

THE ROOK

Episode 2

"Monster"

by

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THE ROOK

"Monster"

TEASER

INT. ALDHURST PRISON, CORRIDOR - DAY

SUPER : **H.M. Aldhurst Young Offenders Institution, London**

CLANG! A barred metal door slams shut, as two PRISON GUARDS propel a YOUNG PRISONER down the corridor.

CLOSE ON - the prisoner's hands, cuffed in front of him. His palms are BANDAGED, the fingers raw and BLISTERED as if recently burned.

As the prisoner stumbles, we see his face - mid-teens, skinny, African heritage. The skin on his face and neck is marred by SCARS FROM LONG-HEALED BURNS.

This is TAYO SINCLAIR. Scared, but trying to hide it.

TAYO
(pleading)
I'm telling you, I didn't do
nothing. You're wasting your time.

The guards ignore Tayo, marching him up a flight of stairs, through a door whose plaque reads '**GOVERNOR MICHAEL SNELL**,' into -

INT. PRISON GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A sparse but immaculately neat office. Two stern faces watch Tayo as he enters - the prison's resident psychiatrist, CATHY BROOKS (30s, tired but sympathetic) and Governor MICHAEL SNELL (40s, weasely, feigning sympathy).

CATHY
Again, Tayo?

TAYO
It wasn't me! I swear...

SNELL
Three times. In two months.

TAYO
I was asleep! How can I start a
fire, if I'm sleeping? I'm telling
you, someone's messing with me.

The guards press Tayo down into a chair.

CATHY

We talked about this, Tayo. Over and over. I really thought you'd turned a corner...

TAYO

How many times? I didn't -

SNELL

- you didn't start the fire in your cell. Just like you didn't start the fires at Bridgend. Or Feltham. Or the one in Wales that got you arrested in the first place?

TAYO

(tearful)

I swear it's not me... I think someone's tryin'a kill me...

SNELL

When you behave like this, Tayo, you leave us no choice but to punish you -

TAYO

No. No no no - don't de-seg me again. Please. I can't take it.

Cathy and Snell share a look.

SNELL

A week of disciplinary segregation is the absolute minimum punishment for -

TAYO

I'll go nuts! I'll go proper nuts.

Cathy puts a comforting hand on Tayo's shoulder.

CATHY

We'll still have our sessions, alright, Tayo? We'll get to the bottom of why you do this.

(checking her watch)

I have a group now. But I'll see you tomorrow morning.

TAYO

Call my brother, call Dean - he'll tell you, he knows this ain't me -

CATHY

I've left a dozen messages for your brother. He's still not replying.

Tayo crumples, defeated. Cathy exits, leaving Tayo alone with Snell.

SNELL
(indicating Tayo's hands)
Those look like some nasty burns,
Tayo. May I?

Snell gently raises Tayo's hands (still handcuffed, palms bandaged) onto the desk, peering at the blisters and burns.

TAYO
I was tryin'a put it out. There was
flames everywhere.

SNELL
How noble of you, Tayo. Now tell
me...

SNELL SQUEEZES TAYO'S BANDAGED HANDS, hard. Tayo GASPS in pain and tries to yank his hands back - but Snell holds tight.

SNELL (CONT'D)
Where's the lighter, Tayo? Where do
you keep it?

TAYO
I don't have a - AAAAARGH -

Snell crushes Tayo's hands as Tayo SCREAMS.

CLOSE ON TAYO'S SKIN - something weird's happening. TINY DUST SIZE PARTICLES, WHICH SPARKLE IN THE LIGHT are being emitted from Tayo's pores. Snell doesn't notice.

SNELL
What did you use - petrol? Alcohol?
Tell me where you keep it, Tayo...

TAYO
I didn't... <aaargh>... it
wasn't... me...

SNELL
(pressing harder)
How did you start the fire?

TAYO
(crying)
I swear I swear it wasn't me...

Snell huffs, tossing Tayo's hands away in disgust. Tayo clutches his crushed hands to his body, whimpering.

Snell calmly squirts hand sanitizer from a dispenser on his desk, and calls the guards -

SNELL

Bill? Mo?

(The GUARDS enter)

Take him to solitary.

The guards lift the weeping, broken Tayo from his chair.

SNELL (CONT'D)

And Bill? No lights or heating in
his cell. Mr. Sinclair needs to
cool off.

Tayo is dragged from the room, sobbing - TINY SPARKLING
PARTICLES HANGING IN THE AIR BEHIND HIM as he goes.

Snell wipes his hands with a tissue, sits at his desk and
turns his attention towards a neat pile of paperwork.

He reaches to switch on his desk lamp and -

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SNELL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

POP! -- The door rattles on its hinges, as a small explosion
goes off inside Snell's office.

A flash of light under the door. Followed by a wisp of smoke.
Then the sound of a fire alarm.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. INTERROGATION CHAMBER, THE ROOKERY - DAY

We're back to the scene which ended our previous episode: PETER VAN SYOC strapped into a reinforced metal chair, heavily restrained, a perspex mask covering his face.

MYFANWY THOMAS stands awkwardly in the doorway, wearing ill-fitting body armour - pulse racing, trying to conceal her gnawing sense of panic. Two ARMED GUARDS flank her.

VAN SYOC

Rook Thomas. I've been waiting for you.

Behind Van Syoc's back, unseen by anyone, A JAGGED BLADE OF SOLID BONE is growing gruesomely out his palm.

MYFANWY

Well... here I am.

She glances nervously towards the mirror on the wall, knowing that behind it -

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, THE ROOKERY - CONTINUOUS

- a CROWD OF SENIOR CHECQUY AGENTS is huddled in the observation room, watching through the one-way mirror. Among them: SHANTAY PETOSKEY, ELIZA and ROBERT GESTALT.

The agents' faces range from concern to disgust. We hear muttered whispers among the throng -

ROTUND MALE AGENT

Tenner says she throws up within five minutes.

PRIM FEMALE AGENT

Make that two minutes.

ELDERLY MALE AGENT

I'll take that bet...

Robert and Eliza Gestalt turn (in perfect unison) towards the chattering agents - who fall silent immediately, under the Gestalts' glare.

Robert and Shantay are wearing wireless headsets, allowing them to talk to Myfanwy.

SHANTAY

(into headset)

Rook Thomas, this is Bishop Petoskey.

(MORE)

SHANTAY (CONT'D)

I know this guy - he'll try to talk rings around you. Don't let him. Be direct, to the point.

ROBERT GESTALT

(into headset)

I disagree, Thomas. Bide your time, find out what he wants.

SHANTAY

That won't work, you have to keep control of the conversation -

INTERCUT: INTERROGATION CHAMBER / OBSERVATION ROOM

Myfanwy winces at the bickering in her earpiece, as she sits down opposite Van Syoc.

MYFANWY

(to Van Syoc)

You... asked to see me. What did you want to say?

VAN SYOC

It's your interrogation. What would you like to know, Rook Thomas?

Myfanwy hesitates. Shantay and Gestalt pounce -

SHANTAY

Ask him about Gaithersburg, find out if my agents are alive -

ROBERT GESTALT

Ask about Mansell Bank, ask who killed his accomplices -

Myfanwy rubs her earpiece distractedly. Van Syoc gazes at the one-way mirror, his mouth curling into a smile.

MYFANWY

I want to know about... Hyde Park. All those people who died.

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

Shantay and Robert share a look of exasperation - "Did she just completely ignore us?"

IN THE INTERROGATION CHAMBER

- Van Syoc's smile disappears abruptly.

VAN SYOC

My fallen comrades, yes. What happened that night was... truly a tragedy.

MYFANWY

So they worked for you? The people who died -

VAN SYOC

Worked with me, yes.

MYFANWY

And who do you work for, Mr. Van Syoc? What were you doing in Hyde Park?

VAN SYOC

You don't know that already? I would have thought that much was obvious. We were hunting a monster.

Behind the glass, Shantay and Robert trade glances.

ROBERT

(into headset)

What does he mean - 'a monster'?

MYFANWY

What kind of monster?

VAN SYOC

The worst kind. A monster that hides in plain sight.

Behind Van Syoc's back, a SECOND JAGGED BLADE OF BONE is emerging from his other palm.

As it grows, the blade is severing the remaining restraints binding his wrists. In a matter of moments, he'll be free.

MYFANWY

And did you catch this monster?

VAN SYOC

Not yet.

INT. CORRIDOR, THE ROOKERY - DAY

The doorway outside a bright, glass-walled conference room.

BISHOP CONRAD GRANTCHESTER (resplendent in a tailored suit, as always) is greeting visitors, his assistant AMANDA CHEN beside him -

GRANTCHESTER

Home Secretary, marvellous to see you as always.

A severe-looking woman in a suit (the HOME SECRETARY) nods at Grantchester as she enters the meeting room, flanked by TWO ASSISTANTS.

GRANTCHESTER (CONT'D)
(to the assistants)
Paul. Greta. Welcome.

The YOUNGER ASSISTANT, PAUL, is dragging a trolley behind him - containing a LARGE OXYGEN TANK, attached to three small FACE MASKS.

GRANTCHESTER (CONT'D)
(Softy, to AMANDA)
Never a good sign, when she brings her own oxygen.

INT. MEETING ROOM, THE ROOKERY - MOMENTS LATER

The meeting is underway - the Home Secretary sitting at the conference table, her assistants on either side.

ALL THREE OF THEM ARE WEARING OXYGEN MASKS, attached to the large tank of oxygen on the trolley. No-one seems to find this in any way unusual.

The Home Secretary is midway through berating Grantchester - inhaling from her mask on each in-breath, removing it to speak on each out breath:

HOME SECRETARY
... the Metropolitan Police are up in arms over the -
(breathes through mask)
- manner of their dismissal from the crime scene in Hyde Park. By all accounts, Rook Gestalt -
(breath)
- outdid itself. Even more arrogant and high-handed -
(breath)
- than usual. Which is saying something.

GRANTCHESTER
Rook Gestalt's manner may be a little... unsettling, Home Secretary. But I assure you Gestalt is the best man - and woman - for the job.

HOME SECRETARY
Need I remind you of our ongoing Parliamentary Review --
(breath)
- of the Secret Intelligence Services? If the Checquy needs greater oversight, we'll be happy to provide it -

GRANTCHESTER

That's entirely unnecessary, I assure you. As unnecessary as that absurdity -

(indicates the gas tank)

- you've dragged along with you today.

The Home Secretary smiles - flirtatiously? - at Grantchester.

HOME SECRETARY

Purely a precaution, Conrad. I can't let myself be 'influenced' by you, now, can I?

GRANTCHESTER

Perish the thought.

They share a lingering glance - as the Home Secretary's assistants look increasingly uncomfortable. Paul coughs.

HOME SECRETARY

(awakening from a trance)

And... this fellow you're questioning -

(indicating photos of VAN SYOC on the table)

- you're certain he's our Hyde Park Killer?

GRANTCHESTER

We know he was in Hyde Park the night of the killings. More than that - we'll know shortly. We have a highly skilled interrogator questioning him as we speak...

INT. INTERROGATION CHAMBER, ROOKERY - DAY

Back in the interrogation - Myfanwy's fumbling for words.

MYFANWY

So um... what er... If you caught this... 'monster,' in Hyde Park, what... what were you going to do with it?

VAN SYOC'S RESTRAINTS ARE NOW DANGLING BEHIND HIS BACK, shredded by the bone blades protruding from his arms.

But for now, he seems to be biding his time -

VAN SYOC

Her. We were going to study her. Learn her secrets. She's a creature with extraordinary hidden depths.

Van Syoc grins at Myfanwy. He's talking about her.

VAN SYOC (CONT'D)

Sadly, that's no longer going to be possible. I'm sure it's the same with your organisation: when you can't catch a threat, you kill it.

VAN SYOC's muscles go taught - PREPARING TO ATTACK --

MYFANWY

Thirteen of you, hunting one of her. Maybe you're the monsters.

VAN SYOC

(glaring at the mirror)
And how many of you were hunting me? Hundreds of you? Thousands?

The blades protruding from Van Syoc's palms retract a little. Right now he wants to rant more than he wants to strike.

VAN SYOC (CONT'D)

Do you know where I grew up, Rook Thomas?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, ROOKERY - CONTINUOUS

Gestalt and Shantay still giving advice -

ROBERT GESTALT

Thomas, what are you doing? Get him back on track.

SHANTAY

This is what I'm telling you, don't give him control of the conversation.

INTERCUT: INTERROGATION CHAMBER / OBSERVATION ROOM

Myfanwy shifts uncomfortably in her chair. She tries to win back control of the conversation -

MYFANWY

I'm not here to talk about your childhood -

VAN SYOC

I grew up in a basement - what you British call a 'cellar', yes? With my parents, my grandparents. Always underground - a dark pit, where my childhood memories should be. Can you imagine that, Rook Thomas?

Myfanwy meets Van Syoc's gaze - what is he trying to do?

VAN SYOC (CONT'D)

I'd ask my parents, "Why can't I play outside, like the children in my books?" And my mother would tell me: "If you go outside the *Gruwels* will get you."

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

- the Checquy agents are as confused as Myfanwy:

SHANTAY

'Grooms?' What are Grooms?

Shrugs and blank faces from the assembled agents.

IN THE INTERROGATION CHAMBER

MYFANWY

What are... 'Groo-wils?'

VAN SYOC

Gruwels. An Old Dutch word. It means 'the horrors'. Or if you prefer, 'the monsters'. We used to sing nursery rhymes about them:

(in a sing-song voice)

"Brush your teeth, and go to bed,
Or else the *Gruwels* will tear off
your limbs."

(beat)

It rhymes, in Dutch.

MYFANWY

Catchy.

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

Bishop Grantchester enters, fresh from his meeting with the Home Secretary. The crowd of agents parts to make room for him at the front.

GRANTCHESTER

How's our girl doing?

ROBERT GESTALT

He's talking circles around her. No surprise there.

SHANTAY

But she hasn't thrown up, so...

Behind them, the ROTUND MALE AGENT passes a ten pound note to the ELDERLY AGENT, who grins at winning the bet.

IN THE INTERROGATION CHAMBER

Van Syoc continues -

VAN SYOC

When I was old enough, my parents
told me the real name of the
Gruwels. The name they call
themselves. "The Checquy."

A ripple of disquiet passes through the observers. Van Syoc
is looking straight at the mirror now -

VAN SYOC (CONT'D)

What is it that your agency does,
after all? You kidnap children.
Brainwash them. Then set them
loose, with the backing of your
Government, to slaughter anyone who
disagrees with you. My comrades and
I know exactly who the monsters
are, Rook Thomas.

(then)

And we're coming for you.

THWICK! -- Van Syoc swings out his arms and FIRES DARTS OF
SOLID BONE from his hands --

-- IMPALING THE TWO ARMED GUARDS either side of him.

Myfanwy jumps back, startled - stumbling over her chair,
falling to the floor.

As he collapses, one of the guards fires tranquilliser darts
into Van Syoc's neck -- THUD-THUD-THUD --

-- but Van Syoc brushes the darts off as if they're mosquito
bites. He turns towards Myfanwy...

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

It's pandemonium -

GRANTCHESTER

Go go go! Get in there!

Checquy agents scramble for the door, led by Robert and Eliza
Gestalt.

Only Shantay stands her ground, calmly reaching for the
holster inside her jacket.

IN THE INTERROGATION CHAMBER

Myfanwy's scrambling into the corner of the room, fumbling
with the holster of her handgun -- but she can't get the gun
out.

VAN SYOC looms over her, bone blades extending like swords
from his palms.

VAN SYOC

You brought this on yourself,
Thomas. We know about your little
'expedition' on Monday. Did you
really think we wouldn't find out?

Myfanwy yanks her handgun hard and - finally! - it's out of
the holster.

VAN SYOC (CONT'D)

Too little, too late.

Van Syoc's lines up his blades to strike as --

FWOOM! -- in slow motion, the glass of the one-way mirror
bulges, rippling in weird concentric circles before --

SMASH -- the glass shatters explosively into the room.

A VORTEX OF RIPPLING AIR blasts through the glass, whooshes
into Van Syoc and LIFTS HIM OFF HIS FEET...

... SMACKING HIM INTO THE WALL.

It seems to be a gas of some kind - Van Syoc's already losing
consciousness - but he looks across to the shattered
mirror...

... and sees SHANTAY stands behind the broken glass, holding
THE STRANGE-LOOKING PISTOL we saw her first using in
Washington (in Episode 1).

VAN SYOC (CONT'D)

(woozy, but curious)

Hm. You.

Van Syoc lapses into unconsciousness, just as -

The door to the Interrogation Cell bursts open, and Checquy
agents barge in, rushing to restrain Van Syoc.

Robert and Eliza look towards Shantay, angrily -

ROBERT & ELIZA GESTALT

(in eerie unison)

Petoskey! What the hell did you do
to him?

Shantay's climbing through the broken mirror (seemingly
oblivious to the broken glass, her skin unblemished).

SHANTAY

Relax - he unconscious. What did
you guys tie him up with - string?
I gave you a full dossier of his
known abilities -

GRANTCHESTER

... which failed to mention his
immunity to tranquilliser darts.

SHANTAY

Yeah, that's a new one to me, too.
(indicating her pistol)
Not immune to vortex cannons,
though.

Checquy paramedics in grey overalls are attending to the
stricken guards.

Myfanwy's trying to crawl to her feet, seemingly forgotten in
the corner of the room.

Shantay holds out her a hand to Myfanwy - who takes it,
clambering upright.

MYFANWY

Thank you... for probably saving my
life.

Myfanwy winces in pain and looks down to see -

A DART OF JAGGED BONE PROTRUDING FROM HER ABDOMEN, between
her body armour and her skirt. Blood spreading ominously
across her blouse.

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

Although... let's not speak to
soon...?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. INFIRMARY, THE ROOKERY - DAY

A moment of darkness. Then --

MYFANWY'S POV as she regains consciousness with a start.

She's in a bright, sterile, impossibly high-tech Infirmary - all blinking lights and strange machines.

DR. BURKE

Easy, Rook Thomas. You blacked out
when we removed the projectile.

DR BURKE (40s, Jamaican heritage, bushy grey moustache) is swabbing her wound. He presses Myfanwy back into her gurney.

DR. BURKE (CONT'D)

Just soft-tissue from the looks of
things. Nothing to worry about. But
this might tickle a little.

Burke places his fingertips on the edges of the cut. His touch sends weird ripples through Myfanwy's flesh, the torn edges aligning like pieces of a puzzle.

DR. BURKE (CONT'D)

(calling)
Dr. Leichardt?

A second physician, DR. LEICHARDT, approaches. He looks eerily identical to Dr. Burke, but a photographic negative: a white man with a bushy black moustache.

Leichardt is carrying what looks like a huge staple gun. MYFANWY lurches at the sight of it, horrified.

MYFANWY

What are you going to do with that?

DR LEICHARDT

(chuckling)
Always so squeamish, Rook Thomas.
Just hold still.

Myfanwy watches in horror as Leichardt staples her wound together - the staples melting into her flesh.

DR BURKE

Ah, not so squeamish today. You
usually faint at your flu jab.

Shantay approaches Myfanwy's gurney - her assistant, Alan, hovering behind her.

SHANTAY

Hey... How you feeling?

MYFANWY

I've... been worse. What about the guards, are they -

SHANTAY

They'll recover.

MYFANWY

And Van Syoc?

SHANTAY

He'll be out cold for a while.
Twelve hours.

Alan clears his throat behind Shantay.

ALAN

Twelve to fourteen.

(then)

Fifteen hours, tops.

MYFANWY

I'm so sorry... I never asked about Gaithersburg. About your agents -

SHANTAY

Don't sweat it. We'll get another bite at the apple tomorrow. I might take the lead next time, though.

MYFANWY

(weak smile)

Be my guest.

Shantay and Myfanwy share a warm moment... cut short by Ingrid, who hurries to Myfanwy's bedside, carrying a (well-worn) floral 'hospital kit bag.'

INGRID

Rook Thomas, thank goodness you're alright. Here, I've brought your sick bay supplies. I've refilled the nausea pills and the hand sanitizer.

Myfanwy looks at the kit bag with bafflement as Ingrid unloads supplies, and pins a red-alert badge to Myfanwy's hospital gown reading: "**I AM ALLERGIC TO BEE STINGS**"

MYFANWY

(reading the pin)

Do they get many bees in here?

INGRID
(quizzically)
No, but... you like to be sure.

MYFANWY
(quickly)
That's right, I do. You can't take
any chances. Um... Ingrid, could
you do something for me?

INGRID
Your neck pillow's warming in the
microwave, Rook Thomas -

MYFANWY
That's great but... something else.
Could you please print off my
schedule for the last few days?
Monday especially. I'm a little
hazy about where I was exactly.

INGRID
Of course... but it won't help you
much. You took a personal day on
Monday - your schedule was clear.

MYFANWY
Ah. Personal day, of course, I
remember. Must be the blood loss.

INGRID
Just try to rest. I'll send down
the autopsy report, as soon as Pawn
Motha finishes her briefing.

Shantay pricks up her ears at this -

SHANTAY
I'm sorry, the autopsy briefing -
the bodies from the park - that's
happening now? This minute?

INGRID
Rook Gestalt is being briefed, yes.

SHANTAY
Dammit, I told him - her, it,
whatever - to come get me.

Shantay takes off towards the door.

To everyone's surprise, Myfanwy tries to jump out of bed too
- yanking the electrodes and sensors on her skin -

MYFANWY
Wait, I'm coming, too.

DR. BURKE
Rook Thomas - you need rest.

MYFANWY
If they're going to look at corpses
from *my* crime scene -
(quickly)
- our crime scene, under our
purview, then... I'm going to be
there.

Myfanwy clambers out of the bed, and staggers past the doctors, tucking her hospital robe into her skirt.

Shantay looks at Myfanwy quizzically. This odd, head-strong woman is not the person she was led to expect.

INGRID
(hurrying after them)
At least take your anti-nausea
pills, Rook Thomas. You know how
queasy you get in the path lab.

INT. PATHOLOGY LAB, THE ROOKERY - DAY

CLOSE ON - the ashen, glassy-eyed face of BRITTA (the assassin from Mansel Bank). Dead, on an autopsy slab.

We're in the Checquy's bright, ultra-modern pathology lab. Myfanwy is staring at the lifeless corpse, a hint of alarm in her eyes: "*I did this...*"

A young Checquy agent has just started her briefing. She's JASMINE MOTHA (20s, Indian heritage, pathologically shy) and she's more at home with corpses than the living.

JASMINE
(haltingly)
I can only apologise... for the
delay. It's, it's taken so long
because every single corpse - from
Hyde Park and Mansel Bank - has,
um, has a different cause of death.

THIRTEEN OTHER DEAD BODIES are arrayed around the lab on refrigerated slabs, technicians bustling around them.

Also receiving this briefing: Shantay, Alan, Robert and Eliza Gestalt. Alan looks a little queasy.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
(pointing to Britta)
This one suffered a myocardial
rupture...
(pointing to another)
A cranial fracture...

Close on the CORPSE - its skull crushed gruesomely.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
(pointing to another)
... Total lung collapse...
(and another)
This one's especially interesting
- his jawbone wrenched back into
his own carotid artery.

On Myfanwy's look of horror, growing with every corpse.

ELIZA GESTALT
So they were beaten?

JASMINE
Oh, er... no, that's the curious
part. In a sense they... did this
to themselves.

ROBERT and ELIZA glare at Jasmine, sceptically.

ROBERT & ELIZA GESTALT
(in unison)
What's your name?

JASMINE
Er, it's... I'm Jasmin-
(correcting herself)
Pawn Motha. Pawn Jasmine. Motha.

ELIZA GESTALT
Are you new?

JASMINE
Yes. I mean... well, I've been here
three years, but in the context of
our organisation's history I'm -

ROBERT GESTALT
You're telling us this man killed
himself, with his own jawbone?

JASMINE
His facial muscles did, yes. They
contracted so hard, they cracked
the bone back into his neck. Which
ought to be impossible, of course.
That's the only thread connecting
all these victims: extreme muscle
spasms. Their bodies effectively...
tore themselves apart.

MYFANWY
(blurting out)
And what the hell causes that?

The Gestalt bodies turn in unison to look at Myfanwy. Clearly this kind of assertiveness is unusual from her.

JASMINE

We... I... don't know. Yet.

ALAN

Could it be something electrical?
Electromyostimulation can be strong
enough to break bones...

JASMINE

(delighted)

I considered that, but we'd expect
burn marks on the skin. And extreme
voltages wouldn't -

ALAN

- produce a localised effect -

JASMINE

- in one muscle system. Exactly.

Jasmine beams at Alan. It's geek-love at first sight.

SHANTAY

What about IDs on the victims?

JASMINE

That was problematic, too. Their
fingerprints have been tampered
with, using a technique I've never
seen before. No matches. But we *did*
get lucky with the DNA databases.

JASMINE heads towards a bank of computer screens at the far
end of the lab, the others following. She indicates the
corpse of a black male, muscular, in his mid-20s.

JAMSINE

A single match, on one of the
bodies from Hyde Park. His name's
Dean Sinclair. He was arrested for
car theft ten years ago - his DNA's
still in the police database.

Jasmine passes two tablet computers around the group.

JAMSINE (CONT'D)

But it looks like Dean cleaned up
his act. Joined the army. Rose to
the rank of captain in the 1st
Armoured Division.

Myfanwy's eyes widen with alarm -

MYFANWY

This man is an Army officer?

JASMINE

Retired officer. Invalided out of the army after a catastrophic spinal fracture in Afghanistan. According to his army records, he... lost the use of both legs.

SHANTAY

(to Gestalt)

You didn't find a wheelchair out there in Hyde Park, by any chance?

JASMINE

This is where it gets weirder...

(she points at the corpse's legs)

The muscle mass of Dean's legs - and dissection of his back - show no signs of spinal injury at all.

ELIZA GESTALT

So his records were falsified, or -

ROBERT GESTALT

- someone found a way to repair his spinal damage.

SHANTAY

You got an address?

JASMINE

He went, um, off the grid after the army. No fixed address, no bank account. Parents deceased. Just one surviving relative: fifteen year-old brother... Tayo Sinclair.

TAYO's face appears on the computer screen.

SHANTAY

You have an address for him?

JASMINE

Aldhurst Prison. Tayo was arrested for arson six months ago. Torched a café in... somewhere in Wales, I can't pronounce it: Clan...roost?

She indicates a Welsh word on the screen - 'LLANRWST.'

ALAN

(quietly)

Holy consonants, Batman.

Jasmine suppresses a smile.

ROBERT GESTALT

I'll go speak to the brother.

SHANTAY
Me too - let's go.

ROBERT GESTALT
You'll have to hurry. I'm already
in the vehicle depot.

A beat, as Shantay realises what this means: one of Gestalt's
bodies is already leaving the building -

SHANTAY
Goddamit, do not leave without me.
(running for the door)
Alan, stay here, keep me updated if
anything else breaks.

MYFANWY
I'm coming too...

Robert grabs Myfanwy's arm, as Eliza turns to face her.

ELIZA GESTALT
Thomas, you're still wearing a
hospital gown.

Myfanwy looks down at her bloodied gown - the 'I'M ALLERGIC
TO BEE STINGS" badge pinned to her breast.

ROBERT GESTALT
I think you've done enough
interviewing for today. Why don't
you leave the field work to the
field agents?

INT. ANTECHAMBER TO ROOK THOMAS'S OFFICE - DAY

On Myfanwy's face, lighting up with relief.

MYFANWY
Here we are - my office. Finally.
Sorry about all the wrong turns -
it's... must be the blood loss.

Alan's just behind, weighed down with heavy cases.

ALAN
Oh, I enjoyed the scenic tour. Now
I know where the janitors' closets
are. All of them.

Ingrid stands up from her desk, approaches them -

INGRID
Pawn Summerhill, welcome. I've
cleared a desk for you over here.
Please do make yourself at home.

Alan nods his thanks, as Ingrid ushers Myfanwy into -

ROOK THOMAS'S PRIVATE OFFICE

The incredible view of London from Rook Thomas's windows takes Myfanwy's breath away for a second time.

INGRID (CONT'D)

I expect you'll want to change into something less... medical. I've laid out some clean clothes for you in The Residence.

MYFANWY

Thank you. In the...?

INGRID

Residence. I put your handbag up there, too, for safekeeping. You left it here on Monday night.

MYFANWY

(pretending to remember)

Ah, I've been looking for... wait, Monday night? My 'personal day?'

INGRID

Yes, you left it under your desk during your flying visit in the evening. I do hope everything was alright - you seemed upset?

MYFANWY

That's right, I was upset. On Monday night. About... something.

INGRID

(taking this as a rebuff)

My mistake, I don't mean to pry. Can I get you anything else?

MYFANWY

No, thank you Ingrid.

Ingrid closes the office door.

Alone, Myfanwy glances around the office, confused -

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

The 'Residence'...?

The door she just entered looks like the office's only entrance/exit. So where the heck is this 'Residence?'

Myfanwy retrieves her mobile phone from her pocket, scrolls through a list of video-files. And there it is: a video called '**THE RESIDENCE.**'

She inserts headphones into her ears, hits 'Play'.

ON SCREEN: a pre-recorded video begins to play.

The OLD MYFANWY stands in her office - looking as uncomfortable in her own skin as always. Hunched shoulders, pin-neat clothes, hair in a bun.

(The NEW MYFANWY stands tall in her bloodied hospital gown, her hair falling loose down her neck.)

OLD MYFANWY
Um. Hello. Welcome to video
number... forty three, I think? How
to access your Residence.

On the new Myfanwy's face, gazing at her old self. It never gets easier, seeing someone else wearing your body.

OLD MYFANWY (CONT'D)
As a Rook, you have a private
apartment - called 'The Residence'
- attached to your office. For the
many days when you finish work too
late to bother going home.

In the video, the old Myfanwy picks up the recording device - the same phone Myfanwy is holding in the present day - and keeps it trained on her, selfie-style, as she heads to the far end of the office.

OLD MYFANWY (CONT'D)
Place your hand on the centre of
the mirror -

Old Myfanwy places her hand on the centre of a large, ornate, wall mirror.

In the present day, Myfanwy copies her old self, also placing her hand against the glass.

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

The wall panel clicks, swinging backwards, to reveal --

A HIDDEN STAIRCASE.

On screen, the Old Myfanwy begins climbing the stairs. Present day, Myfanwy follows her up.

OLD MYFANWY (CONT'D)
I warn you the decor is... well,
atrocious. It's inherited from the
previous Rook, Conrad Grantchester,
before he was promoted to Bishop. I
keep meaning to redecorate.

The top of the stairs reveals -

A LAVISH APARTMENT decorated like a teenage boy's fantasy 'bachelor pad.' Thick shag carpeting, a circular bed with AN ACTUAL MIRRORED CEILING above it. Black satin sheets.

OLD MYFANWY (CONT'D)

He designed the entire apartment to allow him to, um... well, to... get women to go to bed with him.

(then)

Compared to the decor, the fact that someone is trying to kill you is almost tolerable.

Smiling at her predecessor's grim humour, Myfanwy notices the fresh suit and blouse Ingrid has laid out on the bed.

Myfanwy unplugs the headphones, props the phone against a pillow, and changes her clothes as Old Myfanwy continues:

OLD MYFANWY (CONT'D)

This is a great place to lay low, if you're finding your first day overwhelming.

MYFANWY

(to herself)

That's one word for it.

OLD MYFANWY

I often come up here if I'm hyperventilating. Or throwing up. Or just sort of crying uncontrollably...

MYFANWY

Ouch.

OLD MYFANWY

Then I wash my face and go back to my desk. I um... I hope you find some respite in here, as I have. The decor notwithstanding.

Present day Myfanwy stares at her old self -

MYFANWY

You really weren't cut out for this at all, were you?

OLD MYFANWY

Oh, and since someone in this office is trying to kill us, I took the liberty of hiding a Glock in the bedside table -

Myfanwy slides open the bedside drawer, to reveal a gleaming compact pistol -

OLD MYFANWY (CONT'D)

- and something more exotic in the top drawer of the bureau. I pray you never need to use it, but if you do - throw it at the wall, then stick your fingers in your ears and hum as loudly as you can.

Myfanwy heads to the bureau, opens the top drawer and is confused to discover a DEVICE SHAPED LIKE A CHICKEN'S EGG, BUT COVERED WITH TINY BLACK CLAWS.

OLD MYFANWY (CONT'D)

Stay safe. Find the traitor. And um... feed the rabbit.

Old Myfanwy's face freezes on screen as the video ends.

Myfanwy considers touching the weird egg shaped device... but thinks better of it. Closing the desk drawer, she notices -

A PLAIN BLACK HANDBAG, resting on the desk.

MYFANWY

Alright, Thomas. What have you left for me?

Myfanwy rifles through the bag, pulling out items, discarding them on the bureau top.

First the usuals: hairbrush, tissues, cosmetics, sugar-free breath mints. Some unusuals: half a dozen gluten-free protein bars. A bottle of Rescue Remedy. A box of tiny pills - "Propranolol."

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

Seriously? That's it?

Myfanwy turns the bag upside down and shakes it onto the bureau. A few coins fall out, two hair clips, and...

... a CRUMPLED SCRAP OF PAPER - A RECEIPT. Myfanwy opens it out, examines it closely:

PETROL EXPRESS, LLANRWST. MONDAY 26TH MARCH. PUMP #3 UNLEADED £46.73.

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

Monday... L-lan-rawoost - that's...

FLASHBACK TO THE PATHOLOGY LAB - JASMINE'S BRIEFING:

JASMINE

Tayo was arrested for arson six months ago. Torched a café in... somewhere in Wales, I can't pronounce it: Clan...roost?

BACK TO THE RESIDENCE

Myfanwy clutches the receipt in her hand

MYFANWY

What the hell's in Clan-roost?

INT./EXT. LAND ROVER, STREETS OF LONDON - DAY

A black Land Rover Defender speeds through London traffic - TEDDY GESTALT at the wheel, Shantay alongside him. Teddy's identical twin, ALEX GESTALT, is in the back, angrily scrolling through a file on his tablet computer.

ALEX GESTALT

(exasperated)

Rook Thomas hasn't pre-authorized our prison access. I don't know what's gotten into her today.

SHANTAY

A nine inch blade of solid bone?

TEDDY GESTALT

Still. Bureaucracy's meant to be her superpower.

ALEX GESTALT

Her *only* superpower.

ALEX and TEDDY share a laugh. SHANTAY looks from one twin to the other, intrigued.

SHANTAY

Why do you do that? Make each other laugh like you're different people?

TEDDY GESTALT

I don't know what you mean.

SHANTAY

Yeah, you do. Like how you dress all your bodies differently.

(indicating Alex)

This guy's all neat and tidy.

(indicating Teddy)

This one's all hipster. Robert's... the handsome one?

(MORE)

SHANTAY (CONT'D)

Eliza's got the ice queen thing going on. But it's all you, right? So why the different outfits - why pretend?

ALEX GESTALT

I find... the appearance of distinct personalities puts other people at their ease.

SHANTAY

Well it creeps me out. Don't do it for my benefit.

TEDDY GESTALT

If you insist.

Teddy begins REVERSING AT LUDICROUS SPEED INTO A PARKING SPACE outside Aldhurst Prison - his eyes never leaving Shantay as he spins the steering wheel.

It's Alex (in the back seat) who looks out the rear window as the car skids to a halt.

ALEX & TEDDY GESTALT

(in eerie unison)

Is that better?

SHANTAY

(flustered, hiding it)

Yeah... Much better.

INT. CORRIDOR, H.M ALDHURST PRISON - DAY

Inside the prison, Shantay and the Gestalt twins are led through the corridors by the irate prison Governor, Michael Snell.

Snell now has a BANDAGED RIGHT HAND - from the small explosion in his office.

SNELL

... we're always given forty-eight hours advance notice. And while I'd never turn away her Majesty's Prison Inspectorate, this is highly irregular. Not to mention disruptive to the boy's rehabilitation. He's only part way through an in-house punishment -

Snell ushers them into -

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, H.M. ALDHURST PRISON - CONTINUOUS

- a small interview room, where Tayo's sitting miserably at a table, his eyes red from crying.

SNELL (CONT'D)
- for arson. The boy's a
pyromaniac, a pathological liar
- and he booby-trapped my office.

Tayo shrinks before the intimidating new arrivals.

ALEX GESTALT
Thank you, Governor. Would you mind
waiting outside while we speak to
Mr. Sinclair?

SNELL
Absolutely not. Inmates are never
left alone with visitors.

Snell takes a seat next to Tayo. Shantay and the Gestalts
pull up chairs opposite them.

TEDDY GESTALT
Tayo Sinclair? We'd like to ask you
some questions.

TAYO
Is this about the fire? 'Cos I've
already said a million times, I -

TEDDY GESTALT
It's about your brother, Dean. When
did you last see him?

TAYO
Dean? Why...? Is he in some kind of
trouble?

SNELL
Answer the question Tayo.
Truthfully, if you can manage it.

Tayo's getting nervous - HIS SKIN EMITTING THOSE TINY
METALLIC PARTICLES, just barely perceptible.

SHANTAY
Nobody's after your brother, Tayo.
We just want to know when you last
saw him.

TAYO
It's been weeks... Since before I
was arrested. But he was, he was
sorting his life out, you know? Got
a new job, doing security for some
medical company or something.

SHANTAY
What medical company?

TAYO

I dunno. The name was all... foreign words. But they had, like, genius surgeons and that. Fixed his back. He could walk, a proper miracle. First time he was happy since, you know, Afghanistan.

TEDDY GESTALT

These surgeons repaired your brother's spine?

TAYO

Yeah... And helped me with my eczema, 'n all. They did this, like, mad stuff to my skin -

SHANTAY

What kind of stuff?

TAYO

Like... skin grafts, or something. They explained it, but it was all... went over my head. Dean said to trust 'em. And it totally worked: I don't itch, nothing. But Dean had to give me these injections, anti-rejection, so it wouldn't come back...

SNELL

This is all a complete fabrication, of course. Tayo has no need for injections of any kind.

TAYO

I do too! And now Dean ain't coming, there's no-one around to -

SNELL

Nor does Tayo have eczema, not even mildly. If there's any truth to this ridiculous story, it's clear that Tayo was involved in drugs of some kind. I told you, he's a pathological -

TAYO

I am not a bloody liar!

SNELL

Don't raise your voice to me, Tayo.

SHANTAY

Governor, please.

SNELL falls quiet, glowering at Tayo.

SHANTAY (CONT'D)

Tayo, where did these surgeons operate on you - here in London?

TAYO

I... don't really know, exactly...

SHANTAY

Why don't you know?

TAYO

They always drove me down in the back of a van. No windows, proper cloak and dagger stuff, y'know? And I always kind of... fell asleep, on the way there. It was a hospital, I think. But like... scruffy. I... Look, can I speak to Dean? Can you bring him here?

SHANTAY

Did you ever see any signs on the walls, any pictures that might -

TAYO

I want to speak to Dean -

SNELL

Answer the question, Tayo.

TAYO

(to Snell)

It's your fault, you petty wasteman - why wouldn't you let me see Dean?

SNELL

Rather a moot point, since you're never going to see him again.

A beat. Shantay and the Gestalts glare at Snell.

TAYO

(freaking out)

Why? What's happened, where's Dean?

ALEX & TEDDY GESTALT

Governor, can I please have a word?

TAYO

Where my brother?

SNELL

(with relish)

Your brother's dead, Tayo.

As the shock hits Tayo, his skin goes into overdrive - a whoosh of metallic particles fizzing out around him. Shantay notices immediately -

TAYO
(to Snell)
Bullshit. You're a liar...

SHANTAY
Tayo... what's happening, what have
you got on your skin?

SNELL
He got mixed up with the wrong
people, and got himself killed.

TAYO
Liar!

ALEX GESTALT
Governor, please step outside -

SNELL
(noticing the particles)
You're doing it again - what is
this stuff? - he's, he's going to
set us on fire -

TAYO
(shocked, broken)
I ain't doing nothing...

Metallic particles are pouring out of Tayo now, creating a
fine, glittering mist around the room.

SHANTAY
All right, I need everybody to
calmly step out of the room. Tayo
and I are going to stay here and -

SNELL
(shouting at Tayo)
Stop it! Stop it right now, you
spiteful little -

SHANTAY
(to Alex, re: Snell)
Get him out of here, now.

Alex tries to restrain the Governor, as Shantay tries to herd
Tayo into the corner of the room, but

SNELL
You'll be joining your brother
soon, if you keep this up!

SHANTAY
(shouting)
Everybody out now!

... And Tayo finally snaps.

BOOM! -- It's as if a bomb goes off (much larger than the one in Snell's office) - with Tayo at it's centre.

SHOCKWAVES OF WHITE FLAME BLAST OUT from Tayo's body, as the air around them seems to literally catch fire.

In the doorway, Shantay just has time to step in front of the Gestalts - shielding them from the blast with her own body - before they're propelled out of the room, masonry from the walls and ceiling flying in all directions.

SMOKE. DUST. A LONG MOMENT.

The dust clears, to reveal:

A SCENE OF DEVASTATION. Snell is dead - his CHARRED CORPSE trailing wisps of smoke.

Shantay and the Gestalts are unconscious in the corridor, under chunks of collapsed brickwork.

Alarms are going off, red lights flashing.

And in the middle of it all, Tayo stands unharmed - a look of shock on his face.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MYFANWY'S OFFICE, THE ROOKERY - DAY

The ornate mirror on the wall of Myfanwy's office swings open - Myfanwy hurries through, pushing the panel closed behind her, and heads for her desk.

Taking a seat, she look at the obsessively tidy piles of paper, the desk accessories arranged in neat lines. Instinctively, she shoves a few things out of place.

MYFANWY
(repeating to herself)
L-L-A-N-R-W-S-T... L-L-A-N-R-W-S-T.

She reaches for the computer, hits the space bar. A password screen pops up - a logo in the background depicting a crown against a checkerboard backdrop.

Myfanwy pulls down her watch strap to reveal a (slightly smudged) password, written in pen on her wrist. She types in the password, unlocking her home screen.

ON SCREEN: Myfanwy launches the web browser, and types -

MYFANWY (CONT'D)
L-L-A-N-R-W-S... T...

- into a search engine. SHE SKIMS THE RESULTS: Wikipedia, the Welsh Tourist Board. Llanrwst is 'a small town on the River Conway, on the border of Snowdonia National Park.'

Photographs of Llanwrst reveal a beautiful, quaint town on the edge of a sprawling wilderness, the snowy peaks of the mountains on the horizon.

SHE SEARCHES AGAIN: "**TAYO SINCLAIR LLANRWST.**"

This time she gets photos of a burnt-out café in the village, news headlines: 'Arson in idyllic Welsh town.'

MYFANWY (CONT'D)
(to herself)
What's the connection...?

KNOCK-KNOCK. Myfanwy's investigation is cut short as Ingrid enters, looking grave -

INGRID
Rook Thomas - you're needed in the
Operations Hub, immediately.

INT. OPERATIONS HUB, THE ROOKERY - MOMENTS LATER

In the bustling Operations Hub, Checquy agents are on high alert.

TV screens cycle through live images of the Aldhurst Young Offenders' Prison - on fire, a thin plume of smoke arcing into the sky. The chyron reads:

"EXPLOSION AT ALDHURST PRISON." "POSSIBLE RIOT UNDERWAY."

Robert & Eliza Gestalt are already in the Hub, briefing Bishop Grantchester, when Myfanwy arrives.

ELIZA GESTALT
It's the brother, Tayo Sinclair.
The boy's a weapon.

ROBERT & ELIZA
Possibly an F.P.O.

This statement brings a sombre hush to the room.

Myfanwy has no idea what an 'F.P.O.' is. She watches Grantchester's reaction - first a look of shock, then a grim nod of understanding - and does her best to copy it.

GRANTCHESTER
Casualties?

ROBERT GESTALT
Unclear. I'm unconscious, both bodies, but still alive - we've been knocked out by the blast.

GRANTCHESTER
And Bishop Petoskey?

ROBERT
Also unclear. She bore the brunt of the explosion.

Towards the back of the room, Alan Summerhill turns pale.

ELIZA GESTALT
I'll lead a tactical team to the prison, immediately. Full F.P.O. protocols.

GRANTCHESTER
(turning to Myfanwy)
Your assessment, Rook Thomas?

MYFANWY
(bluffing)
I agree. F.P.O. protocols.
Definitely.

ROBERT & ELIZA GESTALT
Let's move out!

The response is immediate - dozens of agents grabbing equipment from their desks, heading for the doors.

Myfanwy, knowing no better, moves to follow them.

ROBERT GESTALT
Thomas - where are you going?

MYFANWY
Er - coming with you?

The Gestalt bodies look at her as if she's gone mad.

ROBERT GESTALT
Why on earth would you do that?

MYFANWY
Tayo Sinclair is the only lead in my... in our case. I need to be there.

ROBERT GESTALT
You need to be here, coordinating. We don't need you in the field.

GRANTCHESTER
Actually, I think Rook Thomas is right. This operation needs a diplomatic touch. You'll have to liaise with the Prison service, Police, the Fire Brigade. And diplomacy's hardly your strong suit, Rook Gestalt.

ROBERT GESTALT
(testy)
I can deal with them.

GRANTCHESTER
The Home Secretary disagrees.
(to Myfanwy)
Rook Thomas, you don't mind leading Strat-Comm on this one, do you?

On Myfanwy's wide-eyed alarm - "Strat-Comm..?"

MYFANWY
Er -

GRANTCHESTER
That's decided, then. God speed.

Grantchester strides away, leaving Robert and Eliza glaring at Myfanwy.

ELIZA GESTALT
What the hell are you playing at?

MYFANWY
I, um... Nothing...?

ELIZA GESTALT
You're supposed to keep the
bureaucrats off my back, not *help*
them slow me down.

MYFANWY
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to -

ROBERT GESTALT
Just stay in the C&C vehicle. Don't
interfere with my strike teams, I
won't interfere with your
spreadsheets.

The Gestalts stride away. Off Myfanwy's confusion -

INT. WAREHOUSE, GAITHERSBURG - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

SHANTAY'S POV - a flashback.

Shantay's in the warehouse in Gaithersburg (just like her
flashback in episode 1). Smoke fills the air. The sound of
distant gunfire.

Shantay's crawling on her hands and knees across a debris-
strewn concrete floor. Ahead of her: a man in tattered combat
gear, face-down on the concrete.

Shantay reaches him and rolls him onto his back...

... His face is caked with blood; his eyes open, his
expression glazed-over in a death-stare.

Shantay takes his head in her hands, her tears falling onto
his face, mixing with his blood. She cradles him close -

EXT. CAR PARK, H.M. ALDHURST PRISON - DAY

- and Shantay WAKES UP with a start, in the car park outside
Aldhurst Prison, gasping for breath...

... clutching a (bewildered) Teddy Gestalt in her arms.

TEDDY GESTALT
So... you're awake.

An awkward moment as they disentangle from each other.

Shantay's suit is tattered, charred in a way that suggests she ought to be catastrophically wounded. But she doesn't have a scratch (or a burn) on her skin.

SHANTAY

What the hell happened in there?
And why are we outside?

TEDDY GESTALT

Guards found us in the wreckage.
Dragged us outside. Governor Snell
is dead.

SHANTAY

And the kid?

ALEX GESTALT

(approaching)
Still no sign.

Teddy and Alex Gestalt have symmetrical burns on the sides of their faces (where they weren't shielded by Shantay). Otherwise they don't seem badly hurt.

ALEX GESTALT (CONT'D)

Whole prison's on lockdown - riots
in three wings. The explosion took
out an electrical relay -
security's down in at least half
the building.

TEDDY GESTALT

Guards are waiting for riot police
to arrive, to retake control.

SHANTAY

(brushing herself down)
Well let's get back in there, and
find Tayo before they get to him.

TEDDY AND ALEX

Not an option.

SHANTAY

Why not? I think we can handle a
few teenagers with sharpened
toothbrushes.

TEDDY AND ALEX GESTALT

The boy's an F.P.O. - we go in with
the proper tools, or not at all.
I'm on my way with a full tactical
team.

SHANTAY

Yeah, I'm sorry, your Midwich
Cuckoos schtick doesn't intimidate
me, Rook Gestalt. I'm going in.

(MORE)

SHANTAY (CONT'D)

I have three missing agents who
might still be alive - and this kid
may know where they are.

Shantay pushes past the twins, but TEDDY grabs her arm -

TEDDY GESTALT

When they're missing for two years,
they aren't alive. You just don't
know where the bodies are buried.

Shantay yanks her arm free, and for moment she looks like
she's ABOUT TO PUNCH GESTALT IN THE MOUTH. (Or mouths.) But
she reigns herself in...

SHANTAY

Go screw yourself, Gestalt. Since
you actually can.

She turns her back on the prison, walking away, conceding -
her fists clenched.

INT. VEHICLE DEPOT, THE ROOKERY - DAY

Myfanwy clutches her purple ring binder to her chest like a
life-raft, as she's hustled into --

A VAST UNDERGROUND PARKING FACILITY. Rows of gleaming black
Land Rovers, Jaguars, and more exotic vehicles - ambulances,
police cars, articulated trucks...

The depot's humming with activity - agents streaming into
Land Rovers, some in suits, some in body armour.

PAWN CLAUDIA CLIFTON (the comms strategist we met in Episode
1) is at Myfanwy's side. Immaculately presented, as always,
with a tablet computer and bluetooth headset.

CLAUDIA

(to Myfanwy)

... To keep this low profile, we're
playing to stereotypes:
troublemaking teens, no moral
compass, no boundaries -

Ingrid's on Myfanwy's other shoulder, peppering her with
bureaucratic questions -

INGRID

Of course we'll start liaison with
the Fire Brigade. And I expect
you'll want us to contact
Commissioner Bennett, as usual?

MYFANWY

Er, yes please. Great.

CLAUDIA

For the fire itself, we suggest
chalking it up to an exploding gas
main -

Myfanwy's being shepherded towards a huge armoured truck -
the Command & Control (C&C) vehicle - which is being HASTILY
SPRAYED WITH '**BRITISH GAS**' LOGOS.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

- obviously British Gas won't be
wild about that choice, so you'll
need to work your diplomatic magic.

INGRID

Of course, British Gas owe us a
favour after the Elephant and
Castle incident.

MYFANWY

(bluffing)
Yes they do - well remembered.

CLAUDIA

So that's a yes on British Gas?

MYFANWY

Yes. Yes it is.

Myfanwy follows Claudia up the steps into the truck, while
Ingrid remains on the ground.

INGRID

Good luck, Rook Thomas. I'll handle
everything from this end.

MYFANWY

(sincerely)
Thank you, Ingrid. You're a
lifesaver.

Inside the vehicle, Checquy analysts (including Jasmine
Motha, and Alan Summerhill) are furiously typing away at
banks of computer screens.

Myfanwy looks around her, eyes wide with growing unease. One
night of reading didn't prepare her for this. At all.

EXT./INT. - CHECQUY CONVOY, STREETS OF LONDON - DAY

The Checquy tactical team blasts out of the Rookery and
through the streets of London - three black Land Rover
Defenders and the disguised C&C vehicle.

INSIDE THE C&C VEHICLE

Myfanwy, Gestalt and Claudia are being briefed by the (excitable) duo of Jasmine and Alan.

On a tablet computer, ALAN plays CCTV footage of Tayo's interrogation in Aldhurst prison.

ALAN

The CCTV footage is pretty grainy, but you can see this particulate material is emanating from Tayo.

Alan fast-forwards the footage, presses play -

JASMINE

The concentration of the particles is intensifying, and right here, when it looks like a fight is breaking out, the density spikes. It may be triggered by distress.

ALAN

And whatever these particles are, they appear to be highly flammable.

Alan fast-forwards again, and the screen explodes with white light.

JASMINE

Judging by the bright white flame when they burn, our guess is that they're some kind of phosphorus derivative.

ALAN

So, effectively, Tayo is a thermobaric weapon.

A moment of silence. CLAUDIA looks up from her tablet computer -

CLAUDIA

Well, I'll ask if no-one else will. What's a thermobaric weapon?

ALAN

It's... the most potent non-nuclear explosive known to man.

A ripple of alarm passes through the crowd. Myfanwy gulps down her growing sense of unease.

JASMINE

A normal bomb explodes sort of... outwards from a core of explosive material. Dynamite, semtex, that sort of thing. A thermobaric weapon works differently - spraying flammable particles into the air.

ALAN

Then you just need a single spark
and - boom. The air itself catches
fire. You get a simultaneous blast
of fire and air pressure which can
rip entire buildings apart.

JASMINE

And the latest explosion was bigger
than any other fire on Tayo's
prison record. He seems to be...
getting more potent over time.

Myfanwy, Claudia and the Gestalts trade grim looks.

CLAUDIA

Aldhurst Prison's surrounded by
housing estates. A lot of potential
casualties.

ROBERT GESTALT

(to Myfanwy)

Co-ordinate a full scale evacuation
of the surrounding area, two-mile
blast radius to be sure -

ALAN

I'd suggest four.

MYFANWY

Right, I'll er... I'll get right on
that.

On Myfanwy's face - realising just how dangerous her
inexperience could become. It's not just that she might get
'found out' for having amnesia -

- it's that innocent people could die, because of her
incompetence.

EXT. H.M. ALDHURST PRISON - DAY

The Checquy convoy screeches into the prison car park.

With practised ease, Gestalt's strike teams leap out of their
vehicles - all now wearing British Gas overalls - preparing
to storm the prison.

They don't have any visible weapons - just shiny metal cases.
They're lowering a HUGE METAL CONTAINER - a cube large enough
to fit a human being into - from the back of one vehicle,
onto a robust-looking trolley.

On the steps of the C&C vehicle, Myfanwy is confronted by an
angry delegation of FIREMEN, POLICE OFFICERS and PRISON
GUARDS, all wanting answers -

FIRE OFFICER
This area's restricted access.
Who's in charge here?

A junior agent points to Myfanwy. She braces herself for the onslaught:

FIRE OFFICER (CONT'D)
(to Myfanwy)
This is a fire-exclusion zone -
your people have no business being
this close.

POLICE COMMANDER
(to Myfanwy)
Tell me you aren't seriously
sending British Gas workers into
the middle of a bloody prison riot?

PRISON GUARD
How can gas workers be allowed in
there, when the prison guards are
still locked out? That makes
exactly zero sense.

FIRE CHEIF
Hey, I said back up your vehicles -

MYFANWY
(floundering)
I... um...

POLICE COMMANDER
You sure you're in charge, love?

MYFANWY
(calling, desperate)
Claudia...? Claudia, can you please
tell these gentlemen... about the,
the situation we're dealing with. I
have to... inside the truck, so...

CLAUDIA
Certainly, gentlemen. My name's
Claudia Clifton, I'd be delighted
to answer your questions.

Myfanwy retreats back into the truck...

INT. CHECQUY COMMAND & CONTROL VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

- where she's immediately surrounded by other Checquy agents
with decisions that need making.

[NOTE: These questions should come thick and fast -]

JASMINE

With the evacuation, Rook Thomas
- do you want temporary shelters
set up, or can the evacuees fend
for themselves?

MYFANWY

Um... shelters sound -

ALAN

Rook Thomas, Bishop Petoskey's
joined the strike team - but Bishop
Grantchester's insisting I fill out
a 'Q39 risk assessment form' on her
behalf - where would I get one of
those?

MYFANWY

That's a good question - I'm sure
Jasmine can -

A young, athletic-looking field agent, LEAH AKINOLA (20s,
African heritage) holds out a clipboard for Myfanwy.

LEAH AKINOLA

(disdainfully)

We need a signed F86, authorising
free use of weapons.

JASMINE

That's a ludicrous risk, Rook
Thomas. A single spark could send
the whole prison up in smoke.

LEAH AKINOLA

Strike team's got to defend itself.
You can just tick off the weapons
you're authorising.

By now, Myfanwy is fighting back panic, barely keeping her
composure as the questions accelerate -

DIMINUITIVE JUNIOR AGENT

There are two schools within a
half mile radius, shouldn't
they be a priority - ?

ALAN

The form, Rook Thomas?

JASMINE

Existing buildings for the
shelters or temporary
structures?

LEAH AKINOLA

Weapons approval, please Rook
Thomas.

Meanwhile, on CCTV screens arrayed around the truck, we can
see live footage of -

INT. PRISON CORRIDORS, H.M. ALDHURST - DAY

... the Gestalts, Shantay and the Checquy strike teams sweeping their way through Aldhurst Prison.

Teenage prisoners are rioting around them - trashing the prison, fighting, throwing flaming toilet rolls.

A gang of RIOTING TEENAGERS comes hurtling towards the strike team, brandishing bottles, clubs, cafeteria trays.

... But the Checquy team barely breaks stride - dealing with every attack like a well-oiled machine.

The Gestalt bodies take the lead, meeting each attack with impossible harmony - intercepting blows, redirecting projectiles, flinging assailants from one Gestalt body to the next - it's almost like a dance.

The attacking teens are sedated and cast aside (fairly gently) before they know what's hit them.

As the team advances deeper into the prison, we see that they're dragging something behind them --

THE METAL CONTAINMENT CUBE (like a small shipping container) on a trolley.

The air's getting thicker with those SPARKLING METALLIC PARTICLES. They form a trail, leading the team towards...

INT. DISUSED PRISON WING, H.M. ALDHURST - DAY

- a disused wing of the prison, 'CLOSED FOR RENOVATION' signs pinned across the doors.

The team pushes through into a LONG HALLWAY, thick with sparkling metallic particles. And at the far end -

TAYO SINCLAIR is slumped against a wall, obscured by the thick cloud of glittering particles around him.

TAYO

Don't... don't come near me -!

SHANTAY

Tayo, it's me. Don't be scared, OK?
Nobody blames you for what -

TAYO

Everyone blames me. Every time.

SHANTAY

We know this wasn't your fault.

TAYO

It's never my fault! Wasn't my
fault the cafe caught fire, they
still chucked me in the pen, innit?

Tayo bangs his fist against the wall in frustration -
metallic particles fizzing from his skin.

ELIZA GESTALT

Stay calm, Tayo. We just need you
to step into this container - for
your own safety.

Eliza indicates the METAL CUBE. Tayo recoils -

TAYO

(freaking out)
Another dark box? I ain't getting
in there - I've seen plenty of
those. I'm over it.

ROBERT

You don't have a choice, Tayo. You
can come the easy way...

ELIZA

(cocking a crossbow)
... or the hard way.

TAYO

Just... get the hell away from me,
all of you, or I swear I'll, I'll -

ROBERT

(quietly, into earpiece)
Go Team Two.

CRUNCH! - A hole is suddenly punched in the wall beside Tayo,
by a burly Checquy agent (HENRY HYLTON-FOSTER) with seemingly
indestructible fists.

It's an ambush - a second Checquy team approaching Tayo from
behind.

Tayo looks at them, wild eyed, metallic particles spilling
from his skin like squid-ink -

TAYO

No.

And...

EXT. ALDHURST PRISON - CONTINUOUS

-- BOOOOOM! --

A huge explosion. An actual mushroom cloud billows into the sky, as the prison wing is all-but obliterated.

INT. COMMAND & CONTROL VEHICLE - DAY

Chaos in the C&C vehicle, multiple alarms are going off - the analysts gasping in horror.

The CCTV screens show scenes of total bedlam - the Checquy teams retreating through rubble, digging out wounded colleagues as they go.

Everyone's looking at Myfanwy -

JASMINE

Rook Thomas? What are your orders?

CLAUDIA

Rook Thomas?

JUNIOR AGENT

What should we do, Rook Thomas?

Off Myfanwy - who has absolutely no idea.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. COMMAND & CONTROL VEHICLE, ALDHURST PRISON - DAY

Establishing.

Sparkling phosphorous particles are dancing in the air around the Checquy's Command & Control vehicle, spreading ever wider on the breeze.

PRE-LAP: the sound of someone vomiting.

INT. TOILET CUBICLE, COMMAND & CONTROL VEHICLE - DAY

Alone in a toilet cubicle in the C&C vehicle - MYFANWY IS THROWING UP.

The purple ring binder's resting on the floor beside her, open at a page headed "F.P.O. - FORCE OF PHYSICAL OBLITERATION."

Myfanwy splashes her face with water in the sink, then glares at her unfamiliar reflection.

MYFANWY

One night. One night reading some
bloody ring binders - and you
thought I'd be ready for this?
People are getting hurt. Because I
don't know what I'm doing. That
wasn't the plan, was it?
(to her reflection)
Was it?

And she reaches a decision.

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

(to her reflection)
No. Whatever happened to you,
however we got here - this isn't
working. People could die. We need
to tell the truth.

INT./EXT. COMMAND & CONTROL VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Myfanwy exits the cubicle with sad resolve - ready to confess her amnesia, and face the consequences.

In the heart of the C&C vehicle, Jasmine and Alan are giving an urgent briefing to several (bruised, bloodied) Checquy agents, including Robert Gestalt and Shantay.

JASMINE

Tayo's explosions seem to be increasing in size at a geometric rate.

ALAN

His next blast could take out an area half a mile across.

A bandaged, bedraggled Eliza Gestalt is poring over a schematic map of the prison. Myfanwy approaches her -

MYFANWY

Rook Gestalt? There's... something we need to talk about. I have to tell you -

ELIZA GESTALT

(interrupting, brusquely)

Don't start with me, Rook Thomas. You know this is the only way.

Beat. Myfanwy doesn't know what Eliza's talking about.

MYFANWY

What's the only way...?

ELIZA GESTALT

(testily)

If containment fails, you fight an F.P.O. with another F.P.O. So Pawn Cartwright's been removed from the bunker - she's on her way here right now.

The other agents inhale sharply at the mention of 'Pawn Cartwright.'

ALAN

(to Jasmine)

Who's Pawn Cartwright?

JASMINE

An F.P.O. with unique and... extremely destructive gravitational abilities. She could implode Tayo Sinclair - and most of Aldhurst Prison - into an area the size of a postage stamp, before Tayo has any idea what's happening.

MYFANWY..

(genuinely upset)

Wait, you're... just going to kill him?

This seems to catch the Checquy agents off guard - they look at Myfanwy as if she's gone mad.

ELIZA GESTALT

Of course we're going to kill the threat, if that's the only way to safeguard the public.

ROBERT GESTALT

We tried talking to him. He's not listening. There's no other way.

MYFANWY

So that's how it works? If you can't control your abilities, you just get executed? Even if you didn't mean to hurt anyone at all. Even if you were... completely terrified when it happened?

The agents around Myfanwy are bewildered.

ELIZA GESTALT

Yes, Rook Thomas. That's exactly how it works - as you well know.

MYFANWY

Have you ever been scared, Rook Gestalt? Really, truly scared?

Analysts trade glances - what's gotten into Rook Thomas?

ROBERT & ELIZA GESTALT

(blankly)

I don't understand the question.

MYFANWY

And maybe that's the problem?

Eliza Gestalt steps in close to Myfanwy, her voice quiet but devastating.

ELIZA GESTALT

I think your judgement's been affected by your recent trauma, Rook Thomas. Look around - your juniors are having to run Strategic Command, because your orders have been entirely incoherent.

Robert Gestalt holds out a wireless earpiece for Myfanwy.

ROBERT GESTALT

If you're suddenly uncomfortable with the F.P.O protocols that you helped to write, perhaps you can make yourself useful elsewhere. Supervising moving the vehicles outside the exclusion zone, before Pawn Cartwright's arrival, maybe?

Myfanwy looks around the assembled agents - all of them staring. They avert their gaze, embarrassed for her.

Numbly, Myfanwy takes the earpiece, and steps outside, purple binder under her arm.

EXT. H.M ALDHURST PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Myfanwy stands on the steps of the C&C vehicle, her mood oscillating between total defeat and incandescent rage.

It takes a moment, but rage wins out. She turns back, about to re-enter the C&C vehicle... then an idea hits her. She looks towards the prison.

Myfanwy begins striding through the car park, towards the ARMED POLICE guarding the perimeter of the prison.

She heads towards the officer in charge, who looks up as she approaches -

ARMED OFFICER
New orders, Ma'am?

Myfanwy walks straight past him -

MYFANWY
Stand aside, please.

ARMED OFFICER
Er.. Ma'am? What are you doing?

MYFANWY
(to herself)
Making myself useful.

INT. COMMAND & CONTROL VEHICLE - DAY

Back in the C&C vehicle, Gestalt is issuing orders -

ROBERT GESTALT
... maintain a four hundred yard
exclusion zone around Pawn
Cartwright at all times - no
vehicles, no living creatures, no -

When Jasmine interrupts him -

JASMINE
Er... Rook Gestalt? You need to
look at this.

ON SCREEN: CCTV footage of Aldhurst Prison shows Myfanwy Thomas walking into the prison. Unarmed, alone, a ring binder clutched under one arm.

ELIZA GESTALT grabs a wireless headset from one of the analysts -

ELIZA GESTALT
(shouting)
Rook Thomas? What the bloody hell
do you think you're doing?

There's a screech in Rook Gestalt's headset as -

ON SCREEN: Myfanwy yanks the earpiece out of her ear, drops it onto the floor...

AND STEPS ON IT.

The analysts are dumbfounded. Gestalt is speechless. Rook Thomas has never, never done anything like this before.

INT. DISUSED PRISON WING, ALDHURST PRISON - DAY

In the prison, Myfanwy's following the trail of glittering particles hanging in the air.

There's rubble everywhere - patches of collapsed ceiling, collapsed wall. It's getting darker, the only light coming from smouldering fires amid the debris.

... and the metallic particles, growing thicker and thicker.

Myfanwy rounds a corner, and sees THE METAL CONTAINMENT CUBE, seemingly unaffected by the explosion, shoved to one side of a devastated corridor.

At the other end of the corridor, surrounded by smouldering rock, sits Tayo Sinclair.

TAYO
(miserably)
Don't come any closer. You'll get
killed.

MYFANWY
(considers this)
That's OK. People try to kill me
quite a lot.

Tayo looks up at her, curious, suspicious.

TAYO
Are you here to attack me?

MYFANWY
No. I just want to talk.

TAYO
(tearful)
They killed my brother.
(MORE)

TAYO (CONT'D)
Someone killed Dean, and now
they're gonna kill me. 'Cos I'm a
freak.

Myfanwy instinctively looks down at her hands, feeling a stab
of guilt - technically *she* killed Dean, kick-starting this
whole chain of disaster.

MYFANWY
Believe it or not... I understand
what you're going through. I lost
someone close to me, recently, too.

TAYO
Who?

MYFANWY
My... twin sister. I'm on my own
now. Like you.

Tayo wipes his nose on his sleeve, and kicks the dust with
the heel of his shoe -

TAYO
I don't know what's happening to
me. I'm... a monster or something.

MYFANWY
I know what that feels like, as
well. To hurt people, with a power
you can't control.

TAYO
Nah, you don't. You're just saying
that, so I'll do what you want. You
don't understand -

MYFANWY
I promise you, I do. I... I killed
people. Quite a lot of people and
I... I didn't mean to. And that
terrifies me.

Tayo scrutinises Myfanwy. Her distress seems genuine -

MYFANWY (CONT'D)
I'm scared of touching anyone, in
case I hurt them. But it's not just
my touch, I... I don't understand
it at all. And it's frightening.
But it's also... a little
exhilarating. That power.

Tayo and Myfanwy's eyes meet -

MYFANWY (CONT'D)
You know what I mean.

Tayo nods, almost imperceptibly.

MYFANWY (CONT'D)

There are people who want to help.
People who can teach you to control
it, so you never hurt anyone again.

TAYO

Like... the people who helped Dean?

MYFANWY

(hesitates, then -)
Something like that, yes.

TAYO

But you need me to get in that
metal crate, right?

MYFANWY

Ideally yes, that would be safest
for everyone. Until they can get
you somewhere safe, to help you.

TAYO

(groaning)
I've spent weeks in solitary. The
dark makes me crazy. I don't think
I can do it again.

Myfanwy looks at the crate... and back at Tayo.

MYFANWY

What if... I get in there with you?
That way, it won't be 'solitary'.

TAYO

But... what if I freak out, or...
you'll get, like, vaporised.

Myfanwy notices an abandoned Checquy agent's helmet lying on
the ground, amid the rubble. An electronic earpiece is
dangling from the helmet by a slender wire.

MYFANWY

So then... what would help you to
feel calm?

INT. PRISON CORRIDORS, H.M. ALDHURST PRISON - DAY

Shantay, Robert and Eliza Gestalt are running through the
prison corridors - when they hear a crackling in their
earpieces. Myfanwy's voice speaks:

MYFANWY

Guys? You can come and collect the
er... the containment box thingy.
We'll be inside. Together.

(MORE)

MYFANWY (CONT'D)
But there are few things we'll need
delivered as soon as possible.

The Gestalt bodies stop running -

ROBERT GESTALT
(into his earpiece)
Thomas? What the hell are you
talking about?

MYFANWY
We're going to need... six cans of
Sprite... a Nintendo 3DS with Mario
Kart 7... and Pokémon Sun & Moon..
and a family sized bag of Walkers
Prawn Cocktail crisps. Please.

A pause, we hear whispers -

MYFANWY (CONT'D)
Make that two bags of crisps.

INT. DISUSED PRISON WING, H.M. ALDHURST - MOMENTS LATER

Myfanwy and Tayo stand, looking at the (now open) door of the
metal containment box.

TAYO
Ladies first.

Myfanwy sets aside the earpiece - she's not going to wear it
inside the cube.

She steps into the box - and waits. Tayo's clearly upset to
be doing this... but he steps in after her.

Myfanwy pulls the door closed - plunging them into
darkness... apart from the phosphorescent sparkle of Tayo's
dust particles.

Tayo starts hyperventilating immediately. Metallic particles
spilling out of his pores -

MYFANWY
It's OK, Tayo, just breathe -

TAYO
I can't, I'm sorry, I'm going to
hurt you I know it -

At this rate, they really are going up in smoke.

Impulsively, Myfanwy grabs Tayo's hand -

AND HER POWERS SUDDENLY ACTIVATE - her senses switching to
the X-ray/MRI view (last seen in Lady Farrier's car).

She can see Tayo's nerve endings arcing through his body, lit up in neon oranges and reds.

And she can see strange nerve endings which simply shouldn't be there - branches leading out to the pores of his skin, where pools of brilliant white particles gleam in the darkness.

TAYO (CONT'D)

Hey, hey lady -

Myfanwy's vision crashes back to normal, she gasps -

MYFANWY

Oh God, did I hurt you -?

TAYO

No. No, but... I felt kind of weird. Like I wasn't... all me, you know. But er... at least I ain't freaking out any more. Are you OK?

MYFANWY

That's... never entirely clear.

(then)

Can I ask you a question, Tayo?

TAYO

I ain't going anywhere.

MYFANWY

Could you tell me... What's in Llanrwst? In Wales? I think you were there -

TAYO

When I got arrested, yeah.

MYFANWY

You don't sound very Welsh, so... why were you there?

Tayo hesitates before answering.

TAYO

I was... looking for Dean. After he went missing.

MYFANWY

Your brother.

TAYO

Yeah. After his company helped with my eczema, he just... stopped calling. Din't answer his phone. After a few weeks, I went looking.

MYFANWY

But why in Wales? Why Llanrwst?

TAYO

I saw a sign for it once. From the back of the van, on my way to his company's... hospital, or whatever. I was half-asleep, don't think I was s'posed to see it, but they got a flat tyre, opened the back door. I saw this sign saying 'Welcome to...' and then all these letters. Copied it down onto my phone when they gave it back to me.

MYFANWY

So when your brother went missing -

TAYO

- it was the only place I could think of to look. But then no-one in the town would talk to me, everyone giving me stink-eye, and then I went for a coffee and the curtains caught fire and then...

Tayo's started weeping again. Myfanwy hugs him.

MYFANWY

Hey. It's OK. It's OK...

EXT. H.M. ALDHURST PRISON - DAY

The metal containment cube is being pushed out of Aldhurst Prison - a group of Checquy agents heaving it on its trolley, towards a waiting vehicle.

INSIDE THE BOX -

Myfanwy and Tayo sit crammed together on the floor. The only light comes from the screen of Tayo's Nintendo 3DS.

MYFANWY

Tayo, will you be alright if I step out for a while?

Tayo so engrossed in his game of Mario Kart, he barely looks up.

TAYO

Yeah, yeah - I'm fine, for real...

Myfanwy taps on the container's door twice, and it opens up to reveal - Shantay Petoskey.

Shantay waits while Myfanwy emerges from the box, purple ring-binder in hand, closing the door behind her.

SHANTAY

You... are not how they described
you at all, Rook Thomas.

MYFANWY

How did they describe me?

SHANTAY

Let's just say 'stone cold badass'
wasn't on the list.

MYFANWY

Oh, hardly. All I did was -

SHANTAY

- walk unarmed, alone, into a
building with an unstable Force of
Physical Obliteration. I thought
Gestalt was supposed to be the
maverick round here.

Shantay nods towards the C&C truck, where -

ELIZA GESTALT is glowering at Myfanwy from the steps.
Apparently she doesn't share Shantay's warm feelings.

SHANTAY (CONT'D)

Evidently, so did Gestalt.

HONK-HONK -- the bustling Checquy agents part, as a JET-BLACK
BENTLEY drives between them. The car stops alongside Myfanwy,
and the rear passenger door opens.

We hear a prim, authoritative (and familiar) voice:

LADY FARRIER

Do hurry up and get in, Rook
Thomas. You're letting the cold air
in.

EXT./INT. LADY FARRIER'S BENTLEY - DAY

Myfanwy steps into the Bentley limousine, sitting down
opposite Lady Farrier.

MYFANWY

What... are you doing here?

LADY FARRIER

F.P.O protocols, dear. Always gets
a Lord or a Lady out of bed. You
should know - you wrote them.

(then)

Seems you've have quite the day.

MYFANWY

Well... I only did my best.

LADY FARRIER

(harshly)

Did your best to get caught, you mean? If you want people to realise you aren't the real Rook Thomas, behaving like some kind of... cowboy is a perfectly marvellous way to go about it.

MYFANWY

(hotly)

Well if the old Myfanwy Thomas had behaved with a little more courage, perhaps she'd have a bit more respect around here, instead of being some kind of joke.

Farrier's gaze is ice-cold.

LADY FARRIER

You still don't understand, do you? What your predecessor gave up, in order to help you. Rook Thomas could have run away, you know. Could have left you -

(jabbing a finger)

- to fend for yourself, for the three minutes you would have lasted without her help. But no, Rook Thomas stayed. Spent the last hours of her life writing notes so that you could stumble through a day without being found out. So that we could catch the traitor inside our agency. Your predecessor was braver - and kinder - than you will ever fathom.

(then)

That will be all.

Myfanwy looks down at the ring binder in her hands - cowed by Farrier's words.

Farrier looks at Myfanwy expectantly. The car hasn't moved.

LADY FARRIER (CONT'D)

You may leave.

MYFANWY

You're not... driving me back to the office?

LADY FARRIER

(horrified by the suggestion)

This isn't a taxi cab.

As Myfanwy unbuckles her seatbelt awkwardly, Farrier fires a parting shot:

LADY FARRIER (CONT'D)
You were lucky today, Rook Thomas.
Nothing more.

MYFANWY
(a flash of anger)
Lucky? In the last 24 hours I've
been beaten, stabbed, nearly blown
up... Oh yes, and forced to go back
to work, in a place where one of my
colleagues is trying to kill me.

LADY FARRIER
Yes, well... don't get complacent,
Rook Thomas. Not every day is going
to be this easy.

EXT. H.M. ALDHURST PRISON - MOMENTS LATER

The Bentley pulls away, leaving Myfanwy standing in the car park - purple binder clutched her arms.

Off Myfanwy's face - bruised, exhausted, apprehensive... but just a little defiant.

INT. COMMAND & CONTROL VEHICLE - DAY

The C&C vehicle is quiet, most agents outside helping clean up. But Jasmine's still at her computer...

... and apparently it's causing her problems. We hear the BEEP of an error message.

ON HER SCREEN, A POP-UP: **"UNABLE TO READ DOCUMENT."**

Jasmine hammers more commands into her keyboard.

Another beep. Another error message: "UNABLE TO READ DOCUMENT"

JASMINE
Come on, you... bastard...

Alan looks over from his station nearby.

ALAN
Computer trouble?

JASMINE
Yeah. My automated DNA sequencer's
got a match on physical evidence
from Hyde Park. But I can't open
the file on this bloody computer.

ALAN
You're saying... you've identified
the Hyde Park killer - but you
can't open the file?

JASMINE
Impossible to tell. Until I open
the damn file.

Alan stands, heading to Jasmine's computer.

ALAN
What's the file format?

JASMINE
It's proprietary. E-Double-M-R.

ALAN
Surely you could extract the plain
text file, run it through a filter
and find the closest executable?

JASMINE stands up from her computer -

JASMINE
Obviously you're a computer guy.
You have the bridge.

ALAN
Well thank you, Captain.
(taking over the computer)
We just strip out the file tags...
Combine these into a single
archive... A few lines of Python
script and...

BING. The document loads.

JASMINE
You bloody genius. There it is.

ON SCREEN: A photograph of the SCRAP OF ENVELOPE from Hyde
Park, with '**TO YOU**' written on it. Jasmine scrolls down.

On Alan and Jasmine's faces as their mouths fall open...

ON SCREEN: **A PHOTO OF MYFANWY THOMAS.**

Her Checquy personnel file. Followed by the words:

DNA MATCH, 100%. ROOK MYFANWY THOMAS OF THE CHECQUY.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
What the holy -

BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE