



Seri es One

Epi sode Si x

By

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&

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FADE IN:

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - UNKNOWN POV - NIGHT 1 (MONDAY). 1930

Heavy breathing on the soundtrack as we approach a small guest house. A woman (MADGE) appears briefly at the window. A man's sweaty hand trembles over a pocket revealing a grenade.

POV walks up towards the door--

INT. THAMES HOUSE - THE GRID - NIGHT 1. 1932

HARRY walks past JED, carrying a briefcase and what appears to be some heavily-camouflaged flowers. TESSA watches--

HARRY

Page me if I'm needed. I'll be back in an hour.

HARRY departs. A freshfaced ASIAN RECRUIT looks up at JED--

JED

Harry's on the go again.

HARRY glances back. JED and the RECRUIT look elsewhere.

INT. DANNY AND ZOE'S FLAT - NIGHT 1. 1933

DANNY puffs cushions. ZOE watches him from behind the kitchen bar, amused, yet tense. Both are casually dressed.

DANNY

Vino.

ZOE brings out two bottles of wine onto the counter.

ZOE

Check. Mood music?

DANNY flicks a remote--the stereo clicks on. Quiet groove.

DANNY

Check. Welcoming smile?

ZOE smiles welcomingly. DANNY smiles back.

ZOE

What's that?

DANNY

(still smiling)

Welcoming.

ZOE

I think you'll find that's village idiot. Try again. Less deranged.

(he tries again)

Better.

DANNY

(psyching himself)

Ellie's going to love us. Maisie's going to love us. They're both going to be blown away and I'm going to be charming and urbane and witty and she's going to realise what a great guy Tom is and move right back in with him.

ZOE

We're not on a legend tonight, Danny. Relax. Just be yourself.

DANNY

Why d'you think I'm so nervous?

A doorbell. DANNY looks to ZOE--ready? She nods, heaves a large carton of chocolate milk onto the counter.

ZOE

Do it.

DANNY opens the door on: TOM, ELLIE, MAISIE. Casual dress.

DANNY

Well this is a surprise.

TOM

No it isn't.

Smiles--greetings. DANNY and ZOE are welcoming hosts.

DANNY

Hi--Ellie? Maisie?

(deep breath)

I'm Danny.

ZOE
And I'm Zoe.
(beat)
Really.

ELLIE
I believe you.

A moment. Then: TOM laughs. MAISIE, sensing a joke she's not privy to, laughs too-- ELLIE can't help smiling either.

MAISIE's laugh resolves into a wheezing cough. ELLIE picks her up, carries her in--ZOE looks over with concern.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
It's the new flat, I'm sure, she's never had it before--

Close in: on MAISIE--she's coughing with one eye on TOM. ELLIE strokes her hair. She stops. Breathes in. Instantly--

MAISIE
Chocolate!

She jumps up to investigate.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT 1. 1933

A hand reaches out and rings the doorbell.

INT. DANNY AND ZOE'S FLAT - NIGHT 1. 1938

DANNY, ZOE, TOM, ELLIE, MAISIE--enjoying a party. Drinkies for the adults, milk for MAISIE (and DANNY). Biscuits.

DANNY
So why'd you have to move in to this new place? I thought you had a flat above your restaurant--

ELLIE
My leasehold's a little tenuous--and the landlord's a b-a-s-t-a-r-d.

MAISIE
Bastard!

ELLIE
Maisie!

ZOE
It's so nice to finally meet you.

ELLIE
You too.
(beat)
You all work in the same department?

A question normally fielded and dissembled--but:

ZOE
..Yes.

DANNY
..Yep.

TOM gets up to go to the loo.

ELLIE
What's he like to work for then?

DANNY
Slavedriver. We call him Attila the Tom. And
he could do with changing his aftershave.

ELLIE
He doesn't wear aftershave.

DANNY
(to Zoe)
Oh. Must be you mate.

ZOE hits him with a cushion. MAISIE giggles and ELLIE smiles. She knows what's being done here and she appreciates it.

ZOE
(softly, to ELLIE)
I really don't envy you. Being an outsider to
all this nonsense.

ELLIE
It's not nonsense.
(beat)
Being from your world, I'd imagine... it
changes things. I'm amazed you ever feel
safe.

TOM's come back to hear this.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - NIGHT 1. 1939

OPERATOR sits at his terminal, on headset. Sounds efficient.

OPERATOR
Go ahead.

WOMAN'S VOICE (MADGE)
(nerves)
Hello, this is Jodie from the Hancock Guest House in Ealing? I need an urgent credit card check on a Mr. Patrick McCann.

OPERATOR
One moment.

He types "McCANN PATRICK" into the computer. A beep. On screen, a large icon saying: "ENCRYPTING--RED".

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
Encrypting, red channel.

We hear Madge's front door buzzer going.

WOMAN'S VOICE (MADGE)
It really is quite urgent.

An I.D. page appears instantly--with a picture (surveillance shots, NOT mugshot).

OPERATOR
McCann, Patrick. Section commander in splinter Republican group, Active Service Unit leader for many years, personally responsible for the torture and murder of over 20 RUC policemen and two Security Service operatives in the late 70s. Why?

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT 1. 1940

A woman in her 60s (MADGE) is staring at a video feed.

MADGE
Um, he's ringing the doorbell.

The feed shows McCANN up close to the intercom lens.

INT. DANNY AND ZOE'S FLAT - NIGHT 1. 1942

DANNY produces a big plastic cup full of ice-cream.
MAISIE grins.

DANNY

And seeing as we have a special guest...

Suddenly--a buzzing sound. TOM, ZOE, DANNY--all check.
DANNY has to put the cup down. MAISIE eyes it with
longing.

They've all been paged. ELLIE sees TOM's face. He looks
at her pleadingly. Hers goes cold. ZOE and DANNY grab
their coats. There's no need to explain--

MAISIE

Are we going somewhere now?

DANNY

You can stay here if you like--

ELLIE

We'll take it to go.

Hold on TOM.

CUT TO TITLES:

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - NIGHT 1. 1950

JED has re-cornered the RECRUIT. He has his back to the
pods. The RECRUIT sees HARRY, horrified. JED continues,
unaware.

JED

Latest intelligence suggests Harry's seeing
some leggy redhead in the MOD. Lower rank.
Lovely stuff.

RECRUIT

(scared)

Oh. Good.

As JED continues, HARRY is approaching the other side of
the transparent pods - and at speed.

JED

Flowers every time. There was one in the
office of the Paymaster General but her
security clearance failed. That was the

rumour anyway.

The RECRUIT flinches-- looks up to see HARRY behind JED. Her mouth opens. JED is blithely unaware.

JED (CONT'D)

He's married with a kid. But we all do stupid stuff in here. It's the strain.

JED realises something's wrong. He whirls round. HARRY's there. A withering look from HARRY then he's gone.

JED (CONT'D)

Oh Harry ... Shite.

HARRY strides across the Grid--zinging tension and bad temper swirls around him. People on the grid are frightened to look.

He walks straight past his office and over to a computer where the OPERATOR still sits. TESSA is staring over his shoulder. On the computer screen, the CCTV of the safe house.

HARRY

You went over Tom's head on this?

TESSA

Tom wasn't here.

HARRY

Tom deals with McCann. You know that.

TESSA

I had to act at once.

HARRY

You let a known terrorist into a safe house.

TESSA

Asabiyah, Harry. He said Asabiyah. This isn't about Ireland.

They peer at the small screen. CCTV of the man in the baseball cap (PATRICK) sitting at a table in the safe house.

HARRY

This is live, I take it?

OPERATOR nods.

TESSA
How the hell did he find out about the safe
house?

HARRY
(hissing at Tessa)
Never underestimate Patrick McCann.

He points at PATRICK. TESSA recoils at his aggressive
tone.

HARRY (CONT'D)
The consequences of this could be horrendous.
Everything will have to be sterilized? How
many safe houses will need to be closed down?
House keepers retired ...

HARRY has clearly been rattled by seeing McCANN--

HARRY (CONT'D)
This could shove the budget over the abyss.

TESSA
He said Asabiyah.

HARRY
I presume you've called the cavalry?

TESSA
Anti Terror Unit and Special Branch should be
there in six minutes.

HARRY
What are they getting, a tram?

TESSA
Six minutes across London is fast.

HARRY
(scoffing)
He'll be gone before then. All we'll have
left is the smell of sulphur.

A beat. HARRY looks at her. His eyes have a slight,
watery wandering about them. She thinks 'Is he losing
it?' She presses a button. They look at the screen.

HARRY (CONT'D)
What's that? On the table? Next to the

ashtray? Close in.

TESSA
(peering--shock)
Grenade.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT 1. 1952

Grenade sits in the middle of the table. Sparsely furnished, very old fashioned. MADGE is very frightened. A camera above. PATRICK looks up at it.

MADGE
If you want a cup of tea...

PATRICK
(Ignoring that.)
I want to exchange information and I want a favour in return. I want a face to face meeting with a high ranking officer who knows enough about Asabiyah to know what I've got isn't a bunch of paddywhack.

MADGE
If you want some special terms I'll have to talk to the landlord.

PATRICK
You will. And you can tell him I know what Asabiyah's been planning from the Sudan.

MADGE
Whatever it is ... I don't know if he'd believe you ...

PATRICK
He'd better. Cos what they're planning affects him and his employer. In a very big way.
(holds up a SIM card to the camera)
This is a SIM card. Stick it in a cellphone. There's one number in the address book. Call that number between 11.51 and midnight tonight. Nine minutes only.

MADGE
You said you wanted a favour in return.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - NIGHT 1. 1953

HARRY and TESSA looking at the screen.

MADGE

Do you... Want to say what it is?

HARRY

Brave woman.

PATRICK

That's for the landlord.

(Points at the camera.)

Midnight.

(To MADGE.)

Let me out of here. Now!

Beat. She leaves. PATRICK follows, taking his grenade.

CCTV--THE DOORSTEP

PATRICK leaves and is out of shot.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - NIGHT 1. 2000

TOM, ZOE and DANNY walk towards HARRY and TESSA.

ZOE

For what it's worth I think they both had a
great time.

TOM

Nice try.

(to HARRY as they arrive)

What's going on?

HARRY and TESSA, grim and serious, look at him.

HARRY

Four hours til we do or do not call.

We pan up and find the "Section 1" clock reading "8 p.m."

INT. THE GRID - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT 1. 2005

HARRY, TESSA, TOM, DANNY, ZOE. HARRY is already seated,
the others are settling.

HARRY

This is an info dangle from a highly suspect
source. Not all of you have been need to know
about Asabiyah. With good reason. Tom?

TOM

Asabiyah is an ultra-extremist cell, hiding out in the Sudan, a fragment from the Al Qaeda fallout. The group has been yellow tagged. The tagging has been effective. MPs, the Foreign Office, most of Downing Street and the press do not know repeat do not know of the group's existence. No knowledge, no leaks. So far they have been impenetrable, they work in couples, family groups. How do you come between brothers who write nothing down? A CIA proxy agent got near but was blown. What was left of his genitals was posted to the American Embassy in Paris.

DANNY

(Low.)

Jesus.

TOM

But as far as we know, Asabiyah has shown no interest in planning any action in the UK. Yet. Mostly Indonesia, India.

HARRY

All chip in. The clock is against us.

TESSA

I think this offer's real. McCann wants to trade.

On the word 'trade', a look of worry from ZOE.

HARRY

But trade what?

DANNY

Got to be big to do a walk-in like that.

ZOE

Even with a grenade in your hand.

TESSA

If there is any danger at all of a major terrorist attack on the UK we must act and act now.

TOM

He knew he was risking his life walking in to that safe house. That has to mean he's got

something.

DANNY
And the fact that he knows Asabiyah even
exists.

HARRY
So, what do we do?

TOM
What he's asked us to do. We try to deal with
him.

A silence.

HARRY
Come on, come on, group dynamics ...

ZOE
(blurts out)
It's too dangerous.

TESSA
Oh is it.

HARRY
Why?

ZOE
He's way ahead, calling the shots. We may not
be able to catch up.

TESSA
It's our job to catch up.

TOM
I agree with Tessa.

HARRY
Well I agree with Zoe.

A beat.

TESSA
So we do nothing?

HARRY
Oh, we do something.
(leans forward)
We set up the meeting with McCann and we kill

him.

TESSA

This isn't Guatemala...!

DANNY

Actually the CIA didn't kill terrorists in Guatemala. They turned them over to the local heavies to torture them.

HARRY

Let me rephrase for faint hearts. We bring about a curtailment to his continuing existence through a proxy.

TESSA

What are you suggesting? We give McCann to the provisional IRA. You know what they do to people who split from them.

DANNY

Yeah -- so let his old comrades beat the shit out of him and get the truth about this Asabiyah thing. We win two times.

TESSA

So we liaise with the Provos while they torture a suspect?

DANNY

We've got a Belfast officer liaising with them right now.

TESSA

This is grotesque!

ZOE

No, grotesque is taking McCann at his word.

TESSA

Zoe you are out of your depth.

TOM

Harry, he asked for an officer who knows the Asabiyah material. If it concerns them it's going to be in the critical list. Whatever the hell it is.

HARRY marshalls himself back into professional mode--

HARRY

This is not the truth. This is only their truth. We have no means of verifying anything objectively.

TOM

Precisely why I need to meet him.

HARRY

No. Not you.

TOM

Yes me. I know enough about Asabiyah to confirm his intentions. No-one else can.

HARRY considers. They wait, uneasy at his withdrawal.

HARRY

I want this to be a collective decision. We've got to be at one on this. I say we burn him.

TESSA

McCann's an old dog, he'll not let you get near him ...

HARRY

I'm an old dog too. Danny?

DANNY

(A beat.)

Meet him, see what info he's offering.

HARRY

Even if the dangle's contaminated? Tessa?

TESSA

Danny's right. We can't afford not to.

HARRY

Zoe?

ZOE

Meet.

HARRY

(a flicker at ZOE)

So be it. This is eyes alpha, need to know, utmost secrecy. No liaison with other departments, not Special Branch, not Six, not SAS Increment detachment. Tom: if you get to

McCann, no deals. Nothing. Strictly
information gathering.

(He stands.)

I just hope you all realise what kind of
bastard we are dealing with here.

HARRY goes.

TESSA

(meaning HARRY)

I think that's very clear.

TOM

(softly)

Work to do.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - THE GRID - NIGHT 1. 2359

Close on a clock reading: as the second hand nears
midnight. Pan down to a Technician, who is typing a
telephone number into a computer near to TOM.

On screen: the numbers appear, next to "RECORDING".

Everyone is trying not to look at the screen or the phone
as, meanwhile, DANNY and ZOE sit close. Sniping in
whispers.

DANNY

Tessa gave you money.

ZOE

I didn't know what it was for.

DANNY

It was to shut you up! What do you think it
was for?

ZOE

I still don't know, I can't get my head round
it. Maybe it's part of something bigger, an
op. A big op. Or a test, maybe she's testing
me.

DANNY

It's-a-scam!

(spelling it out)

A senior officer. Sitting in this room.
Running false agents and trousering the cash.
You've got to pass it through Harry.

ZOE

I know, I know.

DANNY

So do it. Now.

TOM picks up the phone. Listens.

ZOE

I can't. I've left it too long.

Everyone sees what TOM's doing. Everyone stops. He listens quietly, puts the phone down. Walks over to DANNY and ZOE --

TOM

Meet is rural. Tomorrow afternoon. Isolated. Complicated. No doubt muddy. Plenty of open ground so no ambushes, no backup.

DANNY

We'll send a messenger. Wire them.

ZOE

You can be puppetmaster, hang back with the cans on, listening. Prompt him when the subject moves to Asabiyah--

TOM

(impossible)

First thing he'll do is look for wires.

ZOE sees TESSA is watching her. TOM to ZOE:

TOM (CONT'D)

Can you sort out the transport tomorrow?
(she nods, leaves--beat)
And Danny, I need your help.

DANNY

I'm here aren't I?

TOM

I need you at my place first thing tomorrow.
Please. Personal favour.

DANNY

First thing?

TOM

Pretty please. Massive personal favour.

DANNY

Seeing as it's you.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - NIGHT 1. 0111

ZOE and DANNY sit picking over the remnants of a pizza. Both are numbed, pre-occupied, working hard.

DANNY

How's your side of the country?

ZOE

I've been in touch with every contact we've got -- no mention of Asabiyah coming anywhere near us. Some to-ing and fro-ing through Heathrow - security cameras got a few shots of Asabiyah members passing through the transit lounge - but that's all. Buying a dutyfree Toblerone hardly breaches Anti-Terror laws. Not yet anyway.

ZOE's eyes glisten. She's trying very very hard.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Not that my word's anything to go by. I mean who am I after all?

DANNY

(soft)

You're a brilliant spook. A messy flat mate. And a good friend.

ZOE

I'm a junior officer. Tessa's a decorated general. If she can co-ordinate straw men agents, she'll have no trouble manipulating real ones. Who do you think they're going to believe?

DANNY

That's why you've kept this quiet?

ZOE

I'm scared.

DANNY

You've made me part of this. So am I.

INT. TOM'S FLAT - DAY 2. (TUESDAY) 0802

DANNY and TOM are fitting bars to every window. Another team are working on the front door. It's all in a rush.

TOM
How're we doing?

DANNY
In a tic. She not happy then?

TOM
I want them to feel safe.

DANNY
You think Patrick's going to come for you?

TOM
Any of them can come for any of us.
Security's in the mind. You know that.

DANNY
You want Fort Knox, you got it.

TOM
How about the front door?

DANNY
(excited)
Ah. Well. Now. You see. Swipe card, state of the art, will not find this in Banham anytime soon. No key code, it's all in the strip. We'll keep a spare set in the lockers in case you lock yourself out. This is the business. Universal swipe. Central locking, all doors and windows. Security glass. Think BMW in Jo'burg. Go outside for a sec.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - DAY 2. 0802 (FORMERLY SC 15)

ZOE sits at her desk, working. TESSA arrives.

TESSA
Zoe. Are you happy?

She means: do we understand each other? Pointed stare.

TESSA (CONT'D)
I was tough on you in the briefing.
(beat)
I may be again.

(beat)

But you're a big girl, aren't you?

ZOE looks at her closely. TESSA leaves. ZOE frowns.

EXT. TOM'S FLAT - DAY 2. 0803

DANNY swipes the card. TOM looks at the lock on the window -- KERCHUNK! Bars are being set up outside.

DANNY

Check it out. Windows, french doors, even the roof access. All failsafe, all through this key.

(admires his work)

I hope this does the trick with her, Tom. She's a great person.

TOM

I know.

(nods--thank you)

How reliable's the strip?

DANNY

Would I give you anything but the best?

Their eyes meet briefly. TOM's convinced.

A SERIES OF SHOTS--SECURING TOM'S FLAT

-- Swipe card lock on front door is tested;
-- a "London bar" installed along the frame;
-- a barred door behind that;
-- hinge locks;
-- window bars upstairs and down;

INT. ELLIE'S RENTED FLAT - DAY 2. 0847

ELLIE attends to MAISIE who is coughing. Knock at the door--ELLIE opens it to reveal TOM.

ELLIE

I didn't mean to let you in, you know. My hand slipped.

TOM

How is she?

MAISIE sees TOM and her coughing increases in volume.

ELLIE
Doctor's this afternoon.

TOM removes a card from his wallet.

TOM
Take this.

ELLIE looks at it.

TOM (CONT'D)
It's my new front door key.

ELLIE
At the Hilton now are you?

She tries to hand it back--he's not taking it.

TOM
I know how you feel about living with me.
About being safe. And that's why I've changed
things. Please. Come back. This is no place
for you.

(MAISIE coughs on cue)
Go and have a look.

ELLIE
How do I...?

TOM
Card's just the same as a key on the outside.
Shove it in the slot. Light goes green,
you're in. Coming out it's the same, but you
swipe. Like a credit card. Go and see.
Please.

ELLIE
I'd rather you showed me.

TOM
I will...

ELLIE
(anticipating)
But--

TOM
But... I have an important project on right
now.

ELLIE

What is it?

MAISIE

Are you going to do spying?

MAISIE smiles. TOM goes to kiss ELLIE--she can't help but accept. MAISIE runs to TOM, gives him a hug.

MAISIE (CONT'D)

Be careful!

TOM smiles at her, tweaks her nose. Leaves. MAISIE regards her Mum--the empty space--and starts coughing again...

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - DAY 2. 1220

Clock reads: 1220. DANNY arrives to find ZOE perusing a map.

DANNY

Where now?

ZOE clicks a button on her computer. DANNY picks up a small headset and listens--it's playback. We hear PATRICK'S voice:

PATRICK'S VOICE

Drive north on the A13 in a brand new white Ford Mondeo until the mileage reads 68.50. Go to the first bus stop you see on that side of the road and catch the first blue bus that arrives.

EXT. RURAL LOCATION - DAY 2. 1221

TOM, dressed in a Barbour jacket, walks along a rural lane. He climbs over a stile. He could be a farmer.

PATRICK'S VOICE

Two miles east from the terminus is a lane. Follow it and take the first stile on the right. Cross the field and I'll meet you in the middle. Don't be late. Dress for the country, Davy Crockett.

He walks across the field. We follow... Tension building.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- DISTANT POV

Grainy long distance lens. Someone's watching TOM walk.

BACK TO SCENE

TOM's eyes scan the horizon. No trees to speak of. Only the hedgerow he just climbed over.

Then, in the middle distance--a man. A farm labourer?

No, it's PATRICK. Alone. He sees TOM, starts walking.

The two men stop about twenty feet from one another. And then do a strange thing. They start undressing efficiently.

They continue until both men are completely naked. They examine each other briefly. Satisfied neither is wired, they start to put their clothes on again.

PATRICK
(Irish--subtitled)
Davy Crockett I presume.

TOM
(Irish--subtitled)
King of the wild frontier.
(beat--English)
Keep it English. No use drawing more
attention to ourselves.

PATRICK
Are you joking? Anyone seeing that would
think we're in some fecky farmer's porn
video.

TOM
You picked the spot, not me. Let's walk.

PATRICK
Let's not.

Silence. A plane overheard. Both men glance, nervous.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I guess this wasn't easy for you, Mr.
Crockett. Had to pull some strings I bet. I
certainly did.

TOM
Something like that. Those directions wasted

a lot of time.

PATRICK

This secrecy's for my benefit as well you know. There's people'd fry my balls in batter if they knew what I was doing.

TOM

Suddenly grown a conscience have we?

PATRICK

I'll tell you how it feels once I've worn it in.

TOM

Rich.

PATRICK

It's the same for us you know. I don't like the idea of breathing the same air as you either. You follow me?

TOM

Asabiyah.

PATRICK

We've had a minor corporate cashflow problem thanks to certain recent events. So we've been freelancing. Bit of management consultancy. Few hard lads in Columbia. The odd mercenary in Somalia. And then we got a call from some hard nuts in Sudan. Needed a swift how-to on some anti-tank weaponry they'd just acquired. State of the art, the dog's bollocks. Our lads went over there, but we weren't taking any chances and we had them all checked out. Bastards would kill you soon as look at you.

TOM is icy. Brain ticking over, storing everything.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Nothing new to speak of. Til last week. Another check. And suddenly there's this very detailed aerial schematic of a large-scale UK facility.

(beat)

A power station.

(beat)

A nuclear power station.

TOM
Sefton B.

PATRICK
They do what I think they're gonna do and most of Eiré's uninhabitable for the next two hundred years. Not to mention everything north of Bristol. Not that we'd miss Wales.

TOM looks at him -- scepticism in his eyes --

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Don't look at me like that. It's a holy war. These lads are serious. And when a man with my experience tells you that, you should listen.
(beat)
They scare the shit out of me.

TOM
You could disincentivise them.

PATRICK
Kill them, you mean? Great minds think alike, Davy. Sadly my branch chief had other ideas. Wanted his money first. By the time he realised he was an eegit they had a couple of lads already on their way. And I had to come crying to yous.
(spitefully)
For help.

TOM
When did they leave?

PATRICK shrugs.

TOM (CONT'D)
Are they already here?

PATRICK smiles.

TOM (CONT'D)
How much money do you want?

PATRICK
Money is not our concern.

TOM
(softly)

What-do-you-want?

PATRICK

(beat)

You do what I tell you, you'll get it all. Names, routes, dates, everything we've got. Some snaps we took ourself. And don't forget there's still about ten Asabiyah heavies down there in the desert. We've even got lads on the inside right now if you're interested. We've got access. We've got trust.

(beat)

Jesus, Mr. Crockett, I'm your man in Sudan.

TOM looks at him--tell me.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Today is Tuesday. I want a blind eye til sunrise Thursday. We've got some business here. We'd rather you kept your noses out. And that goes for the rest of the Gestapo.

TOM

You want carte blanche to do what you like for thirty six hours?

PATRICK

Cardai bán. No coppers, Special Branch or uniforms. But only thirty hours. Special offer.

TOM

It can't be done.

PATRICK

Of course it can. You run this bloody country.

TOM

Look this is just a technical matter, but -- how can we trust you? We can't turn our backs while you commit a terrorist outrage.

PATRICK

Trusting your enemy's a fine art, Mr. Crockett. We're not planning a "terrorist outrage". Alright? You have my word on that, Davy, okay? You're forgetting it's our country on the line here too. We're recruiting. Pure and simple. And a blind eye means my operation goes well. I get a gold

star. You get a performance-related bonus.
And together we stop these eegits in their
dirty Arab tracks.

(TOM is stunned. Patrick hands him another
SIM card)

A new SIM card. Call the number in the
address book between 1651 and 1700 tonight.
Nine minutes only.

TOM

Half an hour would be more practical.

PATRICK

Don't want your techno geeks tracing me now
do I?

TOM

Why the rush?

PATRICK

Why d'you think?

TOM

(ashen)

You mean it's soon?

PATRICK

I mean you'd better get back in your car.

(beat)

We got a deal?

TOM nods, takes a card from PATRICK, who turns to walk
away.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Little unfair, by the way. I mean, you know
my name. And I know yours ain't Davy bloody
Crockett.

TOM

(hard)

Call me Dave.

UNKNOWN POV - WATCHING

From a great distance, we see the men part. TOM starts to
run-- But the POV follows PATRICK instead... what's going
on?

INT. THAMES HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - DAY 2. 1300

Team is in conference: HARRY, TESSA, DANNY and ZOE. A speakerphone broadcasts TOM's voice. Clock reads 1300.

HARRY

And you believed him.

TOM O.S. (PHONE)

We have no option. And there's no time. We need a footprint on that anti-tank weapon. We need to look at port movements. Try the milkroute through Libya.

DANNY

Spaniards had a wobble last month. Libyan freighter and a trawler offloading in the Bay of Biscay.

ZOE

One month ago? Could mean they're here already. Could mean it's real.

TOM

Of course they're here. And if the weapons are here that means they're here.

HARRY

Stop this--

DANNY

(he can't)
But where?

TOM

We have no idea where they are -- but we know where they're going.

ZOE

They'll have safe houses. Friendly faces in the north west.

HARRY

Stop it!! How many times do I have to tell you. This is contaminated truth! It's a hook. And if we turn a blind eye on the activities of McCann's group for thirty hours, you know what we would be doing.

He looks round the table, catching everyone's eye.

HARRY (CONT'D)

We would be trading a certain attack by a splinter republican cell for some fantasy about Sefton B! How many of those do we get a week?!

INT. CAR - DAY 2. 1301

TOM is driving like crazy, on the cellphone.

TOM
I disagree.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION:

HARRY
Why?

TOM
The stakes are too high. A known dissident IRA commander. Coming on his own. To a safe house. Following up with a meeting. Keeping to his word about backup. Keeping to his word about time and place. We all know what a breach of the nuclear material would mean for Ireland. Their government does for sure. Their Prime Minister took out a full page ad in The Times for god's sake. Patrick told me that he'd keep to his side of the agreement.

HARRY
Tom. We both know the word of the IRA - whatever faction - is as permanent as a fart in a wind machine...

TESSA
We have no choice.

TOM
Tessa is right. We have to deal. And we have just under two hours to agree.

HARRY waits. Then he is very definite.

HARRY
We have a potential moral horror here. I don't like moral horrors. I prefer facts. Danny, Zoe ... Sefton B. How vulnerable is it? And what anti-tank weapon could Asabiyah have possibly got their hands on?

ZOE
Right.

DANNY
Right.

HARRY
Meanwhile we do have one... ace in the Hole.
I ... have been less than honest with you,
Tom. When you met McCann you did have backup.

TOM goes silent on the speaker.

TOM
You had baby-sitters follow me, without my
knowledge?

HARRY
Worked rather well. You behaved exactly like
a man without backup. They followed you...
and then followed him. All the way to his
hideaway. Tom, thanks to you, and, indeed, to
me, we are now in a position to launch a raid
and capture a major, dissident IRA commander.
He's over here on his evil business. He must
be stopped. And that's exactly what's going
to happen.

He stands and goes from the room quickly. TESSA, ZOE and
DANNY sit - in shock - avoiding eye contact. Tom's
speakerphone goes silent. Jed rushes in --

JED
Zoe. Call.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - DAY 2. 1304

ZOE on the phone.

ZOE
Where are you?

TOM
I'm almost there. But cover for me for forty
minutes alright?

ZOE
Why?

TOM
Thanks.

She hangs up. Harry walks past --

HARRY
When's Tom due back?

ZOE
Not for an hour or so.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - OUTSIDE THE DG'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 1543

TOM is sitting on a dark wood and green leather bench. He stands in irritation and looks at a door. A plaque upon it reads 'THE DIRECTOR GENERAL'

TOM decides against knocking and sits down on the bench.

A REGISTRY QUEEN comes out of the DG's Office. A kindly looking woman, fifty, pretending to much older than she is. She speaks in a near whisper.

REGISTRY QUEEN
Mr. Quinn, the DG has asked me to say that it is best he doesn't see you.

TOM
But it's a matter of national ...

A touch of steel from her.

REGISTRY QUEEN
Please let me finish. Best he doesn't actually see you. However at the moment there is a window. Would you follow me?

Puzzled by this subtlety TOM follows her through the door.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - FORGERY SUITE - DAY 2. 1544

DANNY and ZOE work on piecing together the 'believability' of the IRA's claims. Clock nudging 3.45pm now.

DANNY
Mate, I've been to Sefton B. That place is well hard. Four working reactors, two reprocessing plants, Britain's main plutonium stockpile. They've not just put a sign

outside saying "Beware Of The Sheep", you know, it's protected. Razor wire. Armed Guards. All kinds of stuff.

ZOE
I know.

DANNY
I mean you could fire an ICBM at the Visitor Centre and you'd hardly make a dent.

ZOE
It's not the main site I'm worried about.
(takes the printout)
Area D421. It houses about twenty tanks holding liquid high-level radioactive waste. A breach in one of those tanks would release a cloud 45 times as deadly as Chernobyl. No wonder the Irish have been up in arms.

DANNY
Yeah, I know where you're talking about. They've got concrete coming out of their arse. Three metres thick. You can't do anything except from the air and the RAF have that covered these days.

ZOE
Normally half of these tanks are empty. But there's been a glut of increased capacity this year and the standby tanks are now almost all full. Two of the intermediate level tanks have the thinnest concrete containment of the lot, about a metre or so. So not surprisingly they're being refurbished--in particular, their ROOF.

DANNY is taking this in. Grabs some paper, a pencil. Does a rough drawing of the following -

DANNY
To hit the roof you'd need something that could fly up and then strike straight down. Most mobile anti-tank units fire direct, they don't have a top attack mode.

ZOE
Some do, then.

DANNY
(sweating)

I'll get the MOD on the blower.

DANNY glances at the clock. Speed dials.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - DAY 2. 1546

The Registry Queen ushers Tom into a room. Behind a green medical screen the DG - unseen throughout - is having a medical. The Registry Queen stands by the edge of the screen on guard. The DG's voice - a light tenor with a hard edge - is heard from the behind the screen.

DG (UNSEEN)

So you are here to complain about your superior in the service.

TOM

I never thought I'd have to talk about Harry in this way --

DG (UNSEEN)

Why not? If he's going doolally then needs must --

TOM

Please, sir, this is difficult for me --

DG (UNSEEN)

Oh, please don't emote. You're here to gripe. So spit.

TOM

No! I'm not --

DG (UNSEEN)

It's never my policy to listen to gripes. That's why this meeting is not taking place.

(Snappy.)

Yes Doctor! Get on with it!

TOM momentarily speechless -- !

DOCTOR (UNSEEN)

Open wide. Say Ah.

DG (UNSEEN)

Ah. You believe the Irishman?

TOM

Yes.

DG (UNSEEN)
Why?

TOM
Three reasons. The personal risk he is taking
by even talking to us. The credibility of his
story. The seriousness of what is at stake.

DOCTOR (UNSEEN)
Cough please.

The DG coughs.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Again.

The DG coughs.

DG (UNSEEN)
So we give them thirty hours clear of
surveillance. What do you think they will do
during that time?

TOM
I think they are going to keep to their word.

DG
That is what you want to happen. But as the
old KGB used to say, hope for the best,
expect the worst. Hence I ask, what is your
worst fear in this scenario?

TOM
They launch an attack on the mainland.

DG (UNSEEN)
In which case we prevent a greater outrage, a
possibility, by allowing a lesser, a
certainty?

A beat.

TOM
Yes.

DG
A moral twister. A terrible thing to decide.
Head or heart? Brain or gut?

DOCTOR

Touch your toes please.

DG (UNSEEN)

(With a little grunt.)

Do you enjoy such decisions?

TOM

No.

DG (UNSEEN)

Wrong answer. If you don't, you have no business in the service. I am going to approve your plan. Go ahead. Ring Rosie when you've made contact.

TOM

Thank you sir.

DG

Now it's finger up my prostate time, so I'd be grateful if you could leave.

TOM

Sir.

The REGISTRY QUEEN ushers TOM out.

INT. THE GRID - TOM'S STATION - DAY 2. 1654

TOM, DANNY and ZOE. DANNY hands TOM an MI5-issue mobile phone. It's a blue-fascia'd phone, different to Tom's personal cell.

DANNY

Work phone. We've put McCann's SIM card in here. All teed up for you.

TOM

How long do we have?

ZOE

Four minutes before the cutoff.

TOM looks across at Harry's office. HARRY can be seen reading.

TOM

OK. Stay close.

He presses a tape recorder. He lifts a
telephone.

TOM (CONT'D)
King of the wild frontier

PATRICK
Davy Crockett I presume. Cutting it fine
aren't you?

TOM
I'm going to give you a mobile phone number.
This is my number. 07700 900 002. Confirm.

PATRICK
07700 900 002. No contact 'til sunrise
Thursday.

Rings off. TOM is ashen. The three look at each other.

DANNY
When they will give us the information on
Sefton B.

ZOE
They say.

TOM
He says. And I believe him.

TOM has dialled another number.

INT. OUTSIDE THE DG'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 1701

CLOSE UP on REGISTRY QUEEN's face.

REGISTRY QUEEN
Yes?

TOM (ON PHONE)
It's done.

REGISTRY QUEEN
Thank you.

She is putting the telephone down.

INT. THE GRID - TOM'S STATION - DAY 2. 1702

TOM is putting the telephone down.

TOM
Brace for impact.

TOM turns towards HARRY's office.

From TOM's POV, HARRY takes a call. HARRY stands. He shouts into the telephone. He slams the phone down. He strides to his office's door and yanks it open. He leans out and shouts:

HARRY
Tom Quinn!

Everyone on the Grid stops working and looks up. TOM goes to HARRY's office in measured steps.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 2. 1704

HARRY
You went over my head to the DG?

TOM
I took a decision.

HARRY
The wrong one.

He is breathing heavily - the tension is telling on every one. He leans on the desk, hands apart, bracing himself.

HARRY (CONTD) (CONT'D)
GCHQ just picked up a Pay As You Go mobile keyword. Irish splinter group plans to hit Euston railway station tomorrow morning. Rush hour. A bomb.

DANNY comes into the office without knocking.

DANNY
MOD flash. Five pounds of semtex gone walkies from an arms shipment in Newcastle. The MO's got Patrick McCann's group written all over it.

HARRY
And this is the man in whom you have put your trust.
(beat)
You went over my head. Now I'm going over yours. No more deals. We're going to stop

that bomb.

TOM has no reply. A silence. HARRY is not moving.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Smooth bureaucracy away from now on. Total communication. We group hug this one or we all fall down.

TOM looks at his watch -- there's just enough time to...

INT. THE GRID - TOM'S STATION - DAY 2. 1705

TOM lifts the mobile and crouches down close to his desk. ZOE and DANNY crouch near to listen.

PATRICK (ON PHONE)

I told you no contact.

TOM

There hasn't been.

PATRICK (ON PHONE)

So why'd you put a tail on me? Took me a bloody hour to shake them.

Shock, then rage on TOM'S face. He glances up at HARRY.

TOM

I didn't want it. Sadly my branch chief had other ideas.

PATRICK (ON PHONE)

Problems upstairs, Davy?

TOM

You said no acts of terror. You're planning to hit Euston.

Silence.

TOM (CONT'D)

Keep to the agreement. No acts of terror ...

PATRICK (ON PHONE)

(Angrily.)

We're at war with Britain. There's no such thing as terrorism in wartime. We're striking back, Mr. Crockett. Right at your throat. We've had enough of words. We're back in

business in a big way.

TOM
No warning?

PATRICK
The rules have changed Davy. The gloves are off. Try and stop our operation, the deal is dead -

INT. THE GRID - MEETING ROOM - DAY 2. 1745

The crew again: HARRY, TOM, TESSA, ZOE, DANNY. And they are all the worse for wear. A recording of the call between PATRICK and TOM is playing: very loud, filling the room.

PATRICK'S VOICE
- and damn the consequences for all of us.

A silence that's hard for all of them to bear. Then HARRY is speaking, quietly.

HARRY
I understand you think your boss is a little ... emotional over Irish matters. Well, I am. For the good of this team I want to tell you why.

(long pause--gathers himself)

I was in Ireland in 1978. My best friend was a man called Bill Crombie. One day we found ourselves in a Rebel pub looking for an IRA brigade commander. Terrible mistake. I left, he stayed. Bravado. They shoved him in the boot of a car. I could do nothing, no field telephone, no weapon. They dumped his body, two weeks later. Very hard... To identify a body when most of it has been melted away with a blowtorch.

(Steel returning)

The Brigade commander was Patrick McCann.

Over the following he walks to the door and opens it, for JED and the NEW RECRUIT's benefit -- they've been eavesdropping.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(pointedly)
I sometimes go to his grave with flowers.

A silence. He shuts the door. JED red-faced outside.

HARRY (CONT'D)

This has ... informed my judgement in this matter. I hope you all understand.

A beat.

TOM

Absolutely, Harry.

DANNY

Yes.

ZOE

Yes Harry.

TESSA holds back for a moment.

TESSA

Yes.

HARRY

Thank you.

(He takes a breath.)

Their side we know. They will blow up Euston.
So, we stop them.

TOM

We can't. They haven't given us enough details about the Sefton B attack. If we stop them, they withhold everything.

HARRY

First principles. If we do not stop the Euston bomb it will explode.

Silence. TOM has a pen in his hand. Although his face is calm, he's fiddling with it awkwardly. Gripping tight.

ZOE

But, we've been in situations like this before. A valued source tips us off about a bomb. Stopping that bomb would compromise the source. Letting it explode could help stop twenty others. It's a balance sheet of risk.

TESSA

Exactly, Zoe. It's all about the long game.

A look to ZOE. Chills down her spine.

HARRY

Don't try and turn this into a textbook
discussion. This is not a drill.

Still TOM with that pen. Squeezing tighter...

TOM

Lesser evil stops a greater evil. Every
single time.

HARRY

You think this.

TOM

Yes.

SNAP! The pen breaks in half, cutting TOM's hand. Blood
and ink on the table. It's ignored by HARRY.

HARRY

Even though the greater evil exists only for
now as a fiction?

TOM

It's a chance we have to take.

ZOE passes TOM a tissue.

HARRY

Not on my watch, I'm afraid. We move. This
bomb does not go off.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - FORGERY SUITE - DAY 2. 1800

DANNY, ZOE, TOM--hushed tones. Stress.

DANNY

Maybe he's right.

ZOE

Or he's flipped.

TOM stops. He's angry. They all stop.

TOM

You don't talk about Harry Pearce like that.

ZOE

I'm sorry but what he went through in

Belfast, it could warp your judgement.

DANNY

Drop it Zoe ...

ZOE

But if we think Sefton B's going to happen
we've got to stop it. Even if there's the
remotest chance--we've got to.

TOM looks at them - these are my loyal troops ...

TOM

And we're going to.

Lowers his voice -- conspiracy:

TOM (CONT'D)

Zoe. Every hour you are going to rewrite
Special Ops reports on how we're supposedly
stopping McCann and his bomb. For Harry's
eyes.

ZOE

Fiction? For Harry?

TOM

Harry must think we are stopping the Euston
bomb for real. Look at old ops cables for
strategy if you like. Just make it
watertight. Harry is not an easy man to lie
to.

ZOE

(gulp)

I can imagine.

TOM

Danny. The weapon Asabiyah are going to use
against Sefton B. We need to know what it is.
Make, model, serial number.

DANNY

I've been screaming at the MOD but you know
what snobby bastards they are over there.

TOM

Then scream louder, pull files on their wives
but get the info. We have to know what
Asabiyah's weapon is, in detail.

ZOE

Tom are we running an MI5 inside MI5 here?

ZOE and DANNY are frightened.

TOM

Two projects in tandem. The real one. And the decoy. Decoy goes to Harry, reality stays here. This is the DG's mandate. We have his blessing. No-one here likes this one bit, so let's get it over with as quickly as we can alright? Anything, anything at all, you ring my mobile. Mention the word bureaucracy I'll know Harry's in earshot. But keep the info coming.

They look at him.

ZOE

But if we stop the blast McCann's going to cut us off.

TOM

We're not going to stop the blast. We're going to smother it. No overt action. Accidentally on purpose, the thing hurts no-one. It can be done, we've all seen it done, it's what we're going to do here.

DANNY

McCann will never believe that .

TOM

I don't need him to believe it, I just need enough doubt in the equation for a barefaced denial. We're giving him the crater, not the corpses. Get busy.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - DAY 2. 1808

TOM walks in, overtly chirpy. HARRY appears.

HARRY

Where the hell have you been?

TOM

Personal call.

HARRY

News?

TOM

Special ops are in the loop. Branch are searching known Republican houses. We're going as fast as we can.

HARRY

They will not, WILL NOT bomb us.

HARRY going - turns back.

TOM

Zoe to brief you on the hour.

HARRY

Zoe?

TOM

Smoothing bureaucracy away.

HARRY's own words but he doesn't quite trust them. He nods. TOM goes. Massages his injured hand.

TOM (CONT'D)
(To himself.)
Oh Christ.

HARRY is staring at TOM'S back. JED approaches --

JED

Ellie for you?

TOM flinches -- walks over to take the call. JED lingers.

TOM

Hi.

ELLIE

I'm home.

TOM

I can't talk.

ELLIE

I thought you'd be pleased.

TOM

I'm sorry, I am, God, I'm more than pleased.
More than you know. Don't leave. I'll be
there. I love you.

ELLIE

Tell me to my face.

TOM
I promise.

She hangs up. TOM locates DANNY -- conspiracy sotto voce:

TOM (CONT'D)
Double up the watchers on Euston. Expect them to use the access conduit under the platform, like they talked about in '96. Soon as they've left the package, page me and I'll give the go code. We're not trying to win an Oscar, remember. Just enough to be plausible.
(looks at watch)
I'll need an hour.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - NIGHT 2. 1840

DANNY and ZOE on the phone, quietly actioning several strands of plan. We cut in and out of their exciting hushed machinations --

DANNY
We need a roof collapse at Euston -- think Heathrow tunnels in '94, exactly -- there you go.

ZOE
On our signal all incoming trains divert to London Bridge or stop at Clapham. The roof will have gone at Euston. Never you mind how I know.

DANNY
(ratty)
It's sixties architecture. Course it's fallen down. You know the drill. Tarpaulin on the ceiling, a load of cladding on the concourse, electrics going fizz --

ZOE
Tubes must stop. Customer action. It needs to look and sound perfect.

DANNY
This is a national security issue I'm afraid -- if you haven't signed the Official Secrets Act, you're going to. In about five minutes.

ZOE

(having said the same)

You have? Oh good. You're signing it again in
about five minutes.

A Messenger approaches, hands her an envelope.

MESSENGER

By courier from Special Ops.

ZOE

Oh thanks.

The pressure shows on ZOE's face. She looks across at
TESSA and at HARRY's office. She opens the envelope. It's
marked "D.O., Increment -- EYES ONLY N/5".

EXT. OUTSIDE TOM'S FLAT - NIGHT 2. 1845

TOM is working through the elaborate locks and devices on
the door. That done he opens the door and goes in.

INT. TOM'S FLAT - NIGHT 2. 1846

TOM walks into the living room. ELLIE is there. MAISIE is
asleep on the sofa, ELLIE is sitting in a chair, a
blanket around her. There are suitcases unpacked, plastic
bags.

TOM

You're here.

ELLIE

Didn't you believe me?

TOM

I didn't want to believe it til I saw it.

ELLIE

You look terrible.

TOM

That's because I'm a terrible man.

ELLIE

No you're not. Not much.

TOM

God I'm glad to see you--

They fall into each other's arms -- MAISIE opens her eyes.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'll never let you go. Never. Do you understand me?

ELLIE
I understand.

They kiss -- part. TOM grabs MAISIE, hugs her too.

TOM
You got in okay?

ELLIE
The lock's a little weird.

TOM
Just make sure the card sticks in properly.

MAISIE overhearing this.

MAISIE
Sticky.

TOM
Exactly.

TOM puts MAISIE down. She's grinning back.

MAISIE
Supper time!

TOM
No time.

TOM looks at them. It is against all his training to say:

TOM (CONT'D)
Don't go anywhere near Euston Station.

ELLIE is stony faced.

ELLIE
What?

TOM
Don't go out. For the next two days. Please.
Keep away from there.

ELLIE

Anywhere else not safe in London, to take my
daughter?

TOM is very conscious of MAISIE'S bright and interested
gaze. He walks quickly over to the bookshelf. Gets the
London A-Z

TOM

Don't go anywhere in here.

ELLIE

This house is in that book!

TOM

Here is safe.
(holds her)
But only here.

TOM'S mobile goes. ELLIE looks at him. He takes the call,
heading to the door.

DANNY V.O.

Package is in place. From the look of it,
delivery is 7:30am.

TOM

Soon as I can.

Another look at ELLIE -- torn. She goes to him, kisses
him.

EXT. THAMES HOUSE - DAY 3 (WEDNESDAY). 0630

Sunrise. Early in the morning.

EXT. EUSTON STATION - DAY 3. 0634

A sign saying "STATION CLOSED". A commuter looks at it
angrily.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - DAY 3. 0635

TOM and ZOE are bent over a map of Euston Station. Coffee
cups, stress -- they've been working through the night.

ZOE

Infrastructure's fine, pedestrian routes fine
... Euston Road's closed.

HARRY is coming out of his office. ZOE catches sight of HARRY in the reflection on a computer monitor. Super casual --

ZOE (CONT'D)

Apart from bureaucratic wranglings.

TOM folds the map away fast. HARRY is passing.

TOM

(well done)
Absolutely.

HARRY

Latest ops?

TOM

Yes -- Zoe?

ZOE hands an envelope to HARRY, who sweeps past to his office without looking at them.

TOM (CONT'D)

For the record I hate this as much as you do.

ZOE

That the real record is it?

TOM'S haggard face. Phone rings.

TOM

Yes.
(Puts phone down.)
So far so good.

EXT. COMMUTER TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY 3. 0639

Saturday shoppers crowd the yellow line. Pan up over their disgruntled faces to an electronic board that says "CANCELLED".

PLATFORM VOICE

Bronze Line Trains regret to announce the cancellation of the 0617 service to London Euston...

EXT. EUSTON STATION - DAY 3. 0640

An Engineer Foreman is unwinding a line across the entrance--the tape reads "FALLING DEBRIS -- DO NOT ENTER." Fire crews.

FOREMAN

Move back! Move back please.

EXT. LONDON UNDERGROUND STATION - DAY 3. 0643

A grille is pulled down over Warren Street tube entrance. The board reads "TUESDAY 0445 -- DUE TO CUSTOMER ACTION..."

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - DAY 3. 0730

TOM looks at his watch. Glances at ZOE -- DANNY. It's time.

EXT. CCTV SHOT OF EUSTON PLATFORM - DAY 3. 0730

We see the platform. Clock reads "0730". A white light. And the camera broadcasts white noise. Or rather -- there is no more camera.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - DAY 3. 0745

ZOE is on the phone. TOM close. DANNY at another desk.

ZOE

Structural damage... No casualties. Jesus.
We're in the clear.

No time for celebration -- just a moment of relief. ZOE puts the phone down. A look from TOM to ZOE: thanks. He smiles as DANNY approaches -- but the smile turns to a frown. DANNY's face is not happy.

DANNY

That anti-tank weapon. It's a Scimitar missile. A batch of six were stolen, back in the mid nineties.

ZOE

Stolen?

DANNY

That's why they were so clammed up. So I had to tell them. When I said the magic words 'Sefton B' bowels opened.

TOM

A Scimitar. I've fired one of them, up in Scotland. This is not good. We've been thinking lorries. This thing can be handled. Operated by two people.

TESSA, sensing conspriacy, approaches. TOM's about to fill her in when HARRY stands in the middle of the grid. A smouldering presence.

HARRY

My hourly reports tell me the bomb has not been placed. Yet Euston is in pieces. Somebody speaks.

Fear. TOM glances at TESSA.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Now!!!!

HARRY walks off towards the meeting room. They look at each other, then move to follow HARRY.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - DAY 3. 0745

TOM, ZOE, DANNY, TESSA, HARRY. Silence. Then:

TOM

My department faked a cover up.

HARRY

Your department.

TOM

You were fed false reports. And it's not in pieces, part of it's faked, the rest was their work. Only damaged one side of the concourse.

HARRY

Who was aware of this?

No one will look HARRY in the eye.

HARRY speechless. TOM adopts a jaunty manner, to get it all out. But it hurts, it hurts, it hurts...

TOM

Harry, I'm sorry.

(silence)

I saw a mushroom cloud over the bloody country. I --

(beat)

You always taught me. Keep personal issues away of judgement. You didn't.

(beat)

I'm sorry. The attack on Sefton B is looking real. We even know the weapon they're going to use.

HARRY looking at nothing.

TOM (CONT'D)
Shall we brief you?

The longest silence in the series. HARRY dead still. No one else dare move. He meets every single person in the room eye to eye. And then... implodes to a whisper. And relaxes--

HARRY
Ah well. Needs must.
(brightens)
Did a similar thing to the DG once myself.
(viciously to Tom)
No corpses? You were lucky.
(abruptly to Danny)
What weapon?

Relief all round--and a stunned silence. This man is rock hard to his core. DANNY finds the spot light on him.

DANNY
What? Oh, yeah.
(Flips open a pad.)
The Scimitar was actually a prototype built for the ...

HARRY
(Interrupting, alarmed.)
Did you say Scimitar?

DANNY
... built for the LFATGWS program, a horrible acronym for ...
NB -- pronounced "L-Fat-G.W.S."

HARRY
Light Forces Anti-Tank Guided Weapons System.

A beat, DANNY waiting.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Well go on!

DANNY slides a CD into the display screen -- we see slow-motion footage, close up, of a missile hitting a tank.

DANNY

It's a variation on the Milan or the Javelin, with two parts, a Command Launch Unit and the round itself. It's light enough to be carried by two people ... Range is just under one point nine kilometres. This was filmed in Kosovo.

HARRY

Two warheads, correct? One to breach reactive armour and a main warhead to pulverise the base armour. In this case the concrete and the steel tank inside.

A beat.

HARRY (CONT'D)

How did they know about D421?

TOM, weary - partly with relief that HARRY is back in charge.

TOM

There's an Irish government-funded website. They monitor building at the plant. Understandable. It's open source.

ZOE

Just so happens their independent analysis is accurate. As is their timing. Thanks guys.

DANNY

Asabiyah might also have someone inside, we can't be sure til we re-vet everyone in the plant. And we're only half way through.

HARRY

That concrete is heavily reinforced. It's designed to maintain integrity, even under blast--

DANNY

We can't be sure the reinforcement's not corroded. They're by the sea after all.

ZOE

I feel sick.

DANNY

Can't we shut it down?

ZOE

You can't shut down nuclear waste!

TESSA

I seem to remember CND saying much the same thing twenty years ago. Though I doubt even they had considered this as a possibility.

HARRY

How do we think they're going to deliver the ordnance?

TOM

Land, sea, air. We don't know. It could come from anywhere. That's where Patrick's information will come in.

HARRY

If it comes in.

(beat)

Presumably even McCann wouldn't screw us on the timing. Which means tomorrow sunrise the clock starts ticking and only he knows when the alarm's been set. In the meantime we need a buffer zone. Two clicks should do it. Cleanse the area. And buzz every sympathizer on the critical list for a hundred miles. They'll have to eat breakfast somewhere.

(to the room)

We've touched up every agent in the North West I take it?

(suddenly to Tessa)

You once mentioned a potential source in Bradford.

ZOE's face falls as TESSA nods.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Muslim?

TESSA

Well placed but sympathies very unstable. Borderline.

ZOE might vomit any moment.

HARRY

Don't care. No doubt you know his buttons.

Push them.

ZOE now can't keep her eyes off TESSA.

TESSA
Money.

HARRY
How large?

TESSA
Large.

HARRY
Throw it. Gloves are off.
(beat--a thought)
Oh, and call the Anti-Terrorism Committee.
Ask them to put the PM on standby. You'll
forgive me if I don't hug you all.

HARRY gets up and leaves. Everyone looks at TOM bar ZOE,
who looks at the floor, white-faced. DANNY catches her
eye.

TOM
Get me the News Room.

INT. BBC NEWS 24 OFFICES - DAY 3. 0800

A NEWSREADER is given an extra piece.

NEWSREADER
And we're just getting reports of an isolated
outbreak of Foot and Mouth disease to a farm
in Holywell, very close to the nuclear power
facility, Sefton B. If confirmed, this would
be a shocking blow...

INT. THAMES HOUSE - MEETING ROOM/GRID - DAY 3. 0802

They are leaving the Meeting Room. TESSA is a safe
distance away. ZOE is behind HARRY.

ZOE
Harry I know this might not be a good time
but-

INT. THAMES HOUSE - HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 3. 0814

ZOE and HARRY. HARRY repeats what she just told him --

HARRY

Tessa has been running agents that do not exist?

ZOE

Yes.

HARRY

How long have you known this?

ZOE

For ... For ...

HARRY stands and blocks the view. Beyond, TESSA is watching the office from her station.

ZOE (CONT'D)

I was too frightened to tell.

HARRY

But you are telling.

ZOE

(Whisper.)

She gave me money. It's in a safe place.

HARRY

I'm sure it is. How much?

ZOE

Ten thousand pounds.

(on Harry's look)

It's just that in the current situation, if she brings anything to the table from her agents, we can't really know... If it's the truth.

A beat. HARRY is considering what to say. He turns to her: soft-voiced, reassuring.

HARRY

You're at the frontier of this job, Zoe. There's THE old question: who will watch the watchers? Well, because of what we are, we have to watch each other, painful though that can be. Now, you leave this office, go straight over to Tessa and chat, all bright and shiny.

ZOE
Chat about what?

HARRY
Oh ... me losing it?
(Smiles, then he's stern.)
You've done very well. Now get yourself
together.

EXT. CUMBRIAN FARMLAND - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY 3. 1319

-- an DEFRA official stops a car on a country lane.
-- a public footpath is closed.
-- straw at the entrance to farms.

EXT. THAMES HOUSE - DAY 4 0458

Establishing. "Thursday morning."

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - DAY 4. 0459

Clock on the wall reads: fifteen seconds to five.

Everyone is here. Dawn glow. TOM is staring at the mobile
phone on the desk. Watches are checked.

OPERATOR
Definitely sunrise. Five minutes ago. He said
he'd call at sunrise, didn't he?

HARRY walks slowly towards his office.

HARRY
(to Tom)
Foolish youth.

TOM
He'll call.

The crowd has started dispersing--maybe HARRY's right.
The phone rings. TOM grabs it. Listens briefly.

TOM (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I understand.

HARRY eyes him from his office. Their eyes meet as TOM
finishes the call.

TOM (CONT'D)

He wants to deliver by hand. No backup.

HARRY

Naturally.

EXT. BACKSTREET - RUNDOWN LOCK-UP - DAY 4. 0700

TOM looks at the lock-up. On guard. It's a small asphalted square, the lockups round two sides, the sides walls, heavily plastered with graffiti. He realises there are three exits.

He stares at a garage door: No 6 painted on it. He feels underneath the door. A key. He unlocks and lifts the door.

PATRICK McCANN and two other men, with a car are waiting for him. He is pulled into the garage.

INT. RUNDOWN LOCK UP - DAY 4. 0701

The door is closed. A bag is put over TOM's head.

TOM

This is not what we ...

PATRICK

Keep your mouth closed.

A heavy hits TOM in the stomach. He gasps and burbles beneath the bag. He is bundled into the back of the car.

EXT. BACKSTREET - RUNDOWN LOCK-UP - DAY 4. 0705

The car is outside the lockup. One of the men is closing the door. Hurriedly he gets into the back and the car drives off.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 4. 0707

TESSA closes the door and turns to HARRY, about to speak

--

HARRY

I know.

TESSA

Know what?

They look at each other. A silence. TESSA sits. HARRY is moved to revulsion.

HARRY

You're a brilliant woman, if you wanted to get into treachery why couldn't it be something ideological, something grand? But inventing bogus agents and pocketing their payoffs?

TESSA

They were very good agents.

HARRY

I know, they always told me what I wanted to hear.

TESSA, very calm.

TESSA

They could ... retire. Have unfortunate deaths.

HARRY

I'm sorry Tessa. I know the service's traditional policy towards wrongdoers is smother them with kindness. But compare your petty activities with what Tom is facing at this very moment. I'm going to throw you to the wolves.

TESSA

You mean you only forgive sins if they're large?

HARRY

Perhaps.

TESSA

And that's how you forgave yourself for cowardice in Ireland?

Deep, deep cold and utter stillness.

HARRY

(A whisper.)

What are you talking about?

TESSA leans forward and whispers back.

TESSA

Bill Crombie in 1978. You saw him die. You did nothing. Despite the pistol in your hand.

(HARRY is ice)

Not that you ever mention you had a gun, of course. But it came out in the enquiry. Until you buried it. Deep.

HARRY

(Whisper.)

Are you threatening me?

TESSA

You threatened me from way up there, on your moral high ground - you hypocritical arsehole.

HARRY

Sounds to me like you have an ejector seat.

TESSA

Let's just say -- I think it would be better for you if I stay here.

HARRY

Fair enough.

She stands and leaves. HARRY alone. His face sags. But a thought comes: 'interesting.' And he smiles to himself. He presses the intercom.

HARRY (CONT'D)

George.

VOICE ON PHONE

Yes Mr Pearce.

HARRY

Miss Tessa Phillips is to be paged to go to reception. She is to be met there and escorted from the building at once, then driven to safe house no 7 to await ... further instructions. She is not to be allowed any contact with any other officer. Do it at once.

VOICE ON PHONE

Yes Sir. Are you sending her to Narnia sir?

HARRY

(clever chap)

She deserves it. Goodbye George.

HARRY leans back. He looks out of his window at TESSA's section. He sees her lift a telephone, say a few words, look a little puzzled then stand and go towards the pods.

HARRY slides TESSA's personnel file in front of him as he watches her go:

HARRY (CONT'D)
(To himself)
A fight. Oh goody.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - NR PODS - CCTV FOOTAGE - DAY 4. 0710

We see TESSA exit the Pod and walk to the security door -
- from out of shot two large men in suits join her.
Babysitters?

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - FARMHOUSE - DAY 4. 0748

The car pulls up. PATRICK and the men get out. Others - a couple armed - come out of the farm house.

INT. COUNTRYSIDE - FARMHOUSE - DAY 4. 0750

TOM is brutally dragged across the stone floor, getting kicked along the way. He screams. He is sat in a chair.

PATRICK McCANN points a pistol at TOM's face. The bag is pulled off his head. He recoils at the sight of the pistol.

PATRICK
You messed up our operation.

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

He tries to stand. He's held down. He struggles so vigorously that TOM, the chair and his assailants all fall over into a swearing heap. And PATRICK is laughing. He puts the pistol away.

PATRICK
You've got balls, Davy Crockett. Stop this stupidity, get him up.

They sort themselves out. All are breathless.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm keeping our side of the bargain. Lucky
for you it's both our countries are at risk.
Give it to him.

One of the men hands TOM a computer bag.

PATRICK (CONTD) (CONT'D)

Undo his hands.

They release his hands. TOM opens the bag, gingerly, and
takes out a laptop.

PATRICK (CONTD) (CONT'D)

All the info you need about the attack is on
the hard drive. There's a hidden camera
record of a meeting we had with the bastards.
Scanned photos, headshots, travel documents.
The targeted area. The whole shebang. This is
one patriot to another.

TOM

Right.

PATRICK

Now we must move.

The bag is taken away, his hands are tied again, the hood
is going on ...

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - DAY 4. 0813

TOM is taken out of the boot of the car. His hands are
untied, his hood is taken off. He is given the computer
bag. McCANN offers him a hand. TOM doesn't shake it.
McCANN laughs.

MCCANN

We could be friends in another life.

TOM

We'll just have to wait til then.

He and the men get into the car and drive off. Beat.

TOM looks around. He gets off the road into a field, in
the shade of a tree. He turns the laptop on. He gets it
into deeper shade to read the screen. Dials a number on
his mobile.

TOM (CONT'D)
C'mon c'mon c'mon ...

He taps keys as the laptop boots up. He reads.

TOM (CONT'D)
Jesus.
(into phone)
Danny I've got it. It's today. But most of
it's in Arabic. Get a translator standing by.
I need a modem lead.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 4. 0816

TOM is running along a lane. There is a cottage. He
knocks on the door. No reply. He looks through a window
and sees an OLD WOMAN in a floral shawl with a walking
stick. He waves. She waves back and turns aside.

TOM
Please please ...

The OLD WOMAN answers the door. She is pointing to her
ears.

OLD WOMAN
Deaf you see, if only it was just the wax

TOM
(Improvising.)
Phone? Phone?

OLD WOMAN
Phoning me is no use, I'm deaf. You want to
phone?

TOM nods. She gestures him in. The Grail of a telephone
is there. He lifts it. Wrenches out the connection to the
phone -- it's the right fit for the laptop.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
Reading lips, some say you can, never got the
hang of it myself ...
(laughs)
Got lost did you? There's tea in the pot.
They get lost round here no road signs.

TOM has plugged it in. On the mobile --

TOM
Six numbers and the bonus, mailing now! Can

you get me a car?

She pokes her stick at the computer. TOM looks up at her.

OLD WOMAN

Modern world does it do any good?

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - DAY 4. 0830

DANNY and ZOE on the phones--JED and NEW RECRUIT zooming around with messages, photocopies, faxes. Tannoy blares every so often with a "Flash" message. A controlled tornado is whirling. ZOE moves to a computerised map of the area surrounding Sefton B.

A clock reads: "08.30".

DANNY

Tell the armed guards to stay at home. If we flood the countryside with uniforms they'll panic and fire.

ZOE

Wait, wait, they've screwed up--look--for a direct hit they need to be within this 40 degree arc of the compound-- and there's no way they can get that close--

DANNY

Over the top, remember. They just have to crosshair the target once. They can scarper and fire it from anywhere else in range. Look, McCann's group found these recce shots. Three different angles of Sefton B, all with D421 in clear shot.

Phone rings. ZOE answers without a sound.

ZOE

(into phone)

Understood.

(to DANNY)

Boundary's secure. They're flushing out civvies still inside the buffer zone as quickly as they can.

JED comes over with a CCTV still.

JED

Face matching from the laptop IDs check out -
- CCTV at a local Outward Bound Centre picked

them up.

DANNY

From the recce shots and the dead ground map there's three possible locations for optimum firing. We need three teams to watch for movement. And move in quick when they find it.

ZOE

(sotto voce)

They're there. They're actually there.

It suddenly hits them that this is the proverbial it.

EXT. OUTSIDE SELLAFIELD - DAY 4. 1156

Countryside. Men and women of Special Ops drive past in DEFRA Landrovers. We can see Sellafield in the background.

A Special Ops guy (Asian) scours the horizon with binos. He sits with a caucasian colleague. Looks back to his colleague. Nods. Put down their rucksacks.

EXT. HEDGEROW BUNKER - DAY 4. 1159

Two Asabiyah members posing as tourists have certainly slipped through the cordon. Camouflaged rather brilliantly by the roots of a tree, behind a bank. Gigantic rucksacks open. And a piece of scary military equipment being assembled. Quietly.

THROUGH CROSSHAIRS

An area with low buildings can be seen--plus some unobtrusive workmen. The crosshairs turn green. A beep.

GRAPHIC: "TARGET ACCEPT?"

A beep.

Graphic changes: "TARGET LOCKED".

The TOURISTS look up to see, on the horizon, two SPECIAL OPS guys walking rather obviously towards them.

Slightly panicking, they shove their kit back into the rucksacks and move off down the bank, hidden on both sides...

EXT. OUTSIDE SELLAFIELD - DAY 4. 1203

Special Ops scan a far horizon. Suddenly, a movement!

SNIPER SIGHT

Tracks a windcheater -- a man, back turned.

VOICE O.S.
Target in sight. Advise.

ANOTHER VOICE
Go ahead.

We hear the click of a safety coming off. But now the man turns -- he's an OLD FARMER!

VOICE O.S.
Shit!

ANOTHER VOICE
Advise!

VOICE O.S.
I thought this area was cleaned up. I almost
shot a bloody farmer.

BEHIND A TREE

The two 'TOURISTS' assemble their launch unit--sweaty fingers. So close to their target. So close to death.

They say a short prayer under their breath--

PULLING FOCUS

We see a tuft of grass rise slightly in the far distance.

PRONE SPECIAL OPS GUY

Lies camouflaged brilliantly. Unlocks the safety on his Barrett 82A1 sniper rifle. Eyes unmoving. Frozen.

BACK BY THE TREE

A finger moves to the trigger--nearby, a bird has landed.

THOUGH THE SNIPER SIGHT

The two men can be seen. But the sight shakes -- and sweeps round to a THIRD MAN in the undergrowth behind the

targets. This man too has a gun. Another Special forces shooter.

TWO QUIET RAPPORTS

And the finger goes limp. The men fall over, shot to the head. So quiet, the bird has not even been disturbed.

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - DAY 4. 1204

ZOE puts the phone down. She's just heard the news. DANNY rubs her arm.

DANNY

Look, erm, correct me if I'm wrong, but --
did we just stop half the country from being
nuked?

ZOE

Remember not to tell anyone.

DANNY

Can I tell you?

ZOE

You just have.

DANNY

Can I tell you again?

ZOE

On you go.

They hug. Holding her --

ZOE (CONT'D)

So what do we do?

DANNY

Drink, I think.

ZOE

That, for sure.

(beat)

You're shaking.

DANNY

What if--

He means: what if we hadn't stopped them...

ZOE
Don't.

HARRY strides through. DANNY and ZOE break --

ZOE (CONT'D)
Special Forces have disincentivized the
target.

HARRY
"Disincentivized", Zoe?

ZOE
It's over.

HARRY
You know, Tom made the mistake of saying that
at the end of his first probation. And I told
him what I'll tell you. It's never over. We
may dance with the devil, Zoe... But it's
always to his tune.

INT./EXT. MI5 CAR/COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 4. 1210

TOM, exhausted, is heading home with the laptop. Gets a
call.

TOM
What's the atmosphere?

INT. THAMES HOUSE - GRID - DAY 4. 1211

DANNY looks over at HARRY, who is staring intently close
at the OPERATOR's monitor. On it, we can see TESSA,
playing patience with MADGE in the safe house.

HARRY
(quietly)
What's she playing...?

Pull back to DANNY. He is talking quietly into the
handset, a little fixated on HARRY's moving lips.

DANNY
Weird... Harry's acting really strange.
Something's gone down with Tessa. We're all a
bit a scared to be honest. I'd stay away from
here. Go home, lay low. We'll take the
fallout for you mate. You've earned it.

INT./EXT. MI5 CAR/COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 4. 1212

TOM ends the call. Torn. Looks at the laptop.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM/OFFICE - DAY 4. 1302

TOM in small home office. There's a filing cabinet. He opens it, places the laptop inside. Locks it with a small key. He then puts that key in another box. Locks that box with another red key. Puts THAT key on his large keyring.

We hear the front door opening... TOM descends --

DOWNSTAIRS

MAISIE runs in--sees TOM--and hugs his leg.

MAISIE
We made Melting Moments!

TOM
Delicious!

ELLIE stares at TOM--bewildered.

TOM (CONT'D)
Surprise?

ELLIE
Er... to tell you the truth, yes.

They kiss.

EXT. STREET - DAY 4. 1327

PATRICK goes into a red phonebox.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - HALL/KITCHEN - DAY 4. 1328

TOM walks downstairs, having showered and changed. MAISIE appears from the kitchen with a melting moment and his work phone -- it's ringing. Melting moments are small, thin gooey cookies.

MAISIE
It's for you!

TOM
Where'd you find that?

MAISIE
Your coat pocket.

TOM sees what phone it is. ELLIE comes to the bottom of the stairs -- sees it's the work phone -- a glare.

ELLIE
Tom...

TOM
I'll take it outside.

TOM grabs the phone, heads to the door.

MAISIE runs ahead, taking the swipe card from a table. Swipes him out. The door stays locked. She tries twice more, then succeeds--it unlocks.

TOM opens the door. As he crosses the threshold--

TOM (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yes?
(beat)
I can't hear you, hang on--

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 4. 1329

(INTERCUT THIS SCENE WITH PATRICK IN THE PHONEBOX)

TOM shivers in his T-shirt.

BEHIND HIM

We can see MAISIE, still inside. She's examining the lock--even fiddling with it. We can't be sure. Doing something. There are now ornate bars over the bay windows.

As TOM talks, MAISIE shuts the door. Double-locked.

TOM
Hello?

PATRICK
It wasn't me, alright?

TOM
What? Patrick? What wasn't?

PATRICK

It wasn't me, it was the other lads, they
found out--my branch chief--
(breaks up)
gone yet?

TOM

You're breaking up--

PATRICK

--laptop's rigged. The bastards put a slab of
C4 in there--

Cold professionalism takes hold--just--

TOM

Repeat that.

PATRICK

The laptop has six ounces of explosive in it,
alright?

TOM

That's enough to take out half my street!

PATRICK

Your street?!

TOM

I'm at home!

PATRICK

Oh, they thought you'd take it into work --
sorry --

TOM

(sorry???)
Is it a timer?

PATRICK

It's a timer. Hidden near the mother board,
left hand side--

TOM

You stay on the line--

PATRICK

I can't--

TOM
You stay on the line--!

And he's at the door-- hammering hard--

PATRICK
I've got to go.

TOM
Dammit!
(BAM BAM BAM!)
ELLIE!

ELLIE
Jesus, what?!

TOM
Open the door--!

Pause.

TOM (CONT'D)
Ellie?

ELLIE O.S.
Bloody key--
(shouting)
It won't work! The key's not--

TOM
Try it slowly.

MAISIE
Sticky!

ELLIE
Tom, it's still red.

TOM
Go to my jacket. My key card's in the left
pocket. Should do it. Hurry!

TOM races next door -- presses the bell. Meanwhile tries
the number again on the mobile. Number unobtainable
sound-- then:

NEIGHBOUR (UPSTAIRS WINDOW)
Hello?

TOM

There's a gas leak. Get out of your house.

NEIGHBOUR (UPSTAIRS WINDOW)

What?

He sprints to the other neighbour -- rings bell. Nothing.

TOM

It's the gas board. Please!

He runs back to his door. ELLIE's hand is dangling out of the letterbox with the card.

ELLIE

It's not working Tom!

TOM

Pass it here, pass it out the letterbox--

She passes it out. He takes it. Their hands touch for a second. TOM tries the key from this side. Red light.

Surely not. He tries again, calmly. Red light.

And again. Wipes the card clean. Again. Red light.

TOM (CONT'D)

Ellie is there anything in the lock, can you see?

ELLIE

There's--I'm not sure.

MAISIE

I fixed it!

NEIGHBOUR O.S.

You're not from the gas!

Tilt up briefly--crotchety old NEIGHBOUR now leaning from his front room window. TOM's jaw twitches.

TOM

..How did you fix it Maisie?

MAISIE

I made it sticky.

TOM

Ellie. Listen to me. Get out of the house.

Now.

ELLIE

Why?

TOM

(to ELLIE)

Just do what I say.

(to NEIGHBOUR)

There's a gas leak. A gas leak!

NEIGHBOUR

I'll just get me glasses.

TOM

No! Just get out!

NEIGHBOUR

This is what happens when you get gas from
the phone. Oh here they are.

He discovers his glasses are on his head.

TOM

(into own mobile)

Get Danny on the line.

(to NEIGHBOUR)

Look I'm telling you, I'm a manager for the
gas company and I'm ordering you to vacate
your home immediately--

NEIGHBOUR

Moderate your tone.

ELLIE

Tom! We can't get out, everything's locked.
What the hell's going on?

TOM

Try the attic. Get onto the roof.

Somewhere, someone must have complained about the noise.
Because a police car rocks up. POLICEMAN turns up.

POLICEMAN

Is there a problem here at all?

TOM

I'm Security Service. There's a bomb in my
house.

POLICEMAN

You're the fourth I've met today mate.

TOM

My I.D.'s inside. I'm locked out. Ring the bloody number.

POLICEMAN

What number would that be sir?

TOM is an inch from killing him.

TOM

7946-0001. 7946-0001.
(the PC recoils)
7946-0001!

TOM points to the NEIGHBOUR.

TOM (CONT'D)

And get him out too!
(reminding PC)

Battering ram! Torches. Get a drill team out here! Now!

POLICEMAN barks into his radio--biggest day of his career--

ELLIE O.S.

Tom!

TOM runs back to the front door. TOM checks his watch. It's three minutes to an hour. Whether that's significant, he can't know. But it's not good.

TOM

Ellie--

ELLIE

It's all blocked off, it's sealed--

TOM

(remembering)

Oh, we did that, shit!

ELLIE

(fierce)

I'm not doing a single thing til you tell me what's going on!

TOM

Listen to me. There's a bomb in the computer
I brought home.

She can't speak--

TOM (CONT'D)

Ellie did you hear me? Did you hear what I
said?

ELLIE

I heard you.

TOM

I've locked the computer in my filing cabinet
in my office. Listen to me carefully. Go to
my jacket. In the pocket are my car keys.

(thinks)

There's a red key on there. Get the red key
and go to the bottom drawer in my office. And
then--

ELLIE

Wait, too much too much--

TOM

There's a box in the bottom right--

ELLIE

I said too much! Call me!

TOM

(shouts)

I'm calling you now!

INT. TOM'S FLAT - (CONTINUOUS) - DAY 4. 1335

Phone rings once--ELLIE grabs it. Tears everywhere.
MAISIE is sitting on the sofa, watching. A little numb.

MAISIE

Is it my fault? Mummy?

ELLIE runs up the stairs towards TOM's office.

ELLIE

Red key... red key...

She picks up his jacket, grabs his keys. Hands shaking,
phone nestled on shoulder, she finds the red key.

TOM (D)
..in the bottom drawer.

ELLIE
What?

TOM
..drawer!

ELLIE
You're breaking up! I can't hear you!

TOM
Bottom drawer. Back (distortion)--

She runs to the front door and screams through the letterbox--

ELLIE
I can't hear you! You're breaking up!

TOM jams his face to the letterbox. Shouts through it as ELLIE descends again.

TOM (OUTSIDE THE DOOR)
Three steps. Red key opens the box in the bottom right hand corner of the bottom drawer in my office.

ELLIE
Bottom drawer.

TOM
In that box is a small key. That opens my filing cabinet.

ELLIE
Filing cabinet.

TOM
Bottom drawer of filing cabinet is a bag. In the bag is a laptop computer. Bring it to the door.

ELLIE
What then?

TOM
I'll tell you--get it!

We follow ELLIE back to TOM's office.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE (TIME CONTINUOUS) - DAY 4. 1336

TOM on the phone to DANNY. We see the irate NEIGHBOUR being hauled into a police van in the b.g.

NEIGHBOUR

The trains, the post, the gas!

TOM

It's a ThinkPad. Year old. The C4's on a timer on the motherboard.

DANNY

The internal clock's on a battery. If they've set it up on that, you can take the battery out. And you're fine.

TOM

Great!

DANNY

On the other hand, taking the battery out could break the connection and risk setting it off anyway. As could any jarring movement.

TOM

Shit -- conference this to my home line.

TOM sprints to the letterbox--

TOM (CONT'D)

Ellie! Try the phone now!

INT. TOM'S FLAT - TOM'S OFFICE - DAY 4. 1337

ELLIE is on her knees, opening the filing cabinet. She sees the bag. Hauls it up--drops it on the floor. THUNK! The phone rings, she picks it up --

TOM'S VOICE

Be careful with it, keep it flat, no sudden movements.

ELLIE

Now you tell me.

She picks it up gingerly and moves downstairs to the LOUNGE where MAISIE is standing by the door talking to

TOM. She peeks through at his mouth.

TOM

Maisie, I want you to do something for me. I
want you to play a game.

MAISIE

Piggy in the Middle!

TOM

No, hide and seek, I want you to go upstairs
to the bathroom and get all the towels and
clothes you can and wrap them round you and
curl up in the bath like you're a little
vole. Okay?

MAISIE

Why?

TOM

Because I'm telling you to!

MAISIE

But if you tell me where to hide, then you'll
know where I'm hiding.

TOM

But Mummy's going to try and find you.

MAISIE

Okay.

She runs off up the stairs.

TOM

Ellie?

ELLIE

I'm here.

TOM

Danny's on the line. He's going to talk you
through it okay?

DANNY

Take the computer out.

ELLIE slowly removes the ThinkPad. It's on the ground.

ELLIE

Shall I turn it on?

TOM

Just do only what he tells you--

DANNY

You should be able to just lift the keyboard-

-

ELLIE tries... Hands trembling. Yes. Keyboard lifts.

DANNY (CONT'D)

There should be insulation under there. Lift it up.

ELLIE

There's a metal plate or something.

DANNY

That's it. Lift that too.

ELLIE

I'm lifting-- hey!

TOM

What?

DANNY

What is it?

ELLIE

There's no bomb.

DANNY

No bomb?

ELLIE

There's--it's fine.

TOM

Ellie, how do you know?

ELLIE

Look, I know a little about computers. Maisie took my last one apart, I remember. There's a hard drive. Memory chips. Motherboard. Clock. It's all there. No wires, Tom. No wires at all--it's a little LCD clock. Tiny little thing.

TOM
Clock--there's no clock on a motherboard--

DANNY
There's no clock on a motherboard.

TOM
Ellie, where's the clock?

ELLIE
Right beside the motherboard.

DANNY
There is no clock on a motherboard!

TOM
What does the clock say?

ELLIE
It's just a clock, with the time, it's one
fifteen.
(terror)
Fourteen... thirteen... twelve...
Tom it's going backwards. It's going
backwards!

Behind TOM, a van screeches up -- police battering ram
team run out.

Three things now happening at once: the team setting up,
TOM on the phone to DANNY, and TOM shouting instructions
to ELLIE through the letterbox. He wants to see her as
well as speak to her on the line.

TOM
Okay they're going to bust the door, step
back!

DANNY
Don't touch that clock yet! We're working on
it!

ELLIE
Let me move it away--

TOM
Do not touch it! Stand back!

The police try to bust the door down. It busts them.

POLICEMAN

Christ, what's this made of?

TOM

(remembering)

Reinforced Steel. Cutters, where's the cutters? Where's the torch?

More men arrive. Equipped with serious kit.

TOM (CONT'D)

Do the window bars! Go!

(a thought--why didn't I think of this earlier)

Next door--!

(off)

Get a team next door-- try going through the wall--

(into phone)

Speak to me Danny.

ELLIE

It's on forty six Tom... five... four...

TOM

Stop counting!

POLICEMAN

We've got to clear the area, sir.

TOM

No!

DANNY

Zoe's come through with something.

ZOE has grabbed the phone off DANNY.

POLICEMAN

If that's C4 we HAVE to clear the area.

ZOE

The clock might have a separate battery to the computer. If that's true she could disconnect it--

TOM

Ellie--has the clock got a screw anywhere?

ELLIE

What screw? I can't see a screw?

ZOE

If it's a separate LCD it's got a cover and
the cover's got a screw--

TOM

There's got to be a screw, Ellie--

POLICEMAN

We're clearing.

TOM

No!

(to Ellie)

Look! A screw! Ellie!

ELLIE

(caught in a panic loop)

What screw? I can't see a screw?

POLICEMAN

Listen to me sir. This goes off with all
these men, that's twenty dead. Pulling back
it's two. We're pulling back. Lesser of two
evils sir!

TOM

I'm staying.

POLICEMAN

Your choice sir, we have to move.

(shouting--CLAXON)

Pull back! Fifty metres! Everyone!

TOM

Ellie--I love you--listen to me. There's a
screw. On the clock--

His face is plastered, bleeding, jammed against the
letterbox. He can see her leg. It's trembling.

INSIDE -- SAME TIME

ELLIE

What screw? I can't SEE ANY SCREW!

And then it gets worse. Because appearing at the end of
the hall, walking down the stairs -- MAISIE.

Wrapped head to foot in towels, blankets, a woolly hat, earmuffs. TOM can see her. ELLIE turns to see her.

MAISIE

Aren't you coming to find me?

CLOSE ON THE CLOCK

One second to go.

FREEZE FRAME... DISSOLVING... TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE