

# SILENT WITNESS – Schism

By Christian Spurrier

## INT. TUBE TRAIN. DAY 1

CLAIRE ASHERN stands on a tube train, restless, a rucksack on her back.

## INT. TUBE STATION. DAY 1.

She gets off the tube and heads for the exit.

## INT. RECEPTION. WHITECHAPEL DOGS' HOME. DAY 1

She swipes herself in, then notices that the security booth is empty.

CLAIRE  
(*through glass barrier*)  
Alex? - Alex?

No answer.

## INT. WHITECHAPEL DOGS' HOME. DOG CAGES. DAY 1

SIX HUNDRED YAPPING DOGS.

CLAIRE passes a poster promoting the *Whitechapel Dogs' Home Family Day*.

She continues her rounds, seems a little wary.

She frowns as she realises that the last cage in the row is open.

As she approaches, the colour drains from her cheeks.

In the cage is the body of A TEENAGE GIRL.

Next to it is a Polaroid photo.

It depicts TWO GIRLS tied to chairs, bound and gagged.

CUT TO:

**TITLES AND CREDITS**

CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. LEO'S OFFICE. DAY 1**

PROFESSOR LEO DALTON looks up from a mountain of press cuttings, forms and paperwork to answer his mobile.

LEO  
(into 'phone)  
Leo Dalton?

LOUD JABBER from the 'phone. Behind LEO, A SOUND.

LEO (CONT'D)  
No, I'm afraid I'm due at a medical hearing this morning.

He cranes his neck, searching for the origin of this noise.

LEO (CONT'D)  
(After more jabbering)  
It's a Fitness to Practice panel of the GMC. They might get a little angry if I cancelled.

**INT. MORTUARY. SCIENCE ROOM. DAY 1**

Having rung off, LEO pads out towards the entrance.

He sees A LARGE FIGURE standing at the glass doors of the entrance.

**INT. MORTUARY. RECEPTION. DAY 1**

He opens them to DR. HARVEY WILSON.

LEO  
Harvey?

HARVEY

I always get funny before these things. Thought you might be up as well.

CUT TO:

**INT. HARRY'S CAR/EXT. WHITECHAPEL DOGS' HOME. DAY 1**

Yellow tape, police van, SOCOS.

A pile of half-opened mail on his passenger seat, HARRY CUNNINGHAM parks as near the entrance as he can.

And as he steps out, the first person he sees is BOB MUMFORD - haranguing the BENIGHTED CONSTABLE charged with guarding the scene.

HARRY

Oh God.

But looking up, MUMFORD spots him, seems genuinely pleased and hurries over, arm extended.

MUMFORD

Excellent to see you again, Dr. Cunningham.

HARRY

Likewise.

There's a pause as MUMFORD realises his warmth may not be being reciprocated.

MUMFORD

How are you? You're not a professor or anything yet?

HARRY

No.

Another sticky pause.

MUMFORD

By the way, it's DCI Mumford now.

HARRY

Oh, congratulations.

MUMFORD suddenly feels foolish.

MUMFORD

Shall we just get on with it?

He turns and marches back to the entrance.

HARRY turns back to his car, at which point, he sees NIKKI ALEXANDER, standing just behind him, having watched the exchange.

NIKKI

Why exactly has he got both of us out of bed at this time?

HARRY

I think the short answer is - because he is Bob Mumford.

He goes to the boot to get his stuff out. NIKKI leans on his car.

NIKKI

You won't mind if I leave you to renew your beautiful working rapport, will you?

HARRY looks at her in horror.

HARRY

You're here now, you might as well see the body.

NIKKI

Do you need a second opinion?

HARRY

This might be a very complex case. It might need the work of two pathologists.

She hesitates.

NIKKI

All right, but you start. And I'll need to borrow your recharger.

HARRY

You can have my recharger. You can have anything in my car except the

seats and the steering wheel - just  
don't leave me alone with that man.

He passes her his keys - heads towards the entrance.

**INT/EXT. HARRY'S CAR/ WHITECHAPEL DOGS HOME. DAY 1**

NIKKI is smiling as she reaches in and is about to connect her own mobile when she catches sight of Harry's mail on the passenger seat.

At the top of the pile is a half-open letter with a big corporate logo and a US postcode.

Curiosity piqued, she looks up and sees HARRY going into the dog's home with MUMFORD.

He turns, makes an urgent gesture for her to hurry up and disappears into the building.

NIKKI hesitates, then looks down at the letter again.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MOCK GEORGIAN HOUSE. DAY 1**

A PATROL CAR outside a A SMALL MOCK-GEORGIAN HOUSE

SIMON TRAYNOR - 36 - walks up to the front door, showing his ID to the LOCAL CID OFFICER who has stepped up to greet him.

**INT. LOUNGE. MOCK GEORGIAN HOUSE. DAY 1**

A PHOTOGRAPHER is at work and TWO SOCOS pass as TRAYNOR enters and gazes around an immaculate and rather old-fashioned little home.

He looks at something from a bowl of personal effects by the 'phone - a laminated ID CARD.

Under the title "WHITTINGDON MEDICAL SCIENCES" are a photo of A GIRL IN HER TWENTIES and the name "JACKIE COOPER".

**INT. BEDROOM. MOCK-GEORGIAN HOUSE. DAY 1**

The drawers of a bedside table are open, revealing eye-patches, a tub of moisturiser, a couple of postcards and several prescription pill bottles.

TRAYNOR pauses at the door.

Lying on the bed ahead of him, hands still clutched

As HARRY continues to look, MUMFORD gets visibly impatient and NIKKI arrives.

MUMFORD (CONT'D)

Dr. Cunningham, I've already had three calls this morning from someone called Simon Traynor, claiming to work for intelligence. I don't want to harass you, but once they start hanging around, we've usually got about thirty seconds to work out what really happened.

HARRY

You see this lack of lividity to the forearms and the front of the legs?

He's indicating the relatively clean look they still have.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It suggests this body hasn't been lying here very long. It was probably moved into the cage after death, very recently.

MUMFORD

What about the mouth?

HARRY peers at her mouth. Inside it is full of blood - a mess. He looks back to Mumford

HARRY

I need to get her back to the mortuary to work out what's happened here.

MUMFORD

Well, we also found this.

He shows them the Polaroid..

HARRY and NIKKI look at it. NIKKI points to one of the girls in the picture.

NIKKI

And I'd like to find her buddy before she turns up in the same shape. Which is why I'm pushing you for anything that could help.

HARRY wavers. There's a look between him and Nikki. He seems about to speak when she steps in instead.

NIKKI (O/S)

I would say about three hours.

Kneeling down, she places her hand at various points on the girl's body, including under the armpit and the chin.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

The body still feels warm to the touch. Hypostasis hasn't fully developed so you're probably looking at someone who's been dead less than three hours.

HARRY's not delighted to be working like this, but if they have to he might as well say his bit.

HARRY

And it's worth noting that she's been deliberately posed - someone took the trouble to get her like this.

MUMFORD'S puzzled, glances between them.

NIKKI

That, the photo, it feels like a message, the killer is trying to tell you something.

HARRY

*(slightly reproving)*

You, or someone else.

On the fringes of the scene, HARPER is now trying to get MUMFORD'S attention.

MUMFORD

*(to Nikki)*

And what about identifying her?

NIKKI makes a further investigation of the victim by shining a light into her eyes.



NIKKI

There are signs of retinopathy to the eyeball. That might suggest quite severe type 1 diabetes.

A look from HARRY - is this too much speculation?

HARPER

- Sir, it's Simon Traynor on the line for you again?

MUMFORD

*(ignoring him - to Nikki)*  
Meaning?

NIKKI

Meaning you might want to search a diabetes register.

HARPER

ig~~s~~ori)-Nikki

has2 -oor r TD (.ation? ) Tj144 -25.48 TD (NIKKI ) Tj-72 -13.6S- Sieem .

MUMFORD  
(*as he goes*)  
Thank you, Dr. Alexander.

On his way out, he passes HARRY, gives him a wink.

MUMFORD (CONT'D)  
And thank you.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MOCK-GEORGIAN HOUSE. GATED COMMUNITY. DAY 1**

TRAYNOR is waiting impatiently on his mobile.

SIMON TRAYNOR  
(*into 'phone - finally*)  
DCI Mumford, Simon Traynor. I hope  
I'm not disturbing you.

MUMFORD (V/O)  
(*from 'phone*)  
Not at all - what can I do for you?

**INT. CORRIDOR. WHITECHAPEL DOGS HOME. DAY 1**

Claire Ashern, being questioned, is visible in the background as Mumford enters the corridor.

TRAYNOR (V/O)  
(*into 'phone*)  
I was just wondering what you had on  
your hands down there?

There's so much NOISE, CHAOS and POLICE ACTIVITY that MUMFORD has to stick a finger in one ear to hear himself.

MUMFORD  
(*into 'phone*)  
Mind if I ask why intelligence is  
taking this much interest in a murder  
case?

**INTERCUT TRAYNOR & MUMFORD:**

TRAYNOR wavers - decides to speak.

TRAYNOR

I'm assuming you've already found the name Adrian Burney on the list of ex-employees?

MUMFORD

*(lying)*

Obviously.

He hurries over to HARPER and shoves him off the lap-top he's working at.

TRAYNOR

Try typing it into your database.

There's a pause as MUMFORD types one-fingered.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

*(into 'phone)*

That's N-E-Y.

BANG - a file six pages long comes up on MUMFORD'S screen.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

Burney is chairman and life member of the animal rights loony squad - freedom for animals by way of extreme and senseless violence against human beings.

ON MUMFORD'S SCREEN: a police snap of a gaunt, haunted young man.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

If you tell me what you've got, I might be able to let you know whether he's likely to be involved.

As he speaks MUMFORD decides to thrust the bagged-up polaroid at HARPER and points towards CLAIRE.

MUMFORD

*(back to 'phone)*

Well, I'd love to do that, obviously. But unfortunately, we're on a murder inquiry, so until we're officially authorised to, I think it would be irresponsible of me to just dish out

information to anyone who happened to  
'phone -

**EXT. MOCK-GEORGIAN HOUSE. GATED COMMUNITY. DAY 1**

TRAYNOR is shaking his head in disbelief as he listens to MUMFORD'S spiel.

MUMFORD (V/O)  
- Though I'd be more than happy to  
brief you fully at a more appropriate  
time, of course.

TRAYNOR  
(into 'phone)  
I see. Okay. Well, thank you for your  
time, DCI.

He hangs up - sighs.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)  
God, I loathe the police.

He looks over at a YOUNG LOCAL CID OFFICER and snaps:

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)  
Have you got that address yet?

TRAYNOR snatches a piece of paper off him and strides to the car.

**INT. DOG CAGES. WHITECHAPEL DOGS' HOME. DAY 1**

In the corridor, MUMFORD is still hurriedly going through Burney's file on the laptop.

As he glances up, he sees HARPER, persevering hopelessly in trying to get CLAIRE ASHERN to talk. HARPER is showing the Polaroid picture to her.

As he watches, Something seems to occur to MUMFORD.

**INT. DOG CAGES. WHITECHAPEL DOGS' HOME. DAY 1**

Harry remains on the fringes, NIKKI continues her on-the-spot exam.

NIKKI

There's some strange rust-coloured  
residue here, under her fingernails.

There's a silence, then HARRY comes across, passes her an  
instrument to scrape it off and a small plastic vial.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Thanks.

She carefully places a clear plastic bag over the hand.  
HARRY crouches down to look at the body with her. She  
draws his attention to something she's noticed

NIKKI (CONT'D)

What do you make of this?

She's indicating faint red striations on the girl's  
wrist.

HARRY

Could be anything.

NIKKI

It could be a ligature mark.

HARRY

Nikki, if anything unusual shows up  
in the PM, I'll have plenty of time  
to tell Mumford then. Why keep  
jumping in like this and risk  
mistakes?

A look between them - she hadn't realised he was that  
annoyed.

NIKKI

True.

*(Sarcastic)*

Wouldn't want any surprises, would  
we?

It's Harry's turn to look quizzical. But if she's  
referring to the letter she saw in his car, he hasn't  
figured it out.

MUMFORD (O/S)

Dr. Alexander, Can I borrow you for a  
second?

They both look round, but before she can answer, he's already turned to HARRY.

MUMFORD (CONT'D)

Given how keen you were to get this body back to the mortuary, Dr. Cunningham, I'm surprised you're still here.

HARRY

Actually, I was just going.

MUMFORD

Doctor Alexander?

She hesitates.

MUMFORD (CONT'D)

Please, I think we may have a way of finding out who these girls are.

HARRY

*(sotto - to Nikki)*

Looks like you'd better go.

She leaves with MUMFORD as HARRY screws up her little vial, tosses it into his field kit and turns back to the body.

CUT TO:

**INT. CORRIDOR. DOGS' HOME. DAY 1**

MUMFORD hustles NIKKI down the corridor.

MUMFORD

- It looks as though some animal rights nut called Adrian Burney could be involved.

NIKKI

Is that what intelligence told you?

MUMFORD

In effect. And it's made me think our resident mute might be keeping quiet for good reason.

He stops and nods down the corridor, where CLAIRE ASHERN is being taken into a side office.

NIKKI

Why?

MUMFORD

Because she's got that trademark block when it comes to cooperating with police.

NIKKI

So what do you need me to do?

MUMFORD drops his voice.

MUMFORD

See if she's any happier talking to a nice friendly doctor.

NIKKI looks at MUMFORD - HARRY'S scepticism of him making a little more sense suddenly.

MUMFORD brings out a paper copy of the Polaroid photo of the two bound girls and thrusts it at Nikki.

MUMFORD (CONT'D)

We are trying to work out if another girl is in danger.

NIKKI vacillates.

NIKKI

I'll see what I can do.

MUMFORD gives her a look of gratitude and, pocketing the Polaroid, rushes off to deal with something else.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. ENTRANCE. DOG'S HOME. DAY 1**

The victim's body is wheeled out of the dogs' home. HARRY follows in its wake.

He walks to the car, still looking a little unsettled.

He throws his stuff into the boot.

**INT. HARRY'S CAR. OUTSIDE DOGS HOME. DAY 1**

He drops behind the wheel.

As he turns the ignition, he notices neither his recharger, sitting on the floor, forgotten and without Nikki's 'phone in it, nor his American letter, now in a different place to when he left the car.

He pulls away.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. LEO'S OFFICE. DAY 1.**

LEO'S desk is covered with files and newspaper clippings - many accompanied by photos of a man LEO'S age and very like him in appearance.

HARVEY turns gratefully from reading these as LEO reappears with a round of tea.

HARVEY

Ah. Perfect.

He SLURPS noisily. Places his damp cup on a folder.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Well at least we're on the right side. Whenever I have to testify against - even if I know the chap messed up - there's something about it that makes my skin crawl.

LEO

This is the first time I've ever been a character witness.

HARVEY

Oh, then you're lucky. Standing up for a pal in a nice clear case.

Something about LEO'S look of assent isn't wholehearted. HARVEY nods towards something on the desk.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

You're having another look at Amelia Brown's letter?



LEO

Lionel only got me the files three days ago.

HARVEY

She was a bloody fool to let her lawyer talk her into making that complaint.

LEO watches uncomfortably as HARVEY gazes at photocopy of a handwritten letter - with his notes all over it.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

But it's compensation culture, isn't it? Another great American import.

LEO

At least the hearing might clear up some of the argument around the new regulations.

HARVEY

New regulations?

*(he picks up the letter again, waves it at Leo)*

Consent is consent! We don't need new regulations to tell us that.

LEO takes a sip of his tea. HARVEY bashfully puts the letter down again.

LEO seems to examine him for a moment.

LEO

Lionel asked you to come and talk to me.

HARVEY doesn't answer, but it's clear he's a very poor poker player.

HARVEY

You must understand, Leo. He's under the most incredible pressure.

CUT TO:

**INT. SMALL SIDE OFFICE. DOGS' HOME. DAY 1**

CLAIRE ASHERN is sitting perched on a small desk, looking at the wall before her.

She turns as NIKKI enters.

NIKKI  
Hello Claire.

CLAIRE turns back to the wall without expression, but NIKKI approaches all the same, standing before her.

NIKKI (CODING before her.  
HellDidbyou.know this girl,(CLAIRE?rns back to the wall without

about what happened to her, it's very important that you tell us.

Claire gives her the dismissive, defiant smile again.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Do you know the other girl in the picture the DI showed you? She may well be in danger - you are aware of that?

CLAIRE shakes her head, as if at a complete idiot.

NIKKI realises that perseverance is pointless. She picks up her stuff and goes to leave.

CLAIRE (O/S)

*(From behind)*

You know, you won't stop him.

NIKKI turns.

NIKKI

Who?

CLAIRE has gone back to facing the wall - it's clear she's said everything she means to.

NIKKI exits.

**INT. CORRIDOR. DOGS' HOME. DAY 1**

NIKKI emerges into what was a scene of bedlam to find it TOTALLY EMPTY.

She looks around, a little confused.

HARPER approaches, carrying laptop.

HARPER

We found an address for Adrian Burney. Apparently I'm to come to the mortuary with you.

NIKKI

*(looking around in disbelief)*

Is that right?

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY. LEO'S OFFICE. DAY 1

LEO and HARVEY sit as they were, still in discussion.

HARVEY

You must understand. There have been articles in the press depicting him as some kind of monster who steals people's brains. If you're barely in touch, how can he feel he has your unequivocal support?

LEO stands, abruptly, as if propelled out of his chair.

LEO

For three weeks Lionel's solicitors insisted that, as a character witness, I didn't need to see all the material. When it finally came, I could see straightaway there were huge difference between what he'd told me and what was in those files.

HARVEY grimaces. There's a silence.

HARVEY

I think you need to go and talk to him.

LEO

I can't go and talk to him. I'm due to see him at a GMC hearing in a few hours.

As LEO says this, he hears SOMEONE COMING BACK INTO THE MORTUARY next door, VERY NOISILY.

HARVEY

Talk to him, Leo. Let him go through what happened with you again.

LEO

I don't need him to go through what happened.

HARVEY

Why not?

LEO

Because I've already said I'll speak  
in support of his character. I'm not  
being asked to comment on Amelia  
Brown or her letter.

But even LEO'S expression betrays some kind of doubt  
about that statement.

HARVEY

You won't be any good to him unless  
you want to be on that stand.

LEO agonises. He turns back to HARVEY.

LEO

You know I have a great deal of  
respect for Lionel. We worked  
together.

*(brief, anguished pause)*

He's a friend of mine.

HARVEY

Go and see him, Leo. It might do you  
both a lot of good.

There are MORE CRASHES AND BANGS from next door, rising  
to a DISCONCERTING PITCH.

LEO looks at HARVEY and then at the floor.

LEO

*(grateful for the excuse)*

I'd better go and see what's going  
on.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. SCIENCE ROOM. DAY 1**

In here, HARRY is unpacking his field kit and getting  
ready for the PM.

LEO pops his head round, watches him for a moment.

LEO

Everything okay?

HARRY

Fine, apart from being lumbered with  
the most obnoxious DCI in London.

When he looks up, HARRY realises that LEO has caught  
sight of his American letter, now dumped on top of the  
desk - though he cannot read it from where he stands.

HARRY prevaricates, then picks it.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I meant to mention this to you  
earlier.

He passes it to LEO. With one glance, LEO can see what it  
is.

He looks back at HARRY.

LEO  
When did they approach you?

HARRY  
At the pathology conference.

LEO glances back, having a proper read of it.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I'd better go and change.

HARRY slips past LEO who is still reading the letter.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CRUMBLING VICTORIAN TERRACE. DAY 1**

MUMFORD arrives outside one of the houses, observing  
their thoroughly run down condition.

But as he's about to leap up the stairs to the door, he  
stops.

TWO SOCOS emerge from it, carrying a bag of materials.

MUMFORD  
What are you doing?  
*(They ignore him)*  
Hey!

The SOCOS breeze past him as if he wasn't there.

Left with no other option, he goes up the stairs and into







This room veers far more to the activists' HQ than the teenage hangout aspects of the flat.

Rather than beds, there are mats along one wall and several discarded sleeping bags.

**INT. MORTUARY. CLEAN ROOM. DAY 1**

More names scroll past - then the words "NO MATCH".

NIKKI squints at the screen.

NIKKI

Try going further back. I got the impression she hadn't been home for quite a while.

**INT. KITCHEN. KNACKERED VICTORIAN HOUSE. DAY 1**

Again, on one side, it's a typical adolescent scene - unwashed plates, dirty mugs, old tea bags.

But on the other, it's a mini-printing works - leaflets, flyers, booklets - all attacking Whittington - are piled high on every surface.

MUMFORD is drawn to a small strip of passport photos pinned to the corkboard - in amongst takeaway menus, notices of political meetings and personal stuff, they are simply of three girls crammed into a booth and

Over Mumford's shoulder, TRAYNOR gestures to one of the girls in the photo - it's the dead girl from the dogs home.

TRAYNOR  
Her name was Lisa Finch.

**INT. MORTUARY. CLEAN ROOM. DAY 1**

NIKKI and HARPER look at the image of LISA on screen.

NIKKI  
(reading off the screen)  
- Aged 18 years and five months, she was reported missing in September 2005, by her parents Valerie and Michael Finch.

**INT. KITCHEN. KNACKERED VICTORIAN HOUSE. DAY 1**

TRAYNOR  
Looks like she was staying here in Burney's flat. She's a known associate.

Mumford stares at the photo on the board.

TRAYNOR (V/O) (CONT'D)  
- They're both part of what he calls the WAE. The *War for Animal Equality*. It's his little hard core, solely committed to bringing down Whittingdon Medical Sciences.

**INT. MORTUARY. CLEAN ROOM. DAY 1**

NIKKI and HARPER still looking at the screen. Arrest "mugshots" of LISA. HARPER reads off the records.

HARPER  
She has no criminal record but she was cautioned following major disturbances outside the gates of Whittingdon, and later spent three months in hospital -

**INT. KITCHEN. KNACKERED VICTORIAN HOUSE. DAY 1**

TRAYNOR

- She threw herself under a truck going through the Whittingdon gates, because she was convinced it was carrying puppies bred for experimentation -

**INT. MORTUARY. CLEAN ROOM. DAY 1**

TRAYNOR (V.O.)

- Whittingdon claimed the truck was actually a catering van, carrying raspberry trifles for its canteen.

NIKKI looks at the image for a long moment - A HAPPY, SMILING GIRL, who isn't even old enough to vote, let alone go throwing herself under trucks.

Beside LISA'S is another photograph, of the gaunt, haunted young man we also saw on MUMFORD'S screen - ADRIAN BURNEY.

Enlarged like this, his expression seems intense, malevolent, almost murderous.

HARPER

That's Adrian Burney.

NIKKI

Any known associates for him?

HARPER types.

A series of names and photos comes up, including:

HARPER

Claire Ashern.

The images and names which appear are reflected in distorted shapes on NIKKI'S face.

NIKKI

Claire Ashern, Lisa Finch, Robbie Sharpe.

(beat)

He's recruiting kids...

**INT. KITCHEN. KNACKERED VICTORIAN HOUSE. DAY 1**

TRAYNOR

We know the cell comprises at least  
six or seven people. CID are  
currently looking for all of them.

As he speaks TRAYNOR moves away from the kitchen board.  
Mumford hurries after him.

MUMFORD

MUMFORD

Either way, you don't seem that concerned by the fact that another girl might be missing.

TRAYNOR pauses as he reaches his car.

TRAYNOR

It's your job is to find whoever killed Lisa Finch and work out whether they've got another potential victim. Mine is to understand who they worked for, who else was involved and make sure you don't get a third body before I do.

MUMFORD registers.

MUMFORD

Where is the second?

TRAYNOR

If I needed one of your pathologists to look at the scene, could you arrange that?

MUMFORD

Well - at this stage, they'll obviously still be tied up at the mortuary.

TRAYNOR looks at MUMFORD, amazed that he can do this.

TRAYNOR

Then you'd better get in touch with me when they're free.

As he goes to get in. MUMFORD tries to stop him.

MUMFORD

If you know anything that could help us work out what's happened to this girl, don't you think you should pass it on?

TRAYNOR

We're on an inquiry, DCI. So until we're officially authorised, I think

it would be highly irresponsible of me to start dishing out information to anyone who requested it.

He pauses, half in his seat.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

Unless of course, you decided you had something to share with us.

He waits a split second, then closes the car door, indicates to his driver to go and takes his 'phone out.

MUMFORD remains stranded on the pavement for a second, then sullenly takes out his mobile and dials.

MUMFORD

(I)

Mumford.

(beat)

Yeah, I know her name.

(beat)

Has anyone tried to contact the parents yet?

(beat)

Then get on and do it - now.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. CUTTING ROOM. DAY 1.**

HARRY looks up from the PM as NIKKI comes in, wearing scrubs. HARPER watches from the VIEWING ROOM.

NIKKI

Well, she has a name now.

HARRY

(not looking up)

Excellent.

NIKKI looks to see if he's being sarcastic - but he doesn't seem to be.

NIKKI

Lisa Finch. Mumford thinks that an animal rights activist called Burney is responsible.

(beat)

Did you send that residue for  
analysis?

He seems to become even more absorbed in the work as  
NIKKI approaches.

HARRY  
No, but I'll do it after the PM.

NIKKI  
Right, where is it?

He finally glances up from his work.

HARRY  
There's been an attempted extraction  
of three molars.

NIKKI  
*(forgetting the residue)*  
By force?

HARRY  
I would think so. It's a messy  
amateur job. He's fractured the crown  
off and left most of the roots in  
situ. And it happened pretty shortly  
before her death.

Nikki approaches. HARRY guides her attention to the roof  
of Lisa's mouth.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
There are also what appear to be  
puncture marks in the palate - maybe  
injections.

HARPER  
*(over intercom)*  
What could she have been injected  
with?

HARRY  
We'll need to wait on tox for that.  
*(back to the body)*  
This looks like it's been done very  
crudely. A lot of the palatal mucosa



is raised on one side. It would have been, very, very painful.

A beat. Harry, finished, draws away from the body. Nikki remains looking.

NIKKI

She was tortured.

A look from Harry. He heads out of the mortuary. After a second, Nikki follows.

**INT. MORTUARY. CUTTING ROOM / SCRUBS AREA. DAY 1**

As Harry starts to de-scrub, he's aware that NIKKI has joined him.

HARRY

By the way, what did Mumford want with you at the dogs' home?

NIKKI

He wanted me to talk to Claire Ashern. He felt she knew something.

HARRY

Did she?

NIKKI

*(nodding)*

But I couldn't get it out of her.

She turns away as he changes, but remains in the room.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

What would you have done in that situation?

HARRY

*(now changed)*

What situation?

**INT. MORTUARY. SCIENCE ROOM. DAY 1**

They emerge together.

NIKKI

What do you do when you know someone's holding out on you, but you can't get them to admit it?

HARRY

Just wait. They can't hold out forever.

She stops, half-smiling, but unable to keep something else out of her expression.

NIKKI

Good, that's what I'll do then.

HARRY looks at her.

HARRY

Nikki, you're being a little strange.

A pause.

NIKKI

I saw the letter in your car.

Harry's embarrassed and then defensive.

HARRY

That was a private letter.

NIKKI

I know. And it upsets me that the only way I find out about this is by sneaking around in your car.

HARRY

Oh, so this is suddenly something I've done wrong?

NIKKI

No, not exactly, but why wouldn't you want to talk to me?

*((a beat - he doesn't answer))*

Have you told Leo?

HARRY

Yes.

NIKKI

When.

HARRY

This morning.

NIKKI

You saw me first thing this morning.  
Why didn't you tell me?

HARRY

Because I didn't know how you'd  
react.

NIKKI

What did you think, Harry? Did you  
think I'd fall to my knees and crawl  
around the science room, wailing  
"please, please don't go"?

HARRY

For Christ's sake -- That is exactly  
the sort of thing that makes me want  
to -

NIKKI

- makes you want to what?

He blusters for a second.

HARRY

I'm a pathologist, Nikki. All I'm  
interested in is my work. I'm sick of  
having to deal with office politics  
and being diplomatic, and having  
idiots like Mumford yapping at me all  
the time.

NIKKI

Oh, I'm sorry, Harry. Sorry for being  
another yapping idiot.

HARRY

I didn't mean -

NIKKI

- No, no, please. Go to America and  
have a lovely time in a nice little  
airless little laboratory on campus.

And let's hope nobody bothers you or even tries to talk to you.

HARRY'S about to respond when the 'phone rings. Nearest to it, he answers.

HARRY  
(into 'phone)  
Yes?

As Harry listens, NIKKI returns to her desk, occupying herself with something suddenly very absorbing.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(into 'phone)  
Okay. I'll be straight down there.

He hangs up. Nikki doesn't look up from her work.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
There's another body. The intelligence guy who called at the dogs home wants me to have a look.

NIKKI  
Then you'd better go.

HARRY seems about to speak several times, but instead, turns and leaves.

There's a brief silence.

NIKKI notices the vial of residue that she recuperated at the dogs' home.

She picks up the 'phone.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
It's Nikki Alexander. I've got a sample that needs analysis.  
(beat)  
Thank you.

She hangs up. As she does, all her frustration and anger briefly come to the surface. She forces them down again.

She hears FOOTSTEPS in the corridor outside.

She looks up, expecting to see HARRY and finds MUMFORD at the door.

MUMFORD  
Where's Harry Cunningham?

NIKKI  
You just missed him. He's gone to look at another body.

MUMFORD  
The bastard! Where?

With no time for this, Nikki gets up and leaves the office.

**INT. MORTUARY. RECEPTION. DAY 1**

Mumford follows her down the corridor.

MUMFORD  
He must have told you something? He must given you some indication of where he was going?

NIKKI  
DCI?

He follows her expression, turns and sees that, hovering by the entrance are TWO DESPERATELY SAD LOOKING PEOPLE IN THEIR 50s - who must be, VALERIE AND MICHAEL FINCH - parents of Lisa.

MUMFORD  
(*hisses - To Nikki*)  
Okay. But if you hear *anything*, you have to tell me.

NIKKI watches as MUMFORD goes over, introduces himself, then leads them down the corridor to confirm LISA'S identity.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. LEO'S OFFICE / SCIENCE ROOM. DAY 1**

Leo's office is now empty.

The sound of people approaching.

MUMFORD comes down the corridor with the FINCH parents.

In the science room, NIKKI is at her desk but she's watching what's going on across the corridor.

Mumford leads both Valerie and Michael in, discretely closes the door and turns to them.

MUMFORD

I want you to know that we're doing everything we can to work out who did this.

MICHAEL

Then you'd better bloody get to him soon, hadn't you?

MUMFORD

Get to who?

MICHAEL

The new messiah. The high priest of that sick little cult. The reason our daughter is lying there like some lump of flesh.

*(As if MUMFORD is stupid)*

Adrian bloody Burney!

VALERIE puts a hand on her husband's arm to restrain him. She manages to compose herself a little, addresses MUMFORD.

VALERIE

She met him at college. He was always on about his animal rights and environmental stuff and how there needed to be a revolution now. She thought he was a hero.

In the corridor, two PLAIN CLOTHED COPS arrive and wait. Valerie pauses, but manages to continue.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

We knew we'd lost Lisa a long time ago. It didn't matter what we told her, she thought Burney knew everything.

She falters again, just continuing to speak is an effort for her.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

But Justine.

(a hesitation)

Justine was just a little girl.

MUMFORD

Justine?

VALERIE

She was just trying to do what her big sister did.

MUMFORD

Mrs Finch, do you know where Justine is now?

MICHAEL

(trying to comfort his wife)

Justine is fine.

VALERIE

She said she was staying over at her friend's. But, we haven't heard from her for days.

MUMFORD hesitates. He takes from his pocket the copy of the polaroid photo from the dogs home.

MUMFORD

Is this Justine?

On VALERIE and MICHAEL's shock -

CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. SCIENCE ROOM. DAY 1**

MUMFORD comes out of LEO's office, pulling his coat on as he barks orders at HARPER and the other two PLAIN CLOTHED COPS.

MUMFORD

I want a formal statement from Mr and Mrs Finch. Check on Adrian Burney's flat - door to door. I want to know if anyone has seen someone who looks

like Justine in the last few days.  
Then get onto the Super and let him  
know.

HARPER  
Know what sir?

MUMFORD  
We may have a hostage situation.

MUMFORD, now all purpose and energy, marches out.

NIKKI watches them go.

CUT TO:

**INT. BROKEN DOWN KITCHEN. DAY 1**

A young girl, gagged, is seated on a small metal chair.

With a start, she awakes.

It is JUSTINE FINCH.

She looks around, tries to stand and realises that she is  
strapped to the chair.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. SCIENCE ROOM. DAY 1**

NIKKI sits at her desk, going through paperwork.

She stops and looks up at HARRY's empty chair.

She hears the sound of girlish laughter and looks up to  
see two young female MORTUARY ASSISTANTS walking past  
sharing a joke.

The phone rings and she answers.

NIKKI  
(into phone)  
Nikki Alexander.  
(beat - it's just a routine  
call)  
OK, where?

Without much enthusiasm she picks up a pen.



CUT TO:

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY. FOREST. DAY 1

HARRY drives in, and heading towards JACKIE'S house.

EXT. MOCK-GEORGIAN HOUSE. GATED COMMUNITY. DAY 1

SIMON TRAYNOR is there to meet him as he gets out of his car.

INT. BEDROOM. MOCK-GEORGIAN HOUSE. DAY 1

TRAYNOR stands to one side as HARRY has a long look at the body and the scene. He sees the open drawer of the bedside table, he picks up several of the pill bottles, reads their labels.

HARRY

And what makes you think she could be linked to the dogs' home body?

TRAYNOR looks at him for a second, perhaps wondering whether he can trust him.

TRAYNOR

Her name is Jackie Cooper. She was personnel manager at Whittingdon

HARRY

You think she was murdered?

TRAYNOR

Do you think it's a suicide?

HARRY leans down, he carefully prises JACKIE'S fingers away from the plastic bag over her head.

HARRY signals for a WAITING PHOTOGRAPHER to snap the rope in situ. He carefully cuts the rope away from the knot and hands it to a SOCO.

Then, he gently lifts the bag, examining the skin around the neck, which bears A LONG MAUVE AND BROWN BRUISE.

HARRY

See this?  
(*indicating the bruise*)

The idea is that by the time you've got the bag on, the pills should be working - and the suffocation should be almost automatic, as a result of passing out with both your airways blocked.

TRAYNOR

In other words, you shouldn't need to strangle yourself?

HARRY

No.

HARRY opens her mouth and peers in, he pushes his little pen torch in for a better look.

HARRY (CONT'D)

And you probably shouldn't need to inject your own mouth with a hypodermic needle either.

Traynor approaches a little.

TRAYNOR

What can you see?

HARRY

She's not had her teeth removed like Lisa Finch. But the puncture mark is consistent. Which would suggest a double murder.

Harry switches off his pen torch, turns to Traynor.

HARRY (CONT'D)

But isn't torture a bit extreme for a bunch of animal lovers?

TRAYNOR

They're terrorists, Harry. Nothing more, nothing less.

TRAYNOR can see Harry isn't convinced. He tries another tack.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)



I must show you this!

He rushes out and returns a second later, thrusting a thick envelope into LEO'S hands.

LEO  
What is it?

LIONEL  
Have a look.

LEO does. It seems to contain a ticket of some kind. LEO frowns, a little puzzled.

LIONEL (CONT'D)  
Two season tickets to see Wasps!

LEO  
Ah.

LIONEL  
Sylvia's been going on at me about getting out of the house at the weekends. I have to admit, once they suspended me I was a bit stumped about what to fill my days with. Then it hit me - we used to go and watch Wasps.

LEO  
We did.

LEO smiles, but maybe LIONEL was hoping for a little more than that.

There's a moment of awkwardness. LEO puts the season tickets to one side.

LEO (CONT'D)  
Harvey came to see me. He seemed to have the impression that you didn't think I was fully behind you.

LIONEL takes a seat. There seem to be many questions he could ask LEO. Finally he says:

LIONEL  
Leo, how many years did we work together?

LEO

Six, maybe seven years.

LIONEL

And I'm aware that back then, things

LIONEL doesn't stand for a moment. When he does, he looks a little resentfully at LEO, then tempers his expression.

LIONEL (CONT'D)  
I'll go and get it.

LEO  
Thank you.

LIONEL goes to head upstairs. But at the kitchen dresser, he unexpectedly pauses, taking a magazine off the side and thrusting it at LEO.

LIONEL  
You do realise the damage that cases like this are causing?

It's a copy of MODERN SCIENTIST open on a small article headed: "SCANDAL DOCTOR CLOSE TO BREAKTHROUGH - PANEL HEARS".

LIONEL (CONT'D)  
All the work we did. All the breakthroughs you and I battled for. All that would be impossible now. And the only explanation we get is 'the public good' - the public right to be protected from our mistakes. Now we can't even look at a research slide without being hauled up in front of the Spanish inquisition.

LEO puts aside the magazine, looks at LIONEL.

LEO  
I know how much you need to get back to work, Lionel. That's why I'm here.

A little placated, LIONEL nods. He turns for the kitchen door and as he does, stops.

Standing by it is a very delicate and beautiful grey-haired woman, familiar from LEO'S photograph - SYLVIA CLUNE.

SYLVIA  
Hello Leo.

LEO

Hello Sylvia.

LIONEL

I'm so sorry dear. We - we didn't  
wake you?

SYLVIA

No.

*(To Leo)*

It's good to see you.

LIONEL

I'm just fetching something for Leo.  
You'll be all right for a moment?

SYLVIA

Of course.

With an uneasy smile at them both, LIONEL goes.

SYLVIA waits until he is definitely upstairs.

With great difficulty, she heads to the kitchen table and  
sits down. It's obvious that she is struggling a great  
deal with the left hand side of her face and body, and  
she walks with a stick.

As she sees LEO'S expression watching her efforts, she  
does her best to give him a smile.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

You should see me on a bad day.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LAY-BY. DAY 1**

NIKKI pulls up at the scene she's been called to.

She can see yellow tape and A LITTLE GROUP OF OFFICERS  
standing about 100 yards away from the road.

**EXT. MEADOW/STREAM. DAY 1**

As she approaches the body, she takes in the  
surroundings: there's a small stream running towards a  
very low bridge and to the left of this are clusters of  
thick trees - clearly the beginnings of a larger forest.

**EXT. MEADOW/STREAM. DAY 1**

A taped off cordon around a body is still lying, face down next to a stream. A PHOTOGRAPHER is finishing up.

Examining it with NIKKI is PC FRASER CAINE - a fresh-faced constable still in his early 20s.

NIKKI

Is this how you found him?

PC FRASER CAINE

He was face down in the water - dog walker who found him pulled him out before he called us.

NIKKI

Any ID?

PC FRASER CAINE

No. But by the look of him we think he's a crusty who went a little heavy on the snakebite and tripped up on the way home.

NIKKI looks at the body as FRASER continues -

PC FRASER CAINE (CONT'D)

There's always a fair amount of them round here. We sometimes find them trying to camp out, return to nature that sort of thing.

On the upper calf of the left leg, she can see thick and quite deep cuts. She knows what they are.

NIKKI

Dog bites.

*(a pause)*

Can't tell yet how old they are.

FRASER peers down, goes green at the sight of them

FRASER

Oh - Eurgh.

NIKKI'S slightly amused at his novice's squeamishness.

NIKKI



Can you help me turn him over?

Fraser leans down to assist her. And as the body is being turned over. NIKKI's eye is drawn to the victim's hands: under his fingernails, and even on his clothes, is a thick red residue, that not even the stream has washed away.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WHITTINGDON MEDICAL RESEARCH CENTRE. DAY 1**

Here it is in all its splendour - a vast, glass and steel, state-of-the-art research facility with an enormous perimeter wall, several metres high, topped with barbed wire.

TRAYNOR drives HARRY into the compound. On the perimeter, he sees security guards, as well as a group of workmen adding razor wire to the fencing.

**INT. RECEPTION. WHITTINGDON. DAY 1**

As TRAYNOR announces their arrival to the receptionist, HARRY looks around him.

Hanging up on each wall of the glowing white reception are LARGE GLOSSY POSTERS OF GRINNING AFRICAN CHILDREN and HAPPY FAMILY SCENES FROM ACROSS THE ETHNIC RAINBOW.

HARRY has noticed something on the reception desk - a big pile of shiny prospectus leaflets piled up.

HARRY

*(quiet - to Traynor)*

Who does the security for  
Whittingdon?

TRAYNOR

Three years ago, a major security  
firm gave up the contract, saying  
they couldn't guarantee the safety of  
their employees.

As he speaks, both HARRY and TRAYNOR become aware of the distant sound of POLICE SIRENS, which gradually mount until they are RIGHT OUTSIDE.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

Since then nobody knows.

HARRY stands, craning his neck to see what's going on.

His expression falters as, outside, climbing out of a police car, he sees BOB MUMFORD.

**EXT. / INT. RECEPTION. WHITTINGDON. DAY 1**

As HARRY turns to TRAYNOR, MUMFORD strides in.

Seeing him, TRAYNOR looks at HARRY, with equal dismay.

Seeing them, MUMFORD strides up.

He stops in front of TRAYNOR, looking at him in a way that is both eager and accusatory.

Before they can argue, the RECEPTIONIST has joined them.

RECEPTIONIST

If you'd like to come through - Mr.  
Hewitt is ready to see you.

TRAYNOR realises there's no choice but for MUMFORD to join them - he indicates for the RECEPTIONIST to lead the way.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MEADOW/STREAM. DAY 1**

With the victim now laid out in an unzipped body bag, NIKKI continues with her exam.

NIKKI

*(to the young PC)*  
You're here on your own?

FRASER

Skeleton staff. Everyone else has  
been pulled off on something else.

NIKKI looks at the body - now face up. Across the face, neck and hands are long, deep scratches.

FRASER (CONT'D)

What's that? More dog bites?

NIKKI

No. These marks are too regular.  
Something's cut him, like glass or  
barbed wire.

PC FRASER CAINE

There's a lot of farming land. He  
could have been clambering over the  
fences.

She turns her attention back to the man's fingers and  
looks around.

NIKKI

Any idea which way he came from?

PC FRASER CAINE

*(gestures)*

Shoe marks suggest from that way.

She follows his gesture, thinks for a moment, then  
stands.

CUT TO:

**INT. CORRIDORS. WHITTINGDON. DAY 1**

ROGER HEWITT - silver hair, very suave - leads MUMFORD,  
HARRY and TRAYNOR down a carpeted and warmly lit corridor  
- they could easily be in a business hotel or an office  
building of any kind.

HEWITT

You'll have to excuse me - as you can  
imagine, we've all been a bit thrown  
by this terrible news about Jackie.

He's apologising because every room he tries appears to  
be somehow unsatisfactory.

HEWITT (CONT'D)

I think one of these must be free.

Despite MUMFORD'S attempts to keep pace, HEWITT gives the  
impression of talking exclusively TRAYNOR.

HEWITT (CONT'D)

Ah.

He's found one he likes.

As he steps aside to guide them into a featureless conference suite, HARRY hears his 'phone RING.

**INT. CORPORATE INTERVIEW ROOM. WHITTINGDON. DAY 1**

He looks down at the display, sees NIKKI's NAME, and decides to divert.

HEWITT

You realise that we've already spoken to local detectives about this?

Glancing up, HARRY sees HEWITT, flipping down the venetian blinds, so that any view of the Whittingdon perimeter is blocked.

TRAYNOR

Yes and we're very grateful that you've agreed to see us again.

As they all try to take seats, they realise that MUMFORD is hovering.

MUMFORD

Don't worry, I'll stand.

He goes and places himself by one wall, looking awkward but resolute.

TRAYNOR

*(resuming)*

We just wanted to find out a little more about Jackie in relation to a wider inquiry that we're pursuing.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MEADOW/STREAM. DAY 1**

NIKKI is on her mobile holding for HARRY's voicemail.

She looks around her. Her eyes are drawn down the stream, towards the trees.

There's a BEEP in NIKKI'S ear.

NIKKI

(into 'phone)  
Harry, it's me. I need you to call me  
back - urgently.

She hangs up.

NIKKI thinks for a moment, then ducks under the cordon  
and sets off in the direction of the low bridge.

FRASER watches as she steps into the stream and walks  
towards it.

CUT TO:

**INT. CORPORATE INTERVIEW ROOM. WHITTINGDON. DAY 1**

HEWITT

- Jackie was a very quiet person - a  
private person.

MUMFORD is already restless, and unhappy at his  
peripheral position.

HEWITT (CONT'D)

But I don't think I'm blowing any big  
secret if I say that it was obvious  
that she'd been struggling a bit  
recently.

TRAYNOR

Struggling with what?

HEWITT

With her illness.  
(after a beat)  
With depression.

TRAYNOR

Do you believe Jackie's depression  
was the cause of her death?

HEWITT smiles towards HARRY.

HEWITT

I would have to leave that to the  
pathologists.

At that moment, HARRY'S 'phone rings again - he diverts  
it again.

TRAYNOR

We have reason to believe that Jackie was murdered.

Another smile, somewhat thinner, from Hewitt.

HEWITT

Whatever happened to Jackie. I think it's highly unlikely that it was related to our work at Whittingdon.

Before Traynor can respond, MUMFORD steps in.

MUMFORD

Two young women have been found dead in twenty four hours - one a member of your favourite animal rights group and the other worked for the research establishment that she was at war with - you.

HEWITT's about to speak but MUMFORD has more, and HARRY and TRAYNOR react with contained surprise as MUMFORD takes out the polaroid photo again and SLAPS IT ON HEWITT'S DESK.

MUMFORD (CONT'D)

*(pointing to Justine)*

And this girl is still missing. We want to find her before we're investigating a third murder.

A pained silence. Hewitt turns to Mumford with infinite patience.

HEWITT

Jackie was a quiet, committed employee who had complete faith in what we do here at Whittingdon. The idea that she might ever have been anything else, or involved in anything that you're investigating is ridiculous.

HARRY'S 'phone rings *again* - he finally accepts defeat.

HARRY

Excuse me.

**INT. EMPTY ROOM. WHITTINGDON MEDICAL FACILITY. DAY 1**

As he closes the door behind him, he sees NIKKI'S name on the display.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOREST / INT. EMPTY ROOM. WHITTINGDON. DAY 1**

NIKKI has picked her way under the low bridge and is stepping onto the bank when HARRY answers.

HARRY'S VOICE  
(*from Nikki*)  
Hello Nikki.

**INTERCUT HARRY & NIKKI ON THEIR PHONES:**

NIKKI  
I think we have another body.

Now on dry land, she continues on into the trees.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
And I think he's connected to Lisa Finch.

HARRY  
Why?

NIKKI  
The residue under Lisa Finch's fingernails. It's on this one. And on his clothes, even though he spent most of last night marinading in a stream.

HARRY  
What do you think it is?

NIKKI  
It looks like some kind of moss, maybe a lichen.

She suddenly stops - among the trees, she has almost walked straight into an enormous fence.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Where are you?

HARRY

With Simon Traynor - and Mumford,  
who's just ridden in like the cavalry  
We're interviewing Jackie Cooper's  
boss.

NIKKI

Jackie Cooper?

Nikki starts to follow along the length of the fence.

HARRY

The body Traynor wanted me to look  
at.

NIKKI

Where?

She has stopped at a lower point in the fence.

HARRY

At Whittingdon.

NIKKI looks around, she sees a KEEP OUT sign and A LOGO.

NIKKI

That's where I am.

And past this, a little distance away, the back of the  
Whittingdon complex.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

I'm standing right outside the fence  
at Whittingdon.

HARRY squints through the window he's standing at, as if  
he might see her.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Harry?



Hang on there I'll come right round  
and find you.

As he hangs up, he has one last glance outside and then  
hurries back next door.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOREST. DAY 1**

As NIKKI hangs up, she looks out towards the Whittingdon  
buildings for another moment.

She hears the SOUND OF MOVEMENT behind her.

She turns and sees TWO FIGURES - one male, one female -  
walking up from the stream towards her, on the route she  
followed to this fence.

The girl sees her first.

There's a brief look of confusion her face, then the boy  
following seems to give her a gentle tap on the shoulder  
and they continue up the slope, as if they were just two  
ramblers who had strayed a little off the beaten track.

As they approach, the boy starts to look familiar.

He looks up and smiles at Nikki as he passes.

BOY

Morning.

It takes a second for her to place him.

It's Adrian Burney.

He sees the look of recognition in her eyes.

For a moment all three of them are frozen still.

Burney seems to make a lunge for her.

NIKKI evades him, turns and sprints back the way she  
came.

ADRIAN races after her.

BURNEY CATCHES HER just as they reach the low bridge.

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE INTERVIEW ROOM. WHITTINGDON. DAY 1

HEWITT

- And of course, if you've done any research into our work, you'll know that at least 30% of it now is charity-based or passed to us by national governments. Those are the kind of projects that Jackie most liked to be involved in.

As HARRY slips back in, he sees that MUMFORD is looking more restless than ever as HEWITT addresses this marketing drivel solely to TRAYNOR.

HEWITT (CONT'D)

She was highly aware that some of the world's most vulnerable people depend on our research at Whittingdon. And that it's part of our mission and our philosophy to make sure that we never let them down.

MUMFORD all but rolls his eyes. TRAYNOR nods. HEWITT seems to think that this is the end of the interview and goes to stand.

HEWITT (CONT'D)

Well, if there's anything else I can  
-

HARRY

Mr. Hewitt?

HEWITT stops mid-movement.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Why is the barbed wire around Whittingdon being replaced?

He pauses for a millisecond.

HEWITT

It's standard procedure to do that every 90 days.

(beat)

You can check our security log.

He sees three quizzical expressions, but gives them a confident, reassuring smile as he leads out of the room.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHITTINGDON. RECEPTION. DAY 1**

HARRY, TRAYNOR and MUMFORD follow him back into reception.

HEWITT

Look, I know it's not in your interests to diminish the scale of any security threat, but it's a long, long time since anyone here took the WAE seriously. They seem more interested in fighting with each other than bothering anyone else.

As they return to reception, HARRY notices a fresh batch of glossy prospectus leaflets piled up. Hewitt notes his interest.

HEWITT (CONT'D)

Maybe you'd like to invest?

He picks up a prospectus and passes it to him.

HARRY

You're taking Whittingdon public?

HEWITT

I would have thought you'd heard. I believe it's the biggest flotation of its kind for quite a while.

He beams his smile at them once more.

CUT TO:

**EXT. RECEPTION. WHITTINGDON. DAY 1**

MUMFORD and HARRY are already halfway down the steps, HARRY still holding his prospectus.

As HEWITT takes his leave of TRAYNOR he gives him a searching look - as if to ask "what the hell are you playing at?"

MUMFORD approaches HARRY looking towards the still menacing security and is about to whisper something in his ear when TRAYNOR rejoins them and MUMFORD turns to him instead.

MUMFORD

One activist dead, another activist missing, and the Whittingdon security walking around like it's Guantanamo Bay. My vote is that Mr. Hewitt doesn't want his flotation spoiled by the news that our WAE friends have hit them recently - very recently.

TRAYNOR

There are no reports of any disturbances at Whittingdon for at least two months - I checked.

MUMFORD

Yeah, well something has happened here. I can smell it.

HARRY rolls his eyes at this typical Mumford-ism.

MUMFORD (CONT'D)

And I could hear it behind every word that bastard was saying.

But for once, HARRY has to admit that he may have a point. He turns to them both.

HARRY

Nikki Alexander called. She thinks she's got another victim. Found in a stream about a hundred yards from the perimeter.

Mumford looks at Traynor, half-interested, half-defiant.

MUMFORD

So what do you advise we do now?

TRAYNOR is looking far less comfortable than he did before the meeting with HEWITT.

TRAYNOR

I think at this stage, we need to tread very carefully.

MUMFORD

Tread carefully? How many more bodies do you want? At this stage I think we need to beat seven bells of crap out of Claire Ashern until she tells us what her little group of Che Guevaras have really been doing.

TRAYNOR

We still don't know where Burney is. We don't know where half of his group are now!

A silence - MUMFORD could take this further, but opts to hold himself in check.

HARRY

I'd better go. I'll call you when I've checked out this body.

Mumford nods and as Harry heads to his car, goes with him.

MUMFORD

Well, I'll be at the station trying to get Claire to re-evaluate her vow of silence.

TRAYNOR is stand13.6h Rc

INT. KITCHEN. LIONEL'S HOUSE. DAY 1

With a trembling hand, SYLVIA puts down her glass of water.

SYLVIA

And so what has he told you - about all this?

LEO picks his words carefully as he answers.

LEO

The only times we've spoken, he's just sounded very positive. About the work, about the case. About you.

SYLVIA

Of course he has. How else is he going to cope with the fact that his wife is dying of the very condition he spent a lifetime trying to find a cure to?

*(She pauses)*

I'm the living proof of his failure.

LEO

You can't look at it like that.

SYLVIA

Leo, I can barely walk. And you must have noticed my speech isn't what it used to be. I probably have two years left - at most

LEO is silent - there's not much he can say to that.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

And you know what I think sometimes?

She takes a sip of water, gathering her strength for what she's going to say.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

You'll probably think I'm terrible, but the closer Lionel seemed to get to this great breakthrough, the more impossible he was. He always worked hard, but before they suspended him,

I'd barely even seen him for months.  
And I knew he was taking risks  
because his assistants were telling  
me. That boy was probably the least  
of it. And then the inquiry came. And  
it all stopped. And suddenly, I had  
him back. I had my husband back. I had

Here.

He pushes the letter at LEO. One glance tells LEO that this is Amelia Brown's letter, which he has already read.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

A letter from the mother of the boy herself! Pleading with me to help her understand how her son could die of Motor Neurone Disease at 28.

LEO pretends to look over its contents, even though he knows them already.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

If that doesn't make it clear, what does? What more can anyone possibly want?

LEO gives a non-committal nod and hands the letter back. He tries his best to smile.

LEO

I have no idea.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MEADOW/STREAM. DAY 1**

HARRY ducks under the cordon tape.

He sees the victim's body in the body bag, and FRASER and ANOTHER OFFICER standing around, vaguely guarding it.

He approaches FRASER CAINE and shows his ID.

He clocks NIKKI's flight case left by the body.

HARRY

Where's the pathologist who was here?

FRASER

I don't know. She went off over there.

HARRY heads towards the low bridge.

CUT TO:



**INT. BROKEN DOWN KITCHEN. DAY 1**

JUSTINE'S expression changes as she starts to become aware of movement around her.

Gradually, a SMALL, COMPACT MAN becomes visible, in outline, in the shadows.

PHELAN  
Hello Justine.

As he emerges, it's evident that she recognises him.

PHELAN (CONT'D)  
Are we ready to have a chat?

CUT TO:

**INT. BACK OF CAR. DAY 1**

In back of what must be a small hatchback of some kind, lies NIKKI, out cold.

She moves slightly.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOREST. DAY 1**

Emerging from the low bridge, HARRY steps up from the stream and onto the bank.

He walks up the path that NIKKI followed and hits the fence.

He follows the fence and gets to the gap in it that NIKKI must have been standing at when they spoke.

He looks around.

HARRY  
(calling out)  
Nikki? - Nikki?

He stops, having trodden on something.

Looking down he sees a small discarded strip of barbed wire, different from that now gracing the fence.

CUT TO:

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. POLICE STATION. DAY 1**

CLAIRE ASHERN sits in an interview room, alone.

Through the glass panel in the door, she sees BOB MUMFORD glance in at her.

Next, SIMON TRAYNOR has a look. The two men confer. TRAYNOR seems to be making a request of him - MUMFORD agrees - the door opens.

CUT TO:

**INT. BROKEN DOWN KITCHEN. DAY 1**

JUSTINE is still watching warily as the compact figure in the shadows circles her. Her gag has been removed.

PHELAN (O/S)

You know, someone once told me that there were two kinds of conversationalists - the honest types and the ones who think it's a bit of a game.

JUSTINE peers into the dark. The figure seems to be wheeling a trolley of some kind towards her.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

I'm the honest type. But I have to admit, I've got a bad feeling about you, Justine.

The figure seems to take something off the trolley - maybe a syringe of some kind.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

I think you're a bit of a game player - and we don't have time for that, do we Justine?

CUT TO:

**EXT. GMC HEARING ROOMS. HOLBORN. DAY 1**

SEVERAL KNOTS OF PEOPLE are gathered outside the main entrance.

Anxiously scanning the crowds, a little to one side, is HARVEY WILSON.

He spots LEO coming towards him.

HARVEY  
Ah. Leo. Good to see you.

LEO  
Harvey.

HARVEY is searching LEO'S face.

HARVEY  
Everything okay?

LEO nods. HARVEY takes this with satisfaction.

He sees that LEO'S gaze has been drawn towards a HUDDLE of FAMILY MEMBERS - they look tense, anxious and overawed by their surroundings.

HARVEY whispers in LEO'S ear.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
You know, their solicitors train them to look as helpless as possible - It helps with the pay-outs when they go for compensation.

As the main doors open, the crowds start to move into the building and LEO, moving away from HARVEY, goes with them.

CUT TO:

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. POLICE STATION. DAY 1**

MUMFORD is interviewing CLAIRE first.

MUMFORD  
What about Justine, Claire, do you know where Justine is now?

TRAYNOR is standing back, watching and can tell that Mumford is making no headway.

MUMFORD (CONT'D)

Is Adrian involved in what's happened? Was he involved in what happened to Lisa?

CLAIRE folds her arms. Smiling at MUMFORD and TRAYNOR as if they're just an amusing double act.

MUMFORD (CONT'D)

Claire, you understand that you are under caution.

She shrugs, gesturing - 'so'?

CLAIRE

Charge me or let me go.

MUMFORD looks at her with contempt.

He passes something across the table at her - the passport booth photo of her, LISA and JUSTINE.

MUMFORD

What do you think they would say if they saw you now?

CLAIRE shrugs again.

CLAIRE

They would say don't help the scum.

MUMFORD throws himself across the table, putting himself right in her face.

MUMFORD

Well, Claire. If it turns out that we get to Justine and something has happened to her, then maybe you might find out what the scum think about you?

CLAIRE is shaken, but manages to smile.

CLAIRE

You're absolutely clueless, aren't you?

She looks at them both.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You have no idea what's going on.  
(beat)  
This is a war.

TRAYNOR  
Between you and who?

CLAIRE  
Between us and them. Lisa knew that.  
Justine knew that. And nothing's  
going to change it now.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOREST. DAY 1**

HARRY has walked further on from the lower point in the fence.

There's still no sign of NIKKI.

He takes his 'phone out, dials quickly.

CUT TO:

**INT. BACK OF CAR. DAY 1**

NIKKI stirs again as she hears her PHONE RING.

She opens her eyes, reaches down get it.

As she does the car STOPS.

NIKKI  
(groggy - into 'phone)  
Harry?

She hears FOOTSTEPS coming towards her.

HARRY (V/O)  
(into 'phone)  
Nikki, where are you?

The BOOT OPENS.

Blinded by light, NIKKI plunges the 'phone back into her pockets.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDORS. GMC HEARING ROOMS. HOLBORN. DAY 1

LEO is filing with everyone else towards the hearing rooms.

He sees LIONEL and SYLVIA ahead of him.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY 1

MUMFORD's mobile rings. He answers.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS. / INT. POLICE STATION. DAY 1

Hurrying through the woods back to his car, HARRY is on the other end of the line.

MUMFORD (V/O)  
(*from 'phone*)  
Have you tried calling her mobile?

INTERCUT MUMFORD AND HARRY ON 'PHONE:

HARRY  
Of course. I got cut off and when I tried again the line was dead.

MUMFORD pauses uncomfortably. HARRY senses something.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
You got something out of Claire Ashern, didn't you?

MUMFORD  
She seems to think there's some kind of war.

HARRY  
Between who?

MUMFORD  
Between them and Whittingdon. She's boasting that she doesn't care how many people die.

HARRY

Oh Christ.

HARRY hangs up and sprints under the low bridge.

CUT TO:

**INT. GMC HEARING ROOMS. HOLBORN. DAY 1**

PROFESSOR SIR PETER GREENFIELD - 62 - chairman of this special hearing of the GMC convenes proceedings.

From where he sits, LEO can see LIONEL and SYLVIA enter. They kiss and separate - LIONEL heading for his chair at his barrister's table.

SIR PETER

This Fitness to Practise hearing convenes on 2nd March 2006. Professor Clune, could you stand and confirm your full name and GMC number.

LIONEL stands.

LIONEL

My name is Professor Lionel Clune. Registration 475967Y.

SIR PETER

I'll now read out the charges against you. The allegations are that being registered under the Medical Act 1983 A: On or about the 8th August 2003 you received the brain of Rufus Brown from the Coroner for the purpose of examinations relevant to the cause of death. B: That samples taken from Rufus Brown's brain were not solely used for the intended purposes. C: That you did not seek the required separate and specific consent necessary to use tissue in your research into Motor Neurone Disease. D: Further that you did deceive the Coroner and relatives by omitting to inform them of your actions and E: Your conduct with regard to the above was inappropriate, misleading,

dishonest and likely to bring the  
profession into disrepute. And by  
reason of the matters set out above  
your Fitness to Practise is impaired  
because of your misconduct.

SYLVIA catches sight of LEO.

She smiles and gives him a hopeful look.

LEO shifts in his chair.

CUT TO:



TOTAL DARKNESS

A hood is lifted off and NIKKI realises that she is sitting in the front of a small and shabby car.

To her right, the driver's seat is empty.

But she can sense TWO FIGURES sitting in the back seat behind her and she can feel something to the back of her head - something cold and metallic.

ADRIAN (O/S)

*(behind her)*

What were you doing at that fence?

In the rear view NIKKI can see a pair of eyes, she recognises them from the encounter in the forest and the image in the clean room

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

*(from behind)*

You work for Whittingdon, don't you?

The eyes stare angrily at her.

NIKKI

I don't work for Whittingdon.

ADRIAN

Then what were you doing walking around that fence!

NIKKI

Why do you want to know?

NIKKI feels the gun being jabbed a little harder into the back of her head.

ADRIAN

Because unless you tell me, I'll blow your brains right into that air conditioning.

She hesitates.

NIKKI

I'm a Home Office pathologist - I was investigating a suspicious death.

FENELLA

Oh Jesus...

ADRIAN

It's OK. Calm down.

NIKKI tries to take a brief look round.

FENELLA

How many of them are going to be  
after us now?

ADRIAN

I said CALM DOWN!

A hand ROUGHLY FORCES NIKKI'S HEAD BACK SO IT IS FACING  
AWAY.

She feels the gun to the back of her head and hears the  
mechanism cock back.

She screws her eyes shut - waiting.

FADE OUT.

**END OF EPISODE ONE - END OF EPISODE ONE - END OF EPISODE  
-**

FADE IN:

**EXT. HEATH - DAY 1**

ROBBIE SHARPE - 23 - tired, wet, looking somewhat afraid,  
nevertheless picks his way through the forest with expert  
skill.

In one hand he is carrying a bucket that seems to contain  
several tiny, huddled creatures.

CUT TO:

**INT. BROKEN DOWN KITCHEN DAY 1**

PETER PHELAN - late 40's - removes the syringe from the  
back of JUSTINE's mouth.

She is still struggling, but gradually her movements  
become slower, more leaden.

PHELAN places the syringe back on a medical trolley and takes his gloves off.

PHELAN

Okay, Justine - why don't we start with what happened the night before last?

CUT TO:

INT. ADRIAN'S CAR. / EXT FOREST - DAY 1

NIKKI

*(trying to remain calm)*

I know that she's missing. I know that she could be linked with another body I was investigating.

He grabs the back of her hair, drives the gun even harder into it.

ADRIAN

What other body?

NIKKI

It was a young male. I don't know anything else.

ADRIAN

Describe him!

NIKKI

Twenties, fair hair, pale complexion.

There's a silence. All NIKKI can hear is how loud and frightened FENELLA's breathing seems to be.

FENELLA

She means Sam.

*(beat)*

They're killing us all.

A 'phone rings.

ADRIAN

Don't answer it.

FENELLA

What if it's my parents?

ADRIAN

I don't care.

FENELLA

Can't I at least tell them I'm safe?

ADRIAN

I said NO MORE PHONE CALLS!

There's a moment of tension. The 'phone rings on.

NIKKI hears ONE CAR DOOR BEHIND HER OPEN - THEN THE OTHER.

Craning her neck to look behind her, she sees FENELLA marching off, trying to answer her 'phone, and ADRIAN in furious pursuit.

Looking around the car, she sees crisp packets, half-eaten sandwiches and a couple of sleeping bags - it's obvious that these two have been living in here for quite a while.

As the conversation continues, NIKKI sees FENELLA gesturing back towards her.

ADRIAN appears to be calming her and re-assuring her that all will be fine - the odd word drifts towards NIKKI, back in the car.

Checking discretely as she does, NIKKI quickly takes out her own 'phone.

She switches it on.

"BATTERY LOW". Nikki waits in agony for the phone to pick up a signal.

She looks up to find someone getting back into the car.

It's FENELLA - getting into the front seat this time.

NIKKI jams the phone back into her pocket.

It's not clear whether FENELLA saw it or not.

ADRIAN gets into the back, as before.

NIKKI waits for FENELLA to mention the phone, but instead, she just feels her head being ROUGHLY GRABBED again.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Don't look at her.

*(The gun is back against her neck)*

Don't look at her. And don't look at me.

NIKKI sits rigid, looking straight ahead.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Fen?

To her right - FENELLA appears to have frozen at the wheel.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

(as if to remind her -  
gentler)

You remember the way?

A little nod from Fenella.

Then NIKKI JOLTS SLIGHTLY as the car lurches forward and feels the gun in the small of her back now, jammed against the seat.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HEATH. DAY 1.**

FOUR SEARCHING OFFICERS move down a muddy track.

Moments after they're gone, ROBBIE, still carrying his bucket, emerges from bushes and picks his way over the track and back into thicker forest.

Robbie continues on, getting to an area of much larger, denser trees, in which it's harder to be spotted.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. CUTTING ROOM. - DAY 1**

All three bodies have been laid out on the slabs.

TRAYNOR watches from the Viewing Room as HARRY moves up to the torso and examines the cuts of the body Nikki found - Sam.

Then he turns to Traynor and holds up a photograph of scars a little like, but different, to those on Sam's chest and stomach.

HARRY

(*indicating 'photo'*)

These are abdominal injuries caused by contact with razor wire, of the kind we saw being installed at

Whittingdon - they are not similar to those on this body.

He takes another photograph.

HARRY (CONT'D)

- But *these* are caused by the more old-fashioned barbed wire, of the kind that was recently replaced at the Whittingdon perimeter.

He holds the picture next to the victim's chest, so that TRAYNOR can see how similar the injuries are.

TRAYNOR

So what are you saying?

HARRY

The cuts, the dog bites, the head injuries - under the circumstances, I'm willing to say they're all consistent with the possibility of a break in at Whittingdon.

JUMP CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. VIEWING ROOM - DAY 1**

A little later in the PM, TRAYNOR is still watching from the viewing gallery.

SAM's body has been opened up and in the CUTTING ROOM HARRY is examining the organs.

Behind him, the door opens and MUMFORD returns.

MUMFORD

Her 'phone is definitely off or out of range. But as soon as it goes on again, we'll be able to pin point her to within 50 metres.

HARRY nods and goes back to work.

HARRY

(*into mic*)

The lungs are hyper-inflated which, combined with the froth I found in

the airways would be consistent with drowning as a cause of death.

MUMFORD

But drowning caused by what?

Traynor ignores him, focuses back on Harry.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY. CUTTING ROOM. DAY 1

The PM over, TRAYNOR moves along the viewing gallery, looking at all three bodies.

For all HARRY's discoveries, there's a slightly panicked sense of anti-climax in the room.

Mumford glances around, as if waiting for someone to take the lead.

MUMFORD

Look, we're now confident there was a WAE raid. All we need to go back there and find out what they did in response.

TRAYNOR

*(still looking at the bodies)*

It's too risky until we've actually got a witness to corroborate what we've found.

MUMFORD

Okay, then let's have another go at Claire Ashern.

TRAYNOR

She's already made it clear she won't cooperate.

Mumford looks to Harry, frustrated

MUMFORD

So as far as intelligence are concerned, there's no point in doing anything?



TRAYNOR

There's no point in doing anything  
that won't help our investigation.

Mumford folds his arm.

MUMFORD

Or do you mean anything that might  
upset your buddies up at Whittingdon?

Traynor's eyes flash with anger.

TRAYNOR

Listen, How many times do I have to  
tell you, I am as committed to  
finding out what's happened as -

MUMFORD

*(speaking over him)*

- That's not exactly how things -

HARRY

- All right!

MUMFORD and TRAYNOR look up, slightly embarrassed at  
their bickering.

There's a moment's silence. HARRY suddenly looks  
exhausted and at a very low ebb.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Bring Claire Ashern in here. It's the  
only thing we can try.

CUT TO:

**INT. HEARING ROOM. GMC HEADQUARTERS - DAY 1**

LEO watches as MADELEINE FISCHER - 51 - is on the stand.

LYDIA CARPENTER

- Ms. Fischer, you were the coroner  
who referred Mr. Brown's case to  
Professor Clune, is that right?

MADELEINE FISCHER

It is.

LYDIA CARPENTER

What were your intentions in doing that?

MADELEINE FISCHER

My intentions were that he would perform the minimum tests necessary to ascertain cause of death. That is the sole remit of a Coroner's post mortem.

LYDIA CARPENTER

Was Professor Clune's own ongoing research relevant to this?

MADELEINE FISCHER

No. He only had authority to ascertain cause of death, for which we had full consent.

LYDIA CARPENTER

So, in your opinion, was there any justification for using the samples passed on by you in his research?

MADELEINE shifts uncomfortably, but answers.

MADELEINE FISCHER

He would have needed to get separate consent to use tissue for research purposes. As far as I am aware he did not approach my office about this - and all samples should have been returned at the end of the post mortem, or disposed of.

LYDIA CARPENTER

And in your opinion, was there any way that Lionel Clune could have understood Amelia Brown's letter as consent for him to do that?

MADELEINE looks very uneasy. She seems reluctant to answer.

MADELEINE FISCHER

The strict answer is no. A consent form and a letter, no matter how



MUMFORD

You recognise her, don't you Claire?

CLAIRE ignores him, looking away to indicate her continued determination not to cooperate.

As she does HARRY unzips another body bag to reveal SAM.

HARRY

Claire, do you recognise this man?

CLAIRE goes to give a desultory look. Taken by surprise,

Despite herself, she gives a tiny nod. MUMFORD steps forward.

MUMFORD

Was someone waiting for your friends at Whittingdon? Is that what happened?

No reply. HARRY decides to go to the third bag and unzips it to reveal JACKIE's body.

HARRY

Did you know her too?

CLAIRE's eyes widen.

Mumford steps forward again, too eager to stop himself.

MUMFORD

How did you know her, Claire? How would an animal rights activist know the head of personnel at Whittingdon?

Traynor is watchful, a little anxious, still in the background, as Mumford has another go.

MUMFORD (CONT'D)

Was Jackie was feeding you information? Is that it Claire? Was she Adrian Burney's mole inside Whittingdon?

Claire looks at them, still in shock.

CLAIRE

I can't believe he killed her.

Harry steps in before Mumford can, taking a softer approach.

HARRY

Who killed her, Claire? Who killed Jackie?

There's no response.

HARRY (CONT'D)

If you want to find the people that did this to your friends, you have to tell us what you know.

CLAIRE

It was him.  
(a beat - she looks at them)  
The boss.

HARRY

Who was the boss?

There's no answer.

MUMFORD

Who do you mean?

MUMFORD's voice seems to jog CLAIRE from her trance. She looks at him in disgust.

MUMFORD (CONT'D)

Who?

HARRY

Claire, until you tell us who you mean, other people will be in severe danger.

But CLAIRE stares blankly back at them - she seems to have rediscovered her determination not to help.

HARRY is about to look at MUMFORD in despair when TRAYNOR speaks.

TRAYNOR (O/S)

She means Hewitt.

They both turn, as he approaches Claire.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

(to Claire)

Don't you?

She looks away, refusing to confirm or deny.

MUMFORD

If that's true, can we please go back to Whittingdon and have another go at the smug bastard?

TRAYNOR pauses, knowing he can't put him off for much longer.

TRAYNOR  
I need to make some calls.

MUMFORD looks to HARRY in frustration and disbelief.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)  
Please.

HARRY gives a small look of assent, but MUMFORD watches with grave misgivings as TRAYNOR goes.

CUT TO:

**INT. BROKEN DOWN KITCHEN - DAY 1**

PHELAN is sitting opposite JUSTINE, looking pleasantly intrigued, as if he's waiting for an answer.

When JUSTINE speaks, her voice sounds distant, foggy and slow.

JUSTINE  
I... don't... know ...

The effort of talking clearly exhausts her.

PHELAN  
And what about Adrian Burney? Do you know where Adrian Burney is now?

She shakes her head again, with difficulty.

PHELAN (CONT'D)  
Robbie Sharpe?  
*(he waits for an answer)*  
Fenella Lee?

He comes up close to her.

PHELAN (CONT'D)  
Where are they, Justine? Where did they go?

JUSTINE's holding out. PHELAN sighs.

He goes to the trolley. He picks up another syringe and then seems to change his mind and pick up a screwdriver instead.

Justine's eyes widen with terror - but she manages to keep quiet.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

Come on, Justine. This was a well-organised raid. You're professionals. You had a back-up plan. A meeting place in case anything went wrong.

Silence.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

Where was it, Justine?

No answer.

PHELAN takes the screwdriver and starts to drive it into JUSTINE's gums.

She writhes, lets out a low groan, but doesn't speak.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. SCIENCE ROOM. DAY 1**

MUMFORD and HARRY watch uneasily as TRAYNOR makes another a call.

MUMFORD

Who the hell is James Bond calling now?

TRAYNOR speaks briefly, then hangs up and approaches them.

TRAYNOR

It's a no.

MUMFORD

No?

TRAYNOR

Hewitt's got a lot of clout up the government chain.



*(Off M's immediate look of protest)*

We can bring him in, but only if we've got rock solid evidence.

MUMFORD

I say bring him in, and we'll get him to give us the evidence.

TRAYNOR

If you do that you will end your career in traffic control.

This is finally too much for MUMFORD.

MUMFORD

Sod my career. Sod your career. What matters here is finding Justine Finch and Nikki while they're still alive!

TRAYNOR

I agree, but we can't just blunder around accusing people!

MUMFORD

Says a spook! You know as well as I do Hewitt is lying through his teeth and you're as good as protecting him.

TRAYNOR

I don't know anything more than you. And surely you're enough of a cop to know that we can't do anything without physical evidence.

They turn to look at HARRY. He's been prowling the science area, but pauses and appears to be staring very hard at something on his desk.

He puts on gloves and purposefully picks up the prospectus he got from HEWITT at Whittingdon.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ROAD - DAY 1**

ADRIAN's car drives. There are clusters of police search teams here and there.

ADRIAN (V/O)  
What are they doing?

NIKKI (V/O)  
Looking for Justine, probably.

**INT. ADRIAN'S CAR - DAY 1**

FENELLA still looks very anxious at the wheel. ADRIAN keeps an eye on her.

Out of the window, NIKKI notices A FEW CLUSTERS OF POLICE OFFICERS dotted over the countryside.

NIKKI  
Or me.

Following her gaze, ADRIAN sees a LARGE GROUP OF VEHICLES and OFFICERS parked in a lay-by about two hundred yards ahead.

He glances back at NIKKI as if realising for the first time what a dangerous cargo they are carrying.

FENELLA  
What do I do?

ADRIAN  
Stop here.

FENELLA pulls in. But in doing so she seems to attract the attention of one POLICE OFFICER a little apart from the group.

They all wait tensely for a moment. ADRIAN grabs her seatbelt, pulling it tight across her and whispers to NIKKI.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)  
Don't even think about it.

FENELLA  
Here he comes.

Looking up, ADRIAN sees that the POLICE OFFICER has started to walk towards them.

ADRIAN  
(to FENELLA)

OK, go. Slowly.

Fenella starts up the car again. She PASSES THE POLICE OFFICER and his GROUP OF COLLEAGUES. ADRIAN has a constant eye on NIKKI.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)  
(to FENELLA)  
That's it... nearly there...

A few of them look at the car but let it continue.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)  
(with relief)  
Well done, Fen.

He turns gratefully to NIKKI, about to thank her for not drawing attention to herself.

FENELLA  
Oh god.

ADRIAN looks up, follows FENELLA's gaze and realises that they have turned a corner only to see AN EVEN BIGGER GROUP OF OFFICERS, who have taken up the whole road and look as though they are stopping every one that passes.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. CUTTING ROOM. - DAY 1**

In a FURY OF MOVEMENT, HARRY is pinning down a kind of transparent plastic tent around Jackie's body.

MUMFORD watches from the edge, fascinated as HARRY moves onto Lisa's body and does the same thing.

**INT. MORTUARY. CLEAN ROOM. - DAY 1**

Images of bodies and clues so far are visible in the background.

A SOCO has the WHITTINGDON prospectus under magnification, trying to find and lift Hewitt's print from it.

Also on the work surface are a couple of sample prints labelled "Harry" and "Unknown - Hewitt?"

**INT. MORTUARY. CUTTING ROOM. - DAY 1**

Having made sure that the tents around Jackie and Lisa's bodies are airtight, HARRY turns a small valve at one end of each of them.

Both are attached to a tube running into a large pot sitting on the floor nearby.

He then retreats to the other side of the room, joining MUMFORD.

MUMFORD

Correct me if I'm wrong, but whenever I've asked if prints could be taken off a body, I've always been told it's practically impossible.

HARRY briefly looks glances at him, not really in disagreement and not that happy either.

HARRY

You know anything else we can try?

As the tents slowly starts to fill with fumes, MUMFORD catches sight of TRAYNOR, in the corridor across the other side of the room, making yet another call.

MUMFORD

*(nodding in his direction)*

Look at him.

CUT TO:

**INT. ADRIAN'S CAR - DAY 1**

As ADRIAN, NIKKI and FENELLA get closer to the police group they can see that about one in every two cars is being stopped and pulled over.

ADRIAN

- Don't worry Fen, they've got no reason to pull you over -

At that moment, the CAR JUST AHEAD OF THEM brakes, forcing them to slow just as they reach the police group, and disgorges HALF A DOZEN PLAINCLOTHES OFFICERS.

FENELLA

What do I do now?

CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. CUTTING ROOM. DAY 1**

HARRY checks his watch as the fumes act on Jackie's body and slowly cover it in a glistening white film.

MUMFORD is still glaring at TRAYNOR, on the 'phone, in the corridor.

MUMFORD

What does someone like Simon Traynor tell himself when he gets up in the morning? I mean about what he does for a living?

HARRY

*(still looking at his watch)*  
I should imagine, exactly the same as you or I.

He steps forward, turns off the valve and starts RIPPING THE PLASTIC TENT AWAY FROM LISA'S BODY.

CUT TO:

**INT. ADRIAN'S CAR - DAY 1**

The PLAINCLOTHES OFFICERS are still standing in the middle of the road, conferring. Once again, ADRIAN's car is attracting attention.

ADRIAN

Okay, indicate and go round them.

But as FENELLA tries to go round the plainclothes car, another - civilian this time - comes towards her, blocking her.

FENELLA

And where now?

**INT. MORTUARY. CUTTING ROOM - DAY 1**

With the plastic sheeting off, HARRY scours Lisa's body for any signs of a print - nothing is visible at first glance.

**INT. ADRIAN'S CAR - DAY 1**

ADRIAN  
Go forward.

FENELLA  
I'm in his road.

ADRIAN  
Just go forward.

FENELLA starts to go forward, forcing the other car to reverse as, among the group of chatting officers, NIKKI recognises FRASER CAINE, the CONSTABLE who was with her when she examined Sam's body.

**INT. MORTUARY. CUTTING ROOM - DAY 1**

Having found nothing on Lisa, HARRY moves onto Jackie's body - starts searching that, again without success.

**INT. ADRIAN'S CAR - DAY 1**

NIKKI looks at Fraser, willing him to see her - but he's deep in conversation with a colleague.

ADRIAN  
(to FENELLA)  
That's it - that's it.

Still Fraser hasn't seen her.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)  
(To FENELLA)  
It's okay. You're through. Now drive.

At the last moment Fraser, looks up, sees Nikki, and takes a moment to work out who she is.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. CUTTING ROOM - DAY 1**

HARRY's just about to give up searching when he notices something glinting at him, on the underside of Jackie's wrist.

He leaps towards it, delicately turns her wrist round and sees TWO PERFECT HUMAN PRINTS.

FRASER (V/O)  
(from outside)  
HEY!

CUT TO:

**EXT / INT. ADRIAN'S CAR - DAY 1**

ADRIAN spins, sees FRASER sprinting towards them and alerting his colleagues.

ADRIAN  
Drive, Fen.

FENELLA's too scared to respond - Fraser's almost level with the car.

FRASER  
That's her! Hey! - Hey!

ADRIAN  
Fen, DRIVE!

He pushes her leg down onto the accelerator, forcing her into action.

ADRIAN's car LURCHES and ROARS away from the police group - the officers scramble into vehicles to pursue it.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)  
Faster!

As they leave the police behind, FENELLA accelerates further, but ahead of them is ANOTHER POLICE GROUP. Two POLICE CARS start to pursue ADRIAN's car.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)  
Turn off the road!

NIKKI looks in horror as they screech off the road, SLAM into heath and start to BUMP across it.

The pursuing vehicles pull up, not willing to match that manoeuvre.

FENELLA continues to drive at speed, ADRIAN glances behind - determined to lose them completely.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Into the trees!

The car turns off the heath onto a thin track into the forest.

Within yards, the track disappears and FENELLA is trying to negotiate thick forest with trees coming at her from all sides.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Go for that opening!

She can just see where he means.

Though the vehicle is barely under her control, she turns towards it.

Adrian grimaces - it doesn't look as though they'll make the turn -

**EXT. THICK WOODLAND. FOREST - DAY 1**

- SMASH!

A row of uniformed police officers are working their way through the woods in search formation. They react as they hear the distant sound of the crash.

A senior officer gestures for them to concentrate on what they're doing and keep searching.

As they pass we see ROBBIE, hunkered down in the bushes - they haven't seen him. Once more he's slipped through the line.

As they move away, he stands again and, bucket in hand, melts into the undergrowth.

CUT TO:

**INT. HEARING ROOM. GMC HEADQUARTERS - DAY 1**

LYDIA CARPENTER

- And when did you learn exactly what had happened to Rufus's remains?

LEO listens as LYDIA CARPENTER - 44, acting for the families - questions AMELIA BROWN - 56.



AMELIA

It was about six months ago. I was informed that a routine audit of Dr. Clune's laboratory had been carried out and apparently they'd found -

(AMELIA *tries to remain calm*)

- Brain samples that he wasn't authorised to keep.

LYDIA CARPENTER

And how did you feel when you found out that those samples belonged to your son?

Amelia pauses before speaking - then looks straight at Lydia.

AMELIA

Everything was getting back to some kind of routine for us. Things weren't great, but I'd remembered a bit about what people mean by 'normal life'.

(*she hesitates*)

So when we heard that we might have buried our son without -

(*she hesitates again*)

- When we heard we might have buried Rufus without his brain, it was like thinking you've woken up from a nightmare and trying to get out of bed, and nothing in your body will move.

LYDIA CARPENTER

(*to the panel*)

I have no further questions.

ALAN GARNETT - 58, representing LIONEL - stands to cross examine.

GARNETT

Mrs. Brown, do you recognise this?

He is holding a photocopy of a handwritten letter for the entire room to see.

AMELIA

Yes I do.

GARNETT

This is a letter that you wrote to Professor Clune on the twelfth of August 2003, isn't it?

AMELIA

Yes it is.

GARNETT picks up his glasses, starts to read.

GARNETT

- "Professor, the coroner told us that Rufus's case was now in your hands. Please professor, don't forget about us. We need to understand how our son got this sickness so young. If we are to have any peace, we feel we must know the truth."

GARNETT takes his glasses off, puts the letter aside, turns to her again.

GARNETT (CONT'D)

How did you expect Professor Clune to respond to that?

AMELIA

I did not write to Professor Clune to give him permission to use my son's body for his own experiments.

GARNETT

He is a pathologist working to establish a treatment for Motor Neurone Disease - what did you think he would to do?

AMELIA

I thought he would stay within regulations. I thought he would treat us with some respect.

GARNETT

You've heard that substantial damages can be won if these cases go to court, haven't you?

AMELIA

That is not the reason I'm here.

GARNETT

Can you deny that you've discussed the compensation that might be won in court if your complaint against Professor Clune proved successful?

AMELIA BROWN is silent for a moment.

AMELIA

We've suffered a lot of pain from what Professor Clune did. If it's his fault, I don't see why he shouldn't pay.

GARNETT

He has already paid you, Mrs Brown, with his hard work and commitment in trying to find a cure for the illness that killed your son.

AMELIA

All I can tell you, is that I did not write that letter so that Professor Clune could keep bits of Rufus.

GARNETT

*(As he speaks, Garnett holds up successive pieces of paper)*

Mrs Brown. Did you consent to a post mortem on your son?

AMELIA hesitates, then:

AMELIA

Yes.

GARNETT

And did you also consent to any work on your son's body that the Coroner

deemed necessary to establish the  
cause of his death?

AMELIA hesitates again, but she knows the answer.

AMELIA

Yes I did.

GARNETT

Having done that, can you honestly  
say that anything Lionel Clune may or  
may not have done thereafter was a  
horrific violation of Rufus's body?

AMELIA has no answer.

GARNETT (CONT'D)

(to the panel)

Nothing further.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

ADRIAN's car has its nose in a ditch, the windscreen  
cracked.

Around it UNIFORMED OFFICERS confer and wait for SOCOS  
and back up to arrive.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. CLEAN ROOM - DAY 1**

As HARRY, MUMFORD and TRAYNOR watch a SOCO - called  
MERSON - works away at a comparison of the prints from  
Jackie's body and the prospectus A TECH leans in to the  
Clean Room and holds out a report towards Harry.

Harry steps forwards and rips it open.

HARRY

*(Off M and T's looks)*

I rushed through tox from Lisa  
Finch's blood samples this morning.

MUMFORD and TRAYNOR watch anxiously as he scans the  
report.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(*looking up*)  
Sodium Thiopental, in massive doses.

MUMFORD'S phone rings and he turns away to answer it.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(*continuing to Traynor*)  
The Americans use it in the induction phase of the lethal injection. Al-Qaeda are rumoured to use it as a truth serum.

At this point, Mumford rejoins them - Harry is about to continue when he notices Mumford's expression.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Is something wrong?

Mumford hesitates.

MUMFORD  
A member of one of our search groups believes he may have spotted Nikki Alexander in a car.

HARRY  
Going where?

MUMFORD  
They don't know. The officers tried to make a stop. They later found it crashed in woodland - no sign of Nikki or anyone else.

Harry doesn't speak. Now TRAYNOR's phone rings.

TRAYNOR  
Excuse me.

He moves away leaving HARRY and MUMFORD together for a moment.

MUMFORD  
Our guys are narrowing the area they could be in. It won't be long before we find her, Harry.



ADRIAN pauses and looks back to see whether the police (not far behind) continue to move in a direction parallel to him, or turn uphill.

Taking the chance to stop, NIKKI lowers Fenella gently to the ground - her ankle is looking very swollen.

FENELLA

- Ah! -

FENELLA WINCES as NIKKI tries to get a proper look at her injury.

NIKKI

(To FENELLA)

Sorry.

She returns to the task more gently, throws a glance at ADRIAN.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

You know, all they're trying to do is work out who killed Lisa and find Justine while she's still alive.

ADRIAN says nothing for a moment.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Surely you can see that the best chance of saving her is to work with them?

Again, ADRIAN says nothing, but the stress shows in his face and movements.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Give yourself up, Adrian - for her sake.

ADRIAN is about to speak. FENELLA looks anxious, maybe at the prospect that he is about to agree with NIKKI.

FENELLA

(to Adrian)

Adrian, look behind you.

He turns back. The police have chosen to head up the hill towards them. For a second, he seems caught in an agonising choice. Then he crouches down to FENELLA.

ADRIAN

Can you walk?

She nods gamely.

NIKKI

Whatever she says, she cannot walk.

Adrian goes to lift her.

ADRIAN

*(To Nikki)*

Can you take her other arm please?

NIKKI

Not unless we're going to a hospital.

Adrian tries to lift her alone - Fenella GASPS WITH PAIN.  
They look at each other, a little hopelessly.

He lets her sit down again.

FENELLA

This is Robbie's fault. Ever since  
the split everything's gone wrong.

Adrian glances from her back at the cops, who are getting  
closer.

NIKKI

You can't do it all on your own,  
Adrian.

Adrian turns to Nikki, great seriousness in his eyes.

ADRIAN

Believe me, I want to make sure  
Justine lives as much as anyone. But  
if the police get to Robbie before I  
do, he will clam up, and whatever  
time there is to save her will be  
gone.

*(taking F's arm)*

So just take her arm and help me to  
carry her - please.

NIKKI

She needs medical attention.



Adrian looks at her with despair and anger.

ADRIAN

Fine. Go ahead. Call out to the police and get us arrested. But if you do, you'll have Justine Finch's blood on your hands.

He moves closer to NIKKI.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I'm the only one who can get Robbie to negotiate. And that means I'm the only one who can sort this out.

There's a moment of face-off between them, then NIKKI takes FENELLA's arm.

ADRIAN picks up her other arm. She winces as they lift her and they start to hobble away as best they can.

CUT TO:

**INT. BROKEN DOWN KITCHEN - DAY 1**

PHELAN drops his screwdriver onto the trolley - it's covered in blood.

Behind him, JUSTINE's mouth looks like a mess - but she still clearly hasn't spoken.

PHELAN

I can stop all of this if you just tell me where Robbie is, Justine. Where he is and where he's taken what belongs to us.

He picks up a fresh syringe.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

Or, I can give you a little more of this. But I have to admit, it's not a fine art.

He starts to fill it with clear liquid, turns back to her.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

And you don't want to end up like  
Lisa, do you?

Silence.

JUSTINE just lets her head droop.

Phelan goes over, lifts it up and starts to fix it into a  
strap.

She looks at him, silent, unyielding.

He sighs.

He brings the syringe down towards her and plunges it  
into the back of her throat again.

CUT TO:

**INT. HEARING ROOM. GMC HEADQUARTERS - DAY 1**

LEO listens as DR. HARVEY WILSON is questioned by ALAN  
GARNETT.

ALAN GARNETT

- So, in your opinion, what happened  
when Professor Clune was given these  
brain samples by the coroner?

HARVEY WILSON

In my opinion, Professor Clune then  
did exactly what any other  
pathologist in his position should  
have done.

ALAN GARNETT

Which is?

HARVEY WILSON

Everything he could to help this  
family understand the disease that  
killed their son and find the  
breakthrough that will stop other  
families from suffering like they  
did.

As Garnett asks the next question, someone in the  
audience starts to cough - with increasing severity.

ALAN GARNETT

But having looked at the evidence, do you believe that Lionel Clune breached his duty of care to Rufus Brown's remains and the next of kin?

Harvey is about to answer when the coughing intensifies again.

Looking around, LEO realises that it is SYLVIA.

PETER GREENFIELD gestures for a glass of water to be brought over to her.

Eventually Sylvia indicates that she's okay, gesturing apologetically at GREENFIELD.

GREENFIELD indicates for HARVEY to speak.

HARVEY WILSON

In my opinion, Amelia Brown's letter amounted to consent, because it was possible for it to be read as consent.

From the panel, GREENFIELD decides to interject.

GREENFIELD

Excuse me, but isn't that a little cynical?

HARVEY WILSON

*(turning to GREENFIELD)*

You know as well as I do that we didn't need to ask for consent in the past. Our own judgement as doctors was trusted. Who wants to ask a grieving relative if he can take parts of their dearly departed loved ones to work on? But we exercised discretion, and our breakthroughs shaped medical science. So to me, legality and illegality are not the issue.

GREENFIELD

What is the issue?

HARVEY WILSON

That we don't condemn our most talented doctors to a lifetime of impotence because of regulations when all they're trying to do is push medicine forward and save lives.

As he says this, HARVEY appears to be looking in the direction of LEO.

HARVEY WILSON (CONT'D)

That would be the real travesty.

Avoiding HARVEY's gaze, LEO only finds himself looking at Sylvia, who is glancing back towards him somewhat desperately.

SIR PETER GREENFIELD (O/S)

I think we'll have a short break.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THICK WOODLAND. FOREST - DAY 1**

ROBBIE enters a clearing and, putting plastic handle of the bucket he's carrying in his teeth he starts cleaning away the earth and brush at the base of a large oak tree.

Eventually, the outlines of a dug-out become visible.

**INT. ROBBIE'S HATCH - DAY 1**

He clambers in.

Shivering and wet, ROBBIE pulls the bucket close to him, and hunkers down.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THICK WOODLAND. FOREST - DAY 1**

VOICES, MOVEMENT, and the gradual appearance of THREE FIGURES.

CLOSE ON: A leg, jeans ripped.

It belongs to FENELLA who is still being supported by both NIKKI and ADRIAN as they move through the forest.

**EXT. THICK WOODLAND. ROBBIE'S CARAVAN - DAY 1:**

Coming to a small path, ADRIAN turns to NIKKI and shifts almost FENELLA's whole weight onto her.

ADRIAN  
Keep hold of her one second.

NIKKI  
What are you doing?

He hurries towards a wall of brambles.

As NIKKI reaches it, she sees that, behind it, is a broken down caravan that looks as though it was abandoned a long time ago.

ADRIAN approaches the door with caution.

ADRIAN  
Robbie? -  
(a little louder)  
Robbie?

No answer. He waits another moment, then tries to open the door.

It doesn't give. He hesitates, then decides to give it a huge WRENCH.

CUT TO:

**INT. ROBBIE'S CARAVAN - DAY 1**

ADRIAN  
(entering)  
Robbie?

The caravan is crowded with mouldy books, plants, lichen samples, preserved flowers and wood carvings, there's little light, barely space to walk around -

ADRIAN (CONT'D)  
Robbie!

- And clearly nobody here. ADRIAN looks around at this dank, oppressive little grotto. He starts to ransack the place as NIKKI stumbles in with FENELLA.

NIKKI

Sit down here.

NIKKI tries to stretch FENELLA out on the tiny bed, around which objects and samples are crowded - but as she does, FENELLA is gesturing at her.

NIKKI frowns, struggling to understand. FENELLA urges her to hand something over.

NIKKI still looks confused.

FENELLA

*(mouthing, almost silent)*

Your 'phone.

NIKKI wavers.

FENELLA mouths: "Please. I need to call my Mum."

Almost reluctantly, NIKKI extracts the 'phone from her pocket.

FENELLA snatches it off her and buries it in her jacket just as ADRIAN abandons his frantic searching.

He KICKS the wall in frustration.

ADRIAN

IDIOT!

The entire caravan SHAKES.

ADRIAN turns to FENELLA in despair.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

How many times did I tell him what  
would happen if he went ahead?

ADRIAN KICKS the caravan again, dislodging DOZENS OF OBJECTS WHICH TUMBLE DOWN AROUND FENELLA AND NIKKI.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

HOW MANY TIMES?

Moving them aside, NIKKI finds herself looking at a dirty old sweatshirt that has fallen to the floor.

She notices that it is smeared in a red residue - just like that on LISA's and SAM's hands.

As she stares at it, FENELLA clocks her doing so.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

- But it doesn't matter, does it?  
Because the point is not actually to  
achieve anything -

She puts the discovery aside to start attending to FENELLA.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

*(to the caravan)*

- the point is to be a bloody martyr.

She rolls up FENELLA's trouser leg -

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

- YOU IDIOT!

NIKKI ignores him, doing what she can to gently probe around FENELLA's injury.

NIKKI

*(to FENELLA)*

How does it feel now?

No break or wound is visible, but FENELLA winces.

FENELLA

Really bad.

ADRIAN turns back to them, contemplates FENELLA for a moment.

ADRIAN

Come on. We have to go.

~~FENELLA~~ ~~she~~ ~~over,~~ ~~goes~~ ~~to~~ ~~pick~~ ~~up~~ ~~FENELLA~~ ~~contemplates~~ ~~FENELLA~~ ~~for~~ ~~a~~

Try again - more slowly.

FENELLA

I can't. Honestly, I can't walk any more.

ADRIAN lets her sit down again.

ADRIAN

We'll rest. We'll rest for a bit and then we'll set off again.

NIKKI

There's no point! Can't you see, she's not fit to go anywhere?

ADRIAN is pacing the caravan, still looking for something that might tell him where ROBBIE is.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

I really think you need to find a way of getting her to a hospital very soon.

ADRIAN

Not until we've found Robbie.

He starts frantically ransacking the caravan again, searching for anything that might help.

NIKKI

You keep saying that - so why don't you find him?

ADRIAN

He's near here. I just don't know exactly where.

NIKKI watches him desperately as he searches without finding anything.

Her eyes fall on the lichen-smearred sweatshirt. She turns and sees FENELLA watching her again.

FENELLA

She knows something.

ADRIAN stops - he squints at NIKKI.





FENELLA

I know.

ADRIAN kisses her.

He mouths something private, a pet name or a memory.

She smiles, mouths something back.

Then he stands, grabs NIKKI.

ADRIAN

Let's go.

As NIKKI exits, there's a look between the girls.

The caravan door closes.

FENELLA takes out the phone and switches it on. "LOW BATTERY".

She waits.

CUT TO:

**INT. BROKEN DOWN KITCHEN - DAY 1**

PHELAN steps away from JUSTINE.

JUSTINE's voice is almost unintelligible. When she can make a sound it's nothing more than a garbled moan. She's mumbling, delirious from the effects of the drug. PHELAN is cradling her, almost tenderly.

PHELAN

Come on Justine. You're so close.  
Just tell me where Robbie is. Tell  
me where I can find him.

He's about to speak again, when he finally registers THE RINGING OF A 'PHONE NEARBY.

He moves away from JUSTINE.

She slumps.

Blood drips from her mouth onto the floor beneath her chair.

PHELAN returns, holding his still ringing 'phone. He answers.

PHELAN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Yes?

**INT. ROBBIE'S CARAVAN - DAY 1**

Doing what she is, FENELLA looks miserable.

FENELLA  
(into 'phone)  
It's me - it's Fenella.

**INT. BROKEN DOWN KITCHEN DAY 1**

PHELAN is on the phone near the slumped JUSTINE.

PHELAN  
(into phone)  
Where have you been?

FENELLA (V/O)  
(from phone)  
Moving through the forest, trying to  
find Robbie.

PHELAN

(

FENELLA (V/O)

(

She looks at Phelan in confusion.

JUSTINE

Fen - ?

PHELAN smiles at her, puts the phone back to his ear.

PHELAN

(into phone)

And where are you now?

FENELLA (V/O)

(on phone)

At Robbie Sharpe's caravan -  
apparently he's nearby.

PHELAN

(into phone)

Where are you exactly?

We stay on JUSTINE's horrified face as PHELAN turns away and listens to FENELLA's directions. After a moment:

PHELAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Okay. Make sure you dump the phone.

PHELAN puts away his own mobile and turns to JUSTINE.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

You hear that, Justine? It's over.  
You've lost.

He starts to untie her from the chair. She doesn't seem to be moving.

Almost concerned, PHELAN nudges her gently.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

Justine?

She stirs - she's alive.

With what must be her last energy, JUSTINE gestures that she has something to say.

PHELAN leans in.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

What is it?

She gestures for him to lean closer.

As he does, she whispers into his ear.

JUSTINE  
(with the last of her  
strength)  
Fuck you.

PHELAN straightens, smiling, almost respectful.

PHELAN  
I have to hand it to you, Justine -  
you're a soldier.

With that he moves away from her, leaving JUSTINE sinking closer and closer to the floor, the last of her life and energy ebbing away.

CUT TO:

**INT. VIEWING ROOM / INTERVIEW ROOM. POLICE STATION - DAY**

**1**

As Claire Ashern is brought back in to be interviewed, HARRY watches tensely from the Viewing Room.

His phone rings - he sees the number, hesitates and decides to answer.

LEO (V/O)  
(from 'phone)  
It's me, I'm just checking in. How  
are you guys doing?

A beat: HARRY decides to tell him.

HARRY  
(into phone)  
Nikki is missing.

**INTERCUT LEO IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE GMC AND HARRY:**

LEO  
(into 'phone)  
How do you mean?

HARRY  
(into 'phone)  
We think she's been abducted.

LEO  
(into 'phone)  
What? What happened?

MUMFORD sticks his head through the door and gestures to the window through which HARRY can see that they are ready to start interviewing CLAIRE again.

HARRY  
(into 'phone)  
Leo, I have to go.

LEO  
(into 'phone)  
Wait. I'll get an adjournment. I'm coming over.

HARRY  
(into 'phone)  
Let me try one more thing first.  
I'll call you back.

**INT. CORRIDOR. GMC HEADQUARTERS - HOLBORN - DAY 1**

A little stunned, LEO hangs up.

Around him, people talk in clustered groups.

He notices that LIONEL has appeared at his shoulder.

LIONEL  
Well, we seem to be winning the moral argument, anyway.

There's a brief flicker across LEO's expression, which LIONEL notices.

LIONEL (CONT'D)  
Wouldn't you say?

THE USHER emerges at the hearing room door and calls out to the assembled crowd.

USHER

Will you all take your seats, this hearing will now resume.

LIONEL  
Are you okay, Leo?

LEO  
I'm fine. Is Sylvia all right?

LIONEL  
Oh, she's great. She's feeling better now we can see an end in sight.

LEO  
I'm sure.

LIONEL  
Leo, what's on your mind?

LEO hesitates for a second.

USHER  
Will you all please take your seats now. This hearing is about to resume!

With a last look, LEO turns away from Lionel and goes into the hearing room without answering his question

Unsettled, LIONEL hurries to join his wife and Alan Garnett.

Leo sees them anxiously conferring and throwing glances in his direction.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THICK WOODLAND. FOREST - DAY 1:**

A police search team comes out of the woods and heads for ROBBIE's caravan.

They open the door and look inside - it's empty.

One of the COPS spots NIKKI's phone dropped nearby.

CUT TO:

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. POLICE STATION - DAY 1**





I know how you feel about the police,  
and I know how you feel about your -  
[searches for the word] - war. But  
the only lives at stake right now are  
the lives of people - people that you  
and I care about.

Claire looks down at the floor.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm asking you to put aside your  
ideas for long enough that these  
people don't end up on a slab like  
Sam.

There's still no response.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Is your campaign more important than  
that?

Another knock.

After a second, HARRY draws himself away from CLAIRE and  
goes to the door.

It's MUMFORD.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What is it?

He looks uneasy.

MUMFORD

We've had a report of Nikki's 'phone  
being used.

Behind HARRY, CLAIRE seems to register the name "NIKKI".

HARRY

Have they found her?

MUMFORD

(shakes his head)

They traced the signal to an  
abandoned caravan. The search teams  
are working a radius out from there.

(seeing HARRY's reaction)

There was no sign of a struggle or injury to anyone.

HARRY

Have we heard from Traynor?

Before MUMFORD can answer, CLAIRE speaks.

CLAIRE (O/S)

Who is Nikki?

HARRY turns a little surprised.

HARRY

Nikki is the girl I'm telling you about.

CLAIRE

Is she - is she the pathologist who came to talk to me this morning?

HARRY

Yes, Claire - her. Nikki is missing. And unless you tell me what you know, I have no way of knowing whether she's alive or dead or whether I will see her again.

CLAIRE absorbs this, but is still silent. HARRY approaches her.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Claire, I need your help.

CLAIRE looks to the floor again. In frustration, Harry marches towards CLAIRE again, almost pinning her into a corner.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Claire, you have hindered a police investigation into three murders and two possible kidnaps. When this is

CLAIRE is cringing and scared, but still not talking.  
Harry tries again - a different approach.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Please don't make the conversation I  
had with Nikki this morning the last  
conversation I ever have with her.

And again, nothing.

Finally, HARRY turns away, almost regretting the violence  
of his outburst.

MUMFORD is still at the door when HARRY reaches it.

When CLAIRE speaks, it is so quietly that she can barely  
be heard.

CLAIRE (O/S)

I saw them at the house.

HARRY spins.

HARRY

Who?

CLAIRE stops, perhaps already regretting having said  
anything.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Who, Claire? Who did you see?

Another silence, then she says:

CLAIRE

Hewitt.

HARRY

Where?

CLAIRE

At Jackie's house. I went after the  
raid. To find out if she'd betrayed  
us.

*(she looks at H and M)*

When I got there, Hewitt was coming  
out with another man.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR. DAY 1

TRAYNOR is on the phone while MUMFORD emerges from the interview room and barks orders to other COPS.

MUMFORD

Get her a brief and we'll take her statement -

*(To Traynor)*

- We've got him!

TRAYNOR comes off the phone, nodding.

TRAYNOR

And I've been given the okay to go up and put some real pressure on as well.

MUMFORD

I should think so - this is a cast iron eye witness.

Traynor looks at him sceptically.

TRAYNOR

She's still just a terrorist and he's the CEO of the biggest research centre in the country.

*(a pause - he knows they're not going to like this)*

Which is why I've been told to go up and see him alone. Just me.

TRAYNOR can see instantly how Mumford feels about that.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

Listen, I know you want to race up and throw the book at him, but there are powerful people up to their necks in everything Whittingdon do.

MUMFORD

So what are you suggesting - let him off scot-free? He is the principal suspect to murder!

TRAYNOR

If there has been a cover-up, I've  
got the access to tell him that he  
can't wriggle out of it.

Harry appears behind Mumford. Both men look to him - as  
if this is his decision.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

Let me go up there on my own, and if  
he's guilty, I will bring you

interest to hear the testimony of  
someone like that?

GREENFIELD looks from one to the other.

GREENFIELD

Let's be candid here. The facts of  
the case indicate strongly that  
Lionel Clune did not have a formal  
consent for what he did.

There's a silence.

GREENFIELD (CONT'D)

But, that does not mean there are no  
mitigating circumstances for his  
actions. I believe that is what we're  
looking at now.

ALAN GARNETT

In which case, what possible  
relevance can Professor Dalton's  
testimony have to what Lionel Clune  
was trying to achieve?

LYDIA CARPENTER

He's a prominent pathologist, a  
leader in his field -

Cutting her off, Greenfield turns to LEO, who has been  
waiting patiently to one side.

SIR PETER GREENFIELD

What do you want to do?

LEO

I was called here as a character  
witness. If I'm not required to be  
that, then I'd rather not speak.

GREENFIELD chews it over.

SIR PETER GREENFIELD

Fine. But the panel reserves the  
right to call you at the end of the  
evidence - if we decide we need to.

CUT TO:

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM/VIEWING ROOM. POLICE STATION - DAY 1**

CLAIRE is behind the desk of a formal interview room - clearly about to finally give them the whole story.

HARRY is back in the viewing room, watching.

MUMFORD

You understand that you are under caution?

She nods.

MUMFORD (CONT'D)

All right, Claire - from the beginning.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WHITTINGDON - DAY 1**

At speed, a car pulls up.

TRAYNOR emerges and races up the steps towards reception.

CUT TO:

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM / VIEWING ROOM. POLICE STATION - DAY 1**

CLAIRE seems relieved to be finally talking, though still tentative.

CLAIRE

- We heard this rumour that Whittingdon were using animals to evolve their own HN51 virus, to get ahead in the race for a vaccine.

Her anger seems to rise as she starts to remember.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

They have furnaces at the back, where they dispose of the animals. We'd noticed they were going twenty-four hours a day.

MUMFORD

*(getting her back on track)*

Who had the idea for the raid,  
Claire?

She pauses.

CLAIRE

Jackie made contact. She told us  
she'd been waiting for a chance to  
help and she could get us in there.

MUMFORD

She wasn't a member of the WAE?

CLAIRE

No, but after what she'd seen she  
sympathised - and responded well when  
we interviewed her. Robbie was  
excited. He knew if we could bust a  
big project like that, Whittingdon  
would be finished.

MUMFORD

So what happened?

Claire pauses for a moment, looks up at them.

CLAIRE

Adrian and Robbie started fighting a  
lot about whether or not we should go  
ahead. The rest of us were shocked,  
because we'd never seen them fall  
out. Finally, they called a meeting.

MUMFORD

About whether or not you should go  
in?

She nods.

CLAIRE

And Adrian gave this big speech about  
how he'd been thinking about it for a  
long time and he'd realised that the  
whole battle between us and  
Whittingdon had turned into a  
pantomime, that violence wasn't  
getting us anywhere, that we had to  
find a new way forward.



MUMFORD

How did Robbie react?

CLAIRE

You could see how angry he was getting, but he wasn't saying anything. It was after the meeting, he contacted us all one by one and he said that he trusted Jackie and he was going in anyway - he called Adrian a sellout who was going to blow our best chance of destroying Whittingdon.

She looks at Mumford and Harry.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I didn't want to betray Adrian.

*(she falters, but continues)*

But when Robbie said that anyone who really cared about what Whittingdon was doing to those animals had to come with him -

*(a beat)*

- No one felt they could disagree.

MUMFORD

What happened next?

CUT TO:

**INT. HEWITT'S OFFICE. WHITTINGDON - DAY**

TRAYNOR bursts in, leaving secretaries and security guards in his wake.

HEWITT looks up. He frowns, as if at an error of judgement.

TRAYNOR marches up to his desk.

TRAYNOR

The police have a witness putting you at the scene of Jackie Cooper's murder.

There's a flash of surprise and anger in HEWITT's expression.

He waves at his secretaries and security guards to go.

As the door closes, he turns back to TRAYNOR.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

We know there was a break-in.

HEWITT

If you'd had the good sense to turn up on your own this morning, you could have saved a lot of time.

He tries to resume this unflappable composure, but TRAYNOR's expression is merciless.

HEWITT (CONT'D)

There are channels. I would have told you. You would have realised that we have nothing to hide from each other.

TRAYNOR

I'm not on your side. I'm here to take you back to London to be charged for murder.

TRAYNOR stands before the desk, as if expecting HEWITT to rise and follow him. HEWITT looks up at TRAYNOR in pleading now, rather than solidarity.

HEWITT

You have to realise that what we have been working on is possibly the most important health project in the world right now.

TRAYNOR keeps looking at him.

Slowly, HEWITT takes out a piece of paper and writes something down on it. He slides the piece of paper across the desk. TRAYNOR doesn't pick it up.

HEWITT (CONT'D)

Call the number. See if they say you should bring me in.

*(beat)*

Vulnerable people depend on our work. Do you expect us not to protect it against these idiots? These

*terrorists? In fact, isn't that  
exactly your job?*

Still TRAYNOR does not pick up the paper.

HEWITT (CONT'D)

The vaccines we're developing will  
save millions of lives.

TRAYNOR looks as though he might hit HEWITT.

TRAYNOR

This isn't about millions of lives.  
It's about your share price.

HEWITT

Call the number.

Traynor looks at the number. Hewitt is gradually  
regaining his confidence.

HEWITT (CONT'D)

I assure you. None of us did anything  
that we weren't told we could.

Traynor stares at the number.

HEWITT (CONT'D)

Even the man they gave us. He's one  
of yours.

With great reluctance, TRAYNOR picks up the piece of  
paper.

CUT TO:

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. POLICE STATION - DAY 1**

Claire has recently finished speaking - a silence.

MUMFORD

- And where is Robbie now? Where's  
he been hiding since the raid?

CLAIRE looks at them, now back in uncertain territory.

CLAIRE

I don't know. I know that he had a base he'd made. In the woods. Sam and Lisa were there.

MUMFORD looks through the glass at HARRY - they are realising that all this may have led them no closer to finding JUSTINE or NIKKI.

CLAIRE takes her look off MUMFORD's to the glass.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(to HARRY: her expression is desperate)

I promise you I don't know. Robbie was very paranoid, he didn't think it was safe to let all of us know every detail of the plan.

Deflation and despair on Mumford's features - and also on Harry's, for a moment, before he remembers something.

He leaps up and BANGS ON THE GLASS to get MUMFORD's attention.

CUT TO:

**INT. ROBBIE'S HATCH - DAY 1**

ROBBIE, still hunkered down, can hear a HELICOPTER going overhead.

He looks into the bucket, from which a few scared animal noises are audible.

ROBBIE

(into bucket)

It's okay - not long now - we'll all be out in a few hours.

He brushes off some of the familiar rust-coloured residue on his hands and clothes and strokes his little charges tenderly.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOREST - DAY 1**

ADRIAN and NIKKI are also sheltering from the helicopter, under thick branches, by a large stump.

NIKKI

There's one thing I don't understand.  
Why weren't you on the raid?

ADRIAN looks at her. He doesn't look inclined to answer,  
but then does.

ADRIAN

Something seemed wrong. I thought we  
were compromised.

From his expression, she can see there's something else.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

*(after a moment)*

- And I'd been thinking things over  
for a long time. Jackie's approach  
just brought everything to a head.

ADRIAN pokes his head out to have a look - the helicopter  
has moved on.

NIKKI

How do you mean?

ADRIAN

So many people in this country agree  
with us - so many don't want to see  
animals tortured in the name of  
science and progress. But year in,  
year out, it still goes on - Why?

*(he answers his own question)*

And you know how to do that, do you?

He looks at her, realising she doesn't believe him, takes a small piece of paper from inside his jacket and passes it to her.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

What's this?

ADRIAN

My acceptance letter. I'm going to law school. In Toronto.

As he says this, he stands, heading back out onto the path.

NIKKI

*(She stands, catches up with him)*

Why?

ADRIAN

Because they won't be able to write me off as an extremist when I'm in a suit and when I'm facing them across a courtroom. When I can look like them and sound like them, and still shred their arguments to pieces, that's when I'll be really dangerous.

NIKKI

What about Fenella?

ADRIAN looks at her as if she's gone mad.

ADRIAN

She's coming with me.

NIKKI stops, noticing something on the base of a tree nearby - the red lichen.

ADRIAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You recognise it?

NIKKI

Yeah, that's it.

ADRIAN

Then I know where we're going.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. CLEAN ROOM. - DAY 1**

HARRY yells down the 'phone.

HARRY  
(into 'phone)  
I'm looking for a sample filed by  
Nikki Alexander this morning.  
(pause)  
It was residue found on a body's  
fingers. No, this morning.

MUMFORD arrives - Harry is told something down the  
'phone.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(to MUMFORD)  
Get me a pen!

MUMFORD grabs one, races over.

CUT TO:

**INT. HEWITT'S OFFICE. WHITTINGDON - DAY 1:**

HEWITT is still watching TRAYNOR, trying to remain calm.

Finally, TRAYNOR reaches over, takes the number off the  
desk and dials.

The 'phone at the other end of TRAYNOR's line is answered  
- by a very neutral male voice.

NEUTRAL MALE VOICE (V/O)  
Hello?

TRAYNOR hesitates.

TRAYNOR  
(into 'phone)  
This is Simon Traynor.

NEUTRAL MALE VOICE (V/O)  
We know who you are. Get Hewitt to  
show you where the agent is. Get him  
out of there before the police get

anywhere near him and stop being such a bloody fool.

TRAYNOR  
What about the girl?

CLICK. That's it.

TRAYNOR replaces the 'phone.

HEWITT looks still frightened, but hopeful.

It takes TRAYNOR several moments to recover and turn back to HEWITT.

HEWITT tries to make eye contact but TRAYNOR doesn't even want to look at him.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)  
Where are they?

CUT TO:

**INT. MORTUARY. CLEAN ROOM. DAY 1**

HARRY is at his computer frantically searching through images of mosses and lichens. MUMFORD is poring through books.

HARRY  
I've got it! "*Xantharia Wragiensis*.  
(reading)  
Rust coloured lichen, commonly called  
"Hooded Sunburst". It's found on oak  
trees, mainly in South Western  
England.

The two men look at each other and then scramble for a map.

CUT TO:

**INT. HEARING ROOM. GMC HEADQUARTERS - DAY:**

GARNETT  
- And after the letter, did you have  
any other contact with Amelia Brown?



LIONEL is at the stand - answering questions from his

*(he turns from Garnett to  
the room)*

And I wanted to go so much further. I wanted to give the mother of that boy answers. I wanted to tell her that no one else would suffer like her. But I didn't. I went as far as I believed I could - within what I believe to be the rules.

GARNETT

I have no other questions.

GARNETT withdraws.

There is some conferring among the members of the panel.

Eventually, Sir PETER GREENFIELD looks up - his gaze falls on LEO.

SIR PETER GREENFIELD

All right, when we reconvene I think the panel would like to hear from Professor Leo Dalton.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WHITTINGDON GROUNDS - DAY 1**

HEWITT leads TRAYNOR towards some old sheds on one side of the Whittingdon complex.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREETS / INT. CAR - DAY 1**

A car containing HARRY and MUMFORD drives at great speed.

As they join the motorway, MUMFORD is on his 'phone and HARRY realises that his own is now ringing.

CUT TO:

**INT. BROKEN DOWN KITCHEN / INT. CAR - DAY 1**

TRAYNOR is leaning over JUSTINE, checking her pulse, with his phone jammed by his ear.

TRAYNOR

Justine, can you hear me? Justine?

HARRY (V/O)  
(*from 'phone*)  
Hello?

TRAYNOR (V/O)  
(*from 'phone*)  
It's me. I've found Justine Finch.

INTERCUT TRAYNOR AND HARRY:

HARRY  
Is she still alive?

TRAYNOR  
Just. But there's no one else here.

HARRY  
We think we know where they are.

TRAYNOR  
Where?

HARRY hesitates.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)  
If it's nearby there's a chance I can  
get there before you - and before  
anyone else is hurt.

HARRY glances across at MUMFORD.

MUMFORD is absorbed in his 'phone call.

HARRY  
Okay.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WHITTINGDON GROUNDS - DAY 1**

As TRAYNOR emerges, dialling another number on his phone,  
HEWITT is waiting at the door.

He looks at Traynor, fearful of his reaction.

HEWITT

They forced us to do it - they forced  
to act like this.

Before TRAYNOR can respond, his call is answered.

TRAYNOR  
(into 'phone)  
Yes, I'd like an ambulance.

HEWITT's eyes flare with panic.

HEWITT  
What are you doing?

He reaches out, tries to stop TRAYNOR. TRAYNOR pushes him  
away, towards the door he has just emerged from.

TRAYNOR  
(to Hewitt)  
You will make sure that girl gets to  
a hospital. Because if I'm going to  
do this, she lives.

As TRAYNOR walks away, HEWITT fearfully goes into the  
room that TRAYNOR just came out of.

CUT TO:

**INT. ROBBIE'S HATCH - DAY 1**

Still in his bunker, ROBBIE starts to hear footsteps  
above him.

Looking anxious, he reaches deep into a little cubby hole  
and fetches something from it.

He scrambles to the other end of his bunker and starts  
moving towards the surface.

CUT TO:

**INT. HEARING ROOM. GMC CORRIDOR - DAY 1**

Everyone is going back in after the latest recess.

LIONEL  
Leo?

LEO realises that LIONEL is standing next to him, SYLVIA a little way away.

LEO  
What is it, Lionel?

LIONEL leans close so SYLVIA can't hear him.

LEO (CONT'D)  
What?

LIONEL's expression is desperate, but not without dignity.

LIONEL  
Try to remember how it felt, please.

LEO  
How what felt?

There's a bony, clammy hand on LEO's wrist.

LIONEL  
To have a cause, Leo. To have a purpose.

LEO extracts his own hand - as gently as he can - he turns to go towards the witness stand.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOREST - DAY 1**

ADRIAN looks from one tree to another - he checks the surrounding area, NIKKI alongside him.

He crouches down under one tree.

He starts to move earth away.

The thick red dust comes off on his hands.

He finds the outlines of the hatch door, goes to lift it.

ADRIAN  
Robbie? You in there?

An opening, ROBBIE looks out, sees Adrian.

The two boys look at each other in surprise and fear.  
Robbie notices Nikki.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)  
She's a pathologist.

Off ROBBIE's so-why's-she-here? look:

ADRIAN (CONT'D)  
She found Sam's body.

Robbie registers this news. Slowly, he opens the hatch  
and climbs out, carrying the bucket with him.

ROBBIE  
They were waiting for us. But I got  
them. I bloody got them out.

He gestures to the animals inside it. Adrian throws a  
glance at Nikki, then looks back at Robbie.

ADRIAN  
It's not just Sam, Robbie. Lisa is  
dead too.

Robbie flinches, but betrays little emotion.

ROBBIE  
What about Claire and Justine?

ADRIAN  
Claire's with the police.

ROBBIE  
She won't tell them anything.

ADRIAN  
Robbie, Whitt -2mTjhatch

ADRIAN

She is our friend.

ROBBIE

She always knew there might be losses.

ADRIAN

Can't you see? We can never beat them like this. We will lose, and again it'll end up looking like we're the savages.

ROBBIE

Maybe we need to be savages to win this war.

ADRIAN

Robbie, when we started out, what did we want to achieve?

ROBBIE

We wanted to shut down Whittingdon - no compromises.

*(beat)*

And if Justine dies, it will be to save millions of lives - millions of animal lives.

ADRIAN

This isn't about millions of lives right now. It's about her life. Look me in the eye and tell me what could be worth that?

ROBBIE looks away.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Look at me, Robbie.

Robbie looks at him bitterly.

ROBBIE

It's easy for you, isn't it?

ADRIAN

No, Robbie, it's not easy - but it's the only thing we can do.

NIKKI (O/S)

Adrian?

Both men look up towards her.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

I think there's someone coming.

Following her gaze, ADRIAN hears the sound of approaching footsteps.

ADRIAN

(re the bucket)

Please, Robbie. Let me give those animals back.

On ROBBIE - still uncertain.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MOTORWAY / INT. CAR - DAY 1**

HARRY and MUMFORD's vehicle continues.

HARRY (V/O)

(*from the car*)

The caravan is here, and groups of oak trees here, here and here. But this is the one that's closest to Whittingdon, so that's where we'll try.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THICK WOODLAND. FOREST - DAY 1**

Looking around cautiously, ROBBIE, NIKKI and ADRIAN walk along a path away from the hideout.

ADRIAN is now carrying the bucket.

He sees something ahead of him, reacts.

FENELLA emerges into the open a little, doing everything to avoid their gaze.

Adrian stops, stunned, unable to speak for a moment.

ADRIAN



Fen?  
(*she doesn't answer*)  
Fen, what are you doing?

A moment later PHELAN emerges from the undergrowth behind her. He remains standing some distance away, but has his gun raised and pointed at ADRIAN, NIKKI and ROBBIE.

PHELAN  
Are those the animals?

Nobody answers.

PHELAN (CONT'D)  
Put the bucket on the ground.

ADRIAN  
What's going on Fen?

Phelan gestures at her.

PHELAN  
Tell them.

It's all FENELLA can do not to fall apart.

FENELLA  
Just give it to him, Adrian, please.  
They'll let you go, they'll let  
Justine go. Just give him the  
animals.

ADRIAN is too shocked to comply

ADRIAN  
How long have you - ?

PHELAN  
- It doesn't matter, Burney.  
Although, I have to say, if she'd got  
in bed with him - *he indicates Robbie*  
- instead of you we'd have tidied  
this all up a long time ago.

Fenella looks to the floor in shame.

FENELLA  
I didn't know it would go this far.

ADRIAN

But - But, Fen?

As Adrian continues to reel, ROBBIE is looking in distress and confusion from him to FENELLA.

ROBBIE

- Adrian, what are we doing?

PHELAN comes a little closer, gun still pointed.

PHELAN

Hand the animals over to me so we can make like this never happened.

Adrian seems to pull himself together a little.

ADRIAN

Tell us where Justine is?

PHELAN

She's safe.

ROBBIE

What proof have we got that she's still alive?

PHELAN

She was when I left her.

FENELLA

She is. I spoke to her.

In the distance we can hear sirens.

ADRIAN hesitates. He looks to Robbie, then at Fen, then back to Robbie.

ADRIAN

(to ROBBIE)

For Justine.

After a moment, ROBBIE nods.

ADRIAN walks slowly towards PHELAN.

Reaching him, he holds out the bucket.

PHELAN

Show me.

Adrian inclines the bucket. We see the animals inside.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The sirens are getting louder. Phelan reaches over, takes the bucket and now turns to Nikki.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

(to NIKKI)

I assume that's the police. So why don't you go and join them?

Adrian and Robbie look at each other uncertainly - what's happening now.

Nikki hesitates, then she decides.

NIKKI

No.

She steps forward, right in front of the gun between PHELAN and ADRIAN.

PHELAN

What's going on here has nothing to do with you.

NIKKI stands her ground.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

For the last time, I'm suggesting you walk away.

NIKKI betrays no reaction.

The sound of SIRENS, CARS, VOICES not far away.

NIKKI still doesn't move.

Finally, Phelan lowers his gun.

PHELAN (CONT'D)

Fine.

Taking the bucket with him, he backs away, melting into the forest.

As the import of what she's done sinks in, NIKKI finds ADRIAN's hand on her shoulder, turns to see him looking very grateful.

CUT TO:

**INT. HEARING ROOM. GMC HEADQUARTERS - DAY 1**

ALAN GARNETT

You're an old friend of Professor Dalton?

Leo is now on the stand.

LEO

Yes I am.

ALAN GARNETT

How did you become friends?

LEO

We were at medical school at the same time. And then we worked together.

ALAN GARNETT

And what opinion did you form of Lionel Clune during the course of this friendship?

LEO

Lionel Clune is a very gifted pathologist. He is utterly committed to his work and the benefits it can bring.

ALAN GARNETT

So, in other words as long as you've known Lionel Clune his only motivation has been to help people through his research?

LEO

Yes.

GARNETT turns back, relieved, to announce that he has no further questions.

Leo hesitates before he speaks again.



In the woods: But ahead of them, TRAYNOR, alone, is running up the path towards NIKKI and the others.

On the edges of the woodland: HARRY and MUMFORD emerge from their cars and start sprinting into the trees.

Back on the path: NIKKI, ROBBIE and ADRIAN stand close together.

FENELLA sits in a heap nearby.

Ignoring her, ADRIAN turns to go over towards ROBBIE.

ADRIAN

It isn't over, Robbie. This is where the real battle begins. We'll still win, we'll still -

A SHARP CRACK

BLOOD SPATTERS across NIKKI's face.

All four of them drop to the floor in terror.

In the undergrowth: PHELAN lowers his gun and, carrying the bucket, melts into the woods.

Back on the path: NIKKI is the first to recover. She looks up and sees that ADRIAN has been shot.

FENELLA is in shock. Robbie, stunned, gazes at him in bewilderment.

ROBBIE

Adrian - ?

NIKKI moves quickly and starts to try to give him emergency medical attention.

TRAYNOR races round the corner, sees the tableau and instantly knows he's too late.

CUT TO:

**INT. HEARING ROOM. GMC HEADQUARTERS - DAY 1**

The seats of the panel are now empty.

The witnesses and public spectators in attendance HUSH as they return and head back into their positions.

Sir PETER looks over the room.

Silence.

SIR PETER GREENFIELD

Having heard all the evidence put before us, the panel has come to its decision. And this is that in respect of the human remains left under his responsibility by the coroner in August 2003, Lionel Clune did breach his duty of care.

There is no cry of celebration, or of disapproval.

SIR PETER GREENFIELD (CONT'D)

In line with the penalties required by the offense, Professor Clune is suspended from all research, for a period of five years.

LEO sees LIONEL involuntarily reach out for Sylvia.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THICK WOODLAND. FOREST - DAY 1**

NIKKI is battling to save ADRIAN. But she can see it's no good.

As he slips away from consciousness, she sits back and shakes her head at the approaching TRAYNOR.

ROBBIE drops to his knees beside Adrian's body, starting to weep.

FENELLA stands, completely numb, a little way off.

HARRY and MUMFORD approach up the path.

MUMFORD heads straight for TRAYNOR.

Traynor turns to him in apology.

TRAYNOR

I'm sorry. I did what I could.

MUMFORD can't believe it. But his shock swiftly turns to rage.

MUMFORD  
Well so did I.

He steps forward and SMACKS TRAYNOR square on the nose.  
TRAYNOR reels back, blood gushing from under his hands.

TRAYNOR  
I had orders, just like you.

MUMFORD  
And if it hadn't been for you, I  
could have followed mine.

Still breathless from his sprint, HARRY goes over to NIKKI, puts a hand on her shoulder; she glances up, they look at each other.

CUT TO:

**INT. HEARING ROOM. GMC HEADQUARTERS - DAY 1**

Everyone filing out of the GMC room, LEO remains seated, until he is alone.

MALE VOICE (O/S)  
Well done, Leo.

LEO looks up - sees HARVEY WILSON standing before him, looking furious.

HARVEY WILSON  
You just set back the cause of  
research into MND by five years.

Harvey turns and marches out.

LEO remains where he is.

CUT TO:

**INT / EXT. POLICE CAR FOREST - DAY 1**

Cars prepare to take Robbie and Fenella away and all the others back to London.



By one car, HARRY and MUMFORD shake hands - restrained but respectful.

HARRY goes over and gets into the back of a car in which NIKKI is already sitting.

It pulls away and they both stare out the windows on their respective sides, looking shattered.

Without turning around, HARRY reaches out his hand, curls it around NIKKI's.

She accepts his grip.

After a second, she turns slightly towards him.

NIKKI

You know, it's a good offer. I think you should take it.

A pause.

HARRY

I was afraid you'd say that. That's why I didn't want to mention it.

They remain, hands linked.

FADE OUT.