

TORCHWOOD

Episode 1

by

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Shooting Script

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1 EXT. CARDIFF CITY - NIGHT 3

1

The glitter of distant lights. The city, as dawn rises, seen from a high vantage point.

CUT TO REVERSE. A woman looks down at the city, the sun setting behind her. This is GWEN, late 20's. It's cold, windswept; she's exhausted, bleak, as though she's been to hell and back. Though calm, now.

GWEN

You go to school. You go to work. You go to bed. You eat. You get kissed, you have sex, you fall in love, or you don't. But it's work and bed and food and sleep, two weeks in Spain, Christmas and birthdays and weekends, every single day. Until it stops.

(pause)

That's the world. That's the world I live in. That's all there is.

And she's starting to cry.

She stays looking out as the man she's been talking to steps up, to her side. This is CAPTAIN JACK HARKNESS. Both face front, considering the city.

GWEN (CONT'D)

How much more is there?

JACK

So much more.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 1

2

Bang into flashbacks, intercut with full-frame-white, as though past events are slamming into existence - fast cuts -

- a man, 20, a lad - screaming - blindly reaching behind him - a flurry of violence, he's being attacked -

- a knife -

- blood -

Out of the fast cuts, back into calm. The MAN is dead. Lying in a city centre alleyway, in the pouring rain.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

CAMERA pulls out, reveal POLICE, SOCO team, the area being cordoned off, tape, polythene barriers. All normal.

Pull back wider - at the edges, a few PASSERS-BY, late night clubbers, police stopping them getting closer, but no big fuss, it's too late, too wet.

GWEN's there. In her police uniform. She's at the edges, not important enough to go close. A YOUNG COP is just going past with a tray of Starbucks, she takes one.

GWEN

Ooh, sweetheart.

YOUNG COP

I haven't got enough, you didn't order.

GWEN

I've only just arrived, so tough.

YOUNG COP

Well what do I do now?

And he keeps going, griping, as Gwen wanders over to another cop, ANDY, mid-20s. Of the distant crime scene:

GWEN

Who is it?

ANDY

Dunno, some bloke.

GWEN

How old?

ANDY

Dunno. Just some lad, they said. Going to Slimbo's on Friday?

GWEN

What is it, drinks?

ANDY

Bit of a pizza, I think.

GWEN

Might do, yeah.

Pause, standing there, in the cold, in the rain.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Who's Slimbo going out with now?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

ANDY

Same one.

(more interested)

Aye aye. What's happening there then?

There's movement from the scene-of-crime, all the SOCOs moving away, fast, being herded by police, 'Move back, move back.' Andy automatically joins in.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Move back, if you could, thank you.

Back you go, that's it.

GWEN

What's going on?

But Andy's gone, busy - and the weird thing is, no one's staying at the crime scene. The body's being left. Gwen goes up to a SOCO - heavy, beery, and pissed off.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Sorry sir, but what is it, what's happening?

SOCO

Buggered if I know. Orders from above.

GWEN

But the body's still there though, isn't it? We can't just leave it.

SOCO

Move back, they said, clear the site. Special access, they said.

GWEN

Who for?

SOCO

Torchwood.

Screech of brakes, Gwen looks round -

Big SUV pulls up, gleaming, smart. Out they get:

CAPTAIN JACK; always in 40's clothes, big great-coat, boots. OWEN HARPER; mid-20s, laddish & swaggering. TOSHIKO SATO; female, mid-20s, smart. And SUZIE COSTELLO; 30, quiet, glasses, intense.

There's just something so stylish about them, even arrogant. They don't acknowledge the police, just stride across to the body.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

Suzie carrying a padlocked metal box.

GWEN

Who's Torchwood?

SOCO

Special ops or something.

(of the coffee)

Is that hot?

GWEN

Have it, yeah.

(hands it over)

But... they're not allowed in there,
they could contaminate the evidence and
all sorts. I mean, how come?

SOCO

Don't ask me, there's no procedure any
more. Fucking disgrace.

And he wanders off to his colleagues.

But Gwen watches the Torchwood team. The body's a good
distance away, not actually visible from here. The
team's gathering round it, close, but she can't see.

Gwen looks up, round...

One wall of the alley is a multi-storey car park. And
Gwen realises...

CUT TO:

3 EXT. ALLEYWAY #2 - NIGHT 1

3

No one else around, as GWEN scouts into a second
alleyway, away from the crime scene.

She opens a door into the multi-storey car park, slides
through.

CUT TO:

4 INT. MULTI-STOREY CAR PARK, STAIRCASE - NIGHT 1

4

GWEN hurries through, heads up...

CUT TO:

5 INT. MULTI-STOREY CAR PARK/EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 1

5

A big, wide, empty space. GWEN hurries across, then
slows as she reaches the far wall. Keeping quiet.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

She inches up to the edge. Rain streaming down outside. Slowly, carefully, she edges forward, looks down.

BELOW: the TORCHWOOD TEAM, around the BODY.

CAMERA cranes down, so this is from the team's POV as well as Gwen's above. Craning down to find JACK, facing away from the body, head up, taking in the rain. Behind: OWEN & TOSHIKO either side of the body, SUZIE at the head.

JACK

There you go. I can taste it.
Oestrogen, definitely oestrogen.
You take the Pill, flush it away, it
enters the water cycle, feminises the
fish, goes all the way up into the sky,
then falls all the way back down, on to
me. Contraceptives in the rain. Love
this planet. Still, at least I won't
get pregnant. Never doing that again.
(turns round)
How's it going ?

Suzie, behind the body's head, has opened her metal box, and is now wearing a metal glove, like a knight-in-armour's gauntlet. She's grim, nervous.

SUZIE

Nothing yet. It's got to connect, I've
just got to... feel it.

OWEN

Then hurry up and feel it, I'm freezing
my arse off here.

SUZIE

I can't just flick a switch, it's more
like... access. It grants me access.

OWEN

Whatever that means.

SUZIE

It's more like permission, like it's -
oh, oh, ohhh -

Of the glove. No FX, she just senses it, like it's
alive.

JACK

Positions.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

Jack goes to the body's feet, Owen & Toshiko either side, as Suzie readies herself at the head, all nervous now.

OWEN

If I get punched again, I'm punching it right back.

JACK

Just, concentrate. Suzie..?

Gwen staring down from above - all intercut with her, as -

Suzie gently cups her gloved hand under the body's head. Holds it there. All wait, tense, glancing at each other - banter gone, this is important, now -

And then -

Sudden shock, the BODY starts awake. Alive! No FX, all done with camerawork, light, atmosphere. The body, the MAN, is pale and frightened, like a child. A slight twitch - the team poised, ready to hold him down, but there's no need; just one shudder, then the body stays dead. Just his head is living. Gabbling, in a thin, high voice:

BODY

- where was, there was, there was, I was, oh God, I was -

TOSHIKO

Hush now, it's all right, sweetheart, now listen to me, just listen to my voice -

BODY

- I was going home, where's my house, where's it gone, where's my house..?

TOSHIKO

Listen to me. We've only got two minutes. It's important that you listen, okay?

BODY

...who are you..?

TOSHIKO

You've really got to listen. Trust me. You're dead. You died. All we've got is a hundred and twenty seconds, can you tell me what happened? Who did this to you?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

BODY
...how am I dead?

OWEN
You were stabbed.

BODY
I'm not dead, I can see you.

TOSHIKO
We've brought you back and we haven't
got long, I'm sorry but you've got to
concentrate, who did this to you? What
did you see?

BODY
(starts to cry)
Why am I dead?

TOSHIKO
Who attacked you?

BODY
I don't want to be dead.

SUZIE
Sixty seconds.

TOSHIKO
You've got to think, just focus on me,
what was the last thing you saw?

BODY
I didn't... I don't...

TOSHIKO
Who killed you, did you see them?

BODY
I don't know. There was... something
behind me...

OWEN
Police said, there's one stab wound in
the back.

TOSHIKO
Then you didn't see anyone?

BODY
No.

Silence. No one knows what to say.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (4)

5

BODY (CONT'D)

What happens now..?

SUZIE

Thirty seconds.

TOSHIKO

But... he didn't see anyone.

SUZIE

Don't waste it.

TOSHIKO

What else do I say?

Then, on Jack; calm, tender.

JACK

What's your name?

BODY

John.

JACK

Okay, John. Not long now.

BODY

Who are you?

JACK

Captain Jack Harkness.

BODY

Can I stay?

JACK

No.

BODY

I want to stay.

JACK

I know. But tell me. What was it like?
When you died. What did you see?

The body stares at him, more terrified than ever.

JACK (CONT'D)

John. Tell me what you saw.

SUZIE

Ten seconds.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (5)

5

BODY

Nothing. I saw nothing. Oh my God.
There's nothing.

And then he dies, again, just slumps. Gone.

All step back, Suzie taking off the glove. The whole team feels useless. Low and muttered, somehow guilty:

OWEN

Shit. I said it was stupid, telling him he's dead.

TOSHIKO

Well you try it.

OWEN

'Trust me', like that's gonna work.

JACK

It was worth a try. Told the last corpse he was injured, he wasted the whole two minutes screaming for an ambulance. Maybe there's no right way of doing it.

(looks up)

What do you think?

And that's directed right up at Gwen!

She starts back, horrified - without thinking, she just turns and runs -

Wide shot of the huge, empty space, Gwen so small as she just runs in a panic -

CUT TO:

6 EXT. ALLEYWAY #2 - NIGHT 1

6

GWEN runs out - shocked to the core - keeps running -

CUT TO:

7 EXT. CITY CENTRE STREET - NIGHT 1

7

GWEN runs out on to a busy city centre street. Around the corner from the murder scene, the normal world just carries on in the rain, cars, clubbers, night buses, neon, shops.

Gwen's numb, slows down, looks round, realises no one's chasing. But she still keeps walking.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

So aware of her uniform, like she's a fake. Long lens shot, the rain-soaked city reduced to a blur around her, as she walks. Cold, lost, scared.

CUT TO:

8 INT. GWEN'S FLAT - NIGHT 1

8

An ordinary flat, like one above a shop. Bit poky, bit of a mess, but for all that, comfy.

GWEN, now in civvies, lets herself in. Still shaken, but bottling it up. As she walks through, she realises:

GWEN

You still up?

RHYS OOV

In here.

She goes through, into the living room. RHYS, big, smiling lad, late 20s, in his chair watching telly. She goes over, quick kiss.

RHYS

Said on the news, murder in the city centre, were you there?

GWEN

No, I dunno, nothing to do with me. How come you're still up though?

RHYS

Banana Boat came round, he was saying he's got plans, he's off again next summer.

GWEN

How come you're not pissed then?

RHYS

No, we had a cup of tea, he's read this thing about diabetes. Me and him having tea, that's middle age, that is.

GWEN

Ahh, you're still gorgeous.

RHYS

Don't tell the girls, keep me secret. There's some Chinese in the fridge.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

GWEN

No, I'm knackered, coming to bed?

RHYS

(of the TV)

I'll just finish here, this man's found his sister.

GWEN

See you in a minute.

She heads out.

CUT TO:

9 INT. GWEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 1

9

Darkness, GWEN lying in bed, but awake. Movement beside her, RHYS sliding into bed. But she ignores him. Lost in thought.

CUT TO:

10 INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - DAY 2

10

Daylight. Plain corridor. GWEN back in uniform, walking along, passing a woman in her 50s, YVONNE. They pass and keep walking opposite ways, calling this back to each other:

GWEN

Von, can you do me a favour, can you do a search for me?

YVONNE

Oh, join the queue.

GWEN

It's a Captain Jack Harkness, could you check him out?

YVONNE

I'm busy, there's proper channels, Gwen. What sort of Captain?

GWEN

Don't know, just Captain.

YVONNE

If I've got time.

GWEN

Thanks!

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

YVONNE

If!

CUT TO:

11 INT. POLICE STATION, CID ROOM - DAY 2

11

Big open-plan space. CID OFFICERS & UNIFORMED POLICE gathered round, the traditional briefing format - all listening to D.I.JACOBS (50, male, stout). He's in front of white boards, covered with photos of three victims - including John from last night, felt-penned arrows, etc.

Much of this from GWEN's POV, though she's not actually part of the squad - she's walking round handing out coffees. But listening. No one pays her any attention.

D.I.JACOBS

Sarah Pallister, 72, murdered in her front room, Rani Ghosh, 45, murdered on Llangyfelach Lane, and now John Tucker, 19, murdered in Robintree Alley. Completely random attacks. No pattern, no logic, no plan. Different times of day, completely different parts of the city. So far, there's absolutely nothing linking these three victims. Apart from the way they died. Stabbed in the heart, in the gut, in the back, again, no consistent pattern. But as far as we can tell, all with the same weapon. A blade, approximately eight inches long, three inches deep.

OFFICER

Can't help thinking, sir. The two women were stabbed in the front, but John Tucker was stabbed from behind, what's that supposed to mean..?

D.I.JACOBS

That he's a coward.

And it carries on, but Gwen's gone, not part of it.

CUT TO:

12 OMITTED

12

CUT TO:

13 OMITTED 13

CUT TO:

14 EXT. STREET - DAY 2 14

GWEN & ANDY get out of their police car, head for a local pub, all on the move, hand-held:

GWEN

- but those people last night, the people in the car, who were they? What's Torchwood?

ANDY

Dunno, special ops

GWEN

Yeah, but what does that mean?

ANDY

Bet you ten quid they're DNA specialists, it's all DNA these days, like that CSI bollocks. CSI: Cardiff, I'd like to see that. They'd be measuring the velocity of a kebab.

And they push into a pub -

CUT TO:

15 INT. PUB - DAY 2 15

As expected, GWEN & ANDY walk straight into a FIGHT -

- all heavy LADS locked into scrums, bellowing, raging bulls, like walls of meat -

Gwen & Andy wade straight in - improvising, 'break it up, come on, break it up now, lads' -

- the fight keeps going, ignoring them -

- Gwen's trying to get two lads to unlock -

- they swing round and she gets shoved, hard -

Gwen lands on her arse, cracks her head against the wall. Ow. Really, shit, ow. Stunned, just a bit.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

Stay on her, the fight becoming just foreground blurs and noise now, as she sits there, dazed, recovering.

CUT TO:

16 INT. HOSPITAL, A&E - DAY 2 16

Calm again. GWEN still in uniform, in a cubicle.

A DOCTOR's cleaning the cut on the back of her head. (No stitches, it's not that bad.) Gwen winces, but no chat. Just the dullness of it all. An ordinary day.

CUT TO:

17 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 2 17

Plain, long, impersonal corridor. GWEN walking along. Morose. Dull ache in her head. Everything's just dull and plain and normal and then -

A MAN walks through the T-junction ahead of her, left to right - a fleeting glimpse, but -

The sweep of a great-coat.

Gwen takes a second for it to register. Another second to think what to do. Then she runs -

She reaches the T-junction. Down the corridor, moving fast, already a good distance away, the man in the great-coat, striding fast -

Gwen hurries after him. Sort of embarrassed about rushing.

Then, fuck it, she starts to run -

CUT TO:

18 INT. HOSPITAL STAIRCASE - DAY 2 18

GWEN reaches the bottom of the stairs, looks up -

Above, the MAN, the coat, the echo of footsteps -

She hurries up.

JUMP CUT flights of stairs, getting more frantic, Gwen going up, the man above, the coat, up, up, up -

CUT TO:

19 INT. STAIRS/HOSPITAL TOP FLOOR - DAY 2

19

GWEN reaches the top floor. The double doors leading to the main corridor have been sealed off. HAZARD TAPE. She hesitates. Hears a door below, hurries back down a flight.

Next floor down, she finds a PORTER.

GWEN

'Scuse me, sorry, it's all sealed off up there, who did that?

PORTER

Thought it was you lot.

GWEN

But what's it for, what's happened?

PORTER

Dunno. Nine o'clock this morning, all sealed off, they never said. Chemicals or something.

He heads off.

And Gwen heads back up.

She reaches the top floor double-doors, dodges round the tape, goes onto the corridor. Cautious.

It's a long, long, long corridor. Shiny floor.

GWEN

...hello?

And someone appears at the far end. Just a silhouette, against the white & shine. Stands centre of the corridor. Stays there. Looking at Gwen.

GWEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I was just looking for someone...

It's daft, talking across this great a distance, so she walks forward. Though right from the start, she's wary. Something just feels wrong; the silhouette's stillness, the way it's just facing towards her.

She heads down the corridor. Long distance to cover.

Closer on the figure.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

She keeps walking.

Closer.

Walking.

Closer.

And the figure gets clearer. And stranger. It's a bit hunched. A quick shiver, or shudder. But this is broad daylight, in the most ordinary setting, so Gwen keeps going.

And as she gets closer, it becomes clear, this is a man wearing a mask. Must be. Some sort of monster mask, like an alien or something.

But a good mask, detailed, proper prosthetics; like the face of a humanoid albino leech. And he's wearing a boiler suit.

During all this, Gwen never stops her approach - a bit of a smile, a bit cross, a bit scared. But this is *real*, it's a hospital, it's a Thursday, it can only be real.

As she sees the face, she sort of laughs:

GWEN (CONT'D)

Right, yeah. Clever.

She keeps walking, but not too fast. Official:

GWEN (CONT'D)

Anyway! I don't know if you saw a man come through, tall man, in one of those big sort of military coats...

Keeps walking. Official:

GWEN (CONT'D)

Okay. If you could answer? This is official business.

Keep walking. Disturbed:

GWEN (CONT'D)

Are you all right..?

Keeps walking. Faint-hearted:

GWEN (CONT'D)

That's good, that's a good mask sort of thing...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

Now she's about 10 feet away. And Gwen stops. The figure staring at her. Breathing hard. Dribbling.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry if I've interrupted, but... I think we can stop this now, okay? It's all very well playing silly buggers, but I'm busy, all right? I'm looking for a man. In a big grey coat.

(pause)

I said, we can stop being silly.

The figure considers her. And seems about to move but -

At the far end, through the doors by which Gwen gained access, the porter comes breezing along. Walking much faster. Following Gwen's path. And she's holding her breath, looking from the approaching porter, to the masked-figure-man - but there can't be anything wrong, can't be...

PORTER

There you are, I asked, I saw Dr Mahib cos I thought he said it was police, but he said no, it wasn't him, and I said about chemicals but he said don't be stupid, what chemicals? So I don't know, could be anything, you all right there?

Pause, as he keeps walking.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Who've you got there, then? So much for sealing it off.

Pause, as he keeps walking.

PORTER (CONT'D)

There's a face! Nice one. Listen mate, you want to try plastic surgery. Not on the NHS though!

He's reaching them, now, slightly puzzled by the standoff.

PORTER (CONT'D)

You all right?

GWEN

Yeah.

But he keeps going. Up to the figure. Of the face:

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

PORTER

Bloody hell, that is brilliant, that's like Hellraiser. That's first class, that is. Look at that, it's like real teeth -

And he's lifting his hand to the figure's face -

Sudden action, the figure screaming a strange, wild bellow - grabbing the porter - biting his neck -

- and there's blood and the porter is screaming -

- and then - it's a blur - people running - CAPTAIN JACK HARKNESS, OWEN, TOSHIKO, SUZIE - piling through surrounding doors, though it's as if they came out of nowhere - and they've all got aerosol sprays, with which they spray the figure, which drops the porter and screams, flails out - the porter's body slams to the floor, blood -

- but all of this is a blur because Jack has grabbed Gwen and is pushing her, pulling her - all hand held - out towards the opposite end of the corridor, on to another flight of stairs -

- and he's bellowing at her -

JACK

Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!

- with such authority that as he lets her go, on the stairs, she finds herself running -

- down the stairs, down, down, down -

- and partly it's fear, but partly it's *training*, the voice of a commanding officer; she does as she's told, and keeps running until she reaches -

CUT TO:

20 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

20

- the ground floor. GWEN runs back into the normal world. PEOPLE, PATIENTS, STAFF. Like nothing happened.

Gwen tries to walk down the corridor, but she can't pretend, she's too freaked out, all wired up. She pushes her way out of a fire door.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS 21

GWEN pushes her way out, shaken. She moves away from the building, in order to look up, at the top floor. Then...

From off, but nearby, the sound of doors banging. Shouts. A car racing up, then brakes screeching, doors, slam.

Gwen hurries round the corner -

As the SUV from the previous night roars past her! The Torchwood car! Driving away from the hospital.

Gwen runs, runs, runs -

CUT TO:

22 EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - DAY 2 22

GWEN gets into her police car, revs up, drives off, fast -

As she clears, reveal ANDY, sauntering back to the car with a pasty. Now realising, slowly, that she's driven off without him. A bit of a half-hearted 'Oy'.

CUT TO:

23 INT. POLICE CAR, DRIVING/EXT. STREET - DAY 2 23

GWEN driving. The SUV a good distance in front of her. Not a chase, just negotiating busy traffic, but it feels like a chase to Gwen. She's calling in -

GWEN
Registration CF06 FDU

CONTROL
CF06 FDU - hold on, I think Yvonne wants a word -

CUT TO:

24 INT. POLICE STATION RADIO ROOM - DAY 2 24

INTERCUT with GWEN'S POLICE CAR.

CONTROL OPERATOR at her desk, YVONNE leaning over.

YVONNE
No sign of a Captain Jack Harkness.

GWEN
Did you search outside Cardiff?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

YVONNE

No, that never even occurred to me, of course I did, I went nationwide. There's about fifteen Jacks and Johns with that surname, none of them's a Captain.

GWEN

S'pose he could've made it up.

YVONNE

The only Captain Jack Harkness on record was American.

GWEN

That's it, he's American!

YVONNE

Which you forgot to tell me.

GWEN

So who is he?

YVONNE

American volunteer, Royal Airforce, 133 Squadron. Except he disappeared. Vanished off the records. Presumed dead.

GWEN

When was that?

YVONNE

1941. At the height of the Blitz. On the morning of January the twenty-first, 1941, Captain Jack Harkness failed to report for duty, never seen again. Until now. What's going on, Gwen, you seeing ghosts?

But Gwen's determined, speeds up -

CUT TO:

25 EXT. MILLENNIUM SQUARE - DAY 2

25

In front of the Millennium Centre, in the heart of Cardiff Bay; the architecture, the sea, the space, the works. Rising above it all, that distinctive steel tower with water cascading down the surface.

GWEN driving on the main road - she can see that the SUV has stopped, just off the road, and the team - CAPTAIN

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

JACK, TOSHIKO, OWEN, SUZIE - are getting out, striding across the square, towards the fountain-tower. The SUV then drives off, but never mind, Gwen can see the people -

Gwen pulls off the road, drives on to the pedestrian area. Screeches to a halt, gets out. Yells across -

GWEN

You lot! Oy! *Torchwood!*

The team doesn't even look back, keeps walking -

Gwen runs after them -

A SECURITY GUARD's coming out of the Centre. Of her car -

SECURITY GUARD

You can't leave that there -

GWEN

Police -

SECURITY GUARD

I can see that love, and you're still not leaving it there -

In answering him, she's looked back round for a second, and as she looks front again -

They're gone.

Wide open space, and in one second flat, the Captain and his team have just disappeared. This just in b/g:

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

I'm talking to you. 'Scuse me. Move your bloody car...

Etc, but on Gwen, walking forward. Looking round, making sure they couldn't, somehow, be hidden... behind the tall tower, or something..? Nope. No one, nothing.

They just vanished.

CUT TO:

26 INT. POLICE CAR/EXT. MILLENNIUM SQUARE - DAY 2

26

GWEN sitting in the police car, now stationary, still on the Square but properly parked, now.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

GWEN

Did you get anything on that registration?

CONTROL OOV

No such number.

GWEN

What does that mean?

CONTROL OOV

Doesn't exist. Temple's been asking about you, Gwen, are you in trouble?

She doesn't answer. Passenger door opens, ANDY gets in.

ANDY

I have walked. I have bloody walked.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. MILLENNIUM SQUARE - DAY 2

27

GWEN now by the fountain-tower, with ANDY.

GWEN

They were here, and then they were gone. And look, there's nowhere to hide, they just disappeared.

ANDY

Temple's not just livid, he's doing his nut. Officer goes solo, you know what he's like about that.

GWEN

He only cares about the car.

ANDY

Well it's not your car. I told him you had a bump on the head -

GWEN

I have got a bump on the head -

ANDY

Well there we are then! Proof!

GWEN

(for the 100th time)

There was a man, I'm telling you, there was this porter, he was in a porter's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

GWEN (CONT'D)
uniform, and he was killed, or at least
he was injured, he must've been injured,
right in front of me, cos this man in
the mask, he sort of lashed out, and...

ANDY
And I've told you, all hospital staff,
present and correct.

GWEN
I saw it.

ANDY
And that's sick. Gwen, sweetheart,
think about it, what sort of story is
that? You're not well.
(silence)
Come with me. I'll take you home.

GWEN
They were here.

ANDY
Come on.

And she looks round. Feels stupid.

WIDE SHOT as they both head off towards the car.

Then HIGH WIDE SHOT - CCTV FOOTAGE, monitoring Gwen &
Andy as they go. Following them.

CUT TO:

28 INT. GWEN'S FLAT - NIGHT 2

28

RHYS in the kitchen, making a stew, as GWEN arrives in
the doorway.

RHYS
Look at me! Hot pot! Or, as the French
call it, ho po.

GWEN
Ohhhh, I should've phoned. I've got to
work.

RHYS
You should be off sick.

She goes up close, for a kiss. Easy manipulation.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

GWEN

I know, but they were short and there's a match on tonight, I said I'd take another shift, I'm sorry, forgive me, go on, forgive me. Say you forgive me, yes you do.

Good kiss, then:

GWEN (CONT'D)

Gotta go!

And she's off -

CUT TO:

29 EXT. MILLENNIUM SQUARE - NIGHT 2

29

Night. Cold. A few OPERA-GOERS in finery heading in to the Centre. At the opposite end of the scale, couple of KIDS on bikes, mooching about. But mostly, empty. The noise of the pubs and bars, but far-off.

GWEN's huddled against the cold, miserable. Not in uniform. Not even sure what she's looking for, feeling like an idiot.

CUT TO HIGH WIDE SHOT, CCTV. Still monitoring her.

CUT TO Gwen. Idly, she watches a pizza bike - JUBILEE PIZZA - a good distance away. It drives up to one of the houses on the edge of the Square, the DELIVERY BOY gets off, carries the pizza, knocks on the door.

On Gwen, thinking, and then...

An idea!

CUT TO:

30 EXT. PIZZA SHOP - NIGHT 2

30

JUBILEE PIZZA, a small delivery franchise in a quiet corner of the Bay. GWEN heads in...

CUT TO:

31 INT. PIZZA SHOP - NIGHT 2

31

Kitchen, counter, no chairs, no customers. GWEN goes up to the counter, a PIZZA LAD on duty. She shows her ID card, though not allowing a good look.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

GWEN

'Scuse me, Gwen Cooper, CID. I'm making some enquiries round the Bay, I need to check out some people on your list, if that's okay. I don't suppose you deliver to a Captain Jack Harkness?

PIZZA LAD

I dunno.

GWEN

Well, could you have a look?

JUMP CUT TO: PIZZA LAD now looking up information on the shop's PC, stabbing keys, GWEN leaning over the counter.

PIZZA LAD

Nope. He's not a regular anyway.

GWEN

J. Harkness? Or just Harkness?

PIZZA LAD

Nope. What is it then, drugs?

GWEN

I'm not allowed to say. How far does that list go back?

PIZZA LAD

Dunno, about six months.

GWEN

There's no Harkness Jack, or jackharkness, one word?

PIZZA LAD

Nope.

GWEN

Okay. Never mind. Thanks anyway -
(about to go, but -)
- don't suppose you've got a Torchwood?

PIZZA LAD

Oh aye, we do them all the time. Good customers.

GWEN

Right! Torchwood. Excellent. Um.
What's their address..?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

PIZZA LAD

Just along the Bay, down on the front,
Number One, Butler's Wharf.

GWEN

Well. There we are, then.

PIZZA LAD

Is that it?

GWEN

No. I'll have a pizza.
American Feast. Two American Feasts.
Large.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. FRONT OF THE BAY - NIGHT 2

32

Down at sea level, now. GWEN, carrying two large pizzas, walks along. And there it is. A door, couple of windows, set into the wall (at this low level, anything behind the frontage would lead underneath the Square). But there's no shop sign, no name, it's all blank; you'd just walk past it and think nothing.

But Gwen heads in.

CUT TO:

33 INT. TORCHWOOD RECEPTION - NIGHT 2

33

GWEN walks in. Tiny space. Posters and leaflets of Cardiff, the Gower, like this might be a neglected tourist centre. A receptionist behind the desk - young man, smart, polite, IANTO JONES.

GWEN

Hiya. Sorry I'm late, someone ordered pizza.

IANTO

Who's it for?

GWEN

I think it was a... Mr Harkness.

IANTO

Hold on.

(on intercom)

Jack, did you order pizza?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

JACK OOV
Yes! Yes I did.

And on that, there's a clunk from the front door. Like it just locked. Gwen wary now, knowing that no one placed an order. Trapped.

IAN TO
Go through.

He presses a button under the desk, clunk, a second door - not immediately visible, flush to the wall - opens an inch.

Gwen hesitates.

IAN TO (CONT'D)
Don't keep them waiting.

Deep breath, Gwen heads through.

CUT TO:

34 INT. TORCHWOOD, ENTRY STAIRCASE - NIGHT 2

34

A long, dark staircase, heading down. No windows. Like an airlock between the frontage, and whatever lies behind. GWEN heads down. It feels subterranean, pressure in her ears. She's unnerved, now. But not turning back.

CUT TO:

35 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB - NIGHT 2

35

And GWEN enters the Hub.

This place is huge. Deep, wide, levels. Essentially dark, and it *is* a bit CSI - big, complicated desks, with prac lights glowing everywhere, and hi-tech worktops - but more lived-in, with coffee cups and ashtrays and newspapers and junk. Terminals all over the place, one wall full of weapons - blades and guns and knives - another wall covered with charts and astrological maps. And everywhere... *objects*. Bits of curved metal, a bubbling vat, sheets of glass bearing strange symbols. Weird skulls.

Dominating the space, to one side: the fountain-tower from the Square extends down, running through Torchwood itself, water still cascading.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

The team are scattered all over the place. OWEN occupies one area - his speciality would seem to be organic stuff, his desk's surrounded by jars and plants and strangely fleshy things. TOSHIKO's at another desk - specialising in computing, she's got a dozen gutted terminals, many of them blinking with strange, futuristic additions.

A third area, SUZIE'S, concentrates on hardware, with mounted weapons, metal devices; Suzie's hidden behind a welding mask, using an oxy-acetylene torch on a strange bronze sculpture.

And in the distance, set aside from the others, CAPTAIN JACK HARKNESS, at his desk.

But they all stay busy, working, ignoring her.

Gwen walks across the space. Towards Jack. Trying to take it all in. She can't help staring at one thing, as she passes - a severed hand, in a glass tube, suspended in gently bubbling liquid. But she keeps going.

Then Owen snorts with laughter.

He stifles it, keeps working. Glances at Toshiko.

Toshiko laughs, hides it. Gwen aware of this. Are they laughing at her..? Keeps walking.

Then Owen is really laughing.

OWEN

I can't do this, I'm rubbish, I'm sorry.
Give up!

TOSHIKO

He set me off.

SUZIE's taking off the welding mask.

SUZIE

Well that lasted nought point two
seconds.

OWEN

She's actually carrying pizza!

Jack's standing, walking towards them - all talking about Gwen like she wasn't there.

JACK

Come on!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

JACK (CONT'D)

She was gonna say, here's your pizza,
and I say, how much, and she says,
whatever, twenty quid, and I say, I
haven't got any money, and then, well...
I don't know, I was working on a
punchline, I'd have got there. But it
would've been good!

Gwen's still clinging to the scraps of:

GWEN

There's your pizza, I think I'd better
go.

JACK

We've gone past that stage.

SUZIE

You must've been freezing out there, how
long were you walking around? Three
hours?

GWEN

...you could see me?

JACK

And before we go any further, who the
hell orders pizza under the name of
Torchwood?

OWEN

That would be me, I know, I'm a twat.

GWEN

That man, at the hospital, that porter,
what happened to him? That was real,
wasn't it? He was attacked.

JACK

There was nothing we could do. He's
dead.

GWEN

But... there's no one gone missing.

TOSHIKO

We took the body, retrospectively
changed the work rota, planted a false
witness who saw him leaving the
hospital, sent a few texts from his
mobile, family, friends, work, giving
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

TOSHIKO (CONT'D)

him an alibi for the next 48 hours so that when his body's pulled out of the docks, next Tuesday night, he's only been missing for three days. Mauled by a dog.

OWEN

How did he get from the dog to the water?

TOSHIKO

It's work in progress.

GWEN

He was murdered?

TOSHIKO

Yes.

GWEN

And you covered it up?

TOSHIKO

That's my job.

GWEN

And that other man. John Tucker. Last night. In the alleyway. I saw you.

Jack studying Gwen, fascinated by her.

JACK

And what did you see?

GWEN

You... revived him.

JACK

No. What did you see?

GWEN

You resuscitated him.

JACK

No, what did you see?

GWEN

You brought him back to life.

JACK

Yes.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (4)

35

GWEN

Who are you?

JACK

Torchwood.

GWEN

What's Torchwood?

JACK

This is Torchwood. All around you.

GWEN

...and what happens to me?

And she's terrified. The fact that everything's so relaxed and offhand around her makes it all the more unnerving.

GWEN (CONT'D)

I'm police. Constable Gwen Cooper. You can't... do anything, cos I'm not... I've left messages. Saying where I am.

TOSHIKO

No you haven't.

GWEN

My commanding officer, Sergeant Temple, he knows where I am.

TOSHIKO

(on computer)

Gwen Cooper, mobile number 07700 900866, no calls in the last five hours. Unless the sergeant's psychic, you haven't told him a thing.

OWEN

Computer says no.

TOSHIKO

Although frankly, in this line of work, a psychic sergeant is not impossible.

SUZIE

Stop playing with her.

She's got some authority; they change tack.

JACK

Right then, P.C. Cooper, d'you want to come see?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (5)

35

And he's already walking off.

GWEN

See what?

JACK

You saw the murder, come and see the murderer.

And he's striding away, across the space. Gwen puzzled, because it's still so relaxed - the others are getting back to work.

SUZIE

Go with him.

OWEN

Can I have the pizza?

Gwen shoves the pizza down (not towards Owen).

GWEN

But, what is Torchwood, who are you, what's this place - ?

A screech from above - Gwen looks up, startled -

FX: flying through the rafters above, in shadow, a glimpse - then gone - of wide, leathery wings.

GWEN (CONT'D)

What's that?

TOSHIKO

Pterodactyl.

JACK

(yells back)

You coming?

And suddenly, Gwen's obeying orders again, cos that's easier - she hurries after Jack, brain on fire.

CUT TO:

36 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE VAULT - NIGHT 2

36

A dark, grim corridor, very Silence of the Lambs. Cages with glass fronts, darkness inside. GWEN follows JACK along. She's wide-eyed, still scared. The odd grunt and shift from the darkness, like this is some sort of menagerie. But she keeps walking.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

At the far end, one particular cell. Jack throws a switch.

Low lights illuminate the cell. Dark, bare brickwork. And crouched centre, the THING from sc.19. It considers them, hostile but not moving. Jack calm, as Gwen stares; during all below, she never takes her eyes off the creature.

JACK

S'all right, it's safe, it's sedated. It's called a Weevil. Or at least, we call them Weevils, technically a weevil's an insect, but it's like one of those nicknames that just sticks, y'know? We don't know their real name, cos they're not too good at communicating. Just the roaring and the growling and the snuffling, which might be poetry to another Weevil, I don't know. But we've got a couple of hundred Weevils in the city. Been here for about six years, living in the sewers, feeding off... well, it's the sewers, you can guess. I really wouldn't kiss him. But once in a while, one of them goes rogue, comes to the surface, attacks. Actually, it's happening more and more, we've got no idea why. Suffice to say, there's got to be a reason. Suffice to say, it's not gonna be good. And I've started using phrases like 'suffice to say', I've been here way too long.

(closer to her)

But it's alien. As in, extraterrestrial. It was born on a different world. And it's real. Look at it. Look into its eyes.

He strolls away, gets a small wooden stool, brings it over.

JACK (CONT'D)

Here we go. Take your time. Have a good look.

And she does. She sits. Slowly coming to terms with this whole new perspective, as she stares at the Weevil.

And the Weevil stares right back.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

Hold on this for as long as possible, as Jack just leans against the wall, a distance back, letting this happen. Letting her see a different world.

CUT TO:

37 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB - NIGHT 2

37

JACK leads GWEN back. OWEN, TOSHIKO, SUZIE in their separate areas, IANTO JONES now helping tidy up, binning old sandwiches, etc. Owen's grinning, to Jack:

OWEN

How did she take it? Didn't hear screaming, maybe she took the fainting option, did she faint? No, did she swoon?

SUZIE

You should've seen him on his first day. Crying like a baby.

OWEN

That was hayfever.

JACK

Owen Harper, Gwen Cooper.

OWEN

That's Doctor Owen Harper, thank you -

JACK

Toshiko Sato, and Suzie Costello. And this is Ianto Jones, we love Ianto, Ianto cleans up after us and gets us everywhere on time.

IANTO

I try my best.

JACK

And he looks good in a suit.

IANTO

Careful, that's harrassment. Sir.

GWEN

But... why are you telling me their names? I'm not supposed to know, am I? This is classified, isn't it, all of you, you're classified.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

JACK
Way beyond classified.

GWEN
Then you shouldn't be telling me.
(quiet, scared)
Cos... what happens now? What are you
gonna do to me?

JACK
What d'you imagine?

GWEN
I've seen too much. Your names and
everything, and the Weevil, and... You
can dump a man in the water and lie
about his death.
(very quiet)
Don't kill me.

And she really means it. It doesn't help, when they
laugh.

OWEN
Are we gonna kill her? What d'you
think, Tosh, wanna kill her?

TOSHIKO
If I'm killing anyone, you're first on
the list.

JACK
(heads round desks)
Okay! Tosh, finish that calibration
tomorrow morning, Owen, first thing, get
on to Chandler and Bell, cos I think
they're lying, Ianto, if he needs back-
up, then you'd better be on stand-by,
Suzie, I know it's a pain in the ass but
I need that costing on the glove
research, and as for you -
(ie Gwen)
You're coming with me. This way!

CUT TO:

38 INT. TORCHWOOD, ELEVATOR AREA - NIGHT 2

38

(NB, this could be part of the Hub, if floorspace
allows.) There's a set of ordinary paving stones on the
floor, surrounded by metal pistons and hydraulics, as
though supported underneath. JACK strolls up, GWEN
following.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

GWEN

I'm getting tired of following you

JACK

No you're not, and you never will. Now stand on here, c'mon, next to me.

He stands on the paving stones, she goes next to him.

JACK (CONT'D)

You came in through the front door. Now let's take the scenic route.

He's got a leather-strap control-device around his wrist, presses a button.

FX: above, the roof slides open. Night sky above.

Gwen stares up, in awe. Jack presses a second button.

FX: with a hydraulic *thrummmmm*, the paving stones rise up!

FX: Jack & Gwen rising; the paving stones are set on a metal platform, which extends up, like some sort of goods lift, heading for the world above.

Gwen looks down -

Below (if this is part of the hub), SUZIE, far-off, gives them a wave.

MID-SHOT, Jack & Gwen, rising through shot; Jack grinning, just loving it, showing off.

FX: the platform starts to reach the hole in the roof.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. MILLENNIUM SQUARE - NIGHT 2

39

FX: beside the water-tower. There's now a hole in the floor (the hole in the roof from sc.38), through which JACK & GWEN rise on their platform.

FX: MID-SHOT, the hydraulic *thrummmmm*, Jack & Gwen rising into the Square.

FX: (PRAC?) the edge of the paving stones lifting into position, and stopping flush with the 'real' floor of the Square, the paving stones matching the exterior perfectly.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

CUT TO MID-SHOT JACK & GWEN, Gwen looking round, gobsmacked. There are PEOPLE strolling past, just going about their business. But not one of them perturbed.

GWEN

But... but, they can see the lift, why aren't they..? I mean, we're right out in the open, they can see everything!

JACK

Do they look like they can see us?

GWEN

No, but... Look at us! We couldn't be any more public!

JACK

(waves at a passing
man)

Hello! Hello? Hey, you there, hello!

The MAN just keeps walking.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's called a perception filter. He can sort of see us but we don't quite register. Like something in the corner of your eye. It only works on this exact spot, step off, and -

He steps off the platform-paving-stones, Gwen following. Jack calls out to a WOMAN, a distance away.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hi there! Nice night!

The woman smiles, unsure - but clearly seeing Jack - mutters 'yeah' and keeps walking.

JACK (CONT'D)

And lo, we are perceived.

GWEN

How does it work?

JACK

No idea. We know how to use it, not how it happens. If I had to guess, I'd say that there was once a dimensionally transcendental chameleon-circuit placed right on this spot which welded its perception properties to a spatio-

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

JACK (CONT'D)
temporal rift. But that sounds kind of
ridiculous.

(Because they're right where the Tardis was, in Ep.1.11)

JACK (CONT'D)
'Invisible lift' has got more of a ring
to it, don't you think?

GWEN
But hold on. If no one can see it, when
the lift's coming up, there's a bloody
big hole in the floor, don't people fall
in?

JACK
That's so Welsh.

GWEN
What is?

JACK
I show you something fantastic, you find
fault.

And he strides off. Gwen - looking at the lift, looking
at him, boggling - once more follows.

CUT TO:

40 INT. PUB #2 - NIGHT 2

40

Not a glossy bar; a good old-fashioned pub.

GWEN sits on her own at the table. Across the room: JACK
at the bar, getting drinks.

On Gwen. Still absorbing it all. Like it might
overwhelm her; she could break down, right now. But she
won't let it; deep breath; she's got to stay on top. And
she still doesn't know what's going to happen to her.

She pulls herself together, as Jack crosses over, gives
her a pint of lager. He's got a pint of water.

GWEN
Cheap date. What's that, tap water?

JACK
Yep, gotta keep myself hydrated, I might
need to travel at any moment.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

GWEN

Travel where?

JACK

Home.

Silence, both drink. It's ridiculously ordinary. Then -

GWEN

Thing is. I just don't understand -

JACK

No, tell you what *I* don't understand, you're gonna rattle on with that 'how can this be true?' Kind of shtick, what's it gonna take for you people? If you want evidence of aliens, how about that great big spaceship, hovering over London, Christmas Day? What about the battle of Canary Wharf? A Cyberman in every home! And still, you deny it.

GWEN

My boyfriend says... It's like a sort of terrorism. Like, they put drugs in the water supply, psychotropic drugs, causing mass hallucinations and stuff -

JACK

Yeah, well your boyfriend's stupid.

GWEN

Oh, you've met him?

For the first time, a little smile between them.

JACK

What does he do?

GWEN

Transport manager. Luckley's, the printers, not very exciting, but...
He's not stupid, he's...

(pause)

I want to see him. Am I gonna see him again?

JACK

You'll see him tonight.

*

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

GWEN

Cos, I am the police, I'm on your side.
I mean, you can trust me.

JACK

Sure.

Pause.

GWEN

So... you catch aliens?

JACK

Yup.

GWEN

You catch aliens for a living?

JACK

Yes we do.

And during this, both starting to smile, to laugh.

GWEN

You're an alien-catcher?

JACK

That's me.

GWEN

Caught any good aliens?

JACK

Tons of 'em!

GWEN

That's hell of a job.

JACK

Sure is.

GWEN

This is so weird. And who are you,
then?

JACK

Captain Jack Harkness.

Laughter dying now, Gwen taking control:

GWEN

I did some research. There's only one
Captain Jack Harkness on record. And he
disappeared in 1941.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

40

JACK

Well. That couldn't be me. Could it?

And he holds her stare. Pause, then more serious:

JACK (CONT'D)

We don't just catch aliens. We scavenge the stuff they leave behind. Find ways of using it. Arming the Human Race against the future. The twenty-first century is when it all changes, and you've got to be ready.

GWEN

But who's in charge of you? Is it the government or what..?

JACK

We're separate from the government. Outside the police. Beyond the United Nations. Cos if any one power got hold of this stuff, they could use it for their own purposes.

GWEN

But so could you.

JACK

All alien technology stays on the base, no one's allowed to take anything outside.

CUT TO:

41 INT. OWEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 2

41

Nice, smart city-centre flat, a lad's haven. OWEN just out of the shower, towel on. He's going out for the night, looks in the bathroom mirror, scuffs his hair.

Then he reaches into the bathroom cabinet, gets out a small bottle. Elegant, sculpted, posh perfume; alien perfume.

FX: CU on the bottle, as the liquid inside glows for a second, like starshine.

CUT TO:

42 INT. TOSHIKO'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 2

42

Small two-up two-down terrace, but with a typical 2000-ish makeover, nice lighting, strong colours.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

TOSHIKO still in her coat, she's just got in, but she's excited - unzips her bag, gets out a small panel of metal, inscribed with alien carvings. She holds it up, thrilled.

CUT TO:

43 INT. SUZIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 2

43

More of an old family house, not smart, just lived-in (though only Suzie lives there now).

SUZIE's also just got in, has a big, heavy, work shoulder-bag, full of papers. But she digs deep. Pulls out the metal glove. Puts it down, goes to put the kettle on.

CUT TO:

44 INT. PUB #2 - NIGHT 2

44

JACK & GWEN, more friendly now. She's beginning to enjoy it. Even a bit flirtatious, both of them.

GWEN

Go on, then. How the hell did you end up in Cardiff?

JACK

This is Torchwood Three. Torchwood One was London, destroyed in the battle. Torchwood Two is an office in Glasgow, very strange man. Torchwood three, Cardiff, Torchwood Four's kinda gone missing, long story, we'll find it one day.

GWEN

So you just fancied Cardiff?

JACK

There's a rift in space and time, running right through the city. The Weevils didn't come in a spaceship, they just kind of... slipped through. All sorts of things get washed up here. Creatures, timeshifts, space junk, debris, flotsam and jetsam.

GWEN

Sounds like Cardiff, yeah.

JACK

Hey, don't knock it, I'm a citizen.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

GWEN

But where are you from?

JACK

All sorts of places.

He just smiles, drinks his water. Gwen leans forward, more excited.

GWEN

Thing is, we could liaise on this - the serial killer, I could be like your liaison. With the police.

JACK

Right, I can see the mistake. You think, because we turned up at the scene of crime, that we're out to catch the killer. Sorry. Nothing to do with us.

GWEN

Then what were you doing there?

JACK

Testing the glove. We need murder victims, simple as that. The glove only works on the recently deceased, and the more violent the trauma, the stronger the resurrection. All we need is fresh meat.

GWEN

No, you were asking that man, John Tucker, I saw you, you were asking about his killer.

JACK

He'd just been murdered, what else are you gonna ask?

GWEN

But you could get an I.D. You could help.

JACK

We're busy.

GWEN

And your work is more important?

JACK

Now you've got it.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

GWEN

Well that's tough shit. Cos if you're letting me go, then I've got a duty. I can tell them what you've got, cos that glove could help us.

JACK

If you remember.

GWEN

...what d'you mean?

JACK

How's your drink?

She looks at her glass. Realises. Horrified.

GWEN

Have you poisoned me?

JACK

Don't be so dramatic. It's an amnesia pill. My own recipe, with a pinch of denial and a dash of retcon. Wake up tomorrow morning, you'll have forgotten everything about Torchwood. Worse still, you'll have forgotten me, which is kind of tragic.

She stares at him, outraged. Then stands, furious, runs out of the pub.

Jack's used to this, it's happened before. With a tired smile, he follows -

CUT TO:

45 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PUB #2 - NIGHT

45

GWEN hurrying away, JACK sauntering out of the pub. He stays where he is, calling across:

JACK

Don't think you can fight it by staying awake. I mixed in a little bit of sedative, too.

She stops, looks back, so angry.

GWEN

Then I'll tell someone!

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

JACK

D'you want to do that? D'you really want us to come and find them too?

GWEN

You bastard.

JACK

Language. But the shame of it is, you were good. Really good. Nice knowing you, Gwen Cooper.

Then he just turns and strolls off, the opposite way.

On Gwen. Boiling mad. But determined to beat this, determined to remember. She starts to run.

Gwen alone, running, city streets at night. Matching the shot of -

CUT TO:

46 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 2

46

CAPTAIN JACK, walking along, alone. Hero shot; an immaculate man, his eyes to the horizon. Long lens, the world a blur around him, as he walks, untouched by it all.

CUT TO:

47 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 2

47

Background thump-thump-thump, a crowded bar, Cardiff night-life. Not a posh club, more of a copping-off joint.

OWEN's there, alone. But he's getting eye contact off a WOMAN - mid-20's, beautiful, but a tough old Cardiff girl.

He saunters across. But as he approaches, she assumes that hostile nightclub-attitude.

OWEN

Hi.

WOMAN

Hello.

OWEN

Having a good time?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

WOMAN

I was.

OWEN

D'you want a drink?

WOMAN

No thanks, I'm fine.

OWEN

Am I wasting my time here?

WOMAN

I dunno, are you?

He's bored of this.

OWEN

Look, I've got to be up early and I've got hell of a day tomorrow, I really can't be bothered with all the chat.

And saying that - with the woman just watching, puzzled - he gets out the alien bottle, gives himself a quick spray -

FX: a little golden starlight from the spray, settles on him, fades.

OWEN (CONT'D)

So. D'you want a drink or what?

The woman inhales...

Then she grabs him, snogs him, hard.

WOMAN

Bloody hell fire. You're coming home with me, you are. Right now.

And she takes his hand, pulls him through the crowd, towards the door. Owen smiling, as though helpless.

CUT TO:

48 INT. GWEN'S FLAT - NIGHT 2

48

The flat in darkness, just GWEN in the light of a table-lamp, looking exhausted - fighting the sedative, knocking back black coffee - at her PC, typing furiously.

On the words on screen: a rambling, unpunctuated account of her night, typed as fast as she can.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

Captain Jack Harkness in charge, commander? NB THIS IS TORCHWOOD 3 -another man]called Owen Harper, doctor, about 26 27, and a Japanese woman called Toshiko (surname? Kado??) like some sort of computer exper t-

49 INT. TOSHIKO'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 2 49

TOSHIKO holds up the panel of metal against her bookcase. Presses it against the spine of a book, A Tale Of Two Cities. Prac lights flash on the metal.

Then she hurries across to her PC, presses it against the screen - no plug, no port, just physical contact.

On screen: all the pages of A Tale Of Two Cities - in paperback style, like they've been scanned, complete with curling page edges - flicker across, transferred on to the computer.

Toshiko delighted, giggling, like she gets high on this.

CUT TO:

50 INT. GWEN'S FLAT - NIGHT 2 50

GWEN still typing like mad -

Woman called Susie in charge of the glove, (2nd in command??) glove best on murder cos of the trajuma the violencd - it bring s them back to life

CUT TO:

51 INT. SUZIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 2 51

A dead fly on the windowsill, curled up.

Suzie stands over it. She's wearing the glove, reaches out. Touches the fly, carefully, tenderly.

On Suzie, staring, such concentration.

CUT TO the fly. Alive. Scuttling, at first, as though dazed. Then it zooms off.

CUT TO:

52 INT. GWEN'S FLAT - NIGHT 2 52

GWEN, frazzled, typing -

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

They use this stuff they find it and use it but they can do what they want, noone's in charge of them NO ONE cos they don't answer to anyone -

CUT TO:

53 EXT. CITY CENTRE STREET - NIGHT 2

53

OWEN and the WOMAN on the street, waving for a taxi, which doesn't stop. But a MAN, mid-20s, is running up to them - a good old St Mary's Street-at-night yelling match -

MAN

Oy, you bastard, come here! Linda, what you doing with him, what the fuck are you doing?

WOMAN

I'm taking him home and I'm having him, now piss off.

MAN

What the fuck are you doing with my girlfriend, you bastard?

OWEN

Hey, I didn't know, she was on her own, she never said -

MAN

You tosser, you fucking tosser -

WOMAN

Colin, button it, he's mine -

MAN

(shoves Owen)

Come on then, you bastard, come on! Have a go at me, then! Come on! Come on!

OWEN

Well, if it makes it easier...

And Owen gives himself another spray.

FX: faint starlight over him, fades.

The man inhales...

Then grabs Owen, snogs him.

MAN

I am so having you.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

WOMAN
I'm having him first.

OWEN
Taxi!

Black cab stops on the opposite side.

Owen in the middle, takes the woman's hand, and the man's, and the three of them, excited, run off to the taxi.

CUT TO:

54 INT. GWEN'S FLAT - NIGHT

54

GWEN still typing, but yawning, fading, losing the fight -

*Torchwood READ THISA!!!!!! They mad eyou amnsia
REMEMBER IT TORCHWOOD CAPTAIN JCK*

CUT TO:

55 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB - NIGHT 2

55

All quiet at night, lights low, just IANTO still on duty.
He's at a terminal, tapping away.

On screen, on the top bar: *GWEN COOPER: HOME INTERCEPT.*

And below that: everything Gwen has typed out.

Ianto highlights the whole block.

CU on the DELETE key. He presses it. The text vanishes.

CUT TO:

56 INT. GWEN'S FLAT - NIGHT 2

56

The entire text blinks off GWEN's screen, gone.

She's horrified. Stabs a few random buttons. But she's losing it. Slowly eases herself down across the desk.

Fast asleep.

CUT TO:

57 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB - NIGHT 2

57

IANTO reaches up, switches off the desk lamp.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

Darkness.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. CARDIFF CITY - DAY 3

58

Dawn over the city. Silhouetted against the morning sky, on the sc.1 high vantage point: CAPTAIN JACK. Standing tall, like he never sleeps. The guardian of this city.

CUT TO:

59 INT. GWEN'S FLAT - DAY 3

59

A cup of coffee plonks down next to GWEN. RHYS standing there, smiling, though worried, gives her a kiss on the head. She stirs.

RHYS

Did you get pissed?

GWEN

No. What time is it?

RHYS

Seven thirty. You said you were working, last night.

GWEN

I was.

RHYS

Then how come you fell asleep in here?

GWEN

I haven't, I was...
(of the computer)
...typing, it was work...

RHYS

I'm not having a go, I'm just saying. Not exactly clever, going out on the lash, when you've just had a bang on the head. I hope you didn't drive in that state.

Disgruntled, he walks out to the kitchen. Stay on Gwen, confused, reaching to the back of her head - feels the bump, ow! She'd forgotten. She looks at the blank computer, thinking, wondering, remembering... nothing.

RHYS OOV

Who were you with, Diane?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

GWEN
...must've been. Yeah.

CUT TO:

60 INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - DAY 3

60

GWEN walking along, frazzled, tired, passes YVONNE.

YVONNE
Have any luck?

GWEN
With what?

YVONNE
Captain Jack Harkness.

GWEN
How d'you mean? Who's he?

YVONNE
Oh, well don't worry about me, just go ahead, wasting my time.

Yvonne just walks on. Gwen genuinely lost.

CUT TO:

61 OMITTED

61

CUT TO:

62 INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - DAY 3

62

GWEN walking along, carrying a stack of files. More her old self now, a smile at a P.C. walking past.

She's forgetting, and letting go. Back to the real world.

CUT TO:

63 INT. POLICE STATION, CID ROOM - DAY 3

63

GWEN walks in, with the stack of files, which need to be slotted into filing cabinets. The room's fairly quiet, just a few OFFICERS at their desks. As she goes about her job, one OFFICER calls out:

OFFICER
Aye aye. Come to see where the real work's done?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

GWEN

Yes sir, that's right, sir.

Little smile between them. As she starts filing:

GWEN (CONT'D)

How's it going?

OFFICER

Sod all.

She glances across. At the far end of the room, the display boards: photos of the victims, etc. But now, at the centre, a black and white drawing of a knife. A very distinctive knife; three sharp teeth jutting out from the blade.

Gwen gets back to filing. But glances across again.

She's drawn to the drawing, the blade.

She keeps working. But looks again. Something chiming in her head. A distant memory...

GWEN

Is that the murder weapon?

The officer walks down to the white-boards, to Blu Tac a chart of bus routes on to the display, Gwen following.

OFFICER

Clever, mind, they worked it out on the computer. Took measurements from the stab wounds, calculated the shape of the blade and stuff, even those prongs, I don't know how they do it. Nasty looking bugger, though.

(looks at her)

D'you recognise it?

GWEN

No.

OFFICER

We're trying to trace it, can't be many of 'em. Sort of ornamental. Those three teeth, might be some sort of kung-fu weapon or something, not kung-fu, what did they say? Ninja. Like a ninja blade. We're checking the CDE logs with customs, in case it's been imported. Find the knife, we might find the killer.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

Pause; he's aware that Gwen's just staring at it.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Anyway! Rings any bells, give's a shout, it's being circulated all round.

GWEN

Yeah. Thanks.

And she gets back to filing. Deep in thought.

CUT TO:

64 INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - DAY 3

64

GWEN walking back along the corridor. Plagued by doubts again, strange thoughts stirring.

CU Gwen as she walks. Intercut her face with -

The drawing of the blade.

Like it's familiar, like it means something...

CUT TO:

65 INT. POLICE CAR/EXT. STREET - DAY 3

65

The car's parked, GWEN with ANDY, both having a sandwich and a coffee. He's just rattling on -

ANDY

- cos I said to Geoff, it's not demotion, being put in goal, it's vital, but was he having it? He's off and moaning, says, who books the ground, who pays the subs? Like we're ganging up on him, he practically said so. And all the time, he gets more heated, and he's wheezing away, I said, Geoff, you're proving my point mate...

But for most of this, on CU Gwen, not listening, staring into space. Intercut with -

The drawing of the blade.

CUT TO:

66 INT. GWEN'S FLAT - NIGHT 3

66

GWEN sitting at the little kitchen table, staring into space, RHYS dishing out sausage & mash, rattling away:

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

RHYS

- and she said, you never come down, she said, you're in charge of transport, I said mam, I can't go hopping on a truck just to come and pay you a visit, and that set her off! Oh, should've heard it. All that Christmas stuff, all over again, I was like, for God's sake, leave it...

But for most of this, CU Gwen, and again, intercut with -
The drawing of the blade.

CUT TO:

67 INT. GWEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

67

GWEN and RHYS in bed. He's fast asleep. She's awake, though tired, lying on her side.

CUT TO CU Gwen. Intercut with -

The drawing of the blade.

She shifts a little, trying to shrug it off. She looks at the old digital clock: 02:00. She closes her eyes, and -

The blade.

But not a drawing, this time. A glimpse of the real blade, solid metal, the three sharp teeth. A perfect image, flat, as though the knife is on display.

Gwen wide awake now (though not sitting bolt upright, no one does that). But now she knows:

She has seen it before.

CUT TO:

68 INT. GWEN'S FLAT - NIGHT 3

68

GWEN walks through, in just t-shirt & knickers. Troubled.

She sits at the PC. As though wondering what she was doing on the computer last night, how she ended up there.

She picks up a pen, uses the back of an envelope, to draw the blade, roughly.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

CU Gwen, intercut with - her drawing of the knife - the original drawing - the *real* knife -

And she remembers something else, the flash of an image. Next to the real knife, in front of it - a flat, rectangular, glass panel. Burning with light, flickering.

Intercut the images, more and more intense, Gwen concentrating and concentrating...

Then, bollocks, she screws up the paper, flings it away.

Hold on her for a second, defeated.

Then she glances down. On the table, in amongst all the junk - Chinese & pizza takeaway menus, work stuff, junk mail - there's a brochure. For the Millennium Centre. And she wrote on it, last night, a scrawl: *remember*.

Gwen stares.

Slow zoom into the photo, the Centre, the water tower...

CUT TO:

69 EXT. MILLENNIUM SQUARE - NIGHT 3

69

Empty. Desolate.

Just GWEN. Huddled in her coat, walking along, slowly. Not even knowing what she's looking for. Feeling stupid.

But drawn to this place...

Far off, on the other side of the water tower, a FIGURE. In darkness, just a shape.

Gwen walks closer, slowly.

On CU Gwen - scared, now - and intercut her CU with images of the real knife. And the light reflected in glass.

As Gwen gets closer, the images become clearer; it's not light in the glass, it's *sparks*. Being reflected in... a window? A visor..?

The figure knows she's there. Is waiting for her.

On Gwen, walking, and the images resolving. The visor is the protective guard of a welder's mask.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

The welder's mask is taken off, as in sc.35, revealing -
SUZIE.

And in the Square, the figure steps forward -
SUZIE.

Final glimpse of the sc.35 image - Gwen's POV of that
unmasking moment - and throw focus to behind Suzie's
head. Mounted on the wall, her array of alien weapons.

Including the three-toothed blade.

Now, in the Square, all very calm, both women facing each
other. A good 10 feet apart. Gwen trying to keep
control, Suzie quietly desperate.

SUZIE

Hello again.

Silence.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

You were right. You told Jack we should
liaise with the police, I was the only
one who bothered. So I was the only one
who saw the report. They got a good
likeness.

And she digs in her shoulder bag, gets out: the knife.

Gwen terrified, still lost, but holding it together.

GWEN

I'm arresting you for...
(falters)
How do I know you?

SUZIE

I thought you might've seen it. And
that can trip the amnesia, just one
specific image. If you're clever.
(sad smile)

He said you were good.
(of the knife)

Anyway. It's not much good now, I can't
really... I mean, the first three were
easy, they were old and stupid and
drunk, but you're gonna put up a fight.
So I've got to... Um. Hold on. Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

And during this, she's fumbling with her shoulder bag, putting the knife away, digging for something. All very awkward and real, like she might be just digging out her purse; she's still an ordinary woman, trying to cope.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

There. That's better.

And she gets out a gun. Points it at Gwen. Shaking a little. Suzie's falling apart, though she keeps aiming.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

We're trained in these things. But I've never used one.

GWEN

Put it down.

SUZIE

You had to come back, didn't you?

GWEN

Put down the gun.

SUZIE

You're the only one who could make the link. Well, the only one in public, Torchwood's gonna find out, by morning, but I'll be gone.

(so sad)

Don't know where. Far away. What am I gonna do? I loved this job. I really loved it. And now I've got to run. Christ. How can you do any other job after this one?

GWEN

Please. Put the gun down.

SUZIE

Cos it gets inside you. Do this job for long enough, you end up thinking, how come we get all the Weevils and bollocks and shit? Is that what alien life is? Filth? Just filth? But maybe there's better stuff out there, brilliant stuff, beautiful stuff. Just... they don't come here. This planet's so dirty, that's all we get. The shit.

GWEN

I don't know what you're talking about.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (3)

69

SUZIE

Wish I could forget.

GWEN

Why did you kill those people?

SUZIE

I had to.

GWEN

What for?

Suzie steps forward, pointing the gun -

SUZIE

For the glove -

GWEN

Just, stay where you are -

SUZIE

I needed the bodies. That's how it works. Violent death. And it was so easy. To bring them back, I'd position myself behind the head, so they'd never see me twice.

GWEN

You killed three people.

SUZIE

It was the only way. The more I use the glove, the more I control it - .

GWEN

I don't understand, what glove? Where have I seen you before..?

SUZIE

If I can get enough practice, then think what that glove could do.

Under this, a hydraulic *thrummmmmmmmm*.

And as Suzie keeps talking - desperate, lost - and Gwen keeps listening - shocked, tearful -

FX: CAPTAIN JACK calmly rises up into shot between them. And they can't see him! Now revealing properly that Gwen and Suzie have been separated either side of the invisible lift, and they carry on talking, unaware, as -

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (4)

69

FX: Jack lifts into position. He's so sad, looking at Suzie, at Gwen. And slowly, taking his time, he's unholstering his gun (World War 2 issue). Under this:

SUZIE (CONT'D)

If I could get it work all the time, on anything, beyond the two minutes, if it could work permanently... It could resurrect. Resurrection on demand for the whole world, isn't that good? Isn't it though? Isn't it good? That's what I was working for, all day and all night, the rest of them go swanning about but I'm working. You've got to get inside this stuff. Surrender to it. That's what I did, with the knife, and the glove, and that's why the perception filter isn't gonna work on me -

- and suddenly she changes aim -

- fires -

- at Captain Jack - he's been so casual, so cocksure, he's too late to react -

He's shot, smack in the middle of his forehead!

Jack barely has a second to flail, gasp, then he stumbles - off the platform - falls down, dead.

Gwen reeling - with Jack off the platform, she can see his body, but she thinks she's going insane now -

GWEN

- but, what's he - who's he, where did he come from? What did you do? Who is he? Oh my God.

SUZIE

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Oh, I'm sorry...

And Suzie's horrified at what she's just done, crying. But not stopping. She steps past Jack's body, towards Gwen, pointing the gun. Shaking, falling apart.

But still aiming, gripping it with both hands.

Both women wild and lost, overlapping -

GWEN

Put it down.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (5)

69

SUZIE

I can't let you go.

GWEN

Just, don't, now put it down, do as I
say, put down the gun -

SUZIE

I've got to.

GWEN

Please don't. Please don't.

SUZIE

I'm sorry.

GWEN

Don't, don't, don't -

SUZIE

I've got to, I've got to, I've got to -

GWEN

No, don't, no, please, no -

On Suzie, shuddering, hating herself, as she goes to
squeeze the trigger -

And Jack calmly stands up behind her. Neat, clean bullet
wound in his head, blood running down his face.

JACK

Put down the gun.

Suzie spins round. Stares.

FX: the blood on Jack's face withdraws, pulling back into
the bullet hole, which then just closes up.

JACK (CONT'D)

Suzie. It's over. Now come with me.

Hold. Everyone fixed in position.

Then it's very simple for Suzie, almost a blessing. A
sort of smile on her face, relief that it's over, as she
turns the gun round, under her chin, and pulls the
trigger.

Suzie falls down dead.

Hold the silence, the gunshot echoing away.

Then, on Gwen, shattered. Looking at Jack in despair.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (6)

69

GWEN

I remember. I remember.

And she sinks to her knees.

Wide shot. Gwen on her knees, Suzie lying in a widening pool of blood, Jack just looking at the carnage. The last man standing.

CUT TO:

70 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB - NIGHT 3

70

The glove and the knife are placed inside a big, heavy strong-box. The lid is slammed shut.

CU locks being closed on the box. Sealed tight.

CUT TO IANTO, carrying out this task. He looks devastated, having heard about Suzie - but keeps working, ever-dutiful.

Reveal, around him in the Hub, TOSHIKO & OWEN - still in their coats, only just arrived - and standing further back, JACK & GWEN. Toshiko is crying, quietly. The others just ashen. As the final task, IANTO picks up a rubber stamp, slams it down on a white label on the strong-box lid -

NOT FOR USE

On one wall, a metal, man-height wall-safe is gaping open. IANTO places the box inside.

Then, looking guilty, Toshiko puts her metal-panel on the desk. Owen puts down his bottle of alien scent.

Jack picks them up. Puts them alongside the strong-box.

Then he slams the safe shut.

CUT TO:

71 INT. THE MORGUE - NIGHT 3

71

SUZIE lies dead.

A body bag is zipped up around her, covering her face. Then she slides out of shot as the drawer is closed -

Slam! It's the drawer of a morgue, flanked by other compartment doors. JACK's just closed the drawer, walks away, grim. As he does so, cut to wider -

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

FX SHOT. The morgue is massive, high and wide, dozens, if not hundreds of drawers.

And over this:

GWEN OOV

You go to school. You go to work. You go to bed. You eat. You get kissed, you have sex, you fall in love, or you don't. But it's work and bed and food and sleep, two weeks in Spain, Christmas and birthdays and weekends, every single day. Until it stops.

(pause)

That's the world. That's the world I live in. That's all there is.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. CARDIFF CITY - NIGHT 3

72

The high vantage point, as sc.1, GWEN & JACK looking out at dawn over the city, just sky all around them. Jack steps forward to join her.

GWEN

How much more is there?

JACK

So much more.

They consider the view, Gwen pulling herself back together, fighting off the tears.

*

GWEN

You didn't tell them everything. Owen and Toshiko, you didn't tell them you were shot in the head. And survived.

JACK

You didn't tell them either. Followed my lead. Keep doing that, and you might get through this.

GWEN

But she killed you.

Pause.

JACK

I can't die.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

GWEN

Okay.

JACK

But I can't.
Something happened to me a while back.
Long story. And far away. But I was
killed, and then I was brought back to
life, and ever since then... I can't
die.

GWEN

But how..?

JACK

I don't know. One day, I'm gonna find a
Doctor, the right sort of Doctor, maybe
he can explain it. Until then...

GWEN

Nothing kills you?

JACK

Well. Maybe if I put my head on a
railway line. Funny thing is, I haven't
quite got round to trying it yet.

Small, tired laugh between them, and in that moment, they
lose hand contact. Less intimate, but more like equals.

JACK (CONT'D)

I haven't told the others. Kind of
freaks people out, so... Best if you
don't say anything.

GWEN

Doesn't matter anyway. You're just
gonna wipe my memory again.

JACK

Why would I do that?

She looks at him, already knowing what this means:

JACK (CONT'D)

Torchwood has got a vacancy. Job going
spare, d'you want it?

GWEN

...but what d'you need me for?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

JACK

Cos maybe you were right. We could do more to help. So what d'you think, d'you want to join up?

GWEN

Yeah.

And she looks front again, at the city.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Yes I do. Yes.

And they stand there, together.

Pull out, HELICOPTER SHOT, to reveal that they're standing right on the roof of the Millennium Centre. Wider and wider, till they're two small figures, on a curving, golden roof, with the city spread out below them.

And a pterodactyl wheels across the sky.

END OF EPISODE ONE