



Seri es One

Epi sode One

By

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FADE IN:

INT. THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 1. 0530 (DAWN)

Pockets of light glow around a vast open plan office space-- islands of hectic activity in the wee small hours.

MOVING -

Through the open-plan grandeur of the GRID, the nerve centre of MI5 operations... A phone is ringing...

As we pass each little pocket of light, we find one or two officers, tapping on computers, whispering into telephones in foreign tongues. A young Muslim woman dressed for the office stares at a computer screen. The screen shows a young Muslim man staring back - the face of a terrorist. On other screens: names, reports, contracts, maps. Security never sleeps.

The phone continues to ring. World clocks on the wall. In London it's 5.30am.

JED (20s, Scottish imp) hurries towards the ringing phone. As he walks, motion-sensitive lighting above him clicks on, cutting a swathe through the darkness.

Reaches the phone. Consults a list. Into the handset:

JED

Dickson Murray Estate Agents.

OSPREY (V.O)

I need to speak to Chris Patterson.

JED

Can I take a message for him--

OSPREY (V.O.)

(realising)

Tell him his sister needs to view a property,  
urgently.

JED checks the code on the list.

JED

Fine.

Hangs up--runs over to another phone. Dials fast.

JED (CONT'D)

(fast official speak)

Zone One Flash from Osprey. Page N-5 with a Zone  
One Flash.

We pull back, up, out-- to see... The Grid. A vast, modern, open-plan space. Phones, faxes, chatter--but no shouting.

INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 1. 0554 (DAWN)

ELLIE lies on TOM's chest. Both early 30s, attractive. Close, intimate. As warm and secure as two people can be.

ELLIE  
Matthew?

She prods TOM--and it takes him longer than it should to realise who "Matthew" is--it's him. He rolls on top of her.

TOM  
A very good morning to you.

ELLIE  
So I see.  
(kisses him--listens)  
Matthew. What's that?

TOM  
You knew what it was last night.

She smiles, pushes him gently off her--

ELLIE  
No, Benny Hill, that--

Tom listens. A beeping. Getting louder each beep.

INT. ZOE'S BEDROOM, SHARED HOUSE - DAY 1. 0554 (DAWN)

ZOE's pager beeps. She's late 20s, bright-eyed and sharp, even now. She wakes up... realizes there's another noise in here. Knocking.

LANDLORD O.S.  
Zoe? Are you awake? Hey--Sleeping Beauty?

He's a little drunk. ZOE--annoyed-- reaches for her pager... when she reads it she's out of bed in a second. Only now do we see the chair wedged under the door handle--securing it.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE, LONDON STREET - DAY 1. 0559 (DAWN)

DANNY (20s, kind-eyed, suited, black) waits under a "FOR SALE" sign. He spots a wary looking woman (OSPREY) further down the street. She's 30s, casually dressed, nervous as hell. Nearby, a Street Sweeper sweeps away, innocently enough...

DANNY has a newspaper. He chucks it in a nearby bin. Turns-- and, without looking at the woman--enters the house.

OSPREY has seen this. She crosses the road. Glances up at the house--the blinds in the first floor have now been drawn. A signal. The street sweeper watches her as she enters.

INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 1. 0600 (DAWN)

TOM is getting dressed pronto. ELLIE watches him.

ELLIE  
I prefer you naked, I'm sorry.

TOM  
Told you, Ellie. I'm nothing but trouble.

A giggle behind him. A little girl (MAISIE, 8) appears from the darkness by the door.

ELLIE gets up and goes to her.

ELLIE  
Maisie! What are you doing up?

MAISIE  
Nothing.  
(smiling)  
Hello Matthew.

ELLIE gathers MAISIE in her arms. MAISIE grins at TOM--she's relaxed with him. TOM smiles back, relaxed and at ease--yet he's dressing at the speed of light. ELLIE sees this.

ELLIE  
What computer goes wrong at five in the morning?

TOM  
Almost all of them.

He's hiding the tension brilliantly. And yet...

INT. SAFE HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 1. 0601

CCTV feeds display various angles outside, front and back. Inside, bare: two chairs, sofa, table. The blinds are down DANNY sits opposite OSPREY. She's smoking hard. Nerves.

DANNY  
I just got my boss out of bed for this. Start reassuring me.

OSPREY glances at the CCTV equipment--recording everything.

OSPREY

Explosives and detonators arrived in Liverpool from Ireland at 2.30am today. But it's nothing to do with us. No-one's planning anything. No-one's said anything.

DANNY

How many devices?  
(she's scared)  
How many?

OSPREY

Twenty.

DANNY

Twenty... And where are they now?

OSPREY

I don't know.

On DANNY's reaction we CUT TO:

EXT. DETACHED HOUSE, WIRRAL - DAY 1. 0710

KAREN LYNOTT (40s) climbs into her car, dressed for work. MIKE LYNOTT (also 40s) emerges with a crying daughter, SARAH (7). Another daughter, CLAIRE, 4, clutches his leg.

MIKE

She wants to go with you.

KAREN

Sarah, you have to go with Daddy today. I'm sorry sweetheart.

She blows her a kiss. MIKE cajoles SARAH, leaves the girls on the doorstep and walks towards KAREN and the car.

KAREN puts her hand on the key--but then notices MIKE in the wing mirror. He's peering under the car. She looks quizzically back at him. He looks almost nervous.

MIKE

Exhaust looks a bit rusty.

KAREN

I'll drop in to Kwik Fit.

MIKE sneaks another look underneath the car. Checking. KAREN waves goodbye to her family. Turns the key...

It starts up fine. KAREN reverses slowly down the drive.

MIKE walks back to the door and picks up SARAH, who waves bye to her Mum. She struggles out of his arms and runs after Mum, waving...

Bins are out on the street for the binmen.

Further down the street, a man (ROB) in a long coat watches the car backing out. He carries a newspaper under his arm.

As KAREN's car passes the bins, he drops his newspaper on the ground--it's like a signal. We stay with the man as he rounds the corner. Then, from the driveway area...

..the muffled thud of an explosion.

A shockwave, then silence... alarms filter through the haze.

The man is still walking. A car draws up. He calmly gets in. The driver is a heavy-set man (STEVE). In the back, a woman we will come to know later as MARY KANE. In her hand, what looks like a mobile phone of some kind.

The car does a U-turn and drives off.

MAIN TITLES

EXT. THAMES HOUSE - DAY 1. 0721

People walk by without a clue as to what goes on inside.

FEMALE PR (V.O.)

You're journalists, you know the situation. We're in the middle of a new war on global terror. Here at MI5 we've been fighting it for years.

INT. LOBBY, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 1. 0722

Security gates, guards and modern electronic boards, showing current security status, now at amber. Small group of serious journos are gathered near the lifts. A peppy FEMALE PR addresses them in a rather loud voice--

FEMALE PR

Officially, we're the Security Service, unofficially, we prefer MI5 or simply '5'. Our main function -- the protection of Britain's national security.

The lift doors open--the FEMALE PR ushers the group inside. The doors shut... we turn to the entrance just as TOM and HARRY (40s, zen)are passing through security. A guard checks

their passes. He lights up when he sees TOM.

GUARD  
Early start today, Tom?

TOM  
'Fraid so, George.

GUARD  
(notices Harry--nods)  
Sir.

As they walk across the lobby, a quickfire exchange--

HARRY  
Global terrorism, Islamic extremists, all phone  
tap resources plus Echelon pointed at the Middle  
East, and now the old enemy looks like they're  
rearing their heads. Oh what a beautiful morning.  
Who took the Flash message?

TOM  
Jed. Danny's meeting Osprey at a safe house now.

They depart security and approach the lifts--

TOM punches the up button. Every so often, a nosey woman  
behind TOM and HARRY pretends not to listen. They lower their  
voices when she gets too close.

HARRY  
Ellie Simm.

TOM  
We met at her restaurant a few months ago. She's a  
chef. Part-owns it.

There's a tension here that belies friendship.

HARRY  
Very handy. If you're hungry. You met her under a  
pretext?  
(Tom nods)  
Which one?

TOM  
Matthew Archer.  
(on Harry's look)  
I was trying to bump into a potential recruit on  
the Shaw project. We knew he often went to this  
restaurant in Brixton. So I ate there three times  
a week til he turned up. It took about twenty goes  
before he finally showed. So she thought I was

this lonely guy called Matthew who worked in I.T.  
We got talking.

HARRY

And after the project was over -

TOM

I kept going. As Matthew.

HARRY

And you like her?

TOM

Very much.

HARRY has a wickedly ironic twinkle in his eye:

HARRY

Well... assuming she passes vetting, when might  
you be addressing the microscopic issue that your  
real name is Tom Quinn and you're a spy?

TOM

(cautiously)

When did you tell your wife you were a spook? When  
you met? When you married?

HARRY

(shrugs)

Just after we signed the register. I always like  
to have things on paper, don't you?

ZOE O.S.

Hold it!

Everyone jumps! ZOE - stressed. She's clearly been at work for  
a while.

TOM

Hi Zoe.

ZOE

It's started.

TOM and HARRY both realise their pagers are buzzing. We pan up  
to see MI5's insignia above the entrance: "REGNUM DEFENDE"

INT. CORRIDOR, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 1. 0724

The hacks and the FEMALE PR stand at a junction in the  
corridor.

FEMALE PR

MI5's major focus right now is counter-terrorism, but our brief also includes serious crime, illegal arms and immigration, and the drugs trade.

HACK

How much has your remit changed since September last year?

FEMALE PR

Our workload's exploded, our intake's tripled, and we're talking with our sister agencies around the world more than ever. Despite what you might think we cooperate fully, with MI6, the CIA, everyone.

We try to be as open as we can.

The PR leads the tour down another corridor. TOM and ZOE dodge around the tour, then walk hurriedly towards an innocuous-looking door with swipe card security.

TOM punches out a PIN. Opens door for ZOE.

HACK

(noticing)

What's down there?

FEMALE PR

That's the coffee room.

The hack turns away and follows the group. ZOE and TOM emerge through the "coffee room" door into:

INT. THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 1. 0726

We've been here before. TOM and ZOE walk together towards their department -- nodding hello to the admin staff, and to TESSA (52, stunning) in her domain. There's a buzz about the office that says: action stations.

ZOE

We're looking at a major device, sixteen minutes ago, suburban Liverpool.

(consults report)

Two serious casualties, a woman, Dr. Lynott, and her daughter.

The near-frenzy of activity continues.

TOM's face darkens like a storm front.

OVER IN THE ADMIN ISLAND

JED (still here, still sharp) and HELEN (20s--and, actually, sharper still) sip coffee in the central administration area. Clerks. HELEN eyes TOM as JED answers a phone.

HELEN  
I heard pipebomb.

As TESSA passes, handing over some photocopying--

TESSA  
Remote detonation, actually.

HELEN  
Cell phone or radio?

Tessa punctures Helen's enthusiasm with a look.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
It's just, I heard there were these new Tetra  
Radio frequencies...?

She's just not buying it. Helen cuts her losses and shuts up.

A phone rings. Jed picks up... then flicks a switch -- and on top of the desk, a redlight flashes. The loud chatter around him instantly drops to a whisper. Effortlessly:

JED  
Greengage Catering, Susan's phone.  
(beat)  
She's out of the office at the moment.

It's clear this is not ever Susan's phone.

BACK OVER WITH TOM AND ZOE

TOM on the move, ZOE now reading from a report. Glances up--

TOM  
How old's the daughter?

ZOE  
Seven. Here's Danny.

DANNY arrives, flustered.

DANNY  
Twenty devices, Loyalist sourced, smuggled over to  
Liverpool then sold on. To who, we don't know.

TOM  
Is that verified? A rumour? What?

DANNY

Osprey told me face to face this morning. She saw the bombs come in, but then she lost them. All high-grade explosives, pipe bombs, some remote detonation kit but she couldn't get close enough.

TOM

Any more light we can shed on this? Let's talk to Hassan, just to be sure there's no Islamic connection. Who's the "R" girl with Merseyside Special Branch?

ZOE

Lisa Burford. But she's next to useless.

TOM

So we have no-one with Osprey's penetration.

DANNY

No-one close. She's our main informer in Liverpool and that's all she knows.

They've arrived in TOM's Department. DANNY sits at his desk. He starts removing everything from his pockets--wallet, keys, business cards, receipts, etc.

ZOE

No code was issued. No warning.

TOM

Okay Danny. We sure? Is this a link?

(beat)

Did this device arrive in Liverpool earlier today?  
Is this one of twenty?

DANNY stuffs all his personal effects inside an envelope. It reads "Chris Patterson".

ZOE

I spoke to Special Branch. Keith Burns said the blast area had 'made in Kilkeel' written all over it.

TOM

That's good enough for me.

TOM walks over to HARRY's Office. DANNY is stressed and it shows. ZOE catches his eye.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 1. 0731

HARRY's on the phone. TOM swishes in, loiters nervously.

TOM

Device confirmed. Liverpool. Yes or no?

HARRY holds up his finger--wait. He hangs up. Zen calm.

HARRY

This could be the start of a major terror campaign. Home Office want a wet flannel, to avoid a public panic. I want you up there.

TOM glances at his watch. Hardly got time on his hands--

HARRY (CONT'D)

We don't know how big this is yet Tom. Do the usual.

INT./EXT. MI5 RANGE ROVER/EMBANKMENT - DAY 1. 0758

Speeding along the Embankment. TOM on the phone in the back.

TOM

Army bomb disposal teams have confirmed this was a previously unexploded World War II bomb. Repeat, this was not a terrorist incident. Make sure that's the only message getting out. I want it across the board. WW-2.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, LIVERPOOL - DAY 1. 1100

TOM is greeted by KEITH. KEITH hands TOM a local early edition paper. The headline reads: "WWII BOMB TRAGEDY".

KEITH

(dirty look)  
Satisfied?

TOM

Not really Keith, no.  
(reading)  
How's Dr. Lynott?

KEITH

Which one?

TOM

There's more than one?

KEITH

Husband's a doctor too. She died half an hour ago.

TOM is stunned.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, HOSPITAL, LIVERPOOL - DAY 1. 1125

Police guard outside. MIKE is fixated on the bruised and comatose face of SARAH, his daughter. She's on a ventilator.

TOM stands by the door. He looks like KEITH's assistant. MIKE is numbed, concentrating hard on keeping it together.

MIKE

That was no German bomb.

(beat)

I know what's going on here.

TOM

Then you'll know how important your information is to us.

MIKE

Anti Terrorist Unit, right?

KEITH

(looks back at Tom)

Special Branch.

MIKE

We'd been getting hate mail.

KEITH

For how long?

MIKE

We'd had a few last year and got in touch with you lot. Nothing ever happened but the whole business almost broke us both. So when it all started up again I tried to keep it from her.

(tears)

Should have told her the truth really, shouldn't I?

TOM

You were protecting her.

MIKE

I was lying to my wife.

(beat)

My dead wife.

MIKE is only just holding himself together--he's been through too much today already... TOM is silent.

KEITH

Why hate mail?

MIKE

We're both family planning doctors. We perform

abortions. Threats are an occupational hazard.

TOM

When was the last letter?

MIKE

This morning.

He can't bear to think about it. TOM walks over.

TOM

I'm really sorry.

MIKE

I should have told her...

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, LIVERPOOL - DAY 1. 1133

As they walk towards the exit... KEITH's fishing:

KEITH

Be nice to know a little more, Tom. Don't know what it's like down in London these days, but up here, we like to think we're all on the same side.

TOM

Right now, Keith, this is need to know.

KEITH

I just want to get those bastards. Alright?

TOM looks at KEITH. Sizes him up. Confidential tone:

TOM

Twenty bombs arrived in Liverpool last night. That was one of them.

KEITH nods--a point has been made.

EXT. THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 1. 1944

Everyone else in London has gone home for the night.

INT. THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 1. 1945

Close on computer screen:

A scanned-in image of some hate mail reading "DEAD MEAT".

The image is on TOM's computer. The team sit at their desks. TOM wanders around, musing--more brainstorming than briefing.

TOM

Explosives on this scale means money, it means organisation, it means a network ready to receive them.

DANNY

Aim?

ZOE

Death and destruction.

TOM

Obvious connection here would be Pro Life.  
Malcolm, any claims of reponsiblilty?

MALCOLM is an odd-looking man in a bow-tie. He sounds almost autistic--a walking intelligence encyclopaedia.

MALCOLM

None official, but twelve quote unquote nutters.  
No coded warnings on Liverpool in the last twenty four hours. Or indeed the last forty eight.

HELEN passes through, distributing teas on a tray.

TOM

Given the choice of this individual as the target, we can assume it's not Irish or Middle Eastern terror groups. Whoever they are, they've got nineteen to go.

ZOE

Doctor. Hate mail. Sounds targeted.

TOM

Okay, let's work on Prolife. We're looking at a network.

TOM walks over to a large white board. "LOYALISTS" is written on one side. "PRO-LIFE" on the other. A map is also pinned up, showing Liverpool and Northern Ireland. A line has been drawn from Kilkeel in N.I. to Liverpool.

DANNY

A major Prolife terror network.

MALCOLM

They don't exist.

DANNY

Yet.

TOM

I'm inclined to agree.

ZOE

How'd they get all this kit through the ports anyway?

DANNY

(sarcastically)

They wrapped them in bags of heroin so Customs wouldn't notice.

ZOE

(to Danny)

Who do we know in the UK Prolife extremities?

MALCOLM

In terms of pure group ID, we're looking at New Life Scotland, The Unborn Alliance, The Innocents Protection League being the main political wing of course--

TOM

Hardly trained mercenaries, and we know from the Watchers they're legit.

(beat)

If it is a pro life campaign it's someone outside those orbits. Which means we've been missing some new faces in Liverpool. Step up surveillance on all Merseyside contacts. Press sources on all fringes. Follow Osprey, follow her friends--

ZOE

How's the wartime bomb cover?

TOM

Holdings. But that doesn't stop Keith complaining about it. Any problems, remind him we now have primacy in all terrorist cases in the UK.

DANNY

And if that doesn't shut him up, give him an Opal Fruit.

ZOE

You can't get them anymore.

MALCOLM

Starburst. They're called Starburst now.

DANNY

(to TOM, trying to charm)

You'll need someone up there co-ordinating the

surveillance...? Seeing if Osprey's giving us the full picture?

TOM

You're right, I will. Zoe?

DANNY shrugs, pretending he's not bothered. ZOE is a little surprised to be asked. She nods--makes a note, returns her attention to the "Dead Meat" image.

He leaves.

ZOE

I just don't see it. Pro-lifers using bombs. In Britain.

DANNY

You think everyone's delighted about abortion? Everyone's writing fan letters?

ZOE

Personally, yes. But so far they've just never been a threat.

HARRY's wandered over. His voice almost startles them:

HARRY

Something we've learned in the last twelve months. Nothing ever is. Until it is.

EXT. COTTAGE, WIRRAL - NIGHT 1. 1958

A nondescript, homely row of cottagey terraces.

INT. KITCHEN, COTTAGE, WIRRAL - NIGHT 1. 1959

A cookbook is open on the counter. Homely, farmhouse vibe. MARY KANE (the woman from the car) bends over an oven and gently removes a pie. The pie is ruined. She's in her 30s, and American--somewhere south of Mason-Dixon. Doorbell goes.

MARY

Oh... foey. Mary, you idiot.

(off)

Steven, honey, can you get that?

The man (STEVEN) is the burly one from the car. He peers through the spyhole. Beams, throws open the door.

STEVEN

Welcome to my modest abode!

On the doorstep is the man (ROB) who had the newspaper, his young wife (RACHEL) and their two kids. The kids run in, all

but swallowed up by MARY. RACHEL eyes the decor politely, but there's an undercurrent of stress here that's obvious.

MARY

I've just had a pie-related disaster, I'm afraid.

ROB's stomach is churning but he keeps up politeness--

ROB

I'm starving, I'll eat anything.

MARY

Worked up a bit of an appetite myself there,  
Robert.

Their eyes meet in collusion. RACHEL smiles weakly. Also trying to keep this sense of normality after what's occurred.

RACHEL

Yeah, me too--

She goes to MARY--holds her gently--they kiss in greeting.

MARY

I hope so.

INT. KITCHEN, COTTAGE, WIRRAL - NIGHT 1. 2044

Post-dinner afterglow. MARY pours RACHEL a cup of coffee. Something about the aroma makes RACHEL's eyes sparkle:

RACHEL

Ooh, is that hazelnut flavour?

MARY

A little bird told me you were a big fan.

ROB

I can't buy enough of the stuff.

KIDS

Can we go and play Playstation?

The kids look to RACHEL, their mother. But RACHEL looks to MARY for confirmation. MARY smiles, ruffles their hair.

MARY

Only driving games now.

They run off. She pours more coffee. Kids play loudly o.s. A change in tone around the table. Business. ROB brings out the local paper--with the "WWII BOMB" headline. Pushes it over to

MARY, who nods.

MARY (CONT'D)

They don't like scaring you guys, do they?  
"British beef is safe to eat." Always with that PR  
angle.

RACHEL

So what happens now?  
(Mary looks at her)  
I mean--who's doing what?

STEVE

You and Rob carry on as normal. I'll keep Mary out  
of sight til phase two.

RACHEL

Fine. Good. We're ready.

Nerves. RACHEL smiles up at MARY. Almost like a daughter.  
Then... her face clouds--reading the paper. MARY takes  
RACHEL's face in her hand. A loving smile.

MARY

You're scared, honey. I understand.

RACHEL

No, it's just--that poor girl.

MARY

Having a mother like that, it's hard to know right  
from wrong.

RACHEL

It's a big step, Mary. For all of us.

MARY

I was terrified. At the beginning. But then I met  
my husband. And Paul sat me down and asked me to  
imagine something. Imagine a man with a gun. You'd  
be scared. So would I. But what if you saw him  
walk into a playground and point that gun at a  
child, how scared would you be then? And if you  
saw him pull the trigger, shoot one child, then  
another? Would you still be scared? Or would you  
stop thinking about yourself and just try with  
every fibre of your being to stop him before he  
killed the whole school? Of course you would. I  
know your fear, Rachel. But always remember who  
we're fighting for. And who we're trying to stop.

RACHEL nods. Wise words.

MARY (CONT'D)

Drink up now. We have a lot of work to do,  
sweetheart. After all.  
(sips her coffee--icy)  
These bastards are everywhere.

INT. ZOE'S BEDROOM, SHARED HOUSE - NIGHT 1. 2250

ZOE walks in to her bedroom--to find her young, goodlooking LANDLORD sitting there. There's a predatory sexuality here. ZOE ignores him. He stands as she comes in.

LANDLORD

Grey suits you. In a good way, I mean, It's  
really--kind of, you know--

ZOE

Can you leave my bedroom please?

She's trying to get to the other side of the room. Edges past him to get to a drawer on the other side of her bed.

LANDLORD

Last night. Listen. I was back late, a bit pissed,  
I thought you might be up. I certainly was.  
(she ignores him)

How's the paperclip pushing going? Civil Service  
still rocking the Casbah?

ZOE regards him for a second--like a computer analysing data. She gently pushes him out of the door.

ZOE

Fine.

She shuts the door gently but firmly. Locks it.

LANDLORD O.S.

The phone bill's come, by the way.  
Not that you ever use the bloody thing.

ZOE sits on her bed. Relief.

INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 1. 2300

ELLIE sleeps. TOM creeps in, already undressed. It's very late. Gently eases himself into bed. ELLIE rouses a little.

ELLIE

How was your day?

TOM  
..Fine.

He holds her. She closes her eyes. He cannot.

INT. DANNY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY 2. 0710

DANNY sits with his MOTHER. She puts a large fried breakfast down in front of him.

DANNY  
Mum, seriously, I'm not that hungry.

DANNY'S MUM  
Daniel, you need feeding up, look at you.

DANNY smiles. Resistance is useless.

DANNY'S MUM (CONT'D)  
You alright treasure? You look tired. You sleeping okay?

DANNY  
It's just... it's work.

DANNY and his mum exchange a look that says: she knows.

DANNY'S MUM  
(softly)  
It's okay, I know you're not allowed to tell me.

DANNY shrugs. But before he can answer-- the door. DANNY'S MUM recognises the footfalls. Looks at the clock. Sighs.

DANNY'S MUM (CONT'D)  
Later and later.

A younger Danny walks in--his brother, BRUNO. Trendy DJ gear, record bag. Pleased with himself.

DANNY'S MUM (CONT'D)  
Bruno, honestly--when was the last time you saw the sunshine?

BRUNO  
Just now. Big ball in the sky, right? Morning scum.

He rubs DANNY's head, kisses his Mum. Opens the fridge, gets some milk out--drinks it from the carton, and walks off, leaving the fridge door open.

DANNY'S MUM sighs, goes to close it. DANNY's there before her. From further down the house we hear LOUD GARAGE MUSIC.

Danny's Mum regards her eldest son. He does look tense. She moves to him and envelops him in a hug. DANNY clearly welcomes the chance to let go.

INT. THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 2. 0911

Phones ring, voices chatter all across the Grid... ZOE's already at her desk. Her screen shows a city plan, awash with multicoloured lines and nodes--all very complex.

JED rushes in--the action stations buzz hasn't abated.

JED

Some lettings company on the phone for you? Two hundred a week in Zone 2.

ZOE waves him away--too busy. JED leaves.

DANNY

Your landlord still giving you hassle?

DANNY glances over at her work. ZOE ignores his question and senses his attention--deciding to seek some advice:

ZOE

Danny, this Liverpool surveillance. I'm thinking of switching the A-B-C to floating box on Osprey...

DANNY

..It's okay Zoe. You don't have to.

ZOE

What?

DANNY

Toss me a bone.

ZOE

Sorry, what?

DANNY glances around the department.

DANNY

Look. I know why I got this job, put it that way.

ZOE laughs at him. Sees his expression. Stops laughing.

ZOE

Oh my god, you're being serious.

DANNY

Funny. Yeah. Keep going. This is all very amusing.

ZOE turns on a sixpence - still cheery, but now an edge:

ZOE

I'm as scared as you are, alright? Why d'you think I've been here since the crack of dawn? I'm better with people. You know that. They know that.

(glances at her screen)

You might be a boy wonder with these things but the last time I managed surveillance on this scale was in training. Five years ago. With a pencil. From here on in, mate, we're both special. Is that alright with you?

DANNY glances over at her screen again. Long beat. TOM arrives, hangs back--watching his team work.

DANNY

A-B-C gets better coverage on a grid system.

ZOE smiles to herself.

ZOE

Let's hope so.

We glimpse TOM--he's keeping an eye on things and like what he sees. Interaction. Teamwork.

EXT. STREET, LIVERPOOL - DAY 2. 1037

Unknown POV - OSPREY, the woman from the safe house, walks with another man we haven't seen before. Call him ED. He says goodbye to OSPREY, and sets off down the street.

FEMALE VOICE

All ears, new face, new face is live.

We will now see three people following him:

ALPHA is a Pakistani man in a suit.

BRAVO is a builder in a top that says "Lets Get Plastered".

CHARLIE is a middle-aged woman with a shopping bag.

Alpha walks behind Ed at a safe distance. Bravo walks behind Alpha. Charlie is across the street. Ed stops at a crossing. Alpha walks straight past Ed.

Bravo crosses the street. Charlie moves around the corner.

MALE VOICE

Falco snagged. Charlie to zero zero.

When Ed continues his walk, Charlie's now behind him. Bravo follows Charlie. Alpha's now across the street. A classic A-B-C foot surveillance. But Ed has other ideas. A cab draws up. He gets in.

FEMALE VOICE

Falco now with termite, no spark.

The taxi drives away. A car pulls out, following. We now see: Ed is not alone in the back of the cab. MARY KANE is with him. They are talking.

ANOTHER VOICE

Delta picking up. Another new face, another new face. Can you get a shot and continue following?

POV--CAMERA LENS

taking rapid snaps of MARY'S face through the window.

INT. THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 2. 1250

A pile of recent surveillance photos sits on a desk. Different people, places, faces, lenses. Several show STEVEN and RACHEL shaking hands with ED.

Another show several long range shots of MARY, STEVEN and ROB walking up to the door of the cottage in the Wirral. DANNY and ZOE are comparing these images with a list of names and other images in a large dossier.

DANNY

Lots of folks. Lots of folks.

ZOE

Lots of men. It's always men.

ZOE looks at him carefully.

ZOE (CONT'D)

You ever made anyone pregnant?

DANNY

What's that to do with you?

ZOE analyses his reaction carefully.

ZOE

Didn't think so.

ZOE looks at a photo. Puts it in another pile. It's the photo of MARY. ZOE smiles at HELEN, who comes over.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Helen, any chance of a few copies?

She hands her the photo. HELEN looks at it casually.

HELEN

Oh, her.

ZOE looks at her blankly--what?

INT. TESSA'S BRANCH, THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 2. 1258

TOM is with TESSA, angrily brandishing the photo. TESSA tries to ignore him. ZOE and DANNY watch from a distance.

DANNY

Tessa. What a priceless ice queen.

ZOE

Be nice. She'll be D.G. one day.

DANNY

Not before me, my peppy friend.

OVER WITH TOM

His eyes are sparking with frustration.

TOM

The whole point of having all those stupid meetings together is so that information like this can be shared..!

TESSA

And that's exactly what's happening.

TOM

Do the words "ports warning list" mean anything to you? She came in over six weeks ago! God knows where she's been!

TESSA

She was on a false passport to Dover from France and her name wasn't Mary Kane, it was Denise Marston. I'm not Mystic Meg, Tom.

TOM

No, Tessa. You're something else.

INT. MEETING ROOM, THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 2. 1402

Everyone's here. Action stations. Everyone's watching TV, a US local news report of a scene of carnage outside a small low-rise building. The report fills the screen.

REPORTER

Florida-based group Defenders of the Innocents, perpetrators of attacks at several abortion clinics across the South, have this evening claimed responsibility for the Absalom bomb...

The footage cuts abruptly to a BBC News 24 reporter. Her report is intercut with relevant graphics and other images:

BBC REPORTER

Mary Kane, also believed to be a prime mover in the Defenders of the Innocents, was today convicted in absentia for the Absalom Clinic bomb. Mary Kane's husband, Paul Kane, is due to go to the electric chair later this month for the shooting of a doctor outside his home in the Florida town of Sarasota.

The report clicks off.

TOM

Candidate number one.

ZOE

Why Karen Lynott? Why her seven year old girl?

TOM holds up a printout of a web site, several pages long.

TOM

All their American targets to date have come from their name and shame website, the Call To Justice. There's all kinds of stuff on here... message boards, home addresses, office numbers, names of their kids and where they go to school...

DANNY

And when a target dies, their name gets crossed out.

TOM

So presuming they've compiled a similar list for the UK, Karen Lynott will be on there.

DANNY

Not found it yet -- but we will.

Folders are opened. We might glimpse propaganda, hate mail, grim photos. DANNY in particular can't look for long.

TOM

She's on the run from the FBI, she's slipped out of the U.S., cock up, she's slipped into the U.K., even bigger cock up, currently hiding out in...

MALCOLM

A terraced cottage in the Wirral.

ZOE

Property's recently been rented. Surveillance suggests she's living there on a permanent basis.

HARRY

Why come to the UK?

TOM

Invitation. To train up extreme UK pro-life groups for direct action. Use those bloody explosives.

ZOE

(reading from a file)

Age fifteen, Mary Kane was admitted to hospital for appendicitis and came out with a terminated pregnancy. Same doctor became her first target, twenty five years later. She's into anniversaries.

DANNY

(flipping through papers)

Her husband's going to the chair in Florida on Saturday. Could be planning a commemoration then.

TOM

You think she's carrying on his work?

ZOE

He's a strong personality. So is she. There's a young and naive movement here. They think the system's failed them, so now they're looking for strong leadership outside. Mary's come here to carry on where Paul left off. One bomb to provoke the issue. The second in his loving memory.

TOM

And then...

ZOE

A permanent memorial. A living network of terror.

DANNY

Giving us... three days. With everything else

that's going on.

TOM

I want her talking. Chatting. Kicking back with a beer... I want bugs all over that house and Mary Kane relaxed enough to reel off every contact in her book, every plan in her head. I want to know what they're eating, likes, dislikes, disgusting personal habits... Also, capital letters, underlined, all plods to be kept well away, alright? We are not bringing Special Branch into this until she's told us everything we need to know. She's no use to us in a cell right now. I want happy chatty verbal diahorrea.

HELEN

Osprey for Chris Patterson. Coded.

DANNY dives off to deal with it.

ZOE

If she does talk... I mean, we have no idea of how big her network is.

(silence--she holds firm)

I can't bug her house on luncheon vouchers.

TOM eyes her. She's being canny. He's pleased. HARRY gives her an oyster-eyed stare. DANNY's back, stressed.

HARRY

Let me see what I can do.

DANNY

Osprey's done some legwork. She got it wrong. Only five of those devices are pipebombs.

(beat)

The rest of it's Semtex.

Only TOM's eyes hint at his anxiety now--softly:

TOM

She's planning a war.

EXT. LOCK-UP GARAGE, LIVERPOOL - DAY 2. 1500

In a shitty lane, a shitty lockup. ROB opens up the door. STEVEN enters with a black holdall.

INT. LOCK-UP GARAGE, LIVERPOOL - DAY 2. 1501

Holdall is placed next to four others. ROB opens it up. There are scary things inside that look a lot like bombs.

Bag is zipped shut. Door slams leaving only darkness.

INT. MEETING ROOM, THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 2. 1510

ZOE is joined by TOM as she heads for the door. DANNY watches her go, jealousy churning.

ZOE

So what can I say to Special Branch?

TOM

As little as possible.

ZOE nods. TOM steps aside to talk to JED--DANNY moves in.

DANNY

Have a good one.

ZOE nods again--dealing with her nerves. DANNY walks off. TOM does too--but a thought occurs to ZOE. Runs after him:

ZOE

What about the phones?

TOM

Already taken care of.

We hear a doorbell--

INT. KITCHEN, COTTAGE, WIRRAL - DAY 2. 1525

STEVEN talks to a young male BT ENGINEER (RINGO) in full kit and ID.

STEVEN

It just went dead about an hour ago.

BT ENGINEER (RINGO)

We've had a few of those today.

He's polite, courteous... and we'll see him again.

INT. MEETING ROOM, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 2. 1600

TOM and DANNY are in the meeting room. HELEN comes in with a poster and unfurls it on a desk. It's horrible. It reads "Abortion is Murder".

HELEN

These have been put up in hospitals all over the country. They're bloody everywhere.

DANNY  
(shocked)

Mary Kane's network must be getting busy.

TOM  
Shows a groundswell, definitely.

HELEN  
Shows a screwed up imagination, if you ask me. I  
hope your war cover's good enough to hold, with  
all this going on.

She exits.

INT. GAS VAN - NIGHT 2. 2017

Heading south under the Mersey tunnel. ZOE sits next to the  
bunch of lads from the pub. Scouse scallies dressed as gas  
engineers.

We'll call them JOHN, PAUL and RINGO. We might recognise RINGO  
as the BT Engineer from earlier. They're mid-joke.

JOHN  
So the doctor reaches in, pulls out this red rose,  
this perfect red rose out of this bloke's arse. So  
the doc's like, "I don't believe it". And the  
bloke says:

PAUL V.O.  
(recalling the punchline)  
"Read the card, read the card.."

JOHN  
Have I told that one before?

Laughter erupts.

RINGO  
Can we just stop at Tesco's? I need to pick up  
some fishfingers.  
(on Zoe's look)  
I do though.

INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 2. 2019

TOM is dressing hurriedly into a smart but casual fashion  
statement. He's looking in the mirror--uncharacteristically  
nervous. ELLIE enters, looking gorgeous.

ELLIE  
I thought you'd done a runner.

TOM  
Still time yet.

She picks a stray hair off his shoulder.

ELLIE  
Don't worry Matthew. It's only everyone I've ever  
liked in my entire life coming to take a butcher's  
at you.

TOM glares playfully at her.

TOM  
Exactly. What's the worst they could do?

ELLIE  
They'll probably just eat you.

He tries to grab her but she dodges.

INT. ELLIE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT 2. 2128

By the stairs, a sign: "PRIVATE PARTY".

INT. ELLIE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT 2. 2129

A dinner party is in progress. TOM is here, looking relaxed.  
ELLIE is glowing with wine, MAISIE is done up smartly,  
pretending to be an adult and doing very well.

A man called CLIVE is quizzing TOM a little drunkenly.

CLIVE  
So, Matthew, what do you do again?

TOM  
It's very dull, honestly.

CLIVE  
I'm sure that's not true.

TOM  
I'm in the Civil Service.

CLIVE  
Really? Which part?

TOM  
I.T.

ELLIE is now listening a little more intently.

CLIVE  
Group or departmental..?

ELLIE  
Objection, counsel is harrassing the witness...  
Clive.

TOM chuckles. A pleasant laugh, relaxed, open:

TOM  
I work in I.T. across several government  
departments. And what's more, I like it, I really  
do. Which makes me a very lucky man I guess.

ELLIE smiles at him. He's looking good in candlelight.

ANOTHER GUEST  
Job satisfaction. Holy Grail.

CLIVE  
Absolutely. So, Ellie, where's your satisfaction  
these days?

This is a lascivious reference to TOM and she knows it.

ELLIE  
Line dancing?

CLIVE  
Be serious.

ELLIE  
I am serious! And running this place is great. But  
I guess the number one spot would have to be...

MAISIE runs past and ELLIE grabs her, puts her on her knee.  
MAISIE cuddles into her mummy.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
This little force of nature.  
(mood changes)  
It's funny, you know. After Mark... I mean, when  
he left...

Dark looks. Man's name is mud. MAISIE looks over at TOM,  
showing him a drawing she's done on a napkin. Restless, she  
gets off and runs around the table to show him properly.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
..and I found out I was pregnant... I'm ashamed to  
say I was in two minds. I really was. I didn't  
know if I could be a single mum cliché. But now...  
I can't imagine having gone any other way. To

think I even considered it...

ELLIE is hurt by the memory. She sees MAISIE completely comfortable with TOM--and manages a smile back.

A car passes, its headlights illuminating the windows. Force of habit, TOM's eyes betray tension--flick to the window and back again. ELLIE pours more wine.

TOM sneaks a look at his watch. 9.30 pm.

EXT. LANE NEAR COTTAGE, WIRRAL - NIGHT 2. 2130

MARY KANE and STEVEN exit the cottage, and walk to a car. They get in and drive off.

VOICE V.O.

Beta covering. Have a lovely evening.

A previously unseen motorbike zooms off, following the car. And only now do we notice the Transco Gas van.

EXT. HOUSE NEXT DOOR, NEAR COTTAGE, WIRRAL - NIGHT 2. 2132

ZOE and RINGO in gas board overalls, being eyed over a heavy door chain by an ELDERLY WOMAN. Ringo cannot be seen by the woman. He is spraying a tiny aerosol into the air. It's completely silent.

ZOE

Gas board, Madam. We've had a report of a minor gas leak in the area.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.)

I want to see your identification.

ZOE hands over a perfectly official pass.

ZOE

There's a number on there if you want to call it.

The ELDERLY WOMAN opens the door. Steps outside as RINGO conceals the aerosol. She sniffs... nods.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Gas... yes, I can smell it...

EXT. COTTAGE, WIRRAL - NIGHT 2. 2135

ZOE keeps a lookout as PAUL jimmys the door. Opens it. A grey cat slips between his legs, and into the darkness.

PAUL  
Shit.

ZOE  
What?

PAUL  
I've let the bloody cat out. You never said there  
was a moggy in here.

ZOE  
Check the kitchen cupboards.  
(he's blank)  
Cat food!

PAUL runs off. RINGO has now joined ZOE.

RINGO  
That granny's away to her sister's.  
(sees her face)  
What?

PAUL appears with a saucer of dry catfood.

PAUL  
That's dry kibble there, and I found some old tuna  
flakes in the bin, so I've sprinkled them on with  
a bit of olive oil cos sometimes they like it a  
bit moist.

RINGO  
What the bloody hell's going on?

He's pulled inside. ZOE is left alone with the saucer. She  
pulls out a phone. It starts to rain.

INT. ELLIE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT 2. 2136

Party's going well. CLIVE's storytelling. ELLIE watches TOM  
listening, accepting her friends, not imposing himself.

TOM's expression changes briefly. Glances casually at his  
pager. Deletes. Leans over to ELLIE, mobile in hand. She's had  
a bit to drink and she's feeling cheeky.

ELLIE  
Wife and kids?

TOM  
What?

ELLIE  
Knew it was too good to last. Tall dark stranger

comes into my life. Had to be a catch somewhere.

TOM

Some system's gone down.

ELLIE

You sure you're not a bigamist?

TOM

Last time I looked.

TOM kisses her--sparks. MAISIE watches TOM depart. We see tension on his face.

INT. THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 2. 2137

JED approaches DANNY, who's typing furiously, and hands him a memo.

JED

Here's the ISP rundown. The site's called the Call  
To Justice.

DANNY

I know, I know - it's not been indexed yet. When  
it is, I'll be there, mate, and if its anything  
like the American site, it'll be pretty horrific.

EXT. ELLIE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT 2. 2138

TOM on his mobile by the entrance. Party chatter from inside.

TOM

Patch me through.

EXT. LANE NEAR COTTAGE, WIRRAL - NIGHT 2. 2139

ZOE in the pissing rain carrying the saucer. On the phone.

ZOE

I've lost the bloody cat.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION:

TOM is calm, reassuring--a star.

TOM

If you don't find it by your cutoff, trash the  
place, make it look good. We'll plant a break-in  
story in the local rag, no problem.

ZOE

I'm sorry Tom.

TOM

Keep the head. Keep in touch. Okay? Zoe? Zoe?  
(bad reception)  
Zoe?

Tom ends the call, sees MAISIE sitting at the bottom of the stairs. Watching. She GIGGLES. Ellie arrives, picks her up.

ELLIE

Everything alright?

TOM

Sort of...  
(he can't do it)  
Few problems with a project.

ELLIE smiles, apparently convinced.

EXT. LANE NEAR COTTAGE, WIRRAL - NIGHT 2. 2204

ZOE is soaked to the skin. RINGO joins her.

RINGO

Johnny's looking in the cottage again.

ZOE

Where's he looking, in the kettle?

JOHN O.S.

Hey Miss Marple.

She turns. He's framed in the doorway. A cat in his arms.

ZOE

Will you marry me?

JOHN

He must have crept back in.

ZOE

Right. Find a hairdryer.

JOHN stares at her, briefly confused.

SEQUENCE--WIRING UP THE HOUSE:

-- bugs are placed in light fittings instead of screws;  
-- hole drilled in the ceiling, pinhole camera fitted;  
-- back of the TV, radio, alarm clock... all replaced;  
-- finally: a grey cat is blowdried to purrfection.

EXT. COTTAGE, WIRRAL - NIGHT 2. 2216

The gas van departs the lane exactly as they found it. Two seconds later, MARY KANE's car turns in.

INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 2. 2305

MAISIE is singing, brushing her teeth in the bathroom. ELLIE is getting undressed. TOM is not.

ELLIE

Sorry about Clive. He's a lawyer. If you know what I mean.

TOM

He seemed very nice. I enjoyed myself.

She looks at him: pulls him out of MAISIE's earshot... kisses him. She's tipsy.

ELLIE

Matthew. They adore you. Come on. You know they do. They love you.

(beat)

And so do I. I love you. So there.

TOM looks at her. She's regretting saying the "L" word. It's on his face. He's not Matthew. He's not.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Okeedokey.

TOM

No, come here, come here...

ELLIE

(they kiss)

I do though, Matthew.

(beat--cheeky smile)

Face it. You're groovy.

He smiles, embraces her tightly. But his mind is racing.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

You are. You're "beezer". You're "bonzer"...

TOM

I need to tell you something.

ELLIE

...You're a bigamist! I knew it.

ELLIE is displacing her anxiety into humour--but TOM can see.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
(off to Maisie)  
Hurry up now sweetheart...

TOM  
Ellie--  
(considers)  
I'm not like you. I can't... open up very well.  
There's things--

ELLIE  
I know.

TOM  
You don't, Ellie.

ELLIE  
I do. There's things. Matthew, there's always  
"things". Okay? I know about the things. Two  
people, our age... If there weren't things, I'd be  
worried. Things are normal... I just wanted you to  
know, things or not, what I'm feeling right now.

Okay?  
(he's looking at her)  
Matthew?

There's so much love in his eyes, waiting to come out. But something, somewhere clicks inside. He's numb when he says:

TOM  
I can't stay here tonight.  
(on her look)  
Work might try and call me back. I don't want to  
wake you. Or Maisie.

ELLIE  
(hurt but hiding it)  
Okay.

TOM  
Whatever you think it is, it's not. Okay? You are  
the best thing that's ever happened to me, Ellie.  
Do you understand?

He really, really means it. But it still comes out awkwardly.  
ELLIE is trying to hide it all with a smile.

ELLIE  
Ah well. Your loss.

Kisses her tenderly--turns to go as MAISIE walks in, singing.

MAISIE

Zoe, Zoe, Zoe... Zoe Zoe Zoe...

He kisses her on the head. Smiles back at ELLIE. Leaves. ELLIE is looking half at MAISIE--that's a new song.

TOM's face says: shut up, MAISIE... shut up...

INT. TOM'S FLAT - NIGHT 2. 2337

Cold, empty, dead. TOM enters--takes in the space, the lack.

INT. THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 2. 2352

Dark bar one set of strip lights. TOM's at his desk.

He's surrounded by large envelopes. All have men's names written on them. One envelope is clearly labelled "MATTHEW ARCHER". He's going through it now.

We see there are numerous receipts for ELLIE's restaurant. She's written on a few: "Service Not Bloody Included!"

The light above him winks out. TOM rises like a robot, waves his arms around. The light comes back on.

He puts the stuff back into the bag. Puts the bags into a locker under his desk. Slams the door shut.

INT. VAN, WIRRAL - NIGHT 2. 2357

ZOE in a surveillance van with a SPODDY GUY. She's trying to keep him out of her personal space. He's invading.

ZOE

They'll be asleep.

SPODDY GUY

This kit's so sensitive we should be able to hear them breathing.

He switches the kit on. We hear heavy breathing... and moaning. ZOE looks at him. Creeping horror on her face.

The sound of sex. ZOE and the guy settle in awkwardly to listen--ZOE listens with professional attachment. SPODDY GUY, on the other hand, is loving it. ZOE finds this repulsive.

ZOE

Enjoying yourself?

SPODDY GUY  
She is. You?

He moves his chair closer to her--she moves away.

EXT. COTTAGE, WIRRAL - DAY 3. 0807

The local bin men do the bins on the street. An older worker picks up MARY's rubbish.

INT. KITCHEN, COTTAGE, WIRRAL - DAY 3. 0807

MARY and STEVEN are having breakfast.

STEVE  
I suppose you're going to Dundee then? -

She holds up her hand. Ssh. She turns the radio on. STEVE remembers. Softly-

MARY  
I'm going to work with the group up there. We agreed this was set in stone, Steven.

STEVE  
No, we agreed we'd give it a shot.

MARY  
And now you're backing out on me?

STEVEN  
Jesus, Mary, we're all as committed as you. And we all know the schedule's about Paul--

MARY  
Can we not go a minute without mentioning my husband?

MARY glares at STEVEN--forbidden subject now. She's trying to change his mind. Tears.

STEVEN  
I'm as committed to this as you are.

MARY  
So carry out what we discussed. We've spent long enough doing the research.

STEVEN thinks it through. Shakes his head.

STEVEN  
We're not ready.

MARY  
Then you'll never be.

MARY pauses momentarily.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Stay home and make soup, Steven. Print some  
leaflets. I'm calling it off.

We're pushing in on a screw in a light fitting...

STEVEN O.S.  
Calling what off?

MARY O.S.  
Everything.

STEVEN O.S.  
Even us?

MARY O.S.  
Steven, I've been having sex with you because I  
thought you were going to do what I told you okay?  
Why d'you think?

STEVEN O.S.  
I don't know.

MARY O.S.  
No, I'm not surprised. If you want something done,  
jeez...

INT. TRANSCRIPTION ROOM, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 3. 0809

An MI5 secretary with headphones is typing as she hears:

MARY V.O.  
Don't ask a Brit, that's for sure.

INT. THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 3. 0856

HELEN arrives, hands TOM a detailed fax as DANNY types.

HELEN  
They sifted through Mary's rubbish this morning.  
Thought you might be interested in item number  
sixteen. Below the cranberry juice.

IN THE DISTANCE--ACROSS THE GRID

TESSA speaks to a slick-suited woman in a suit. We will know  
her later as CHRISTINE DALE. TOM glowers at her, turns his

attention to the fax.

He raises his eyebrows in surprise. HELEN departs.

TOM

Any closer on the other devices?

DANNY

No. But there's a major soap in the cell. Mary's getting paranoid. Splitting with loverman. Conversations are very generalised, coded, she knows we're on to them in my opinion. They're planning another strike, and looks like they're all in on the info.

TOM

Good work. Item number sixteen.

He hands the fax to DANNY, who also raises his eyebrows. HARRY arrives from behind TOM. Peers at the fax.

HARRY

Fascinating what people throw away, hm?

(Tom nods)

Fresh air?

TOM and HARRY walk off.

EXT. ROOF, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 3. 0901

Thames House has views over London. Windy but wonderful. Blows the cobwebs away. TOM, however, is angry. Pacing.

HARRY

Tom, I'm sorry... Mary Kane is a hot name to drop in Washington right now. They're frothing at the mouth for her.

TOM

How did they know? They can't know--

HARRY

Home Office know. And now so do the Americans. We're in the middle of a war against terrorists and finally it looks like we may even have caught one. No wonder the Americans are going loopy. She's not just a scalp, Tom, right now Mary Kane is the Hope Diamond. The Yanks want to get her into custody and back home as soon as possible.

TOM

Well that's tough, isn't it?

HARRY

I know you want those cells.

TOM

Her husband's going to the chair she's got nineteen bombs to commemorate it--most of them capable of destroying a building full of people.

She's got cells and supporters all over the country, potentially. But we won't know anything about them if Special Branch stick her in bloody jail!

HARRY

Shoulder to shoulder means exactly that, Tom. Unfortunately in this case. You're quite friendly with the CIA London liaison, aren't you?

TOM

I'm in no mood to schmooze Christine Dale. I'd rather bite her head off.

HARRY's pager buzzes. He consults it without a flicker and shoots TOM a look that says--"how prescient of you".

INT. THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 3. 0930

TOM and HARRY sit on desks. Team is gathered.

HARRY

The Home Office have agreed to fast track extradition proceedings against Mary Kane. They want our papers prepared and inked as soon as possible.

Wave of disappointment across the office.

DANNY

Can they not wait til we're done with her?

HARRY

The timetable's immediate I'm afraid. Once the papers are signed, Special Branch want to arrest and detain Mary.

DANNY

So that's it.

TOM

She's still in our radar. We're not finished til she's on that bloody plane.

EXT. HIGH STREET, LIVERPOOL - DAY 3. 1012

FOXTROT's POV from inside surveillance car: MARY KANE and STEVEN walking. Soundtrack crackles and dialogue is occasionally faint--but we still hear them speaking, despite them being far away. A long-range parabolic surveillance mic.

STEVEN  
This is madness.

MARY glances towards us... POV changes, shifts... re-establishes audio contact...

MARY  
...I've made up my mind. Goodbye, Steven. And try to forget everything I've told you.

They shake hands. STEVEN continues walking. MARY glances towards the surveillance car and crosses road, to go into the church.

MAN'S VOICE  
Stay with Target A. Watcher please.

INT. CHURCH, LIVERPOOL - DAY 3. 1015

MARY enters the church, walks down the aisle and genuflects to the altar.

FOXTROT'S VOICE  
Foxtrot following target.

EXT. HIGH STREET/CHURCH, LIVERPOOL - DAY 3. (TIME CONT.)

A man in suit and tie (FOXTROT) gets out of the surveillance car and walks into the church.

INT. CHURCH, LIVERPOOL - DAY 3 1016

FOXTROT enters the back of the church and sees a woman resembling MARY kneeling in the front pew. He takes a seat near the back of the church and pretends to pray, whilst keeping an eye on her.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Foxtrot, please confirm you have Target A.

FOXTROT  
(whispering into lapel)  
Confirmed.

The woman stands up to leave and we see it isn't MARY.

FOXTROT (CONT'D)  
Shit - that's a spark.

He stands up and looks around, but the church is empty.

MAN'S VOICE  
Can anyone confirm contact with Target A?

DELTA/ECHO (V.O.)  
Negative.

ZOE walks into the church, furious, looking around.

ZOE  
(into radio)  
We've lost her. Plan B. Tell Keith Burns we need  
to borrow his kid.

EXT. KIDS' PLAYGROUND, LIVERPOOL - DAY 3. 1401

Kids zoom around in this brightly-coloured area. RACHEL is sitting here, her youngest child one of the zoomers.

ZOE arrives-- with JIMMY. He runs off to play in the sand. Zoe sits on the bench next to RACHEL. ZOE removes the coffee carryout. A gigantic steaming cup.

RACHEL sniffs the air--ZOE sniffs her coffee.

ZOE  
Oh, dammit.

RACHEL turns to her. ZOE smiles ruefully. KEITH passes in the background... "strolling"... keeping an eye.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
Must have taken the wrong cup. Bloody hazelnut or something.  
(beat)  
You don't want it do you?  
(Rachel's unsure)  
Please. I'll only throw it away.

RACHEL takes the coffee. Sniffs it hungrily. Drinks.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
I'll tell you what, it's an expensive habit these days. Two quid that cost me.

ZOE lifts her bag onto the bench. RACHEL glances down to see a Pro Life sticker on the bag. She smiles.

RACHEL  
Thank you.

ANOTHER ANGLE--LONG LENS  
The two women begin to chat in a friendly way.

EXT. KIDS' PLAYGROUND, LIVERPOOL - DAY 3. 1443

ZOE and RACHEL walk towards the car park. Their kids toddle around in front of them. ZOE glances at her watch.

RACHEL  
It's just informal. And if you're new to the area,  
it's a nice way to meet... like-minded people--you  
okay?

A phone rings. ZOE fishes for it.

ZOE  
(into phone)  
Hi...  
(listens--mood changes)  
What? Oh, no... I'll be there. Look, I'll get  
there as soon as I can.  
She hangs up. Colour drains from her face... tears  
come.

RACHEL  
Is everything okay?

ZOE  
My friend's eight months pregnant, she's gone to  
hospital...complications. I have to go, I have to--  
-oh, dammit!  
(a thought)  
You don't have a car do you?

RACHEL regards ZOE--comes to a decision.

RACHEL  
I'll take you. Come on.

ZOE  
No, really, you don't have to--

RACHEL  
No problem.

EXT. HOSPITAL, LIVERPOOL - DAY 3. 1450

ZOE gets out of RACHEL's car. She's looking lost. RACHEL's coming with--

ZOE

No, no, don't be silly...

RACHEL

You don't be silly... I'll just--  
(to ATTENDANT)

Can I park somewhere?

The attendant is DANNY. He's found her a space.

DANNY

Don't worry. I'll look after it.

She pulls in, runs back to deal with ZOE. They both disappear inside--ZOE keeping her head down, RACHEL too...

Danny moves quietly to the car.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, LIVERPOOL - DAY 3. 1453

ZOE and RACHEL follow a male nurse who takes them towards Intensive Care.

RACHEL

Shouldn't she be in casualty...?

NURSE

She's in there. Oh--sorry. If you wouldn't mind leaving your mobile phones outside. There's some sensitive equipment around here...

ZOE hands her phone to this authority figure without a moment's thought. RACHEL, driven to conform, does the same.

ZOE leads RACHEL into...

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, HOSPITAL, LIVERPOOL - DAY 3. 1454

This is SARAH'S room. She is in a very bad way. RACHEL clings instinctively to her child, turns to ZOE. ZOE's tears have gone. And so has her 'son'.

RACHEL

What's going on?

TOM emerges from behind the door. Glances at SARAH.

TOM

It's shocking, isn't it? Close up.

RACHEL

Who are you?

She looks to the door. KEITH can be seen outside.

TOM

I'll be brief because we don't have much time.  
Which is something Sarah here knows all about too.  
Thanks to you.

(beat)

We know who you are. We know you're friends with  
Mary Kane. We know what you're up to, we know who  
you're targeting. Rachel, we know what coffee you  
like for God's sake... What we don't know is when.

A flicker from ZOE--this is a canny strategy.

RACHEL

I don't know what you're talking about.

She's upset, looking at this girl. Her son starts to cry.

TOM

Tell you what... why don't you tell your son why  
this poor little girl's in this bed? Her name's  
Sarah. And maybe after that you can tell him what  
his Daddy really does in his spare time?

RACHEL

I can't help you. I really--I can't.

She's crying now. Her world is collapsing.

TOM

Mary doesn't care about saving children, Rachel.  
Look at Sarah here. We have to stop her before  
this happens again. Do you understand me?

RACHEL is desperately trying to keep it together.

TOM (CONT'D)

If you don't know, find out. Call this number. Day  
or night. If you get a conscience.

He hands her a card. She leaves, staring daggers at Zoe.

We hold on SARAH... she's fading fast.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, LIVERPOOL - DAY 3. 1458

The nurse is waiting innocently. Hands RACHEL her mobile.  
KEITH glances at him. The nurse nods--all sorted.

INT./EXT. AMBULANCE/HOSPITAL, LIVERPOOL - DAY 3. 1500

RACHEL bundles her son into her car. DANNY observes all from the cab of an Ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE, LIVERPOOL - DAY 3. 1501

SURVEILLANCE MAN, in the back. Instead of medical kit, listening kit. He's twisting knobs... static--then:

RACHEL'S VOICE  
Rob... Rob??

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - DAY 3. 1502

RACHEL's on her cellphone. Crying. Driving badly. She thinks she's fucked it up. Her son sits silently weeping.

RACHEL  
Jesus, Rob, they know.. I don't know who, the police, they know... they know everything. They know about me, where to find me, they know about you, about Mary. They know about Sullivan, for God's sake, they know Mary's gone to London--only thing they don't know is when!

ROB V.O.  
Just take it easy, alright? Easy!

INT. AMBULANCE, LIVERPOOL - DAY 3. 1503

SURVEILLANCE MAN writes the word "SULLIVAN--LONDON" on a piece of paper. Hands it up to DANNY in the front seat.

DANNY  
That'll do nicely.

INT. AMBULANCE, LIVERPOOL. DAY 3. 1512

TOM and ZOE lean over DANNY, who's on his laptop.

DANNY  
Fifteen Doctor Sullivans in London registered at the GMC. Only one works full time in family planning. Diane Sullivan. Private practice, St. John's Wood.

TOM  
Get someone round there. No uniforms.

INT. THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 3. 1514(FORMERLY SC 80)

TESSA approaches HARRY.

TESSA

I need your signature on those extradition papers  
right now.

HARRY

(examining the papers)  
She's being taken to Florida, I see.

TESSA

That's right.

HARRY

If that happens she'll face the Death Penalty. And  
as you know Britain tries not to extradite people  
to a certain death. Most of the time, anyway. Come  
back when you can assure me there's no policy  
conflict, won't you?

TESSA is not pleased. Exits without another word.

INT. THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 3. 2000

TOM, ZOE, DANNY and HARRY. All exhausted but running on  
adrenaline. DANNY puts the phone down.

ZOE

If we stick a guard on Sullivan's house Mary's  
going to spark and go to ground before we see her.

TOM

But I'm not dangling a civilian as bait either.

HARRY

How old is Sullivan?

DANNY

(handing over photographs)  
Thirties. Divorced. No kids.

HARRY

Lucky her.

HELEN has arrived--she's sensed the excitement and is drawn to  
it, the moth to the proverbial incendiary device.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Ah--the cavalry.  
(could this be a break?)  
Anyone need any tea? Coffee? No?  
(beat)  
We're okay, thank you.

HARRY turns his back on poor old HELEN.

HELEN

Just to say, Sullivan's out of harm's way.

ZOE tries to include her--

ZOE

Thanks Helen--

But HARRY is moving the team away from her. HELEN sighs. A phone rings nearby. She grabs it.

DANNY

Mary's going for something large scale.

TOM

She could be setting one. She could be setting them all and saying to hell with it. She's clearly had it with the Brits.

DANNY

Just with some. She talked about Dundee, that's more cells, surely.

ZOE

She's going nationwide.

HELEN arrives again. Approaches TOM nervously.

HELEN

Tom, um... there's a woman in reception for you?  
Christine Dale?

TOM looks at her--surely not... TOM departs, HARRY walks towards his office. MALCOLM approaches ZOE.

MALCOLM

I have a camp bed.

ZOE stares at him--sorry?

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I heard you were looking for somewhere to sleep in town.

ZOE

Oh--yeah. To rent, yes. A room, preferably, Malcolm.

MALCOLM

Oh. Well, I have a camp bed.

He walks off. DANNY turns to ZOE. Teasing.

DANNY

Don't burn your bridges.

ZOE glares at him... shakes her head.

INT. LOBBY, THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 3. 2002

TOM looks--perplexed. CHRISTINE DALE is here. Looking understandably furtive.

TOM

What the hell are you doing here?

CHRISTINE

I didn't want to use the phone.

On TOM's face: what's that supposed to mean?

EXT. VAUXHALL BRIDGE - NIGHT 3. 2005

CHRISTINE and TOM could be ordinary folks on a date.

TOM

Unless you're here to get me a stay of execution  
for Paul Kane I'm a little pressed for word  
games...

CHRISTINE

You know how busy we are.

TOM

We're all busy Christine.

CHRISTINE

Get the extradition signature, Tom, or we're both  
going to look like assholes.

(beat)

This is non-negotiable.

TOM

Meaning?

CHRISTINE

You know the score these days. We're waging a war.  
No stone unturned. No excuses. No delays. America  
wants Mary back. And America's going to get her.  
We want our Kodak moment.

TOM

I thought we were equal partners.

CHRISTINE

We are. Which means, you don't get to stand around and mean well, Tom. You actually have to get off your butt sometimes and ... do exactly what we tell you.

She turns and walks in the opposite direction.

INT. THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 3. 2009

TOM blazes in. TESSA marches past on her way home.

TESSA

What was your girlfriend doing in the lobby?

TOM

She asked for a favour. But she didn't say please.

TESSA

What's that supposed to mean?

TOM

None of your business. And by the way--she's not my girlfriend.

WHIRLING WHIP PAN TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM, THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 3. 2101

TOM briefs HARRY, flanked by ZOE and DANNY.

TOM

They think we're stalling the extradition. If it drags out any longer we're looking at a serious diplomatic incident.

HARRY

I'm sorry. Special relationship. Allies. NATO. Marshall Plan.

DANNY

Guy and Madonna.

HARRY

She was adamant?

TOM

It's hook or crook time. They're putting on the brass knuckles. Paul Kane's execution is the day after tomorrow, and it's good PR to get Mary back for his special day.

DANNY

So bang goes the gently gently plan.

TOM

Bang indeed.

(thinks--decision)

We get to her first, she stays in the country and we might just have a chance of finding out where the other bombs are. If --sorry, when--the U.S. get their way, she's off. And God knows what happens then.

DANNY

Bloody Yanks. Everything's a sodding competition.

TOM

(beat)

Harry? What do you think?

HARRY is very still. His pupils are pinpricks.

HARRY

(beat--softly)

I think all kinds of things.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, HOSPITAL, LIVERPOOL - DAY 4. 0905

SARAH LYNOTT is in a very bad way. MIKE sits by her bed, with his other daughter, CLAIRE.

We pull back silently as a nurse attends--something serious is going down. The curtain is drawn.

Sounds of hospital life continue o.s. But not here...

DANNY V.O.

Call to Justice. Here it is. Jesus.

INT. THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 4. 0913

CLOSE ON: DANNY'S COMPUTER SCREEN

The Call to Justice website. Graphics, bells and whistles. And a long list of names. Amongst them: "KAREN LYNOTT" - her name, a line scored through it.

He scrolls down to... "DIANE SULLIVAN". And an address.

DANNY V.O.

They've got all Sullivan's details, look. Good job we moved her.

PULLING BACK TO SCENE

DANNY and ZOE work frantically on their PCs. HELEN is distributing coffees. TOM is on the phone, listening.

HELEN

(softly, to DANNY)

Creature of the night, two o'clock.

Glancing up, DANNY sees HARRY enter the Grid with a slimy Foreign Office Mandarin (TOBY MCINNES). He's in his 50s, Oxbridge, senior--and he knows it. He wipes his finger idly across a shelf, examining the dust disdainfully.

HARRY catches TOM's eye. TOM signals him to wait.

DANNY

Foreign Office. Get out the garlic.

TOM hangs up. Numbed.

TOM

Sarah Lynott just died.

Deep breaths. For everyone.

TOM walks off. DANNY slams his fist on his desk.

INT. BATHROOM, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 4. 0914

TOM splashes water on his face. Deep breath.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 4. 0922

HARRY and TOM face TOBY MCINNES, who is addressing HARRY as if TOM isn't even in the room. Every so often he notices a spot of dust on the table - and wipes it with his kerchief.

TOBY

There's a bigger picture here, gentlemen, and I'm not quite sure you're seeing it.

HARRY

What's the Foreign Office got to do with it?

TOBY

Surely you appreciate in the current coalition climate... the UK cannot be seen to do anything but support the U.S. of A. wholeheartedly, unreservedly, and--

TOM

Unquestioningly?

TOBY

Indeed yes, Thomas. They're our best friends,  
after all.

TOM

And they're telling us what to do.

TOBY

They're the big boy in the playground and right  
now if they asked to roger us over a barrel we'd  
thank them kindly and make them tea afterwards.  
What's more, I presume you're aware of an oral  
contraceptive called Mendocryn?

HARRY

I'm a little out of touch with those.

TOBY

Helps prevent thrombosis as well as the usual  
population control benefits.  
Athol Pharmaceuticals. Based near Cambridge.  
They've developed it here but now they're looking  
for a licence overseas, specifically...

TOM

America.

TOBY

Well done Thomas. On the ball as ever.

TOM rubs his eyes. Of course. Upset turns to anger.

HARRY

And should Mary Kane get delayed any longer...

TOBY

We have it on good authority the licence will hit  
trouble in the land of the free. You know you  
really must change this flooring, it's gorgeous  
over at Six--

TOM

You would, wouldn't you? Even now. With all that  
could happen.

HARRY glances over at TOM. TOBY enjoys the  
tension. And yet again ignores TOM.

TOBY

His Imperial Highness the Foreign Secretary wants  
you to sit on your hands and that's exactly what  
you're going to do. Special Branch can take it  
from here.

TOBY pushes the extradition assessment forms across to HARRY.

TOM

They'll have to find her first.

TOBY doesn't pick up TOM's meaning. HARRY does.

TOBY

I'm not expecting you to help them. Just pretend you're busy with the new world order or whatever else it is you're up to. And try to remember this licence is worth three billion pounds a year to British industry. Losing that would be catastrophic.

TOM

You spirit her out of the country and more innocent people will die. That's what I call catastrophic.

TOBY is rather amused by TOM's anger. TOM gets up and leaves. HARRY watches him go.

HARRY

I signed up here because I knew who the enemy was and I wanted to fight them. These days they don't even have a flag. I preferred it when the bad guys had a flag.

TOBY

Least you knew where you were I suppose.

HARRY

Gave them something to put on the coffin.

HARRY takes out a pen and signs the documents. Passes the documents back. TOBY is pleased. Job done. He wipes his hands on his handkerchief.

TOBY

So. Where is she?

HARRY

(smiles)

No idea, old boy. We've lost her.

TOBY's face falls.

EXT. ROOF, THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 4. 1837

TOM inhales the air. HELEN is here too, smoking.

TOM

Helen. Remind me why I do this job?

HELEN

You liked the idea of a secret life.

TOM regards her closely. HELEN returns the gaze. There's definitely something chemical here.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Come on, Tom, it's true.

He smiles, returns to contemplation. HELEN's not done yet.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Even if I had a boyfriend... I mean, someone I really cared about... I'm not sure I'd ever want to tell them everything. There's something comforting about having somewhere you can go. In your head.

TOM

My last girlfriend didn't think so. Day after I told her she told all her mates in the pub.

HELEN

You've known Ellie long enough. Or, whatever her name is. Sorry, I saw the vetting file--and I mean, not that I looked or anything, I'm sure she won't blab. Not that it's any of my business, obviously.

(Tom nods)

So get over yourself. Tell her.

(silence)

Come on, what have you got to lose?

HELEN has pushed it too far. She instantly regrets it as TOM ices over.

TOM

Her.

HARRY arrives, spies TOM. Approaches.

HARRY

We have a salvo from the floor.

INT. THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 4. 1856

More coffee. More buzz. HELEN goes through a memo with DANNY.

HELEN

Sullivan's schedule this weekend. Pretty clockwork

life, actually. Mary wont have difficulty finding her - we know she's done her homework.

ZOE views photos of Sullivan. TOM approaches.

TOM

You sure about this?

ZOE

(holding up photo)

Same height; same build, Tom. Long as you look after me and the Dressers do their job properly, I'll be fine.

TOM

Danny's heading up the surveillance team.

ZOE looks at DANNY. DANNY has overheard, presses mute.

ZOE

Hope you're as good as you think you are.

DANNY

Don't worry, I'm better.

TOM walks away, followed by HARRY.

HARRY

He's a little inexperienced for such a big operation.

TOM

He's got the highest ratings of anyone I've seen pass through TC10. And I'll be watching him every step of the way.

HARRY

Sullivan's definitely the target...?

TOM

As definite as we can get in this job, Harry.

HARRY

And you realise you've officially been warned off Mary Kane.

TOM

Oh, we're not going to touch her.

HARRY looks doe-eyed at TOM.

HARRY

Of course, Tom. Whatever you say.

INT. LOCK-UP GARAGE, LIVERPOOL - NIGHT 4. 2244

In the gloom, the doors are opened. One by one, the holdalls are removed by hands we've not seen before.

EXT. LONDON SKYLINE - DAY 5. 0630

A new day. Everyone who knows better is asleep.

INT. THE GRID, THAMES HOUSE - DAY 5. 0632

Old coffee mugs everywhere. ZOE rubs her eyes. It's been an all-nighter. But now she's dressed exactly like DIANE SULLIVAN. She's younger, sure. But from a distance... she's hard to recognise as ZOE.

MALCOLM arrives with a stack of papers.

MALCOLM

Driving licence, purse, receipts, car keys, house keys, donor card.

(beat)

Just in case.

ZOE takes them. Examines them. Puts them in her pocket. Nerves starting to jangle. TOM arrives--a look: okay?

ZOE nods. Glances over at DANNY--he's at a computer that displays a hugely complex surveillance plan... DANNY senses her stare and looks up.

DANNY

Placements all over the shop. Back up vehicles, chopper support if we need it. Bomb disposal with a signal jammer for Mary's trademark remote control blasts. And Tom here's doing the catering. Mate. You are so covered.

ZOE tries a smile--but it's hard. She leaves with TOM.

INT. BEDSIT, LONDON - DAY 5. 0900

MARY sits on her bed, anonymously dressed. Next to her, a holdall. In her hand--a photograph. It's of Paul.

A radio is on. An American vox pop on World Service:

AMERICAN VOICE

..in accordance with an order from the U.S.  
District Court, Southern District of

Florida, inmate 209344, Paul John Kane,  
is scheduled to be executed at Florida State  
Penitentiary later today....

Moving closer, we see that MARY is crying. She kisses the  
photo. Then takes out a lighter and sets fire to it.

In an ashtray, the picture of Paul curls up and oxidises.

INT. SULLIVAN'S CAR - DAY 5. 0906

ZOE drives Sullivan's car. Behind her, a biker in a black  
helmet:

POV -- HELMET CAM

TOM V.O.

What's Smiley's favourite cocktail?

ZOE

Moscow mules, George, Moscow mules.

(BEAT)

Loud and clear thank you.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET, LONDON - DAY 5. 0909

MARY carries a small holdall. Passes a baby in a pram. Stops  
to coo at her little face.

EXT. ROAD - DAY 5. 1131

POV--HELMET CAM

ZOE V.O.

(BORED)

Don't think much of Sullivan's weekends. When do  
we go shopping?

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

Danny sits with Tom. Both on the cans.

VOICE ONE

Still no sign.

TOM

(Checking Sullivan's schedule)

Time for market, I think

EXT. ROAD - DAY 5. 1157

ZOE drives towards the market.

POV--HELMET CAM

TOM (V.O.)  
Disposal, you with us?  
(static--sighs)  
Bravo One, Alpha Zero. Status?

ARMY VOICE  
Alpha Zero, Bravo One. Proceeding to away point  
two over.

Suddenly we see a blue Micra, being driven by MARY.

VOICE ONE  
That's a contact! Jesus, we've got her. Blue  
Micra.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY 5. 1158

TOM  
Ok, Zoe. Bring her in.

ZOE V.O.  
Tally ho.

DANNY looks at TOM. TOM manages a smile.

DANNY  
Right, ladies and gents, your MC today will be DJ  
Spookman. Sign on?

A series of voices:

EXT. ROAD APPROACHING MARKET- DAY 5. 1201

ZOE passes in her car--followed after a few seconds by MARY.

INT./EXT. MARKET - DAY 5. 1202

ZOE pulls into a space. MARY's Micra passes in the b.g.

VOICE THREE  
We have a contact, contact, contact.

MARY drives calmly in, parks near the exit, fifty feet away.

The Biker on a motorbike enters moments later, parks in the  
bike zone. Removes her helmet, holds it in MARYs direction.

POV--HELMET CAM

We see the car park bounce around. The market is relatively  
busy--a few couples, pensioners, singles, meandering amongst

the terracotta pots.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY 5. 1204

Parked further up the street. DANNY is soaked with sweat.

TOM

Let's get an I.D. confirmed.

DANNY

Someone, I need an I.D. Anyone.

VOICE (BIKER)

How's that?

ON A MONITOR--HELMET CAM

We can see: grainy colour footage of MARY as she walks towards the entrance to the market, holdall in one hand, mobile phone in the other. Glancing back every so often to ZOE's car.

DANNY V.O.

Hold all, mobile phone, looks like remote detonation. How much plastic explosive can you put in a holdall?

TOM V.O.

Enough to make this car park look like Ground Zero.

INT./EXT. DIANE'S CAR/MARKET- DAY 5. 1210

ZOE pretends to be adjusting her seat.

DANNY'S VOICE

Okay Zoe, contact confirmed. Move it along inside, she's waiting for you. Sound off if you're in visual with agent or target.

ZOE gets out of the car. Nerves jangling.

We walk with her as she slowly approaches MARY, who is pretending to admire some gnomes.

ZOE

She's looking at gnomes.

DANNY'S VOICE

Keep it together Zoe. The gnomes are on your side.

As she gets closer and closer to MARY...a variety of customers, workers, pensioners, daytrippers--all sound off

quietly... everyone in this place is a spook.

VOICE ONE  
Alpha One clear.

VOICE TWO  
Alpha Two, target approaching.

BRIEFLY, IN SLO-MO:

MARY turns--and exits--the two women pass each other. A polite smile. Good morning to you.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY 5. 1211

DANNY adjusts his mic and glances at TOM.

DANNY  
Standby for lift.

TOM glares at him for a moment. Points to his monitor--showing the Helmet CAM of MARY and her holdall... MARY's now walking back towards ZOE's car. ZOE still at the entrance.

TOM  
See that bag? She could have ten devices in there.  
You still want to go give her a hug?

DANNY  
We could jam it.

TOM  
If we knew for sure it was remote detonation.

DANNY  
Which we don't.

DANNY scans the screens as:

DISPOSAL EXPERT V.O.  
Alpha Zero, Bravo One. Slight problem.

TOM  
What is it?

DISPOSAL EXPERT V.O.  
Something's wrong with the jammer.

TOM  
Slight problem?

DISPOSAL EXPERT V.O.  
Technical glitch. There's enough power for a

thirty second burst. But that's it.

DANNY looks at him--so what do we do?

TOM

Keep it tight til she leaves the kit.

INT./EXT. MARKET - DAY 5. 1212

ZOE is waiting calmly by the gnomes as a whirlwind of chatter buzzes in her ear.

She can see MARY approaching ZOE's car. When she emerges into clear vision again, she's not holding the bag anymore.

DISPOSAL EXPERT V.O.

Full spectrum ready when you are.

DANNY V.O.

On my signal.

MARY removes her phone and starts to walk away. ZOE moves towards her, to get a view--

DISPOSAL EXPERT V.O.

Engaging.

TOM is already out of the van-- MARY sees him. Susses the situation immediately. Stand off. TOM takes a step towards her--her thumb moves to the button. TOM stops.

She smiles. Glances over at ZOE.

MARY presses send--nothing. She presses it again. And again. Frustration builds into a scream as she keeps pressing--! She stares at her phone's display. It reads: "NETWORK SEARCH..."

EXT. AROUND CORNER, MARKET - DAY 5. 1214

An unidentifiable army bomb disposal van.

INT. ARMY BOMB DISPOSAL VAN - DAY 5. 1215

Army bomb disposal team sit with complicated equipment.

DISPOSAL EXPERT

Power keeping steady. Fifteen seconds. Fourteen.

Thirteen...

INT./EXT. MARKET - DAY 5. 1216

MARY stands, frozen to the spot, pressing buttons on her mobile. TOM calmly walks over, puts his hand on her arm and takes the mobile from her.

Spooks converge on them from all over the market.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 5. 1802

The one we saw at the beginning. A moment's peace.

INT. SAFE HOUSE, LONDON - DAY 5. 1803

MARY sits on one side of the table. TOM sits calmly.

TOM

Who and where. That's all.

MARY

I can't help you.

TOM

You want to walk out of here? Be my guest.

MARY sits tight. She knows she's in trouble.

TOM (CONT'D)

Who has the other devices? Who've you been speaking to?

MARY

Paul was right. You guys are pathetic.

TOM

In four hours, Paul's going to the electric chair for killing a doctor. I'd call that pretty pathetic.

MARY

Leave him alone.

TOM

He's the reason though, isn't he? He's why you're over here and causing pain. I mean: you pray for him every morning. At least, so long as Steve was in the room. All for show, of course. I know, I had to listen to you. That's the bummer about this job. I had to listen to your sanctimonious drivel every single day.

MARY

Paul never killed an innocent person in his life.

TOM

Unlike you, of course.

MARY

My conscience is clear.

TOM

I doubt that very much.

MARY

How about you? Spying for a living. Lying and betraying your friends and family. You should take another look in the mirror.

TOM

I help protect this country from the likes of you.

MARY

Oh really? And who's protecting the country from you? You're a fraud. Your whole life is a lie.

TOM

My life is none of your business.

She's rattled him and she's pleased.

MARY

I stand by my beliefs. I doubt you've ever believed in anything in your entire life.

TOM

I believe killing people in the cause of life is just about the stupidest thing I've ever come across. Right up there next to God wanted me to do it. But you don't stick around to see the consequences, do you? You don't get to see what your beliefs do right up close to innocent little girls.

MARY

That was unfortunate.

TOM

Really? Well here's something else pretty unfortunate. You'll be on Death Row by the time you give birth.

(silence)

We found the pregnancy kit, by the way. In your rubbish. Blue. Congratulations.

MARY

You people are scum.

TOM

Does Paul know? I guess not. He'd be more than a

little surprised.

MARY

Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee...

TOM

Bible games? Okay, I've got one.

He presses PLAY on a tape recorder. The surveillance from the bedroom plays. MARY having sex with STEVEN.

TOM (CONT'D)

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

MARY silently contemplates this.

TOM (CONT'D)

Wow, you must really love your husband to do something like that.

MARY's eyes cloud with tears and regret...

MARY

I love Paul. I love the Cause just as much. I do what I have to do.

TOM

Tell us where the bombs are, tell us your network, you stay with us, we fly you back to a State without the death penalty. Get a homey little prison with a creche. Keep quoting the Bible at me, keep pretending you're doing this for any other reason than revenge and I swear this sound will be the last your husband will ever hear. And the CIA will take you somewhere you really wouldn't wish on your worst enemy. Let me put that another way, Mary.

(beat)

I'm giving you the right to choose.

MARY

And before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee...

TOM

Thou shalt not kill. Thirty love. Want to keep playing?

MARY assesses. TOM can see he's won.

MARY

After me, there will be more. Don't think that

it's over.

TOM

It's never over.  
(picks up the phone)  
I'm listening.

EXT. ROOF, THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 5. 2047

DANNY and ZOE are staring out at the night. Still tense.

ZOE

You know on my first posting I got to look through  
Andrew and Fergie's mobile decrypts.

DANNY

No way!  
(beat)  
Any good?

ZOE

Quite sweet actually.

DANNY

Right. According to you.

ZOE

Yes, according to me. Don't I know sweet?

A little frisson here. Not much, but enough for a glance. A  
charge. ZOE deflects to the sky (not directly above!).

ZOE (CONT'D)

What's that--is that Jupiter?

DANNY

Mars. Bringer of War.  
(beat)  
I lied, by the way.

ZOE

What about?

DANNY

I did get someone pregnant. Once.  
(silence)  
It was at school. Stupidly young.

ZOE

Sorry.

DANNY

It's okay. Amazing what you can forget if you

really put your mind to it.

HELEN arrives. Nods of recognition. Roof posse.

HELEN

Hi. Your car's here. Oh--and Danny, the flat's come through, the room's yours, if you want it.

DANNY

Excellent.

ZOE looks at DANNY. She can't believe it. They're walking--

ZOE

Wait, wait--what room?

EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - NIGHT 5. 2156

A car zooms past a sign to Heathrow.

INT. MI5 CAR 1 (LEXUS) - NIGHT 5. 2157

Can't see who's in front. In the back, TOM and MARY. TOM leans forward to the unseen driver.

TOM

Just up here guys.

(to Mary)

My friends in the front seat will see you to your plane.

MARY

I hope you burn in hell.

TOM

We checked up on those names and addresses. You were telling the truth. I'm impressed.

MARY

You wouldn't be doing this if I'd lied.

TOM

Guess that's true. Have a nice trip.

He gets up and leaves the car. And now we see--ZOE and DANNY are in front. But they too get out at speed. MARY, confused, looks behind--what?

Two people get in either side of her. One is CHRISTINE DALE. The other is one of the CIA guys. Two more in front. CHRISTINE drops a brochure in her lap. It says "Florida".

CHRISTINE  
Hey Mary. Ready for DisneyWorld?

MARY tries to scan outside for TOM--

MARY  
You lying bastard!

But TOM, ZOE and DANNY are nowhere to be seen... meanwhile:

EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - NIGHT 5. 2200

TOM, ZOE and DANNY walk back to a darkened car (MI5 RANGE ROVER) parked further down the road. Headlights illuminate their face. Their eyes.

We hear: the sounds of jail guards. Footsteps. Clanking doors. The precursor to execution:

AMERICAN GUARD V.O.  
Dead man walking!

We INTERCUT with A PERCUSSIVE SERIES OF SHOTS:

EXT. HOUSES, ANOTHER CITY - NIGHT 5. 2205

Different take teams bursting down different doors--shields and guns--one, two, three times.

EXT./INT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY/MI5 RANGE ROVER - NIGHT 5. 2206

Our three get into the car. It drives off into the night.

INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 5. 2300

ELLIE regards TOM as she lets him in.

ELLIE  
Things?

TOM  
Things.

ELLIE  
Fair enough.

TOM  
I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

ELLIE  
Matthew. I need to know.  
(Tom is ready)

Who are you?

TOM

(deep breath)

A man who loves you very much.

He hugs her. On her face: she's trying to work that one out.  
MAISIE bursts in, her hair a mess of chaotic pigtails.

ELLIE

Back to bed, you!

MAISIE

I've got a new hairstyle.

TOM

Looks lovely.

MAISIE looks at TOM very carefully.

MAISIE

You're a liar.

Hold on TOM's reaction: the smallest, briefest flicker.

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE