

BUGS SERIES III
EPISODE 10

RENEGADES

by
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EXT. CANALSIDE. NIGHT.

Under bright spotlights, a DREDGER or DUMP TRUCK deposits the debris of BECKETT's blown-up houseboat on the ground.

BECKETT and ROS stand watching, with their vehicle headlights shining from behind them. BECKETT has a plain plastic CARRIER BAG in one hand.

ROS

How much did you manage to salvage?

BECKETT takes a look in the carrier bag.

Then he reaches in and brings out a lone 45 rpm single.

ROS (CONT'D)

Water music?

BECKETT looks stony.

ROS (CONT'D)

Sorry. Where are you going to sleep tonight?

BECKETT

I dunno. I'm past caring. I'll doss in the car.

ROS starts to move toward her own vehicle.

ROS

Come on.

BECKETT

Where to?

ROS

I'm taking you home.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE SUITE. DAY.

Clean and high-tech, a complete contrast. In the midst of state-of-the-art monitoring and life support, on a fully controllable bed, lies ROLAND BLATTY. As we pan around him, there's no movement other than that of the machines, no sound other than that of the equipment.

The end of our move finds JOANNE and her (female) SUPERVISOR entering the room. They're in physiotherapy staff whites. The SUPERVISOR opens the blinds to let daylight in.

SUPERVISOR

Good morning, Roland. This is Joanne. She's your new physiotherapist.

As they go one either side of the bed, JOANNE looks down at ROLAND. The SUPERVISOR touches a control to alter the contour of the bed, raising him slightly.

JOANNE
Can he hear us?

SUPERVISOR
No.

JOANNE
What's his awareness level?

SUPERVISOR
Zero. And it's a permanent state.
He's gone for good.

JOANNE (SUDDENLY)
Is he one of the...

SUPERVISOR
That whole Bureau of Weapons
disaster. Three of them survived
when they took them off the
machines. They're all like this.
But you didn't hear that from me.
It's classified.

JOANNE lifts ROLAND's hand, looks down at a plastic hospital tag on the wrist.

JOANNE
Roland Blatty.

SUPERVISOR
He was the Bureau Chief.

JOANNE experimentally flexes his fingers and then works his wrist.

JOANNE
Good flexibility.

SUPERVISOR
Standard regime of care. Every
joint to be rotated through...

There's a sudden signal, a constant tone, from one of the pieces of apparatus behind her. JOANNE cranes to see as the SUPERVISOR turns to attend to it.

JOANNE
What's that?

SUPERVISOR
Don't get excited. If it happens,
just press Reset.

She presses a switch, all returns to normal.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

I've asked them to fix it. They've not even been. (RESUMES) Every joint rotated through its full range of movement five times every day. Nurse will change his fluids and his pads. Sign the chart when you're done.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE SUITE. DAY.

A short time later. Seen from afar, JOANNE working on ROLAND alone.

She lifts his arm, works his shoulder.

JOANNE

Bit of resistance there, Roland.
Got some old capsule damage?

The warning tone again. She lowers his arm to the bed, turns to the apparatus.

She peers at it, trying to work out which is the reset. Tries the wrong button, then finds it. The noise ends.

But as she's turning back to ROLAND, the noise starts again almost immediately.

Irritated now, she turns to the apparatus again; CLOSE on her face as she scans the control panel with a frown.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

What's the matter with you?

She tries something that makes no difference, studies it further, starts to reach to do something else...

And then suddenly, without warning, ROLAND pops up into view behind her and clamps his hand over her mouth, her eyes widening as he cuts off her scream before it can start.

OPENING CREDITS

INT. MEDICAL INSTITUTE -- NURSES' STATION. DAY.

A bright, white room lined with stylish filing cabinets. A male MEDICAL ORDERLY in white uniform jacket is consulting some charts on the counter.

He makes a note on one chart, lays it down and...

WHAM! Walks into a knockout blow from ROLAND BLATTY, who's in his loose gown from Intensive Care with disconnected IV lines trailing from his arms.

ROLAND catches the orderly as he falls, and drags him out of sight.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE SUITE. DAY.

The SUPERVISOR enters and stops dead in her tracks at the sight of...

JOANNE, unconscious, sprawled across the empty bed.

EXT. MEDICAL INSTITUTE. DAY.

The foyer continues the impression of a high-class, high-tech facility, all very cool and discreet.

Wearing the ORDERLY's uniform with an expensive-looking dark coat thrown over it, ROLAND can be seen crossing the foyer.

He emerges from the building, and stops. His face doesn't move. He seems completely without affect.

He puts his hand into the pocket of the overcoat, and brings out some car keys.

He studies them.

Then he scans the parking lot before him.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE SUITE. DAY.

Seen in the background, JOANNE can be seen sitting on the bed, groggily holding her head.

In the foreground, the SUPERVISOR on a phone extension.

SUPERVISOR
I don't know how it's possible.
Tell security.

EXT. MEDICAL INSTITUTE. DAY.

Out before the building, ROLAND drives past the foyer in a dark and anonymous-looking car.

ANGLE ON THE SECURITY BOOTH at the end of the driveway... a GUARD is just answering the phone. Almost immediately, he reaches and hits a button...

And the control-point barrier starts to drop.

ROLAND puts his foot down, and the car smashes through the barrier..

Still he shows no excitement, no fear.

The car heads off as the GUARD runs out of the booth, too late.

EXT. ROS' PLACE. DAY.

ED's ringing the bell, hard and long. Finally, ROS opens the door. She's wearing a kimono-style satin robe and looks as if she's not long been awake.

ROS
What's the matter?

ED
Jan's been trying to raise you.

ROS gestures vaguely, still not fully with it.

ROS
Oh... the phone got knocked off the hook.

ED
She can't find Beckett, either.

ROS
I'll call her.

She steps back, indicating for him to come in, and he enters past her.

ED
What did you get up to last night?

INT. ROS' PLACE --BREAKFAST BAR. DAY.

BECKETT is sitting at the breakfast bar, reading a copy of the Independent over a bowl of cereal. He's wearing a plain towelling robe over a white T shirt.

ED's momentarily pulled up by the sight. But BECKETT doesn't notice.

As ED moves to join him, we hear ROS call from offscreen:

ROS (O/S)
Help yourself to coffee.

ED pulls out a stool to sit beside BECKETT.

ED
So. The phone got knocked off the
hook.

Eyes on the paper, BECKETT munches at his cereal.

BECKETT
'Parrently so.

ED's grinning.

ED
Great.

BECKETT is slow to catch on.

Belatedly, he stares at ED.

BECKETT
Wait a minute.

ED
You don't have to say a thing.

BECKETT
I'm in the spare room!

ED
Sure you are.

BECKETT
I am!

ED
I believe you!

BECKETT glowers at him before settling back to his newspaper.

A pause, then...

ED (CONT'D)
Good a place for it as any.

Reacting as if on a hair trigger, BECKETT whacks him with the newspaper.

INT. ROS' PLACE/INT. BUREAU 2. DAY.

Another part of the apartments; ROS on the phone to JAN.

ROS
Ed's just arrived. Beckett's here
too.

JAN
Remember Roland Blatty? I've had
some news.

ROS immediately assumes the worst.

ROS

Oh, no.

JAN

Wait till you hear it.

INT. OLD BUREAU OF WEAPONS. DAY.

ANGLE ON A GLASS DOOR -- more or less matching the old location for the Bureau. The door is pushed open and a shadowy figure moves through...

And as the door closes, the half-scratched-off signwritten name BUREAU OF WEAPONS TECHNOLOGY swings into our field of view.

IN THE OFFICE -- empty of all furniture and fittings.

ROLAND BLATTY stands in the middle and looks around.

There are a few loose file covers on the floor. He picks one up.

ANGLE ON THE FILE as he opens it. There's only one piece of paper which reads, FILE WITHDRAWN -- REFER TO CENTRAL RECORDS ARCHIVE.

ROLAND opens his hands, lets the whole thing fall. He's spooky. Like a machine.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE SUITE. DAY.

BECKETT and ROS are quizzing JOANNE. She's still shaky. There are bruises on her cheek where Roland's fingers dug in. The SUPERVISOR stands behind her, a supportive hand on her shoulder.

ED stands a little apart, not quite listening, staring at the equipment.

JOANNE

He didn't speak. There was nothing in his eyes. It's the most horrible thing I've ever seen.

ROS

Did he seem confused?

JOANNE

Not at all. It was like he woke up with a job to do.

ROS looks at BECKETT. Any ideas?

BECKETT

We need to find him. And check on the others.

ROS

What do you mean?

BECKETT

The other two ex-Bureau basket cases who've been hanging on in the Twilight Zone. What if they've suddenly sprung into action as well?

ROS (SHOCKED)

Beckett!

BECKETT

They were all put there by the same thing.

JOANNE

What would that be?

But BECKETT cuts across her question.

BECKETT

I saw wristbands on the patients downstairs. Are they just for ID or are they some kind of tag?

SUPERVISOR

There's a chip in each one. We can track people if they wander around the building. But his wouldn't be activated.

ROS

Why not?

SUPERVISOR

Well, he wasn't going anywhere, was he?

BECKETT (TO ROS)

If we can activate it now, we might get a fix on him.

ROS

They're terribly low-power and local.

BECKETT

Somewhere to start, though, isn't it? (ROS SEEMS DISTRACTED) Ros?

ROS

Do you think he's still Roland?

BECKETT

I don't know what he is.

ROS moves off, BECKETT turns his attention to ED.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

All right?

ED

I hate hospitals.

BECKETT

You go with Ros. I'll head for the office.

ED nods.

BECKETT lowers his voice before walking away...

BECKETT (CONT'D)

And nothing happened!

EXT. CENTRAL RECORDS ARCHIVE. DAY.

A sign outside a glass and steel building. The car stolen by ROLAND draws in near the entrance.

ROLAND gets out of the car.

He goes to the entrance, where a security camera looks down.

INTERCOM VOICE

Yes?

ROLAND

Roland Blatty. Bureau of Weapons. I need to see some records.

He's buzzed in.

EXT. URBAN ROOF WITH TRANSMISSION TOWER. DAY.

ROS and ED at the foot of a vodaphone-style transmitter. ROS has set up a couple of cases of gear. ED has climbed the tower and is carefully wrapping a wire-trailing induction collar around a data cable.

ED

How will the mobile phone people feel about us hijacking their network?

ROS

You don't tell them, I won't tell them.

He tightens the induction collar. Everything before ROS lights up and she starts to change settings.

ED (DESCENDING)
This'll set off every phone in town.

ROS
Along with the tracker chip in Roland's hospital tag.

ED
We hope.

INT. CENTRAL RECORDS ARCHIVE. DAY.

ROLAND is placing his thumbprint on a reader, watched by a very senior SECURITY CHIEF. A mobile phone lies on the desk nearby.

SECURITY CHIEF
That's a positive identification, Mister Blatty. Just hold it there for one moment longer.

ANGLE on ROLAND's wrist, with the hospital tag just poking out of his sleeve into view.

A tiny light glows through the pink plastic as...

Two or three mobile phones all suddenly ring.

ON ROLAND'S EYES, as they suspiciously flick to the visible phone.

SECURITY CHIEF (CONT'D)
'Scuse me.

The SECURITY CHIEF reaches for it.

And as he leans across, ROLAND turns his hand into a fist and, BLAM! snaps it back into the man's face.

ROLAND
Excuse me.

ROLAND catches the man and manages his slide down onto the floor.

ANGLE ON HIM as he reaches the floor... ROLAND throws back one side of the SECURITY CHIEF's jacket to reveal a shoulder holster.

And when ROLAND straightens, the man's PISTOL is in his hand.

INT. CENTRAL RECORDS ARCHIVE. DAY.

An inner corridor. An EMPLOYEE in shirtsleeves with clip-on ID tag is walking by, carrying a library box with mainframe disks and ordinary paper files stacked together.

Suddenly, ROLAND appears out of concealment to one side and rushes the EMPLOYEE up against the wall, hard. The EMPLOYEE finds him or herself looking into the barrel of the gun with ROLAND's face only inches away.

A year without use makes Roland's voice rasping.

ROLAND
Cyberax?

The EMPLOYEE stares at the gun, terrified.

EMPLOYEE
What?

ROLAND cocks the gun's hammer and leans closer, becoming more threatening.

ROLAND
I want to see all the files on
Cyberax.

INT. ROS' CAR. DAY.

On the move. ROS driving, ED monitoring the tracking gear on a laptop screen.

ED
So how long's Beckett going to be
staying with you?

ROS
As long as he needs to. At least
I've found something he'll let me
do for him. (SHE NOTES ED'S
EXPRESSION) Oh, Ed. Grow up.

ED
I said nothing.

ROS
You don't have to. We're friends,
he's a guest. That's as far as it
goes.

ED (MUTTERING)
Your entire problem in a nutshell.

She shoots ED a sharp look as she speaks into her radio.

ROS
Beckett, where are you now?

INT. BUREAU 2. DAY.(INTERCUT)

BECKETT, radio in hand, is standing behind ALEX and watching as she searches databases at the keyboard.

BECKETT
Looking for the other two coma patients.

Without taking her eyes off the screen, ALEX raises one hand and gives a thumbs-up; the other hand stays on the keyboard. She's found the information.

BECKETT (TO ALEX) (CONT'D)
Where are they?

ALEX
Two different medical units. Either side of town.

ROS
Let me know if there are any more miraculous recoveries.

BECKETT
I don't believe in miracles. What have you got?

ED
I've got Roland somewhere close to the Central Records Archive.

BECKETT
Careful how you approach him.

ROS
This is Roland we're talking about.

BECKETT
You saw the way he'd handled that kid at the medical institute. I wouldn't call that Roland's style.

We see ALEX glance up at him. She doesn't yet know what's going on.

BECKETT (TO ALEX) (CONT'D)
Have you got phone numbers with those?

ALEX
Trying them now.

She picks up the phone.

As BECKETT backs off, he bumps into JAN.

JAN
What set him off?

BECKETT
My guess? The same thing that
messed with his head and burned out
his mind.

ON ALEX, phone to her ear, as she glances at BECKETT. She knows the name means something, but she doesn't know what.

INT. CENTRAL RECORDS ARCHIVE. DAY.

ROS, ED and the bruised and rumpled SECURITY CHIEF walk down a corridor whose side is a glass wall looking out into open-plan grounds.

SECURITY CHIEF
His thumbprint checked out. And
that's one machine that I've never
seen make a mistake.

ROS
Roland's print must still be in the
active records. Chief of the Bureau
of Weapons had access to every
secure facility there is.

ED
But nobody ever expected him to use
it again. I'll get onto it.

He pulls out his phone and drops back, making a call.

ROS
What's been taken?

SECURITY CHIEF
The minutes of the Fulwood
committee.

ROS
Concerning what?

SECURITY CHIEF
They were stored with all the
papers relating to something called
Cyberax.

ED looks over.

ED
Cyberax?

SECURITY CHIEF
I can't tell you what it means.

ROS
It was a mega-sized artificial intelligence that went wrong in a big way.

ED
It's what put Roland on ice in the first place.

He turns away, as whoever he's calling picks up.

ROS
I'll need to see the backup copy of those minutes.

SECURITY CHIEF
There isn't any backup.

She stops and looks at him.

SECURITY CHIEF (CONT'D)
Not in this category. The file consists of one handwritten document with no other copies. No scanning, no faxing... and definitely no electronic storage of any kind.

ROS
To make it hacker-proof?

SECURITY CHIEF
In this day and age, it's the only one hundred per cent guaranteed way. I had the place sealed as soon as I could. If he's still in here, we'll find him.

ED (WARNING NOTE)
Ros...

She looks back at ED. He's half-lowered the cellphone in mid-call and is staring out through the plate-glass wall.

ED (CONT'D)
Stable door. There goes the horse.

THROUGH THE GLASS -- we see ROLAND outside, striding briskly past the window, a folder in his hand.

ROS
Roland?

She moves to the glass. The SECURITY CHIEF dives for a wall phone.

ROLAND is walking on, unaware.

ROS (CONT'D)
Oh my God, it's true. He's
conscious.

ROS bangs on the glass.

ROS (CONT'D)
Roland!

Without breaking his pace, ROLAND turns his head and looks straight into her eyes. It's the stare of an utterly disinterested stranger.

ED
He's got the file.

ROLAND holds ROS' gaze for a long moment.

ED (CONT'D)
It's the file on the Fulwood
committee. What's the quickest way
out of here?

But ROS can only stare after Roland.

ROS
Roland!

ROLAND turns away from her, showing no reaction, and walks on.

INT. BLUE-THEMED HOSPITAL. DAY.

ALEX is outside a pair of double doors, one of which stands open. Through it we can see an empty bed and smashed equipment, general consternation and chaos.

As ALEX speaks on her radio, an injured MALE NURSE is helped out and past, holding a dressing to his head.

ALEX
I'm here, Beckett, but I'm too
late. The second Bureau survivor
just upped and walked. (GLANCES AT
THE PASSING NURSE) She trashed the
personnel and didn't stop to
explain her reasons. Exactly the
same way as Roland Blatty.

INT. YELLOW-THEMED HOSPITAL. DAY.

BECKETT on his radio in a similar setting; except that beyond him, the ICU bed is occupied by a female figure.

A woman DOCTOR is bending over her patient, double-checking all vital signs.

BECKETT

I'm with the other one now. Nothing unusual so far.

He stows the radio and then goes in to join the DOCTOR.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Anything?

DOCTOR

There's no change at all.

BECKETT

I don't know what to tell you to look for.

DOCTOR

I think you need some time away from your work. She's not a piece of your high technology.

BECKETT

I know. But the entire reason she's here is that her head's been messed around with by technology like you've never seen.

DOCTOR

Look. I've got a pop-up program on my computer. I don't even know it's there until it takes over the screen to wish me Happy Birthday. But this is a person. Not a piece of code.

BECKETT leans over the recumbent figure, studying her face.

BECKETT

Samantha.

DOCTOR

Did you know her?

BECKETT

Only slightly. She was always a bit of a livewire...

SAMANTHA's eyes suddenly open wide.

SAMANTHA (HOARSELY)

Happy birthday.

SAMANTHA's hand suddenly comes up and pushes him in the chest like a ramrod, sending him sprawling back into the DOCTOR; both hit a trolleyload of equipment and lose their balance.

SAMANTHA is swinging her legs off the bed, pulling lines and monitor wires free in handfuls. All the monitor alarms are going off.

BECKETT recovers, and scrambles around the bed to intercept her.

BECKETT

Samantha! It's Nick Beckett! Listen to me!

She picks up the IV tower, the pole from which the drip feed bag is hung, and swings the base at him like a club. She's fast, strong, incredibly agile.

BECKETT ducks, the base of the pole crashes into an equipment trolley. Bangs, flashes, sparks... still holding the shaft of the tower for leverage, she uses it to swing the trolley around into BECKETT and pin him against the wall with it.

Then she's out of the door. BECKETT pushes the trolley away, and follows.

INT. YELLOW-THEMED HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY.

BECKETT emerges and looks both ways. No sign. He chooses a direction, and runs.

EXT. YELLOW-THEMED HOSPITAL. DAY.

A CAR with its engine running stands outside the main doors. The boot is open, and the driver is lifting the first of two suitcases into it.

SAMANTHA emerges from the main entrance in billowing gown and dives, without an instant's thought or hesitation, behind the wheel of the car.

The car takes off as the driver is arranging the first of the suitcases, dragging him for a few yards by the handle and then finally causing the bag to hit the ground and burst, scattering clothes.

BECKETT comes flying out of the main entrance, tries to intercept the car.

Too late. The wing clips him and he's thrown into the air.

He scrambles gamely to his feet, but he's winded. He clutches his side and sinks to one knee.

Breathing hard, he looks helplessly after the disappearing car with its bouncing boot lid.

Fade.

INT. BUREAU 2. DAY.

Waiting. ROS paces, preoccupied, as ALEX leans over to speak in a low voice to ED.

ALEX
So Beckett's living with Ros now?

ED (SURPRISED)
Who says that?

ALEX
It's all over the building.

All attention turns as JAN sweeps in with BECKETT close behind her.

ROS
Beckett, are you all right?

BECKETT responds with a terse nod.

BECKETT
Yeah.

Very quick exchange of a look between ED and ALEX.

JAN
We don't have much time. Three former members of the Bureau of Weapons have effectively risen from the dead and gone on the run.

ALEX
Why are we treating coma patients like escaped convicts?

JAN
Because of what we think they've been programmed to do.

ALEX
Programmed?

BECKETT moves around, speaking directly to ALEX -- telling her what the others already know.

BECKETT
Does the name Cyberax mean anything to you?

ALEX
It was a Bureau case I wasn't cleared for.

BECKETT

Cyberax was an artificial intelligence created for the military. It was designed to grow and survive.

ROS

Nobody looked at the long-term consequences of those two simple instructions. It grew like a monster.

ED

It used up all the technology available to it. Roland and the others were part of its attempt to expand the AI program further by using organic processing power.

ALEX

What?

ROS

They were tricked into using a biofeedback link that fed back more than they'd bargained for. Cyberax entered their heads as a passenger signal coded into each person's individual encephalogram wave. It was crude and dirty, but then so was the first atom bomb. Most of the subjects died when we shut Cyberax down. The three that didn't...

ED

The three that didn't are the ones we're dealing with now. Think of them as infected. By the first computer virus to cross the species barrier.

ROS

I looked into Roland's eyes. Whatever's driving him, it's not the man I knew.

JAN

What's the purpose of it all?

BECKETT

I can take a wild guess at that. It's Cyberax's routine for getting itself rebooted.

ROS

A comeback.

ED
Elvis has not yet left the
building.

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING. DAY.

ROLAND moves to a boarded-up door in a dark alley, and
glances around.

SAMANTHA and JENNA, the two other risen renegades, stand
waiting a little way back.

ROLAND
This'll do.

With sudden and enormous force, ROLAND kicks the door in.

Then all three of them go inside.

INT. BECKETT'S OFFICE. DAY.

Later.

They've all moved into BECKETT's inner office, and are in a
tighter, closer huddle.

JAN
I served on the Fulwood committee.
Our job was to decide how to
dispose of the original Cyberax
program.

ED
Easy. You wipe out every trace of
it.

JAN
This was new territory, Ed. A
completely new type of organism.

ROS
You wipe it out anyway. Our entire
global technology came this far
from being host to one enormous
destructive parasite.

JAN
We approached it exactly like a
virus or a plague. Which you don't
destroy, you keep it for future
study. (ED STARTS TO INTERRUPT, BUT
SHE TALKS OVER HIM) But because of
the potential for danger, you keep
it in a disabled form.

BECKETT

What do you call a disabled form?

JAN produces a disk resembling a gold CD.

JAN

We split it over four disks. You have to put all four together before anything can happen.

ROS

That's holographic storage, isn't it? Are they those new photopolymer disks?

JAN

Separated in four different locations.

ED

Yeah, and I bet each location's listed in the minutes of the Fulwood committee.

JAN (ADMITTING)

Three of them are. The fourth disk went into the personal care of Lord Fulwood.

ED

Don't you just love modern science? On the front of the T-shirt it's Don't worry, we've covered everything. And on the back it says, Oops.

ALEX

Does this mean that Roland and the others have a good chance of putting all four pieces back together and recreating the program?

BECKETT

If we don't stop them first. (LOOKS AT ROS) We're already a step behind. (ALL RISE) Let's get tracking.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. DAY.

A large and decrepit interior space. In the middle of the rubbish-strewn floor, a small fire burns. Around the fire crouch ROLAND, JENNA and SAMANTHA.

ROLAND holds the file, flicking through the pages.

ROLAND

We go after one disk each. Whoever survives, goes after Lord Fulwood and the fourth.

JENNA

Then what?

ROLAND

We put the completed code out onto the internet as one single, free-floating intelligence. It'll grow like a beast in the digital ocean. A creature without a body. The ghost in the machine. Cyberax reborn. Any questions?

SAMANTHA

What happens to us afterwards?

ROLAND

For us, there is no afterwards.

All heads suddenly turn at the sound of a car door closing somewhere outside.

ROLAND lays the contents of the file on the fire, where the pages start to burn. And then with a movement of his head, he indicates for them all to leave.

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING/INT. ROS' CAR. DAY.

BECKETT crosses from his JEEP to ROS' car. As he bends to look in through the open window, we pan down to the interior to see...

ED in the passenger seat, hunched over the screen of the tracker they were using earlier. ROS beside him, ALEX looking over his shoulder from the back.

ED

I dunno. The tag's still giving me a signal. But nothing's moving. I can't see us getting away with the same trick twice.

The screen shows a very faint signal.

ROS

Let's check the building anyway.

She gets out of the car.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. DAY.

In the middle of the floor, the abandoned fire smoulders.

BECKETT and ROS step in.

ROS goes straight for the smouldering fire.

ROS
They were here.

They crouch and look. BECKETT reaches forward and lifts up...

Three cut HOSPITAL WRIST TAGS.

BECKETT
All three of them.

ROS
Hold it, Beckett. Don't move.

He stops and looks toward her.

ROS crouches over the embers, placing one hand carefully to either side of the ashes while looking down at...

A fragile page, burned to ash but still holding its shape. ROS speaks very low, so even her breath won't disturb the ash.

ROS (CONT'D)
They burned the file.

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING. DAY.

ALEX peers down the alley.

As she checks it out, ED appears at her shoulder.

ED
See something?

ALEX
Might have heard something. (SHE LOOKS AT ED) I thought you were checking the other side.

ED
I just heard from Beckett. They were here, but they've gone.

Both relax, and turn to walk back to their transport.

ALEX
Is that a new jacket?

ED
Yeah, I thought I'd change the image a bit. What do you think?

ALEX

Now all you have to do is keep your mouth shut.

As they're walking along we glimpse, out of focus in the background and completely unnoticed by ALEX and ED, the three renegades-- ROLAND, JENNA and SAMANTHA -- flit briefly and silently across the alleyway as if across a doorway. They're there, they're gone. Nobody sees them but us.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Well, what do you reckon?

ED

About what?

ALEX

Beckett and Ros. Are they, or aren't they?

ED

I don't know. They say not.

ALEX

I bet they are.

ED

I can't be sure.

ALEX

He spent all that time mooning around the office when he thought she was going off with Channing.

She becomes aware of the way that ED is looking at her.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What?

ED

You and I obviously have a different understanding of what mooning entails.

BECKETT comes out of the building at a run.

BECKETT

They burned the file after they read it.

ED

Does that mean they'll know where the disks are, and we don't?

BECKETT

Get in the car and stand by. She's lifting an image off the ashes. Can that woman do magic, or what?

He heads for his Jeep.

ED and ALEX exchange an eyebrows-raised glance in reaction to BECKETT's enthusiasm for Ros' abilities, and then they slide into the car.

INT. DERELICT BUILDING. DAY.

ROS, in BUGS headset, leans over the site of the fire. She's positioning a flat, square, lens-like screen with built-in UV tubes and a gooseneck mount, getting it squarely over the intact sheet of ash.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN -- glowing handwriting is disclosed, pulsing slightly as the fine ash is disturbed by miniscule air currents.

ON ROS, her face lit from under...

ROS (QUIETLY)
Beckett?

BECKETT (ON RADIO)
Yo.

ROS
Location number one.

EXT. FIRST STORAGE FACILITY. DAY.

A fortified compound with a wire perimeter fence, like an airbase or out-of-town prison. Razor wire, electrification, several layers of defence, the works.

The BASE COMMANDER is a military man in beret and pullover. He and BECKETT are walking toward the main building with the fence in view behind them.

COMMANDER
No, Mister Beckett, I am not worried. And I certainly don't intend to alter my security arrangements for someone outside the chain of command.

BECKETT
Check my credentials, Commander. This comes right from the top.

COMMANDER
Bloody civil servants. Bane of my life. Nothing personal.

He heads into the building, entering past two white-helmeted armed guards.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Stand by for a system test. Stay by
your posts.

INT. FIRST STORAGE FACILITY. DAY.

ANGLE ON one of the GOLD HOLOGRAPHIC DISKS. It's at the centre of a brightly lit clear glass case, on a stand. Motion sensors are stuck to each pane of glass like stethoscopes, with trailing wires. Around the whole thing is a rope barrier.

We see the COMMANDER and BECKETT approaching the setup.

COMMANDER
Now, look at that. The walls of
this building are two and a half
feet thick. There are guards
outside at all times. Watch this.

He leans over and waves a hand within the area marked out by the rope.

Alarms sound, lights flash. BECKETT looks toward the doorway.

Bars slam across.

Now the COMMANDER has to shout for BECKETT to hear him.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)
And then there are the outer
defences.

EXT. FIRST STORAGE FACILITY. DAY.

With the ARMED GUARDS at the entrance. The alarms continue, muted... but there's also a growing and more immediate rumble.

The ARMED GUARDS exchange an uncertain look.

INT. FIRST STORAGE FACILITY. DAY.

BECKETT is wincing at the alarm noise. The COMMANDER seems unconcerned by it.

COMMANDER
Three layers of electrified fence.
Razor wire. Ground sensors.
Invisible eyes. You couldn't get a
mouse through there without me
knowing about it.

EXT. FIRST STORAGE FACILITY. DAY.

We're looking straight at a section of the perimeter fence.

Out of the night looms an ENORMOUS VEHICLE, the kind used in building dams and motorways; the more ridiculously huge, the better.

It charges straight through the fence, flattening the wire as if it isn't there.

The ARMED GUARDS stare.

One takes a couple of shots at the oncoming vehicle.

Then both run.

INT. FIRST STORAGE FACILITY. DAY.

BECKETT glances around, uneasily.

BECKETT

Is the ground shaking?

COMMANDER

We're earthquake-proof as well. I'm telling you. No-one's going to sneak in here without being seen.

But BECKETT isn't happy, and he looks around and sees...

ANGLE ON A BREAKAWAY WALL -- the ENORMOUS VEHICLE comes charging through, demolishing it.

BECKETT grabs the COMMANDER and dives for cover.

ANGLE ON THE GLASS CASE -- blocks and bricks come showering down, smashing the glass.

Dust swirls. ROLAND climbs down from the cab of the stopped vehicle, and starts to pick his way through the rubble in the headlights of the truck. There's smoke, there's steam, there's water spraying from pipes, there's the further clamour of various alarms.

BECKETT is rising. The COMMANDER is still on the ground.

ANGLE ON THE GOLD DISK, lying intact amidst the debris of the case -- ROLAND's hand reaches in and takes it.

Swirling dust and smoke; one of the ARMED GUARDS comes stumbling through, and almost collides with BECKETT.

BECKETT points to the COMMANDER.

BECKETT

Help your boss, he's hurt.

The ARMED GUARD stoops to help the COMMANDER, and BECKETT scrambles over debris just in time to see...

The ENORMOUS VEHICLE reversing out through the hole it made, with ROLAND back behind the wheel.

BECKETT heads toward it, skipping over fallen debris to catch up with it before it can get away.

As he reaches it he grabs some part of it, and swings himself aboard.

INT. BUREAU 2. DAY.

JAN on the phone, looking frustrated.

PHONE LEAKAGE (V/O)
If you wish to leave a voice
message for Lord Fulwood, press
one. If you want to leave a message
for the estate manager...

JAN is hanging up the phone as ROS comes in, carrying the viewer that she used over the remains of the fire.

JAN
What's that for?

ROS
Looking at the ashes.

JAN
You're cricket mad.

ROS
Where's the disk you showed us
earlier?

JAN
Safe in the vault.

ROS
What did Lord Fulwood do with the
fourth?

JAN shows a piece of paper.

JAN
This is the letter he sent to
everyone from the committee.

ROS takes it, and skim-reads.

ROS

"I'll say no more than this... with inspiration from Edgar Allen Poe I have put the disk in a place where I will be able to keep a permanent watch over it..."

JAN

Edgar Allen Poe?

ROS

I'd guess he's referring to a story called The Purloined Letter. You hide something by putting it in plain sight.

JAN

I've tried that. It never works.

ROS

Have you got hold of Lord Fulwood yet?

JAN

Bloody voicemail wherever you turn.

ROS

That disk in the vault. How safe is safe?

JAN

That could depend on how much inside knowledge they've got.

ROS

They're going to try for it. Why don't we put it somewhere else?

Both head out.

JAN

Where are the others?

ROS

Out on the road.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

The ENORMOUS VEHICLE is barreling along.

BECKETT is clinging to the side of it, working his way along to the cab.

IN THE CAB -- ROLAND, with one hand on the wheel, examines his disk. Then he sticks it inside his coat and returns his attention to his driving.

He glances in the side-mirror and sees...

BECKETT, reflected in the mirror, moving toward the cab.

ROLAND looks forward, shifts gear, starts to turn the wheel.

LOOKING AHEAD -- we're heading straight for a busy SNACK WAGON or DINER full of people.

BECKETT sees this, and his face registers dismay as...

ROLAND leaps from the cab on the opposite side. He hits the ground, and rolls.

Hurriedly, BECKETT swings into the cab and gets behind the wheel, starts to fight with the controls.

OUT ON THE GROUND -- ROLAND gets to his feet, glances back at the runaway vehicle, and then heads off into the night.

Someone walking before the SNACK WAGON or DINER sees the truck coming, and runs from its path.

BECKETT slams on the brakes, and the ENORMOUS VEHICLE comes to a halt with its grille only inches away from disaster.

INT. BUREAU 2 VAULT. DAY.

CLOSE ON another GOLDEN DISK.

It stands on the same kind of plinth and in the same kind of glass case as the last. The arrangement stands within a barred cell within a low-lit, windowless room.

In the bars, a jail-style door with a big lock.

A woman, JENNA, moves to the door. We saw her back in the abandoned building, the remaining member of the renegade squad.

She places a stubby BOLT GUN against the lock, and fires. The door then swings open and she enters the cage.

She lifts the glass covering off and, laying this aside, reaches for the disk...

And on touching it, looks suspicious. She looks at her fingers, and then rubs them across the disk. Gold paint smears off it.

JAN

Looking for this?

JENNA turns and sees JAN, on the other side of the bars, holding up the genuine disk.

As JENNA starts to move, ROS appears out of nowhere and catches her by the upper arm.

ROS
It's Ros, Jenna. Do you know me?

JENNA turns on her. She raises her arm to land a killer blow which ROS blocks on her forearm.

Then ROS' other hand comes up with a mace-like aerosol which she sprays in the air before JENNA's face.

JENNA's eyes instant roll upward, and she slides to the ground.

Looking down at her, ROS shakes the arm that stopped the blow.

JAN (ENTERING)
You can stop holding your breath.

ROS
She's strong.

THEN, looking at her arm...

ROS (CONT'D)
Ow.

EXT. MODERN HIGH-RISE BUILDING. DAY.

ALEX and ED get out of their vehicle.

ALEX
This? I know this place.

ED
Government data backup centre.

ALEX
Yeah, but it's a contract outfit.
Data security by the lowest bidder.
I've been in and out of here a
hundred times. They're all idiots.

ED looks at her.

ED
If you've got an opinion, just come
on out with it.

They head into the building.

INT. BUREAU HOLDING PEN. DAY.

A secure cell with no furniture and a two-way mirror. The metal box of an intercom speaker screwed to the wall by the mirror.

JENNA paces around the cell like a stir-crazy caged animal.

On this side of the two-way mirror is an observation desk with a couple of fixed microphones. JAN and ROS sit at this desk, watching JENNA. The DISK is on the table before them.

ROS presses the talkback switch on her microphone.

ROS

Jenna, it's Ros. You knew me once.
Do you know me now?

JENNA runs at one of the walls and hits it with a kick, from which she launches off and continues to pace.

JAN

Can she break the glass?

ROS

It's toughened.

JAN

You've seen how strong she is.

ROS winces as she moves her sore arm to flick the talkback switch again.

ROS

I've done more than see it.

At this moment, JENNA charges the glass with her shoulder. She bounces off.

BRIEFLY WITH JENNA -- we hear ROS' voice filtered by a crappy intercom in the room.

ROS (CONT'D)

Jenna, listen to me. I know you're
being driven by something that
isn't you.

JENNA paces as if she hasn't heard.

ROS (CONT'D)

We shut down Cyberax. But you were
left behind with a buried
instruction to resurrect it. You're
trying to get hold of all four
disks. Am I right?

JENNA bounces off the wall again.

ROS (CONT'D)
If you'll just stop and talk to me,
I can see about getting you out of
there.

JENNA stops abruptly and stands facing the glass, in an
eerie, waiting silence.

ROS (CONT'D)
Do you know who I am?

JENNA
Ros Henderson.

ROS
Do you know who you are?

JENNA (CALMLY)
We are the limbs of Satan.

ROS and JAN sit back.

JAN
Oh, brother.

On the other side of the glass, JENNA waits expectantly.

ROS (TO JAN)
We have to destroy one of the
disks.

JAN looks at her, as she picks up the disk.

ROS (CONT'D)
Any one of the disks, it doesn't
matter which. They need all four
parts to make the program work.

JAN
We made a decision to preserve the
material. We didn't take that
lightly.

ROS
You didn't have this situation,
either.

JAN
We don't want to panic, here, Ros.
What's the chance of them putting
all four together? Even I don't
know where Lord Fulwood hid the
last one.

ROS
I'll tell you something, Jan. I'm
not panicking, but I am scared. I
don't care what the odds are.

(MORE)

ROS (CONT'D)

What are we talking about? One in a thousand? One in a million?

JAN

I've got no idea.

ROS

We're not talking about the risk of some technical problem. We're talking about the global corruption of technology itself. Planes falling out of the sky and hospitals going dark. Robots in factories on the other side of the world building weapons we never designed for wars we can't prevent. Radioactive air and poisoned rivers. And all because the systems we built have turned to run for the benefit of something that isn't us.

Long silence. Then...

JAN

Those disks are tough.

ROS

We'll need a blowtorch.

They rise and leave.

On the other side of the glass, JENNA still waits.

JENNA

I'd like to come out, now.

Pause.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Is anyone there?

No reply.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Okay...

She moves to the intercom speaker box, grips it, and rips it off the wall.

Then, using a sharp corner of the box, she starts to hack at the toughened glass as if starting an ice sculpture.

INT. BUREAU 2 -- LABORATORY SECTION. DAY.

POW! A blowtorch bursts into life and settles into a steady, roaring flame.

ROS, in big gloves, adjusts the flame down to a fine, bladelike point as JAN is fixing the gold disk into a bench clamp.

JAN
Can't we just cut it down the middle?

ROS
It's a hologram. You could still get information out of the pieces. Move back.

As JAN moves, ROS picks up a facial safety guard.

And as she turns to torch the disk...

The door to the lab flies open. JENNA stands there with a powerful CHEMICAL FIRE EXTINGUISHER which she directs straight at the blowtorch, snuffing it out.

Then she blasts JAN with the jet, sending her backwards over a bench.

Then, swinging the cylinder, she hits ROS with an almighty CLUNK and dashes her to the ground before snatching the disk and withdrawing.

ROS and JAN come up at the same time.

ROS (CONT'D)
She got it.

JAN reaches for a phone on the bench.

JAN
Get after her.

ROS goes.

JAN (CONT'D)
Security? Fifth floor. Prisoner on the loose.

INT. BUREAU 2 BUILDING -- CORRIDOR. DAY.

JENNA with the disk in her hand, repeatedly punching the button to call a lift when...

Suddenly alarms begin to sound and warning lights begin to flash.

TANNOY VOICE
Intruder. Intruder. Floor five. All exits sealed.

JENNA looks and sees as...

ROS comes diving around the corner.

ROS
Be smart, Jenna! This can't work!

JENNA turns and runs.

ROS can't believe what she's seeing.

ROS (CONT'D)
Jenna?

JENNA is heading straight for the window at the corridor's end.

ROS (CONT'D)
Jenna! No!

JENNA hits the window at a dive and goes straight through.

EXT. BUREAU 2 BUILDING. DAY.

JENNA's long, diving fall.

INT. BUREAU 2 BUILDING -- CORRIDOR. DAY.

ROS turns, starts to jiggle the lift button just as JENNA did....

Then remembers that it's futile, curses, and dives for the stairway.

She hits the door. As part of the general alert, a light flashes above it. ROS rattles it. The door won't open.

EXT. BUREAU 2 CAR PARK. DAY.

JENNA lying face-down on the ground. The following all in slight slow motion.

She's alive. Just. She starts to raise her head...

And, almost as if in a dream, sees a CAR pull in right before her.

The car door opens. From behind the wheel, ROLAND looks down at JENNA.

He reaches down and takes the disk from JENNA's outstretched hand, his face showing no emotion.

INT. DATA SECURITY CENTRE. DAY.

ED and ALEX are following a SHIFT SUPERVISOR, a man in shirtsleeves and tie with a less elegant version of the BUGS headset-and-earpiece, as he passes through an area of cubicles and workstations. He has a sheaf of memos in his hand, and drops one at each desk or workstation as he passes.

SHIFT SUPERVISOR

If your people wanted extra security, it should have been written into the budget.

ED

We appreciate that, sir.

ALEX

Will you let us take the disk off your hands?

SHIFT SUPERVISOR

No chance.

ALEX

Why not?

SHIFT SUPERVISOR

Nobody cuts into my business.

ED

You're being targeted, sir. Right now.

SHIFT SUPERVISOR

All our stored data has a value to someone. We keep it well protected, don't you worry.

ED looks. An OPERATOR carrying a rack of golden disks is walking through an automatic door, beyond which lies the COMPUTER SECTION.

ALEX

I haven't seen a lock or a guard yet.

ED

Nobody's even checking ID.

SHIFT SUPERVISOR

We're a tight-knit team. Everyone knows everybody. Any strange face will stick out. We'd be on them like dogs.

At that moment, briefly, unnoticed by those onscreen, SAMANTHA walks across the foreground with a clipboard... unnoticed, unchallenged.

ED

What would it take to get the disk away from here? I'm not trying to cut into your business. I'm asking you a practical question.

The SHIFT SUPERVISOR turns stony-faced.

SHIFT SUPERVISOR

I don't even know you. For all I know, this could be a test. Go through channels.

He moves on.

LONG-LENS ANGLE ON SAMANTHA, glancing toward them from a suitably remote part of the office.

INT. DATA SECURITY CENTRE TOWER. DAY.

ED and ALEX wait by the lifts to descend. ED has his radio in his hand.

ALEX

What do you think?

ED

He's so sure he's got it covered, only one word springs to mind.

ALEX

Oops.

ED

You said it. (TO RADIO) Hello, Beckett?

INT. BECKETT'S JEEP. DAY (INTERCUT)

BECKETT driving.

BECKETT

I'm on my way over. How's it looking?

BACK WITH ED AND
ALEX ---

ED

I think our best chance is to steal the disk from them before someone else does.

BECKETT

What's your plan?

ED (LOWERED VOICE)
Well, by my reckoning, if we set up
a diversion, and take everyone's
attention away for just a couple of
minutes...

At that exact moment, further down the corridor, there's an
EXPLOSION that blows out the corridor windows of three
offices at once.

ALEX
Exactly like that.

Fire bells are ringing. People are running.

ED
Gotta go, Beckett.

ALEX and ED set off against the crowd. ALEX has the lead on
ED.

INT. COMPUTER AREA. DAY.

SAMANTHA left alone by the machines, glancing around to see
if she's being observed. A COMPUTER OPERATOR runs by...

COMPUTER OPERATOR
It's a fire. We have to get out of
the building.

SAMANTHA waits until he's gone and then...

Lifts the top sheet on her clipboard, revealing the GOLDEN
DISK clipped in place underneath.

She sits at one of the deserted workstations, and hits the
button to open a drive. The drive cover hinges open with a
hiss of air... it's bigger and much more impressive than any
ordinary disk drive.

She inserts the disk into the drive, and closes it up. Then
she reaches for a mouse, and calls up a succession of
screens.

ALEX
Hey!

SAMANTHA spins on her seat and gets to her feet. ALEX and ED
are before her.

SAMANTHA picks up the chair, as a weapon.

SAMANTHA
Stay back.

ED
Give us the disk, Samantha. We
won't let you leave the building
with it. Fire or no fire.

But ALEX is looking past her, at the workstation screen.

ALEX
She doesn't need to leave the
building, Ed. She's sending all the
information down the line!

ED tries to get near, but the swinging chair drives him back.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Cut the link or kill the power!
I'll keep her busy!

ED hesitates.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Go on! I can handle her!

ED dives on through an open doorway into the COMPUTER AREA
where the server towers are.

Still with SAMANTHA and ALEX...

SAMANTHA throws down the chair.

Then she showily flexes all her fingers, makes a fist with
one hand and then, without breaking eye contact with ALEX,
punches downward and straight through the inch-thick top of a
nearby desk.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Uh-oh.

INT. COMPUTER AREA. DAY.

ED is starting at the far end of the row of machines,
switching off the power to one after another. He has to
search for a different switch on each of them.

Will he make it? He's a couple short of the end when...

WHAM! The panel wall between this area and the working area
next door is burst inward as ALEX is hurled right through it
as if it were a paper screen.

ED
Alex!

INT. DATA SECURITY CENTRE. DAY.

Having disposed of ALEX, SAMANTHA returns to the workstation screen and sees...

An icon that reads DONE.

INT. ROLAND'S CAR. DAY.

ANGLE PAST A FIGURE whose identity we can't make out, onto a chunky portable MILITARY-STYLE FIELD COMPUTER built into a robust metal case lies with its screen up and a cellular phone slotted into a socket.

ON THE SCREEN, a circle with two quadrants shaded like a pie chart. As we look, a third shaded quarter slides into place.

INT. COMPUTER AREA. DAY.

ED moves to ALEX; she's hurt and groggy, but conscious.

ALEX
Did you stop her?

ED
I wasn't quick enough.

ALEX
You mean I feel like this for nothing?

ED's checking her like an expert first-aider.

ED
Can you feel your legs? Move your feet.

She nods, complies.

ED (CONT'D)
Squeeze my hand.

ALEX (WRYLY)
A trick. I knew it. I'm all right.
Help me up.

With Ed's help, she gets to her feet.

INT. DATA SECURITY CENTRE. DAY.

Smoke in the air. SAMANTHA sits impassively at the workstation, hands folded in her lap.

ED appears, supporting ALEX out of the computer area.

ED (ANGRILY)
Satisfied?

SAMANTHA nods.

ED (CONT'D)
You'd better get out of the
building. The fire's moving this
way.

SAMANTHA
This job's done. Nothing more for
me.

ED
Don't you even want to save
yourself?

SAMANTHA shrugs. She looks at the floor, and pays no further
attention to ED.

ALEX
Come on.

She draws ED away.

EXT. MODERN HIGH-RISE BUILDING. DAY.

With a fire engine visible in the background, the SHIFT
SUPERVISOR is counting his staff, shoving them along as they
pass before him, when BECKETT appears behind his shoulder.

BECKETT
Who's in there?

SHIFT SUPERVISOR
Nobody's in there.

BECKETT
What about my people?

SHIFT SUPERVISOR
Your people aren't my problem.

BECKETT's about to head for the building when...

He stops, his attention caught by something he's seen.

THROUGH THE CROWD -- we get a glimpse of ROLAND looking up at
the building. Almost immediately, he turns from us and moves
away.

BECKETT sets off after him.

We see ROLAND disappearing around a corner.

EXT. BY MODERN BUILDING. DAY.

BECKETT reaches that same corner, stops, and takes a cautious peek around it.

BECKETT'S POV: ROLAND'S car stands with the driver's door open, the nose of the car pointing away from us at an angle. A figure is in the driver's seat, back toward us, appearing to be concentrating on something on the passenger seat.

Stealthily, BECKETT starts to move in on the blind side of the car.

BECKETT'S NEW POV; he can see past the figure to the illuminated screen of the FIELD COMPUTER as he gets within grabbing distance of the figure in the seat.

And as he seizes the figure by the arm...

BECKETT

Nice try, Roland. But you're one disk short.

The figure slumps, turning and falling onto the wheel so that the horn blasts out. It's JENNA, and she's dead.

As BECKETT looks down shocked, the GUN that ROLAND took from the Security Chief is placed against his head behind his ear. BECKETT'S eyes widen. The hammer is cocked.

ROLAND

I know. That's where you come in.

(SCENE WITH ROS AS SHE GETS ROLAND'S CALL, THEN ACT FADE)

EXT. STABLEYARD. DAY.

ROS' car pulls into the yard before a row of riding stables, where a STABLEBOY is sweeping up hay from the cobbles. ROS and JAN leap out.

JAN

We need to speak to Lord Fulwood.

The STABLEBOY is a grown man in his 40s or older.

STABLEBOY

You just missed him.

ROS

Where did he go?

STABLEBOY

Down to the low field with the estate manager.

ROS vanishes off the edge of our vision.

JAN

Open the gate and point us the way,
then.

STABLEBOY

You can't get a car down there.

JAN (SHOWING ID)

Listen to me. I'm the Director of
Intelligence Co-ordination. I sat
on a committee with Lord Fulwood
before his retirement. We need to
speak to him urgently.

STABLEBOY

Before his retirement?

JAN

You heard what I said.

STABLEBOY

Well, there's something you
obviously don't know.

Suddenly, there's a clattering of hooves on cobbles and we
cut wide to see...

ROS on HORSEBACK, emerging from one of the stables as if out
of a starting gate.

Horse and rider thunder across the yard, leap the fence, and
head out across the fields with JAN and the STABLEBOY
watching them go.

INT. DATA SECURITY CENTRE. DAY.

Fire blazing down the far end of a corridor. Lots of smoke.
Sprinklers are raining down in the foreground, but they're
making no difference.

ED and ALEX, soaking wet and with their hair plastered down,
come around a corner and are confronted by the blaze. ALEX is
leaning heavily on ED.

ALEX

It's spreading like... like...

ED

Wildfire?

ALEX

How can we get to the stairs?

ED

I don't know.

BECKETT pulls out a cellphone or radio.

INT. DATA SECURITY CENTRE. DAY. (INTERCUT)

A big gout of fire blossoms at the corridor's end.

WITH ED and ALEX, as ED answers Beckett's call.

BECKETT

Where are you?

ED

Five floors up. We can see the stairway, but we can't get to it. I'm sorry, Beckett, we blew this one.

BECKETT

Join the club. They've got three disks out of four. What's cutting you off?

ED

Wall of fire. The sprinklers aren't doing a thing.

BECKETT

Is there any way through?

ED

It's a clear run, but it's a barbecue.

BECKETT

Stand by.

Ignoring a warning shout from offscreen, BECKETT heads toward the building.

EXT. FULWOOD COUNTRY ESTATE. DAY.

ROS on horseback, arrowing down across a field.

At the end of the field are two people on horseback -- LORD FULWOOD and his ESTATE MANAGER. The ESTATE MANAGER is nearest to us, a shotgun broken open over his arm. For the moment, he's masking our view of the other rider.

ROS draws her mount up and calls out...

ROS

Lord Fulwood?

The ESTATE MANAGER looks at her. Tweedy and straight-backed, the immediate assumption is that this is Lord Fulwood.

But then, seen past him, a fourteen-year-old boy moves his mount in order to emerge into our line of sight.

LORD FULWOOD

Yes?

INT. MODERN HIGH-RISE BUILDING -- STAIRWELL. DAY.

BECKETT ascends in the stairwell. Smoke haze, and emergency lighting. A number painted on the wall marks this level as the fifth. Water showering from the sprinklers in here, as well.

BECKETT has an equipment bag slung over his shoulder, and the radio in his hand. He stops by the door.

BECKETT

Ed?

INT. DATA SECURITY CENTRE. DAY (INTERCUT)

ED responds.

ED

Strangely enough, we're still here.

WITH BECKETT -- as he speaks, he tentatively pats his hand against the door handle to see if it's too hot to touch.

BECKETT

I brought some grenades.

ED

Typical Beckett. Whenever there's a problem, blow something up.

BECKETT

In this case, I'm hoping to blow the flames out. But you may only get a few seconds before the fire re-ignites.

ED

What, like one of those trick birthday candles?

BECKETT

I'm serious. You're going to have to run like hell.

ED

So what are we waiting for?

BECKETT tenses himself, and then opens the door on the blaze. He keeps himself to one side.

Holding the door with his foot, he pulls a GRENADE from the bag and starts to set it.

WITH ED and ALEX --

ALEX

I can't run. You'll have to go without me.

ED

Yeah, sure.

He lifts her up off her feet.

WITH BECKETT --

BECKETT

Here it comes!

He throws in the grenade, covers his ears...

ANGLE ON THE CORRIDOR -- a white flash and a loud bang, and all the flames appear to get sucked away in an instant.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Run!

And even as he's shouting, around into view comes ED, carrying ALEX.

ON BECKETT -- this wasn't what he was expecting to see.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Ed, what are you..?

He stares, helplessly, as...

With a very slight touch of SLOW MOTION, ED and ALEX fly down the corridor toward him. Behind them, new flames start to spurt and grow from the corridor's sides.

ON BECKETT, beckoning them forward...

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Move it! Come on!

WITH ED and ALEX, as the flames behind them boil up to fill the corridor again...

And as they reach BECKETT, he grabs ED's shoulder and speeds them through the doorway.

He slams the door SHUT on the corridor, which is now burning as fiercely as before.

All collapse. Made it.

EXT. STABLEYARD. DAY.

The horses are being led away as ROS and JAN move with the young LORD FULWOOD.

JAN

I'm so sorry. I didn't even know your father had died.

LORD FULWOOD

As soon as he knew he was ill, he broke all his links with public life. He reckoned if he kept it quiet enough, he could cut out all the fuss and sabotage the obituaries.

ROS

What about the disk? (JAN SHOOTS HER A SHARP LOOK) I'm sorry, Jan, but it's why we're here.

LORD FULWOOD

I don't know about any disk.

JAN

He gave us a hint. In the letter.

ROS

Have you got it?

JAN drawn the folded letter out of an inside pocket and, at ROS' indication, hands it to the young LORD FULWOOD.

ROS (CONT'D)

Look at the date. Would he have known he was ill when he wrote this?

LORD FULWOOD nods.

ROS (CONT'D)

Then I think I can guess where the disk might be.

EXT. MODERN HIGH-RISE BUILDING. DAY.

PARAMEDICS are loading ALEX into an ambulance. She's strapped to a sit-up chair rather than a stretcher. ED and BECKETT hover.

BECKETT

You'd better go with her.

ED

What about the fourth disk?

BECKETT

Ros is onto it.

ED

Well, tell her to back off.
Roland's probably following her.
He's using her to find it for him!

The PARAMEDICS are about to close the ambulance doors.

ED (CONT'D)

Whoa!

He jumps into the back of the vehicle with ALEX.

As the AMBULANCE departs, BECKETT goes to his JEEP.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM. DAY.

A chapel or similarly sombre building in the grounds of the estate. ROS, JAN and the young LORD FULWOOD arrive before the doors. LORD FULWOOD has a big key.

LORD FULWOOD

They offered him a spot in the
Cathedral. But everyone else in the
family's buried here.

As the boy moves to open the door with the massive key, JAN moves to ROS and speaks in a lowered voice.

JAN

I hope you're not putting him
through this for nothing.

ROS

Lord Fulwood said he'd put the disk
in a place where he'd be able to
keep a permanent watch over it. And
he knew he was dying when he said
it. So...

LORD FULWOOD has opened the doors, now.

LORD FULWOOD

Do I have to come in with you?

He doesn't look very keen.

ROS

I'll take it from here.

She goes in alone.

JAN

Come on. Tell me about your school.

JAN starts to occupy the boy in conversation as they move off and we CUT TO:

A BINOCULAR-MASKED SHOT of the scene, the POV of some distant observer.

INT. HAYLOFT ABOVE STABLES. DAY.

ROLAND lowers the binoculars through which he's been watching.

He lays them aside and picks up the metal-cased FIELD COMPUTER, and moves to descend the loft ladder to the stable below.

INT. STABLE. DAY.

ROLAND descends the ladder, and we find...

The STABLEBOY and the ESTATE MANAGER, both unconscious, both dragged to sit in the hay with their heads bowed and their backs against a wall or partition. The broken-open SHOTGUN lies across the ESTATE MANAGER's knees.

ROLAND picks up the shotgun and, one-handed, hefts it so that the barrel swings up and locks.

Then, shotgun in one hand and field computer in the other, he heads out of the stable with a spring in his step.

INT. BECKETT'S JEEP. DAY.

BECKETT behind the wheel, using his headset.

BECKETT
Ros? Hello? Can you hear me?

INT. CRYPT. DAY.

ROS moving in the shadows, with her radio.

ROS
Is that you, Beckett? You're
breaking up. I can't get a signal
in here.

INT. BECKETT'S JEEP. DAY.

In frustration, BECKETT gives up on the call and concentrates on his driving.

EXT. GROUNDS. DAY.

JAN and the young LORD FULWOOD are walking in some part of the grounds.

LORD FULWOOD
Are you people spies?

JAN
No.

LORD FULWOOD
What are you, then?

JAN
We're specialists.

LORD FULWOOD
What in?

JAN
A bit of everything.

But LORD FULWOOD isn't listening; something's caught his attention and, with a look of annoyance, he steps forward.

LORD FULWOOD
Hey? Where do you think you're going?

ANGLE ON ROLAND, caught as he passes across the gap between a couple of hedges or similar; in an instant reaction, he drops the FIELD COMPUTER and brings the shotgun to bear.

JAN grabs LORD FULWOOD and pulls him out of the line of fire, putting herself before him as...

ROLAND lets rip a blast of the shotgun.

JAN's hit. She goes down.

ROLAND picks up the FIELD COMPUTER and walks on.

Young LORD FULWOOD anxiously helps JAN to half-sit up; disbelievingly, she clutches her wounded shoulder.

JAN
Oh, no.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

BECKETT'S JEEP on the move.

BECKETT at the wheel, looking grim.

INT. CRYPT. DAY.

Closeup on the brass plate at the end of the stone tomb of Oliver, the eighth Lord Fulwood.

Strewn with blackened wreaths and dead flowers, the tomb stands in the middle of a dimly-illuminated side-chapel. Light from stained-glass windows. Around the upper part of the chapel wall is a continuous painted fresco frieze of religious figures in the style of Russian icons, all saints and angels and dirty gold leaf.

ROS moves around the stone tomb, looking everywhere.

ROS
Hidden in plain sight.

She stops by the head of the tomb and, with one hand resting on it, scans all around.

No inspiration. Then...

Her eyes fix on something.

ROS' POV, tracking in as she starts to move forward... on the PAINTED FRIEZE.

Centering and moving in on a particular bearded SAINT with a GILDED HALO, one figure in a line of many.

With her fingertips, ROS brushes the surface dirt from the halo. Then, deftly, she extracts it from the recess in the plaster into which it has been slotted, fitted into place behind the cut-out head of the painted figure.

CLOSE ON ROS, as she holds the disk up before her and blows the dust from it.

ROS (CONT'D)
Well hidden, Lord F.

At which moment, the barrel of the SHOTGUN enters the frame and is placed against her neck.

ROLAND
Well found, Ros.

EXT. GROUNDS. DAY.

Looking forward through the windshield of BECKETT'S moving JEEP as JAN steps out to flag him down; she's holding her wounded shoulder as he draws level with her, and as soon as the JEEP is within reach she leans on it gratefully. LORD FULWOOD in the background, looking pale.

BECKETT
What happened to you?

JAN
Ros went into the crypt. Roland's
right behind her.

BECKETT
Get in.

JAN
No time. Go.

He guns the jeep, the jeep takes off.

JAN is left to wince and squeeze her shoulder as she watches
him go.

INT. MAUSOLEUM. DAY.

The FIELD COMPUTER stands open on the flat surface of the
stone tomb.

ROS stands before it with the final disk in her hand. ROLAND
has the shotgun aimed at her head.

She slots the last GOLDEN DISK into the field computer's
drive. Her hand shakes, and she almost fumbles it.

ROS
You're making me nervous, Roland.

ROLAND
Good.

ROS
Why don't you just shoot me and do
this yourself?

No response.

ROS (CONT'D)
You don't want to hurt me, do you?

ROLAND
You were always the sharpest of
them.

ROS
You are still Roland, then.

An element of bleakness enters Roland's voice.

ROLAND
I don't know who I am.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN -- as the fourth quadrant moves into
place on the pie chart. As it locks in, the screen flashes
and we hear:

GENERATED VOICE
Transmit the program now.

ROLAND
Do it.

ROS looks at him.

ROS
And if I say no?

ROLAND
Just because I don't want to hurt
you... that doesn't mean that I
won't.

She looks him in the eyes.

ROS
We go back a long way.

ROLAND
Don't try that. Beckett's the one
you're in love with.

ROS
How would you know that?

ROLAND
You hide it. But I knew it before
you did.

ON BECKETT -- he's pressed up against the wall in the main
body of the mausoleum, just outside the side-chapel. He can
hear all of this.

ROLAND cocks the hammers on the shotgun and moves the barrel
closer to ROS; she reacts with an involuntary drawing-in of
breath.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
Transmit the completed program,
Ros.

There's a beep as ROS presses a button on the mobile phone
mounted in a slot on the field computer. We hear the faint
tones of a modem dialling as ROS backs away from the machine,
deeper into the crypt. ROLAND has to turn to keep the gun on
her, so that his attention is drawn away from the machine and
his back is turned toward the entranceway.

ROS
You're making me part of a crime
against humanity. This will run
around the world in a matter of
seconds.

ROLAND

It's what we were programmed to do.
We are the limbs of Satan.

Looking past ROLAND, ROS can now see what he can't...

BECKETT, stealing in silently through the doorway of the crypt. He ducks out of sight behind the tomb.

ROS

Good job it can't work.

ROLAND

What's going to stop it?

ROS

You can't get a phone signal in here.

ROLAND looks around in surprise. The screen is flashing a NO SERVICE message.

As soon as his attention is off her, ROS leaps on ROLAND and grapples with the shotgun.

WITH BECKETT as he scrambles from his crouching position around the tomb to throw himself on ROLAND from the other side. He manages to remain standing and is doing his best to shake the two of them off.

He brings the stock of the SHOTGUN up and manages to clout ROS with it; but she still hangs on.

BECKETT

Ros! Get the trigger!

ROS

His hand's on it!

BECKETT

Get his hand, then!

Holding the end of the barrel, BECKETT forces it around so that it points at the FIELD COMPUTER.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Now!

ROS, with her hand over ROLAND's, forces the trigger as BECKETT fights to hold the barrel level.

The SHOTGUN fires, enormously loud in the echoing crypt.

The FIELD COMPUTER takes a close-range hit and is comprehensively, spectacularly destroyed where it stands.

ROLAND stops struggling. They let him go. ROS takes the shotgun, and ROLAND offers no resistance.

The FIELD COMPUTER is a burning pyre on top of the tomb.

ROLAND

Job's done. Nothing more for me.

ROS and BECKETT exchange a look as we...

Fade.

INT. ALEX'S OLD BEDROOM. DAY.

A pleasant, frilly room with old-fashioned floral patterns on everything and a cosy bedside lamp making a pattern on the wall. JAN, with her arm in a sling, and ED, stand either side of ALEX, who's lying in bed. They've got an arm each, and they're helping her to sit up with a stack of pillows behind her. She's looking OK.

ALEX

I can manage!

JAN

Shut up and enjoy being pampered.

ALEX

I've had more pampering this week than a sane person can stand.

At that moment, the voice of ALEX'S MOTHER can be heard calling from downstairs.

ALEX'S MOTHER (OFF)

Have you got everything you need, Alexandra?

ED

Alexandra?

ALEX (SHOOTING HIM A LOOK)

Yes, mother.

ED

I took a solemn vow. I love my parents dearly. But sickness or no sickness, I will crawl naked over broken glass before I'll ever move back in with them.

JAN is staring at ED with a look of faint dismay.

JAN With that picture firmly stuck in my mind, it's time I went. Goodnight, Alex.

She leaves. ED looks down at ALEX.

ED (CONT'D)
I suppose you'll want me out of the way as well.

ALEX (CASUALLY)
You can stay if you want.

Long pause. This is a breakthrough.

ED
Do you actually want me to?

ALEX gives a little shrug.

So ED pulls over a chair and sets it, chairback against the wall, by the side of the bed.

He sits. Neither speaks. They don't touch, or look at each other. In fact, they're deliberately avoiding meeting each other's eyes.

But both look uncommonly, quietly pleased with themselves.

INT. BECKETT'S PLACE. DAY.

BECKETT is carefully examining the surface of a vinyl record under a spotlight. ROS is hitched on the windowledge.

ROS
That's the craziest thing I ever heard.

BECKETT
Yep.

ROS
And this dealer says it's OK to buy back your entire collection one disk at a time?

BECKETT
The man is no fool. He'll make a mint.

He places the record on a turntable.

ROS
I'll never make you out.

BECKETT
I'm a deep and complicated person.
(THE MUSIC STARTS; CLASSIC BLUES.
BECKETT BEAMS) With simple pleasures.

He moves over to ROS, and partly draws down the blind to shade the upper half of the window. So now they're only inches apart.

ROS

Back there in the chapel. How much did you hear?

BECKETT

Hardly anything.

Despite herself, her face falls a little and she covers her disappointment by looking away.

ROS

Oh.

He settles beside her.

BECKETT

Just the important part.

ANGLE FROM OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, a lighted rectangle in the night, as we bring up the MUSIC and BECKETT and ROS finally embrace.

PULL BACK from the window and FADE with the scratchy classic blues playing over darkness for a few seconds, then...

END CREDITS