

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 2. 0045

TOM and other squaddies, including WOODS, all blindfolded and bound - waiting to be herded into an interrogation room. WALLACE, PARKS, BAKER shepherding them.

WALLACE

Everyone sit! Cross-legged, hands under your arse!

WOODS (panicky)

What's going on?!

WALLACE

Shut up!

TOM

Just an exercise, Corporal. Stay calm.

Whack! - WALLACE slaps TOM across the face.

WALLACE

I said - shut up.

BRYANT is brought out of the interrogation room, exhausted. WALLACE points at TOM -

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 2. 0046

- who is slammed into a chair.

WALLACE (V.O.)

Remove his blindfold.

A hand rips TOM's blindfold away. He blinks at a light shining in his eyes. Opposite him, WALLACE and PARKS sit behind a desk.

TOM senses movement behind him, starts to turn -

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Name?

CURTIS steps quietly back into the shadows.

TOM
Getty. David.

WALLACE
Name?

TOM
Getty. David.

WALLACE
Name. Your real name.

TOM (a beat)
Getty. Dav -

WALLACE
You've forgotten it haven't you? You've forgotten
your real name.

Silence from TOM.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Who are you?

TOM
Getty. David.

WALLACE (sighs)
How do I spell Getty? With a -y or -ie?

TOM
I cannot answer that -

WALLACE
It's hardly a trick question.

TOM stays silent.

WALLACE (CONT'D) (sighs)
Rank?

TOM
Lieutenant.

WALLACE
What's your Regiment?

TOM
I cannot answer that question.

WALLACE (Aggressive)
Are you stupid, mate? You must know your Regiment.

TOM
I cannot -

WALLACE
You're in the shit, son. I need to know your
Regiment to get you out of here.

TOM stays quiet, looks over their heads.

A beat.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Number?

TOM
541232.

WALLACE
Regiment?

TOM
I cannot answer -

WALLACE
Look you arsehole - name, rank, number means
nothing to me. Any bastard can make those up.
Until you tell me your Regiment you're not getting
out of here.

TOM stays silent. A beat, then -

A chuckle. And CURTIS steps forward.

CURTIS
Well played, Lieutenant.

The door opens behind TOM. Free to go.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
Now get some sleep.

TOM leaves passing WOODS who is being hauled in.

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 2. 0105

WOODS in the hot seat. The little runt looks scared. WALLACE
and PARKS opposite.

WOODS

Is this an exercise...?

(no response)

What do you want to know?

(More. Silence.)

I can help you, you know. If it's not an exercise.

WALLACE looks at CURTIS over WOODS shoulder. Hello?

CURTIS

What do you mean, Corporal?

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 2 0115

WOODS is being lead out of the room. CURTIS turns to WALLACE.

CURTIS

Don't let Mr. Getty out of your sight. He's probably not alone. And I want him with us tomorrow when we move.

INT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS. TOM'S ROOM - DAY 3. 0650

TOM's alarm clock rings. 6.50a.m. His eyes flicker open. He squints, sits up. Winces. Looks around for his mobile phone. Sees it in pieces on the floor.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0712

DANNY, ZOE, SAM - in front of SAM's monitor, watching her 3-D undulating blip. Silent, waiting, then -

ZOE

We tell Harry.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 3. 0712

HARRY reading papers as DANNY and ZOE enter.

DANNY

Tom's missed a scheduled call-in.

HARRY

How late?

ZOE

Twelve minutes.

HARRY reaches for a phone, looks at DANNY.

HARRY

Run the contingency plan.

INT. CORRIDOR - BARRACKS. DAY 3. 0800

TOM walking down the corridor, passes the noticeboard. Checks it for -

A GREEN thumb-tack in one corner.

EXT. BARRACKS. DAY 3. 0810

TOM turns into a quiet corner of the barracks, where as he expected -

DANNY is waiting. In Army uniform, Sergeant's stripes.

TOM

Reassuring to know back-up plans actually work. My mobile got damaged in a training exercise. Everything's fine. Brought the transfer orders I hope?

He pulls out a sheaf of paperwork.

DANNY

I have them here. Lieutenant David Getty is being sent back to Belfast.

TOM

Good. I didn't get into this job to spy on my own side. I regard Curtis as a colleague. We all have the same job - to protect this country.

TOM (CONT'D) (he checks the paperwork)

He's is something of a loose cannon, lonely, rather pleased with himself, and pissed off about a bunch of Army issues, but none of those things constitute treason. The MOD were hoping I'd find something dirty around Curtis but I'm afraid they're going to be disappointed.

(hands the paper back to DANNY)

He's a first class soldier - a threat only to the enemies of this nation and the postmen of Whitehall.

DANNY moves away...

DANNY

The paperwork will clear by the end of the day, no-one will ever know that you weren't for real.

TOM

Story of my life.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0855

MALCOLM at his station.

MALCOLM
Second opinion, please!

ZOE's there first. HARRY, RUTH not far behind.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Curtis' Voicebox - he deletes messages after
playback, it took me 'til now to recover it from
the storage computer -

He plays back a voicemail message on speakerphone.

SCOBAY (V.O.)
Strike One reporting in. Confirm RV at 0830 hours.

ZOE
That could mean anything... Try voiceprinting.

He starts tapping the keyboard.

EXT. STONEFIELD BARRACKS - DAY 3. 0815

TOM approaches the platoon barracks. WOODS, BAKER, PARKS,
three other SQUADDIES hanging around outside. CURTIS is there
with WALLACE.

CURTIS
Morning, David. Sleep well?

Two Army trucks parked nearby, engines running.

TOM
What I got of it, yes.

The soldiers are all carrying SA 80's...

CURTIS
Lucky you. We were up all night. Had a whole
platoon to interrogate.

And TOM is aware -

The men are encircling him.

TOM
Uh-huh...

He's surrounded. CURTIS stands right in front of him.

CURTIS

Have you enjoyed your posting here?

TOM

I've had considerably worse.

CURTIS

Makes a change from sleeping with Russian spies or spying on Libyan trade delegations, or whatever it is you people do to justify your existence these days.

TOM

I don't -

CURTIS

Corporal Woods finally... decided... where his loyalties lie.

TOM glances at WOODS. Who smirks.

WOODS

Sorry. Unlike you, the Major can spare me a court-martial.

CURTIS

You people screwed up your chance to defend the West. Now it's down to us - the Armies - to sort it out.

(a beat)

So you'll forgive me if I'm a bit pissed off that M.I.5 investigated a distinguished Army officer at a time when espionage efforts could be better concentrated elsewhere.

Another beat.

TOM

I was only following my orders. I'm sure you understand that.

CURTIS studies him for a long moment.

CURTIS

Apology accepted.

He smiles. A beat.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

What'd you think I was up to anyway?

TOM glances at WOODS.

TOM

We received information. That you were going to lead your men into industrial action.

CURTIS

Industrial action?

CURTIS laughs.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Do I look like a socialist to you?

WALLACE... joining in CURTIS' amusement...

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Sitting around refusing to do what I'm trained to do ain't exactly my style.

And - the laughter just left his eyes.

Behind TOM - the sound of a rifle being cocked.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

In the truck, please.

And as the SOLDIERS start climbing into the trucks, TOM is plasticcuffed and nudged at gunpoint into the back of Army Truck One, CURTIS alongside.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0826

MALCOLM at his computer, ZOE, HARRY, RUTH at his shoulder.

MALCOLM

There were no database matches for the voiceprint. I spoke to Curtis' mobile service provider. The footprint for the call he received came from here

-

He points at a map on his monitor -

ZOE

The Stick's starting-point.

RUTH

Someone in that convoy made a phone call to Curtis just before they set off last night.

HARRY turns to SAM - urgent.

HARRY

Where's Danny? Any word? Red flash him. I want him on the phone now.

ZOE

Hanson - the drunk? He told Danny that Curtis offered him a driving job.

(turns to RUTH)

Who's driving the Stick?

SAM'S hanging on the phone -

SAM

Danny's phone is dead.

RUTH's beside SAM, computing away.

RUTH

Personnel records from the Nuclear Authority.

SCOBNEY'S M.O.D. head-and-shoulders shot is up on her monitor. She hits buttons. A Nuclear Authority personnel file with photo pings up on the monitor next to it.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Snap. William Scobey. Our missing presumed dead team member. He's driving the Stick.

INT. THE STICK TRUCK - DAY 3. 0827

SCOBNEY driving. Beside him - an unconscious co-driver. SCOBNEY puts his foot down. The speedometer rising...

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0827

RUTH, ZOE and HARRY.

RUTH

The Nuclear Authority routinely recruit ex-military as convoy drivers and escorts. Scobey took the job six months ago under an assumed name.

His background checked out from top to bottom - including glowing references from a distinguished former colleague - Curtis. Scobey's a plant.

ZOE - on comms-link.

ZOE

Polestar? - you have a situation.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY 3. 0828

ARMY TRUCK ONE and TWO parked on the road, maybe 100 yards apart. TOM and CURTIS in the rear of Army Truck One, looking back at the second truck.

In the distance - the Stick convoy approaching Army Truck Two.
Nuclear Authority POLICE VEHICLE leading.

And as TOM watches -

WALLACE and three other SQUADDIES jump from the rear of Army
Truck Two -

Spread out across the road -

And raise SA80's - aiming at the oncoming Police Vehicle.

The Police Vehicle slows to a halt at the side of the road.
WALLACE and his men advance, weapons trained on the men
inside.

WALLACE

Show me your hands! Show me your hands!

TWO NUCLEAR AUTHORITY POLICEMEN in front of the Police Vehicle
- raise their hands in surrender.

WALLACE - waves the Stick truck on through - towards Army
Truck One

INSIDE TRUCK ONE - TOM glances at CURTIS. Who smiles.

CURTIS (reassuring)

Don't worry. No-one will get hurt.

The Stick truck approaching them -

Behind it - POLICE VEHICLE TWO. WALLACE and one other SQUADDIE
step into the road again - aim their rifles.

Police Vehicle Two screeches to a halt -

WALLACE and his men disarm its occupants, gather their
weapons. Leave the POLICEMEN sitting in their vehicles.

WALLACE

Go! Go!

And as his men pile into the back of Army Truck Two - WALLACE
raises his rifle -

Shoots on the tires on both POLICE VEHICLES.

INSIDE TRUCK ONE - CURTIS bangs on the driver's cabin.

CURTIS

Go!

And Army truck One pulls out in front of the Stick Truck.

WALLACE jumps into the back of Army Truck Two - which follows behind the Stick.

All pull away.

The Stick has a new escort.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0830

ZOE on comms-link.

ZOE
What's happening, Polestar?

Radio silence.

ZOE (CONT'D)
What's going on?

EXT. OIL STORAGE DEPOT - DAY 3. 1201

The sticks convoy cruising towards an industrial depot.

TWO SECURITY CARDS at the entrance to the Depot.

But not for long. TWO MEN jump out of Army Truck One - march them off at gunpoint. Wave the Stick convoy on through.

T.B.C. - aerial shot from the Thames revealing - an OIL STORAGE DEPOT. Sequence of shots as the Stick moves through the Depot -

And grinds to a halt beside a row of HUGE OIL STORAGE VATS.

CURTIS jumps down from Army Truck One, TOM following.

Army Truck Two starts unloading its men. And -

DANNY steps down at gunpoint, hands also palsti-cuffed and tied behind his back.

On TOM: he knows he's fucked up.

CURTIS (to TOM re: DANNY)
Friend of yours I believe.

TOM looks to DANNY - Shit. Sorry.

SCOBEY steps out of the Stick driver cabin, hands CURTIS the radio that links to Polestar. And the Grid.

SCOBAY
It's all yours, sir.

CURTIS
Nice to be working with you again.
(to WALLACE and PARKS)
Secure the perimeter, gentlemen.

WALLACE and PARKS start directing the four other squaddies, including WOODS, into position. Everyone locking and loading. BAKER opens a briefcase. Inside - a laptop computer and satellite phone. Standard war reporter style kit for sending video reports from the frontline. He starts hooking it up to a video-camera.

CURTIS (CONT'D) (to TOM)
I know you're not a bad man, David - or whatever your name is. But you see - neither am I.

TOM
What are you planning to do?

CURTIS
I just want to make a point.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0835

ZOE, HARRY, RUTH, SAM and MALCOLM - looking at the digitised Stick location map. Satellite imagery shows the Stick's location in the oil depot.

HARRY
Close-up on Stick's location please.

SAM taps a key - the map snaps to a close grid of the Stick's location. 'OIL STORAGE DEPOT' clearly labelled.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Christ.

EXT. OIL STORAGE DEPOT. - DAY 3. 0836

BAKER hoists the vid-camera, gives CURTIS a thumbs-up.

BAKER
Ready when you are, Major.

CURTIS
Start filming.

CURTIS speaks into The Stick radio.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0836

All listen as his voice booms out over the monitors.

CURTIS (V.O.)
This is Major Sam Curtis.

EXT. OIL STORAGE DEPOT. - DAY 3. 0836

CURTIS watching TOM's reaction as he speaks...

CURTIS
I have control of the nuclear transportation known
to you as Stick One. You will see from your GPS
tracker our exact location -

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0836

The Stick beacon flashes on their digitised map.

CURTIS (V.O.)
- and you might want to start evacuating the area.

EXT. OIL STORAGE DEPOT. - DAY 3. 0836

CURTIS (a beat)
Almost five hundred British soldiers have died
since the Gulf War. Cause of death: Gulf War
Syndrome. The authorities expect men to take the
same risks again and again. With inferior weapons,
minimal life insurance and laughable salaries.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0836

MALCOLM is ripping a fax from the machine.

CURTIS (V.O.)
A full list of the issues I demand the British
government address has been faxed to the Chief of
Defence Staff.

MALCOLM shoves the fax under HARRY's nose.

MALCOLM
Curtis' ransom note. Compensation and treatment
for victims of Gulf War Syndrome... ditto
P.T.S.D... 50% pay hike across the board... you
can guess the rest.

EXT. OIL STORAGE DEPOT. - DAY 3. 0836

CURTIS nods at WOODS - who opens a canvas kit-bag.

CURTIS (into radio)

I have been campaigning in every legitimate way possible for years, but Whitehall refuses to take me seriously. So now it's come to this.

He reaches into WOODS' kit-bag. Pulls out - a brick of plastic explosive. A detonator already pushed into it.

TOM and DANNY - this is bad.

BAKER filming all this.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Unless my terms are agreed in the next thirty minutes I shall be transmitting a videotape from my location via sat-phone to every major Western broadcaster. I don't think I... er... flatter myself that it will be headline news the second they realise who I am. Especially when they see that I have surrounded a truckload of irradiated uranium with fifty pounds of plastic explosive.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0836

Frantic activity - everyone working the phones.

CURTIS (V.O.)

If my terms are still not met within sixty minutes...

EXT. OIL STORAGE DEPOT. - DAY 3. 0836

CURTIS slaps the plastic explosive onto the side of an oil vat. BAKER filming.

CURTIS

Then south east England will be twinned with Chernobyl. Someone better get back to me quick.

A timer on the explosive. CURTIS pushes a button -

CURTIS (CONT'D)

The clock's started ticking.

He tosses the radio to BAKER.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0837

ZOE slams down a phone.

ZOE

We're establishing a 20-mile cordon sanitaire around the Stick. All air, road and rail transportation has been stopped, the police are

evacuating civilians from the immediate area -
claiming there's a fractured gas pipe running
under the storage plant. A counter-terrorist team
is choppering in, e.t.a. five minutes.

HARRY, MALCOLM, SAM listening.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Curtis has just created the world's biggest dirty
bomb.

SAM

What about Tom? And Danny?

MALCOLM

He can't explode the Stick.

HARRY

I'd like to believe that...

MALCOLM

I mean - he physically can't. The container is
made of titanium steel, it's several feet thick.
You can run an express train into it, the train
will end up in the scrapyard. It requires
specialised tools to open. You don't just pop the
lid off with a screwdriver.

ZOE's looking at the map on the Grid monitors.

ZOE

Fire.

She points - large circular markings on the map all around the
Stick indicate -

ZOE (CONT'D)

These are oil vats. He's not going to bomb the
truck - he's going to bomb those. Massive oil
fire, the whole scene becomes a giant furnace...

(to MALCOLM)

What would that do to uranium?

Everyone realising...

MALCOLM

It would make it very angry.

EXT. OIL STORAGE DEPOT. - DAY 3. 0840

TOM and DANNY held at gunpoint. CURTIS grins.

CURTIS

And they thought I was a pain in the arse
before...

DANNY (to TOM)

You said he was organising a petition.

TOM's face - I know, I know...

CURTIS

I am. But it didn't work last year and I doubt it
will make any difference this year. So I've gone
with Plan B.

DANNY

You won't do it.

CURTIS

You think...?

(a beat)

What choice do I have? Frankly, your presence here
pretty much makes my case for me. It seems that
third world and Eastern bloc dictators are not the
only powers who monitor and infiltrate their
military.

(a beat)

Get the camera again, S'ant Major.

EXT. QUAY ALONGSIDE DEPOT - DAY 3. 0841

Black-clad COUNTER-TERRORIST types moving into position around
the depot. Find some cover, set up their firing positions.

EXT. OIL STORAGE DEPOT - DAY 3. 0841

WALLACE watching the COUNTER-TERRORIST TEAM through field
glasses.

WALLACE (to CURTIS)

Counter-terrorist team are in position, Major.

CURTIS glances in the direction WALLACE is looking. And throws
a casual salute at the SNIPERS.

CURTIS

I don't think we need trouble ourselves about
that...

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0842

ZOE in front of the map.

ZOE

The C.T. team are in place, have found some cover here -

(she points)

and are setting up a video feed now. We should have picture in a couple of minutes.

(another beat)

Tom and Danny must be in there.

EXT. OIL STORAGE DEPOT. - DAY 3. 0843

TOM and DANNY still at gunpoint as BAKER films - he's close on TOM. CURTIS standing alongside, addressing the camera.

CURTIS

This is the face of the 21st century spy, the secret face of the most paranoid government in the West. Although... I believe this man understands what I'm trying to do.

TOM

I understand why you are doing it. But not this way.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0843

ZOE in front of a monitor, on a comms-link.

SNIPER (V.O.)

Sierra One - uploading V.T. link now.

An image appears on ZOE'S monitor. A view of the Stick sitting inside the warehouse in long-shot.

ZOE

Thank you, Sierra One. Can you zoom any closer?

The image starts zooming in...

ZOE (CONT'D) (over her shoulder)

We have visuals!

She taps commands on her keyboard and the image appears on the overhead monitors. As everyone looks:

CURTIS (V.O.)

No-one's talking to me yet.

Booming out over the speakers.

RUTH waves a phone at HARRY.

RUTH
M.O.D. -

As HARRY takes the phone -

HARRY (to SAM)
Patch me into the Stick communications. I'll talk
to this bastard.

SAM grabs a phone, speed-dials.

HARRY (CONT'D) (into phone)
Harry Pearce.

He listens...

SAM (into her phone)
Grid request a talk-thru on this line, immediate.

On HARRY. His face grim.

HARRY (into phone)
Let's hope it doesn't come to that.

He thrusts the phone back at RUTH.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Keep this line open.

CURTIS (V.O.)
You people in MI5. I know you're listening. I have
two of your men here. They'll each be receiving
their very own close-up on international news
channels.

INT. OIL STORAGE DEPOT. - DAY 3. 0844

CURTIS is holding his radio, waiting for a response.

HARRY (V.O.)
Major Curtis.

CURTIS
Identify yourself.

INTERCUT WITH HARRY - on comms-link:

HARRY (ignores that)
Are my officers OK?

TOM and DANNY can hear HARRY's voice on CURTIS' radio.

CURTIS

Of course they are. I'm not Ghenghis Khan.

HARRY

Let me speak to them.

CURTIS

Negative, Mr. M.I.5.

TOM

Work with him. Let us get you out of this.

HARRY

We know everything, Major. We even know about
William Scobey.

That gets a reaction from CURTIS and his men.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So what makes you think we'd put him at the wheel
of a genuine consignment of nuclear waste?

CURTIS (irritated)

You're bluffing.

TOM

He's not. We've been running this operation for
weeks.

HARRY

Do you want to open Pandora's Box to find out?
Blow that site, all you're doing is killing your
own men.

TOM

Listen to him. My assignment was to prove your
innocence. There's still a way back from this.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0844

All watching the monitors. They can see CURTIS, TOM, DANNY at
the entrance to the warehouse...

CURTIS (V.O.) (a beat, then -)

It appears no-one is taking me seriously...

And everyone reacts -

INT. OIL STORAGE DEPOT. - DAY 3. 0844

- as CURTIS pulls a 9mm handgun, cocks it. Forces TOM and
DANNY to their knees.

CURTIS (into radio)

So if someone doesn't make me an offer in the next
five minutes... I'm going to execute a spy.
(points the gun at DANNY)
Like me - you get paid to take the risk.

He tosses the radio to BAKER.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0845

HARRY
He's losing it.

ZOE
Can we call his bluff?

HARRY calls over to RUTH.

HARRY
Let me speak to the M.O.D.

INT. OIL STORAGE DEPOT. - DAY 3. 0845

CURTIS' men all watching as he keeps the gun jammed to DANNY'S
head. No-one doing anything to stop him.

CURTIS
I hate it when people don't listen to me. I know
what I'm talking about.

DANNY
They want you to do this.

CURTIS
Then I'm happy to oblige.

Even BAKER senses this is getting out of control. Lowers his
camera.

BAKER
Sam...

CURTIS
Shut up.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0845

HARRY has the phone to his ear. All watching and listening.
Tight as a drum.

SNIPER (V.O.)
This is Sierra One. I have a shot on primary.
Advise. Over.

All eyes turn to HARRY.

HARRY (into phone)
I have two officers in there. We can resolve this.
I want more time.

HARRY listens into the phone. He realises he has no choice.

HARRY (CONT'D) (flat)
I understand.

INT. OIL STORAGE DEPOT. - DAY 3. 0845

TOM, CURTIS, DANNY -

TOM
You're being manipulated. They want you to self-destruct. Your arguments are valid. This is the only way they can stop you. Don't be remembered for the wrong reasons. Don't lead your men into the valley of death.

CURTIS looks at him. And...he's wavering. Lowers his gun a little.

TOM - senses it - driving his point up.

TOM (CONT'D)
They will take the kill shot. You've made your point. They can't ignore you now.

As TOM watches -

A red dot appears on CURTIS' chest. Laser targeting.

CURTIS looks at the dot, looks up to see where the sniper is located.

TOM (CONT'D)
Drop the weapon, Major. Your men will be massacred. Stand them down.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0845

HARRY listening on the phone. Grim-faced. Whatever he's hearing, he doesn't like it.

HARRY (into phone)
Of course. Thank you.

He hands the phone back to RUTH.

HARRY (CONT'D) (to ZOE)

Sierra One link?

She hands him another phone.

HARRY (CONT'D) (into phone)
Sierra One? - Green light.

EXT. OIL STORAGE DEPOT. DAY 3. 0846

CURTIS looks towards the SNIPER positions.

He spreads his arms - standing in plain sight - the red laser dot centred on his chest...

Confident in his omnipotence.

CURTIS
There isn't a British soldier alive who'd take a shot at me.

And -

BANG.

CURTIS takes a bullet in the chest.

TOM
NO!!!

T.B.C. - aerial shot. CURTIS dead on the ground.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY 3. 0846

All startled as CURTIS goes down -

SNIPER (V.O.)
T-1 neutralised.

HARRY's face. Impassive.

He takes the phone from RUTH. Walks to his office, closes the door. He begins to speak into the phone.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT 3. 1901

HARRY's Birthday Party. Good spirits. Everyone celebrating a job well done. SAM - pleased to see DANNY - as RUTH pecks TOM on the cheek.

RUTH
Welcome back.

Then - excited - can't help herself -

RUTH (CONT'D)

Harry's renewed my secondment...

Just had to tell someone. Luckily, ZOE's there to celebrate with her...

MALCOLM with COLIN - awkwardly juggling a drink and a paper plate of party food -

MALCOLM

Thought you'd want to know... Curtis' videotape.
It's gone away.

TOM's face - of course it has. Not necessarily a good thing. He looks at a TV monitor playing overhead.

T.V.

... was one of the country's most-respected soldiers. Following his death in a car accident today, Major Curtis is to be buried with full military honours. Other news. Dockers at Dover have called off threatened industrial action following -

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

Hey, stranger...

TOM turns. She's right behind him. He steps forward - til they're as close as they can be without actually touching.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

You look tired.

TOM

You look great...

CHRISTINE

My place? Later?

TOM - yes, please - but before he can speak -

HARRY's there. Right between them. Wearing a party hat and an 'I'm The Boss' badge off a birthday card.

TOM

Happy Birthday.

HARRY

Welcome back.

TOM

Chat?

HARRY
Absolutely.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. HARRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT 3. 1902

HARRY closes the door, shuts out the party noise. CHRISTINE'S watching as the door closes.

HARRY (Icey. Re: CHRISTINE)
How long's that been going on?

TOM (a beat)
Not long.

A moment. HARRY sighs.

HARRY
What happened to you?

TOM
Who ordered Curtis' death?

HARRY
That doesn't matter -

TOM
Did you? Or were you taking instruction from
someone else?

HARRY
Curtis was out of control.

TOM
I could have talked him down. He was ready to
surrender.... but getting Curtis to back down
would have been a failure. They needed him removed
forever.

HARRY
We neutralised a threat to national security.
That's our job.

TOM
What part did Corporal Woods play? Did he get a
deal? Immunity, promotion? He was a set up wasn't
he? A plant from the M.O.D.

HARRY
What if Curtis had been an international terrorist
not a British Army Officer? You wouldn't question
how we resolved the situation then.

TOM

I misjudged him. Worse - I allowed myself to be used by the Government of the day for its own ends. They wanted Curtis silenced and I was the blunt instrument. This country's Army would never mutiny. It does everything asked of it and more. Curtis was only trying to give them a voice -

HARRY

You got too close to the subject. Don't let personal feelings -

TOM

Personal feelings. I have personal feelings...

It's like he's never heard the phrase before. But it explains so much...

HARRY

Then bury them. Because -

TOM

Screw. You. If the new world order means we're in the business of destroying anyone who questions the political agenda... then I'm in the wrong job.

A long beat.

HARRY

Take a long weekend. Then put this operation behind you.

TOM

Shame on you, Harry. Shame on you for allowing us to be manipulated.

HARRY (steel)

It's OVER. I'll take your debrief another time. And as regards Mata Hari out there -

CHRISTINE - watching from the Grid -

HARRY (CONT'D)

- no fraternising with foreign operatives, even if they're friendlies. You and I both know there's no such thing in our world.

TOM

I will not -

HARRY

NEVER! QUESTION! MY! DECISIONS!

Fuck... TOM's face is set in stone.

HARRY (CONT'D)

End it. I don't care how, I do care when. Next
time I see you, you're a single man.

He slams the door as he goes.

TOM - stares at the plate glass window through to the Grid
party going on outside. CHRISTINE looking at him. His own
reflection, shadowy on the glass.

Who are you?

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE