

**"SALISBURY"**

**EPISODE ONE**

**Eighth (Double Green) Amends**

**27/11/19**

**Written by**

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1                   **CAPTION: 4TH MARCH 2018**                   1

**TV LOCAL NEWS ARCHIVE**

Images of snowstorms, cars stuck in drifts on A-roads, a map that shows the flow of cold air from Russia over the UK now retreating backwards.

**PRESENTER**

An amber weather warning remains in place for South-West England as local authorities continue to deal with the so-called "Beast from the East". A thaw has begun, but dozens of homes and farms remain completely cut off by snow in exposed areas of the countryside...

1A                   **EXT. WILTSHIRE (WILT') COUNCIL OFFICES YARD - DAY - D1**                   1A  
**(4.3.18)- 1600**

Bustle and activity. MASSIVE GRITTING LORRIES go to and fro. BEN, a Council Logistics Officer, is loading portable electric heaters into the back of a van. Two more COUNCIL WORKERS are lifting bags of gritting salt from a huge mound into transit vans emblazoned with the council logo. TRACY DASZKIEWICZ, 45, wearing a hi-viz vest, is supervising.

**TRACY**

That's for Cathedral Walk and Castle Street yeah? I know it's melting but we can't take any chances.

They nod - it's clear they like her.

2                   **OMITTED**                   2

3                   **INT. SALISBURY (SAL') CATHEDRAL - DAY - D1 (4.3.18) - 1600**                   3

The organ plays as CHORISTERS make their way through the cathedral. DAWN STURGESS, 43, and her daughter GRACIE STURGESS, 9, are watching along with the congregation and tourists. DAWN beckons GRACIE to a bank of candles.

**DAWN**

Go on.

GRACIE lights a candle as EVENSONG begins in the background. It's a magical moment, the vast space suddenly filled with the sound of beautiful voices singing in unison.

4

**EXT. SAL' CITY CENTRE - DAY - D1 (4.3.18) - 1600**

4

PEOPLE move to and fro, amidst small banks of snow and slush. PARENTS with CHILDREN. An ELDERLY couple. We see SERGEI SKRIPAL, 62. He is sitting on a bench, looking up. His daughter YULIA, 33, is beside him, staring straight ahead. At first, their positions seem normal. As if simply lost in thought. The spell is broken as YULIA leans slowly forward and falls onto the ground. SERGEI doesn't move. Onlookers now spring into action. Some make calls while a MOTHER and DAUGHTER lean over YULIA and put a hand on SERGEI'S shoulder.

HOLLOWAY (O.C.)

Echo Lima Seven One arriving at the  
Maltings now...

A POLICE OFFICER, SERGEANT TRACY HOLLOWAY, in uniform, emerges running from a pedestrian underpass, surveying the scene. Her radio crackles in response.

VOICE ON RADIO

Echo Lima Seven One received over.

5

**EXT. WILT' COUNCIL OFFICES YARD - DAY - D1 (4.3.18) - 1600** 5

TRACY walks on to where BEN is loading the portable electric heaters. She reads from a checklist in her hand.

TRACY

The Turner farm, the Usherwood farm  
out by Amesbury, and the Lucas  
place out by Durrington. All got  
burst pipes, young families.

He leans over to read the list.

TRACY (CONT'D)

The Beast from the East is no match  
for a man with a van is it?

BEN

You can come too if you like Tracy?  
Plenty of room.

TRACY

(right back at him,  
tapping her head)  
Can't. Needed back here. I'm the  
brains of the operation, see.

BEN smiles as she walks back across the yard.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
(shouting back)  
And don't get stuck on Salisbury  
Plain! We can't afford the  
overtime!

BEN shakes his head as he shuts the doors of the van.

6                   **INT. HELICOPTER - DAY - D1 (4.3.18) - 1615**                   6

The deafening sound of helicopter blades over a shot of Salisbury countryside. The pilot adjusts his earpiece.

PILOT  
Air ambulance two minutes out over.

In the back of the air ambulance are two PARAMEDICS. One is readying their immediate response kit. The other is looking down to the ground. We are over the small city of Salisbury now, the Cathedral at its centre.

7                   **EXT. SAL' CATHEDRAL - DAY - D1 (4.3.18) - 1615**                   7

DAWN and GRACIE emerge from the Cathedral into the late afternoon light. Piles of snow and slush lie around the ancient cathedral cloisters. Music still emanates from within it. They are both wrapped up against the cold. GRACIE looks up to see the helicopter passing low overhead. DAWN puts her arm around GRACIE and they walk on.

8                   **EXT. SAL' CITY CENTRE, THE MALTINGS - CONTINUOUS - D1 (4.3.18) - 1615**                   8

HOLLOWAY moves to the crowd. Among them a black teenage boy. He seems fixated on SERGEI. Two PARAMEDICS are now running toward the scene, their rapid response vehicle pulled up on the green. Two more ambulances are pulling in, their sirens blaring.

HOLLOWAY  
Back, get back - get back!

She shouts to her colleague PC ALEX COLLINS (male)

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
Alex! Cordon!

COLLINS moves to push the crowd back. PC ALEX WADE stands up and back to let the paramedics take over working on YULIA. She looks up. She sees the helicopter approaching.

WADE moves to protect the scene from the crowds, spreading her arms wide.

HOLLOWAY is standing behind SERGEI, who is rigid and hard to manoeuvre. She is supporting his head as the arriving paramedics get to work. HOLLOWAY is scrabbling to put on blue medical gloves. The sound of helicopter blades. The Air Ambulance is landing nearby. Still holding Sergei's head, she bends down to speak to him.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
Sir, sir, can you hear me?

SERGEI vomits.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
Shit.

HOLLOWAY looks over. YULIA is still on the floor. She vomits again, but this time, she is choking too. The PARAMEDICS turn her on her side and begin clearing her airway. Now, HOLLOWAY looks up as PARAMEDICS from the air ambulance, dressed in red overalls, are running them from the helicopter.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
(to SERGEI)  
Come on, come on, it's OK. Stay with us.

SERGEI is now lying sideways on the bench. HOLLOWAY is bent over him.

9

**OMITTED**

9

10

**INT. BOURNE HILL (BH) POLICE STATION, CID OFFICE - DAY - D10  
(4.3.18) - 1620**

DETECTIVE SERGEANT NICK BAILEY, 37, in a plain clothes suit, returns to his desk with a cup of tea, and opens up his computer to review a case file. His police radio is tuned to general police traffic. He types in his name - DS NICK BAILEY - and password to gain access to the system. He stops typing as he listens in to the chatter about the incident at the Maltings.

VOICE ON RADIO (HOLLOWAY)  
Looks like a Fentanyl overdose  
Sarge.

NICK tries to concentrate on his file but is distracted again by the radio.

VOICE ON RADIO (HOLLOWAY) (CONT'D)  
They're in a pretty bad way over.

NICK thinks for a second. He picks up the radio and presses the button.

NICK  
DS Nick Bailey at Bourne Hill, I'm making my way to the scene.

VOICE ON RADIO  
DS Bailey received over.

He grabs the radio and his coat and walks out the door.

11 **EXT. SAL' CITY CENTRE (MARKET SQUARE) - DAY - D1 (4.3.18) 11**  
**1645**

DAWN walks with GRACIE to meet Dawn's mother, CAROLINE STURGESS, 64.

CAROLINE  
(to Gracie)  
Did you have a nice time love?

GRACIE  
Yeah nan. Great.

DAWN  
How's dad?

CAROLINE  
He's good. He says hello.

A beat. DAWN is not convinced that her father said hello.  
DAWN hugs GRACIE.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
(tentatively)  
How are you doing?

DAWN  
(a forced brightness)  
Good mum. Doing good.

An ambulance whizzes past. They watch it go.

DAWN (CONT'D)  
See you soon love!

GRACIE  
See ya mam!

DAWN looks at them walking away, a mix of emotions barely kept at bay.

12      **EXT. SAL' CITY CENTRE, HIGH STREET - DAY - D1 (4.3.18) - 1645**

DETECTIVE SERGEANT NICK BAILEY crosses the road, the sound of an ambulance in the background. He's walking with purpose. We get a sense of his surroundings - idyllic Salisbury, with its Tudor buildings, narrow winding streets and feel of civilised gentility. Within a few short steps he is in sight of the Maltings ahead of him, a small stream running alongside.

13      **EXT. SAL' CITY CENTRE, THE MALTINGS - DAY - D1 (4.3.18)      13**  
**1650**

DETECTIVE SERGEANT NICK BAILEY crosses the green and shows his warrant card to the POLICE OFFICERS rolling out the tape. He's taking in the whole scene with a professional detachment. He walks over to the bench. PC ALEX COLLINS, with intense distaste, is shovelling vomit into a blue bag.

NICK  
Rather you than me mate.

Collins shakes his head in disgust. NICK strolls over to SERGEANT TRACY HOLLOWAY who is standing with PC ALEX WADE.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Overdose?

HOLLOWAY  
Dunno. Bit weird. Bloke in his  
sixties, girl in her thirties, both  
of them well dressed?

He nods. She hands him a wallet. He opens it.

NICK  
Not too many druggies with credit  
cards either.

He reads the name on the bank card.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Skripal.

HOLLOWAY nods.

HOLLOWAY  
Maybe they're tourists.

He finds a driving licence.

NICK  
No. Christie Miller Road.

A beat as he looks around. He nods to the bench.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Let's get Trumpton to give that a  
proper clean yeah. God knows what's  
happened here.

He looks at her police trousers.

NICK (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
And while they're at it.

HOLLOWAY looks at the mess on her uniform. NICK walks away &  
presses the button on his radio.

NICK (CONT'D)  
DS Bailey. Can we get a uniform to  
the following address....

14     **EXT. SKRIPAL HOUSE, CHRISTIE MILLER (CM) ROAD - DUSK - D1 14**  
         **(4.3.18) - 1830**

PC JOE MURRAY approaches a house in a nondescript cul-de-sac.  
He walks up to the door and knocks it. Above the door is a  
lucky horseshoe. No answer. Then he walks to the living room  
window and looks in. Nothing. A neighbour, JAYNE MCNAUGHTEN,  
emerges from her house.

JAYNE  
He's gone out with his daughter.  
Everything alright?

15     **EXT. SAL' CITY CENTRE, THE MALTINGS - DUSK - D1 (4.3.18) - 15**  
         **1900**

A FIREFIGHTER in protective clothing is hosing down the bench  
at the Maltings. Water is running into a nearby drain. PC  
ALEX COLLINS watches on.

16     **INT. BH POLICE STATION, CID OFFICE - DUSK - D1 (4.3.18) - 1930**

DS NICK BAILEY is perched on a desk, talking to his boss DI  
BEN MANT and his colleague PC MATT BENNETT. MANT is reading a  
preliminary report on the events of the afternoon.



NICK

I want to check there are no other casualties. We don't have a warrant but the neighbour's got a spare key...

MANT nods.

MANT

Should be fine.

NICK picks up a radio.

NICK

Alright, let's take a look, she goes first, you follow.

MURRAY (O.S.)

Received.

Suddenly HOLLOWAY calls from another part of the room.

HOLLOWAY

Nick! Nick you have to see this!

They go over to where she is sitting at a computer terminal. NICK starts to read the page, his eyes widening.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

I just - googled him.

NICK looks up at MANT then picks up his radio.

NICK

Do not to go in the house. Repeat. Joe. Do not go in the house. Over.

MURRAY (O.S.)

OK sarge. Standing by. Over.

17      **EXT. TRACY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - D1 (4.3.18) - 2029**      17

TRACY arrives home in her car. There's a snow shovel resting next to the front door. A half-melted snowman in the drive.

18      **INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - D1 (4.3.18) - 2030**      18

TRACY opens the front door and takes off her coat and boots. Her son TOBY, 12, comes walking purposefully out of the kitchen to meet her. He is looking at his digital watch. Then at her.

TRACY  
Sorry I'm late Tobes.

He doesn't acknowledge the apology.

TOBY  
Can I play Playstation before  
dinner?

TRACY  
Yeah why not.

He goes to walk off.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Hey!

He stops.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Love you.

TRACY puts her closed fist to her heart and then splays her  
fingers quickly, like an explosion.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Boom.

TOBY repeats the action, but speaks more quickly, and without  
much emotion.

TOBY  
Love you boom.

He walks off. She watches him go, an ancient worry on her  
face that's a part of her being. She walks into the kitchen,  
where she is met by her husband TED, 58. TRACY looks around.

TED  
Dinner in the oven, 12-year old boy  
alive and well.

They kiss. She looks around at the tidy house.

TRACY  
(smiling)  
Maybe I should go to work on a  
Sunday more often?

19      **EXT. DRIVEWAY, SKRIPAL HOUSE, CM ROAD - NIGHT - D1 (4.3.18) 19 - 2235**

NICK BAILEY is pulling on a white forensic suit in the driveway of the Skripal house. Beside him, DI BEN MANT and PC MATT BENNETT are doing the same. PC JOE MURRAY is watching them. JAYNE and some other NEIGHBOURS are watching from their front windows. NICK looks sceptically at his forensic suit.

NICK  
Are these even proper forensic suits?

MANT  
Not exactly. But we've run out. I borrowed those off a mate in the fire service.

NICK shrugs and continues to pull on the white paper suit. As MANT looks at MURRAY, something occurs to him. He walks over.

MANT (CONT'D)  
Give us your bodycam mate.

MURRAY takes off the bodycam and hands it to MANT, who in turn gives it to BENNETT.

MANT (CONT'D)  
Right. Come on then.

NICK  
I'll go first guv.

MANT  
Be my guest.

NICK zips his suit up. He puts on a light face mask and a pair of latex gloves. He looks up at the darkened house. He walks towards it. Behind him BENNETT starts to film. NICK walks to the front door. We see his gloved hand reach down. He puts a key in the lock. His hand settles on the door handle. He pushes down.

20      **INT. SKRIPAL HOUSE, CM ROAD - NIGHT - D1 (4.3.18) - 2240      20**

NICK turns on the hallway light. A BLACK CAT is startled, and runs up the stairs. NICK moves through the ground floor.

We concentrate on his right hand, as it switches on lights. He picks up a picture. SERGEI SKRIPAL in full Russian paratrooper dress uniform. Next to it is a picture of SERGEI and his wife LYUDMILLA on their wedding day. There are some more recent photographs.

One is a family portrait of SERGEI and LYUDMILLA, looking older, with two teenage children, YULIA and SASHA SKRIPAL. Beside it a drinks cabinet, a bottle of vodka and glasses, and a porcelain English cottage.

NICK readjusts his goggles with his gloved hand, then hears a strange, disturbing sound, like a kind of low level screaming. He moves towards where it emanates from, turns on a light - to reveal two HUNGRY GUINEA PIGS in a large hutch in the kitchen, screeching noisily.

21      **EXT. DRIVEWAY, SKRIPAL HOUSE, CM ROAD - NIGHT - D1 (4.3.18) 21-2320**

NICK, BENNETT, AND MANT are taking off their forensic suits. We notice how NICK rolls up his gloves with his bare hands, and throws them into a large clear plastic zip-lock bag that BENNETT has brought for the purpose.

NICK  
Echo Lima Seven Seven, nothing  
unusual at the premises over.  
Forensic precautions taken.

VOICE ON RADIO  
Echo Lima Seven Seven, acknowledged  
over.

BENNETT throws the bodycam to MURRAY, who catches it. NICK looks up at MURRAY.

NICK  
Cheers mate.

22      **INT. SAL' HOSPITAL, ICU - NIGHT - D2 (5.3.18) - 0123**      22

DR JAMES HASLAM, 38, walks up the corridor with a small hand-held machine and into ICU. Staff exchange glances. SENIOR STAFF NURSE EMMA BLACK, 47, is with SERGEI SKRIPAL, unconscious, dozens of drips and wires protruding from his body.

HASLAM  
Finally got one from Medical  
Physics.

BLACK  
(sceptically)  
The police really think it's a  
possibility?

HASLAM

(shrugs)

They want us to rule nothing out.  
I've already sent off for every  
prescription and recreational drug  
I can think of. And we'll need to  
take some blood for the MoD too.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

They turn on the machine and start to run it over his body.  
CLICK CLICK CLICK...

23                   **INT. BH POLICE STATION - NIGHT   - D2 (5.3.18) - 0427**                   23

...TAP TAP TAP. NICK BAILEY types out his report on the  
computer. He looks clammy. He coughs. He is exhausted - and  
even though it is four thirty in the morning, this level of  
tiredness is a surprise to him. MANT puts his head around the  
door.

MANT

How you getting on?

NICK

Nearly done.

MANT leaves. NICK suddenly has a wave of dizziness. He  
breathes deeply, trying to steady himself.

24                   **OMITTED**                   24                   \*

25                   **OMITTED**                   25

26                   **INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - DAWN - D2 (5.3.18) - 0704**                   26

Toast pops. TRACY takes it from the toaster and butters it.  
She's dressed in a business suit. She's struggling with  
competing noises and sounds in this busy house. Behind her,  
TED and TOBY are engaged in a press-up competition. TED  
loudly counts the repetitions.

TED

Seventeen! Eighteen! Come on Tobes!

Meanwhile, something on the radio has caught TRACY's  
attention. She turns it up and becomes still for a moment.

NEWSREADER

...a man and a woman remain in  
critical condition after a  
suspected drugs overdose in  
Salisbury.

TOBY

Mum watch!

TRACY

(distracted)

I am watching.

TRACY turns to observe the press-up competition, as her phone  
rings. She looks at her watch.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(surprised)

Alistair.

She listens. She looks serious.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Yeah. Yeah of course.

(beat)

I'll leave now. OK. See you then.

She looks back at her family. TED collapses onto his chest as  
TOBY does one more press up.

TOBY

Forty One!

TOBY jumps up.

TOBY (CONT'D)

I won I won! Mum I won!

TRACY

I know I saw! You champion!

TED, exhausted, is still on the floor. He pulls himself up  
onto his side.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(harried, to Ted)

Can you do the school run?

TED

No problem. Everything alright?

TRACY shrugs.

TRACY

Just the usual. See you guys.

(to Toby)

Tobes, love you, boom!

TOBY does the exploding heart sign with his hand. She's already collecting her things, heading for the door.

26a      **EXT. BAILEY HOUSE, CAR - DAWN - D2 (5.3.18) - 0710**      26a

NICK drives down his street. Pristine, well-kept, ideal homes. It's still dark and lights are visible in other people's houses as they get ready for the day. The odd person already on their way to work. He pulls up in his drive-way. He sees his NEIGHBOUR getting into his car, and waves. The NEIGHBOUR waves back. \*

27      **OMITTED**      27      \*

28      **INT. BAILEY HOUSE, HALLWAY, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - D2 (5.3.18) - 0712**      28      \*

NICK enters the hallway. SARAH BAILEY calls out from upstairs. \*

SARAH (O.S.) \*

(calling out) \*

Nick? \*

NICK \*

(calling back) \*

Yeah. Sorry I'm so late. \*

He looks at his watch. \*

NICK (CONT'D) \*

(muttering) \*

Or early. \*

A beat. \*

NICK (CONT'D) \*

(calling) \*

Cuppa? \*

SARAH \*

(calling) \*

Love one. \*

NICK walks in to the kitchen and begins making tea and toast. He looks grey and sweaty. We are keenly aware of his hands. \*

Taking bread from the bread bin. A tea bag from a ceramic jar. He presses the button on the kettle. Pushes a lever down on the toaster. He uses some kitchen roll to wipe his head and then puts it in the bin. Suddenly he becomes unsteady. He leans against the kitchen worktop to help himself balance. He breathes deeply. He looks worried.

\*  
\*  
\*

29

**INT. BAILEY HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY - D2 (5.3.18) - 0720**

29

NICK comes into the bedroom with tea and toast on the tray. He stumbles slightly. SARAH smiles widely.

SARAH

Legend.

He puts the tray on her lap. Leans in for a kiss. She moves away.

\*  
\*

SARAH (CONT'D)

I've got morning breath.

\*  
\*

NICK

Like I ever care.

\*  
\*

SARAH relents. They kiss tenderly.

\*

SARAH

Rough night?

NICK

Weird night.

She looks at him properly for the first time.

\*

SARAH

What's up with your eyes?

\*

NICK

My eyes?

SARAH

Yeah your pupils. They're tiny.

NICK

What do you mean?

\*

He gets up and looks at his eyes in the mirror. He is surprised to see that the pupils are tiny. He pulls down his eyelids. Blinks several times. It doesn't change. He's disturbed by this. It looks so odd.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*



As he's examining his reflection his daughter ANNIE, 8, comes up behind him and gives him a surprise hug. It makes him jump.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Hey beautiful!

SARAH  
Go on down and pour some cereal.  
I'll be there in a sec love.  
(turning to Nick)  
You. Sleep. Now. Yeah?

NICK smiles. SARAH turns, closes the door. His smile fades. He looks back at the mirror and resumes fiddling with his eyelid.

\*  
\*  
\*

30      **INT. SAL' HOSPITAL, ICU - MORNING - D2 (5.3.18) - 0740**      30

SERGEI SKRIPAL is intubated and on life support. HASLAM watches as EMMA BLACK, wearing a mask and a gown, takes a vial of blood and carries it to the other side of the room, where a MILITARY COURIER, 20s, is waiting, crash helmet to one side. He stands in front of two boxes, marked SUBJECT ONE and SUBJECT TWO, filled with ice. One box already contains a vial of blood. BLACK places the vial she's carrying into the other box. The COURIER closes both lids and walks out, HASLAM watching all the way.

31      **EXT. SALISBURY PLAIN - MORNING - D2 (5.3.18) - 0755**      31

The MILITARY COURIER rides a military motorbike at speed across Salisbury Plain. The cases carrying the vials of blood are attached to the rear of the bike. In the distance are military-looking buildings. From inside one of those buildings, PROFESSOR TIM ATKINS, 43, watches it approach. He looks uneasy.

32      **OMITTED**      32

32a      **EXT. WILT' COUNCIL OFFICE - MORNING - D2 (5.3.19) - 0815**      32a

TRACY drives speedily up toward Wiltshire Council offices.

33      **INT. WILT' COUNCIL OFFICE, CORRIDOR / ALISTAIR'S OFFICE - 33**  
**MORNING - D2 (5.3.18) - 0820**

Lift doors open. TRACY walks into a large open plan office, still mostly empty at this time of day. ALISTAIR CUNNINGHAM, emerges from his office and beckons her in.

She follows his sign. As she enters the room, ALISTAIR begins to speak.

ALISTAIR  
OK. Tracy's here too.

TRACY is momentarily confused, until a voice emerges from the speaker phone in the middle of the table. It's the voice of SUPERINTENDENT DAVE MINTY of Wiltshire Police.

MINTY (O.O.V)      \*

No one else in the room?

ALISTAIR  
No one else.

MINTY (O.O.V)      \*

Tracy, it's Superintendent Dave  
Minty over at Wiltshire Police.

TRACY  
Hiya Dave.

MINTY (O.O.V)      \*

We have a bit of a situation  
developing. Regarding these two  
people who collapsed yesterday at  
the Maltings. Are you CBRN trained?      \*

TRACY  
CBRN trained?

MINTY (O.O.V)      \*

Chemical, Biological,  
Radiological...

TRACY  
No... I mean Yes. I know what it  
means. I am, yes.

MINTY (O.O.V)      \*

And what's your security clearance?

A beat. She looks at ALISTAIR, astonished.

ALISTAIR  
Tracy is Category One Dave.

MINTY (O.O.V)

\*

OK. Can you make your way over here  
as quickly as possible? DCC Mills  
will brief you when you arrive.

TRACY

Dave, wait. Have you got blood test  
results?

MINTY (O.O.V)

\*

Tracy, please, I'll brief you when  
you arrive.

TRACY

(interrupting)

Sorry, Dave. But it'll take me  
thirty minutes to get there and we  
have to move quickly. Do a call  
around of everyone who was at the  
scene. Just ask them how they're  
feeling.

\*

MINTY (O.O.V)

\*

OK.

He hangs up.

TRACY

I'm supposed to be giving a food  
hygiene seminar this morning.

\*

\*

ALISTAIR

(interrupting)

It's OK. I'll get Owen to cover it.

(smiling, bewildered)

Good luck, yeah.

\*

\*

\*

TRACY is already distracted, absent, and leaving.

\*

34

**INT. BAILEY HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING - D2 (5.3.18) - 0905** 34

The pale winter light filters through the drawn curtains.  
NICK can't sleep. He can hear the sounds of domestic life  
emanating from downstairs. Clearing up the kitchen. The  
radio. He sits up and wipes his forehead. The bed under him  
is wet with sweat. He takes a deep breath. He lies back down.

35

**OMITTED**

35

36       **EXT. WILTSHIRE POLICE (POL') HQ - DAY - D2 (5.3.18) - 0920<sup>6</sup>**

TRACY pulls in. A complex of several buildings, new and old. Police cars in the parking spaces out front. A POLICE CONSTABLE is already standing outside to meet her. TRACY registers the address of this.

37       **INT. WILT' POL' HQ, CORRIDOR / MILLS' OFFICE - DAY - D2 37  
(5.3.18) - 0930**

TRACY is led down a corridor walled with photos of previous police top brass, and is shown into an office.

...where SUPERINTENDENT DAVE MINTY, 46 is reading files alongside DEPUTY CHIEF CONSTABLE PAUL MILLS, 50.

TRACY

Paul. Dave.

MILLS nods and beckons her to a seat. Something about sitting across from two uniformed police officers is off-putting. MINTY clears his throat.

MINTY

Everything you're about to hear is  
Cat One protected. OK?

TRACY nods. A beat as she looks from one to the other.

TRACY

Yes. I understand.

MINTY

The two people who took ill at the  
Maltings yesterday are Sergei and  
Yulia Skripal, father and daughter.  
They're Russian.

MILLS is watching TRACY closely, to see how she handles this. MINTY now takes a deep breath, produces two photographs from a folder and lays them out in front of TRACY. One is of SERGEI SKRIPAL in the uniform of the Russian Red Army, the other is of him behind bars in Moscow.

MINTY (CONT'D)

He was a high level MI6 agent  
inside Russia's GRU intelligence  
service and was moved to the UK as  
part of a spy swap. For some reason  
they put him in Salisbury.

TRACY

Right.

MINTY

The initial toxicology results say  
this isn't a drug overdose.

She looks from MINTY to MILLS.

TRACY

So what is it?

MILLS

We don't know yet. Samples of their  
blood have been sent for testing at  
Porton Down.

TRACY

(astonished)  
Porton Down?

MILLS

Mr Skripal's background rang some  
alarm bells. Not just with us. In  
Whitehall. There was another case,  
in '06... Alexander Litvinenko.

TRACY is shocked.

TRACY

So you think this is...what...an  
assassination...

MILLS

(interrupting)  
We wouldn't want to speculate  
publicly.

MINTY looks at MILLS.

MINTY

Privately, everything's on the  
table, yeah.

TRACY tries to contain her shock, and then collect her  
thoughts. She goes pale as the details come back to her.

TRACY

That was polonium, right?

MILLS

They've been checked for radiation.  
There's none.

TRACY nods. A small mercy perhaps - but one that leads to a  
million questions.

MINTY

We're setting up a Gold Command ops centre. To run the public health response.

TRACY just looks at him.

MILLS

And since you're the Director of Public Health for Wiltshire, we're going to need you right at the heart of this, with us.

She looks down at the photos on the desk. She looks up, trying to show a composure that she doesn't feel.

38      **INT. BAILEY HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING - D2 (5.3.18) - 1005** 38

SARAH is on her laptop as NICK enters, a little unsteadily.

SARAH

Feeling better?

NICK

(putting on a brave face)

Yeah. Better.

But he isn't. He crosses to the sink. Pours a glass of water. She's focused on the laptop. His phone rings. He answers it. NICK is instantly alert. He moves away from SARAH, out of the kitchen so she can't hear him on the phone properly.

NICK (CONT'D)

Yes ma'am.

(beat)

Oh yeah. I'm OK ma'am. Bit knackered but OK.

NICK looks back to make sure SARAH isn't listening.

NICK (CONT'D)

No. I feel fine. OK. Yeah, I'll drop in.

\*

NICK puts down the phone. He has a dizzy spell. He holds on to a table to keep himself upright. He looks in the mirror. He doesn't like what he sees. He pulls himself together.

NICK (CONT'D)

(calling out)

I'm off to the shops.

\*

SARAH (O.S.)  
Milk, toilet roll, washing powder!

He gets the car keys and walks out.

39 **OMITTED**

39

40 **INT. WILT' POL HQ, CORRIDOR / TRACY'S OFFICE - MORNING - D2**  
**(5.3.18) - 1010**

MINTY leads TRACY through a secure set of double doors, where they have to wait for the doors behind to close before the next doors open. She clocks the sign on the wall that lists the security level as HIGH. As she goes through the second door a POLICE OFFICER pulls her up short. She looks confused.

MINTY  
Your phone. They're not allowed  
inside.

TRACY hands the POLICE OFFICER her phone then carries on.

TRACY  
Anyone else reporting ill?

MINTY  
Not so far.

She nods.

TRACY  
We have to track back.

MINTY  
What?

TRACY  
Track the Skripals' movements up  
until the point they collapsed.  
Then see if anyone else connected  
with the places they visited has  
become ill. Just like in a case of  
food poisoning.

MINTY  
(a confused smile)  
Food poisoning?

They walk through a set of double doors.

TRACY  
You've ordered up the CCTV already?

MINTY  
It's on the way.

TRACY nods. MINTY unlocks a door. They walk into a nondescript office.

MINTY (CONT'D)  
Your humble abode.

She looks at the office.

MINTY (CONT'D)  
You ever done anything like this before?

TRACY  
Ask me again when I know what it is we're doing.

He smiles and leaves. Her face falls to reflect the gnawing anxiety she really feels. She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, then extends her arms outwards and upwards in a power pose. MINTY'S back.

MINTY  
Oh I meant to say...

TRACY  
(taken by surprise)  
Jesus!

He stops. Smiles.

MINTY  
Meeting in twenty. Ops room at the end of the corridor.

She nods.

MINTY (CONT'D)  
Nice power pose by the way.

He smiles, a glint in his eye. TRACY can't help smiling back.

41

**INT. PORTON DOWN RESEARCH LABORATORY - MORNING - D2 (5.3.18)<sup>1</sup> - 1030**

TIM ATKINS watches from behind a thick glass window as LAB TECHS in CBRN gear perform tests on the blood samples taken from the Skripals. He is gazing intently at them as they work, making sure they are doing everything perfectly.



42

**EXT. SALI' CITY CENTRE - MORNING - D2 (5.3.18) - 1040**

42

DAWN STURGESS walks to a bench where she finds CHARLIE ROWLEY, 42. He is sitting with THREE FRIENDS, one of whom is SAM. All semi-homeless residents of hostels and temporary accommodation. All addicts in one way or another. DAWN nods her hellos and sits down beside CHARLIE. They are looking down toward the Maltings. There are more POLICE OFFICERS there now, and more police tape cordoning it off.

DAWN

What's up?

CHARLIE

Overdose they're saying. Nobody we know though. And they're going to a lot of trouble over it.

She shrugs. CHARLIE offers a roll-up. She takes it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Got you something.

He roots in his backpack and hands her a book.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You like true crime ones don't you.

DAWN

Thanks Charlie!

A beat. DAWN is happy. She looks over at the Maltings. Something about it makes her uneasy.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go back to mine.  
Least it's warm.

They stand up.

DAWN (CONT'D)

(to the group)  
See ya later.

Mumbles of "see ya". DAWN and CHARLIE walk off.

42a

**EXT. JOHN BAKER (JB) HOUSE - MORNING**

42a

DAWN and CHARLIE arrive at a big, worn-looking building. It's a half-way house for people with drug and alcohol problems. There's a CCTV camera fixed above the door and an intercom beside it. She presses the button.

DAWN

Hiya. It's Dawn.

A buzzer sounds and they go in.

43                    **INT. SAL' HOSPITAL, ICU - MORNING - D2 (5.3.18) - 1115**                    43

DR JAMES HASLAM comes out of SERGEI SKRIPAL'S room and into the main ICU ward. Two burly FIREARMS OFFICERS walk towards him up the corridor. HASLAM is astonished. He addresses one of them - ADE RICHMOND.

\*  
\*

HASLAM

What's going on?

RICHMOND

We'll be stationed here from now on.

\*

HASLAM

(surprised)

What, as in - right here?

The FIREARMS OFFICERS nod and take up their position outside the door to SERGEI SKRIPAL'S room. HASLAM looks up the corridor. Two more FIREARMS OFFICERS are taking up position at the entrance to the ICU. HASLAM walks away, now even more concerned at what may be unfolding in front of him.

44                    **OMITTED**                    44

45                    **INT. WILT' POL' HQ, CORRIDOR / OPERATIONS (OPS) ROOM - MORNING - D2 (5.3.18) - 1130**                    45

Tracy walks out of her office as various POLICE OFFICERS and CIVILIANS are going into the operation room ahead. This is getting bigger already. TRACY joins the flow, highly aware of the new people around her and pushes on some double doors. Inside she finds a large room with a huge, 0-shaped table. Twelve people are sitting around it. MILLS is at the head of the table. He begins immediately.

MILLS

Welcome everybody. I'm DCC Paul Mills. We're moving quickly here so I'll let you introduce yourselves as we go on. I've just been informed that this is now a criminal investigation, and it will be run by Counter Terrorism Command.

Glances around the room. TRACY tries to take this in. Someone is now handing out information packs marked "Confidential". People pick them up and look at them - photos, maps.

MILLS (CONT'D)

They believe this is indeed some sort of attack. On two Russian citizens.

He looks around. Some shaking heads. He lets this sink in.

MILLS (CONT'D)

So our job, in this room, is not to find out who did it. It's to keep the people of Salisbury safe. This will be multi-agency, national as well as local, so we're going to have to work together as a team. And I have a feeling I'm going to need all the advice you can give me.

They all nod.

MILLS (CONT'D)

OK. Tracy? Do you want to start?

TRACY is just settling in: she wasn't expecting to be called first. She takes a deep breath.

TRACY

Tracy Daszkiewicz, Director of Public Health Wiltshire. Don't worry there won't be a spelling test.

She pauses. A few smiles but not the ice breaker she was hoping for. Is she out of her depth here? She finds herself.

TRACY (CONT'D)

OK. The victims show no sign of radioactivity. But we're no closer to knowing what this toxin may be.

She gathers confidence as she speaks. She reminds herself that this is her job and she's good at it.

TRACY (CONT'D)

So I think we should assume for now that this is something they ate or drank. Our goal here is to find the source of the contamination. Ground Zero.

They're listening now.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
If we do that we stand a fighting  
chance of locking this down  
quickly. But the longer it takes...

She looks around. They are all looking at her. She clears her  
throat nervously.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
(to Mills)  
Well, the longer it takes the worse  
it's going to get.

46 INT. WILT' POL' HQ, CORRIDOR - LATER - D2 (5.3.18) - 1205 46

TRACY is standing in the corridor with MILLS and MINTY as  
people walk past.

TRACY  
I'd like to have a look at the  
scene.

MILLS nods to MINTY.

MILLS  
Of course. Dave'll take you.

TRACY  
And I still need to see the CCTV.

MILLS exchanges a glance with MINTY.

MILLS  
That's going to be tricky.

TRACY  
Why? I won't be able to do my job  
if people are keeping secrets...

MILLS  
Security services have become  
involved too.

TRACY  
Which ones?

MILLS  
All of them. I'm about to go into a  
COBRA meeting on teleconference...

TRACY

Jesus.

MILLS

Just keep doing your job and I'll  
help wherever I can. OK?

He walks off.

MINTY

Not exactly what you want on your  
first day as Deputy Chief  
Constable.

A beat. She looks at him, surprised.

MINTY (CONT'D)

What's the opposite of beginner's  
luck?

47     **INT. SAL' HOSPITAL, A&E DEPT, RECEPTION - DAY - D2 (5.3.18) 47-1200**

NICK walks through and up towards reception. VARIOUS ILL  
PEOPLE are waiting on chairs all around. NICK is  
uncomfortable. He doesn't want to be here.

48     **INT. SAL' HOSPITAL, A&E DEPT - DAY - D2 (5.3.18) - 12.15     48**

NICK BAILEY sits with a nurse, MARK O'BRIAN. He is taking his  
blood pressure. The machine pumps up on his arm.

NICK

I feel a bit ridiculous.

O'BRIAN

Better to get you checked out  
anyway.

He reads the results. Then he leans over and looks closely at  
his eyes.

O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

Your vitals are all fine. Blood  
pressure. Heart rate. No  
temperature. As for the pupils ,  
maybe yours tend to be a bit on the  
small side normally and it's very  
bright in here. I don't think  
there's anything to worry about.

NICK  
(relieved)  
OK. Good to know. Thanks.

49      **EXT. SAL' CITY CENTRE, THE MALTINGS - DAY - D2 (5.3.18) - 49**  
**12.45**

TRACY and MINTY walk towards the police cordon at The Maltings. POLICE OFFICERS in white forensic suits - are erecting a tent to seal the bench from view. They both hold notebooks.

TRACY  
How was the bench cleaned?

MINTY looks at his notebook.

MINTY  
The Fire Service power hosed it.

She stops, looking from the bench to the river. She writes something.

TRACY  
That drain feeds into the water course.

MINTY  
And?

TRACY  
Contaminated bodily fluids could have been washed into it. Where were they before that?

MINTY looks down at his notebook.

MINTY  
They visited the cemetery in the morning where Sergei's wife and son are buried. Then they drove into the city, parked in Sainsbury's, went for a pint in the Mill pub, had lunch in Zizzi's then walked through the Maltings till they sat here.

She's deep in thought, and the more she thinks the less happy she gets.

MINTY (CONT'D)  
What?

She shoots him an ominous glance. She walks off.

MINTY (CONT'D)

Oi!

He jogs after her.

50       **OMITTED**       50

51       **OMITTED**       51

52       **INT. WILT' POL' HQ, OPS ROOM - DAY - D2 (5.3.18)- 1330**       52

MILLS, MINTY and TRACY are at the edge of the room. It's even busier now. CIVILIANS and POLICE OFFICERS darting here and there. Outside more cars and taxis are pulling into the car park. MILLS is looking at a map.

MILLS

*Barricades?*

TRACY looks at MINTY.

TRACY

Yeah. Here. And here. We could be looking at a major public health emergency here. Police tape is not enough.

MILLS

Dave?

MINTY

It'll cause a lot of disruption, that's for sure. And we still have no idea what this thing is.

He looks at TRACY.

MINTY (CONT'D)

On the *other* hand, that's a good reason not to take any chances.

TRACY

Look. We know it's a tough call. But people are everywhere down there.

A beat as MINTY and TRACY look at MILLS. He leans back. He looks at the ceiling. He breathes.

MILLS

Close it.

TRACY jumps up and runs out.

53      **INT. PORTON DOWN RESEARCH LABORATORY - DAY - D2 (5.3.18) - 53**  
**1430**

TIM ATKINS is working at his desk. He is interrupted by an assistant lab tech, JO, 28, handing him a piece of paper.

He reads it, then gets up quickly and follows her out into the corridor and then into a large room. On one side, windows made of thick glass look into a lab, where SCIENTISTS in full CBRN gear are working. He goes up to a computer and looks at the results. He is very troubled. Turning to Jo:

TIM

Could you set up a call with JIC please? On the TACIT line.

54      **EXT. SALISBURY, DAY - D2 (5.3.18) - 1505** 54

NICK BAILEY is driving his daughters ANNIE and ELLIE home from school. Suddenly, he blacks out for a fraction of a second. He is momentarily very shaken, but not enough that he needs to pull over. His daughters are oblivious.

55      **INT. WILT' POL' HQ, CORRIDOR / OPS ROOM - DAY - D2 (5.3.18) 55**  
**1600**

TRACY is on the phone as she walks down a corridor.

TRACY

Alistair we're going to need to use significant council resources for a massive job in Salisbury city centre. I've no idea how we're going to pay for it and it's going to piss off a lot of people.

(beat)

Yes, I'm sure we need it.

(beat)

Well as soon as possible really.

(beat)

We still don't know. But it's bad.

MINTY pops his head out and gestures to her. She follows and goes into the OPS room where a LARGE TEAM of CIVILIANS and POLICE OFFICERS are watching the screen.



It's the CCTV footage of the Maltings. MILLS catches TRACY'S eye. She nods her thanks and goes back to watching the screen.

MINTY  
There they are.

They look closer.

MINTY (CONT'D)  
Are they... feeding the ducks?

TRACY  
(under her breath)  
Shit.

She writes this down.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
What's the time stamp?

MINTY  
One thirty eight.

TRACY  
They could already be contaminated  
by this point.

TRACY writes.

MILLS  
Hang on - what's that? Go back.

MINTY replays the footage. SERGEI SKRIPAL hands the BOY (who was watching the Skripals as they were treated) some bread.

MINTY  
It's a boy. Sergei's given him some  
bread. For the ducks.

TRACY  
*Shit.*

TRACY looks at MILLS. This is very bad news. The door opens. A POLICE OFFICER enters. He crosses to MILLS, whispers in his ear. MILLS nods. Everyone is looking at him.

MILLS  
The story's breaking. The Russian  
angle. It's out there.

57

**INT. CASSIDY HOUSE - DUSK - D2 (5.3.18) - 1805**

57

MO CASSIDY, 58, is in the kitchen. She's using a food mixer, drowning out the sound of the TV. It's showing BBC News.

TOM SYMONDS (ON-SCREEN)  
That's right Sophie it's understood  
UK authorities are viewing the  
incident with mounting concern,  
given the identity of the man  
involved.

SERGEI's face on the screen. For an instant MO is rooted to the spot. Then she turns off the food mixer.

TOM SYMONDS (CONT'D)  
He is Sergei Skripal, a Russian  
citizen, and understood to be a  
former spy.

The spell breaks as she hears the front door. ROSS CASSIDY, 64, is arriving home in orange work clothes. SERGEI'S face is still on the screen as he walks in the room.

MO  
It's Sergei...on the news!

ROSS is speechless.

MO (CONT'D)  
It's Sergei and Yulia!

ROSS  
Bloody hell.  
(beat)  
That's why he never turned up to  
the pub. Kept calling him but it  
just rang out.

They turn back towards the television, stunned. Mo reaches over and holds Ross's hand.

57A

**INT. CASSIDY HOUSE. - DUSK - D2 (5.2.18) - 1840**

57A

ROSS stands in the conservatory, phone in his hand.

ROSS  
You know as soon as I make this  
call, everything changes.

MO  
Yeah. But you have to do it.

He nods, hits the button.

ROSS  
Police please.

He waits. Looks at Mo anxiously.

ROSS (CONT'D)  
Hello. Yes. It's about Sergei  
Skripal, the Russian fella who fell  
ill in Salisbury. Yeah. It's  
just... he's a mate of mine. And,  
well...I think I might have been  
the last person to talk to him  
before it happened.

58      **INT. WILT' POL' HQ, CORRIDOR / MILLS' OFFICE - NIGHT - D2 58**  
**(5.3.18) - 2045**

TRACY is walking quickly down the corridor looking at social  
media reports. Ping after ping. TOBY calls. She answers it.

TRACY  
Tobes.

She stops.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
No mate I won't be back til late  
Dad's there yeah? OK, night love.

She stops for a moment, a flash of emotion on her face. She  
walks on, into MILLS' office. The BBC news website is on his  
computer screen. He's watching it. He looks up.

MILLS  
How you bearing up?

She's grateful to be asked.

TRACY  
Oh. Fine. Listen, Paul. We need to  
find everyone who was near the  
Skripals in that CCTV footage. We  
need to ask them if they're OK.

MILLS  
A public appeal?

TRACY  
We don't have time. And it has to  
be more targeted.

He doesn't say anything, but she can see he's thinking.

MILLS  
(reluctantly)  
Their phones. That's how we do it.

TRACY  
OK.

MILLS  
No, it's not straight forward  
Tracy. Not like on the TV. Not like  
that at all.

He's thinking again. Another tough call.

59      **INT. WILT' POL' HQ, TRACY'S OFFICE - NIGHT - D2 (5.3.18) - 59**  
         **2105**

TRACY's office is now also home to EMMA and DAVE, her team  
from Wiltshire Council.

TRACY  
Emma get the reservation book from  
Zizzi's restaurant. Call everyone  
who booked a table yesterday and  
today. See if anyone's ill.  
(to Dave)  
Dave, get on Tripadvisor - anyone  
giving a negative review in the  
last twenty four hours to any  
establishment in Salisbury and  
mentioning feeling unwell, tell me.  
(to both)  
And we still have that database of  
every head chef in town from the  
hygiene seminar? Call them all.  
Yeah?  
(to herself)  
What am I missing? What *the fuck* am  
I missing?

She grabs a piece of paper from her desk, and then suddenly  
she is up and out the door.

60      **OMITTED**

60

61        **EXT. SALISBURY CITY CENTRE - NIGHT - D2 (5.3.18) - 2120**        61

DAWN and CHARLIE, are walking along the street, they stop to look at the activity as WORKERS erect barricades. POLICE OFFICERS guide the cordons. The barricades are blocking their route. DAWN approaches a POLICEMAN.

                 DAWN  
                 How are we supposed to get to  
                 Iceland?

The policeman is distracted. Dawn is frustrated.

                 POLICEMAN  
                 You'll have to go round the long  
                 way.

He turns away. A JOURNALIST standing nearby beckons to his CAMERAMAN. They approach Dawn. Charlie slinks backwards, well out of shot.

                 JOURNALIST  
                 Can I ask how the events here in  
                 Salisbury have affected you?

                 DAWN  
                 Well first of all it's impossible  
                 to get to the offie and secondly  
                 journalists keep asking me obvious  
                 questions.

Charlie laughs. The Cameraman lowers his camera. The Journalist shakes his head and walks away.

                 DAWN (CONT'D)  
                 (to Charlie)  
                 You think they'll put that on the  
                 news?

He laughs again, louder this time.

62        **OMITTED**        62

63        **INT. BAILEY HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT - D2 (5.3.18) - 2200**        63

ANNIE is in the bathroom brushing her teeth. NICK comes in.

                 NICK  
                 Think I'm going to head to bed too.

                 ANNIE  
                 Goodnight daddy.

He tousles her hair.

NICK

Goodnight angel. Love you.

ANNIE

Love you Daddy.

She leaves. He looks at himself in the mirror. His forehead glistens with sweat. We see the room from his perspective. Suddenly, the picture jumps, as if it has missed out several frames. We see fear in his eyes. He takes a toothbrush and starts to brush his teeth.

64 **OMITTED**

64

65 **EXT. SAL' CITY CENTRE, THE MALTINGS CAR PARK - NIGHT - D2 65**  
**(5.3.18) - 2245**

POLICE OFFICERS are guarding the tape. A large COUNCIL LORRY reverses backwards, beeping. The COUNCIL LOGISTICS OFFICER gets out and opens the back. TRACY and ALISTAIR walk to the back of the lorry.

ALISTAIR

Simon went to every builders'  
merchant from here to Bristol.

TRACY

How are we going to pay for it?

ALISTAIR

That won't be the problem.

(beat)

This place is going to look very  
different tomorrow morning.

TRACY nods.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

I've already had dozens of calls  
from local businesses asking what's  
going on. What do I tell them about  
*this*?

TRACY

That's why you deal with the  
politics and I don't.

He shakes his head. They watch as WORKERS take the first of the hoardings out of the lorry. Then Tracy's eye is caught by something else.

A little way away, two CBRN operators in full protective gear lumber around the corner, walking towards the bench.

66      **EXT. SAL' CITY CENTRE - NIGHT - D2 (5.3.18) - 2330**      66

TRACY is driving through town. Sirens everywhere, a police car rushes past, activity. Her radio is on.

RADIO NEWSREADER

Former Russian spy Sergei Skripal and his daughter Yulia remain in a critical condition in hospital after falling ill in Salisbury on Sunday. The government has so far declined to comment on the incident.

TRACY stares out the window. She sees the first barriers going up. She breathes deeply again, trying to manage the mounting fear. This was her doing. It's a massive gamble. The biggest of her professional life. She drives on.

67      **INT. CASSIDY HOUSE. - NIGHT - D2 (5.3.18) - 2345**      67

ROSS and MO are peering out from behind a curtain at a group of JOURNALISTS gathering just outside their gate. A news helicopter hovers overhead.

ROSS

How they hell did they find out? I only just called the bloody police!

He pulls back the curtain, looks at MO. They are scared.

68      **INT. BAILEY HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT - D2 (5.3.18) - 2350**      68

SARAH BAILEY is getting ready for bed. NICK is already asleep in the bed, but he is restless. SARAH puts her hand on his head. She notices that he is sweating profusely. She's not sure what to do. She gets into bed, and turns out the light.

69      **INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - D3 - (6.3.18) - 0010**      69

TRACY steps carefully through a dimly lit kitchen. A light comes on. TED comes in wearing boxers and a T-shirt.

TRACY

Shit. Sorry.

TED

I heard the car. How was the nightclub?

TRACY

Very funny.

She sits down and puts her arms on the table, rests her head on them. All of the pent up energy of the day is released. This is a different TRACY. Not feeling under scrutiny. No need to wear a professional mask. Just herself. TED puts a plate of food down in front of her. He puts the kettle on and rummages for cups.

TED

Been watching the news. You must have had an interesting day.

She nods. He gets milk from the fridge. He stops to look at her.

TED (CONT'D)

How you bearing up?

She shrugs.

TRACY

I'm not sure I'm up to this Ted.

He can see she's being evasive. A beat of silence as he evaluates her. He sits down beside her, looking at her earnestly.

TED

Not the old imposter syndrome?

TRACY

God I hate being married to a psychologist.

He smiles. She's mechanically stirring her tea. He just keeps watching her.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I'm serious.

He leans back, smiles.

TED

(gently)  
Oh come on...



TRACY

(wearily)

No. I mean it. This is just too big. I genuinely don't think I have the experience...

A beat. He's not phased. He keeps listening.

TRACY (CONT'D)

This really is massive.

TED

What's going on? Really?

She looks at him.

TRACY

I barely even know. And what I do know I can't tell you.

TED

(surprised)

Right!

TRACY

But there are lives at stake Ted. Maybe a lot of lives. And if I make one wrong decision...just one...

TED

(gently)

Listen. Whatever this is. I'm glad you're in charge.

A beat.

TRACY

Yeah. Well. *I'm* not.

They look at each other. She drinks her tea.

70

**INT. JB HOUSE, DAWN'S ROOM - NIGHT - D3 (6.3.18) - 0015** 70

DAWN and CHARLIE are in her room, already drinking. She answers a knock at the door. It's several other RESIDENTS carrying various bottles of alcohol. They enter. Time jump:

A party is in full swing now, CHARLIE, SEVERAL FRIENDS, and DAWN. Music played from phones into a tinny system. Joints passed around, vodka and wine poured and drunk. Laughter. DAWN opens the window. As she does so she looks out and spots two police vans driving down the street with flashing blue lights. She draws the curtains and goes back to the party.

71 OMITTED 71

72 INT. BAILEY HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT - D3 (6.3.18) - 0100 72

Fire. Plumes of orange plasma rushing towards us like a wave. NICK starts awake from his nightmare. He has deteriorated. He is drenched in sweat. He's breathing rapidly. He sits up in bed and turns on the bedside lamp. SARAH doesn't wake. NICK gets up, unsteady on his feet.

73 INT. BAILEY HOUSE, KITCHEN / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - D3 73 \*

Nick is guzzling a glass of water. He is still for a second, and then immediately vomits it back up into the sink. He moves towards the living room, holding on to the wall. His hands slide across surfaces. Now we see a P.O.V. His eyesight is juddering - it's a series of still images, one after the other, like an old movie. He enters the living room and sits on the edge of the sofa. His vision is continuing to judder. He falls sideways onto the sofa. He is face down, his eyes staring at the carpet, open but vacant. Foamy drool drips from his mouth onto the floor.

74-75      **OMITTED**      74-75

76 INT. JB HOUSE, DAWN'S ROOM - NIGHT - D3 (6.3.18) - 0220 76

More drinks and spliffs go round, the effects kicking in. DAWN starts to dance, and sing along. Others join. More raucous and out of it now.

77 INT. TRACY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT - D3 (6.3.18) - 0445 77

TRACY is in bed. She lies awake, staring at the ceiling. Her phone vibrates. She answers it, sits up.

TRACY  
(whispering)  
Hello. Dave. Yeah.

Instantly, she stands.

What! TRACY (CONT'D)

She's heading for the door.

78 OMITTED 78

79 OMITTED 79 \*

80 INT. TRACY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT - D3 (6.3.18) - 0515 80

TRACY is at her kitchen table in her dressing gown. She's googling the words NERVE AGENT. She is presented with several video hits - Syria, but also Iraq, Yemen. She presses play. Reflected in her eyes we see flickering images.

TRACY is fixated on the screen of her laptop. From the laptop, we can hear screaming.

81 INT. BAILEY HOUSE, BEDROOM / LIVING-ROOM - DAWN - D3 (6.3.81)  
- 0704

SARAH BAILEY hears screaming. She rushes downstairs to find her daughter ANNIE paralysed with fear in the living room. NICK is passed out on the sofa. His body is contorted. He looks lifeless.

SARAH

Nick!

NICK jumps awake. He hauls himself to a sitting position just as SARAH comes into the room.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

She runs over to him, and he feebly raises an arm to keep her away. She brushes him aside, feels his sweat-soaked forehead.

82 EXT. WILT' POL' HQ, CAR PARK - DAWN - D3 (6.3.18) - 0705 82

TRACY is driving into the car park, past a group of JOURNALISTS amassing on the road outside. She keeps her face turned away.

83 INT. WILT' POL' HQ, OPS ROOM LOBBY - MORNING - D3 (6.3.18) 83  
0708

Tracy enters the security double doors at the same time as PROFESSOR TIM ATKINS. They nod. They have never met. He looks at her lanyard.

TIM

Tracy Daszkiewicz.

TRACY

Not many get that right first time.

TIM

Professor Tim Atkins. Porton Down.

TRACY

Oh. Right.

TRACY shakes his hand, trying to cover her trepidation with a smile. She goes inside. TRACY is brought up short by the POLICE OFFICER guarding the door. Now he sits at a desk and has a row of shelving beside him. Since yesterday, everything has changed. She goes to hand him her phone.

POLICE OFFICER

All electronic equipment capable of linking to the internet please - phones, laptops, Ipads, smart watches, fit-bits - in the lockers.

TRACY

(handing him her phone)

That's it.

She looks at TIM

POLICE OFFICER

There's been a cyber attack on the Wiltshire Police HQ and Salisbury Hospital. Paper only from here on in.

Even at this time of the morning the corridors are bustling with PEOPLE she has never met. The game has changed.

84 **OMITTED**

84

85 **INT - WILT' POL' HQ, OPS ROOM - MORNING - D3 (6.3.18) - 0735**

Aides are closing the blinds to shield the meeting from PHOTOGRAPHERS camped outside. TIM ATKINS is briefing MILLS, MINTY, TRACY and a full Operations Room. Now all the places are taken around the table, as well as AIDES and ASSISTANTS around the edges. TRACY is trying to get used to how different this is. Yesterday morning seems like a lifetime ago.

MILLS

Novichok?

TIM

It's a Russian word. It means newcomer. It was developed by the USSR during the Cold War. It's one of the deadliest synthetic substances on earth.

TRACY looks from MINTY to TIM.

TRACY

So you can't see it, and you can't smell it...or taste it...?

TIM

No. And yet it's so toxic that a spoonful, with the right delivery mechanism, could kill thousands.

MINTY

Salisbury Hospital has declared a major incident. Just in case.

TRACY collects herself.

TRACY

So if it's so toxic, how come the Skripals are still alive?

They all look at TIM. Good question.

TIM

Extraordinary good fortune. The paramedics assumed they had overdosed on Fentanyl so they gave them a shot of Naloxone. Which also happens to help combat nerve agent toxicity. Plus it was cold, further inhibiting the speed at which the substance took effect. So in this case they have just about clung to life. For now.

MILLS

What does Novichok do to you?

TIM

It stops the brain from communicating with the rest of the body. The victim loses control of every organ. Heart, digestive, respiratory. It all goes into overdrive. Simultaneously. Very few survive. Very few survive.

They look at him.

TRACY

And those who do? What about long  
term effects?

TIM recognises that she is asking all the right questions.  
This is a crucial one. He shifts in his seat.

TIM

We don't know.

They look at each other.

TIM (CONT'D)

In terms of here - in the west -  
the only two people we know of who  
haven't died almost immediately  
from nerve agent toxicity are  
Sergei and Yulia Skripal.

(beat)

There just aren't any survivors to  
study.

TRACY

Now that we know what it is, can we  
start testing for it?

TIM

The process is... difficult.

TIM gets up and leans over the table.

TIM (CONT'D)

Let's say there's a deposit of  
nerve agent here on this table.  
Well, we have to swab for it. So we  
might take one here, get lucky as  
it were, and find it... but if we  
swab here... just a few inches  
away... well, it'll come up clean.  
But it's there.

MINTY

And as time passes... does it...

TIM

(interrupts)

Degrade? No. If left untouched, it  
will remain lethal for a very long  
time.

MILLS

How long?

TIM

About fifty years.

They look at each other. TRACY'S hand trembles. She rubs one finger slowly after the other - a calming technique.

TRACY

So if it's on a piece of clothing...

TIM

Yes well, you might go for days or weeks without touching that precise place - but as soon as you do... well, you've seen the effects.

TRACY

This is a nightmare.

TIM

Yes. In terms of protecting civilians... I'm afraid this is about as bad as it gets.

A beat. TRACY assimilates this information. A thousand calculations about her next move. Others are turning to her.

86

**INT. SAL' HOSPITAL, A&E DEPT - MORNING - D3 (6.3.18) - 0738<sup>6</sup>**

An air of mounting chaos in the A&E Department. People are in the midst of being turned away, police in attendance, as DR JAMES HASLAM arrives at the A&E Department in a rush. Nurse DAVINA MOENS is waiting for him.

HASLAM

Where is he?

MOENS beckons him into a cubicle. NICK BAILEY is on a bed. SARAH BAILEY is beside him holding his hand, looking terrified.

HASLAM (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Detective Sergeant Bailey.

NICK looks up at him. HASLAM notices NICK'S pupils, still tiny. His smiles fades. He knows immediately. He tries to hide his reaction. But SARAH, watching his face, sees him falter.

87

**OMITTED**

87

88      **EXT. SALISBURY, MARKET SQUARE - MORNING - D3 (6.3.18) - 0830**

CAROLINE STURGESS and GRACIE wait by a bench.

GRACIE

Where is she nan? Did you tell her  
I had a day off school?

CAROLINE

Yeah. I'll give her another ring  
love.

CAROLINE moves off to the side. She calls DAWN. No answer.  
CAROLINE is annoyed.

89      **INT. JB HOUSE, DAWN'S ROOM - MORNING - D3 (6.3.18) - 0830** 89

The final unanswered ring tones on a phone that displays the word "MUM". The room is dimly lit. DAWN lies fully clothed on top of her bed, asleep. CHARLIE is passed out beside her, his arm draped over her. Bottles, ashtrays lie around. DAWN groans and sits up. She looks at her phone.

DAWN

Oh Jesus.

She rises quickly to her feet - can she save this situation - but a drilling pain in her head, and a wave of nausea, forces her back into a seated position. She looks bitterly at the vodka bottles. She sits for a moment. She begins to cry. Then, resolution, mixed with dread. She calls CAROLINE back.

DAWN (CONT'D)

(through her tears)

Mum I...

90      **EXT. SALISBURY, MARKET SQUARE - MORNING - D3 (6.3.18) - 0830**

CAROLINE is on the phone. GRACIE is behind her.

CAROLINE

OK. Dawn. Love. Don't get upset OK?  
What's happened has happened. Get  
some sleep OK? I'll call you later.

She hangs up and turns to GRACIE.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry love, she's a bit unwell.  
Sick tummy.



GRACIE is disappointed, but there is a practiced quality to it. This is not for the first time.

91           **INT. JB HOUSE, DAWN'S ROOM - MORNING - D3 (6.318) - 0840**   91

CHARLIE wakes up. He sees DAWN crying. He sits on the bed beside her.

                    DAWN  
                    (crying)  
                    I was supposed to see Gracie. I was  
                    supposed to see Gracie!

CHARLIE puts his arm around her. He tries to console her. The morning after the night before.

                    CHARLIE  
                    Dawn, Dawnie. Its OK. It's OK.

92           **INT./EXT. CASSIDY HOUSE - MORNING - D3 (6.3.18) - 0900**   92

ROSS opens the door, dressed for work in orange overalls. DI LATA MISHRA, British-Asian, 34, stands beside DS ROB ANDREWS, 31.

                    ROSS  
                    I'm sorry, but as I've said to your  
                    colleagues, I have no comment to  
                    make at this time...

He stops talking when he sees the warrant card that MISHRA is holding up to him.

                    MISHRA  
                    Mr Cassidy. I'm Detective Inspector  
                    Lata Mishra. Counter-Terrorism  
                    Command. This is my colleague  
                    Detective Sergeant Rob Andrews.

ROSS is surprised.

                    ROSS  
                    Oh right. You'd better come in.  
                    (shouting out)  
                    Mo! We got visitors.

MISHRA walks past ROSS into the living room to find MO, clearing up from breakfast. In the background, ROSS calls work, telling them he'll be late in.

                    MO  
                    Oh. Hello.

93

**INT. WILT' POL' HQ, TRACY'S OFFICE / OPS ROOM - MORNING - ~~D3~~  
(6.3.18) - 1010**

TRACY is at her desk looking very dejected. MILLS knocks and comes in, almost meekly.

MILLS

Tracy, have a quick look at this.

He gives her a single sheet of paper. She looks at it. A long list of phone numbers. Colour-coded.

MILLS (CONT'D)

Located down to the square metre.

Impulsively she hugs him and grabs the list.

TRACY

Thank you Paul, thank you!

MILLS

Join us in the Ops Room asap.

He's still surprised at having been hugged as he leaves. TRACY turns to where EMMA and DAVE are working. There is hardly any room so DAVE is sitting on the floor. She hands them the phone numbers.

TRACY

These phones were all in the  
Maltings. Find me the kid who took  
the bread from Skripal. And anyone  
says they are sweating, small  
pupils, blurred vision,  
hallucinations - get me.

She leaves and walks quickly through the chaotic corridor. She pushes open a door into the Operations Room. It's even more chaotic in here. MINTY and MILLS are hunched in the corner, along with TIM ATKINS, conferring quietly. TRACY walks over.

MINTY

We found their car. In the multi-  
storey. We're sealing off the site.

TRACY

What are we doing with it?

TIM

We have a sterile vault at Porton  
Down.

MILLS

OK. Yes.

TRACY

What about the ambulances they went to hospital in?

MILLS

(to Minty)

We're going to need to quarantine those too.

MINTY

(reluctantly)

Boss, there was also an air ambulance on the scene.

MILLS rubs his eyeballs with his fingers.

TRACY

How big is your vault?

They almost smile at the absurdity of this. MINTY leaves quickly. TRACY is leaning on the edge of the desk, thinking a thousand thoughts at once. EMMA enters. She crosses over, hands TRACY a piece of paper.

EMMA

First call I made. The boy from the pond. Been vomiting for two days.

TRACY runs out of the room.

94 - 95 **OMITTED**

94 - 95

96 **INT. CASSIDY HOUSE - MORNING - D3 (6.3.18) - 1037**

96

MISHRA and ANDREWS go to sit at a table in ROSS's house. The adjacent conservatory is done up like a bar. As ROSS sits, MO looks over at him helplessly and leaves the room. He seems a little lost and vulnerable without her. At the same time, MISHRA is taking in the submariner photos on the wall.

ROSS

Do you really have to talk to me on my own?

(joking)

I'm not under arrest am I?

MISHRA

It's just protocol, Mr Cassidy.

ROSS

Ross.

MISHRA

Ross. You like submarines?

ROSS

A lot more now that I'm not serving on them.

MISHRA nods. Right.

ROSS (CONT'D)

One of the things Sergei and I had in common. Back during the Cold War, we were both very comfortable with the idea of killing each other.

MISHRA smiles. ANDREWS puts a small recording device on the table. Ross seems disconcerted by this. Suddenly Mishra snaps back into serious mode.

MISHRA

For the tape, this is interview number one with Ross Cassidy, 10.37am on Tuesday March 6th 2018. Interviewing officers are Detective Inspector Lata Mishra, and Detective Sergeant Rob Andrews.

A beat. ROSS looks from one to the other.

MISHRA (CONT'D)

Ross. You mentioned when you called last night that you'd seen Sergei Skripal over the weekend?

ROSS

That's right yeah. We picked Yulia up from the airport on Saturday.

MISHRA

You picked her up from the airport?

ROSS

Yeah. She'd flown in from Moscow.  
(beat)  
How are they? Can we visit them?

MISHRA

No I'm sorry Mist... Ross. They are very unwell.

ROSS  
They'll pull through though yeah?

A beat.

MISHRA  
How was he recently? Did he seem...  
different to you? Was he behaving  
differently?

ROSS smiles uncomfortably and looks away.

MISHRA (CONT'D)  
Ross? What? What is it?

ROSS sighs.

ROSS  
It's just. The things I've got to  
say. They might sound a bit...  
unbelievable... to you.  
I mean, they're unbelievable to me.

97      **INT. SAL' HOSPITAL, ICU - MORNING - D3 (6.3.18) - 1130**      97

NICK BAILEY is being pushed towards the ICU by PORTERS wearing masks, gloves and gowns. SARAH BAILEY walks alongside, almost in tears, now taking in the FIREARMS OFFICERS. HASLAM, wearing gloves and gown, walks briskly, writing on a clip board as he does so.

SARAH  
What is it? What's wrong with him?

HASLAM nods to the PORTERS to keep going. He stops. Now it's just him and SARAH in the corridor. He beckons her to a quiet corner at the side of the corridor. He looks around.

HASLAM  
He's been poisoned.

SARAH  
What?

HASLAM  
It's highly sensitive. It's the  
same toxin that was used to attack  
the Russian couple on Sunday. It's  
a nerve agent. A chemical weapon.

SARAH can't believe what she is hearing.

HASLAM (CONT'D)

Sarah. Listen to me. I know what this substance is now. I know what it's doing to his body. And I have a plan to help him.

He nods back towards the corridor, indicating for her to join him. She walks after him, trying to keep up. This man is now her lifeline.

98

**INT. CASSIDY HOUSE - DAY - D3 (6.3.18) - 1135**

98

MISHRA is interviewing ROSS. ANDREWS sits beside her.

MISHRA

OK so you say, Mr Skripal changed his phone.

ROSS

Yeah he had a new phone on Saturday when we fetched Yulia from the airport.

MISHRA

Is that so unusual?

ROSS

It's unusual if you go from a top of the range smartphone to an old brick though, isn't it?

MISHRA considers this.

ROSS (CONT'D)

And the thing is...

ROSS looks uncertain as to whether he should say any more.

ROSS (CONT'D)

I think we were followed. From the airport.

MISHRA looks at ANDREWS.

MISHRA

You think? Are you sure?

ROSS

(firmly)

It was a black BMW, two people, man and a woman. Yeah. We were followed alright.

MISHRA retains a poker face.

MISHRA

And do you have any idea who might  
have wanted to follow Mr Skripal?

ROSS

I do, yeah. There was something  
Sergei said. When he was round here  
last week. Sat right where you are  
now in fact.

MISHRA

And can you remember exactly what  
was that, Ross?

A beat.

ROSS

He said...Putin's going to get me.

99

**INT. SAL' HOSPITAL, A&E DEPT - MORNING - D3 (6.3.18) - 1245<sup>99</sup>**

TRACY enters the A&E Department at a run, showing her lanyard  
to the police stationed at the entrance. She approaches NURSE  
DAVINA MOENS in the eerily empty space.

TRACY

There's a teenage lad here. Was in  
The Maltings on Sunday.

MOENS

We just discharged him. Winter  
vomiting bug.

TRACY

You sure that's what it is?

MOENS nods. TRACY sags with relief. The first piece of good  
news she has had all day.

MOENS

The police officer wasn't so lucky.  
He's just been admitted to ICU.

TRACY looks at her.

TRACY

The police officer? *What* police  
officer?

100

**OMITTED**

100

101      **EXT. SAL' CITY CENTRE, CAR PARK - DAY - D3 (6.3.18) - 1530** 101

CBRN OPERATORS in civilian clothes are in a car park. They open the back of a van. It's full of boxes. They begin opening them. They contain full CBRN suits and respirators. They begin inspecting the suits.

102      **INT. ZIZZI'S RESTAURANT - DAY - D3 (6.3.18) - 1600** 102

TWO CBRN OPERATORS enter Zizzi's restaurant. It is as if the restaurant is in a state of suspended animation. Half eaten pizzas. Half-drunk bottles of wine. As if the customers, in the middle of an evening, have just disappeared.

103      **INT. THE MILL PUB - DAY - D3 (6.3.18) - 1615** 103

CBRN OPERATORS walk through the entrance hall of The Mill Pub. One of them has a sheet of paper taped to his back. On it is a list - " 1. Bar counter six samples 2. Table 8 ten samples 3. Male toilet 8 samples"

They go in further. Half drunk drinks lie around everywhere. They move towards the bar, past the flashing lights of a fruit machine.

104      **INT. WILT' POL' HQ, BATHROOM - DAY - D3 (6.3.18) - 1645** 104

TRACY has her back to the door of a stall. She breathes deeply, first with her eyes closed, and then open. Trying to collect herself. Gradually, she does. She looks at her own reflection, adjusts her body posture, puts her shoulders back, and then walks out into the corridor.

105      **OMITTED** 105

106      **INT. WILT' POL' HQ, OPS ROOM - DAY - D3 (6.3.18) - 1650** 106

The Operations Room is more packed than ever. Standing room only now. TRACY is presenting the latest situation report.

TRACY

OK. I'm afraid no-one is much going to like what I have to say here.

Murmurs around the room.



TRACY (CONT'D)

The testing process has begun, but it will take at least two days before we have any reliable results. We don't have the source of contamination. Or an established chain of events about how Detective Sergeant Nick Bailey became contaminated.

(beat)

Multiple sites are in play - Zizzi's restaurant, The Mill Pub, various vehicles, Salisbury Cemetery and the Skripal house itself.

She looks up.

TRACY (CONT'D)

There will be others we haven't yet managed to identify.

She clears her throat nervously. Total silence.

TRACY (CONT'D)

All we do know is that this is one of the most toxic substances on earth that has been specifically designed to be invisible and undetectable. And that for the forty six and a half thousand people in Salisbury, we are their only line of defence. So I think it's fair to say that this is just the beginning.

107      **INT. SAL' HOSPITAL, ICU - DUSK - D3 (6.3.18) - 1940**      107

SARAH sits next to NICK room. He looks like the life has been sucked out of him. He is surrounded by machines, wires coming out of everywhere, with seven drips feeding into his arms. She tries to stop her tears. Her phone vibrates, it's ELLIE calling. She kisses NICK and leaves.

108      **OMITTED**      108

109      **EXT. SALISBURY, CM ROAD - NIGHT - D3 (6.3.18) - 2000**      109

TRACY pulls up at the Skripal house. Much more activity here now. Lots of POLICE OFFICERS. A rudimentary cordon is being established.

The COUNCIL LOGISTICS OFFICER is putting up hoarding. A group of RESIDENTS has gathered. MINTY is supervising the scene.

TOBY is on speakerphone. TRACY is half listening, and also watching the extraordinary scene in front of her.

TOBY (O.S.)  
Well in tech we have to design and  
build a model of a famous English  
landmark. I'm going to do  
Stonehenge.

TRACY listens to her son as she watches vast black plastic sheets be drawn across the road and attached to tall poles. The whole street, is now being designated as part of another world.

TOBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I want to do it not like it is now  
but like it might have been like  
when they built it, so I was  
thinking maybe you could help me  
with the design and then dad could  
help me build it?

There's a tap at her window. JAYNE MCNAUGHTEN, a resident. TRACY gestures she'll be with her in a second. The last plastic sheet is drawn across the road.

TRACY  
Course I will. As soon as I can.

JAYNE  
(through the window)  
Are you from the council? They said  
someone from the council would be  
coming.

TRACY  
(to Jayne)  
Just a second.... Tobes I'll call  
you back yeah? In a couple of  
minutes.

She gets out the car, subtly wiping a tear from her eye.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Tracy Daszkiewicz. Director of  
Public Health for Wiltshire.

JAYNE has been waiting for this moment to unleash all of her frustration.

JAYNE

What the hell is going on here? My  
kids were playing on that street  
this morning.

TRACY looks over as a CBRN OPERATOR is suited up.

JAYNE (CONT'D)

I want a bloody explanation and I  
want it now!

TRACY knows that more than she can possibly say.

TRACY

(wearily)

Make me a cuppa will you? I'll tell  
you what I can.

JAYNE immediately responds to her honesty, and maybe her  
exhaustion. She softens.

JAYNE

Come on then.

They walk toward her house.

110-112 **OMITTED**

110-112

113 **INT. BAILEY HOUSE - NIGHT - D3 (6.3.18) - 2120**

113

In the kitchen, knives and forks lie in the sink. We notice  
the toaster. The kettle. The light switches. The sofa is  
empty, but we notice every texture of it, every detail, every  
dangerous crease in the fabric.

114 **INT. BAILEY HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT - D3 (6.3.18) - 2120** 114

SARAH BAILEY lies on her bed. On each side of her lie ELLIE  
and ANNIE. There is still a dent on the pillow where NICK lay  
in bed this morning. His half-drunk glass of water sits on  
the bedside table. ANNIE turns away from her mother, towards  
her father's side of the bed.

ANNIE

Mum. Is daddy OK?

SARAH

(holding back the tears)

Yes my love. He says hello.

She switches off the light.

**ENDS**