

IN THE FLESH

SERIES 2

Episode Four

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FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

03.12.13.

1

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (07:30)

1

PHILIP, towelling his wet crop just at the side, emerges from an en-suite bathroom like Connery-era Bond might. He wears a robe or only a towel. From outside, the sounds of a city. At the desk are documents with seals on them, ones that fasten with bits of string, an open laptop. Beside the desk on the floor the red box reminiscent of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's.

On the bed a GIRL sits, her back to him, looking out the window, wistful.

PHILIP approaches, comforting. We never see the girl's face but her hair and voice are AMY's N.B. Amy should not be wearing a flower in her hair. (Maybe Philip's voice is kind of disembodied like in *Strange Days*).

PHILIP

Hey what's the matter?

GIRL (AMY)

(reluctant at first)

Nothing. I just...

Is it a bad thing that I want you  
all the time?

PHILIP

(pushing a strand of hair  
away from her face)

Sssh. It's perfectly normal.

GIRL (AMY)

I don't know what it is. There's  
something about you.

PHILIP

I know.

GIRL (AMY)

I keep thinking about your hands  
touching me,

He's touching her gently but masterfully inside her robe.

GIRL (AMY) (CONT'D)

... there... and there  
No, you mustn't be late for the  
departmental committee.

PHILIP

They can't start without me.

GIRL (AMY)

Of course.

(head back, inhaling  
whisper)

Oh my God Philip.

He's kissing her neck, his hands inside her robe.

GIRL (AMY) (CONT'D)  
(reclining, breathless)  
You're so adept.  
(sitting up)  
Wait. Please. Let me try.

PHILIP  
(reluctant, then 'go on  
then')  
Oh.

GIRL (AMY)  
I want to give you pleasure.

One hand and her hair on his chest.

The distant sound of crying.

GIRL (AMY) (CONT'D)  
Teach me.

CUT TO:

2      **INT. WILSON HOUSE - PHILIP'S BEDROOM - DAY 1 (07:30)**      2

PHILIP alone in his bed, eyes closed and covers up. Still the sound of crying.

PHILIP  
Very well.

CUT TO:

3      **INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (07:30)**      3

GIRL  
(everyday voice)  
What d'you say, I can't hear you  
with all that noise?

CUT TO:

4      **INT. WILSON HOUSE - PHILIP'S BEDROOM - DAY 1 (07:31)**      4

PHILIP exasperated, his fantasy's blown. He hasn't tuned in to what's been making the noise but now he listens he realises what it is and that it's not Shirley.

CUT TO:

5      OMITTED      5

6            **INT. MRS LAMB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 1 (08:00)**            6

Cups shaking on dresser to the rhythmic beat of deep bass. An older woman, MRS LAMB looks out her kitchen window. The bass (from the car) stops and the door of a transit van opens. A BLOKE gets out, pressing a key fob to lock the vehicle. We stay in kitchen and see Mrs Lamb's feet disappearing up the stairs.

CUT TO:

7            **INT. MRS LAMB'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 1 (08:01)**            7

With some vehemence, MRS LAMB presses eject on a large VHS camera. She takes out a tape and puts in a replacement, then presses record. The camera is on a tripod and points down and onto the street.

CUT TO:

8            **INT. AMY'S BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - DAY 1 (08:15)**            8

AMY puts a bowl on the counter. Opens a drawer (the cutlery neat enough to indicate lack of use), finds a spoon. She frowns, noticing some dust on the bowl. She wipes it clean absently with her sleeve. She opens a cupboard where she expects to find cereal. It's empty. She opens the fridge: nothing in there either. She opens the freezer compartment of the fridge. Also empty. She opens more cupboards. One contains pots and pans, another cleaning products. She can't believe it.

AMY  
(to herself)  
Am I the only one... in this  
house... who..?

In a last cupboard she finds an ancient box of crackers (with individual packages inside), she opens one and starts to eat a cracker. Only when she's started chewing does she remember she doesn't eat.

CUT TO:

9            **INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - DAY 1 (08:15)**            9

MRS LONSDALE is at the dining room table, being served tea by SHIRLEY who has run out of other ways to comfort her (but we'll pick up that she's already made some promises about Philip having some ideas or initiative).

PHILIP fully dressed in tweeds and tie enters on his way to kitchen (wanting to grab a quick breakfast and get out of there).

MRS LONSDALE

I called them at the school. I said 'Henry won't be in today, he's gone missing'. Do you know what they said to me? 'Thank you for your call', like that, like it was nothing.

SHIRLEY

Here's Philip now.

SHIRLEY is darting significant glances at him.

PHILIP

(mouthing)

What?

MRS LONSDALE

(breaking down)

It's like a bad dream Shirley. I keep thinking I'll wake up and he'll have come back.

PHILIP

I assure you Mrs Lonsdale that everything that can be done-

MRS LONSDALE

(snapping straight to anger)

I'm sorry, no. That Maxine Martin. Well I can tell when someone's lying to my face.

(disdain)

'Henry's run off to a training camp.' He's not in any training camp.

As MRS LONSDALE speaks PHILIP heads to the neighbouring kitchen and lowers bread into the toaster. It won't stay down. He stares at it continuing to try and fail to get it to stick down.

MRS LONSDALE (CONT'D)

Henry wouldn't join cub scouts. Even when you were troop leader Philip. I said to him, 'Go with Phil from next door, he'll look after you.' 'No. Playing Nintendo.' He's not a joiner.

PHILIP

(tentative)

The two things aren't necessarily-

SHIRLEY  
(shutting him up, enters  
the kitchen where her  
expression can't be seen  
by MRS LONSDALE)  
Let me show you the knack with that  
Philip.

PHILIP  
(to SHIRLEY, pre-emptive,  
whispered)  
One is cub scouts the other's a  
terrorist training camp.

SHIRLEY  
(urgent whisper)  
Tell her you'll help her.

PHILIP  
How?

SHIRLEY  
Your big meeting's today.  
Tell her you'll bring it up. You're  
on parish council, you must have  
some sway.

PHILIP  
Sway? Of course I have-  
I can't upset the order of  
business. It's an extremely  
important meeting.  
(after Shirley who is  
returning to Mrs  
Lonsdale)  
Ms Martin is going to be looking to  
me. . .

As he turns back to toaster he trails off, taking in Mrs  
Lonsdale's distress. Some feeling for her.

CUT TO:

10

**INT. WALKER HOUSE - JEM'S BEDROOM - DAY 1 (08:30)**

10

JEM wakes from a nightmare with a start. She works out where  
she is and breathes a sigh of relief, mixed with the sense of  
burden that these things are still plaguing her.

(The same soaked towel on her pillows and sheets arrangement  
as in Ep 2).

CUT TO:



ZOE

(low)

Simon's got more important things  
to do.

CONNIE

(by rote)

I'm sorry I caused your anxiety. I  
am a fully compliant PDS Sufferer.  
I am wearing mousse and contact  
lenses. . .

(forgetting)

on account of. . .

DEAN

(prompting from sheet)

To minimize . . .

CONNIE

To minimise distress caused to  
living people.

DEAN

(speeding through it)

'I have been administered  
Neurotriptyline within the last  
twenty four hours and will not  
enter a rabid state.' You have to  
have it off otherwise what are you  
doing?

(questioning class, no  
response)

Scaring crap out of folk. You've  
got more work to do on your mousse  
application and all. Long even  
strokes, yeah? Sit back down,  
giving you a six and that's being  
generous. Next. . .

(checking list)

Amy Dyer.

On no answer Dean looks to empty seat.

ZOE

Not here.

DEAN

(sighing, back to list)

Simon Monroe.

Silent delight on Zoe as Dean looks towards seat and gets  
annoyed, realising Simon's absent too.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Right, that's very clever in't it.  
See how clever they are when  
they're put on non-compliants list.

The room is suddenly very serious at this.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
(taking in impact,  
nodding)  
There's a lesson there for all of  
you.  
(eyeing au naturales  
spitefully)  
Don't take piss.

CUT TO:

13 **INT. VILLAGE HALL - DAY 1 (09:45)**

13

Later KIEREN lines up to have his attendance card stamped. DEAN stamps it without looking up. Kieren examines card: 'Workshop Attendance.' Dean's stamp is on there and space for nineteen more.

KIEREN  
What happens when you've got all  
the stamps?

DEAN  
(not understanding at  
first, then 'Obviously')  
Then you've got all the stamps.

Without looking up he indicates a stack of similar but variously coloured sheets with more spaces for stamps.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Get all five sheets there's an away  
day. To seaside.

On KIEREN, appalled.

CUT TO:

14 **INT. WALKER HOUSE - DINING AREA - DAY 1 (10:00)**

14

JEM is sewing (we don't see what for now).

SUE is getting knots out of bunting, trying to make conversation.

SUE  
(biting at a knot)  
End of every fete I always say  
'Wind it up around your arm. Don't  
put it away in a bunch.'

JEM  
(through cereal)  
Don't bunch the bunting.

SUE

Making a start on the fudge today,  
if you fancied lending a hand.

JEM

Can't.

SUE

Always used to be able to count on  
my trusty assistant Jem rolling up  
her sleeves for fudge-making. Stood  
on a chair in your Mr Men pinny,  
telling me all your news. I'd have  
to up the amounts though, half of  
every batch'd end up in your tummy.

JEM

Not so keen on fudge these days  
Mum.

SUE

Chance to catch up though.  
(pre-empting negative  
response)  
Last of the toffee apples as well.

JEM

Mum.

SUE

Always fun the toffee apples. The  
kids force the parents to buy them,  
take one bite then they throw them  
away. Can't blame them really, it's  
burnt toffee and an apple.

JEM

I've got to go on patrol.

SUE

(trying for calm)  
I didn't know you were back on  
patrol.

JEM shakes out the item she's been working on. The new RPS  
jacket to which she's just sewed some insignia.

JEM

Am from today, twelve o'clock.

SUE

All these decisions you say nothing  
about. How's going on patrol going  
to fix anything? How is it looking  
after your future? How can I help  
you if you won't talk to me?

JEM

Mum, don't worry about me.  
It's okay.  
I'm fine. I'll be fine.

CUT TO:

15      **EXT. STREET - DAY 1 (10:00)**      15

PHILIP walking, a briefcase or folder under his arm. He comes to a junction and stops. He looks down one road, struggling with temptation. He resolves not to give in. Nods to himself a few times then walks in the direction he hadn't looked.

Then he stops again.

CUT TO:

16      **EXT. RUNDOWN COUNCIL HOUSE - DAY 1 (10:05)**      16

PHILIP's lips to intercom.

PHILIP

The Goddess Ishtar.

CUT TO:

17      **INT. RUNDOWN COUNCIL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/STAIRS/LANDING - DAY 1 (10:06)**      17

The party over. Daytime in a nightclub feel, no music or lights just maybe a miniature mirror ball still winking over the corner bar. One of the BROTHEL WORKERS Hoovering.

PHILIP and another PUNTER pass on the stairs. They look in opposite directions, embarrassed. Philip stands outside Cherie's door (nervous) and knocks.

CUT TO:

18      **INT. RUNDOWN COUNCIL HOUSE - CHERIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 1 (10:06)**

CHERIE puts finishing touches to her Amy outfit. Slightly ropey role-play acting.

CHERIE

You're here! I was getting worried.

She hugs him, Philip exhales, at peace.

CHERIE (CONT'D)

(still in embrace,  
breaking character)

Leave the money on the dresser.

Minute wince from PHILIP at this intrusion of reality.

CUT TO:

19

**INT. WALKER HOUSE - DINING AREA - DAY 1 (10:30)**

19

KIEREN putting down his Giveback literature and getting ready to go back out again. STEVE had been in the middle of making toffee apples, now holding an apple on a stick.

JEM's pre-occupied. She's placatory, grateful for her mother's concern earlier. But she still can't wait to get out of there (something's showing us this - a jittery foot or something). She's waiting, a plastic bag containing her RPS uniform on the table in front of her.

STEVE

You straight off again Kier, you only just got here.

KIEREN

Yeah, no I have to.

STEVE

Anything to report from workshop?

KIEREN

Just Dean Halton's guide to becoming a civilised member of society.

STEVE

All have to start somewhere I suppose.

KIEREN

I keep telling you Dad. It's not a start if it doesn't go anywhere. It's just showing up for that day's humiliation.

STEVE

(to KIEREN)

That's the workplace for you.

SUE prepares roasting vegetables.

SUE

You'll be done by three won't you Jem.

JEM

Course.

KIEREN

Yeah I don't know if I can make it Mum.

STEVE

Why, where you off to?

KIEREN

The bungalow.

Some alarm on parents' faces.

SUE

The plan was to have some family time, all sit down together.

STEVE

(friendly/complicit)

Back by quarter to then, eh.

KIEREN bristles at this control, turns to go. SUE knows this was the wrong tack.

SUE

Bring someone.

KIEREN

(stops, turns back)

Who?

SUE

One of your new friends. Or maybe that nice unconventional girl. They'd be very welcome.

KIEREN looks at them. Both of them smiling expectantly. He's placated.

KIEREN

I'll see.

A car horn blasts outside gets JEM gets up to leave.

JEM

(to SUE)

I thought it was going to be family time.

SUE feels she can't win (given she reached out to Jem and the invite was the only way to get everyone round a table).

CUT TO:

19A

**EXT. WALKER HOUSE - DAY 1 (10:31)**

19A

JEM getting in to GARY's pick-up, bag in hand (no special cheeriness from Jem). And KIEREN making his own way off. SUE looks out the window, watching them leave.

CUT TO:

20

INT. VILLAGE HALL - DAY 1 (10:45)

20

VILLAGERS arriving, taking seats.

MAXINE is with DEAN, showing him the incomplete GBS forms.

MAXINE

Look. They're not complete.

DEAN

'Time of rising'. What if they don't know?

MAXINE

Then they find out. Tell them: If the forms aren't filled out correctly they'll be considered non-compliant.

She looks at the clock, then at the place on the panel where Philip should be (his name plate before it).

CUT TO:

21

INT. RUNDOWN COUNCIL HOUSE - CHERIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 1 (10:45)

21

PHILIP sleeping peacefully. Cherie puts away her Amy wig.

CUT TO:

22

INT. VILLAGE HALL - DAY 1 (11:00)

22

People milling about, taking their seats. MRS LONSDALE scanning the room for Philip. So does MAXINE. She's seated on the panel along with PEARL and DUNCAN. She looks at the clock again. The hall is full. She shrugs (internally). It's not as if she needs him. PEARL has been looking her way. MAXINE nods to her, giving the go-ahead. PEARL leans towards a low-fi microphone. (There's one mic between the panelists.)

PEARL

If everyone'll take a seat quick as they can we'll get on.

(beat)

First item on the agenda's to introduce you all to the brave men and women of the Roarton Protection Service.

Scattered applause.

Some of the RPS are on door duty. DEAN looking through papers flustered. Only GARY's behaving like a soldier. Hands behind his back, feet apart, military bounce, soaking it up.

PEARL (CONT'D)

As you'll know RPS has been set up in response to the alarming events of recent days. Some of which thinking about them'd make you blood run cold.

There's Gary Kendal, he's captain. One or two other faces you'll know from Human Volunteer Force that was.

LOCAL 2

It's the same thing.

Some amusement.

MAXINE

(coy, leaning towards microphone)

It's a new service. It'll be carrying out some of the same duties. Until the perimeter fence is complete, for instance, there'll be regular patrols of the woods and fields around the village.

PEARL

(nodding)

And remember: they're relying on you as much as you are on them. So eyes and ears open and anything you see, pass it on.

LOCAL 1

Undead walking around without make-up and lenses on.

PEARL

Not now.

LOCAL 1

Lived here all my life.

Disorder. PEARL's losing control of the room already.

PEARL

Rose Orton, you wait your turn.

LOCAL 1

I don't want to be seeing that.

MAXINE speaks into mic. Her tone wins immediate deference. As she speaks she shifts the microphone so that it's in front of her. (PEARL takes resentful note).

MAXINE

The idea behind calling this meeting was for people to air their concerns and for us to decide together as a community what's to be done. Now. Who'd like to speak?

Nearly all the hands shoot up. MAXINE points to one with her pencil.

LOYAL PARISHIONER

What we going to do about Rotter knocking shop?

A ripple of shock and some assent through the audience.

CUT TO:

23      INT. RUNDOWN COUNCIL HOUSE - CHERIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 1      23  
(11:03)

CHERIE fixing her make-up.

PHILIP still asleep, his mouth open. He's started to snore faintly (reminding Cherie it's time to kick him out).

Without looking at him she kicks a leg of the bed hard so that he wakes with a start (This is indifferent, automatic and part of the job rather than spiteful).

He jolts up, checks the clock by the bed, jumps out of bed panicked. He's late for the meeting.

PHILIP

Why didn't you wake me?

CHERIE

(flat)

Didn't like to, you seemed so peaceful.

CUT TO:

24      EXT. RUNDOWN COUNCIL HOUSE - DAY 1 (11:10)      24

Brothel owner looks both ways then PHILIP slips back out. As he's turning off the garden path he notices a tiny red light blinking behind a net curtain in a neighbouring window. He looks up at it, troubled, figuring out that this is something very bad.

MRS LAMB

Abomination.

He looks down. MRS LAMB is in front of him (she's much smaller than he is). No one speaks for a second then she spits in his face.

PHILIP goes past her wiping his face with a handkerchief. On his expression as he walks away fast, in horror, working out just how deep the hole he's in is. She shouts after him.

MRS LAMB (CONT'D)  
'Those giving themselves over to  
fornication, and going after  
strange flesh-'  
I'll tell what you do. I'll tell  
everyone.

CUT TO:

25

INT. VILLAGE HALL - DAY 1 (11:10)

25

MAXINE before the crowd, still struggling with the news of a brothel.

MAXINE  
In Roarton? This has been going on  
in Roarton? The Living? With those  
things?

Many of the audience are as shocked as Maxine, tuts. LOYAL PARISHIONER nods.

MAXINE (CONT'D)  
Well then my question is this:  
What happened to Roarton? Did we  
stop being who we were, what we  
were known for the country over.  
Are we like everywhere else now?

DUNCAN  
(resentful mutter to  
PEARL)  
When'd she become 'we'?

MAXINE  
Do we tolerate this? Just put up  
with it? We used to be proud and  
vigilant and an example to others.  
Are we going to let this pass?

CROWD  
No!

MAXINE  
(calmer)  
Maybe this was the wake-up we  
needed. Because I think we put a  
stop to it as soon as we can.  
(reaching a pitch again)  
(MORE)

MAXINE (CONT'D)

I think we get organised and we get down there tonight and we do something about it.

They're whipped up now, loud cheering. Then through it a steady raised voice which people quieten for. (As MRS LONSDALE begins, MAXINE looks to PEARL in the hope she'll call order. PEARL gives her a complacent look back.)

MRS LONSDALE

What about Henry Lonsdale?  
What about Henry Lonsdale?  
What about Henry. Three days since my son's been home.

MAXINE

(sighing, then)  
Mrs Lonsdale everyone here sympathises-

MRS LONSDALE

I'm not talking to you. Every word out of your mouth's been a lie from day one. I'm finished with you. Philip Wilson said he'd speak up for me. Seeing he's not here I'll speak for myself. To you. My neighbours and my friends. Out of the lot of you who's tried to find him? Not one.

MAXINE

I have explained that we cannot afford to devote resources to searching for someone who's gone missing of his own volition.

MRS LONSDALE

That's more of it. More lies spread against him.  
What if it was your child you didn't know was alive or dead.

Murmurs. This point is landing.

MRS LONSDALE (CONT'D)

And when you ask for help people turn their backs. Not even ask after him or mention his name. Just carry on like he was never here.

Around MRS LONSDALE there's some sympathy now, some guilt. A woman's hand goes towards her, murmuring 'Sylvia.'

MAXINE looks on. A flash of panic that things are slipping away from her.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

27 EXT/INT. AMY'S BUNGALOW - HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - DAY 1 (11:27)

KIEREN at the doorstep of the bungalow, fixing his hair, ready for Simon to answer the door. But he doesn't. As soon as she sees who it is AMY grabs him into a tight hug (dropping the empty Neurotriptyline palette she's been holding).

AMY

Look at you all done-up and adorable.

KIEREN

(tiny bit disappointed)  
Hi Amy.

His attention is taken by what's going on inside the front room. A group of ROARTON RISERS (8 in total including those we saw at the mousse-wiping ceremony in Ep3), informal though very much around SIMON. He's in a chair. ZOE is seated at his knees. BRIAN has just finished his testimony. Zoe, Brian and those who were at the mousse-wiping ceremony are all au naturale.

BRIAN

...that's everything. That's all I remember.

AMY

(to Kieren)  
Oh yeah. You're late for Church.

SIMON

Well done Brian.

Murmured 'Thanks Brian's' from other ROARTON RISERS.

Amy and Kieren exchange looks.

Throughout the scene Frankie is particularly watchful of the room and the players.

SIMON sees KIEREN, widens his eyes in acknowledgement, maybe a small smile, but no more. He's on duty.

(Some way through Simon's dialogue below, a thin stream of black bile trickles from Amy's nose. She puts her hand to it at once and discretely absents herself, leaving Kieren looking on alone.)

SIMON (CONT'D)

(to Brian)  
It's a great feeling, isn't it?  
(off Brian's nodding)  
You know why?  
(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

Because the Living have tried to control us with shame. Telling our rising stories is where we start to say 'No'. If we're serious about becoming free, the first shackle we have to throw off is shame.

ZOE

Yeah!

This marks the end of the gathering. Zoe gives a little whoop. (She's a little over the top, but not wildly out of place, the atmosphere's kind of evangelical/AA.) People are leaving the living room.

SIMON (still at a distance from KIEREN), a prophet moving among his people.

SIMON

You made it. Welcome.

KIEREN

Seriously?

SIMON's passing ZOE and BRIAN (on his way over to Kieren) who are in hushed and urgent conference.

SIMON

(to Brian as he passes him)

Nice one Brian.

Zoe's star-struck, then

ZOE (O.O.V.?)

(to Brian)

We are so going to do this.

KIEREN turns away.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

29

**EXT. STREET NEAR ROARTON - DAY 1 (11:25)**

29

PHILIP trying to get to the meeting on time, or at least arrive before it's over. People are passing him in the opposite direction. He's realising that they're leaving.

PHILIP

(under his breath)

No, no.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

33

INT. VILLAGE HALL - DAY 1 (11:38)

33

The hall's empty. PHILIP, his worst fears confirmed, curses himself inside. He's coming down the hall towards MAXINE on the podium who's gathering her things, still smarting.

PHILIP

I'm so sorry.

(off her non-response)

I was held up.

MAXINE

(after beat, annoyed)

Did you know there's a PDS brothel in Roarton?

PHILIP

(suppressing alarm)

No I didn't. That's... very concerning.

MAXINE

You would've. If you hadn't missed a highly important meeting.

Entirely.

There's not going to be one for long.

PHILIP

(swallowing)

Good. The reason I was late-

MAXINE

So you wouldn't have to bring up the Henry Lonsdale situation. Why you would commit to that in the first place. The mother showed up here, shouting her head off. It's getting out of hand. She won't accept facts. The whole thing's disrupting what we're trying to achieve.

(after beat, calmer)

You're her neighbour.

PHILIP

I grew up next door to her.

MAXINE

(calculates, then)

So then. Go to her. Tell her I got you security clearance and you've seen the intelligence. A confirmed sighting of Henry in a training camp, a reliable source.

PHILIP  
(confused)  
What source?

MAXINE  
You don't understand. We're at a crucial point now. There are very real dangers. We need to protect ourselves. We're galvanising now. With this brothel thing, with the steps against non-compliants. Henry Lonsdale is a distraction and we can't have that, we can't have distractions. Things have to be ready.

PHILIP  
(slightly taken aback by her manic tone)  
What's the source?

She takes in PHILIP's qualms.

MAXINE  
I am going to need you to do this Philip.

PHILIP doesn't budge. MAXINE realises he's for real.

PHILIP  
If there's no source-

MAXINE  
My understanding was that you wanted to get ahead. Did I get that wrong?

PHILIP  
(vehement)  
No.

MAXINE  
Well then.

PHILIP  
Just- There are limits. Aren't there?

MAXINE  
It's a simple instruction.  
(she waits, PHILIP still frozen)  
I'll tell you what. Why don't I give you some time to think about your future? There's to be a protest outside the brothel at six o'clock. You can meet me here just before then.

(MORE)

MAXINE (CONT'D)

That gives you five hours to decide  
what it is you think you're doing.

CUT TO:

34

**INT. AMY'S BUNGALOW - AMY'S BEDROOM - DAY 1 (11:40)**

34

AMY head back, pinching the bridge of her nose. She wipes it with a tissue and checks to see the bleeding has stopped.

She jumps a little to see (in the mirror) Frankie's head has just come around the door. Frankie didn't knock and she wasn't expecting anyone to be in there. Now she has to pass it off as concern.

FRANKIE

(off AMY's look)

Hi Amy? Just checking everything's  
okay.

AMY

Yes. Thank you, it's fine.

Frankie withdraws. Amy wonders about this for a second (or just flashes on the lack of privacy) but she's already looking at the door, aware she needs a cover story for those on the other side of it.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

36

**INT. AMY'S BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - DAY 1 - CONTINUOUS (11:41)** 36

SIMON enters to find KIEREN getting ready to leave.

KIEREN

By the way they're making a list of non-compliants so not showing up to Giveback probably isn't the great idea you think it is. Or sending your 'followers' to it without cover-up on.

SIMON

My followers?

KIEREN

(quoting his greeting,  
disgust)

'You made it. Welcome'

I thought you might want to back  
off on the cult leader thing after  
we - (kissed)

(MORE)

KIEREN (CONT'D)

Which was stupid of me because you love it, don't you. Walking around with all these brainwashed people everywhere.

SIMON

Because they believe in something?  
(hand on his shoulder)  
See to me you're the one who's been brainwashed just over a longer period of time.

KIEREN

(looking at hand)  
Yeah don't do that.

SIMON

What am I doing?

SIMON backs off, serious, maybe even hurt.

KIEREN

Whatever conversion technique you're trying, I'm not up for it.

SIMON

(overly calm)  
I'm not doing anything to you.

KIEREN

You know what the really annoying thing is? You'd be great. If you could just be a normal person for two seconds.

SIMON

What do normal people do?

KIEREN's more exasperated than ever, he makes to go. SIMON sees he's about to lose him.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I'm serious. Tell me what you want. I'll do anything I can to give it to you. Because there's what I believe... And then there's you. Okay? Okay?

KIEREN's frozen by this. They're staring at each other (7 seconds). Then AMY coming in at the door, carrying a palette of Neurotriptyline.

AMY

(seeing shifty body language)  
No!  
You two are not allowed to argue.  
(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

You're going to feel so silly when  
the three of us are best friends.  
You're going to say 'We should've  
listened to Amy. Amy the beautiful  
genius.'

KIEREN looks down, guilt. Amy opens the fridge. It's already  
full of Neurotriptyline.

SIMON

You filled that half an hour ago.

AMY

(concerned)

Did I?

(breezy)

Just have to take it back out  
again.

(heading out)

What am I like?

CUT TO:

37      **INT. BUNGALOW - AMY'S BEDROOM - DAY 1 (11:42)**      37

AMY's putting the Neurotriptyline back in a wardrobe,  
worried.

CUT TO:

38      **INT. AMY'S BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - DAY 1 (11:42)**      38

SIMON moving towards a kiss.

KIEREN

Hang on.

SIMON

What?

KIEREN

She's right out there.

SIMON

Good then she'll know.

KIEREN

If this is something we're doing...  
I don't want her to find out like  
that. I want to tell her.

SIMON's head slumps to KIEREN's shoulder.

SIMON

(exhaling, concession)

Fine. Could you tell her soon?

They smile.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
What do normal people do?

KIEREN has thought of something.

CUT TO:

39

INT. GARY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 1 (11:55)

39

JEM is wearing her RPS uniform, the plastic bag on the floor close by. She's looking in the mirror, unsure how she feels about it.

GARY  
There she is. That's her.

JEM  
Yeah?

GARY  
You kidding me?  
Kicking butt and taking names.  
(checking her out in  
detail, approaching)  
Stone cold, shit-kicking, bad ass  
fox.

JEM  
(liking it)  
Shut up.

GARY  
'Scuse me. Can't talk like that to  
your commanding officer.  
Forgot about that didn't you.

JEM  
Never said I was joining up.

They're in closer embrace.

GARY  
Kind of a job lot though. All  
patrols RPS from now on. Besides if  
you were to I'd get to see you in  
that every day. Nice to have Dean  
back and everything and not saying  
he's not a sexy bloke, but it's not  
quite the same thing.  
(he comes over and starts  
kissing her)  
So I don't feel like we have any  
choice in the matter. It's out of  
our hands.

More kissing.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

41 **EXT. MRS LAMB'S HOUSE - DAY 1 (12:30)**

41

PHILIP checks that no-one is around at the gate to Mrs Lamb's front garden. He steels himself then approaches the front door. He swallows. He's about to ring the doorbell. Then hears voices in conversation and sees through the mottled glass that Mrs Lamb is not alone.

MAXINE (O.O.V.)  
(muffled behind glass)  
You did the right thing getting in touch.

Front door opens. MAXINE is being seen out.

MRS LAMB  
There's some people in this village in for a nasty shock.

PHILIP is no longer on the front step.

MAXINE  
I'm sure that evidence of yours will have a very deep impact. I'll be round with a car to pick it up this afternoon.

REVEAL:

PHILIP, his back pressed to the wall, hiding round the side of the house.

CUT TO:

42 **EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF ROARTON - WOODS - DAY 1 (12:30)**

42

GARY and JEM in uniform and armed, leaving the pick-up. JEM's nervous but trying not to show it.

GARY  
You going to be okay with this?

JEM  
It's a patrol.

GARY  
You sure? We don't have to go anywhere near where Henry- Where it happened.

JEM shrugs, not bothered. (Actually bothered).

GARY (CONT'D)

Right. Good. I reckon if we move fast we're out of here in a half hour.

JEM

Fifteen minutes if we split up.

GARY

Eh?

JEM

Yeah, you take that way, I take this. Meet back up at the gate ten to'?  
'Less you're afraid on your own of course.

GARY smiles, new estimation of her.

GARY

Whatever you say.

As soon as GARY can't see her, Jem's expression shifts. She was fronting. She's not that thrilled about patrolling on her own. JEM walks on then turns back. She sees that GARY's already some way away.

She goes deeper into the wood. Nervous. She thinks she hears sounds. It's only an animal moving in the undergrowth.

She's startled by a bird breaking from a tree, and she tells herself off for being so jumpy.

She comes round a tree trunk and there in the distance, walking away from her she can see a figure.

JEM

(to herself)

Gary?

She goes after it and it's not there. She catches another glimpse and she realises now that it's not unlike Henry Lonsdale.

JEM (CONT'D)

Stop. Hey. Stop.

She rounds another tree-trunk and there, a metre in front of her is HENRY LONSDALE, big bullet wound in the centre of his face.

JEM stumbles back in horror. She falls, lands on her back.

Still on the ground, she turns, hears more noises behind her, these ones too distinct to be an animal or bird.

Something's coming for her. When she looks back to where Henry had been there's nothing there. She scrambles up and runs.

She's belting through the woods, catching glimpses of the arms or the legs of whoever is pursuing her.

These glimpses are behind her, level with her and in front of her. She's terrified. However fast she runs they're out-pacing her.

Something's about to get her side-ways on. And now it's not glimpses of limbs any more, it's an actual figure. It's closing on her, moving at exactly the pace she is.

Then impact. It's got her. She struggles to get free, crying out.

She's being held by the elbows, then released.

GARY

It's okay. You're okay.

CUT TO:

43

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY 1 (12:45)

43

SHIRLEY and AMY. SHIRLEY leafs through a medical reference book specialising in PDS ailments without much direction.

SHIRLEY

So nose bleeds, tremor following administration. Other symptoms at all?

AMY

This morning I tried to make myself breakfast.

(off SHIRLEY's non-plussedness)

We don't eat. I'd forgotten. I'm forgetting a lot.

Thanks for seeing me here. I didn't want to go back to Dr Russo because he's weird.

SHIRLEY

I think it's mainly shyness.

AMY

And I didn't want the people I live with to worry and think something's wrong. If something is wrong.

SHIRLEY

Not seeing any mention of that particular combination of symptoms or side effects. Whichever they are.

(shrug to indicate 'It's probably nothing')

What we might do is tweak your medication. Sometimes that works.

AMY looks at the massive reference book, worrying that her problem's not covered there. Another pamphlet, this one from Halperin & Weston. The information's found easily this time.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Ah here we are: 'Halperin and Weston announce positive results in clinical trials for next generation PDS treatment... Subjects taking Neurotriptyline Plus reported decreased incidence of anxiety or nervousness, lengthened sleep durations and less interpersonal distress compared to placebo.'

They've been busy.

'Active ingredients Neurotriptyline...'

(fading as she reads the list to herself, then)

It's more of the same if I'm honest

CUT TO:

44 INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 1 (12:46)

44

Baked beans bubbling in a pan.

PHILIP in shock, slow-motion/methodical, pushes down the lever on the toaster. He does it three times before it stays down. He succumbs, his head in his hands, no idea what to do.

CUT TO:

45 INT. WILSON HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY 1 (12:46)

45

SHIRLEY gives AMY some NEUROTRIPTYLINE PLUS.

SHIRLEY

See if it does the trick. If not, pop back again.

Okay?

(slapping her knees, indicating they're done)

AMY gets that SHIRLEY's solution is kind of crap. And that there's not much to be done about it.

CUT TO:

46

INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 1 (12:47)

46

Philip looks up. Smoke billowing from the toaster. He pushes at it roughly, trying to get the smouldering toast out but he burns his hand on contact. He attacks the toaster in fury. It bounces around the counter still plugged into the socket. He's not used to swearing.

PHILIP  
Shit. Bloody shit.

Reveal: Shirley at the open door. She's seen most of this.

SHIRLEY  
Philip?

PHILIP  
(standing in front of  
toaster as if to hide it,  
bad attempt at normality)  
Yes.

SHIRLEY  
(after long beat)  
This is-

AMY  
Already acquainted.

SHIRLEY  
Yes.

PHILIP  
(half-indication of  
toaster, to AMY)  
Sorry.

AMY  
No, good to show them who's boss  
every now and then. I had a clock-  
radio once I let get out of line.

Philip stares at her like she's this very distant salvation.

AMY (CONT'D)  
It was my own fault really. I'd  
leave it alone for long periods.  
During the day.

He continues to stare. More awkward.

SHIRLEY  
(less jaunty/quiet)  
Right then.

PHILIP looks after AMY as she leaves. Then that thought has to go because he's seen what he must do.

CUT TO:

47

INY. AMY'S BUNGALOW - HALLWAY - DAY 1 (12:47)

47

KIEREN at the closed door of the bathroom. SIMON's inside, bashing things about (medicine cabinet door or bottles against sink), muttered groans of self-disgust.

KIEREN  
You okay?

SIMON (O.O.V.)  
Just give me a second.

KIEREN  
Look you don't have to do this. We can forget all about it.

SIMON (O.O.V.)  
No you said you wanted me to see your world-

KIEREN  
I'm not holding you to anything.

SIMON (O.O.V.)  
I said I'd do it, I'll do it.

Nothing for a moment.

SIMON (O.O.V.) (CONT'D)  
(to himself, fresh  
distress only more  
annoyance now)  
Oh Jesus Christ.  
(to KIEREN)  
Is anyone around?

KIEREN  
No.

KIEREN opens the front door.

SIMON (O.O.V.)  
There better not be.  
Right start walking.

KIEREN goes through the front door, SIMON comes out of the bathroom fast so nobody sees him and goes after KIEREN, pulling the door closed behind him.

CUT TO  
CONTINUOUS:

48

**EXT. AMY'S BUNGALOW - DAY 1 - CONTINUOUS (12:48)**

48

SIMON and KIEREN walking away from the house, Simon is focused on remaining unseen.

KIEREN's stealing glances at him as they go. He stops, touched.

SIMON has lenses in and is wearing very poorly applied mousse.

AMY's arriving back from Shirley's, worried. She sees them and is about to call out. They don't see her.

SIMON  
How do I look?

KIEREN  
(smiling, moved by Simon's  
gesture)  
So bad. Thank you.

SIMON and KIEREN kiss (KIEREN's idea).

AMY sees it.

Back on the guys. They're walking again, happy.

We're on AMY, back flat against a wall or a parked van so that they don't see her as they pass. Tears roll down her face.

CUT TO:

49

**INT. THE LEGION - DAY 1 (13:10)**

49

JEM knocking back a drink, upset. GARY's awkward around her in this state. He doesn't want to see it.

Sunday afternoon regulars.

Fresh notices have been put up (where we'd have 'Ladies, watch your handbags...'):

A photograph of a rabid-looking PDS Sufferer: 'Not your problem ....?' Underneath it a photograph of a child's bedroom, blood spattered across the wall: 'Not your fault?' Over the bottom of the poster a hand-written sign: 'Phone the Roarton Protection Service: 01632 960773'

JEM

He was looking right at me. It was like he was asking why?

GARY

(urgent)  
Jem keep it down.

JEM

I thought they were after me. All of them, every one we ever did.

GARY

(pointing to her empty glass)  
D'you want another?

JEM

Yeah.

On JEM worried and unsupported as GARY orders from PEARL at the bar. Then cut to GARY about to pay. But CLIVE gets there before him, waving a banknote before Pearl.

CLIVE

Those are on me Pearl.

GARY

(surprise)  
That's very kind of you.

CLIVE

Debt of gratitude pal. Feel safer already knowing you lot are out there. Far as I'm concerned that hand doesn't go in your pocket.

Murmurs of assent from other regulars, same goes for them.

PEARL

(undertone to GARY as she passes him drinks)  
So you know, that's not a house policy.

GARY

(to CLIVE)  
Cheers then.

CLIVE

Good man.

He gets back to JEM.

JEM

I've been having bad dreams. Henry's in them and all.

GARY

Jem. Look, no. He's not. And you didn't see anything in the woods either. That's the point. Henry's gone. You've just got to be...in the here and now. Fucksake, we've all done stuff. Dwelling on it's only going weaken us. Listen here and now we're together. And we're alive. That's two boxes ticked for me already. Yeah?

This is winning her round.

GARY (CONT'D)

Looks like there's a free piss-up in the offing as well so knock that one back quick and look thirsty.

JEM's happy.

CUT TO:

50

INT. MRS LAMB'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 1 (13:10)

50

SANDRA has just taken possession of something from MRS LAMB. She's being seen out.

SANDRA

You're a life-saver Mrs Lamb.  
Bereft I was.

MRS LAMB

Yes, bye now.

MRS LAMB closes the door on SANDRA. She has made it back as far as the kitchen when the bell rings. She sighs.

When she opens the door there's PHILIP.

PHILIP

Mrs Lamb. I wonder if you and I  
could have a quick word.

MRS LAMB makes to shut the door. PHILIP pushes back.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

(meek, head down)  
Please. I implore you.

She opens the door wider, still suspicious but in power now, prepared to hear him out.

CUT TO:

51            **INT. MRS LAMB'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 1 (13:12)**            51

MRS LAMB plugging in and turning on a fan heater (because this is a room she never occupies). Taking a very long time about it. Her back to him, Philip's gaze strays to a poker hanging from a fireplace set, a heavy-looking music box or other object that could inflict damage. When she turns he looks down at his hands.

MRS LAMB

Well?

He gets up, his nerve failed.

PHILIP

If I could use your lavatory?

CUT TO:

52            **INT. MRS LAMB'S HOUSE - LANDING/DISUSED BEDROOM - DAY 1 (13:13)**            52

He reaches the top of the stairs and down the landing sees in the front bedroom a VHS camera on a tripod, facing onto the street. Its red light blinks in record mode.

On the floor is an incomplete home-made protest banner (painted): 'If a man lie with a beast, he shall surely be put to-' (It's been poorly planned so the letters become increasingly bunched up towards the bottom and right of the sign.)

Coming closer, he sees a cardboard box filled with VHS tapes, earlier footage, each labelled with dates. (The labels might have names of the programmes originally recorded on there crossed out, and dates written over so ~~Lovejoy~~ or ~~Morse~~.) Horror from Philip at the level of organisation. He begins to look for the tapes bearing dates of his own visits, his hand strays in their direction.

MRS LAMB

Top of the stairs to the left it was.

He jumps. MRS LAMB is right behind him.

PHILIP

Thank you.

CUT TO:

53            **INT. MRS LAMB'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 1 (13:14)**            53

We hear the toilet flush then see Philip hard up against the door. He breathes, desperation.

Ear to the door, listening for her. She may have gone back down stairs. It's worth having another go at getting the tapes.

CUT TO:

54

**INT. MRS LAMB'S HOUSE - LANDING - DAY 1 (13:15)**

54

He opens the door and looks back towards the bedroom. He comes slowly back out. MRS LAMB has waited directly outside the door, aware he's up to something.

PHILIP  
(pretending he'd been  
looking for her)  
Mrs Lamb.

She stares him down. The stairs are behind her. The option of murder presents itself.

MRS LAMB  
I know your secret.

He looks to a piece of religious imagery on her wall. He struggles, then comes to regretful conclusion.

PHILIP  
Yes.

CUT TO:

55

**EXT. MRS LAMB'S HOUSE - DAY 1 (13:16)**

55

PHILIP comes down the path, two VHS tapes half hidden inside his jacket.

On Mrs Lamb's front door long enough to worry about what just happened behind it.

CUT TO:

56

**EXT. WALKER HOUSE - DAY 1 (13:30)**

56

KIEREN and SIMON near the house. (Simon's had some remedial work on his make-up.)

KIEREN  
It's not too late to back out.

SIMON  
Can you stop saying that? I'm fine,  
I'm completely relaxed. Is that  
your Dad?  
Shit.

STEVE's seen them through the window of the front room and is coming to the door.

They continue walking up the path.

KIEREN  
Say you like his jeans.

SIMON  
What?

STEVE opens door, confused (because he'd been expecting AMY).

KIEREN  
Hey Dad. Simon, this is my Dad  
Steve.

SIMON  
Hi Steve. I like your jeans.

STEVE  
(looking down, chuffed)  
Thanks very much.

They go past him.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Sue, Kieren's brought a mate back.  
Simon.

SUE comes from kitchen.

SUE  
Oh. Very nice.

SIMON  
Hello Sue. Thanks for having me.

SUE  
Lovely to have you.

Second or two awkward pause broken by STEVE gesturing to laid table.

STEVE  
Well I hope you like lunch Simon.

SIMON  
Uh, sure.

KIEREN  
It's definitely in his top three  
meals we don't eat.

STEVE and SUE made more awkward by this joke. They give KIEREN a remonstrative look. So does SIMON.

KIEREN shrugs, meaning it was only a joke. There's the beginnings here of a bond between SUE, STEVE and SIMON.

CUT TO:

57 **EXT. STREET - DAY 1 (13:45)**

57

SHIRLEY, about her business, is buttonholed by a passing MRS LAMB.

MRS LAMB

You should be very proud. That's a fine religious young man you've raised. Giving up so much time to his outreach work. All his good deeds in secret too, trying to convince women to turn away from sin. Do you know I don't think he would've said a word if he hadn't had to come and ask me for those tapes. Couldn't have people thinking the wrong thing, could we.

MRS LAMB continues on her way. SHIRLEY stunned and confused.

CUT TO:

58 **INT. FURNESS BED & BREAKFAST - HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - DAY 1 58 (14:00)**

MAXINE, back to get stuff together before the protest. She passes the telephone table and sees on it a purpose-made phone message pad with MESSAGE FOR: 'Ms Martin. Patrick Hughes, Victus, Call back. Urgent!!!' and then in a different colour pen but the same hand writing 'X2 3 4'). The door to the living room is half open. T.V. dialogue from 'Hard Graft'. MAXINE pushes open the door.

ACTOR ON TV (O.S.)

Accidental death.  
You're happy to stick with that finding are you?

ANOTHER ACTOR ON T.V. (O.S.)

What are you implying Detective Inspector?

SANDRA

(looking over, pausing)  
Ms Martin. I'm terrible, aren't I, this time of day.

(waving VHS cardboard box)  
I thought I was Roarton's biggest Hard Graft fan.

(seeing paper)  
You got the message then.

(MORE)

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
Patrick Hughes at Victus Central  
Office. A man with a very brusque  
tone I must say.

They smile to each other. Maxine is turning and heading  
upstairs as Sandra starts the video again.

ACTOR ON TV  
Merely, Doctor, that I can  
understand our friend here  
sustaining one accidental bullet  
wound while cleaning his gun.  
But two?

Sound from TV of autopsy sheet being pulled back. TV  
soundtrack music rises. We're on MAXINE as the soundtrack  
cuts out abruptly.

SANDRA (O.O.V.)  
No! No! No! This is not happening.

The sound is alarming enough for Maxine to rush back down.  
She's back in the living room in time to see what comes onto  
the TV screen next. She stares at it, intent. (We don't see.)

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
(annoyed disbelief)  
You have got to be joking.

MAXINE  
Where did you get this tape?

CUT TO:

59

**INT. THE LEGION - DAY 1 (14:30)**

59

PEARL puts two more drinks in front of JEM and GARY. GARY  
raises a glass to a MAN at the far end of the bar.

GARY  
Thanks very much mate.

The MAN salutes back.

GARY (CONT'D)  
(to PEARL)  
Starting to feel like old times  
round here.

PEARL  
(through smile to MAN)  
God forbid. Old times it was me  
picking up tab.

GARY  
(to JEM, looking at  
drinks)  
(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)  
Shouldn't be doing this on an empty  
stomach.

On this JEM suddenly remembers she's supposed to be at home.

JEM  
Shit.

She leaves. GARY doesn't notice she's no longer beside him.  
He's looking towards his new patrons in the bar.

GARY  
How heroic d'you reckon we'd have  
to look to get a ploughman's and a  
bag of ready salted in.

He's just starting to experiment with a heroic expression  
when JEM comes back and drags him up. She's taking him with  
her.

CUT TO:

60      INT. GP SURGERY - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 1 (14:30)      60

Two RABIDS inside the cage.

CUT TO:

60A      INT. GP SURGERY - HALL BY FIRE ESCAPE - DAY 1 (14.30)      60A

ZOE (O.O.V.)  
Simon is going to love this, he's  
going to freak when he finds out.

On the Fire Exit door (behind which the voices are coming).

BRIAN (O.O.V.)  
In a good way?

ZOE (O.O.V.)  
What do you think a blow for  
freedom is Brian?

On this line the wood of the door cracks and the door opens.  
The alarm sounds at once. A crowbar pushes through.

BRIAN and ZOE come through and walk down the corridor,  
towards reception.

CUT TO:

60B      INT. GP SURGERY - RECEPTION - DAY 1 (14.31)      60B

Brian and Zoe enter reception. BRIAN's nervous of the RABIDS  
and very eager to get a move on now the alarm's sounding.

ZOE's enraptured by the sight of the RABIDS, like they're rare animals.

ZOE  
Hey there. There you are. Hello.  
(to BRIAN)  
Get the lock off.  
(to RABIDS)  
We're friends. We're like you.

BRIAN produces a bolt cutter, deals with the lock in seconds. As the door to the cage opens he backs towards the door.

ZOE is spray painting ULA in red paint on the wall.

BRIAN  
Quick as you can then Zoe.

The RABIDS don't move.

ZOE  
You're free. Yes, freedom.

BRIAN  
Probably make a move some time around now.

ZOE  
(to BRIAN, through teeth)  
You're scaring them.  
Come, please.

BRIAN  
Zoe seriously.

ZOE looks back to see BRIAN going out the door. She takes a last pleading look at the RABID and then follows him.

CUT TO:

61

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE GP SURGERY - DAY 1 (14:38)**

61

Alarm still ringing.

DENISE cycles down the road from the opposite side as ZOE and BRIAN run round the corner from the back of the surgery. As soon as they spot another's presence they slow to an inconspicuous walk.

DENISE makes for the entrance door with a large bunch of keys.

Down the road BRIAN is walking too fast for ZOE. They're both very nervous and hyped up (BRIAN's not disguising it.)

ZOE  
(urgent)  
Slow down Brian you look like an  
amateur.

DENISE opening the door. She's not concerned or in a hurry.  
This is drudge work, something she's done too many times in  
the past.

DENISE  
(grumbling to herself)  
Cut price alarm system...

CUT TO:

62

**INT. GP SURGERY - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 1 (14:40)**

62

DENISE goes to the alarm key pad.

DENISE  
My Sunday afternoon up in smoke...

She presses in the code and the alarm stops. She sighs.

Then she hears noises from the corner (a blind spot from  
here). It sounds like someone trying to catch her attention  
with a repetitive pssting.

Turning, she sees first the open empty cage and the bolt  
cutters. Then she sees the graffiti. Then she hears that  
noise again, it's coming from a corner where she hadn't yet  
looked. A RABID pressing down the nozzle of Zoe's spray can,  
fascinated by its workings.

It looks up at DENISE, less fascinated now. It growls and  
bears its teeth.

DENISE screams as the second RABID attacks.

CUT TO:

63

**INT. WALKER HOUSE - DINING AREA - DAY 1 (14:50)**

63

SUE puts a roast on the table. SIMON looks around at KIEREN,  
SUE and STEVE.

SIMON  
This is nice. Thank you.

Everyone agrees it is nice. It is. It's as if this kind of  
thing could work.

STEVE  
I always say you can't beat a good  
bit of beef.  
(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

That sister of yours said she'd be here by three. Which if previous experience is anything to go by means any time between now and midnight. No point letting it get cold.

SIMON

So Steve, how did you and Sue meet?

STEVE

(after beat)  
Work.

SUE

Work. What about the two of you?

This is a big gesture from Sue. Kieren looks to her appreciatively.

KIEREN

Same. Work.

SIMON

I liked the way he gave back.

Noise in the hallway. STEVE's up fast, eager to warn JEM SIMON's there.

CUT TO:

64

**INT. WALKER HOUSE - PORCH - DAY 1 (14:51)**

64

JEM and GARY both a bit drunk.

JEM

Hey.  
(kissing him)  
You make me feel good.

GARY

Do I? Backatcha.

STEVE surprised at their kiss, surprised Gary's there at all.

JEM

Alright Dad. Gary's come for lunch.

GARY

If that's okay with you Steve.

STEVE

No problem at all. Very nice.  
Kieren's brought his mate back.  
(trying to pre-empt as  
they head towards the  
kitchen)  
(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Jem did you want to change at all  
before eating?

JEM  
(heading in)  
Not really. Starving.

STEVE  
(following her)  
Get stuck in's probably best plan.

CUT TO  
CONTINUOUS:

65

INT. WALKER HOUSE - DINING AREA - DAY 1 - CONTINUOUS  
(14:51)

65

GARY and JEM freeze on seeing SIMON at the table.

STEVE  
This is Kieren's mate, Simon. Jem.  
And Gary.

SIMON stands and offers his hand to GARY. He wants a truce at  
least for the time they're at the table.

SIMON  
Alright.

GARY shakes his hand. SUE's setting a place for him. As he  
sits SIMON and STEVE see GARY wipe his hand on his trousers  
(after the handshake), a streak of mousse staining them.

STEVE  
There we are. More the merrier.

SUE  
Plenty to go round.

JEM  
Would be wouldn't there.

JEM and GARY behaving badly, giggly, private-jokey.

SIMON  
(urgent, low)  
Shall we keep it cool guys. While  
we're here?

GARY  
No problem this end pal.

JEM steals roast potatoes from Gary's plate.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Oi. Cheeky sod.

SUE looks on, appalled.

KIEREN  
(rescuing her)  
Did you get all those knots out of  
the bunting then Mum?

SUE  
Finally.

JEM looks to SUE and reads her disappointment. She's giving  
her defiant 'What?' looks back as GARY speaks,

GARY  
They keeping you busy Sue?

STEVE  
Sue's on the planning committee for  
the village fete. It's all go isn't  
it?

SUE  
There's plenty to do.

STEVE  
Not helped by a certain Maxine  
Martin.

Sue closes her eyes. Steve shouldn't have brought this up.

GARY  
What's Maxine done?

SUE  
She thinks the fete should have a  
stand commemorating the rising.

STEVE  
As if there wasn't enough to do.

GARY  
What's the problem there Sue?

SUE  
Most years we try to avoid anything  
divisive.

GARY  
Worth commemorating though in't it?  
Worth a little backward glance.  
People making the ultimate  
sacrifice. Acts of valour and that.  
Jem's here included. Tell you what:  
warrior princess she is.

SIMON

(trying to lighten things)  
You'll have to watch your step  
then.

GARY

Me mate? No, I get a free pass.  
Things two of us've been through.  
They should have umpteen stands,  
all her heroic deeds.

SUE

(with edge)  
Well it's mainly jams.

GARY

(to JEM, smiling)  
Have one for that time we were in  
the Kitson's place, remember that?

JEM, remembering suddenly, laughs through the wine she's  
drinking.

GARY (CONT'D)

Mopping up operations. That's what  
they said. We're in the Kitson's up  
by the estate, nothing much to show  
up there. I'm caught short, run  
upstairs to use the loo. Leaving me  
weapon, right? Big mistake. Having  
me wee anyway, shout down to you,  
don't I 'Something's up with  
drains'. Cos the smell is that bad.

STEVE

Don't know how much toilet talk we  
want at the dinner table.

GARY

Then I look around and there's this  
massive bloody great Rabid coming  
at me. Must've been eighteen stone  
of him. Been having a nap in the  
bath.

STEVE

You've outdone yourself here Sue.

GARY

Explains the smell. So I'm backing  
into corner.

STEVE

Who else thinks Mum's outdone  
herself?

GARY

I'm climbing up on the toilet bowl.  
Only an electric toothbrush to  
defend m'self with when two more of  
'em come in, wherever they'd been  
hiding.

SUE puts down her knife and fork and stares GARY in the face.  
She's had enough. It doesn't stop him.

GARY (CONT'D)

(nodding towards JEM)  
This one shows up Glock in hand.  
Pops the first one here.  
(finger to temple)  
Brain across tiles.

STEVE

Everyone okay for creamed leeks?

GARY

Second one, top of the neck. But  
fat lad's still coming at me. Me  
with me trusty toothbrush.  
She walks up to him: gun jams.  
I'm like, 'Oh right, okay, good  
night Saigon'  
Cool as you like she pulls down the  
shower pole. Pum. Through the  
eyehole.  
Wait, that's not it! This Rabid-  
(mocking/provocative)  
this PDS Sufferer- goes over like  
that.  
(slow keeling over motion)  
Only the pole's still stuck in its  
head. Hits me on the way down. I  
lose my balance, don't I. Both feet  
in toilet bowl! Boots wet, socks  
wet.

Silence. Not even JEM's giving the raucous response he  
expected (or pretended to expect).

SIMON's got his head down, keeping his cool, indicating to  
KIEREN he should skip it. He won't.

KIEREN

That what you did in the war is it?  
Kill people?

SIMON

Leave it.

KIEREN

No. I won't.  
(to GARY)  
Same here.

STEVE

Kier.

KIEREN

I killed people too. I have a funny story of my own actually. I rose from the dead and then after that I ripped people apart.

SIMON shifts uncomfortably, head down.

KIEREN (CONT'D)

Okay maybe it's not that funny but you can sit there and listen to it anyway. Like we did with you.

STEVE

Kieren don't.

GARY

(for JEM's consumption)  
Nah you're alright.

KIEREN

(fierce)  
Listen to the story.  
(beat, then as if it's an entertaining anecdote)  
It's weird at first because all there is is just darkness. It's so dark it doesn't make any difference if your eyes are open or closed. What you think is that you've been buried alive.

STEVE

Kieren please.

KIEREN

Not ideal. That's proper... panic, you know. You hit out at the lid of the coffin even though there's no way.  
But then... it starts to give.  
(back there, wonder)  
You have to push your way through all the soil. It takes ages doesn't it? It takes so long.

SUE

(quiet)  
Kieren.

KIEREN

But all of a sudden something's different, you feel the wind on the tips of your fingers. And the rain.  
(MORE)

KIEREN (CONT'D)

Because before that you're not really sure where you are. But now you know. And you're pushing through. And then all this stuff at once. The moon. And this incredible storm blowing and the church bell ringing midnight and just standing there, nobody else around and all of it pushing into me.

SIMON

Nobody else? You sure?

KIEREN

No but you know what I felt-

SIMON

Were any of the other graves open?

KIEREN

The other graves are fine, I'm trying to say something. That feeling. It's what being born must be like. Except you've got context. Because honestly, dead...

(shaking head 'doesn't compare')

Everything up to then was fear. Everything, even when I was alive, different levels of fear. But then it's gone. And you're like that: 'Yeah, come on. Give it to me. Fill me up.'

(remembering where he came in)

But I tell you what Gary, this hunger. This appetite. I could not wait to get started.

STEVE

(slapping the table hard)

That's enough! Do you hear me? I will not have it.

KIEREN

What, did I cross the line Dad?

SUE

Kieren please.

KIEREN

After they get to high five each other about killing us, like it's a big joke. Everyone's fine with that. But I say one thing and it's indecent.

(getting up)

I'm sorry that is bullshit.

(MORE)

KIEREN (CONT'D)  
(to SIMON)  
Come on.

SIMON's not listening. He's still taking in KIEREN's answers to his questions, thunder-struck.

KIEREN (CONT'D)  
Simon, come on.

CUT TO:

66

**INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING 1 (17:30)**

66

SHIRLEY has her plate in her hand about to scrape leftovers of her evening meal into bin. She presses the pedal and sees remains of two unspooled video tapes inside. She looks to PHILIP (who's sat in front of his meal).

SHIRLEY  
You do know I am proud of you  
Philip.  
(he stops chewing)  
You'll do what's right by Sylvia  
and Henry won't you?

PHILIP  
(with conviction, without  
bombast)  
Yes I will.

PHILIP's watch says a quarter to six. He has to be somewhere.

CUT TO:

67

**EXT. VILLAGE HALL - EVENING 1 (17:43)**

67

Philip approaches, lights on inside. He's there to give his decision.

A few more villagers on the street than normal.

CUT TO:

68

**INT. VILLAGE HALL - EVENING 1 (17:45)**

68

MAXINE and a tall AV stand on wheels with a television (stickers saying SUNDAY SCHOOL taped to its side) and a VCR she's found somewhere. She's finishing set-up (plugging in wires to VCR, rubbing her hands of dust, finding remote).

She smiles a welcome at PHILIP and presses a button on the remote.

MAXINE

(as she sets up)

Sandra Furness got this tape from a friend of hers, a woman called Abigail Lamb. Mrs Lamb's had a bit of a run on video tapes recently. I expect that's why she forgot what was on this one.

The same sounds and soundtrack rising from HARD GRAFT, cutting out and then video gates down to reveal:

Mrs Lamb's camera footage of PHILIP arriving at brothel. MAXINE fast forwards, stops forty minutes into the tape, and Philip is seen leaving the brothel.

PHILIP's face.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Suddenly everything's become very simple hasn't it Philip. You tell lies all the time. All you need to do now is tell one more. And then afterwards you can come along to the protest. Maybe even say a few words. You can go back to being the person you say you are.

She rewinds. Soundtrack rises and cuts out again.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

(not looking at him)

Time you got on with it.

CUT TO:

69

**INT. GARY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING 1 (17:45)**

69

Both GARY and JEM in front of the TV, both a bit groggy. They're still in combat trousers, but stocking feet and t-shirts now. Jem's feet are tucked up under her on the sofa. She considers GARY - his head tilted back, nodding off-wondering how well she knows him.

Doorbell rings. They're both slightly apprehensive. GARY gets up, covering.

GARY

Prob'ly your brother, thought of another funny story.

CUT TO:

70

**INT. GARY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - EVENING 1 (17:46)**

70

GARY answers the door to DEAN (in his RPS uniform). As soon as the door's answered DEAN's backing off, taking for granted they'll follow him.

DEAN  
(seeing GARY not moving)  
Come on then. Brothel protest.

JEM's come into the hall.

GARY  
(wiping an eye)  
We're not on tonight. It's not going to take more than one or two on security. I already talked to Maxine.

DEAN  
Yeah well now she wants everyone there.

JEM  
Why?

DEAN  
(leaving)  
In case tarts attack. I don't know.

GARY and JEM look at each other. Resignation.

CUT TO:

71

**EXT. OLD GRAVEYARD - NIGHT 1 (18:00)**

71

AMY alone and sad. She hears a whining feedback noise from a distance. Curiosity.

CUT TO:

72

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT 1 (18:00)**

72

PHILIP walking, defeated.

One or two villagers (about to be PROTESTERS) heading in a given direction.

CUT TO:

73

**EXT. RUNDOWN COUNCIL ESTATE/HOUSE - NIGHT 1 (18:05)**

73

Outside the brothel, the set-up for the protest.

MAXINE turning volume to the proper level on her megaphone. She's in close conference with GARY, telling him what to say. He's nodding.

PROTESTERS coming down roads, assembling.

GARY addresses ROARTON PROTECTION SERVICE

GARY

Right, this is about giving out a signal. We get the job done. And we don't engage. We're not here for conversation...

DEAN is among those he's addressing, yawning elaborately.

So's JEM. She looks to the door of the brothel. A BROTHEL WORKER has opened it a gap and is looking through. Her eyes meet Jem's. JEM looks away.

CUT TO:

74

**EXT. LONSDALE HOUSE - NIGHT 1 (18:06)**

74

MRS LONSDALE opens the front door to PHILIP.

MRS LONSDALE

Philip.

PHILIP

I'm sorry to call- (so late)

MRS LONSDALE

Come in Philip.

(off his reluctance)

Please. Come in.

CUT TO:

75

**EXT. RUNDOWN COUNCIL ESTATE/HOUSE - NIGHT 1 (18:06)**

75

MAXINE delivering her speech through the megaphone, PROTESTORS with her.

MAXINE

Is this what they meant when they told us to integrate? Thank God we're waking up is all I can say. Because this can only be a start. All the time this illness goes untreated, we're vulnerable.

Cries of 'Get them out' etc.

DEAN and one or two others head around the back.

GARY bangs hard on the front door.

The owner opens and he and the rest of the RPS traipse inside.

CUT TO:

76

INT. RUNDOWN COUNCIL HOUSE - BEDROOM 2/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 76  
(18:06)

DEAN and others are entering from the back door as GARY opens a ground floor bedroom door, wakes a sleeping BROTHEL WORKER in sweatpants and t-shirt, leads her to the living room where BROTHEL WORKER 2 (in lingerie), PUNTER 2 and BROTHEL OWNER have been taken.

GARY

Get 'em out front.

GARY heads upstairs. He looks back down to Jem who's not taking part. She's stood still, not very happy to be part of all this.

GARY (CONT'D)

Come on Jem, shake a leg.

She goes after him up the stairs, stopping him.

JEM

What are we doing?

GARY

The right thing. What everyone wants. You heard them down the pub. Folks are counting on us again.

As he reaches the landing PUNTER 1 is being led from a bedroom by an RPS MEMBER.

PUNTER 1

(afraid, to Gary)

Listen, please, you don't understand, if I go out there I lose everything.

GARY

Not confused about that at all friend.

(continuing down landing)

Out front.

CUT TO:



PHILIP has been looking the other way. Now he meets her gaze and nods (or whatever gesture indicates consent to her plea).

CUT TO:

80            **INT. RUNDOWN COUNCIL HOUSE - NIGHT 1 (18:10)**            80

GARY sticks his head into the lounge area where PUNTERS and BROTHEL WORKERS are being guarded by the RPS.

GARY  
Lets have 'em.

He makes his way outside, kicking Cherie's strewn belongings in front of him as he goes.

CUT TO:

80A           **INT/EXT. LONSDALE HOUSE/STREET - NIGHT 1**            80A

PHILIP gets up from the table. MRS LONSDALE has been touching his cheek in gratitude. She's weeping.

He walks out of her house, through the open front door.

JUMP CUT TO:

81            **EXT. RUNDOWN COUNCIL HOUSE - NIGHT 1**            81

The BROTHEL WORKERS and PUNTERS are led out to disgust and derision from PROTESTERS and chants of 'Roarton says no'.

GARY strides about.

GARY  
Punters this side, prozzies this side. Nice neat rows. Let everyone see your faces.

PHILIP arrives and takes it in. He's on a mission.

MAXINE looks in his direction, trying to tell from his body language whether he's done what he said he would. PHILIP approaches and takes the loudspeaker from her.

AMY looks on.

He walks past MRS LAMB (and her now complete and poorly executed banner: 'If a man lie with a beast, he shall surely be puttodeath').

He walks past the Amy wig and coat he had Cherie wear, strewn on the ground with Cherie's other possessions.

He walks past CHERIE herself.

The chanting carries on, it quietens a line or two in.

PHILIP

Could I have your attention please.  
Please.

(the chants fall silent)

Thank you.  
I think we should stop this. I  
think that we should all stop  
pretending.

VOICES

(murmurs)

Eh? / What's that?

PHILIP

Really. I know how it feels to  
shout about bad things and bad  
people. It's nice. It's as if it's  
making you a purer person inside.  
But it's not real. It goes away.

VOICES

What's he saying? / Purer?

PHILIP

No, you can only pretend for so  
long and then you're back stuck  
with yourself.

He smiles, pleading tone ('Am I right?'). No takers among the protesters.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

And all the things you're ashamed  
of. That you know you'll do again.  
What I'm trying to explain is that  
idea that you were ever a pure  
person just makes everything worse.  
It makes you so disappointing.

VOICES

What's he on about? / You're  
talking rubbish pal.

He's losing them for real now. They're realising where he's going and they don't like it.

PHILIP

People aren't pure. I don't think.  
I'm not. We're not good any more  
than they're evil or they're  
inhuman.

VOICES

Get off / Boo!

PHILIP

My point is- My point is... Maybe  
we only have to pretend they're bad  
because we pretend we're good.

VOICES

No! / Boo!/ Rubbish!

Forthright dissent that rises and grows from here.

He looks out and sees AMY for the first time.

PHILIP

(louder, desperate  
exhortation)

If we could accept our real selves  
and live with who we really are and  
love ourselves then maybe we could  
accept... and live with... and...

Shouts drown out the last word ('love').

What Philip's just said is landing for JEM. She's given pause  
but snaps out of it on the rising shouting from the crowd.

The shouts continue. He lets the megaphone drag from his  
wrist.

He looks at the crowd and their hatred for him and his  
message. He feels defiant.

He lets the megaphone drop to the ground.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

(inaudible above crowd)

Forget it.

He walks and goes to stand with the line-up of PUNTERS. The  
guy next to him is the bloke whose eye he avoided that  
morning. Now they stare at each other.

The protest falls silent again as the crowd takes in the  
import of this. Then murmurs followed by shouts of  
'Disgusting'.

As the noise rises again, Maxine stoops to pick up the  
megaphone. She looks at Philip the way a chess player regards  
a person who's just conceded (surprised at the ease of her  
victory and almost respectful of the decision).

GARY has produced a disposable camera, he's taking a series  
of photographs of the line-ups.

GARY

Big smiles everyone.

The flash goes off in Philip's eyes.

He lifts his head to look back at AMY. He sees she is leaving.

CUT TO:

**SCENE 83 HAS BECOME 80A**

84      **INT. AMY'S BUNGALOW - GRAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 1 (20:00)**      84

SIMON and KIEREN, both still a bit shell-shocked after the lunch. KIEREN because of the conflict, SIMON because he believes KIEREN is the First Risen.

KIEREN is wiping the mousse from his own face. He takes out his lenses and crushes them or breaks them in half (matter-of-factly).

SIMON's staring at him. KIEREN starts to wipe the mousse from SIMON's face. SIMON doesn't resist.

CUT TO:

85      **EXT. ROARTON BUS SHELTER - NIGHT 1 (20:30)**      85

PHILIP drinking cider, leaning up against a larger version of the poster in the pub, the scary near-rabid PDS sufferer grins out.

PHILIP hears a sound. He's spooked.

PHILIP  
Who's there? Who is it?

AMY (O.O.V.)  
(scary voice)  
A zombie.  
Worse than a zombie.

PHILIP  
(to himself)  
What's worse than a zombie?  
(turning, thinking maybe  
there's one behind him)  
Two-?

AMY  
(from bushes, rushes him)  
A drunk zombie.

PHILIP  
Jesus Christ.

AMY

Terrible news about the full disclosure on your sex-life by the way. Not going down brilliantly with the townsfolk. Your reputation's in tatters. What with the necrophilia and fancying rotters. Nice boys don't do that.

She takes a non-swig from the bottle she has (thumb over the spout) then hands it to him. He takes a swig, offers it back.

AMY (CONT'D)

No thank you, I know where that mouth's been.

PHILIP

How can you be drunk?

AMY

(shrug)  
Power of suggestion, sense memory. And I'm not really. I'd say prepare yourself for some sort of lynching or social ostracism.

PHILIP

You're talking to me.

AMY

I'm very nice though. And I have a high tolerance for idiots just now.  
(reflection)  
Especially disappointed idiots.

PHILIP

I don't fancy people with PDS. As such.

AMY

Right just the sex workers.

PHILIP

I went to *one* sex worker.

AMY

(sarcastic, 'that nothing')  
One? What's one?

PHILIP

Because she reminded me of someone.

AMY

Who's counting?

PHILIP  
Because I do like some people with  
PDS. Very few.  
You.

This hangs pretty heavy. She looks the other way. He does too. Neither of them can handle it.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
(wishing he hadn't said  
anything)  
In fact.

CUT TO:

86      **INT. WILSON HOUSE - PHILIP'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 (23:00)**      86

Hours later. PHILIP wakes up. He sees AMY's head is on his arm. He thinks about it.

AMY  
I'm awake too so it's no good  
thinking about gnawing your own arm  
off.

PHILIP  
I thought maybe I could leave that  
to you, given...

He stops, thinking maybe he's gone too far.

AMY sits up in bed and looks at him. He thinks he might have blown it.

AMY  
I didn't know you made jokes.

PHILIP  
I don't.

CUT TO:

87      **EXT. OLD GRAVEYARD - NIGHT 1 (23:00)**      87

Ringtone.

The back of a headstone (so the inscription remains unseen). Maxine looks at the stone, unbroken and undisturbed for lots of years. (Whatever it takes to show that: small white pebbles with a weed or two growing through, condensation-filled half globe of flowers.)

She pushes a tear away with the ball of her palm. She's galvanising.

CUT TO:

