

1

1

A busy airport. Huge passenger jets land and take off with shattering blasts from their powerful engines. The airport is bursting with life and energy, a familiar yet powerful vision of the noisy, far-reaching triumph of modern technology.

CUT TO:

2

2

Passengers pour in all directions as the departure boards indicate destinations in virtually every country in the world. The terminal is heaving with people, shopping,

3

CONTINUED:

3

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

ABBY  
You're busy today.

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

ABBY  
It's not your fault.

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

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

ABBY  
They can't help being ill, can they?

CUT TO:

4

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

ABBY  
It's a message from Peter...

Her expression grows anxious as she listens.

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

She quickly presses a number.

DAVID  
What are you doing?

ABBY  
Calling him...

DAVID  
He's okay, isn't he?

(CONTINUED)



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

CUT TO:

9

9

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

LINDA

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

DAVID

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

ABBY

I was worried about him. It's on 1 | Tj 1 0 0 A26 Tj 81 234.96 s a ID opens a can of lager

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

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

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

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

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

LINDA

11

CONTINUED:

11

ABBY

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

(CONTINUED)



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

DAVID

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

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

ABBY

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

DAVID

Nothing's going to happen.

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

ABBY

You're right. He's fine.

DAVID

So we're not going to get him?

ABBY

(Shakes her head)  
Let him have fun.

He smiles. She thinks for a second.

ABBY

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

DAVID

Great idea.

ABBY

It's time for a fresh start.

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

ABBY

I love you.

He smiles. She nudges him sharply.



ABBY  
You're supposed to say it back.

DAVID  
It only counts when you're not  
expecting it.

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

ABBY  
(Protesting)  
He might phone...

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

CUT TO:

12

12

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

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

THOMPSON  
Did you resent it when your  
brother was born?

PRICE  
Why would I?

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

PRICE looks up, smiling.

PRICE  
I know where this is going.



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

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

WILSON  
Back to your cell, Price.

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

THOMPSON smiles tolerantly and glances at WILSON.

THOMPSON  
What's going on?

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

PRICE stands up, looking at WILSON with teasing concern.

WILSON  
So call a lawyer.

CUT TO:

14

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

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

14

CONTINUED:

14

PRI CE  
You actually believe that?

COYNE  
I was only saying...

PRI CE  
Well don't. You're embarrassing  
yourself.

COYNE grins awkwardly and ducks back to his graphic novel.

CUT TO:

15

15

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

ABBY  
Peter? It's mum.

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

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

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

There is a silence. ABBY frowns.

ABBY  
Are you okay?

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

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

ABBY  
You're all fit and well up there?

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

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

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

ABBY  
You too.. Peter?

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

CUT TO:

16

16

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

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

ABBY  
Is it the bug?

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

They share a smile of complicity, but Helen frowns.

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

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

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

She pauses. Helen looks at her kindly.

HELEN  
How is your Peter now?

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

HELEN  
We were all rooting for him.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

ABBY  
I know that.

HELEN smiles encouragingly.

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

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

HELEN laughs, but looks thoughtful.

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

ABBY  
Absolutely.

HELEN  
(Smiles)  
I'll put in a word...

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

ABBY  
Do you think she's all right?

HELEN  
It must be the flu.

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

HELEN  
She needs to be home in bed, poor love.

CUT TO:

17

17

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

(CONTINUED)

STATION MANAGER

(Over)

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

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

CUT TO:





20

CONTINUED:

20

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

ABBY

Are you all right, love?

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

CUT TO:

21

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

21

NEWSREADER

(Over)

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

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

ABBY

Three hours for a twenty minute journey.

DAVID

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

She kisses him quickly, preoccupied.

ABBY

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

DAVID

Strange how?

(CONTINUED)

She shrugs awkwardly, feeling a little foolish now.

ABBY

Like he didn't want to talk...

DAVID

He probably wanted to go out and play.

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

DAVID

(After a second)

Well?

ABBY

What?

DAVID

The job?

ABBY

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

She grins. DAVID is thrilled.

DAVID

That's great.

Abby smiles but can't control her bubbling anxiety.

ABBY

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

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

ABBY

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

DAVID

I'll get you a drink.

ABBY

Sounds wonderful.

CUT TO:

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS and CIVIL SERVANTS mill about setting up laptops and plasma screens and talking urgently into mobiles. SAMANTHA WILLIS (late 30s/40s) walks through the milling crowd of her staff with MARK CARTER, (20s) her

CARTER

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

She glances at it, then looks up.

WILLIS

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

CARTER

(After a second)

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

WILLIS

How serious?

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

CUT TO:

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23

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24

It is a light summer's evening. ABBY lies soaking in a hot bath, letting the warm water soothe her aching body. A glass of red wine stands on the side. She reaches up for it

25

CONTINUED:

25

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

(CONTINUED)

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

DAVID  
When was this?

His expression grows more serious as he listens.

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

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

ABBY  
David? What is it?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her panic turns rapidly to anger.

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

25

CONTINUED:

25

DAVID

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

She wrenches the phone furiously from his hand.

ABBY

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

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

DAVID

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

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

DAVID

Look, I'm sorry...

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

DAVID

Bloody hell. You're on fire.

ABBY

I'm fine. Come on.

CUT TO:

26

26

27

27

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

DAVID

Come on. Come on.

ABBY

Look, just go.

DAVID

We'll never make it all the way  
there.

(CONTINUED)



27

CONTINUED:

27

ABBY

We can get petrol somewhere else.

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

DAVID

Sorry everyone.

He jams his foot on the accelerator.

CUT TO:

28

28

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

DAVID

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

DRIVER

I've been waiting half an hour...

DAVID

It's my son. He's ill.

DRIVER

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

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

DAVID

I'll be two minutes...

DRIVER

Get lost...

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

DRIVER

I was here first.

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

DRIVER

He's a bloody queue jumper...

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

(CONTINUED)

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

ABBY

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

DAVID

Bloody idiots, panic buying...

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

ABBY

David? David!

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

DAVID

Abby! What is it?

ABBY

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

DAVID

Why didn't you say something?

ABBY

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

DAVID looks at her, horribly torn.

DAVID

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

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

CUT TO:

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

(CONTINUED)

COYNE

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

PRICE goes to the door and bangs on it.

PRICE

Hey! We need help in here!

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

WILSON

What do you want, Price?

PRICE

Coyne's sick.

WILSON

Everyone's sick.

PRICE

He needs a doctor.

WILSON

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

PRICE

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

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

COYNE

My arm really hurts.

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

COYNE

What is it, Tom?

PRICE

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

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

CUT TO:

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

DJ

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

There is a roar of disapproval amongst the clubbers.

DJ

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

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

AL

Drink?

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

AL

Champagne. Cristal.

He tips her generously and turns to the girl.

AL

What's your name?

SIMONE

Simone.

AL

Cute name. I'm Al.

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

31

31

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

ABBY  
What's going on?

DAVID looks around.

DAVID  
Must be a power cut...

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

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

DAVID  
The power will be back on soon.

He helps her up the stairs.

CUT TO:

32

32

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

ABBY  
There's a lump under my arm.

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

ABBY  
What are you doing?

DAVID  
Calling you a doctor.

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

33

33

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

COYNE  
Help me! For God's sake...

PRICE  
Get off me!

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

PRICE  
Help! Help, someone!

His pleas are met only by the delirious cries of the other  
sick prisoners. PRICE looks round at COYNE and sees the

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

CARTER

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

WILLIS

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

CARTER

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

WILLIS

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

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

CARTER

It's already too late for that.

WILLIS

What do you mean?

CARTER

Virtually the entire population has already been exposed.

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

CARTER

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

WILLIS

Compromised?

CARTER  
(After a second)  
It goes into meltdown. In effect  
the body is attacking itself.

CUT TO:



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CONTINUED:

36

DAVID  
Does your arm hurt?

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

37

37

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

SIMONE  
Not bad.

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

AL  
You're dripping.

SIMONE  
It's the dancing. I need a  
shower.

AL  
Down the hall. (Pause) Drink?

SIMONE  
Vodka.

He goes to a drinks cabinet. SIMONE looks around.

SIMONE  
You must be pretty rich.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUE

AL

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

SIMONE

What are you? Saudi?

AL

My father's Kuwaiti, my mum was English.

SIMONE

Al doesn't sound like an Arab name.

AL

Short for Aalim. Al's easier.

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

AL

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

She turns to him coolly.

SIMONE

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

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

WILLIS

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

AL channel hops impatiently until he finds a music video.

CUT TO:

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

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

JOURNALIST 1

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

WILLIS

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

JOURNALIST 1

This is people talking about their own families.

WILLIS

I have no information on that.

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

JENNY

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

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

PAT

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

JENNY

TILSTON

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

JOURNALIST 1

Is it true the Prime Minister himself is ill?

WILLIS

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

JOURNALIST 2

Then why won't he talk to us?

WILLIS

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

She turns swiftly to the military man on her left.

WILLIS

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

STONE

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

CUT TO:

38B

38B

AL switches off the TV and tries to send an email on his BlackBerry but the action fails. He clicks the phone function but the signal rings engaged. He curses, then funcT /0.199 B

38B

CONTINUED:

38B

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

SIMONE

It's a nice view.

AL

You should see it from the bedroom.

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

CUT TO:

39

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

39

JENNY

Okay?

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

CUT TO:

40

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

40

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

JENNY

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

(CONTINUED)

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

CUT TO:

41

41

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

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

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

ABBY  
I can't breathe...

She tries to throw off the covers and moans angrily.

ABBY  
I'm too hot.

DAVID  
The Help Line said to keep you

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

RECEPTIONIST

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

People shove back resentfully as JENNY elbows in.

JENNY

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

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

JENNY

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

RECEPTIONIST

Hey, leave that alone!

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

WILLIS

(On TV)

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

JOURNALIST 1

(Interrupting)

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

WILLIS

43

CONTINUED:

43

WILLIS (cont'd)

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

JOURNALIST 2

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

WILLIS

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

ANYA

(Off)

Jenny...?

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

JENNY

I didn't know what else to do.

ANYA

(After a second)

Wait here.

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

JENNY

Will she be all right?

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

44

44

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

ANYA

Give me a minute.

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

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

(CONTINUED)



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

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

ANYA

You're not allowed in there...

JENNY stares at her wide-eyed with shock.

JENNY

How many..?

ANYA

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

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

JENNY

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

She reads her answer in Anya's face.

JENNY

No one..?

ANYA

Not yet.

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

JENNY

What about the jab?

JENNY

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

JENNY slumps back against the wall, trembling with shock.

JENNY

Pat?

ANYA

I can't help her.

JENNY

There must be some kind of treatment.

44

CONTINUED:

44

ANYA

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

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

ANYA

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

She looks down helplessly.

ANYA

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

CUT TO:

45

OMITTED

45

46

46

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

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

MAN

Watch where you're going!

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

FATHER

Keep up, Najid. We must stick together.

NAJID

What are we doing, dad?

(CON)

FATHER

We must pray to be spared this  
terrible sickness.

He touches his son's face affectionately.

FATHER

There's nothing to be scared of.

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

FATHER

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

DAVID

Hi.

ABBY

I was having a strange dream.

DAVID

You're awake now. Does it hurt anywhere?

ABBY

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

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

ABBY

Are you crying?

DAVID

Of course not.

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

ABBY

I love you.

DAVID

I love you too.

ABBY

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

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

ABBY

David? I'm falling...

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

DAVID

Abby..?

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

48

CONTINUED:

48

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

CUT TO:

49

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

49

CUT TO:

50

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

50

JENNY  
There must be some hope.

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

JENNY  
Why shouldn't you?

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

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

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

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

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

ANYA  
Jenny?

JENNY's hands tremble.

(CONTINUED)



50

CONTINUED:

50

ANYA

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

JENNY

I don't want to be alone...

ANYA

I won't go. I promise.

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

JENNY

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

ANYA smiles sadly.

ANYA

It's only a matter of time.

CUT TO:

51

51

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

WILLIS

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

CARTER

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

SAMANTHA stares, then looks back down at the document.

WILLIS

How many millions?

CARTER

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

(CONTINUED)

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

WILLIS

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

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

CARTER

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

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

WILLIS

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

CARTER

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

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

WILLIS

(On Phone)

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

Tears spring to her eyes but she speaks briskly.

WILLIS

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

She hangs up, straightens her jacket and walks out.

CUT TO:





54

54

The streets are now hauntingly still. Nothing moves and there is no sound beyond a whining car alarm.

CUT TO:

55

55

A huge housing estate in an inner city area. Suddenly the lights go out from block to block as though someone is snuffing candles. The area is plunged into darkness.

CUT TO:

56

56

The city viewed from the air, its lights illuminating the sky for miles around. Darkness steals over the landscape as the power fails in area after area. In a few seconds the whole city disappears as though someone has thrown a blanket over it.

As the lights go out below, the moon seems to glow ever brighter and the stars appear for the first time, shining with indifferent prettiness.

CUT TO:

57

57

58

58

DAVID stumbles down the stairs and into the living room. He glimpses his own shadowy reflection in the mirror and stands lost for a second. Lost, he puts his mobile on the coffee table and sits down on the sofa, clutching his head in his hands with despair.

CUT TO:



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

PRICE stares at him incredulously, then laughs.

WILSON  
What's funny?

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

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

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

PRICE wipes the blood from his lip.

PRICE  
So, what happens now?

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

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

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

CUT TO:

61

61

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

AL  
Time to make a move, darling.

He flinches at the coldness of her skin.

AL  
Simone?

61

CONTINUED:

61

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

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

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

AL  
Ambulance. I need an ambulance...

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

CUT TO:

62

62

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

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

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

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

AL  
Didn't you hear me..?

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

CUT TO:

63

63

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

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED:

63

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

NAJID

Dad? Dad -

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

NAJID

Wake up. Please... wake up.

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

NAJID

Please, can you help me..?

The dying man stares at him with feverish vacancy.

CUT TO:

64

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

64

NAJID

Mum! Mum!

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

CUT TO:

65

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

65

CUT TO:

66

66

ANYA sits in a chair letting the early rays of the sun play on her face. She looks tired to the point of collapse but finally drags herself to her feet.

Then, as she stands up, we see JENNY lies next to her, a tartan blanket up to her chin. She looks like a child, peacefully asleep. ANYA gently draws the blanket up over her face.

CUT TO:

66A

66A

NAJID walks along the balcony towards his flat. He stops to stare out. The normally busy estate is completely silent.

CUT TO:

67

67

NAJID's bedroom is a typical boy's room, complete with football posters, school books and clothes tossed all over the floor. He sits on the edge of his bed and after a moment simply gets in and pulls the duvet over his head.

CUT TO:

68

68

PRICE roots through Coyne's things, ignoring the young man's body, which he has covered with a blanket. He finds a bottle of water. It is virtually empty but he unscrews the cap and drains the last few drops. He throws the bottle away, then goes back to crouching against the wall, his pent-up fury contained in a powerful stillness.

CUT TO:

69

69

AL sits on the sofa surrounded by hi-tech gadgets - mobile, BlackBerry, laptop. He has his iPod on loudly, the earphones clamped into his ears. He taps his feet nervously and stares at the blank screen of his now useless Hi-Def TV.

CUT TO:

70

70

ANYA walks down the corridor, her footsteps echoing in the silence. After the chaos of the previous day the silence is harrowing. Somewhere close many hundreds of people lie dead, but we do not need to see them. Anya's face tells us everything we need to know about the suffering she has witnessed.

CUT TO:

71

71

ANYA goes through the shelves quickly and methodically. She reads a label and finds what she wants. She empties out a handful of pills then adds another dozen to be certain. She takes a bottle of water. She stares at the pills for a long second. We understand immediately that she is planning to commit suicide. A tear rolls down her cheek but she brushes it away angrily and takes one pill, then another. A third and a fourth follow...

... and then she suddenly stops. She stares at the pills, waits another beat, then releases a terrible, inarticulate cry of rage and pain and throws them away. She howls like a wounded animal, sweeping the medicines off the shelves, smashing bottles, sending flasks clattering, lashing out at anything she can find in her terrible despair and fury, exorcising her piercing grief for lost lovers and friends, grief for a tragedy she could do nothing to prevent, a grief beyond imagining or consolation.

Finally, all her energy spent, she slides down to the floor, crying bitterly, like a lost child.

CUT TO:

72

72

ANYA walks out into the empty forecourt. It is a pleasant afternoon, a gentle breeze blowing. She takes off her doctor's white coat and lets it flutter to the ground.

CUT TO:

73

73

Day fades once more into night. Litter blows down deserted streets.



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

CUT TO:

74

74

75

75

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

PRICE  
Hey! In here!

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

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

He is nearly blacking out with exhaustion, but as PRICE moves he snaps awake, taking a tazer

PRICE  
Have you lost anyone, Mr. Wilson?

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

PRICE  
I'm sorry.

WILSON  
I don't want your sympathy.

CUT TO:

77

77

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

PRICE  
You can't be serious.

WILSON  
Someone will come for you.

PRICE turns on him angrily.

PRICE  
I'm not going in there...

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

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

PRICE  
You enjoyed that, didn't you?

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

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

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

PRICE

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

WILSON

What are you talking about?

PRICE

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

WILSON

Get in there.

PRICE

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

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

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

PRICE

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

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

PRICE

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

CUT TO:

78

78

79

79

80

80

ANYA walks down the street, her bag slung over her shoulder. Suddenly she hears the roar of a car engine and turns to look behind her. A car is speeding towards her on the wrong side of the road. It is a Police patrol car, its blue light flashing and siren wailing. She stops and leaps out, waving her arms.

ANYA

Hey!

The car doesn't even brake, but actually mounts the pavement and heads straight for her forcing her to fling herself against the wall. The driver is a a young man in a hooded jacket.

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

CUT TO:

81

81

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

CUT TO:

82

82

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

CUT TO:

83

83

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

CUT TO:

84

84

ABBY GRANT lies in bed. Her in 4. 23.59

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CON

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

84

CONTINUED:

84

ABBY  
David?

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

CUT TO:

85

85

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

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

CUT TO:

86

86

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

ABBY  
David?

The silence is oppressive. She looks around fearfully.

CUT TO:

87

87

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

CUT TO:

The room is in semi-darkness. ABBY goes over to the window and opens the curtains. For a second the view is reassuring. Everything looks so normal she almost smiles.

Suddenly it feels wonderful to be alive.

Then, we see (but Abby doesn't yet) that DAVID is lying on the sofa, his mobile near his outstretched hand. His eyes are open. He has been dead for some time.

Only a moment later does ABBY turn and see him.

Her wrenching cry of horror echoes through the silent house.

CUT TO:

ABBY bangs helplessly on her neighbours door. She gets no reply; she tries to look in but the curtains are closed.

ABBY  
Joe? Linda?

She tries the door and finds it open. She goes inside.

ABBY



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

CUT TO:

91

91

91A

91A

ABBY dashes back out into the street, overwhelmed by panic.

93

CONTINUED:

93

PRICE

I'm home.

CUT TO:

94

94

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

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

CUT TO:

95

95

96

96

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

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

CUT TO:

97

97

98

98

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

CUT TO:

99

99

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

ABBY

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

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

CUT TO:

100

100

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

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

CUT TO:

101

101

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

CUT TO:

102

102

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

CUT TO:

103

103

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

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

CUT TO:

104

104

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

CUT TO:

105

105

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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

AL  
What the hell are you doing?

NAJID  
I didn't know anyone was there.

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

NAJID only stares at him. AL shakes his head.

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

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

NAJID  
Sorry.

The two of them look at each other.

AL  
Where are you going, anyway?

NAJID  
To find my cousins in Blackburn.

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

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

AL shakes his head. NAJID shrugs.

NAJID  
Me neither. My family are all dead.

AL  
I'm sorry.

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

AL  
That's what I'm trying to find

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

AL  
Get in.

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

AL  
Just bloody get in.

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

NAJID  
No funny stuff, okay?

AL  
What?

NAJID  
You're not a paedophile, are you?

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

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

NAJID  
Belt.

AL  
What?

NAJID  
You should put your belt on.

AL looks at him, then at his belt.

AL  
Oh, yeah. Right.

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

AL  
Have you got your cousins' address?

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

AL

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

NAJID nods solemnly.

NAJID

So where are we going?



106

CONTINUED:

106

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

AL

Oi!

NAJID

You shouldn't drink and drive.

CUT TO:

107

107

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

CUT TO:

108

108

109

109

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

CUT TO:

110

110

111

111

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

ABBY

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

Only now does she realise that the woman is dead.

(CONTINUED)

111

CONTINUED:

111

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

ABBY  
I'm sorry.

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

CUT TO:

112

112

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

CUT TO:

113

113

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

CUT TO:

114

114

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

ABBY  
Hello?

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

CUT TO:

115

115

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

(CONTINUED)

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

We can tell from her anguished relief that none of the boys

117

CONTINUED:

117

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

ABBY

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

He extracts himself awkwardly, smiling.

BROWN

Coffee?

CUT TO:

118

118

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

NEIL

Hi. Where are you headed?

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

PRICE

I don't know. Just out of here.

NEIL

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

PRICE

Pleased to meet you. I'm Tom.

The young woman doesn't acknowledge him.

NEIL

We're looking for somewhere to live.

PRICE looks around at the houses on every side.

PRICE

Take your pick.

NEIL

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

(CONTINUED)

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

PRICE gazes at him.

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

NEIL  
What is?

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

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

PRICE  
Did you lose anyone?

NEIL  
My parents. You?

PRI CE  
Wi fe and two ki ds. They di ed

119

CONTINUED:

119

BROWN  
Fig rolls or bourbons?

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

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

BROWN  
Are you okay?

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

She stops. BROWN looks at her sympathetically.

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

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

CUT TO:

120

120

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

ABBY looks at him desperately.

ABBY  
But he was still alive when he  
left?

BROWN



121

121

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

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

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

BROWN looks up.

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

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

ABBY  
What will you do now?

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

ABBY  
Not many of us can say that.

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

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

ABBY  
We'll soon get things working  
again.

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

(CONTINUED)

ABBY

Like what?

BROWN

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

ABBY

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

BROWN

We're going to have to. And soon.

ABBY frowns and shakes her head.

ABBY

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

BROWN

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

He goes on, warming passionately to his theme.

BROWN

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

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

ABBY

Perhaps I have more faith in people than you do.

BROWN

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

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

ABBY

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

CUT TO:

123

123

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

AL  
God, my head... what happened?

NAJID  
You were drunk. You fell asleep.

AL looks at him, then rubs his eyes.

NAJID  
I'm hungry.

AL  
We'll stop at a shop.

NAJID  
I need to pray first.

AL  
What?

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

CUT TO:

124

124

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

NAJID  
Which way's east?

AL  
How do I know?

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

AL  
That's north. East is that way.

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

(CONTINUED)

124

CONTINUED:

124

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

AL  
You still believe in God after all this?

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

NAJID  
Of course I do.

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

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

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

AL ambles back to his car.

124A

124A

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

AL  
Oh, great.

CUT TO:

124B

124B

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

NAJID  
(after a second)  
Where are we going?

AL  
To get some petrol.

NAJID  
Where from?

(CONTINUED)

124B CONTINUED:

124B

AL  
Where do you think?

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

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

He looks away petulantly.

NAJID  
My dad would know what to do.

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

NAJID looks at him, hurt. AL feels guilty.

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

They walk on.

NAJID  
I'm hungry.

AL gives him a withering look.

CUT TO:

125

125

126

126

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

CUT TO:



PRICE

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

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

PRICE

For God's sake, shut up...

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

NEIL

What happened?

PRICE

She just started screaming.

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

NEIL

It's okay. You're all right.



She hesitates, then looks back at the car.

CUT TO:

129

129

ABBY sits in the car. She can hardly believe what she is

131

CONTINUED:

131

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

CUT TO:

132

132

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

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

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

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

Greg Preston is clearly no ordinary looter.

CUT TO:

133

133

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

CUT TO:

134

134

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

(CONTINUED)

134

CONTINUED:

134

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

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

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

CUT TO:

135

135

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

GREG

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

ABBY

I'm sorry.

GREG

Of all the terrible pieces of driving...

ABBY

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

He inspects the scrape on the side of his car.

GREG

It's okay.

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

ABBY

Well, you didn't stop either.

GREG

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

ABBY

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

GREG

Is that supposed to be funny?

(CONTINUED)



ABBY

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

She shrugs uncertainly. He gazes at her.

GREG

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

ABBY

I've had the virus.

GREG

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

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

GREG

I better get going.

ABBY

You're on a tight schedule, then?

He smiles, taking her teasing in good part.

GREG

I want to keep moving.

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

GREG

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

She stares at him and nods slowly.

ABBY

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

GREG

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

She smiles gratefully.

ABBY  
You really think he might be  
alive?

GREG  
(Smiles)  
Miracles happen. Even now.

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

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

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

He glances at the ruin of her car and smiles.

GREG  
Yeah. So I see.

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

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

She nods in acknowledgement of this.

GREG  
I'm Greg Preston, by the way.

ABBY  
Abby Grant.

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

CUT TO:

137

137

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

NEIL

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

He smiles, glancing back at CATHY.

NEIL

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

She smiles nervously.

NEIL

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

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

CATHY

Neil..?

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

PRICE

Put that back.

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

NEIL

Who the hell are you?

PRICE reaches over to Cathy for his bag.

PRICE

Give me that.

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

NEIL

Leave her alone.

PRICE

Just drive.

(CONTINUE)

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

NEIL



139

CONTINUED:

139

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

ABBY

Hi . . .

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

CUT TO:

140

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

MAN

Back off. This is my petrol.

ABBY

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

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

MAN

You can have your turn later.

ABBY

What?

MAN

I was here first . . .

ABBY

You don't understand . . .

MAN

Get lost.

ABBY stops in confusion.

ABBY

Why are you being like this..?

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

(CONTINUED)

GREG

The pump... turn off the pump.

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

GREG

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

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

MAN

Keep away...

GREG

I don't want your bloody  
petrol...

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

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

GREG

It's going to blow.

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

CUT TO:

141

141

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

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

ABBY

Why would he behave like that?

GREG looks at her, but has no easy answer.

ABBY

We were only trying to help him.

143

CONTINUED:

143

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

(CONTINUED)



144

CONTINUED:

144

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

ANYA

Don't try to move.

She feels his neck and head.

ANYA

Breathe for me, try to relax.

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

ANYA

Can you feel this?

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

ANYA

You'll live.

CUT TO:

145

145

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

PRICE

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

ANYA

So I'm told.

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

ANYA

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

PRICE

I was mugged.

ANYA

Why would anyone mug you?

(CONTINUED)

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

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

PRICE  
(After a second)  
Are you a doctor?

ANYA  
I'm nothing anymore.

PRICE watches her through half-closed eyes.

CUT TO:

147

CONTINUED:

147

PRICE

Thanks. I won't forget this.

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

CUT TO:

148

148

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

AL

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

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

AL

Oh, what the hell.

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

NAJID

Al!

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

AL

Come here.

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

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

ABBY

Hello.

He shrugs, suddenly shy.

(CONTINUED)



NAJID

Hi .

There is an awkward moment. She smiles warmly.

ABBY

It's so good to see you.

NAJID



GREG

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

ABBY

We survived! Isn't that something?

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

ABBY

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

GREG

I also told you I had plans...

ABBY

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

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

ABBY

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

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

AL

I'm going where she's going.

PRICE

(After a second)  
I'm in.

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

PRICE

What else have we got going?

NAJID looks at ABBY uncertainly.

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

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

ANYA  
Why not?

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

GREG  
(Finally)  
All right. Just until you get  
settled. Then I'm away.

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

GREG  
All right, boss. What do we do  
now?

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

CUT TO:

150

150

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

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

WHITAKER

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

(CONTINUED)

150

CONTINUED:

150

His visitor, JAMES HUTCHINGS, is in his 20s. He wears a white lab coat over his jeans and sweater.

WHITAKER  
Is everyone waiting?

HUTCHINGS  
It's quite all right, sir.  
There's no rush.

WHITAKER takes his own white coat off the back of a chair.

CUT TO:

151

151

The corridor has a sterile feel. WHITAKER and HUTCHINGS walk side by side.

WHITAKER  
Strange to imagine what's been happening out there. Hard to grasp the enormity of it.

HUTCHINGS  
I don't like to think about it.

WHITAKER glances at him.

WHITAKER  
Who did you have on the outside?  
Parents, wasn't it?

HUTCHINGS  
And my sister.

WHITAKER  
I'm sorry. (Pause) We've all sacrificed so much. You never told them anything?

HUTCHINGS  
No, sir.

WHITAKER  
That must have been hard.

HUTCHINGS nods uneasily, then leads the way into a room.

CUT TO:

152

152

They turn into a big room, fully equipped with the latest hi-tech laboratory equipment. A few WORKERS, also in white coats, pore over computers. There is the same sterile glow from the harsh white lighting. There is something oddly normal about the this hermetically sealed environment and at the same time jarringly strange.

WHITAKER looks around, then turns to HUTCHINGS with a smile.

WHITAKER

Well, James. (Pause) I think it's time to begin.

HOLD on his face for a second, then -