

# **TORCHWOOD**

## **Episode 11**

**by**

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**Yellow Revisions**

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TEASER

1     EXT. CARDIFF -- NIGHT

1

Helicopter shots over the city.

Crash zoom down and

CUT TO:

2     EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

2

WEEVIL scream! Terrifying -- sound of the hunted.

A black boiler-suited WEEVIL pelts along a deserted road  
(industrial estate?) --

-- Behind him, JACK running at full pelt.

CUT TO:

3     OMITTED

3

CUT TO:

4     EXT. ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT

4

The WEEVIL thunders down an alleyway -- bins etc.

The other end, a brick wall. Dead end.

The WEEVIL spins, desperate: sees JACK approaching.

CUT TO REVERSE: JACK walks cautiously down the alleyway.  
In one hand, he's carrying a canister (as in Episode 1).  
In the other a set of thick black hand clamps -- thick  
metal handcuffs at either end of a hefty black metal bar.

JACK

Hate to break it to you, but you're not  
my first. See? Anti-Weevil spray.  
Handclamps. So, let's make this easy  
for both of us.

The WEEVIL, shifting like a caged animal, roars at JACK.  
Warning him not to come any closer. JACK sighs.

JACK (CONT'D)

This always happens when I give them the  
night off.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. BRASSERIE -- NIGHT

5

Good, modern restaurant in the city centre. RHYS and GWEN at a pavement table. Mid-meal. RHYS is poking at a steak on his plate.

From GWEN's POV as she stares at him. That long-term relationship, who-is-this-person-I'm-with look. Like he's suddenly a stranger to her.

RHYS

It's not even really medium, let alone well done. French places, see.

(delight at a memory;  
he grins)

Hey, remember that weekend in Paris, the little place with the wood panelling, they'd barely waved the steak under the grill and you said to them--

He stops.

RHYS (CONT'D)

Why you looking at me like that?

GWEN forces a smile.

GWEN

Sorry, like what?

RHYS

Like you'd rather be somewhere else.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT

6

Flurry of action, fast cuts:

-- JACK sprays the WEEVIL in the face --

-- The WEEVIL screams and shields its face in pain --

-- JACK shoves a bag over its head, like in Ep 1 --

-- JACK grabs the WEEVIL, tries to force handclamps on --  
but the WEEVIL lashes out! Struggles, screams --

And throws JACK off -- he slams against the wall, hard.  
Gasping, winded as --

The WEEVIL rips the bag from its head and goes for JACK --  
terrifying -- bared teeth --

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

Everything a blur -- animal screams -- JACK defends himself -- smashes it with the handclamps -- lands a few blows -- but his shirt is ripped, his face scratched --

JACK kicks the WEEVIL off with an almighty shove.

The WEEVIL falls backwards -- and then quick as a flash is straight back on to its feet. And now, WEEVIL and JACK having swapped positions, it races out of the alleyway.

JACK scrambles to his feet and runs off after it.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. BRASSERIE -- NIGHT

7

Not a row. RHYS honest, vulnerable.

RHYS

It's becoming the norm, isn't it? Me chuntering away and I look up and you're just... absent.

(Beat)

I'm scared what's happening to us, Gwen.

GWEN

-- I know. I'm sorry.

RHYS

Is it something I've done, or not done--

And as he's talking: ZOOM! WEEVIL runs past the table!

RHYS (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?

ZOOM! JACK runs past! Screeches to a halt.

Runs back. Up to the table. Worse for wear -- shirt ripped maybe, couple of cuts to the face -- after his Weevil encounter.

JACK grabs GWEN'S arm -- pulls her up -- all the while saying to RHYS:

JACK

Rhys is it? Great to meet you, really sorry, kind of an emergency, I'll make sure she's back for dessert but if you don't mind--

(CONTINUED)

GWEN  
(sees JACK's injuries)  
God, what happened to you?

And RHYS grabs JACK's arm.

RHYS  
Hold on there, sunshine.

Everyone freezes. RHYS asserting himself.

RHYS (CONT'D)  
That's my girlfriend you're tugging.

GWEN  
Rhys, this is Jack--

RHYS  
Sit down Gwen.

GWEN  
He's my boss--

RHYS  
(so stern)  
SIT THE FUCK DOWN!

Beat. Other diners look over. GWEN stares at RHYS.  
Livid.

GWEN  
Don't ever speak to me like that.

RHYS  
(to JACK)  
She's with me tonight. One night off.  
(to GWEN)  
You promised.

JACK  
(to GWEN)  
That thing stays loose, people are gonna  
get hurt.

Poor GWEN! Caught in the middle. A millisecond's choice  
and -- she grabs her jacket off the chair. RHYS watches  
in disbelief.

RHYS  
Don't you dare -- if you go now --

He trails off. He doesn't dare finish that sentence.

GWEN and RHYS stare at each other.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

And GWEN leaves.

RHYS watches as JACK and GWEN run past the window, in pursuit of the Weevil.

RHYS turns back to the restaurant. Everyone is looking at him.

Humiliated.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

8

GWEN and JACK pelting through the streets. JACK tracking the WEEVIL's heat source on a handheld device.

JACK

Sorry for cutting in, but I've been having a little trouble with this one.

GWEN

Rhys'll get over it.

And a flash of sadness for the life she's lost, what she once had.

GWEN (CONT'D)

He always does.

JACK

2nd left, 300 metres on right, car park.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. MULTI-STOREY CAR PARK - NIGHT

9

JACK and GWEN run in. Few cars left. End of evening. They run through the car park, up the storeys.

JACK

You promised you'd keep hold of your life. Don't let it drift.

WEEVIL growl. Echoes through the empty multi-storey. GWEN and JACK look at each other: where's it coming from?

They move up through the car park storeys, carefully.

Look round corners, pillars.

And then -- the other side of the car park -- breaking cover --

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

GWEN  
Jack! Over there!

And the WEEVIL's scarpering, down the levels --

JACK and GWEN running after --

-- And a large van (unmarked, bit dirty) squeals into the car park at the bottom --

-- The WEEVIL running straight at it --

The van spins, so its rear doors face the WEEVIL. As it spins, the doors smash open, three men in balaclavas, black tops and jeans leap out --

JACK and GWEN running to catch up, round the corner to see --

The men carrying cattle prods, zapping the WEEVIL down onto the floor.

PRAC FX: Sparks fly over the WEEVIL's body. It's screaming in pain, writhing around on the floor as electricity zaps round its body.

JACK  
Hey!

One of the balaclava guys looks up -- sees JACK and GWEN.

But the others have already got the dazed WEEVIL into the back of the van. Lightning-fast, organised, methodical.

And the three men, all jump into the back -- slamming the doors -- just as JACK and GWEN arrive at the van.

The van squeals off, leaving JACK and GWEN trailing in its wake. Alone in the empty car park.

JACK turns to GWEN.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Who the hell were they?!

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

CUT TO:

9A     INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- NIGHT

9A

JACK, TOSHIKO and IANTO around the computers. JACK's pacing, mightily pissed off.

JACK

Three questions that bother me. One: since when do other people know about Weevils? Two: have they done this before cos if so why didn't we know about it -- and three: what do they want them for, anyway?

IANTO

Might not be connected but we've noticed a surge in unusual injuries being reported at the A&E unit, last couple of weeks.

He hands JACK a folder of photos. JACK sifts through.

IANTO (CONT'D)

Vicious bites and wounds being blamed on wild dogs, trips to the zoo, oh and even in one case an angry mother in law.

JACK pins the photos to the clear board (where CARYS' info went in Ep 2). Gruesome: we just get glimpses.

JACK

(as he pins them)

Chunks taken out of legs and arms. Deep wounds to backs and stomachs.

TOSHIKO

Classic Weevil work.

IANTO

Why would the victims lie about what happened? You'd think they'd mention that whatever attacked them didn't seem entirely human.

TOSHIKO

What, go in for a cut arm and end up being sectioned?

JACK

Great, so we can add a wave of Weevil attacks to our problems. Oh and by the way. That spray we've used on Weevils previously? Looks like they're becoming immune to it.

(CONTINUED)



9A CONTINUED:

9A

TOSHIKO  
They're mutating?

IANTO  
Or evolving.

JACK  
So any sign of the one we lost earlier?

TOSHIKO  
I've run a trace on the van's number  
plate -- it's fake.

JACK  
OK, but check and see how many --

TOSHIKO  
(interrupting)  
Two and a half thousand vans of that  
type registered in the Cardiff area.  
Widen that to a forty mile radius and  
the number doubles.

JACK  
So, try tracing the van's --

TOSHIKO  
(finishing his  
sentence)  
-- route via traffic cameras?  
Processing that now.

JACK grins, loving TOSHIKO's brilliance.

CUT TO:

10 INT. TORCHWOOD, MEETING ROOM -- NIGHT

10

GWEN on her mobile, standing at the window, looking down  
at TOSHIKO, IANTO and JACK working away.

GWEN  
(on the phone)  
It's me. This is the third message I've  
left. Look, I've got a dozen excuses,  
hundreds. Thousands! But none of them  
are good enough.

CUT TO:

11      INT. GWEN'S FLAT -- CONTINUOUS      11

RHYS in the kitchen, cup of tea in hand, standing staring at the answer machine; listening as GWEN talks into it.

                         GWEN (O.S.)  
                         Things have got away from me a bit  
                         lately.

CUT TO:

12      INT. TORCHWOOD, MEETING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS      12

                         GWEN  
                         (into phone; looking  
                         out over the Hub)  
                         It's just... this job never lets up.

She looks over to OWEN's desk area.

His white coat is slung on the back of his chair.

At the side of his desk, a piece of A4 stuck on a weird bit of alien debris (a rock? Maybe the meteorite from Ep 2?) OWEN's handwriting in thick black letters: "OWEN'S DEALING WITH THIS: HANDS OFF!"

                         GWEN (CONT'D)  
                         One way or another.

CUT TO:

13      INT. GWEN'S FLAT -- CONTINUOUS      13

                         GWEN  
                         But I don't want us to be a mess, Rhys.

RHYS walks over to the machine. Thinking of picking up.

                         GWEN (CONT'D)  
                         I'll see you later. Not sure when. Some  
                         work I've gotta finish first.

RHYS' face clouds over. And it's as if GWEN can sense it, knows she's undermining everything she's just said.

                         GWEN (CONT'D)  
                         Oh, God. I've done it again. Call me.

She hangs up. RHYS presses a button on the machine.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

ANSWER MACHINE  
*Message deleted.*

CUT TO:

13A INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- CONTINUOUS 13A

GWEN hangs up the phone. Still looking at the area where OWEN isn't.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CUBE BAR -- NIGHT 14

Busy bar full of the young and the sexy. OWEN sits at the bar, with four large whiskeys lined up in front of him.

He necks the first, in one. Moves the glass away. Moves the next full glass along, ready to neck.

As he does this, his mobile flashes with a call. OWEN stares at the phone as he necks the whiskey.

After a second, the phone rings off.

Sexy girl behind the bar, LAURA, grins at OWEN. Picks up his phone.

LAURA  
Nine missed calls from... Work. Enjoy your job, do you?

OWEN  
Look, if you don't mind -- I came out to be alone.

LAURA  
Ah, the old Greta Garbo.

OWEN  
Something like that.

LAURA  
Little bit of advice: you might be better off staying in when you feel like that.

OWEN  
Trust me. The bigger the crowd, the more alone I feel.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

TOMMY -- 20s, hefty and hard, appears in the middle of them. Looks at LAURA.

TOMMY

I said. No chatting up the punters.

OWEN

Oh, for God's sake.

LAURA

Tommy, I work behind a bar. It's my job to talk to them.

TOMMY

You're never happier than when you're flashing your tits at a passing dickhead, are you?

OWEN

Don't speak to her like that.

TOMMY

You what?

OWEN

We were having a conversation. One day, when you're grown up, you'll realise that's what human beings do.

And TOMMY pulls OWEN off the bar stool into the middle of the room.

LAURA

Tommy don't! You'll get me the sack!

OWEN'S more irritated than annoyed.

OWEN

Do we have to?

TOMMY throws a punch -- OWEN dodges it with relative ease.

TOMMY punches again -- OWEN grabs TOMMY's arm, shoves it up TOMMY's back -- TOMMY yells in pain as --

OWEN kicks TOMMY's knees from the back. TOMMY smashes to the floor, on his stomach.

OWEN still has hold of TOMMY's ARM.

He puts his foot on TOMMY's head. Gently pressurising TOMMY's head into the floor.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

All of OWEN's moves have been simple, elegant, unviolent.  
Calm.

OWEN (CONT'D)

See, it's about using your opponent's  
aggression for your own ends. Now, I'd  
suggest you don't pick fights with  
strangers.

(to LAURA)

And you should really upgrade your  
boyfriend.

On the bar, his phone starts ringing again.

OWEN (CONT'D)

What does a man have to do to be alone  
in this city?

He presses REJECT and necks his whiskey.

CUT TO:

15 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- NIGHT

15

TOSHIKO and GWEN at the computers. GWEN finishes the  
phone call.

GWEN

Still not answering his phone.

TOSHIKO

Well, he's been even more erratic than  
usual since that thing with...

She trails off, embarrassed, looking at GWEN.

GWEN

Since the what?

TOSHIKO

(awkward)

Look, it's none of my -- *[business]*

GWEN

(tougher)

What thing, Tosh?

TOSHIKO

Owen and Diane. Before she took the  
plane... they... had a thing. You knew  
that, right?

GWEN having to process this quickly. She didn't know.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

GWEN  
Yeah, no, I knew -- course I knew -- I  
just didn't know -- it was a *Thing* ...  
thing.

\*

And a noise, a distant howling fills the Hub.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
What the hell is that?

CUT TO:

16 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE VAULT -- NIGHT

16

Howling.

The Torchwood WEEVIL howling in its cell. An unholy  
sound. But also melancholy.

Pull back to reveal JACK and IANTO watching from the  
other side of the cell door.

IANTO  
Started about ten minutes ago.

JACK stares in to the cell. His eyes lock with the  
WEEVIL's.

The WEEVIL continues to howl, staring at JACK. Almost  
directing it at him.

And it stops. But it holds JACK'S gaze for a long time.  
A connection, a moment of unspoken communication between  
them.

Then the WEEVIL resumes its howling.

IANTO (CONT'D)  
What d'you think it's doing?

JACK still transfixed by the WEEVIL.

JACK  
I think it's weeping.

The WEEVIL keeps its eyes on JACK. Terrible sadness.

IANTO  
Why?

JACK  
Weevils seem to be a pack race.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

JACK (CONT'D)

Owen's been studying this one, thinks they may have a low level of telepathic ability. The sort of link that allows them to locate fellow Weevils. But it could also be used to share emotion across distance.

IANTO

You mean it might be feeling the pain of another Weevil?

JACK

I kinda hope we're wrong, though.

IANTO

Why?

JACK

Because that would mean somebody's not only kidnapping Weevils, they're causing them pain.

JACK presses his face to the glass. Stares at the WEEVIL. All but whispers. More to himself than the creature.

JACK (CONT'D)

What can you feel? What do you know?

Close in on the WEEVIL's face.

CUT TO:

17 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- MOMENTS LATER

17

CCTV FOOTAGE: a transit van parked outside a large warehouse in the docks.

JACK, GWEN and TOSHIKO studying the footage.

TOSHIKO

I've tracked the van's route. It went straight from the car park out to the docks. This is twenty seven minutes ago.

On the CCTV, three men bundle the WEEVIL out of the van and into the warehouse.

Different CCTV angle: one more car pulls up alongside the van. Not flash, ordinary, everyday. And--

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

The picture crashes to interference / white noise.

JACK  
What happened?

TOSHIKO  
The CCTV cameras went down.

GWEN  
D'you think it was deliberate?

TOSHIKO  
I think these guys really don't like  
being watched.

JACK  
See -- and I know this is a character  
flaw -- that just makes me all the more  
determined to find out what it is  
they're hiding.  
(to TOSH)  
Fancy a trip to the docks?

CUT TO:

18 EXT. CARDIFF -- DAY 18

Sunrise. (Sunrise helicopter shots from Ep 1?)  
Helicopter shots follow the SUV through the city.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. THE DOCKS -- DAY 19

SUV driving through the docks.

TOSHIKO  
Q19. There's the warehouse they went  
in.

JACK'S POV: through the windscreen, as they drive up to  
the warehouse. It's deserted.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. THE DOCKS/WAREHOUSE -- DAY 20

TOSHIKO and JACK exit the SUV.

Look around -- no-one for miles. Just the empty docks.

Front of the warehouse looms up. A LYNCH FROST ESTATE  
AGENTS "TO RENT" sign.

(CONTINUED)



20

CONTINUED:

20

A door swings, creaking on its hinges.

TOSHIKO

Looks like we missed them.

JACK heads towards the warehouse door.

JACK

But if you quit places in a hurry, it's  
easy to be forgetful.

CUT TO:

21

INT. WAREHOUSE -- DAY

21

The door creaks open. JACK and TOSHIKO peer through.

Rundown, derelict, big space, with old bits of steelworks  
machinery scattered about.

TOSHIKO and JACK walk slowly through. JACK looks up and  
round.

JACK

Y'know what they used these warehouses  
for in World War Two?

(TOSHIKO looks to him  
for an answer)

Storing the bodies of dead GI's.

TOSHIKO notices as JACK's briefly, momentarily, a million  
miles away. Then: he shakes it off.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sometimes, you can know too much  
history.

He looks to TOSHIKO. She's staring at him.

\*

The door creaks and slams shut behind them. SLAM! Both  
TOSHIKO and JACK spin round. Realise what it was.  
Breathe out.

\*

JACK (CONT'D)

Come on.

They turn back, advance further into the warehouse.

TOSHIKO

There's nothing here.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

JACK

So what were they doing here? Why come  
all this way out?

They pick their way through and round the machinery.

And then JACK sees something on the ground up ahead.

TOSHIKO and JACK stop.

TOSHIKO

(whispers to JACK)

What is it?

They get closer.

It's a body. Seen from the back. Lying on its front.  
Wearing modern, casual street clothes (jeans, top/T-shirt  
etc).

JACK

Looks human. Male.

TOSHIKO

Is he alive?

JACK takes out his gun. TOSHIKO takes out hers.

They advance slowly, guns raised.

JACK

Hello?

The body doesn't move. JACK looks at TOSHIKO.

TOSHIKO

Could be a tramp, sleeping rough.

They advance slowly, cautiously.

JACK

You OK there?

No response.

JACK (CONT'D)

We're looking for the people who were  
just here.

They're almost by the body now. JACK stretches out his  
leg -- nudges the body gently with his foot. Nothing.

JACK crouches.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

JACK (CONT'D)

Sure you don't need any help?

JACK gently pulls the body towards him --

-- the body rolls --

Fast cut images:

-- a young man's bruised, silently screaming face, eyes wide open --

-- a gaping hole in his neck, covered in blood and flesh --

-- his clothes covered in blood --

TOSHIKO

Oh my God...

JACK

(examining the body)

Weevil marks.

\*

TOSHIKO

(looks round)

You don't think it's still in here, do you?

JACK

No. We'd hear it. Now help me with the body. We need to get it back to the Hub.

WIDE on the foreboding space. TOSHIKO stashes her gun -- and goes to help JACK pick up the body.

As they reach down, a mobile phone rings.

Incongruous jaunty ringtone.

TOSHIKO and JACK look at each other.

TOSHIKO

Is that his?

JACK

You think I'd choose that ringtone?

Phone continues to ring. JACK reaches in the guy's pockets. Can't find it in the first pocket or two. Scrabbles around more -- bingo. He brings out the phone.

TOSHIKO

Don't answer it.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

JACK answers the phone.

JACK

Hello.

And it's an electronically disguised voice on the other end, only lightly modulated but just enough to mask any sense of the caller's identity.

PHONE VOICE

I don't know who you are. But stay out of what doesn't concern you.

JACK

Who killed this man?

PHONE VOICE

Did you hear what I just said?

JACK

I have this selective deafness when I'm talking to cowards or murderers.

PHONE VOICE

Don't interfere in things you don't understand.

JACK

See, the thing is, I understand this much better than you. Cos I know how this'll end: we will hunt you down. We will ensure you're punished for what happened here. And we will make you surrender the creature you kidnapped earlier tonight. That clear enough for you?

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)

You still there?

The other end goes dead. JACK dials on the phone hurriedly.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ianto? Need you to trace all calls to and from this number in the last 24 hours. Fast as you can. We're on our way back.

He hangs up. Turns to TOSHIKO.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (4) 21

JACK (CONT'D)  
Help me with the body.

CUT TO: \*

22 INT. OWEN'S FLAT -- DAY 22

OWEN's mobile rings. He answers, hung over, standing against the window.

OWEN  
This is Owen's voicemail. Don't leave me a message.

JACK (O.S.)  
Cute trick. Need you in here. Weevil murder.

CUT TO:

23 INT. TORCHWOOD, AUTOPSY ROOM -- DAY 23

OWEN doing autopsy (the body peeled open on the slab?). The whole team gathered round.

GWEN examining the contents of his wallet.

GWEN  
Dan Hodges, date of birth, 21st January 1979. Salesman for web publishing software.

She pulls out a crumpled photo: a woman and a toddler, grinning at camera.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
Looks like he's married. With a kid.

OWEN holds up the corpse's finger with a wedding ring on it

OWEN  
No shit, Sherlock.  
(stands back from the body)  
Definitely death by Weevil, but he took a right kicking before the throat was punctured.

GWEN  
Apart from the Weevil wounds?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

OWEN

Weevils go for the kill, straight for the jugular. Look at his face: black eye, bruising to the cheekbones. Same across the ribs and back.

TOSHIKO

Could he have been tortured?

OWEN

Maybe. But these wounds look like they were inflicted by humans. Why smack somebody about and *then* set a Weevil on them? Why not just let the Weevil do all the work for you?

JACK

(to IANTO)

Any joy with the phone records?

IAN TO

The last incoming number was blocked. And the phone's entire call history has been erased.

TOSHIKO

God, they move fast.

JACK stands over the body, staring down at it.

JACK

You ask me, these guys are using Weevils to carry out the perfect murder.

They all turn to look at JACK.

JACK (CONT'D)

No fingerprints, no traces of recognisable DNA -- and a quick, guaranteed death. Nothing to connect anyone to the murder.

OWEN

Great. It's gonna be a piece of piss to find the killer, then.

The team exchange glances, realising the size of the task before them.

GWEN

(by the body)

What about this guy?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

GWEN (CONT'D)

Somebody's gonna have to break it to his wife that he's dead.

And the team all look back at her.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. TERRACED STREET -- DAY

24

SUV parked up. OWEN watches from a distance from the passenger seat of the SUV.

GWEN stands on a doorstep and talks to a woman in her 20s, holding a 3 year old girl close to her.

After a second of GWEN'S unheard dialogue, the woman's face begins to crumple. She sends the little girl inside, through her legs.

OWEN watches as the woman slumps with her back against the wall of her house. Like her spine has suddenly been removed. And slowly, so slowly, she slides down the wall, unable to keep her posture strong. And as she does so, she wails. The one thing that OWEN can hear clearly.

\*

And then the woman is screaming at GWEN: "Go away!", "Get out of here!", "Leave us alone!".

And she's still screaming as GWEN crosses the road and heads back in to the SUV.

CUT TO:

25 INT. SUV -- DAY

25

OWEN doesn't flinch as GWEN gets back in. The sound of the woman wailing carries across the wind.

GWEN sits in the drivers seat, doesn't start the engine.

GWEN

The shittiest part of being a police officer and I can't get away from it.

OWEN says nothing. GWEN looks at him.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Well, thanks for your kind words of support.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

OWEN

What d'you want me to say? She'll be  
alright in the end? Her kid won't  
really be traumatised for years to come?

GWEN

Always rely on Owen to make you feel  
better.

They sit in silence.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Tosh mentioned you and Diane.

Beat. OWEN just stares ahead.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Did you--

OWEN

(over her)

I didn't want her to go. She went.

GWEN looks at him. And she can see the pain.

GWEN

I'm sorry.

OWEN says nothing.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Why are we still doing this? You and  
me. It's mad.

Beat.

OWEN

Fine. Let's not. I was getting bored  
of your fuck-tricks, anyway.

He opens the door, gets out, stands back looking in,  
defiant. GWEN looks at him, stunned. He stares right  
back, hard as nails. She's livid.

GWEN

You can be such a wanker, d'you know  
that?

And OWEN slams the door on her. He watches as she drives  
the SUV off.

(CONTINUED)



25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

OWEN

I do, as a matter of fact.

CUT TO:

25A INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- DAY

25A

The rolling door opens as OWEN enters.

He glances up to see GWEN -- she's been back some time!  
She stares back defiantly.

JACK

(on the walkway)

Where the hell have you been?

OWEN

(heading for his desk)

Walking.

JACK

In your absence, Toshiko's had a great  
idea.

OWEN

Well, it had to happen sooner or later.

GWEN

(seeing TOSHIKO's  
wounded expression)

Ignore him, Tosh.

OWEN

Yeah, ignore me, Tosh. I can be such a  
wanker. Apparently.

TOSHIKO

The van went from kidnapping the Weevil  
straight to the warehouse. They must've  
known it was empty.

GWEN

So either they own it or they had  
previous contact with the estate agents.

JACK

Owen Harper, you're going into property.  
Toshiko's in the middle of fixing you a  
cover story.

OWEN

Hang on, why me?

\*

(CONTINUED)

25A CONTINUED:

25A

TOSHIKO

Jack and Gwen were in the car park, I was in the warehouse. If they've got access to CCTV, they'd recognise us.

JACK

We need to get under their guard to find out what's going on.

OWEN looks around.

OWEN

Alright, why not.

(pointed)

I could do with being someone else, right now.

CUT TO:

26 INT. LYNCH FROST ESTATE AGENTS -- DAY

26

Classy, welcoming commercial Estate Agents. Contemporary, stylish, not full of wankers.

Hardly any paper, all very wi-fi. Two female eye candy receptionists at the front of the place. Two or three desks maximum.

MARK LYNCH (late 20s, charismatic, sexy, clever) steps forward, hand extended.

MARK LYNCH

Mr Harper?

OWEN stands, grins, shakes MARK's hand. He's dressed in an expensive, modern suit, open necked shirt, no tie. He looks fantastic: stylish, in control. They're similar blokes, MARK and OWEN. Rough-edged and quick-witted.

Over the course of the scene, they come to see this in each other.

MARK LYNCH (CONT'D)

Mark Lynch. You're looking to relocate your business to Cardiff.

OWEN

Yeah.

MARK LYNCH

And you export jellied eels.

(looks up)

Really?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

OWEN

Huge growth market. China, South America, I'm having a nightmare trying to keep up with demand. I'll get you a batch if you find me the right gaff.

MARK LYNCH

I'll pass on that.  
(they both grin)  
Any family to relocate?

OWEN

Just me. Better that way.

He smiles at MARK. MARK smiles back, holds the look just that second too long, as if he's sizing OWEN up. Then he looks back to his laptop.

MARK LYNCH

And you're looking for premises by the docks.

OWEN

Nice big warehouse, that's what I need.

MARK LYNCH

(pressing keys on his laptop)

I've got a couple that should be perfect. Hang on while I print.

He heads on over to the printer. OWEN looks around -- everyone in the place is occupied, busy doing something.

OWEN pulls a tiny piece of circular metal (like a watch battery) and sticks it to the side of MARK's laptop.

CUT TO:

27 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- CONTINUOUS

27

TOSHIKO at the computer, JACK standing over her. The screen flashes up: CONNECTION ESTABLISHED.

TOSHIKO

We're in.  
(typing away)  
Now if I can just--

The screen flashes up: ACCESSING PROTOCOLS. TOSH types like the wind.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

TOSHIKO (CONT'D)

This'll give us everything on his hard drive, including encrypted files. If I can establish a routing protocol, whatever he does on that computer from now on, we'll know about it.

The screen flashes up: ACCESS COMPLETED.

TOSHIKO (CONT'D)

(over comms)

Owen, you're clear.

CUT TO:

28 INT. LYNCH FROST ESTATE AGENTS -- CONTINUOUS

28

OWEN, checking nobody's watching, removes the tiny metallic disc from the computer and pops it back in his pocket.

MARK comes back over. Hands the print-outs to OWEN.

MARK LYNCH

These have got the square footage you're looking for, good access, competitively priced.

OWEN

(flicking through)

Except... they look like shitholes to me.

Beat. MARK doesn't flinch from OWEN's gaze.

MARK LYNCH

Yeah. They are a bit.

They look at each other, still sizing each other up. Uncertain who's going to make the next move.

OWEN

Didn't I see your sign outside a big place in the Q section of the docks?

The tiniest beat as MARK looks at OWEN. OWEN doesn't flinch. MARK carries on, same as before.

MARK LYNCH

We've accepted an offer on it. Pretty much signed and sealed.

CUT TO:

29     INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- CONTINUOUS

29

TOSH at the screen. It has the LYNCH FROST logo up.

TOSHIKO

He's lying. According to their records,  
it only went on the market last week.  
They haven't had a single viewing.

CUT TO:

30     INT. LYNCH FROST ESTATE AGENTS -- CONTINUOUS

30

OWEN smiles at MARK LYNCH.

OWEN

Bummer.

MARK LYNCH

What about a unit on an industrial  
estate? Save a ton on rent, even after  
transport costs.

OWEN

And you just happen to have a list of  
suitable premises.

MARK LYNCH

You free the end of the day? We could  
run through the possibilities over a  
beer. On your own in a strange city,  
see. I remember that feeling.

OWEN

And look at you now. Couple of gorgeous  
birds answering your phones for you. If  
that's not success, I dunno what is.

MARK LYNCH

It's all bollocks, really. But, if you  
wanted me to put in a good word --

OWEN looks over at them. Hollow.

OWEN

No. Thanks anyway.

That black cloud again. But it's gone in a second. He  
stands, offers a hand to MARK.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Good meeting you, Mark.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

MARK smiles as they shake hands. OWEN exits. Stay on MARK LYNCH, watching OWEN go.

JUMP CUT TO:

31 INT. LYNCH FROST ESTATE AGENTS -- MOMENTS LATER 31

MARK LYNCH at his computer.

COMPUTER SCREEN: search engine (replica of Google). MARK types in "OWEN HARPER".

CUT TO:

32 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- CONTINUOUS 32

TOSHIKO seeing exactly the same thing on her screen, seeing the words "OWEN HARPER" appear in the search box.

TOSHIKO

First, he'll go for the weblink at the top of the page.

CUT TO:

33 INT. LYNCH FROST ESTATE AGENTS -- CONTINUOUS 33

MARK clicks on "HARPER'S JELLIED EELS" weblink at the top of the webpage. A front page of a website comes up.

Pictures of cans of jellied eels with "HARPER'S" on. Pictures of TRUCKS with the same logo.

A gang of twenty hair-netted, white-smocked factory workers outside a warehouse, smiling and waving.

(All stock, photoshopped footage)

TOSHIKO (O.S.)

Then he'll want to know what other people say about the business. See how successful it is.

As she's saying this, MARK clicks on the "REVIEWS" section. Newspaper headlines: "EELS DELIVER MASSIVE THIRD QUARTER GROWTH FOR HARPER'S". Sunday supplement page: "4 STARS: Harper's is the clear winner in our taste test".

A two page profile piece of OWEN (with big picture of OWEN) headlined "THE MAN BEHIND THE EELS".

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

TOSHIKO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Now he'll see what Owen's got to say  
about himself.

MARK clicks on the "ABOUT US" hyperlink.

A small paragraph of company info. And a streamed video  
of OWEN.

WEBSITE OWEN  
Welcome to the number one supplier of  
jellied eels to Britain and Northern  
Europe. With a client base of more than  
150 resellers, we're constantly looking  
to expand into new territories. If  
you're interested in becoming an  
affiliate or Harper's franchise holder,  
please contact our Sales Director on the  
number below.

MARK picks up the phone. Dials.

CUT TO:

34 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- CONTINUOUS

34

TOSHIKO'S phone rings.

TOSHIKO  
Harper's sales, Jenny Long speaking.

CUT TO:

35 INT. LYNCH FROST ESTATE AGENTS -- CONTINUOUS

35

MARK LYNCH  
I'm sorry, wrong number.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

36 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- CONTINUOUS

36

TOSHIKO puts the phone down.

TOSHIKO  
Job done.  
(to JACK)  
He knows something about what went on in  
that warehouse.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

IANTO

I've tracked down another set of  
suspicious injuries at the hospital.  
They sound pretty bad.

JACK

Tosh, stay here and monitor Mark Lynch's  
movements. Ianto, we're gonna need  
grapes for visiting time.

GWEN

I'll come with you.

JACK

Go home.

GWEN

But--

JACK

It's not a request.

(Beat)

Don't let it drift, remember.

On GWEN.

CUT TO:

37 INT. HOSPITAL WARD -- DAY

37

The swish of privacy curtains as IANTO draws them round a  
bed. He and JACK stand beside WILL HARRIS, early 20s  
beanpole. His face is cut and bruised.

JACK'S reading WILL's medical chart.

WILL HARRIS

I've already made a statement to the  
police.

IANTO

(helpfully)

We're beyond the police.

WILL looks even more worried now

JACK

According to your chart here, you nearly  
had your heart torn from your ribcage.  
10 hour operation to repair chest  
wounds. It's taken you five days to  
recover.

(CONTINUED)



37 CONTINUED:

37

WILL HARRIS

Why should I talk to you?

JACK

Let me tell you what did this to you.  
Six feet high, teeth like a shark,  
rippled skin and the rage of a wild  
animal. Am I close?

And WILL HARRIS' eyes betray him when he lies:

WILL HARRIS

I was mugged. Three of them, they had  
knives.

IANTO

So why were your wounds described by the  
paramedics as bite marks?

WILL HARRIS

I can't help it if they got mixed up.  
They're overworked.

JACK

OK, Will. There are lots of ways I can  
get you to talk, but the easiest will be  
if you seriously consider the  
consequences should you not tell me the  
truth. Which is that this creature will  
attack again. Somebody will die. And  
it'll be on your conscience.

(Beat)

Now tell us the truth.

WILL looks at JACK. Fear in his eyes.

WILL HARRIS

I can't. They'd kill me.

JACK

Who'd kill you?

WILL HARRIS

Everyone.

CUT TO:

38 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- DAY

38

TOSHIKO staring at IANTO and JACK.

TOSHIKO

What does that mean?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

JACK  
That was all he'd say.

IANTO  
Couldn't get any more out of him.

JACK  
I still say we should bring him in here,  
administer some truth drugs. He'd start  
talking then.

TOSHIKO  
Jack, he's just been through a ten hour  
operation. You could kill him if you  
push him any further. Which would be  
kind of missing the point.

JACK  
(looking at IANTO;  
slightly annoyed)  
Yeah, that's what he said too.

IANTO gives JACK the "See?!" Look.

JACK (CONT'D)  
That leaves us one option.

CUT TO:

39 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE VAULT -- DAY

39

JACK, TOSHIKO and IANTO stand in front of the WEEVIL in  
its cell. Holding a set of handclamps

JACK  
OK, Janet. Time for a trip out.

IANTO and TOSHIKO stare at JACK.

TOSHIKO  
You call it Janet?

JACK  
Yeah, well, Barbara just never seemed  
right.

CUT TO:

40 INT. GWEN'S FLAT -- DAY

40

GWEN enters the flat in the hallway. The sound of music --  
chorus of Hard-Fi: "Cash Machine" -- from the lounge.  
She steels herself, ready to go in.

(CONTINUED)

As she gets to the doorway, she sees:

RHYS, readying himself to go out. Shoving gel in the hair, looking trendy-swish. A man making an effort. He's singing along, thinks he's alone. GWEN lurks in the doorway, watches for a second. Then:

GWEN

What you doing?

RHYS jumps, embarrassed. Switches the music down/off. GWEN walks in. RHYS giving no ground.

RHYS

You here now, are you?

GWEN

(re: RHYS' clothes)

That's your pulling top.

RHYS

No it's not.

GWEN

It is! That's what you call it, since that time I said you looked sexy in it.

Beat. RHYS a bit caught out, stares at her.

GWEN (CONT'D)

(disappointed)

So you're off out?

RHYS

Daf's stag do. All day job.

GWEN

Eh? Since when's Daf getting married?

RHYS

He's not. But he thinks he's missing out on a piss-up. So he's having a Staying Single Stag. Few beers and see what transpires.

(pointed; childish)

Probably a strip club, that sort of thing.

GWEN nods. Beat. The ache between them.

GWEN

What time'll you be back?

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED: (2)

40

RHYS

Not sure.

GWEN

(heart in her boots)

But... I'm in, tonight.

RHYS

(shrugs)

I'm not.

And they both know he's making a point. But they're both too stubborn to switch it.

GWEN

Rhys. Please don't do this.

Beat.

RHYS

You don't understand, do you? Blokes like to be needed.

GWEN

I do need you.

RHYS

You're taking liberties, Gwen. You know you are. Locking me out of your life.

(Beat)

See you later.

RHYS exits. GWEN alone in the empty flat.

CUT TO:

41

INT. CUBE BAR -- DAY

41

OWEN at the bar with MARK LYNCH. MARK hands over a list of properties in a stylish LYNCH FROST pack. OWEN's impressed.

OWEN

Now that's what I call service. Cheers.

MARK LYNCH

Yeah. Cheers.

They chink glasses. OWEN spots something over MARK's shoulder.

OWEN

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

TOMMY, the bloke from OWEN'S earlier fight, walks over to OWEN and MARK. This time he's flanked by two brick-shithouse mates.

MARK LYNCH

Problem here, boys?

TOMMY

Not with you.

OWEN

(standing up)

Come on then, let's get it over--[with]

But before he can finishes, TOMMY floors OWEN with a thick lumpen punch. His mates grin.

On the floor, OWEN wipes blood from his mouth. Struggles to his feet.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get cross if this carries on.

MARK stands. TOMMY lays a hand on MARK's shoulder.

TOMMY

(to MARK)

No need for you to get involved,  
sweetheart.

MARK smashes TOMMY a ferocious, controlled, elegant punch to the face. A classy, economical blow. TOMMY crashes backwards into a table. Knocked out.

BRAWL: TOMMY'S two mates go for MARK and OWEN. Ugly, messy. Low-punching, groin-kicking.

OWEN's annoyed -- not quite in control -- and is suffering. MARK is calmer, and having more success.

MARK punches MATE 2 hard in the kidneys -- MATE 2 doubles over -- MARK smashes his knee upwards into MATE 2's face. MATE 2 reels, slumps to the ground.

MARK looks round:

MATE 1 has OWEN on the floor, is throttling him -- OWEN struggling as MATE 1 grabs an empty beer bottle off the bar with his free hand -- is about to smash it into OWEN's face when --

MARK kicks the bottle out of MATE 1's hand. Lovely move! More elegance!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2) 41

MARK JABS an elbow to the back of MATE 1's neck. MATE 1 goes down.

MARK gives OWEN a hand up. They look round at the debris. Three groggy bodies down. MARK and OWEN bloodied and scruffy, their previously stylish clothes a mess now.

OWEN turns to MARK. Very heartfelt.

OWEN

Thanks.

On MARK, smiling a "you're welcome" at OWEN.

CUT TO:

42 SCENE MOVED 42

CUT TO:

43 EXT. CARDIFF -- NIGHT 43

Helicopter shots pick out the SUV.

TOSHIKO (O.S.)

Jack, seriously, we can't do this!

CUT TO:

44 INT. TORCHWOOD SUV -- NIGHT 44

JACK

Seriously, we don't have any other option!

TOSHIKO

You want to release a Weevil in the middle of Cardiff!

JACK

Not exactly the middle. A little to the side. We place a tracker in its boiler suit, so when it gets captured, we find out where they are.

TOSHIKO

It could kill any number of people before then.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

JACK

We set it loose in the same area where they took the last one. It's deserted this time of day. Besides we'll be with it every step of the way.

IANTO

I'm with Tosh. There's no telling what might happen.

JACK

I appreciate your opinions. I take them on board, I really do. Now get ready to do as I say.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. MULTI STOREY CAR PARK -- NIGHT 45

The Torchwood SUV drives in -- the back doors slam open.

And a WEEVIL (JANET!) sprints out. Pelts away.

CUT TO:

46 INT. TORCHWOOD SUV -- NIGHT 46

JACK and IANTO in the front, TOSHIKO in the back.

JACK

Tracker working?

TOSHIKO

Yep.

JACK

Go Janet!

He revs the SUV --

CUT TO:

47 EXT. MULTI STOREY CAR PARK -- NIGHT 47

-- and the SUV speeds on out.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT 48

WEEVIL JANET running down a deserted city street.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

SUV rounds the corner behind at speed.

CUT TO:

49 INT. TORCHWOOD SUV -- NIGHT 49

JACK

Do they always move this fast?

TOSHIKO

2nd right, 200 metres ahead.

JACK

Tosh, it's a one way street!

TOSHIKO

What d'you want me to do about it?!

CUT TO:

50 EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT 50

WEEVIL JANET halfway down the street as the SUV zooms down the street.

Halfway down the road, WEEVIL JANET runs down an alleyway -- that's blocked off to traffic. \*

CUT TO:

51 INT. TORCHWOOD SUV -- NIGHT 51

TOSHIKO

Shit!

JACK

What now?!

TOSHIKO

Pedestrian access only!

CUT TO:

52 EXT. CITY STREET/ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT 52

The SUV screeches to a halt beside the alleyway.

JACK

(as he leaps out)

Ianto, take over!

(CONTINUED)



52 CONTINUED:

52

JACK and TOSHIKO run after the WEEVIL. The SUV pelts off, to try and catch them up, still going the wrong way down the one way street.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. RIVER TAFF/MILLENNIUM STADIUM -- NIGHT

53

WEEVIL JANET runs out from an alleyway to the path by side of the Taff, just across the river from the Millennium Stadium.

WHIP-PAN back: JACK and TOSHIKO in pursuit behind.

A couple of middle aged men are walking towards WEEVIL JANET --

JACK  
(yelling)  
Get out the way!

The men jump out the way -- the WEEVIL crashes past them. JACK and TOSHIKO flash past a couple of seconds later. The two men turn to each other.

1ST MIDDLE AGED MAN  
Bloody students.

And now the SUV rounds the corner catching up with TOSHIKO and JACK.

WEEVIL JANET veers left into a side street. TOSHIKO and JACK do the same.

And at the other end of the street, a white van squeals round the corner. Brakes to a halt.

JACK  
The Weevil has landed.

TOSHIKO gives him a disparaging look as:

WEEVIL JANET runs unwittingly towards the van.

The back doors of the white van smash open. Four men in balaclavas, black tops and jeans leap out -- and they're carrying cattle prods --

And they smash WEEVIL JANET to the ground, zapping it with the prods.

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED:

53

On JACK and TOSHIKO, watching from distance, staying out of sight, as WEEVIL JANET writhes on the ground, electricity coursing round its body.

The screams from the WEEVIL echo through the night.

TOSHIKO looks on horrified. JACK looks on, the sound penetrating his soul.

WEEVIL JANET stops writhing, unconscious.

The men pick it up and lug it into the back of the van. The doors close. The van speeds off.

JACK turns to TOSHIKO. They're both subdued.

JACK (CONT'D)

Got a signal?

TOSHIKO nods. Looks at JACK.

TOSHIKO

We'd never deliberately put a human being through that. But Weevils are fair game. Is that right? Just so I know where we stand?

JACK looks at her. He's got no answer other than:

JACK

We need to follow them.

They head for the parked SUV.

CUT TO:

54

EXT. MARK LYNCH'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

54

Modern, minimal, sterile architect-designed house.

A taxi draws up: OWEN and MARK get out.

OWEN looks upon the house and marvels, impressed.

OWEN

This is your gaff?

MARK grins.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I'm in the wrong business.

CUT TO:

55     INT. MARK LYNCH'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

55

MARK and OWEN walking through the hall of this stylish, sumptuous house. OWEN looking up and round.

MARK enjoying OWEN'S enjoyment of it...

CUT TO:

56     INT. MARK LYNCH'S HOUSE/KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

56

MARK cooking. He opens one of those huge American style fridges, looks in. OWEN stands, leaning against the side, drinking a bottle of beer. MARK busies himself.

MARK LYNCH

D'you cook?

OWEN

Not if I can avoid it.

MARK LYNCH

So what's your outlet?

OWEN

For what?

MARK LYNCH

The anger.

Beat.

OWEN

Who said I was angry?

MARK LYNCH

That fight. You're not even living here yet and you've already got people coming after you.

OWEN

Yeah, well. Some people need teaching a lesson.

MARK LYNCH

Not criticising. You're not the only pissed off bloke out there. It's what the world does to us.

CUT TO:

57     INT. MARK LYNCH'S HOUSE/DINING AREA -- NIGHT

57

OWEN and MARK eat.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

MARK LYNCH

You work yourself stupid. Get a house,  
a car, a plasma screen ... You end up  
with a workforce, people to look after  
your every whim. You're officially  
successful. And what does it bring?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

OWEN'S smart enough to know MARK'll answer himself.

MARK LYNCH (CONT'D)

Nothing. Success has no worth other  
than itself.

\*  
\*

(Beat)

I could live without all this.  
It doesn't define me.

\*

OWEN

Still, nice to have it, though.

\*

MARK LYNCH

There's so much more. If you know where  
to look.

\*  
\*

OWEN

Is that right?

MARK LYNCH

It's closer than you think, Owen.  
Something's coming. Out there in the  
darkness, something's coming. Ask  
yourself, Owen: what's the point of your  
life?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

OWEN shifts uncomfortably. MARK keeps his eye on OWEN.  
Examining. Almost testing him.

\*

On OWEN.

CUT TO:

57A INT. GWEN'S FLAT -- NIGHT

57A

RHYS shuts the front door quietly. Walks into the  
lounge. Stops.

GWEN sitting there. Two glasses of whisky on the table.

GWEN

You drunk?

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED:

57A

RHYS

(shakes his head)

Two pints was all I could get down.

They've gone on without me.

(Beat)

You waiting up for me?

GWEN nods. Holds out a glass of whisky. He takes it, grateful for the conciliatory gesture. Sits. A good smile between them. Before he can drink:

GWEN kisses him. A good, passionate kiss. After:

RHYS (CONT'D)

Gwen--

But she puts her hand on his lips.

GWEN

I need to tell you something.

She stands. Paces. Nervous.

RHYS

What sort of thing?

GWEN

I've been sleeping -- I've been having sex with someone else. From work.

WHACK. RHYS' face. Like his world's just crumbled.

GWEN (CONT'D)

His name's Owen, I mean he's a bit of a tosser actually and it's all gonna stop but --

RHYS

(over her; quiet)

Shut up.

GWEN

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Close in on RHYS. And GWEN's face, the face he knows so well, tells him she's not lying. RHYS struggles.

RHYS

You wouldn't do that.

GWEN

But I did.

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED: (2)

57A

RHYS  
(stunned; quiet)  
Why you telling me this?

GWEN  
Cos I'm ashamed. And angry. And I want  
you, I need you to forgive me.  
(Beat)  
And because I've drugged you.

RHYS  
You've done what?!

He tries to get up, but his legs buckle under him.

GWEN  
Just sit down. It's nothing, it's just  
an amnesia pill. Dash of sedative.  
You'll wake up tomorrow, won't remember  
anything.

RHYS blinks. Woozy.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
Rhys? Shit! I must've overdone the  
sedative.

He stares at her. Blinks again, eyes heavy. Hurt.  
Outraged.

RHYS  
You selfish bitch...

GWEN  
I know, but -- oh God, I thought we'd  
have a chance to talk it out, I should  
never have done this --

RHYS stares at her. She's going in and out of focus.  
GWEN alarmed.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
Rhys! Stay with me!

She grabs him, shakes him, desperate now--

GWEN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Just --tell  
me it's alright. Rhys!!

She lets go. He slumps. GWEN stares at him. She's  
messed up.

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED: (3)

57A

GWEN (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
Tell me you forgive me.

RHYS sleeps.

CUT TO:

58 INT. MARK LYNCH'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

58

OWEN wandering through the house, 1st floor now. Opens a door -- the toilet.

MARK LYNCH (O.S.)  
(yelling from  
downstairs)  
Found it?

OWEN  
(shouting down; over  
the stairs)  
Yep!

OWEN looks down the stairs for a second, to check MARK isn't following. He slams the toilet door shut loudly.

OWEN has a quick peek in all the doors: two bedrooms, an office, bathroom.

At the end of the landing there are further stairs up. And at the top of the stairs, a door. With a thick padlock on it.

OWEN sighs. A padlock. How can he not?

He checks back -- no sign of MARK. Goes up the stairs.

At the padlock, he takes his lockpick out of his jacket pocket. A little twizzling -- it's a tough one -- and he springs it.

OWEN opens the door. More steps up. Into darkness.

He can't resist.

CUT TO:

59 INT. MARK LYNCH'S HOUSE/ATTIC -- CONTINUOUS

59

OWEN tiptoes up the stairs into the attic. Dark.

(CONTINUED)

At the top of the stairs, OWEN peers into the darkness. He can just make out some gym equipment -- rowing machine, exercise bike.

He walks further in, bangs his head. Ow! Sees what it is: a sparring ball, like in a boxing gym.

And then something moves up ahead.

OWEN

Hello?

The sound of breathing.

OWEN (CONT'D)

You alright?

Heavy breathing continues.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna find a light switch.

OWEN looks around in the darkness. Just makes out a switch. Flicks it and--

A scream of pain -- OWEN turns -- shit!

A WEEVIL chained to the wall.

It cowers, shielding its eyes from the sudden light.

OWEN walks over, transfixed.

Each of the WEEVIL's legs is manacled and chained to the wall. The same with the arms. And around its neck is a thick metal collar, also chained to the wall.

It can barely move an inch either way. Its face is scarred and has red welts on it.

Recovering from the light, the WEEVIL watches as OWEN walks over. As he gets closer and closer, it begins to whimper. And cower.

OWEN stands in front of the WEEVIL.

And the WEEVIL looks more scared than he does.

MARK LYNCH

Told you there was more to see.

OWEN spins.

(CONTINUED)



59 CONTINUED: (2)

59

OWEN

Mark, mate, I'm sorry. I never could resist a padlock--

MARK LYNCH

(as he walks into the room)

What do you think? Of the creature?

OWEN turns back. Stares at the pitiful WEEVIL.

OWEN

What is it?

MARK LYNCH

No idea. Kind of beautiful, though. Don't you think? Some sort of mad perfection, this.

He approaches the WEEVIL. The WEEVIL cowers.

MARK LYNCH (CONT'D)

Don't get too close, though. Vicious bastard.

OWEN

Where did it come from?

MARK LYNCH

I found one on the streets. Took five of us to bring it in. \*

(Beat)

Other than that, haven't got a clue. Scientific experiment gone wrong? Nuclear victim? One of the lads even reckons it's an alien.

(Beat)

Tell you what I think.

OWEN

Go on.

MARK LYNCH

It's us, Owen. You and me. In a thousand, a million years time. This is what we become, when all we have left is our rage.

Beat.

OWEN

Not exactly a comforting thought.

(CONTINUED)

MARK LYNCH

Give it a smack.

OWEN

What?

MARK LYNCH

Go on. Punch it.

OWEN

Why?

MARK LYNCH

That's what it's there for. Or d'you want me to do it for you?

OWEN

Just feels a bit weird, that's all.

MARK LYNCH

Like this.

And he punches the WEEVIL. In the stomach. The WEEVIL yelps with pain.

OWEN flinches.

MARK punches the WEEVIL again. Double blow to the stomach. The WEEVIL protests.

OWEN doesn't want to look.

And MARK lets fly a barrage of blows to the body of the WEEVIL. The WEEVIL begins to scream. And MARK gets in to it, seems like he's never going to stop.

After a moment:

OWEN

Alright, that's enough!

MARK stops. Automatically obeys the toughness in OWEN'S voice.

OWEN (CONT'D)

It's not exactly putting up a fight.

MARK LYNCH

We all need a punchbag.

(Beat)

So who are you, Owen?

OWEN

Sorry?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (4)

59

MARK LYNCH

It'd be pretty stupid not to assume that you're connected to those two in the black van.

(OWEN does his best bemused look)

Bloke in a big coat, cute little Asian girl? I was watching.

\*

OWEN

Mate, I dunno what you're on about.

MARK LYNCH

I mean, nice website, kudos to whoever did that, although jellied eels, not sure that was your greatest idea. Did you really think I'd not put things together?

\*

Beat. And then OWEN can't help but grin. Laughs.

OWEN

I wasn't that bad!

And they're both grinning now.

MARK LYNCH

Pretty much, you were. Whoever you are, you royally fucked my plans. We left Dan's body there, ready to be put in a container in the morning. Send it off to Hong Kong, out the way. Didn't want all this getting out.

OWEN

What about his wife? His kid?

MARK LYNCH

I'm not responsible for other people's life choices.

(Beat)

Now you tell me: why did you lot take the body? Why not call the police?

Beat. OWEN considers his options. He looks at the WEEVIL.

OWEN

Because they're parochial pigshits whose brains would implode if they ever saw one of these things.

(CONTINUED)

MARK LYNCH

So what are you, security services?

OWEN

No.

MARK LYNCH

(grins; this is  
driving him crazy)

Then what?

OWEN

You don't need to know.

MARK LYNCH

But I want to know. Who are you, Owen  
Harper?

OWEN

I could tell you, but then I'd have to  
kill you.

They both grin.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I'm Torchwood.

MARK LYNCH

And are Torchwood people armed?

Owen shows him his gun.

MARK LYNCH (CONT'D)

Got a wire, anything like that?

OWEN

(takes his earpiece  
out)

Comms back to my base.

MARK LYNCH

You don't need all that.

OWEN

Tell me what happened.

MARK LYNCH

Why, what are you going to do to me?  
Arrest me? Shoot me? That the sort of  
man you are, Owen?

OWEN

Why did you murder Dan Hodges?

(CONTINUED)

MARK LYNCH

Thrown your gun out the window.

OWEN

What?

MARK LYNCH

Is that who you are? A little boy  
behind a gun? You want to know what  
went on, you won't find out 'cos of a  
weapon.

Stand-off. MARK and OWEN's gazes locked.

OWEN throws the gun out the window.

MARK LYNCH (CONT'D)

Now disable the communications device.

Beat. Then OWEN takes the comms and grinds them under  
his shoe.

MARK LYNCH (CONT'D)

So now you're not from Torchwood. Now,  
you're just you. Stripping things back  
to the core, Owen. Now, we're just two  
blokes. Equal.

OWEN

Why did you kill him?

MARK LYNCH

I didn't.

OWEN

Alright, not technically.  
Did you do it here?

(nodding at the WEEVIL)

I mean, you let that thing loose on him.  
The perfect murder. Nothing to link you  
back to the crime.

And MARK'S staring at him.

MARK LYNCH

God, you haven't got a clue, have you?  
Dan wasn't murdered. He was one of us.

OWEN

Tell me what happened.

MARK checks his watch.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (7)

59

MARK LYNCH  
I can do better than that.

CUT TO:

60 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- DAY

60

Deserted Hub.

The rolling door slides open.

GWEN walks in. Slightly lost, slightly apologetic for being back here.

GWEN  
Hello?

GWEN walks in, stands in the middle of the Hub. Looks up, around. Slightly meeker.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
Anyone?

No reply.

On GWEN, all alone.

CUT TO:

61 SCENE MOVED

61

62 SCENE MOVED

62

63 EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

63

Empty, rundown street.

The SUV speeds to a stop. JACK, IANTO and TOSHIKO jump out. TOSHIKO holding up the tracking device.

JACK  
So where is it Tosh?

TOSHIKO follows the tracking device's signal. It beeps faster as she walks to the pavement, kneels down...

And the sound becomes a solid signal.

At the bottom a lamppost, a ripped piece of WEEVIL boiler suit fabric. Attached to the fabric, a small square golden tracking chip.

TOSHIKO  
They've been tipped off.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

IANTO

So what do we have now?

JACK

Nothing. We don't have a clue where they are or what they're doing.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. DISUSED BUILDING -- NIGHT

64

Deserted street.

The van JACK et al have been pursuing is parked against the main entrance to a rundown, disused looking building.

Then: a couple of men turn onto the road, walking.

From another direction, another couple of men.

Coming out of a side street, two or three more.

Suddenly, the street is alive.

Normal blokes, casually dressed (not scruffy, trendy street clothes). Laughing and joking as they walk. As if they're going down the pub, or a football match.

And there's somehow a sense of occasion, of excitement.

All converging on the building.

As the men head for the entrance, a couple of burly men appear in the doorway.

They nod the men through. Nods and acknowledgments all round.

Angle on at the other end of the street, OWEN and MARK LYNCH walking towards the building.

The street is thronging now.

As OWEN and MARK arrive at the entrance, OWEN looks around at the other blokes going in.

OWEN

Are all these lot with you? What the hell's going on?

MARK LYNCH

(grins)

You'll find out.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: 64

He and OWEN are nodded through by the men on the door.

OWEN

I've never been that keen on surprises.

CUT TO:

64A INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- NIGHT 64A

GWEN, on the sofa, eating a slice of pizza, pizza box open in front of her.

The distant sound of a text message alert.

GWEN gets up. Sees her phone on the table: it's not hers.

The alert again.

GWEN traces the noise -- the autopsy room.

CUT TO:

64B INT. TORCHWOOD, AUTOPSY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 64B

DAN HODGES' body still on the slab.

GWEN walks in. Looks around as she goes down the stairs.

In a steel tray next to the autopsy table, alongside other personal belongings keys and wallet, a mobile phone is flashing.

GWEN picks up the phone. Presses a button.

A text message opens. It says "Cf106BY".

CUT TO:

64C INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- MOMENTS LATER 64C

GWEN types the numbers into a search engine . List of results comes up.

She scans them.

One reads "Commercial premises, lease or purchase, LYNCH FROST ESTATE AGENTS"

She clicks on the hyperlink.

A sales page from Lynch Frost showing a large old building.

(CONTINUED)



64C CONTINUED:

64C

GWEN  
(over comms)  
Jack, can you hear me?

CUT TO:

64D INT. TORCHWOOD SUV -- NIGHT

64D

SUV on the move. (And intercut with Scene 64C above)

JACK  
Please tell me you've got something on  
Janet's abductors.

GWEN (O.S.)  
This text just came through on Dan  
Hodges' phone. Charlie Foxtrot One Zero  
Six Bravo Yankee. Seems to be a  
postcode for a building, one that's  
gonna have a Lynch Frost sign outside.

TOSHIKO  
(at the computer)  
OK, I've got the location.

JACK  
(looking at the screen)  
Gwen, we'll pick you up on the way.

IAN TO  
So, people get an alert by text message  
and they head to a property.

TOSHIKO  
A property Mark Lynch knows is empty.

JACK  
So the question is: what happens once  
they get there?

CUT TO:

65 INT. DISUSED BUILDING -- NIGHT

65

Big atrium. Grand staircase. OWEN and MARK walk up the  
steps.

As they ascend, OWEN listens. *Really* listens.

In the distance, getting closer, a thumping sound.  
Beneath it, sounds of pain.

The sound of violence?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: 65

OWEN looks at MARK. He's giving nothing away, now, his face set in seriousness.

Unnerved OWEN follows MARK up to the top of the stairs.

CUT TO:

66 INT. DISUSED BUILDING/CORRIDOR -- NIGHT 66

Long corridor, with a couple of small rooms off it.

MARK leads the way. OWEN follows.

As they pass the first room, OWEN notices a couple of men in there.

OWEN lingers, enough to get a glimpse. They're fighting. Just having a punch-up.

Nothing special, nothing honourable. Just smacking each other about (no blood or injuries) but plenty of huffing and puffing.

OWEN looks ahead -- MARK's further down the corridor, not even looking at this.

MARK realises OWEN'S no longer with him, looks back.

MARK LYNCH

Coming, or staying?

OWEN takes a last glance back at the fighters, then walks on down to MARK.

And as he does so, he passes another room.

And more fighting.

Maybe two or three blokes in each of these two rooms. (Important there's a varied racial mix of men, in this place and the hall. Not just a load of white men). But they're all scrapping.

OWEN looks more and more horrified as he walks on. He catches up with MARK.

OWEN

What the hell is going on here?

MARK LYNCH

Nothing to do with me, this bit. It just sort of grew up. Like a warm-up.

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

66

OWEN

Warm-up?  
(they pass another  
room; more punches  
being thrown)  
Who are they all?

MARK and OWEN stop in the entrance to one room. A couple of blokes -- ordinary, unremarkable -- scrapping. Barely violent -- a battle of wills as much as anything. Enjoying the combat.

MARK LYNCH

They're the same as us. Ordinary blokes. Trying to find meaning in a world that doesn't have any.

OWEN

You don't really believe that.

MARK LYNCH

We're the dispossessed now, Owen. All the certainties our fathers had are gone. We're the generation with no faith. In society, religion... or life.  
(Beat)  
All we can do is reduce ourselves to the basics.  
(Beat)  
This is only the warm-up. Come on.

\*

He walks on. OWEN takes one last look and follows him.

CUT TO:

67

OMITTED

67

CUT TO:

68

INT. DISUSED BUILDING/CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

68

MARK and OWEN stand at a pair of double doors.

Behind, the sound of a crowd. (Again, doesn't have to be huge. It's the fervour, the emotion that's important).

MARK turns to OWEN.

MARK LYNCH

Ready?

OWEN nods.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: 68

MARK opens the doors.

CUT TO:

69 INT. DISUSED BUILDING/MAIN HALL BALCONY -- NIGHT 69

First, the noise. Shouting, cheering, roaring.

Tight in on OWEN as he takes it all in. Pull out gradually from OWEN'S face, as he and MARK walk slowly onto:

A balcony, encircling a large hall. OWEN looks round -- scattered around the balcony are various men. They're all looking down, cheering, chanting. Romans at the Coliseum.

OWEN looks down.

Huge disused space. More blokes below.

In the centre, a large industrial cage. Big, like some kind of Mad Max circus ring with bars.

One man stands by the door of the cage. He's wired and wild. Hyped up. Ready for the extreme experience, adrenalin rush buzz.

And in the cage:

WEEVIL JANET. Banging up against the sides, angry, worked up, trying to reach out between the bars.

Two blokes circle the cage, poking the electric cattle prod at JANET, goading it, injuring it. (Prac sparks ).

As OWEN watches, the crowd unite in their cheering to count down: Five, four, three, two, one:

And a foghorn (those portable annoying things people used to take to football matches) blasts out.

The door to the cage is unbolted -- and Adrenalin Buzz Bloke flings himself in to the cage.

The door is bolted behind him.

OWEN'S eyes widen.

OWEN  
What the hell's he doing?!

(CONTINUED)

In the cage, the man is circling WEEVIL JANET. WEEVIL JANET swipe at the man. He dodges.

MARK grins, transfixed by the cage.

In the cage, WEEVIL JANET rushes and swoops for the man. He pelts to the door -- the doorkeeper goes to unbolt it -- but WEEVIL JANET barges ADRENALIN BUZZ MAN to the ground, ready to feed when --

Before it can, the men with the prods are there, prodding the WEEVIL, sparks flying, sending it away. WEEVIL JANET's howls of pain fill the room. It scurries into the far corners of the cage, cower, recovering from the shocks.

As they do that, the man is dragged out of the cage, injured (not too much blood or gore: more superficial) and looking terrified.

As OWEN watches, the man gets up. And though he's battered and bruised, his eyes are wide and -- he's even starting to smile. Wild applause and cheering all round.

Another bloke nearby looks at his wounds -- and begins to treat them from a medical kit. It's obvious he's a doctor.

OWEN (CONT'D)

He nearly got himself killed. But he's grinning like a lunatic!

MARK LYNCH

Costs £1000 to enter the cage. Whoever stays in the cage the longest across the night takes home all the money.

OWEN

These guys are paying to put their lives at risk?

MARK LYNCH

The ultimate extreme sport. Too much disposable income, not enough meaning. That's us.

OWEN

So what about Dan Hodges?

A shadow crosses MARK's face.

(CONTINUED)

MARK LYNCH

He wouldn't come out. Just stood in the middle of the cage. And let it maul him. You know what I think happened? He got into that cage and realised: he didn't want to live enough. He surrendered. None of us could get to him in time.

OWEN

And still you all come back.

MARK looks at OWEN.

MARK LYNCH

What else is there?

Beat.

OWEN

This has to stop. More people are gonna die.

And MARK produces a gun. Holds it to OWEN's head.

MARK LYNCH

You don't run this place. That's not who you are.

(Beat)

I don't think you know who you are. You lie and bullshit and sweet talk. You're constantly hiding.

(Beat)

Get in the cage.

Close in on OWEN.

OWEN

Forget it. Not if you're gonna point a gun at me.

MARK LYNCH

You want me to shoot.

OWEN

Lower the gun.

(Beat)

Then I'll get in the cage.

MARK taken aback. OWEN grins. And MARK just doesn't know what's going through OWEN's mind.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (3)

69

His and MARK's eyes blazing at each other in a game of bluff and double bluff.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Lower the gun!

And MARK does. Slowly. Not knowing what's gonna come next.

OWEN (CONT'D)

There's a good boy.

OWEN walks down towards the cage. He looks round and down. The crowd is cheering.

OWEN grins. He becomes part of the crowd. Part of this feeling.

Tight on OWEN, a moment of absolute clarity.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Bring it on.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. CARDIFF -- NIGHT

70

Helicopter shots: the SUV racing through Cardiff.

CUT TO:

71 INT. DISUSED BUILDING/MAIN HALL -- NIGHT

71

The crowd cheering as OWEN steps up to the outside of the cage. MARK's standing alongside him.

At the side of the cage, the cattle prodders are zapping WEEVIL JANET back into the corners of the cage.

MARK gets close to OWEN.

MARK LYNCH

When you're in there, when you're up close with them, take a look into their eyes. It's like looking into the darkest recesses of your own soul.

OWEN

What's the longest anyone's stayed in there for?

MARK LYNCH

That'd be Dan Hodges.

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED:

71

OWEN steps up to the gate. MARK nods to the locker. \*

The bolt is slid.

The door opens.

OWEN enters the cage.

WEEVIL JANET, still subdued look up.

Close in on OWEN as he meets their gaze.

SLAM! The door closes behind him. The crowd roar their approval! WEEVIL JANET stands up.

OWEN turns to look at MARK. Their eyes meet. MARK nods. Approval.

And OWEN smiles back.

OWEN turns to stare at WEEVIL JANET. Looks it in the eyes. OWEN'S eyes locked with those of WEEVIL JANET.

Close in on OWEN. And he closes his eyes.

FLASH CUTS: fast images display OWEN'S torrent of thoughts: GWEN - JACK - DIANE - more DIANE - GWEN - TOSHIKO - DIANE - DIANE - DIANE.

And OWEN stands still in the centre of the cage. As WEEVIL JANET advances.

On MARK: surprised. Alarmed.

OWEN opens his eyes. Sees WEEVIL JANET. Doesn't move. The baying of the crowd is silent to him now. OWEN whispers.

OWEN

Come on then.

And the doors to the hall smash in.

JACK and GWEN burst into the main hall -- guns raised, screaming at everybody to get down -- IANTO and TOSHIKO on the balcony, same deal --

OWEN turns, everyone turns, even the WEEVILS.

And OWEN'S furious.

OWEN (CONT'D)

No!

(CONTINUED)



71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

GWEN  
(seeing him)  
Owen!

She pelts over to the cage, JACK immediately behind her --

And WEEVIL JANET attacks.

They smash OWEN to the ground -- GWEN unbolts the door --

The WEEVIL attacks OWEN -- he's covering his face, his neck, screaming --

-- JACK grabs the cattle prods off their keepers --  
rushes in and stabs the WEEVIL with it -- a flurry of sparks and it leaps off OWEN, screaming.

OWEN, badly injured -- clothes ripped, chest bleeding, scratches everywhere.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
(holding him)  
Owen -- can you hear me?

Groggy, livid OWEN, through the pain--

OWEN  
Get off me...!

GWEN  
What?

OWEN  
I didn't -- nobody asked to you...

He coughs. GWEN looks up at JACK.

GWEN  
We've gotta get him to hospital.  
(yells to some of the crowd)  
Help me get him out!

MARK LYNCH  
We've got a stretcher.

He runs in, holding it. Kneels by OWEN.

And JACK'S gun is at his head.

JACK  
You did this to him.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (3)

71

MARK LYNCH  
(looks up; unflinching)  
No. Ask anyone.

OWEN's being moved onto a stretcher. MARK watches, admiring.

MARK LYNCH (CONT'D)  
He didn't have any fear.

GWEN and JACK walk as the two cattle-prodding men carry OWEN'S stretcher out.

The crowd part for them. As he gets to the door, JACK turns back to the bunch of men.

JACK  
It's over. These creatures are to be left alone from now on.  
(Beat)  
Go back to your lives.

And the crowd stare back at him. Unimpressed.

TOSHIKO  
Jack!

JACK looks up -- she's pointing to the cage. As he turns, JACK hears a clang. Everyone looks.

MARK has shut himself in to the cage.

WEEVIL JANET approaches MARK

JACK  
What're you doing?!

MARK looks at JACK.

MARK LYNCH  
Like you said. It's over.

He turns to the WEEVIL and smiles.

On JACK'S horrified face (and play off TOSHIKO, IANTO, the whole crowd's shock) as MARK screams and WEEVILs JANET roars as it feasts.

Pull back on the shellshocked hall as JACK runs over. Too late to save MARK.

CUT TO:

72      INT. HOSPITAL WARD -- DAY

72

Couple of days later.

OWEN in bed. Repaired, but still some injuries on show.

A bag of grapes thrown down on the bed. JACK standing there.

OWEN looks at the grapes. No cheeriness in this scene from him, despite the banter.

OWEN  
You shouldn't have.  
(Beat)  
I mean, you really shouldn't have. I  
hate grapes.

JACK  
They reckon you're ready to go home.

OWEN  
Doctors. What do they know.

Beat.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
I didn't want saving.

JACK  
You want us to apologise?

OWEN  
For a second in there, I was totally at  
peace. And then you blunder in.  
(Beat)  
D'you always know best, Jack? Is that  
what you believe?

Beat.

JACK  
Want you back in work tomorrow.  
(Beat)  
Enjoy the grapes.

He leaves.

On OWEN.

CUT TO:

73     EXT. CARDIFF BAY -- DAY

73

Helicopter shots over the water tower -- crash zoom in...

CUT TO:

74     INT. TORCHWOOD, THE VAULT -- DAY

74

The vault door opens: OWEN enters. IANTO behind him in the doorway.

                  IANTO  
You sure you'll--

                  OWEN  
Give us a moment alone, he?

IANTO reluctantly does as asked. Shuts the door behind him.

OWEN walks slowly in. Along the corridor.

In each of the cells, a WEEVIL.

As they see him, they all walk forward to the glass. Press their faces against it.

OWEN stands in the centre of the vault, far enough back to take in all the WEEVILS.

He looks each one in the eye. Holds eye contact with each one for a good few seconds.

And this time it's more like they're staring into *his* soul.

Then, suddenly, shockingly, OWEN SNARLS violently -- bares his teeth at the WEEVILS. A guttural, animal snarl.

The WEEVILS all take a step back. Unnerved: who is this madman?

OWEN stands stock still. Deep breathing.

And after a second, grins to himself.

It's not a reassuring grin.

**EPISODE ENDS.**