

THE ROOK

Episode 1

"Pilot"

by

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THE ROOK

"PILOT"

TEASER

EXT. HYDE PARK (LONDON) - NIGHT

RAIN. Pouring, driving rain.

CLOSE ON - a young woman's face, lying on muddy, torn-up grass. Eyes closed, rivulets of rain dripping from her hair, nose.

She has TWO SWOLLEN BLACK EYES and bloody, red-raw lips. Unconscious? Dead?

She is MYFANWY THOMAS (early 30s). As we pull back, we see she is thin, pale. Her expensive suit and overcoat are soaked through, muddy, torn.

MYFANWY (V.O.)

Dear You.

Myfanwy jolts awake, gasps for breath. Blinks her eyes against the stinging rain. Pushes herself upright on the sodden grass.

MYFANWY (V.O.)

The body you are wearing used to be mine.

She looks down at her muddy hands - eyes wide with panic ("Whose hands are these?"). A jolt of pain - she clutches her ribs, grimacing.

MYFANWY (V.O.)

I'm writing this letter for you to read in the future.

She struggles to her feet - shivering, gritting her teeth against the pain.

MYFANWY (V.O.)

You're probably wondering why anyone would do such a thing. The answer is both simple and complicated. The simple answer is: because I knew it would be necessary. The complicated answer will take a little more time.

She pats herself down, feeling for broken ribs, bruises - still staring at her body like it's something alien.

There's something else in the coat pocket. She pulls out TWO CRUMPLED ENVELOPES.

Holds them up, squinting in the dim moonlight. The first envelope is addressed "TO YOU", the second simply has the number "2" written on it.

With trembling hands, she opens the first envelope, and starts to read the letter, teeth chattering.

MYFANWY (V.O.)

You're probably aware of this next part already, because if you're reading this, you've survived several immediate threats... but you are still in danger.

CLOSE ON the letter, ink already starting to run in the rain. We see the words "YOU ARE STILL IN DANGER"...

A flash of lightning in the darkness. For the first time, Myfanwy sees that she is SURROUNDED BY DEAD BODIES. A dozen men and women, arrayed around her in a perfect circle. All smartly dressed, all wearing LATEX GLOVES, their dead eyes staring at her.

Myfanwy gasps, looking from body to body.

MYFANWY (V.O.)

Along with this body, you've inherited certain problems and responsibilities. Your immediate problem being that someone is trying to kill you. Ultimately the responsibility of finding out who, also passes to you. For now, you need to find a safe place. Once you're sure you're out of danger, open the second letter.

Myfanwy looks back at the letter, reading the last line:

MYFANWY (V.O.)

Right now. Go. Run.

She crumples the letter in her hand. Steps over the ring of bodies. Starts running.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. QUIET RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

MYFANWY stumbles out of the ornate metal park gates - breathless, panicked, soaked to the skin. She glances up at the sign by the gates: "HYDE PARK - CITY OF WESTMINSTER."

She finds herself on a residential street - a few cars, the occasional passer-by, sheltered under umbrellas.

A SMARTLY DRESSED WOMAN walking a tiny dog stares at Myfanwy with alarm as she passes. Myfanwy becomes self-conscious - slows her pace, wraps her coat around her.

Myfanwy pats down her overcoat again - this time finding a WALLET in another pocket. Her eyes widen as she looks inside: THE WALLET IS STUFFED WITH FIFTY POUND NOTES.

She looks up, seeing the orange light of a BLACK CAB among the approaching cars. She thrusts out an arm -grimacing in pain as she does so. The taxi pulls over.

CABBIE
Lost your umbrella?
(Seeing her black eyes)
Bloody hell. Are you OK, love?

Myfanwy opens the door, scrambles into --

INT./EXT. BLACK CAB - CONTINUOUS

MYFANWY
I'm fine. I think I'm... fine.

Myfanwy tries to look at her BRUISED FACE in the cab's rearview mirror, but only catches glimpses...

CABBIE
Then... where to, love?

MYFANWY
(racking her brain)
I don't um... I'm not... sure.
Could you just drive, please?

CABBIE
You're the boss.

Myfanwy turns to look through the rear window, as the cab pulls away. There's a BLACK MERCEDES WITH TINTED WINDOWS behind them. Is she being followed...?

MYFANWY
Actually, would you mind doing a U-
turn here?

CABBIE
If you say so.

He turns the car around. The Mercedes doesn't follow.

MYFANWY
And another U-turn, please.

CABBIE
We'll get dizzy at this rate...

The cabbie looks bemused, but turns the car around again. Nobody follows. Myfanwy sighs, relaxing slightly.

MYFANWY

Could you take me to... a hotel,
please? Any hotel.
(looking at her wallet)
Actually... make it a nice hotel.

EXT. CLARIDGES HOTEL - NIGHT

A DOORMAN IN TOP HAT holds an umbrella over MYFANWY's head as she stumbles out of her cab.

MYFANWY

Thank-you.

The doorman is taken aback by the sight of her, but recovers quickly, guiding her to the revolving door, and into --

INT. CLARIDGES HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

-- the hotel's impossibly grand lobby (checkered marble floor, chandelier), deserted apart from the front desk.

Limping out of the revolving door, MYFANWY stands a moment - awestruck by the grand surroundings... and realising just how out of place she looks.

CLACK, CLACK, CLACK - she steps towards reception, heels clicking on the marble floor, water dripping around her.

She tries to fix her appearance, scraping back her soaking hair. It doesn't work - with her puffy black eyes, she looks like a drowned raccoon.

The PRIM RECEPTIONIST watches Myfanwy approach - her face blank, professional, unfazed.

RECEPTIONIST

Good evening, welcome to Claridges.
How can I help you?

MYFANWY

I'd like a room please. Just... for one.

Myfanwy sees that she's DRIPPED BLOOD onto the mahogany countertop. She deftly wipes it away with her sleeve.

RECEPTIONIST

Certainly madam. May I take your name, please?

MYFANWY

Yes. Yes you may. It's er...

Myfanwy fumbles through her wallet - pulls out a credit card
- and sees the name MYFANWY THOMAS on the bottom.

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

It's... My... My-fan...why...? It's
hard to spell, why don't you just
take it from my card.

Myfanwy hands the card to the receptionist.

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

Oh, and could I get a newspaper in
the morning?

RECEPTIONIST

Certainly, Madam. Which paper would
you like?

MYFANWY

I think... All of them, please.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Myfanwy is shown into her hotel room by an eager BELLBOY.

BELLBOY

... bathroom to the left,
refrigerator in the cabinet.
Anything you need at all, just dial
zero for the concierge.

The Bellboy glances at her MUD-AND-BLOODSTAINED CLOTHES.

BELLBOY (CONT'D)

We also offer an overnight laundry
service. If you're interested.

MYFANWY

I... am interested in that.

BELLBOY

There's a canvas bag in the
wardrobe. Drop it outside your
door, I'll be along to collect it.

MYFANWY

Thank-you. Very much. Wait...
sorry... here.

Myfanwy fumbles in her wallet, producing a SOAKING £50 NOTE,
holding it out to the Bellboy.

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

You can... dry that out, I hope.

She shuts the door on the Bellboy's surprised face.

Myfanwy leans back against the door, sinks to the floor, and breathes deeply - still shivering, wet, cold.

After a moment, she seems to come back to her senses. She reaches for the TV REMOTE on a nearby coffee table, and switches on the news -

NEWSCASTER 1

... the UN ceasefire expired at midnight and has not been renewed -

She switches channel -

NEWSCASTER 2

... the Tour De France winner and Olympic champion vanished from his home in Kensington three days ago -

Switches channel again -

NEWSCASTER 3

... major incident in central London tonight...

Myfanwy's eyes widen in alarm - is this about Hyde Park?

NEWSCASTER 3 (CONT'D)

... as Trafalgar Square is forced to close, after flooding with sewer water following heavy rainfall...

Myfanwy sighs with relief, and mutes the TV.

She begins EMPTYING HER WALLET onto the coffee table: Two bank cards under the name MYFANWY THOMAS. The wad of £50 notes. A coffee-house loyalty card. Nothing more.

MYFANWY stares into the empty wallet, perplexed.

She pulls the SECOND LETTER from her pocket, crumpled and rain-soaked - and tears it open.

The envelope contains another handwritten letter - and TWO SMALL KEYS. One has a BLUE KEY FOB, the other RED. Myfanwy stares at them, curious but also suspicious.

We hear the voice of the 'old' Myfanwy Thomas (henceforth OLD MYFANWY) in V.O. -

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

Dear You. If you're reading this, I'm going to assume that you're safe - at least for now.

Myfanwy unfolds the letter, and reads, hurriedly -

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

Do you know the name of the body
you're in? It's Myfanwy Alice
Thomas. I don't embrace the
traditional Welsh pronunciation, by
the way - I prefer 'Miff-un-ee.'
Rhymes with 'Tiffany.'

Myfanwy silently mouths her own name a couple of times,
rolling it around her mouth, trying it on for size.

A DROP OF BLOOD falls onto the envelope, from her still-
bleeding lip. Myfanwy touches her lip, then her face.

She realises - she has no idea what she looks like. She
carries the letter into --

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Myfanwy stands in front of the huge bathroom mirror, looking
at herself properly for the first time.

She touches her black eyes, her red-raw lips. Feeling her
cheekbones. Fascinated and horrified in equal measure.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

I wonder, are you made up of parts
of me? Or are you a completely new
person?

MYFANWY moves to assess her body, pulling off the soaking
overcoat, blazer, blouse... she begins to undress.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

In case you're wondering - the
filling in your lower left molar is
there, because I had a phobia of
dentists as a teenager...

Myfanwy stares at her reflection, completely naked
(*strategically posed*).

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

... the scar on your left thigh,
because I fell out of a tree at the
age of nine.

She locates the scar on her thigh, and we catch glimpses of
the THICK BRUISES down her legs, across her ribs.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

You're probably wondering how I
came to write these letters. The
bad news is - I'm not psychic. I
can't see what's coming. But I've
received certain... warnings. And
I've come to believe them.

Myfanwy touches a bruise... and sucks her teeth in pain.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O)

I know that I'm going to be attacked. I know that I will fight, and I will win. That last part is probably you. I organise well, but I don't fight. The black eyes are probably mine, though. That sort of thing seems to happen to me.

Myfanwy's hand comes to rest on a slender gold chain around her neck. She cranes to look at it the mirror.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

I know that my attackers will be wearing latex gloves. That's an important detail. It means that somebody close to me, someone I should be able to trust has decided that I need to be removed. I don't know exactly who. I don't know why. It may be for something I haven't even done yet.

Fear and confusion start creeping up on her. She wrestles with the clasp of the necklace, struggling to untie it. She doesn't recognise it, wants it off her body.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

And while they will not succeed in killing me, I know that I will lose my memory. And you will find yourself standing in the rain, with no idea of who are.

Myfanwy finally pulls the necklace free, and casts it away from her in disgust - it clatters into the sink.

She kicks the shoes and clothes away from her across the floor, and backs away from her reflection, hyperventilating.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

Which means there is a choice you must make. Because I refuse to make it for you...

... Myfanwy collapses to bathroom floor, curling into a ball, wracked by sobs.

EXT. HYDE PARK - NIGHT

We're back to the CIRCLE OF DEAD BODIES - twelve smartly dressed men and women, all wearing blue latex gloves.

As we pull back, we see that it's now a floodlit CRIME SCENE - bustling police, forensics in white overalls.

Deputy Commissioner ANGUS CALLUM is being briefed by Detective Chief Inspector CRAIG HEWITT, as they trudge towards the circle of bodies.

D.C.I. HEWITT

Twelve bodies in total, five male, seven female. Found by an insomniac dog-walker, just after midnight.

CALLUM

The dog-walker's a suspect?

D.C.I. HEWITT

She's eighty-three, sir. Doesn't seem the mass-murdering type.

Callum takes in the scene. Even for a seasoned police officer, this one's a shocker.

CALLUM

Cause of death?

D.C.I. HEWITT

Unclear. No weapons found. Some of the victims are bleeding - mouth, ears. Trauma of some sort.

CALLUM

IDs on the victims?

D.C.I. HEWITT

Nothing so far - no wallets in pockets, no keys, no phones. Most likely cleared out by our killer.

Behind them, TWO PECULIAR VISITORS ARE ARRIVING AT THE CRIME SCENE:

An impeccably-dressed blonde woman (ELIZA GESTALT) and man (ROBERT GESTALT) - both in their late 20s/early 30s, both strikingly beautiful, both with icy-blue eyes.

Eliza crouches down beside the bodies, as -

D.C.I. HEWITT (CONT'D)

(to Eliza)

Excuse me - Oi! This is my crime scene, step away please. I said - step away. Who the hell are you?

ROBERT

I need your staff to pack up their equipment and leave, as quickly as possible. Replace any evidence exactly where it was found.

D.C.I. HEWITT

You what?

But Deputy Commissioner Callum recognises the new arrival. He puts a calming hand on Hewitt's shoulder.

CALLUM

(to Robert)

Let's not be hasty. There's no indication this is one for you lot.

ROBERT

Irrelevant. Please pack up your equipment. You have five minutes.

D.C.I. HEWITT

Are you off your nut? Some psycho kills a dozen people, lays them out in some ritualistic tableau in the middle of Hyde Park - and you think we're not gonna bloody investigate?

ROBERT

Incorrect. These bodies are lying exactly where they died.

D.C.I. HEWITT

How would you know that? You haven't even looked at them.

ROBERT

Lividity patterns on the arms and legs strongly -

Eerily, ELIZA GESTALT finishes his sentence for him -

ELIZA

- indicate that these bodies are lying where they fell. Suggesting that all twelve people died simultaneously.

The policemen turn to face Eliza, who is ten feet away, inspecting the bodies.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

I need your staff to pack up their equipment, and leave the scene immediately, replacing -

ROBERT & ELIZA

- any evidence exactly where it was found.

Hewitt is gobsmacked at Robert and Eliza's freakish synchronicity, but Callum has seen this before.

CALLUM

(shouting)

Alright everyone.

(MORE)

CALLUM (CONT'D)
Box Seven are taking over this
scene - drop your bags, step away,
quick as you can.

Mutters and a few grumbles ("Box Seven...?"), but the police
begin to comply - stepping away from the scene.

Meanwhile a flood of new workers are arriving at the scene
- some in suits, others in grey overalls, carrying metal
cases and peculiar-looking equipment.

CALLUM (CONT'D)
Come on, Craig. Leave them to it.
This one's not for us.

On D.C.I. Hewitt, as he's reluctantly led away.

He looks back over his shoulder - to see HUGE TARPAULINS
being unfurled, obscuring the scene from view.

Hewitt passes a pair of BLONDE TWINS WITH ICY BLUE EYES
(TEDDY GESTALT and ALEX GESTALT) who are approaching the
scene in smart suits.

As they pass the policemen, the twins NOD IN PERFECT UNISON.

TEDDY
Thank you gentlemen for -

ALEX
- your co-operation.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM, CLARIDGES - NIGHT

Myfanwy's still lying naked on the bathroom floor of her
hotel room. The sobs have passed. She's calm, still.

Slowly she picks herself up, every movement painful.

She looks at the letter, still open on the bathroom
countertop, and then down at the muddy, bloody smudges she's
left on the floor. She turns on the shower.

TIME CUT:

Myfanwy in the shower, water cascading down her face, mud and
blood running down her body.

Close on the SECOND LETTER, on the bathroom counter -

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)
There is a choice you must make.
Because I refuse to make it for
you. In this envelope you'll find
two keys...

INT. HOTEL ROOM, CLARIDGES - MOMENTS LATER

Myfanwy's sitting on the bed wearing a fluffy bathrobe, her hair wrapped up in a towel.

She's DISINFECTING HER WOUNDS using a vodka miniature from the mini-bar, wincing at the stinging pain.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

They open two safe deposit boxes in
the Mansel Bank at 157
Bassingthwaite Street.

Close on the TWO SMALL KEYS on the bed next to Myfanwy, ONE RED, THE OTHER BLUE. Myfanwy glances at the keys, as she takes a swig of vodka. Grimaces.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

The blue key opens a box containing
fake passports, travel documents,
and all the money you'll need to
build a new identity, in another
country. You can walk away from my
life, and start one of your own.

Myfanwy rises from the bed and begins to barricade her hotel room - heaving the desk in front of the door.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

The red key opens a box containing
everything you need to return to my
old life. A life which... I can't
tell you much about. Not yet.

Myfanwy uses a bathrobe cord to tie together the handles of the balcony doors.

OLD MYFANWY

But you should know that the body
you're in has wealth, power and
knowledge beyond the dreams of most
people. You can have all that...

Myfanwy grabs the TV remote, flicks through the news channels again... but finds nothing about Hyde Park.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

... You can find out who attacked
us, and why. You can stop them,
before they hurt anyone else. But
I'd be lying if I said that wasn't
an incredibly dangerous choice.

She scooches up the bed, keys in hand, until her head rests on the pillows. It's the best feeling she's ever had in her (short) memory.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)
I wouldn't blame you for making
either choice. And whatever you
decide, I wish you nothing but the
best. Sincerely, Myfanwy Thomas.

She turns the keys over in her hands -

MYFANWY
(to herself)
You don't give much away, do you,
Myfanwy Thomas...?

MYFANWY places the keys down on the bedside table, picks up a notepad and pencil, and starts scribbling a list.

ON THE NOTEPAD:

- NO WEDDING RING.
- NO PHOTOS IN WALLET - NO FAMILY?
- BUSINESS SUIT - OFFICE JOB?

The letters on the page begin to blur. Myfanwy's eyelids are drooping with exhaustion.

ON THE NOTEPAD, she persists with writing her list:

NEAT HANDWRITING - UPTIGHT??

The letters on the page blur once more... And Myfanwy falls fast asleep.

EXT. VAN BUREN PHILIPS BUILDING, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

A smart but unobtrusive office block, on a central Washington street.

SUPER: VAN BUREN PHILIPS BUILDING, WASHINGTON D.C.

We hear a strange sound -- FWOOM! -- halfway between a gunshot and a blast of air. And we're inside...

INT. SHOOTING RANGE LOBBY, V.B.P. BUILDING - NIGHT

The open doorway to a modern, well-equipped indoor shooting range. A red light above the doorway declares "NO ENTRY WHEN LIT."

FWOOM-FWOOM! - more odd sounds. The range seems deserted, but through the doorway we see strange FLASHES OF LIGHT.

After a moment, the sounds and light-flashes cease. Inside the shooting range --

INT. SHOOTING RANGE, V.B.P. BUILDING - NIGHT

-- a tall, striking African-American woman, SHANTAY PETOSKEY (30s/40s, confident, commanding) stands in the centre of the empty range, breathing heavily.

Dressed in a smart suit, she has a strange contraption - a Glock pistol with a weird conical barrel - in her hand.

Several MANNEQUINS are arrayed around Shantay on the range, THEIR HEADS SMOKING/STEAMING to varying degrees.

Shantay's assistant approaches, ALAN SUMMERHILL (20s, full of quiet, geeky energy), carrying a tablet computer.

ALAN

Er... Bishop Petoskey...?

Shantay's head whips round, her fingers clenching tight around the gun. Alan flinches, holds up a hand -

ALAN (CONT'D)

Just me.

Shantay relaxes her grip. Alan glances at the wall clock. The time reads 02:16. Shantay avoids his gaze.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You weren't answering your phone, I... thought you might be here.

SHANTAY

I need you to recalibrate these sights, Alan - they're skewed five points left, six points low. Shave the weight at least twenty percent. Oh, and the battery life is unacceptable - double it, please. Other than that, great job.

ALAN

Yes, ma'am. But first - intel from Apex House you'll want to see.

Shantay's too busy reloading her weapon to look up.

SHANTAY

Whatever it is, I'll deal with it tomorrow.

ALAN

A possible development on the Gaithersburg case.

Shantay's head snaps up - he has her full attention.

ALAN (CONT'D)
There's been an incident in London.
These are fresh off the wire.

Alan hands Shantay the tablet, showing POLICE PHOTOGRAPHS from the London crime scene - the CIRCLE OF DEAD BODIES.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Twelve fatalities. Checquy are investigating.

['CHECQUY' is a weird word, so let's take a moment to say: it's pronounced 'Sheck-Eh,' and several people are going to say it before anyone explains what it means.]

SHANTAY
And you're showing me because...?

ALAN
The last photo. From a CCTV camera near the scene.

Shantay flicks to the last photo - which shows a BEARDED MAN IN A SUIT, RUNNING THROUGH A DESERTED LONDON STREET. The photo has an electric effect on Shantay -

ALAN (CONT'D)
It's a low-res image - facial recognition's only sixty-two percent, but -

SHANTAY
It's him. I want a jet fuelled and ready to leave in an hour.

ALAN
Yes ma'am. Or maybe... tomorrow morning? We could confirm with Bishop Morales, and you could probably use some sleep -

Shantay's already on her way out the door.

SHANTAY
We can sleep on the plane.

ALAN
Um... 'we?'

SHANTAY
I'm taking the cannon, which means I'm taking you. Congratulations, Alan - you're coming to London. Hope you like tea.

PRE-LAP: A LOUD KNOCK ON A WOODEN DOOR...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

-- MYFANWY wakes up with a jolt, still in her bath robe. The hotel room is just as she left it - the TV still cycling 24 hour news on low volume opposite the bed.

Another KNOCK on the door. Myfanwy climbs out of bed - her body still a mess of aches and bruises.

Wary, she climbs onto the desk barricading the door to the room, peering through the peephole - then relaxes.

MYFANWY

Just a minute, please.

MYFANWY drags the heavy desk out of the way, and opens the door to reveal --

BELLBOY

Your dry cleaning, Madam? And your newspapers.

MYFANWY

Oh. Yes, er... Thank you.

The BELLBOY enters carrying a suit-bag, and an enormous stack of newspapers. The top newspaper shows images of Trafalgar Square, flooded with sewer water, under the headline: "TRAFALGAR SQUARE MEETS ITS WATER-LOO."

The BELLBOY glances at the room - furniture askew, bed strewn with vodka miniatures. Balcony doors tied shut with bathroom robe cords.

BELLBOY

We... offer an in-room breakfast service, if you'd like, Madam?

MYFANWY

That'd be lovely - I'm starving.

BELLBOY

And what is your preferred breakfast, Madam?

MYFANWY

I, er... have absolutely no idea...

She's distracted by the TV news:

The TV shows a helicopter view of a HUGE CANOPY in the middle of a London park. The news strip reads: "SINKHOLE OPENS UP IN LONDON'S HYDE PARK."

Hurriedly, Myfanwy turns up the volume on the TV --

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)
... gaping cavity approximately
thirty feet across opened up
overnight in Hyde Park, likely
caused by recent heavy rain.
Authorities have moved swiftly to
cover the crater, to prevent
further collapse...

Off the image of the canopy on the TV screen --

INT. CANOPY, HYDE PARK - DAY

We're inside the canopy in Hyde Park.

There is no sinkhole - just a dozen grey overall-clad
INVESTIGATORS, in face masks and latex gloves, conducting a
fingertip search of the grass on their knees.

With tweezers they're placing everything they find - soda
cans, crisp packets, cigarettes butts - into plastic evidence
bags. Just ahead of them, lying in the grass --

-- CLOSE ON A SCRAP OF ENVELOPE, the rain-soaked ink still
just legible, spelling out the words - "TO YOU."

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT./INT. BLACK CAB, CLARIDGE'S HOTEL - DAY

Myfanwy exits the hotel, in her newly-cleaned suit, as a
DOORMAN holds open a taxi door for her.

She's pulling the tags off a WIDE-BRIMMED HAT AND BLACK
SUNGLASSES, which she's just bought from the gift shop.

DOORMAN

Thank-you for staying at Claridges,
Madam. We hope to see you again.

Myfanwy climbs in, handing a fifty to the Doorman.

CAB DRIVER

Where to, Miss?

MYFANWY

(reading from the letter)
Mansel Bank, please. One-five-seven
Bassingthwaite Street.

As the cab pulls away, Myfanwy opens the palm of her hand to
reveal THE TWO SMALL KEYS - one blue, the other red.

She stares at the keys for a long moment, as the cab winds through the bustling London streets...

She looks up at an advertisement on the back of the driver's seat: "GOODBYE LONDON, HELLO PARIS! EUROSTAR, EVERY 15 MINUTES FROM LONDON ST. PANCRAS."

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

Um... How far is St. Pancras station from from the bank, please?

CABBIE

In this traffic? Twenty minutes, tops. You going on holiday, love?

Myfanwy makes her decision - stuffs the RED KEY INTO HER POCKET - KEEPING THE BLUE KEY IN HER HAND.

MYFANWY

Something like that.

EXT. CITY AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

A convoy of SLEEK BLACK VEHICLES - two Land Rover Defenders flanking a limousine - speeds along the runway. The high-rise towers of London's Docklands gleam in the background.

The speeding black cars are powering towards - a CESSNA PRIVATE JET, taxiing to a halt at the end of the runway.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Close on a CUP OF COFFEE on a saucer, in Alan's hands, as he approaches Shantay in the jet's luxurious cabin.

Shantay's ASLEEP in her seat, but looks far from restful - she's GRIPPING THE ARMRESTS so hard her fingers twitch.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE, GAITHERSBURG USA - FLASHBACK

SHANTAY'S P.O.V. - Shantay's yanking at her own leg, which is TRAPPED under a collapsed concrete column.

The sound of gunfire all around. Screams. Flames.

A bearded man's face suddenly close to hers. Flecked with blood. Flickering in the firelight. Smiling.

ALAN (V.O.)

Bishop Petoskey...?

BACK TO:

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

SMACK! Shantay's grabbed Alan's wrist with lightning reflexes and - CRASH! - knocked the coffee cup out of his other hand as though it's a weapon, before -

- her eyes focus. Alan's wrist still locked in her grip. Coffee dripping down the wall of the cabin.

SHANTAY

(releasing his wrist)

Alan. I... didn't mean to... What do you need?

ALAN

My bad - I shouldn't have startled you. Just wanted to tell you - we're here. The Brits are rolling out the red carpet.

He nods at the jet's window. Outside, the CONVOY OF BLACK VEHICLES is pulling to a halt, and -

EXT. CITY AIRPORT RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

- three people step out of the limousine:

ROBERT and ELIZA GESTALT, the icy-blue-eyed blondes from the crime scene. And a distinguished-looking man in an immaculately tailored suit, CONRAD GRANTCHESTER (50s).

They watch impassively as the jet's stairway folds down.

GRANTCHESTER

Do try to smile, Rook Gestalt. A little inter-agency co-operation goes a long way.

ROBERT

If the Americans want to share intelligence, they should send an email.

GRANTCHESTER

You've already upset the Metropolitan Police this morning. Perhaps you could leave our alliance with the United States intact?

ELIZA

It's Thomas who deals with tourists. Not me.

GRANTCHESTER

I'm sure Rook Thomas has her reasons for this morning's absence.

(MORE)

GRANTCHESTER (CONT'D)
She's the last person anyone would
call lazy.

ROBERT
They call her plenty of other
things...

Shantay emerges from the jet, smiling warmly. Alan emerges
behind her, lugging two large metal cases.

ELIZA
(indicating SHANTAY)
I've heard Bishop Petoskey's
colleagues have some choice
nicknames for her, as well.

GRANTCHESTER
I'm sure we don't need to discuss
them now.

ROBERT
You've heard the same rumours I
have. She's unstable. Cracked.
She's -

GRANTCHESTER
(loudly, to Shantay)
- Here at last! Bishop Petoskey,
you're a vision as always. Welcome
to her Majesty's United Kingdom.

SHANTAY strides towards them, extending a hand -

SHANTAY
Bishop Grantchester, such a
pleasure. And Rook Gestalt, how
sweet of you to come meet me.

ELIZA and ROBERT nod in perfect unison, their faces
expressionless - then climb back into the limousine.

SHANTAY (CONT'D)
Warm welcome as always.

EXT./INT. BLACK CAB, OUTSIDE MANSEL BANK - DAY

Myfanwy's cab pulls up outside a shiny, modern-looking
building - "MANSELL BANK" in gold lettering above the
entrance doors.

Myfanwy reaches forward to pay her fare.

MYFANWY
Would you mind waiting for me? I'll
be going straight to St. Pancras.

CABBIE

I dunno, Miss, how long d'you think
you're gonna -
(Seeing the £50 note)
I'll be right here.

INT. MANSEL BANK - DAY

The sleek glass-and-marble atrium of Mansel Bank. Myfanwy stands in the doorway, sweeping her eyes across the bank's clientele, looking for any sign of danger...

... but finding none. Everyone going about their business, oblivious to her presence.

INT. MANSEL BANK - LIFT LOBBY - DAY

Myfanwy steps into an open elevator, sneaking a glance behind her as she does so. No-one is following her.

CLOSE ON the elevator buttons - Myfanwy presses the bottom button - "B3: SAFE DEPOSIT SERVICE".

INT. MANSEL BANK - SAFE DEPOSIT RECEPTION - DAY

The elevator pings open, and Myfanwy crosses a long, white-floored reception, the BLUE KEY IN HER HAND.

A smiling RECEPTIONIST (female) stands to greet her.

MYFANWY

Good morning. I hope you can help
me - I'd like to access my -

From MYFANWY'S POV - as she notices THE RECEPTIONIST HAS BLUE LATEX GLOVES on her hands...

... looks back up at the Receptionist's smiling face...

... as the Receptionist winds up and PUNCHES MYFANWY IN THE FACE. THUD!

DARKNESS.

The sound of hurried footsteps. A door opening.

Myfanwy blinks. Through blurry eyes she sees the white floor - she's been knocked to the ground. Blinks again.

The silhouettes of TWO MEN rushing into the room through a doorway. She blinks again...

... and sees the men more clearly. Both smartly dressed, both wearing LATEX GLOVES. One clean-shaven, the other...

... is the BEARDED MAN FROM SHANTAY'S PHOTOGRAPH, who we will come to know as PETER VAN SYOC. Black suit, shirt, tie, with an air of quiet malice...

... and a SYRINGE in his hand, the needle glinting in the light.

Myfanwy tries to struggle up, but she's pinned to the ground by the Receptionist (BRITTA) and clean shaven man (CARL).

Myfanwy's tries to scream, but her mouth's firmly covered by Britta's gloved hand. Carl straddles Myfanwy's ankles, stopping her from struggling.

VAN SYOC
(to his colleagues)
Gently. No damage, no pain.

Improvising, Myfanwy BITES BRITTA'S HAND, hard, through the latex glove. As Britta yanks her hand away...

... Myfanwy wriggles one foot out of its shoe and KICKS CARL IN THE FACE. As he reels backwards...

... Myfanwy scrambles to her feet.

MYFANWY
HELP! HEEELP! SOMEBODY!

VAN SYOC
(calmly, European accent)
This is a bank vault, Miss Thomas.
No-one can hear you.
(to BRITTA and CARL)
No pain, please.

Britta and Carl have recovered - standing, coiled into fighting stances, clearly experienced in combat.

Myfanwy realises she's going to have to fight her way out. She tries to adopt her own combat stance...

... but has no idea how. She clenches her fists - thumbs in? thumbs out? - her elbows out like chicken wings.

Britta RUSHES AT MYFANWY, who LASHES OUT BLINDLY--

-- and MISSES COMPLETELY, swinging into empty air while Britta ducks back, smirking.

Van Syoc watches from a distance, amused, as Carl feints towards Myfanwy - and she SWINGS A KICK--

-- which he GRABS EFFORTLESSLY, yanking her leg, sending Myfanwy sprawling to the floor on her back.

Hurt, winded, Myfanwy rolls onto her front, trying to scramble away from them, back towards the reception desk.

VAN SYOC (CONT'D)

I said no pain. We don't want a repeat of last night's fireworks.

Myfanwy pulls herself upright against the desk, as Van Syoc approaches her, syringe still in his hand.

Myfanwy grabs the first thing she can lay her hands on: a chunky perspex plaque with "HERE TO HELP" etched on it --

-- and SLASHES AT VAN SYOC WITH IT - cutting his cheek.

Van Syoc snarls, and for a moment something weird happens to him - HIS FACE AND NECK CONTORTS strangely, veins bulging, flesh rippling...

... Myfanwy stares at his distorting flesh in alarm. But he seems to gain control, and the contortions dissipate.

VAN SYOC (CONT'D)

I'd advise you not to do that again.

Myfanwy's boxed in - Carl and Britta either side of her, Van Syoc advancing from the front, the desk behind her.

MYFANWY

Look, please, whoever you are whatever you want - I don't have it.

VAN SYOC

Miss Thomas. This was never about what you have. It's about what you are.

MYFANWY

What am I? Why are you doing this to me?

VAN SYOC

Because you're a waste. Because you were born with everything, and what have you done with it? Nothing. Because there are others, far more deserving of your abilities than you. Some of us weren't born extraordinary, Miss Thomas. Some of us had to graft for it.

(to BRITTA and CARL)

Hold her still, would you?

Myfanwy tries to leap onto the desk behind her - but Britta grabs Myfanwy's wrist, and YANKS HER INTO A VICIOUS ARM LOCK, SLAMMING HER AGAINST THE DESK -

VAN SYOC (CONT'D)

NO - !

... Myfanwy SCREAMS IN AGONY...

A FLASH OF ELECTRIC BLUE LIGHT...

... and for a fraction of a second we SEE THE INTERNAL ORGANS OF HER THREE ASSAILANTS - AS IF IN AN X-RAY OR MRI SCAN...

... their BLUE, TRANSLUCENT SKELETONS, red nerves arcing throughout their bodies, BURNING TO YELLOW...

ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHT, then--

Back to a normal view. MYFANWY STANDING ALONE, gasping...

... SURROUNDED BY THE PROSTRATE BODIES of her attackers. Their eyeballs rolling, twitching as if electrocuted.

Myfanwy looks around, stunned. What the hell just happened?

By her feet, next to the Britta's twitching face... is the BLUE SAFE DEPOSIT BOX KEY.

Myfanwy reaches down for it - but BRITTA GRABS HER WRIST, still convulsing...

BRITTA

W... w...

MYFANWY

What happened? What did I do...?

BRITTA

We... will find you... wherever you go. You will suffer. You will die -

Britta convulses again... and collapses, unconscious. She looks very much like she might be dead.

Myfanwy recoils, utterly horrified. She looks down at her trembling hands - What am I?

The BLUE KEY is still in her shaking left palm. She considers it for a moment...

... looks back at the comatose bodies - with something like anger on her face. A new resolve.

MYFANWY

"Wherever I go"...?

She reaches into her pocket... for the RED KEY.

INT. MANSEL BANK - SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

Myfanwy stands before a wall of gleaming safe deposit boxes, the RED KEY still in her hand. The key fob has "1011-B" engraved on it.

CLOSE ON the red-trimmed lock of box 1011-B, as Myfanwy slips the RED KEY inside, twists, and opens the door.

A long drawer slides out, revealing A BLACK BRIEFCASE inside. Quickly, Myfanwy clicks the case open.

Inside is A SUBMACHINE GUN with a Post-It Note stuck to it - "JUST IN CASE." Beside the gun is ANOTHER ENVELOPE ("3"), and a MOBILE PHONE.

Myfanwy slams the case shut.

INT. MANSEL BANK - SAFE DEPOSIT RECEPTION - DAY

Myfanwy steps over the prostrate bodies of her attackers, briefcase in hand.

She walks into the waiting lift, turning back to look at the carnage she's caused. Off Myfanwy's resolute expression - as the doors glide closed in front of her.

EXT/INT. BLACK CAB, MANSEL BANK - DAY

MYFANWY jumps back into her cab, briefcase in one hand, the third envelope ("3") in the other.

MYFANWY

Just go, drive, please, quickly.

CABBIE

What time's your train from St
Pancreas, Miss?

MYFANWY

No, I, I've change my mind. Could
you just drive around for a bit.
Anywhere but here, just go. Please.

The cab pulls off into traffic, as MYFANWY looks behind her for any sign of someone pursuing.

Satisfied that she's not being followed, she hurriedly opens the envelope.

The letter inside simply reads: "GO TO CHESTER SQUARE, BELGRAVIA. SIT BY THE SOUTH ENTRANCE. THEN CALL 07975 434 898. DON'T BE DISCOURAGED!"

Myfanwy picks up the phone. Notices her own trembling fingers, and takes a breath to still them.

She dials the number. After a single ring, A STERN FEMALE VOICE answers -

FEMALE VOICE
Rook Thomas? How deeply
disappointing to hear from you.

MYFANWY
Um... Who is this, please?

FEMALE VOICE
Meet me at the south entrance of
Chester Square park, in half an
hour. Don't keep me waiting.

CLICK - the line goes dead. Myfanwy stares at the phone, as
confused as ever.

INT. JAGUAR LIMOUSINE, STREETS OF LONDON - DAY

Grantchester and the Gestalts sit opposite Shantay and Alan,
in the back of the sleek limousine.

Shantay's flicking through PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE TWELVE DEAD
BODIES on a tablet computer, scrutinising them carefully.

SHANTAY
Cause of death?

GRANTCHESTER
Autopsies are ongoing as we speak.

SHANTAY
But no puncture wounds? On any of
the victims?

Eliza and Robert shake their heads, in eerie unison.

SHANTAY (CONT'D)
Any of the victims ID'd?

ROBERT
No matches on fingerprints or
facial recognition, on any
database. These people don't exist.

SHANTAY
And yet here they are...

Grantchester reaches across - pointing to the photo of the
BEARDED MAN RUNNING FROM THE PARK - PETER VAN SYOC.

GRANTCHESTER
Which leaves this man as our only
suspect. How certain are you of
your identification?

SHANTAY

One hundred percent - that's Peter Van Syoc. First sighting since Gaithersburg.

GRANTCHESTER

Well, rest assured, we're doing everything in our power to capture him before he can kill again.

SHANTAY

I don't think so.

ROBERT & ELIZA

(in unison)

I beg your pardon?

ALAN

(laughing nervously)

I think... what Bishop Petoskey means is -

SHANTAY

Van Syoc didn't kill these people.

ELIZA

How can you possibly know that?

SHANTAY

Two years tracking him. Twelve dead colleagues. I know how Peter Van Syoc kills. This isn't his M.O. at all.

ELIZA

Then why was he -

ROBERT

- two hundred yards from the scene?

SHANTAY

That's a good question.

GRANTCHESTER

Is he working with our mass-murderer, or against them?

SHANTAY

Another really great question, which I look forward to answering with your collaboration.

The GESTALTS shoot GRANTCHESTER a look of displeasure -

SHANTAY (CONT'D)

But these bodies were killed by someone else. Maybe an accomplice, maybe an adversary.

(MORE)

SHANTAY (CONT'D)
Whoever they are... they're clearly
extremely dangerous.

EXT. CHESTER SQUARE, LONDON - DAY

Myfanwy's sitting on a bench, devouring a donut.

She's in a beautiful communal garden park, in the middle of a square of imposing London townhouses - her briefcase beside her.

She's licking sugar off her fingertips when -

- Her PHONE RINGS. She answers. The same stern voice -

FEMALE VOICE
There's a black car behind you,
across the street. Get in.

Myfanwy looks behind her. Sure enough, a GLEAMING BLACK BENTLEY is parked across the street, waiting for her.

Myfanwy approaches the Bentley, warily - flinching as a UNIFORMED DRIVER gets out. But he barely glances at Myfanwy - just opens the rear door of the car for her.

Inside, an elegantly-dressed older woman (LADY FARRIER, 60s, utterly imperious) sits in the back seat.

LADY FARRIER
Don't stand there gawping, girl.-
Get in, we haven't got all day.

INT. LADY FARRIER'S BENTLEY, CITY OF LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Myfanwy slides warily onto the back seat of the Bentley, as the DRIVER closes the door behind her-

MYFANWY
Who are you? Do I... do you... know
me?

Lady Farrier peers at Myfanwy, quizzically.

LADY FARRIER
You don't remember me at all?

MYFANWY
I don't remember anything. Who you
are. Who I am. It's all gone.

LADY FARRIER
So it's happened. Fascinating. Do
you know, I'd rather started to
think it never would.

MYFANWY

What's happened? What's been done to me? Why don't I remember - ?

Ignoring Myfanwy, Lady Farrier pushes an intercom button to speak to her driver through the thick glass partition.

FARRIER

Mansel Bank, please, Huxley. Quick as you can.

HUXLEY

Certainly, Lady Farrier.

The Bentley pulls off into traffic as -

MYFANWY

What-? No, no - I can't go back to the bank -

LADY FARRIER

Of course you can. And this time you can take the *correct* deposit box. You're supposed to be half way to the Maldives by now.

MYFANWY

No, stop. I can't go back there. I was attacked - there are... I hurt people. There are bodies.

LADY FARRIER

(intrigued)
You hurt *them*?

MYFANWY

I think so. I don't know what I did, but -

LADY FARRIER

Whatever's waiting for you at that bank, I assure you it's far better than the alternative.

MYFANWY

No, please, you don't understand. I won't go back there - let me out.

Myfanwy tries to open the car door - but it's locked. She grabs Lady Farrier's wrist -

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

I said - LET ME OUT!

A FLASH OF ELECTRIC BLUE LIGHT - and for a fraction of a second, Myfanwy sees Lady Farrier's nerves, skeleton, in the strange MRI vision -

... but Farrier's nervous system is strange - TENDRILS BILLOWING OUT from above her head, like a cumulus cloud crossed with a jellyfish...

LADY FARRIER
(sternly)
Myfanwy. Don't you dare.

Myfanwy's vision crashes back to the normal world.

Lady Farrier's looking at Myfanwy's hand on her wrist, as though it's a tarantula. But Farrier manages to calmly press the intercom button with her free hand.

LADY FARRIER (CONT'D)
Huxley - stop the car.
(to Myfanwy)
Kindly let go of me.

Myfanwy unpeels her fingers from Farrier's wrist, as the Bentley pulls up by the curb.

LADY FARRIER (CONT'D)
Thank you. Now let me make something abundantly clear. If you ever touch me again, Huxley will shoot you. Do you understand?

MYFANWY
W... why? What was that?

LADY FARRIER
I said: Do you understand?

MYFANWY
What's wrong with me?

LADY FARRIER
Nothing a thick pair of gloves won't fix. Until then, never touch anyone when you're angry, upset, or in pain. Is that clear?

Myfanwy's looking at her fingertips.

MYFANWY
I think I may have... killed some people. Please, just tell me who I am, and why this keeps happening.

LADY FARRIER
You don't understand what you're asking for. Once I tell you who you are, there's no going back. You'll be privy to secrets with national security implications. There'll be no running away, after that. Once you know who Myfanwy Thomas is...
(MORE)

LADY FARRIER (CONT'D)
then that's who you'll have to be.
Trapped. For the rest of your life.
So tell me - is your curiosity
really worth that?

Myfanwy glares at Lady Farrier - resolute, defiant.

MYFANWY
Tell me.

Farrier takes a deep breath, as though this is all
tremendously inconvenient.

LADY FARRIER
Very well. But I want you to
remember, when you're caught and
imprisoned, that I was against this
ludicrous plan from the start.

MYFANWY
Why would I be... imprisoned?

LADY FARRIER
For being an imposter, of course.
(Pushing the intercom)
Turn us around, Huxley - back to
Chester Square.

MYFANWY
I don't... why are we going back -?

LADY FARRIER
You don't even know that? My dear
girl - that's where you live.

Farrier reaches beside her seat, and retrieves a LAPTOP
COMPUTER and A SET OF KEYS, which she hands to Myfanwy.

LADY FARRIER (CONT'D)
A car will collect you tomorrow at
5am sharp, and take you into work.
What you do from there is entirely
your own affair.

MYFANWY
I'm sorry - what? There's no way I
can go to work -

LADY FARRIER
On the contrary, there's 'no way'
you can do anything else. You chose
not to leave the country. Well,
this is the only way you can stay.

MYFANWY
How can I go to work when I don't
even know what I do -

LADY FARRIER
You'll find out soon enough. And...
here we are.

They pull up outside a beautiful 19th Century townhouse.

LADY FARRIER (CONT'D)
Welcome home, Rook Thomas. I'd wish
you luck... but it won't help.

HUXLEY opens the car door, for Myfanwy to get out.

MYFANWY
Wait - aren't you coming, too? You
still haven't told me -

LADY FARRIER
Get out of the car, Rook Thomas. I
promised to bring you this far,
nothing more. I'm your employer -
not your mother. Whatever favours
your predecessor may have done for
me in the past, whatever debts I
owed her... I consider them now
paid, in full. You're on your own.

Lady Farrier turns away from Myfanwy and stares ahead.
Myfanwy has no choice but to exit the car.

The Bentley pulls away. Myfanwy left standing by the roadside
- as bewildered and alone as ever.

She looks up at the huge house. Her house, apparently.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT THREE

INT. HALLWAY, MYFANWY THOMAS'S HOUSE, KENSINGTON - DAY

A bright, modern hallway - sparkling black and white marble
floors. The front door swings open and -

Myfanwy ENTERS HER HOUSE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

MYFANWY
Hello? Is anyone there...?

No answer. But Myfanwy isn't taking any chances. She pulls
the SUBMACHINE GUN out of her briefcase. Holding the gun like
it's an alien object, she pulls off the Post-It Note still
attached to it ("JUST IN CASE").

She steps further inside, laptop underarm, briefcase in one
hand, submachine gun held awkwardly in the other. Walks along
the hallway to -

- a huge ATRIUM WITH SWEEPING STAIRCASE. Her jaw drops, gazing at the luxury around her -

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

Okay...

She steps through a broad double doorway into -

A CAPACIOUS KITCHEN

Grand marble-topped centre island. A huge range cooker. Everything polished to a shine. She walks through into -

THE LIVING ROOM -

The decor is expensive, but very 'vanilla'- soothing (rather bland) landscape paintings on the walls.

Arranged over the fireplace - a huge collection of PORCELAIN FIGURINES - Beatrix Potter animals. Myfanwy picks one up, with a touch of disdain -

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

Seriously...?

THE SWEEPING STAIRCASE

Myfanwy climbs the stairs to explore the next floor. More generic landscape paintings lining the walls -

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

Not one for family photos, are you?

At the top of the stairs Myfanwy enters -

THE MASTER BEDROOM

Another immaculately tidy room - perfectly made bed, not a pair of shoes or a cosmetics jar out of place.

A huge full-length mirror on one wall. Myfanwy shakes her head in bewilderment as she inspects the closet beside it - containing row after row of identical grey suits.

Myfanwy sits on the bed. On the bedside table rests a well-read, dog-eared copy of a self-help book - '*RE-WIRING YOUR ANXIOUS BRAIN.*'

She picks up a glass of water from the nightstand - the IMPRINT OF HER OWN LIPS still visible on the rim...

... which finally tips her from curiosity into emotion: she stares at the lip print, touches her own lips...

... when SHE HEARS A THUD, FROM DOWNSTAIRS

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

Hello? Who's there?

She reaches for her SUBMACHINE GUN.

THE STAIRCASE

Myfanwy creeps down the stairs, gun in hand. She hears ANOTHER SOUND - a scraping - from the kitchen.

MYFANWY (CONT'D)
I'm... I'm armed!

She tentatively approaches -

THE KITCHEN DOORWAY

Takes a few breaths, hands trembling violently. Rounds the corner and trains her gun on -

- A RABBIT WITH LONG, DROOPY EARS, looking at her impassively. She lowers the gun, leans against the wall, reeling with adrenaline.

MOMENTS LATER - STILL IN THE KITCHEN

Myfanwy stares into the huge fridge in utter disbelief: row after row of probiotic drinks, lactose-free milk, wheatgrass juices, health foods and baby carrots - all arranged with military precision.

MYFANWY (CONT'D)
Yikes. Somebody has issues...

Myfanwy reluctantly opts for a wheatgrass juice, and drops some carrots onto the floor for the rabbit.

MYFANWY (CONT'D)
No family photos, no wedding ring.
Is this it? Just you and me...

Myfanwy takes a swig of wheatgrass juice, grimacing.

She heads into -

THE LIVING ROOM

... where she slumps down on a plush grey sofa. Opens the laptop on the coffee table in front of her. It blinks on.

No password. Straight to the desktop. A video file in the centre of the screen: "PLAY_ME.MP4". She clicks on it...

... and finds herself FACE TO FACE WITH HER OLD SELF. The Old Myfanwy recorded this video of herself - sitting on the same sofa that the New Myfanwy is sitting on now.

It's Myfanwy's first glimpse of the woman who used to inhabit her body. Nervous, hesitant, apologetic.

OLD MYFANWY

(awkwardly)

Um. Hello. I'm... well, I'm you. Obviously. You must have... come through a lot to get here. I hope you're not hurt but... I've promised myself I won't get bogged down in hypotheticals - if you're watching this then you're alive, you're safe, and you've chosen to return to your old life. My life.

Myfanwy can hardly believe this fidgety woman on screen, so uncomfortable in her skin, used to inhabit her body. Present day Myfanwy is far more confident, self-assured.

OLD MYFANWY (CONT'D)

I can't imagine why you chose the red box. I assume something odd must have happened. Maybe you've worked out that you're... different from most people. I'm sure you've got thousands of questions...

MYFANWY

You think?

OLD MYFANWY

... but time is against us, so we have to prioritise.

On screen, the Old Myfanwy BITES HER NAILS as she thinks what to say next -

OLD MYFANWY (CONT'D)

To be honest, I... don't know how to begin to explain this...

In the present day, Myfanwy looks down at her nails and sees that they're bitten to the quick. On screen --

OLD MYFANWY (CONT'D)

Let's start with the basics. Your name is Myfanwy Alice Thomas. You're thirty one years old. You live alone... Apart from Wolfgang.

On screen, the Old Myfanwy holds up the rabbit.

OLD MYFANWY (CONT'D)

And you are a Rook of the Checquy.

MYFANWY

What does that mean...?

OLD MYFANWY

Which means... You work for one of Her Majesty's Secret Services.

Myfanwy's eye's widen.

MYFANWY

Shut up - I'm a spy?

OLD MYFANWY

I don't want to give you the wrong impression. You're not some sort of super-spy. You work in an office, mostly. There was a time when people hoped I might be more... active. In the field. But it turns out that I didn't really have the... temperament for field operations. You know, the running around with weapons, fighting side of things.

Myfanwy glances at the figurines above the fireplace -

MYFANWY

You don't say.

OLD MYFANWY

I'm more of... an administrator. A very good, very senior administrator. One of the most senior agents in our organisation, in fact. But still more of a... supervisor.

MYFANWY

(with sarcasm)

Sounds thrilling.

OLD MYFANWY

As for *which* agency we work for... That's where things get more complicated. It's not MI5, or MI6. Or GCHQ. You work for our nation's last truly secret service. We're called... the Checquy Group.

Myfanwy leans her head closer to the screen.

MYFANWY

The what-now?

On screen, the OLD MYFANWY holds up a piece of paper with "CHECQUY GROUP" written on it.

OLD MYFANWY

You'll need to practise saying that. 'Sheck-eh.' French influence on the name.

MYWANWY
(trying it for size)
Checky? Shecky...?

OLD MYFANWY
We're Britain's oldest secret
service. And the only one whose
existence remains classified. As
for what we do, well... That's
going to take some explaining...

EXT. MANSEL BANK - DAY

We're back outside Mansel Bank - which now looks like a cross
between a crime scene and a QUARANTINE ZONE.

A huge truck is parked outside, with "THAMES WATER"
stencilled on the side - Checquy agents bustling in and out
it, some wearing suits, some wearing grey overalls.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)
Threats arise against the British
public every day. Threats normal
people cannot be made aware of.

A small crowd of bystanders has gathered at the police
barricades, curious about what's happening.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)
The Checquy Group was formed to
protect us from these abnormal
dangers.

Huge canvas barriers are being erected to block their view -
printed with the Thames Water logo.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)
We scour the country for
individuals with... unusual
capabilities. People who can
accomplish what no-one else can.

Two BLACK LAND ROVERS squeal to a halt near the bank. ROBERT
and ELIZA GESTALT step out of one, TEDDY and ALEX GESTALT out
of the other, along with SHANTAY PETOSKEY.

And we're inside --

INT. MANSEL BANK, SAFE DEPOSIT BOX RECEPTION - DAY

-- the safe deposit reception, where Myfanwy was attacked
- now transformed into a CHECQUY INVESTIGATION SCENE.

Agents are bustling around with strange-looking devices -some
taking photos, some scanning for who-knows-what. But these
aren't normal crime scene forensics.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)
Recruited from childhood... Trained
to push their abilities to the
greatest possible extremes...

A photographer is HANGING FROM THE CEILING by her fingertips,
dangling impossibly as she takes birds-eye view shots of the
scene.

A young man is effortlessly LIFTING THE HEAVY RECEPTION DESK
WITH ONE ARM, while his colleague SNIFFS THE FLOOR LIKE A
BLOODHOUND.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)
... in defence of their nation.
Our last and only defence against
paranormal threats.

Myfanwy's attackers are LYING ON THE FLOOR, where she left
them. BRITTA AND CARL ARE DEAD...

... but VAN SYOC IS UNCONSCIOUS, receiving medical attention
from some grey-clad medics.

... while Shantay and the Gestalts look down at Van Syoc.

SHANTAY
You need to get him restrained,
right now. Every shackle, every
handcuff, every straightjacket
you've got.

ROBERT & ELIZA
(barking orders)
We need restraints in here.

SHANTAY
And you need to sedate him. I mean
hard - hit him with every downer
you've got.

MEDIC #1
All due respect, ma'am - he barely
has a heartbeat. A sedative could
kill him.

SHANTAY
Believe me, there's no sedative on
earth can kill this one. You got
xylazine in that bag?
(The medic nods)
Give him all of it.

While they talk, the SECOND MEDIC is noticing something weird
on Van Syoc's forearms - strange bony protrusions.

ROBERT

He's the only surviving victim of
an unidentified serial killer.
We're not going to risk killing him
ourselves -

MEDIC #2 PRESSES DOWN on a bony protrusion in Van Syoc's arm,
and --

... THWICK! A SHARD OF BONE launches out of Van Syoc's hand
like a dart, blasting straight at Shantay Petoskey -

- but the bone dart is caught in midair, by a young agent,
LEAH AKINOLA (20s, Nigerian-British). Leah moves with
lightning reflexes, her hand flicking through the air with
the blurry speed of a hummingbird's wing.

She catches the bone dart inches from Shantay's face - but
Shantay seems to take this in her stride - looking at the
Gestalts as if to say 'I told you so.'

ELIZA

Give him twenty CCs of xylazine.
Keep him out until we reach the
Rookery. Armed guards at all times.

INT. KITCHEN, MYFANWY'S HOUSE - DAY

-- The Old Myfanwy's face, paused on the screen.

MYFANWY

That's completely... utterly...
insane.

Myfanwy's moved to her kitchen now, eating a jar of 'Organic
Peanut Butter' with a spoon, almost compulsively - as she
rants at her old self (and Wolfgang) -

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

I mean... That is ludicrous, right?
If any of that stuff was real, I
think I'd... I think I'd remember.

Neither Wolfgang, nor the paused Old Myfanwy, offer any help.
Reluctantly, Myfanwy hits 'play' on the video -

OLD MYFANWY

- probably sounds ridiculous. But
I promise you, it's all very real.
You were one of those children.
Recruited by the Checquy, when you
were just nine years old.

The Old Myfanwy holds up a PHOTO OF A LITTLE GIRL.

OLD MYFANWY (CONT'D)

But... that's a story for another day. Right now, our sole focus is: getting you ready for your first day at work. Because if anyone at the Checquy suspects, even for a moment, that you've lost your memory, then... well, you'll be imprisoned at best, and at worst... you really don't want to know what they'll do to you. So. You need to go upstairs, to the master bedroom...

The Old Myfanwy's voice CONTINUES IN VOICEOVER as--

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MYFANWY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

-- Myfanwy enters her bedroom, carrying the open laptop -

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

... Place your hand on the exact centre of the mirror on the wall...

Myfanwy looks at her own reflection in the mirror. Then places her hand against the glass.

A line of BRIGHT LIGHT radiates from inside the mirror, scanning up and down her hand, and --

-- The Mirror clicks, and swings backwards, to reveal --

A SMALL HIDDEN ROOM.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

... And see what I've left for you.

The room contains a desk, office chair, coffee machine.

The WALLS ARE COVERED WITH PHOTOS, MAPS, ORGANISATIONAL CHARTS, and SHELVES OF COLOUR-CODED RING BINDERS --

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

Welcome to your memory. Or... My memory at least. Everything I've had time to write down.

Myfanwy stares at the room, open-mouthed. The Old Myfanwy seems to have tried to capture her entire memory, with paper and pins.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

This room also functions as something of a... Panic Room. The door is lined with reinforced steel. There's an integrated alarm and surveillance system.

MYFANWY looks at the multitude of locks and bolts on the inside of the door. She begins locking herself in.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)
Whoever attacked me... whoever attacked us... I know two things about them. Firstly, it's someone we work with. Someone we trust -

Myfanwy gazes at the photographs lining the walls - her co-workers, all labelled, "BISHOP CONRAD GRANTCHESTER", "PAWN JASMINE MOTH", etc.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)
- and secondly, it's someone who wants to cripple us. Sweep us off the board completely. Rightly or wrongly, they think I'm dangerous. And they want to get rid of me.

Myfanwy runs a finger over the shelves of binders, tears welling in her eyes, at this extraordinary act of kindness and desperation.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)
Well I refuse to go quietly. I refuse to back down. And since you're here, now - apparently you feel the same way. So, memory or no memory, you're going to work tomorrow. In an office where somebody's trying to kill you. And you're going to stop them, before they hurt anyone else.

Myfanwy sits at the desk, gazing around her -

OLD MYFANWY
The binders on the wall contain everything you'll need to know for your first few days. I know it looks like a lot, but for Day One, you really only need to go through the green, blue and yellow folders. Oh, and the purple as well. Keep that one with you at all times.

Myfanwy looks at the wall of folders with something like despair. It's a HUGE AMOUNT OF INFORMATION to read.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)
There's coffee in the cabinet, and food delivery menus by the phone. I get cranky when I'm hungry. Perhaps you do too.

Myfanwy looks at the half-eaten jar of peanut butter. Then across at the delivery menus - the top one is '*Lombardi's Pizza*'. Perhaps she does need some proper food.

INT. SECRET ROOM, MYFANWY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In a MONTAGE -

We see Myfanwy trying to 'do her homework.' Binders piling up around her as she skims from one to another...

... making herself coffee...

... as she stares at images of gruesome creatures, crime scenes, injuries...

... some of which make her want to retch...

... making herself more coffee...

... watching 'Pop Quiz' videos on her laptop. The Old Myfanwy holding up flash cards and photos, to test her.

ON SCREEN: The Old Myfanwy turns over photographs of Myfanwy's colleagues, to reveal their names: "BISHOP CONRAD GRANTCHESTER"... "INGRID WOODHOUSE"...

... and a photo of "ROOK GESTALT," showing four people, three male, one female, all with the same icy blue eyes.

... Myfanwy's hands shaking as she pulls down more binders...

... more coffee...

... growing ever more frightened, ever more exhausted...

END OF MONTAGE

Myfanwy puts her head in her hands. The scale of the task seems insane. The Checquy seems, frankly, terrifying.

MYFANWY

This is... impossible...

The doorbell rings.

INT. ENTRANCE HALLWAY, MYFANWY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Myfanwy approaches her front door, gun in hand.

DING-DONG -- the doorbell rings again.

Myfanwy holds the gun behind her back, clenched tight in her fist, as she opens the front door to reveal -

- a pizza delivery guy, PIERO, with a Lombardi's Pizza box. He greets her warmly, as if they're well acquainted.

PIERO

Hey Ms Thomas. You ordered your usual? Margherita pizza, no cheese. And a rocket salad, no dressing.

Myfanwy's nose wrinkles for a moment, (her 'usual' sounds like the most boring order ever.)

PIERO (CONT'D)

(Noticing her black eyes)
What happened to you?

MYFANWY

Oh, it's... nothing.

PIERO

Doesn't look like nothing.

MYFANWY

An accident, really, no big deal. Here -

Myfanwy offers Piero a £50 note.

PIERO

Are you kidding, Ms Thomas? No charge. I've been waiting to thank you for your help.

MYFANWY

My... help?

PIERO

With Janine. She got her work visa!

MYFANWY

That's, um, great?

PIERO

It's incredible! Everyone said it was completely impossible - even the lawyers. You worked some kind of crazy bureaucratic magic, filling in all those forms...

MYFANWY

Well... bureaucracy is my superpower.

PIERO

Janine's flying out next week. I've never been so happy. As far as I'm concerned, you never pay for another pizza as long as you live.

MYFANWY

Um... You're welcome.

PIERO

Listen, Ms. Thomas... Are you sure nobody hurt you? Because if somebody did, me and the boys from the kitchen can sort him out, you just say the word.

MYFANWY

Thank you, but really I'm OK.

PIERO

I'm serious. Whoever did this to you, they should pay for it.

This makes Myfanwy hesitate a moment.

MYFANWY

That... won't be necessary. I mean... I agree, but... Look, thanks for the pizza. Good night.

Myfanwy closes the door, and heads back up to...

INT. SECRET ROOM, MYFANWY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

... the hidden room, opening up her plain pizza (baked dough with tomato sauce on it), and equally plain salad.

MYFANWY

Congratulations, Thomas. You ruined pizza.

The laptop's open on the table, a paused image of the Old Myfanwy on the screen. Myfanwy stares at her old self.

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

Still. Whoever did this to you... us... will pay for it.

She takes a bite of pizza, and returns to the folders with renewed determination.

INT. HOLDING CELL OBSERVATION ROOM, THE ROOKERY - DAWN

Through a large glass window, we see Peter van Syoc SHACKLED TO A GURNEY, slipping in and out of consciousness.

His body is COVERED WITH RESTRAINTS, STRAPS and ARMoured COVERINGS - presumably to neutralise his abilities.

Observing him through the window: Shantay, Alan, Bishop Grantchester, Robert and Eliza.

A junior agent, JASMINE MOTHA (20s, pathologically shy), is nervously briefing them about Van Syoc's M.R.I. scans.

JASMINE

His physiology is unlike anything we've seen - it looks like he's had multiple organs implanted. Two spare hearts, an extra lung. Plus multiple bony appendages which appear to be some kind of -

SHANTAY

Weapons.

JASMINE

That's our guess. To be honest, we're... still not sure what some of these things do.

Shantay turns to Grantchester.

SHANTAY

I'd like to lead his interrogation.

ELIZA GESTALT

Out of the question. I have an active murder investigation, it takes priority.

SHANTAY

Van Syoc kidnapped three of my agents in Gaithersburg.

ROBERT & ELIZA

Two years ago.

SHANTAY

And they could still be alive -

ELIZA

While the killer rampaging through London is definitely still alive.

SHANTAY

I know his weaknesses, I know his methods -

GRANTCHESTER

Thank you, both of you. I'm sure we can find a way to share interrogation duties, once our visitor finally -

Through the glass, Van Syoc stirs, regaining consciousness, slowly at first...

... And then with a jolt. His shackles going taut. He looks around, taking in his surroundings... then looking straight at the mirrored glass in front of him.

VAN SYOC

I want to speak... to the Rook.
(A laboured breath)
I'll tell you everything I know.
But only if I can speak to the
Rook.

Robert and Eliza smirk at Shantay. Robert presses a button, speaking into an intercom:

ROBERT

I'm here. Talk.

Van Syoc shakes his (heavily restrained) head:

VAN SYOC

Not you. The other one. I'll only
talk to Rook Myfanwy Thomas of the
Checquy.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SECRET ROOM, MYFANWY'S HOUSE - DAY

Myfanwy is asleep in the secret room - still fully-clothed. Face down in a ring binder.

DING-DONG -- the front doorbell wakes her with a jolt. She snaps upright, the outline of the binder's rings pressed into her cheek and forehead.

INT. ENTRANCE HALLWAY, MYFANWY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A bleary-eyed Myfanwy approaches her front door as -

-- DING-DONG-DING-DONG -- the doorbell keeps ringing.

She looks at the security monitor - and sees a ROTUND JAPANESE MAN standing outside, wearing a uniform tinged with purple. Myfanwy stares at him and -

FLASH CUT TO:

THE WALL OF THE SECRET ROOM - THE ROWS OF PHOTOGRAPHS. We see the same face in a photo pinned to the wall, with a label underneath it:

"Anthony Wallace. Your driver. (One of the good ones.)"

BACK TO:

Myfanwy picking up a receiver next to the security screen.

MYFANWY
Hello, um, Anthony?

On the security screen, Anthony speaks into the microphone with a (deeply incongruous) Scottish accent -

ANTHONY
Good Morning, Rook Thomas. Your chariot awaits.

MYFANWY
Thank you. I must have overslept, I'll be... Just a minute.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MYFANWY'S HOUSE - DAY

Myfanwy charges into her bedroom, utterly panicked.

MYFANWY
OK, OK, you can do this.

She looks at the SECRET ROOM - gazing at all the folders she hasn't read, the wall charts she's barely glanced at... and she slides the mirror-door closed.

TIME CUT:

DRESSED IN A FRESH GREY SUIT, Myfanwy looks at her reflection in the full length mirror. She fastens the clasp of her slender gold chain.

MYFANWY (CONT'D)
I am Rook Myfanwy Thomas of the Sheck...ay.

Myfanwy pulls her hair up into a LOW BUN - copying the hairstyle of the Old Myfanwy in the video.

She clears her throat. Clenches and releases her trembling hands. Tries again -

MYFANWY (CONT'D)
I am... Rook Myfanwy Thomas of the Checquy. I am... screwed.

EXT. MYFANWY'S HOUSE - DAY

Myfanwy leaves her front door, briefcase in one hand, her purple binder in the other.

An IMMACULATELY-POLISHED BLACK JAGUAR is waiting for her outside, Anthony holding open the rear door.

ANTHONY
To the Rookery, then?

Myfanwy has no idea what this means.

MYFANWY
Of course. I mean... That is where
I work. Right...? Right.

A little sheepishly, Myfanwy steps into the car. Anthony wrinkles his brow. Rook Thomas isn't usually so breezy.

EXT. THE ROOKERY, CITY OF LONDON - DAY

The same Jaguar pulls up outside a high-rise office block in the City of London. Myfanwy peers out of the window.

The purple ring binder is open on her lap - turned to a PHOTOGRAPH of the same building, labelled: "THE ROOKERY - HEADQUARTERS FOR DOMESTIC OPERATIONS."

Anthony opens the car door for Myfanwy. She steps out, purple ring binder clutched in one hand.

She stares up at the tower, trepidation in her eyes.

ANTHONY
Have a good day, Rook Thomas.

Standing alone, Myfanwy takes a few deep breaths, psyching herself up.

She takes out her mobile phone and fumbles with a pair of headphones. Wrangles them into her ears, and taps 'play.'

INSTRUCTIONS RECORDED BY THE OLD MYFANWY play in V.O. as -

INT. ROOKERY ENTRANCE LOBBY - DAY

Myfanwy tentatively enters the revolving door to the Rookery.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O)
Dear You. Welcome to your audio-
guide to Reaching Your Own Office
For The First Time.

Myfanwy smiles at her old self's sense of humour, as she takes in -

A BLAND, UNREMARKABLE LOBBY. Three elevators. A directory on the wall listing various boring-sounding businesses.

A weary-looking SECURITY GUARD sits at a small desk - but SITS UP STRAIGHT when he sees Myfanwy, adjusting his tie.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O) (CONT'D)
The first lobby's a decoy - don't be fooled. The security guard's name is Rufus, he sometimes asks about your health, but mostly he'll buzz you straight through.

SECURITY GUARD
Afternoon, Rook Thomas.

MYFANWY
Good afternoon, Rufus.

The Security Guard hits a button under his desk, which opens a HIDDEN FROSTED GLASS DOOR in the far wall.

Myfanwy steps through the frosted glass door into -

A BRIGHTLY LIT CORRIDOR

... festooned with metal detector arches, leading to...

A SECOND 'SECRET' LOBBY

- much grander architecture, smarter security guards. Three huge rotating doors - with partitions made of heavy steel bars - mark the next stage of security.

A SECURITY GUARD hurriedly stands.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O)
For the second lobby you'll need the yellow security pass in your briefcase. The guard's name is Mike, he always asks how you are.

GUARD
Rook Thomas. How are you today?

MYFANWY
I... feel like shit, Mike, but thanks for asking.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O)
You always reply: "Fine, thanks."

The Guard looks at Myfanwy, taken aback, as she taps her pass against a black panel. With a clunk, the metal doors begin to rotate.

Myfanwy hesitates a moment, then steps through into -

A THIRD LOBBY - THE 'REAL' LOBBY -

- a staggeringly large atrium - grand arches, elevator doors lining the walls - and massive, heavily armed security guards.

The atrium is bustling with activity - people heading into and out of the elevators.

To Myfanwy's great surprise, THE CROWDS IN THE LOBBY SEEM TO PART FOR HER AS SHE PASSES - people nodding respectfully, some even saluting...

... but she also spots people WHISPERING ABOUT HER as she passes - gawping at her black eyes.

OLD MYFANWY (V.O.)

Use the green key card to access
the second set of lifts, on the
east wall. Take the lift to the -

The V.O is interrupted, as Myfanwy is accidentally NUDGED BY A PASSING OFFICE WORKER, YANKING HER HEADPHONES OUT OF THE PHONE -

OFFICE WORKER

Rook Thomas, forgive me, I... I
wasn't looking where I was going -

MYFANWY

It's fine - don't worry about it.

Myfanwy plugs the headphones back in, and goes to hit play on her phone...

... but is jostled again, and accidentally hits SHUFFLE -

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

Crap.

Her headphones start playing a SELF-HELP AUDIO BOOK, gentle pan-pipe music accompanying an earnest voice -

AUDIO BOOK (V.O.)

... say it with me: I am perfect
just as I am. I love and accept
myself, exactly as I am today. I
can accomplish anything...

Myfanwy hits the 'back' button, to try to get her instructions back - but gets CLASSICAL MUSIC.

She hits 'back' again.

AUDIO BOOK (V.O.)

... free from the constant
harassment of self-criticism...

Myfanwy hits 'back' once more - only getting more CLASSICAL MUSIC. She hits 'STOP' and pulls the headphones out of her ears, looks around the lobby...

... realising she has absolutely NO IDEA HOW TO GET TO HER OFFICE. She's stranded.

A polished-looking woman in an attractive suit (PAWN CLAUDIA CLIFTON), with a bluetooth headset and a hyperactive manner, appears in front of Myfanwy.

CLAUDIA

Rook Thomas! I'm so glad I bumped into you. Might you have a free minute this afternoon? We need you to sign off our Comms strategy for the Mansel Bank incident.

Myfanwy has a moment of panic, hearing the words 'Mansel Bank' - but covers it, and seizes the opportunity:

MYFANWY

Mansel Bank? Er... Why don't we... talk about that now? You could walk with me. To my office.

CLAUDIA

That would be ideal.

Claudia waits for Myfanwy to lead the way.

MYFANWY

So... Great. After you.

Claudia nods, a little unsettled, and leads her into -

A BEAUTIFUL GLASS ELEVATOR

Claudia hits the button for the 31st Floor, and begins talking rapidly, like a PR exec giving a pitch -

CLAUDIA

OK, so we've got some very exciting options - the witnesses are quarantined, they should be suggestible by now - so I just need you to select a cover story.

Myfanwy tries not to look horrified. "Quarantine"...?
"Suggestible"....?

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

We could go with the classics: attempted robbery, police exercise, film shoot. Or if you think we've used those too much lately, we could try something more unusual: jewel heist, Russian spy. Or my personal favourite: escaped chimpanzee - with a gun.

The elevator doors open, giving Myfanwy her first glimpse of -

INT. THE OPERATIONS HUB, THE ROOKERY - CONTINUOUS

- the Rookery's huge, open plan office/hub. Agents bustling in every direction - phones ringing, screens cycling images. Myfanwy gawps for a minute, awestruck.

CLAUDIA

You don't like the strategy? We can work up some more daring pitches, if you prefer? Higgins has some really original ideas involving weaponised rodents...

MYFANWY

No, no the strategy is... excellent.

CLAUDIA

So... which do you prefer?

MYFANWY

(to CLAUDIA)

Um. If you like the chimpanzee, then... let's go with that.

Claudia looks at her, taken aback -

CLAUDIA

How... refreshing, Rook Thomas. You don't usually go for our quirkiest pitches.

Claudia leads Myfanwy into -

ROOK THOMAS'S OFFICE - ANTECHAMBER

- the antechamber to her office. A quiet, almost drab-looking array of desks, several agents quietly tapping away at their computers.

At the far end of the office, a stern-looking secretary (INGRID WOODHOUSE, 40s) stands up from her desk, beside a doorway with "ROOK THOMAS" etched on the door.

INGRID

Rook Thomas, good morning. I trust you're feeling better?

MYFANWY

Much better, thank-you...

INGRID

And I see you've already spoken with the Liars.

Myfanwy looks panicked - *Liars?*

CLAUDIA
We prefer 'Tactical
Communications.' Thank you for your
time, Rook Thomas.

As Claudia leaves, Myfanwy turns to Ingrid, parroting a
prepared phrase:

MYFANWY
Ingrid, could you clear my schedule
for today? I need to review some
sensitive documents. Alone.

INGRID
I'm afraid that's not going to be
possible, Rook Thomas.

Myfanwy blinks. This isn't the response she was expecting.

MYFANWY
But... I need to... review some
important documents. By myself.

Myfanwy starts opening the door to her office -

INGRID
I understand, Rook Thomas, but I'm
afraid -

SHANTAY (O.S.)
(from inside the office)
Is that you, Rook Thomas?

INGRID
... Bishop Petoskey's been waiting
for you.

FLASH CUT TO:

THE WALL OF THE SECRET ROOM - THE ROWS OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

Close-ups of - "BISHOP CONRAD GRANTCHESTER"... "BISHOP
ALRICH"... but no Bishop Petoskey...

BACK TO:

Myfanwy's PANICKED FACE - she has no idea who Bishop Petoskey
is.

MYFANWY
Bishop...?

INGRID
Petoskey. Of the Croatoan.

MYFANWY
(bluffing)
Ah. Of course. Yes.

At that moment, the door beside them is flung open, revealing
-

ROOK THOMAS'S PRIVATE OFFICE -

A beautiful corner office, with a sizeable desk, sofa, armchairs, and huge glass windows overlooking the City of London...

... as well as an extremely angry American, Shantay Petoskey, currently occupying the doorway.

SHANTAY

About time! What the hell are you trying to pull, Rook Thomas?

Myfanwy forces a smile, and strides into her office as confidently as she can -

MYFANWY

What... are you referring to, exactly, Bishop P... P'terski.

SHANTAY

Petoskey. Pleased to meet you, by the way.

Shantay holds out a hand, half-polite, half-furious.

MYFANWY

We... haven't met. We haven't met!
(Pleased, shaking hands)
Good to meet you.

SHANTAY

Now will you please tell me what the hell -

MYFANWY

- "... what the hell I'm trying to pull?" Yes, could you... possibly be more specific?

Myfanwy crosses to her own desk, playing for time. She notices the IMMACULATELY NEAT ARRANGEMENT OF PAPERS ON HER DESK. Everything obsessive-compulsively straight.

SHANTAY

What contact have you had with Peter Van Syoc? And why wasn't it shared with my agency, when we've been hunting the guy for two damn years?

Shantay flings a folder of briefing documents onto Myfanwy's desk. Photos and files spill out across the desk, including -

PHOTOS OF THE BODIES IN THE PARK... PHOTOS OF THE THREE BODIES IN THE BANK... A PHOTO OF THE BEARDED MAN FROM THE BANK... A PHOTO OF THE SCRAP OF ENVELOPE WITH "TO YOU" WRITTEN ON IT...

Myfanwy's eyes widen, but she doesn't panic.

MYFANWY

Peter Van Syoc is...

SHANTAY

Your best buddy, down in Interrogation. I flew a thousand miles for this, and now he only wants to speak to you. Why is that?

A knock at Myfanwy's door. She seizes gratefully on the interruption -

MYFANWY

Come in - ?

INGRID

(entering)

Rook Gestalt to see you -

ROBERT GESTALT barges past Ingrid, into Myfanwy's office.

MYFANWY

Um, good to see you, Rook -

... followed by ELIZA GESTALT, ALEX GESTALT, and finally TEDDY GESTALT.

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

Rook Gestalt.

ROBERT, ELIZA ALEX & TEDDY

(in unison)

You're discussing the interrogation without me?

Myfanwy tries not to look too-obviously freaked out. Four people speaking as one?

SHANTAY

I'm asking Rook Thomas how she and Van Syoc became such good friends.

ROBERT & ELIZA

I'd be interested to hear the answer to that question.

MYFANWY

(floundering)

I might just... need a minute to review these documents...

Myfanwy's door opens again, and Bishop Grantchester strides in confidently -

GRANTCHESTER

Here you all are - already having a spirited debate, I see. How are you feeling today, Rook Thomas?

MYFANWY

I'm... much better thank-you.

GRANTCHESTER

Good heavens, what on earth happened to your eyes?

Grantchester indicates Myfanwy's still-bruised eyes.

MYFANWY

Oh, it's nothing, I was... I was mugged. But it's fine. Really.

Shantay and Robert Gestalt trade glances. A Rook? Mugged?

GRANTCHESTER

Well, now that you're here, you can help us settle our great mystery. Could you please tell us how you and our prisoner...

- Grantchester indicates the photo of the BEARDED MAN FROM THE BANK, on Myfanwy's desk -

GRANTCHESTER (CONT'D)

... became so well acquainted?

Myfanwy finally understands. The bearded man from the bank is this 'Van Syoc' everyone's talking about.

MYFANWY

I... don't believe I've ever met him before. At least... Not that I recall.

SHANTAY

He seems to remember you.

GRANTCHESTER

You're quite certain you've never met him, Rook Thomas?

MYFANWY

Almost a hundred percent.

GRANTCHESTER

Most peculiar. We've got him down on Level D, we're ready to start his interrogation. Normally Rook Gestalt would lead, of course.

(MORE)

GRANTCHESTER (CONT'D)
But in this instance...the prisoner
has expressed his own preference.
You.

All eyes in the room remain trained on Myfanwy.

MYFANWY
Why would he... want to talk to me?

ROBERT
I have a theory.

ALEX & TEDDY
(in unison)
He wants someone weak.

ROBERT
Someone he can easily manipulate.

GRANTCHESTER
Now, Rook Gestalt - Rook Thomas is
as well-trained in the arts of
interrogation as you are -

SHANTAY
Bishop Grantchester, please - this
man is a seasoned killer. You can't
put someone who gets mugged - no
offence - in a room with Van Syoc.

ROBERT & ELIZA
The last time Rook Thomas ran an
interrogation, she threw up on the
prisoner. Twice.

MYFANWY
(loudly)
Do you always talk about me as if
I'm not here? Because the last time
I checked, I was a senior agent
within this organisation

The room falls silent. No-one's ever heard Rook Thomas talk
like this before.

MYFANWY (CONT'D)
And I'm quite certain I can handle
this Peter Van... Soyck. Frankly, I
want to hear what he has to say. So
why don't we stop bickering about
my fitness for the task, and talk
about what happens next?

In the silence which follows, Shantay throws an approving
smile at Myfanwy - this isn't the feeble Rook Thomas she's
heard about. Grantchester, too, looks rather proud.

GRANTCHESTER

Well, Rook Thomas. If that's your decision.

INT. THE ROOKERY ARMOURY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Close on Myfanwy's face - wide-eyed, trying not to look terrified - as she stands in the Rookery's armoury. A huge chamber full of weapons, ammunition and body armour.

Myfanwy's being strapped into body armour (from head to toe) by Ingrid.

Eliza Gestalt is briefing Myfanwy about about the information they need from Van Syoc - showing Myfanwy PHOTOS OF THE DEAD BODIES IN HYDE PARK on her tablet computer.

ELIZA

We have a class nine killer on the loose. No IDs on the victims, no motive. Van Syoc knows who our killer is. May know his next target. We need that information, in the shortest possible time.

SHANTAY is also standing over Myfanwy, clutching her own tablet computer - showing photographs of a burnt-out warehouse.

SHANTAY

He murdered a dozen Croatoan agents, in Gaithersburg, Maryland - and kidnapped three of our most powerful operatives. We've never seen them again. We need to know where they are.

ELIZA

But the London murders take priority -

SHANTAY

The hell they do...

MYFANWY

Can I ask - why is all this armour necessary?

ELIZA

The prisoner has over twenty-nine different weapons built into his body - that we've identified so far. There could be more.

MYFANWY

Oh. Good.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INTERROGATION CHAMBER, ROOKERY - (CONTINUOUS)

Peter Van Syoc is being strapped into a reinforced metal chair, as multiple restraints are clicked, strapped, tied and welded into place around him.

ELIZA (V.O.)

He'll have sharpshooters trained on him, throughout the interrogation. You should be entirely safe. Or at least... as safe as we can make you.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE ROOKERY ARMOURY - (CONTINUOUS)

Myfanwy's being kitted out with a large pistol by Ingrid.

Ingrid makes quite a sight, in her twin-set and pearls, slamming an ammo clip into the gun. She may be a secretary - but Ingrid is also bad-ass.

ELIZA

No, no guns for her. Absolutely not.

SHANTAY

The guards will all be armed, so why not Rook Thomas?

ELIZA GESTALT

I'm sure Thomas would be the first to admit - she's not good with guns.

MYFANWY

You said this 'Van Syoc' has... twenty nine weapons built into his body? I think I'll take the gun. If it's all the same to you.

Eliza looks surprised - that not how Rook Thomas usually speaks to her.

With her armour in place, the group escorts Myfanwy through -

INT. ROOKERY CORRIDORS, THE ROOKERY - (CONTINUOUS)

- the Rookery's corridors. Myfanwy's shuffling awkwardly in the heavy body armour - Shantay on one side of her, Robert and Eliza Gestalt on the other.

As they pass Checquy workers, everyone turns to look at Myfanwy - some nodding their encouragement, others smirking at her obvious discomfort.

As they walk, Shantay's showing Myfanwy photographs of her missing agents -

SHANTAY

Agent Hannah McBride... Agent Marcus Kevler... Agent Brian Austin. I need to know if they're alive, I need to know where they are.

ROBERT & ELIZA

Where is the Hyde Park killer now? Why was he at Mansel Bank? Who's his next target? Our first priority has to be the current threat to the British public.

They arrive at the heavy door to the interrogation chamber.

Robert Gestalt leans in to Myfanwy, to fit her with a wireless earpiece. He brushes her hair aside as he does so.

ROBERT GESTALT

We'll be right next door.

In that moment he almost seems kind... Until he puts a sick bag in her hand.

ROBERT GESTALT (CONT'D)

Keep it out of sight unless you need it. And try to get it in the bag this time.

Shantay squeezes her shoulder encouragingly.

SHANTAY

We'll be watching. We won't let him hurt you.

MYFANWY

Hannah McBride. Marcus Kevler. Brian Austin.

Shantay smiles at Myfanwy, genuinely grateful.

SHANTAY

Thank you.

Myfanwy takes one last deep breath, and steps towards the doorway. But...

INT. THE INTERROGATION CHAMBER - DAY ... inside the interrogation chamber the last of Van Syoc's restraints are being riveted into place...

It's a large, metal-floored room, with armed guards in two corners, rifles trained on the prisoner at all times.

... a close up on Van Syoc's hands, strapped behind his back...

... and somebody - a guard? - PULLING OFF THE METAL PLATES COVERING VAN SYOC'S PALMS.

... We don't see who did it. But we do see A JAGGED BLADE OF SOLID BONE growing gruesomely out of Van Syoc's hand.

... MYFANWY'S BEING SET UP.

The door to the interrogation chamber opens - as the troop of guards (supposedly shackling Van Syoc) exits.

Myfanwy stands at the threshold to the room, overwhelmed and alone...

Peter Van Syoc is strapped into a reinforced metal chair, covered from head to toe restraints and armour, his face hidden behind a perspex mask. The effect is terrifying.

Myfanwy looks towards the two-way mirror in the wall, through which all her new colleagues are watching her.

She steps through the doorway. Meets Peter Van Syoc's gaze -

VAN SYOC

Rook Thomas. I've been waiting for you.

END OF EPISODE