"SALI SBURY"

EPI SODE ONE

Eighth (Double Green) Amends 27/11/19 Written by

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TV LOCAL NEWS ARCHIVE

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

PRESENTER

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

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

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

TRACY

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

They nod - it's clear they like her.

2 OMITTED 2

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

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

DAWN

Go on.

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

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

4

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

HOLLOWAY (O. C.)

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

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

VOLCE ON RADIO

Echo Lima Seven One received over.

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

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

TRACY

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

He leans over to read the list.

TRACY (CONT'D)

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

BEN

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

TRACY

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

BEN smiles as she walks back across the yard.

TRACY (CONT'D)

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

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

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

6

6

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

PI LOT

Air ambulance two minutes out over.

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

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

7

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

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

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

HOLLOWAY

Back, get back - get back!

She shouts to her colleague PC ALEX COLLINS (male)

HOLLOVAY (CONT'D)

Al ex! Cordon!

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

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

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

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

SERGEI vomits.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Sar ge.

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

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

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

9 9 **OMI TTED**

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

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

> > VOLCE ON RADIO (HOLLOWAY) Looks like a Fentanyl overdose

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

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

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

NI CK

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

VOICE ON RADIO

DS Bailey received over.

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

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

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

CAROLI NE

(to Gracie)

Did you have a nice time love?

GRACI E

Yeah nan. Great.

DAWN

How's dad?

CAROLI NE

He's good. He says hello.

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

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

(t ent at i vel y)

How are you doing?

DAWN

(a forced brightness)

Good mum Doing good.

An ambulance whizzes past. They watch it go.

DAWN (CONT'D)

See you soon love!

GRACI E

See ya mam

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

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

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

13 EXT. SAL' CITY CENTRE, THE MALTINGS - DAY - D1 (4.3.18) 1.3 1650

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

NI CK

Rather you than me mate.

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

NICK (CONT'D)

Over dose?

HOLLOWAY

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

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

NI CK

Not too many druggies with credit cards either.

He reads the name on the bank card.

NICK (CONT'D)

Skripal.

HOLLOWAY nods.

HOLLOWAY

Maybe they're tourists.

He finds a driving licence.

NI CK

No. Christie Mller Road.

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

NICK (CONT'D)

Let's get Trumpt on to give that a proper clean yeah. God knows what's happened here.

He looks at her police trousers.

NICK (CONT'D)

(smiling)

And while they're at it.

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

NICK (CONT'D)

DS Bailey. Can we get a uniform to the following address....

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

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

JAYNE

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

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

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

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

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

NI CK

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

MANT nods.

MANT

Should be fine.

NICK picks up a radio.

NI CK

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

MURRAY (O.S.)

Recei ved.

Suddenly HOLLOWAY calls from another part of the room

HOLLOWAY

Nick! Nick you have to see this!

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

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

I just - googled him

NICK looks up at MANT then picks up his radio.

NI CK

Do not to go in the house. Repeat. Joe. 9 Tc - 0d S12 JTt OLLOWAY (CONT'D)

I just -

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TRACY

Sorry I'mlate Tobes.

He doesn't acknowledge the apology.

TOBY

Can I play Playstation before dinner?

TRACY

Yeah why not.

He goes to walk off.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Hey!

He stops.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Love you.

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

TRACY (CONT'D)

Boom

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

TOBY

Love you boom

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

TED

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

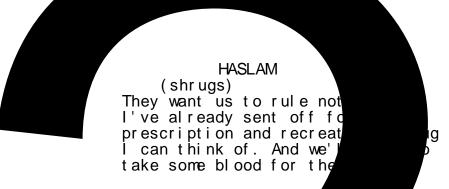
They kiss. She looks around at the tidy house.

TRACY

(smiling)

Maybe I should go to work on a Sunday more often?

One is a family portrait of SERGEI and LYUDMILLA, I ooking older, with two teenage children, YULIA and SASH and



They turn on the machine and state of it over his body. CLICK CLICK...

23 INT. BH POLICE STATION - N (5.3.18) - 0427 23

...TAP TAP TAP. NICK B out his report on the computer. He looks close the ughs. He is exhausted - and even though it is the tiredness is a second of m. MANT puts his head around the door.

iting on?

NICK I y done.

24

s. NICK suddenly has a wave of dizziness. He deeply, trying to steady himself.

24

25 25

NEWSREADER

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

TOBY

Mum wat ch!

TRACY

(distracted)
I am wat ching.

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

TRACY (CONT'D)

(surprised)

Alistair.

She listens. She looks serious.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Yeah. Yeah of course.

(beat)

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

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

TOBY

Forty One!

TOBY jumps up.

TOBY (CONT'D)

I won I won! Mum I won!

TRACY

I know I saw! You champion!

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

TRACY (CONT'D)

(harried, to Ted)

Can you do the school run?

TED

No problem Everything alright?

TRACY shrugs.

TRACY

Just the usual. See you guys. (to Toby)
Tobes, love you, boom

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

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

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

27 OMITTED 27

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

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

SARAH (O.S.) (calling out)

Nick?

NICK (calling back) Yeah. Sorry I'm so late.

He looks at his watch.

NICK (CONT'D) (muttering)
Or early.

A beat.

NICK (CONT'D)

(calling) Cuppa?

SARAH

(calling) Love one.

NICK walks in to the kitchen and begins making tea and toast. He looks grey and sweaty. We are keenly aware of his hands. Taking bread from the bread bin. A tea bag from a ceramic jar. He presses the button on the kettle. Pushes a lever down on the toaster. He uses some kitchen roll to wipe his head and then puts it in the bin. Suddenly he becomes unsteady. He leans against the kitchen worktop to help himself balance. He breathes deeply. He looks worried.

29 INT. BAILEY HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY - D2 (5.3.18) - 0720 29

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

SARAH

Legend.

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

SARAH (CONT'D)
I've got morning breath.

NICK Like I ever care.

SARAH relents. They kiss tenderly.

SARAH

Rough ni ght?

NI CK

Weird night.

She looks at him properly for the first time.

SARAH

What's up with your eyes?

NI CK

My eyes?

SARAH

Yeah your pupils. They're tiny.

NI CK

What do you mean?

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

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

NICK (CONT'D)

Hey beautiful!

SARAH

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

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

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

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

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

The M LITARY COURLER rides a military motorbike at speed across Salisbury Plain. The cases carrying the vials of blood are attached to the rear of the bike. In the distance are military-looking buildings. From inside one of those buildings, PROFESSOR TIM ATKINS, 43 e'n TPa0c7w42' 2uhe 'm Twbuii 430 0 1

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

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

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

ALI STALR

OK. Tracy's here too.

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

M NTY (O. O. V)
No one else in the room?

ALI STAIR

No one else.

M NTY (O. O. V)

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

TRACY

Hiya Dave.

M NTY (QQV)

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

TRACY

trained?

M NTY (QQV)

Chemical, Biological,

Radi ol ogi cal . . .

TRACY

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

M NTY (O.O.V)

And what's your security clearance?

A beat. She I ooks at ALI STAIR, ast oni shed.

ALI STAI R

Tracy is Category One Dave.

M NTY (O.O.V)

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

TRACY

Dave, wait. Have you got blood test results?

M NTY (O.O.V)

Tracy, please, l'Il brief you when you arrive.

TRACY

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

M NTY (QQV)

CK.

He hangs up.

TRACY

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

ALI STAI R

(interrupting)

It's OK. I'll get Owen to cover it. (smiling, bewildered)

Good luck, yeah.

TRACY is already distracted, absent, and leaving.

34 INT. BAILEY HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING - D2 (5.3.18) - 090534

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

35 OMITTED 35

36 EXT. WILTSHIRE POLICE (POL') HQ - DAY - D2 (5.3.18) - 09206

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

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

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

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

TRACY

Paul. Dave.

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

M NTY

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

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

TRACY

Yes. I under st and.

M NTY

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

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

M NTY (CONT'D)

He was a high level M 6 agent inside Russia's GRU intelligence service and was moved to the UK as part of a spy swap. For some reason they put him in Salisbury.

TRACY

Right.

M NTY

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

TRACY just looks at him

M LLS

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

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

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

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

SARAH

Feeling better?

NI CK

(putting on a brave face) Yeah. Better.

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

NICK (CONT'D)

Yes ma'am (beat)

Oh yèah. Í'm OK ma'am Bit knackered but OK.

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

NICK (CONT'D)

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

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

NICK (CONT'D)

(calling out)
I'm off to the shops.

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

He gets the car keys and walks out.

39 39 **OMI TTED**

INT. WILT' POL HQ, CORRIDOR / TRACY'S OFFICE - MORNING - 1912 40 (5.3.18) - 1010

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

> > M NTY

Your phone. They're not allowed i nsi de.

TRACY hands the POLICE OFFICER her phone then carries on.

TRACY

Anyone else reporting ill?

M NTY

Not so far.

She nods.

TRACY

We have to track back.

M NTY

What?

TRACY

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

M NTY

(a confused smile)

Food poi soni ng?

They walk through a set of double doors.

TRACY

You've ordered up the CCTV already?

M NTY It's on the way.

TRACY nods. M NTY unlocks a door. They walk into a nondescript office.

M NTY (CONT'D)

Your humble abode.

She looks at the office.

M NTY (CONT'D)

You ever done anything like this before?

TRACY

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

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

M NTY

Oh I meant to say...

TRACY

(taken by surprise)

Jesus!

He stops. Smiles.

M NTY

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

She nods.

M NTY (CONT'D)

Nice power pose by the way.

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

INT. PORTON DOWN RESEARCH LABORATORY - MORNING - D2 (5.3.189) - 1030

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

42 EXT. SALI' CITY CENTRE - MORNING - D2 (5.3.18) - 1040 42

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

DAWN

What's up?

CHARLI E

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

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

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Got you something.

He roots in his backpack and hands her a book.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You like true crime ones don't you.

DAWN

Thanks Charlie!

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

DAWN (CONT'D)

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

They st and up.

DAWN (CONT'D)

(to the group)

See ya later.

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

42a EXT. JOHN BAKER (JB) HOUSE - MORNING

42a

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

DAWN

Hiya. It's Dawn.

A buzzer sounds and they go in.

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

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

HASLAM

What's going on?

RI CHMOND

We'll be stationed here from now on.

HASLAM

(surprised)

What, as in - right here?

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

44 OMI TTED 44

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

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

M LLS

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

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

M LLS (CONT'D)
They believe this is indeed some sort of attack. On two Russian citizens.

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

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

They all nod.

M LLS (CONT'D)
OK. Tracy? Do you want to start?

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

TRACY

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

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

TRACY (CONT'D)

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

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

TRACY (CONT'D)

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

They're list ening now.

TRACY (CONT'D)

If we do that we stand a fighting chance of locking this down quickly. But the longer it takes...

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

TRACY (CONT'D)

(to MIIs)

Well, the longer it takes the worse it's going to get.

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

TRACY is standing in the corridor with M LLS and M NTY as people walk past.

TRACY

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

M LLS nods to M NTY.

M LLS

Of course. Dave'll take you.

TRACY

And I still need to see the CCTV.

M LLS exchanges a glance with M NTY.

M LLS

That's going to be tricky.

TRACY

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

M LLS

Security services have become involved too.

TRACY

Which ones?

M LLS

TRACY

Jesus.

M LLS

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

He walks off.

M NTY

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

A beat. She looks at him, surprised.

M NTY (CONT'D)

What's the opposite of beginner's luck?

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

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

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

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

NI CK

NI CK

(relieved)

OK. Good to know. Thanks.

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

TRACY and M NTY walk towards the police cordon at The Maltings. POLICE OFFICERS in white forensic suits - are erecting a tent to seal the bench from view. They both hold not ebooks.

TRACY

How was the bench cleaned?

M NTY Looks at his not ebook.

M NTY

The Fire Service power hosed it.

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

TRACY

That drain feeds into the water course.

M NTY

And?

TRACY

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

M NTY Looks down at his not ebook.

M NTY

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

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

M NTY (CONT'D)

What?

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She shoots him an omnous glance. She walks off.

M NTY (CONT'D)

Q!

He jogs after her.

50 OMITTED 50

51 OMITTED 51

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

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

M LLS

TRACY Looks at M NTY.

TRACY

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

M LLS

Dave?

M NTY

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

He Looks at TRACY.

M NTY (CONT'D)

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

TRACY

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

A beat as M NTY and TRACY look at M LLS. He leans back. He looks at the ceiling. He breathes.

Close it.

TRACY jumps up and runs out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

M NTY

There they are.

They look closer.

M NTY (CONT'D)

Are they... feeding the ducks?

TRACY

(under her breath)

Shit.

She writes this down.

TRACY (CONT'D)

What's the time stamp?

M NTY

One thirty eight.

TRACY

They could already be contaminated by this point.

TRACY writes.

M LLS

Hang on - what's that? Go back.

M NTY replays the footage. SERGEI SKRI PAL hands the BOY (who was watching the Skripals as they were treated) some bread.

M NTY

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

TRACY

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

M LLS

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

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

57

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROSS is speechless.

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

ROSS

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

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

57A INT. CASSIDY HOUSE. - DUSK - D2 (5.2.18) - 1840 57A

ROSS stands in the conservatory, phone in his hand.

ROSS

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

MO Yeah. But you have to do it.

He tousles her hair.

NI CK

Goodni ght angel. Love you.

ANNI E

Love you Daddy.

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

64 OMITTED 64

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

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

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

RADIO NEWSREADER

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

TRACY

(wearily)

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

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

TRACY (CONT'D)

This really is massive.

TED

What's going on? Really?

She I ooks at him

TRACY

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

TED

(surprised)

Right!

TRACY

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

TED

(gently)

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

A beat.

TRACY

Yeah. Well. not.

They look at each other. She drinks her tea.

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

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

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

71

72 INT. BAILEY HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT - D3 (6.3.18) - 0100 7

72

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

INT. BAILEY HOUSE, KITCHEN

78 OMI TTED 78

79 OMITTED 79

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

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

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

81 INT. BAILEY HOUSE, BEDROOM / LIVING-ROOM - DAWN - D3 (6.3.18) - 0704

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

SARAH

Nick!

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

SARAH (CONT'D)

Ch my God!

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

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

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

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

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

TIM Tracy Daszkiewicz. **TRACY**

Not many get that right first time.

TI M

Professor Tim Atkins. Port on Down.

TRACY

Ch. Right.

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

POLICE OFFICER

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

TRACY

(handing him her phone)

That's it.

She Looks at TIM

POLICE OFFICER

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

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

84 84 OMI TTED

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

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

> > M LLS

Novi chok?

They look at him

TRACY

And those who do? What about long term effects?

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

TI M

We don't know.

They look at each other.

TIM (CONT'D)

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

(beat)

There just aren't any survivors to study.

TRACY

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

TI M

The process is... difficult.

TIM gets up and I eans over the table.

TIM (CONT'D)

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

M NTY

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

TI M

(interrupts)

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

M LLS

How I ong?

TIM About fifty years.

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

TRACY

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

TI M

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

TRACY

This is a night mare.

TI M

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

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

86 INT. SAL' HOSPITAL, A&E DEPT - MORNING - D3 (6.3.18) - 073\$6

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

HASLAM

Where is he?

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

HASLAM (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Detective Sergeant Bailey.

NICK looks up at him HASLAM notices NICK'S pupils, still tiny. His smiles fades. He knows immediately. He tries to

GRACIE is disappointed, but there is a practiced quality to

M LLS

OK. Yes.

TRACY

What about the ambulances they went to hospital in?

M LLS

(to Mnty)

We're going to need to quarantine those too.

M NTY

(reluctantly)

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

MLLS rubs his eyeballs with his fingers.

TRACY

How big is your vault?

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

EMMA

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

TRACY runs out of the room

94 - 95 OMITTED 94 - 95

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

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

ROSS

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

(joking)
I'm not under arrest am I?

M SHRA

It's just protocol, Mr Cassidy.

ROSS

Ross.

M SHRA

Ross. You like submarines?

ROSS

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

M SHRA nods. Right.

ROSS (CONT'D)

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

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

M SHRA

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

A beat. ROSS looks from one to the other.

M SHRA (CONT'D)

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

ROSS

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

M SHRA

You picked her up from the airport?

ROSS

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

M SHRA

No I'm sorry M st... Ross. They are very unwell.

ROSS

They'll pull through though yeah?

A beat.

M SHRA

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

ROSS smiles uncomfortably and looks away.

M SHRA (CONT'D) Ross? What? What is it?

ROSS sighs.

ROSS

It's just. The things I've got to say. They might sound a bit...

HASLAM (CONT'D)

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

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

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

98

MISHRA is interviewing ROSS. ANDREWS sits beside her.

M SHRA

OK so you say, Mr Skripal changed his phone.

ROSS

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

M SHRA

Is that so unusual?

ROSS

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

M SHRA considers this.

ROSS (CONT'D)

And the thing is...

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

ROSS (CONT'D)

I think we were followed. From the airport.

MISHRA Looks at ANDREWS.

M SHRA

You think? Are you sure?

ROSS

(firmly)

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

M SHRA retains a poker face.

M SHRA

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

ROSS

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

M SHRA

And can you remember exactly what was that, Ross?

A beat.

ROSS

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

99 INT. SAL' HOSPITAL, A&E DEPT - MORNING - D3 (6.3.18) - 124\$99

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

TRACY

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

MOENS

We just discharged him Winter vomiting bug.

TRACY

You sure that's what it is?

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

MOENS

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

TRACY Looks at her.

TRACY

The police officer? police officer?

100 OMITTED 100

- 101 EXT. SAL' CITY CENTRE, CAR PARK DAY D3 (6.3.18) 1530 01

 CBRN OPERATORS in civilian clothes are in a car park. They open the back of a van. It's full of boxes. They begin opening them They contain full CBRN suits and respirators. They begin inspecting the suits.
- 102 INT. ZIZZI'S RESTAURANT DAY D3 (6.3.18) 1600 102

 TWO CBRN OPERATORS enter Zizzi's restaurant. It is as if the restaurant is in a state of suspended animation. Half eaten pizzas. Half-drunk bottles of wine. As if the customers, in the middle of an evening, have just disappeared.
- CBRN OPERATORS walk through the entrance hall of The MII Pub. One of them has a sheet of paper taped to his back. On it is a list "1. Bar counter six samples 2. Table 8 ten samples 3. Male toilet 8 samples"

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

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

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

105 OMI TTED 105

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

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

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

Murmurs around the room

103

103

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

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

TOBY (O.S.)

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

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

TOBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I want to do it not like it is now but like it might have been like when they built it, so I was thinking maybe you could help me with the design and then dad could help me build it?

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

TRACY

Course I will. As soon as I can.

JAYNE

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

TRACY

(to Jayne)

Just a second.... Tobes I'll call you back yeah? In a couple of minutes.

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

TRACY (CONT'D)

Tracy Daszkiewicz. Director of Public Health for Wiltshire.

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

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

TRACY Looks over as a CBRN

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ENDS