

TORCHWOOD

Episode 2

by

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Green Revisions

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TEASER

1 INT. RED DRAGON CENTRE/BOWLING ALLEY - DAY 1 1

3rd chorus of Kaiser Chiefs "Saturday Night" crashes in.
Plays over Scs 1-4.

SMASH! Bowling ball knocks down eight pins.

RHYS, top of the bowling lane, ohhhs! Turns to GWEN, at
the score desk. A "this close" gesture. GWEN laughs:
yeah, right!

JUMP CUT: Bowling ball smacks into the pins -- a strike!

GWEN punches the air for joy, does a little victory
dance. Points at RHYS -- lo-ser!

CUT TO:

2 INT. RED DRAGON CENTRE/CINEMA FOYER - DAY 1 2

Busy foyer, people heading to their movies.

RHYS takes delivery of popcorn, drink, bag of Maltesers.
GWEN grins as RHYS struggles to pay, under this load.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. RED DRAGON CENTRE - EVENING 1 3

GWEN and RHYS tumble out. Arm in arm, laughing,
discussing the film, probably crap.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. CARDIFF CITY CENTRE/RESTAURANT TERRACE - NIGHT 1 4

Street dotted with restaurants, all with pavement eating
areas. Very cafe society. GWEN and RHYS in a tapas
place. Remnants of a few dishes, couple of San Miguels
down. Music mixes into restaurant speakers.

RHYS

But what does it mean: special ops?

GWEN

It's no big deal. Mostly...filing.

RHYS

Special Admin, really.

GWEN

Can we talk about something else?

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

RHYS

C'mon, first day tomorrow, I'm excited
for you! Big promotion--

GWEN

Secondment.

RHYS

You'll be *brilliant*.

5 CONTINUED: 5

FX: a METEORITE -- fiery, jagged, spiky, the size of a small car -- zooms over the gawper-lined street.

RHYS instinctively grabs GWEN to him.

FX: the METEORITE thunders past, high over their heads, trailing fire and smoke and --

Everyone on the street spins, heads following the meteorite's trajectory.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. CARDIFF -- NIGHT 1 6

FX: High and wide: the meteorite hurtles over the city and to the top of the hills beyond. Getting lower.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. ST MARY STREET -- NIGHT 1 7

BOOM -- CAMERA SHAKE -- as the meteorite hits the ground somewhere distant.

Then everything still. Nobody moves. GWEN and RHYS slowly let go of each other.

RHYS
What was that?

Then: the DOUBLE BEEP of a text message alert.

GWEN takes her phone out of her pocket. Looks at the screen. 1 NEW MESSAGE.

GWEN opens the message.

PHONE SCREEN: TORCHWOOD.

Iconic shot: Track in low on GWEN, the city a blur behind her. Fearful, excited.

GWEN
I've got to go to work.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

CUT TO:

10 CONTINUED:

10

TOSHIKO
Basic tracking and surveillance.

TOSHIKO points to one screen -- a map of the area and a flashing orange light.

TOSHIKO (CONT'D)
The crash site. With this --
(points to other stuff)
-- we can tap in to CCTV networks,
national databases --

GWEN
(seeing a screen)
Is that CrimInt?
(TOSHIKO grins)
That's the police computer system. You
shouldn't have this!

JACK
Might wanna stop saying "you" and start
saying "we".

GWEN takes a moment to look round. Reels. Reality
check.

GWEN
What am I doing here?

OWEN
Shit!

CUT TO:

11 EXT. TORCHWOOD SUV - NIGHT 1

11

The SUV screeches to a halt.

CUT TO:

12 INT. TORCHWOOD SUV - NIGHT 1

12

The quartet recover from being thrown about.

OWEN
The amateurs got here first.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT 1

13

Tight on the SUV: doors open, Torchwood team jump out.

13 CONTINUED:

13

And GWEN stands and stares as we pull back and rise to reveal the crash site.

We're in the midst of a forest, on top of the hills overlooking Cardiff, the city twinkling below.

The crash site is huge -- smoke-filled -- and teeming with activity. Massive arc lights being erected.

The SUV has stopped next to a huge OPERATIONS MARQUEE. Soldiers striding in and out of it.

Across the site, army trucks arriving -- soldiers jumping down and falling into line.

Rows of soldiers climbing into decontamination suits.

And at the centre, a huge, deep crater, some 20 ft in diameter. Too deep to see what's inside -- but the smoke is billowing out, wafting all over the site.

The crater area being cordoned off with tape by a number of soldiers.

Back to the front of the SUV with gobsmacked GWEN like a rabbit in the headlights.

What the hell has she got herself into?

TOSHIKO and OWEN holding between them, a long, large steel casket -- a handle either side. JACK at the head of the team.

JACK

Alright. Usual formation.

He strides on ahead towards the marquee entrance. GWEN turns to OWEN.

GWEN

What's the usual formation?

OWEN

Varies.

He and TOSHIKO head confidently towards the operations marquee, carrying the casket, leaving bewildered GWEN.

GWEN

How can a usual formation vary?

And then she realises she should be keeping up with the other three, who have now disappeared into the marquee.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2) 13

She runs to catch up -- heading into the marquee.

13A INT. OPERATIONS MARQUEE - NIGHT 1 13A

As GWEN runs in to the busy, bustling operations marquee, a burly soldier blocks her way.

PRIVATE MORIARTY

Who the hell are you?!

GWEN

Oh. Hi. Sorry! I'm--

SERGEANT JOHNSON -- beefy, slack-jawed -- joins his subordinate. Two large soldiers versus one bewildered GWEN.

SERGEANT JOHNSON

This area's restricted.

GWEN

No, it's alright, I'm with --

And she looks around.

A frenzy of activity. GWEN feeling very small at the centre of it.

JACK, OWEN and TOSHIKO have disappeared.

GWEN turns back, smiles weakly at the Sergeant

GWEN (CONT'D)

Special Ops. I'm Special Ops.

The two men stare at GWEN, unimpressed. GWEN clutches at straws.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Torchwood. I'm with Torchwood. They came in here. I've just... mislaid them. But we're dealing with this.

And at the mention of Torchwood, a cloud crosses SERGEANT

13A CONTINUED:

13A

14 CONTINUED:

14

JACK

So, take all the readings and let's get out of here.

MONTAGE: TORCHWOOD at work. GWEN can only watch. The outsider.

OWEN with digital camera taking pictures of the meteorite.

CUT TO a thin red line of light shoots across the length and height of the crater. TOSHIKO uses a distance reader (handheld, digital readout) -- to measure the size of the crater. Then the width. Notes the info.

CUT TO JACK throwing a hammer then a chisel -- fast one-two -- across the meteorite to OWEN. OWEN catches them flashily. He grins, enjoying his coolness. Starts chipping at the grey crusty outer rock.

CUT TO TOSHIKO gathering samples of charred earth into canisters. Vacuum seals them.

CUT TO JACK scraping a tiny amount of frost off the meteorite's surface onto a scalpel. Holds it up to the light. Bags it -- clear polythene criminal evidence bag.

CUT TO OWEN with a stethoscope to the meteorite's exterior.

CUT TO GWEN, on the outside of all of this. Tired, dazed, unprepared. Not knowing what to do. OWEN calls across.

OWEN

Make yourself useful, sweetheart! Pass us the big chisel from the toolbox.

GWEN

Not sweetheart. Gwen. One syllable, sure you can manage it.

OWEN

Not sweetcheeks? Freckles? New Girl?

At the toolbox, GWEN weighs the large chisel in her hand.

GWEN

Shame your tool's not big enough for the job, *darlin'*. Here--

And she lightly lobs the chisel in the air towards him.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

OWEN

Don't--!

The chisel spins through the air -- slow-motion.

And then, tired GWEN realises what she'd done. Push in on her horrified reaction as --

The chisel fails to reach OWEN.

Slow-mo: the chisel flies down towards the meteorite.

And SLAMS into the surface -- puncturing it.

A SCREAM. Loud, high-pitched, piercing. Alien.

FX: Cracks spider out -- lightning fast -- from the centre of impact. The surface chinks, shattering. Then:

15 CONTINUED:

17 CONTINUED: 17

Next to them, MATT: 20s, indie boy. Couple of empty Smirnoff Ice bottles next to him. Looks pityingly at the stag party.

MATT looks around: across the club is CARYS. Looking directly at him.

MATT looks round -- is she staring at someone else?

Looks back. Bloody hell. CARYS is walking over. MATT tries to stay cool, keep eye contact. CARYS' gaze doesn't shift.

CUT TO:

18 INT. THE MEAT MARKET NIGHTCLUB/WOMEN'S TOILETS - NIGHT 118

CARYS and MATT slam through the door -- intertwined.

CARYS shoves MATT against the wall -- snogs the face off him.

MATT

I don't even know your name.

But CARYS is already undoing his trousers.

MATT (CONT'D)

Overrated, names.

JUMP CUTS: MARIANNE FAITHFULL track bangs to the front of the soundtrack. CARYS and MATT have (clothed, urgent) sex all over the toilets. (More comic than explicit)

MATT's slammed up against a cubicle door, holding CARYS as they fuck, noisily, passionately. CARYS clearly in charge.

CUT TO: CARYS up on the ledge of the sink, legs wrapped around standing MATT. MATT catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror: still a bit startled.

CARYS

(grabbing MATT's face)
Concentrate!

MATT

Sorry!

She snogs the face off him. JUMP CUTS as they shag.

MATT (CONT'D)

Don't think -- I can -- hold on --

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

GWEN

(re OWEN and JACK)

You two chucked tools at each other!

OWEN

We didn't miss.

GWEN

I'll sort it out. Whatever's happened,
I'll... deal with it.

(Beat)

What d'you think's happened? I mean, it
was just gas. Wasn't it? That can't be
too bad. Can it?

OWEN

Right, because gas has never done anyone
any harm.

CUT TO:

20 INT. TORCHWOOD, AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT 1

20

JACK flicks the locks open on the casket, now on the exam
table.

GWEN, TOSHIKO and OWEN gather round to look.

Inside is the crystalline core of the meteorite -- the
grey outer crust having been chipped away. It's
splintered, cracked, but still whole.

JACK

On the plus side, we've got good
evidence, relatively undamaged.

OWEN

On the downside there's an alien on the
loose and we don't know where it is, why
it's here or what it's going to do.

TOSHIKO

Give her a break!

GWEN

Oh God. This is the worst first day
ever.

JACK

We all make mistakes. Get over it. Now

20 CONTINUED:

20

IANTO
This might help.

They all turn to see IANTO standing in the doorway -- he's holding a piece of paper.

IANTO (CONT'D)
Nightclub death been phoned into 999.
Circumstances sound a little... unusual.
Might be connected.

JACK takes the piece of paper -- heads for the door.

JACK
Ianto, we love you.

IANTO
In a supportive employer type way, I hope.

JACK
All that and more.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. THE MEAT MARKET NIGHTCLUB - MORNING 2

21

Very early morning now. Crowds gone, neon off. Just another shabby street.

Solitary police car outside, the blue lights illuminating what's left of the night. ANDY stood by the doorway, yawning. Next to him, a young n/s WPC.

And the SUV roars up in front of him. JACK and the team jump out. Stride past ANDY with a single dismissive word.

JACK
Torchwood.

ANDY raises his eyes to heaven -- same old same old -- as JACK, TOSHIKO and OWEN brush past.

And then he sees the fourth person jump out of the SUV.

ANDY
Gwen?

GWEN stops in her tracks as she's about to walk past him. Caught. Awkward.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

GWEN

Hi!

ANDY

Bloody hell! Look at you, all posh.

GWEN looks at the WPC standing next to him.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Oh, this is Andrea. New recruit.

GWEN

Hello.

GWEN smiles, awkward. Doesn't know how to handle this.

ANDY

So, special ops! We were wondering.

GWEN

I meant to call. It's been a bit of a whirlwind.

ANDY

So come on. Tell us all.

GWEN squirms. ANDY sees. JACK returns to the doorway.

JACK

Coming?

GWEN

Yeah. Sorry.

JACK disappears, after a tiny glance at ANDY.

ANDY and GWEN. GWEN hesitant.

GWEN (CONT'D)

You can get away now. No point freezing your arse off out here.

They both know it's an order.

ANDY

Boss of me now, are you?

GWEN aches with the gap that's opened up between them.

GWEN

Say hi to... everyone... for me.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

And she's off. Away inside. ANDY watches her go.

CUT TO:

22 INT. THE MEAT MARKET NIGHTCLUB/WOMEN'S TOILETS - MORNING 22

A small pile of charred ash on the floor of a cubicle.

GWEN, JACK, OWEN and TOSHIKO peering at it, close in.

GWEN

This is all that's left?

BANKSY -- looking older, tired -- nods. He's a man way out of his depth. Shaken, terrified by what he's seen.

BANKSY

How's that possible?

JACK

The question is: how did you know this used to be a body?

All eyes on BANKSY. Shifty.

BANKSY

Well... we get a lot of drug use in the toilets. I like to keep an eye.

CUT TO:

23 INT. THE MEAT MARKET NIGHTCLUB/MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 23

FLASHBACK:

Big, old-fashioned reclining leather executive chair. In front of the crappy CCTV showing CARYS and MATT it. The chair's jiggling, creaking up and down -- in time with MATT and CARYS. Clearly a wank in progress.

BANKSY OOV

Go on son! With you all the way!

BANKSY's face -- on the verge of ecstasy -- as, from the TV (unseen, remain on BANKSY) the sound of MATT screaming and dying.

Pull back on BANKSY. Frozen. Wide-eyed and horrified. Staring at the TV. Hand limp in trousers. Doesn't move.

CUT TO:

24 INT. THE MEAT MARKET NIGHTCLUB/WOMEN'S TOILETS - MORNING 24

The team still staring at BANKSY. He's looking more traumatised.

BANKSY

Bit of a shock, I tell you.

JACK

We need to see that CCTV.

CUT TO:

25 INT. THE MEAT MARKET NIGHTCLUB/WOMEN'S TOILETS - NIGHT 1 25

CCTV footage. CARYS and MATT going at it.

CUT TO:

26 INT. THE MEAT MARKET NIGHTCLUB/MANAGER'S OFFICE - MORNING 26

TORCHWOOD team stood around the monitor (play the scene off their reactions, we don't need to see the footage again).

MATT OOV

(sound from the CCTV)

You're -- this is -- the best ev--

(yells)

Ohhhhhh!

As it turns into a scream--

The Torchwood team startled, flinch, step back from the screen. Stunned.

JACK

Woh!

OWEN

What just happened?

(looking to the others)

Did he--?!

TOSHIKO

Oh my God!

GWEN

He just...

JACK

Came and went.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Then they all burst out laughing. Can't help themselves.

OWEN

Now that's the way I'd like to go.

TOSHIKO

I'm sure we could arrange it.

BANKSY turns to GWEN -- struggling, in a bad way.

BANKSY

How can that -- it's not possible -- it doesn't make any sense.

GWEN

(gentle)

D'you know the girl's name?

BANKSY shakes his head. GWEN persists.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Did the two of them arrive together or did they meet in the club? Is she a regular? Would any of the other staff know her?

BANKSY snaps. Not coping well.

BANKSY

I dunno! We get hundreds of people in here every weekend. I don't keep tabs.

JACK takes over -- steers BANKSY out of the room.

JACK

Thanks for your help. We've got all we need.

BANKSY nods and leaves, still in a daze. GWEN looks amazed at JACK.

GWEN

What're you talking about? We haven't got a clue. We don't even know her name!

But JACK is moving on out.

CUT TO:

27 INT. THE MEAT MARKET NIGHTCLUB - MORNING 2

27

JACK using the sensor from Sc 14 like a metal detector, sweeping it through the air, checking for readings.

He moves across the dance floor. OWEN and TOSHIKO at his side. GWEN following them.

JACK

We'll need a body from the cryo-chamber: close match for the dead guy's appearance. Disfigure the face, dump it somewhere remote, make it look like a suicide attempt.

OWEN and TOSHIKO peel off to do their duties. GWEN reeling.

GWEN

You have a stash of bodies?

CUT TO:

28 EXT. ALLEYWAY - MORNING 2

28

JACK barges out the fire exit doors, scanning with the gas sensor. GWEN pursuing him.

GWEN

What about his family? You can't just fake his death.

JACK

You want to tell his family he died screwing an alien?

GWEN

We don't know that for sure.

The sensor makes a continuous beeping. JACK reads.

JACK

Same elements we recorded at the crash site. Traces all over the club but strongest in this area. Something happened here.

And he spies a CCTV camera mounted on a wall in the corner of the alley.

CUT TO:

29 INT. THE MEAT MARKET NIGHTCLUB/MANAGER'S OFFICE - MORNING92

CCTV FOOTAGE: FX: High and wide on the alley -- the gas entering CARYS.

JACK ejects the videotape. Pockets it in his greatcoat. GWEN stares at the blank screen. The moment's battered her.

GWEN

It's my fault.

(looks to JACK)

If it weren't for me, he'd still be alive.

JACK

Get you nowhere, that sort of thinking. Least now we know a little more. The alien's taken a host body.

Shattered GWEN stares at him -- a plea.

GWEN

We can't let her kill again.

CUT TO:

30 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB - MORNING 2

30

The Hub alive with technology. TOSHIKO at the centre of it, surveying three computer screens -- all buzzing with life. A battery of tests being run: TOSHIKO zooms from one to the other. GWEN at TOSHIKO's shoulder, shadowing her, trying to understand what all this is. In the background, the rest of the team working. IANTO is making coffee, like a barista, at an incongruous, large, classic rusty Italian coffee maker. As the scene progresses, he distributes it.

The first screen beeps to indicate a result. TOSHIKO checks out the screen -- calls over to JACK.

TOSHIKO

Gas traces confirmed as Vorax and Suranium.

*
*

JACK

Great, my two favourite gases.

(to OWEN)

Can we run a check, see what we know about them?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

OWEN

I'm all over it.

GWEN follows TOSHIKO to the next computer: on one screen is a CCTV capture of CARYS' face. The capture has been severely magnified, losing a lot of definition. It's blurry, severely pixellated -- not high quality evidence.

On the other half of the screen runs a lightning fast parade of different faces. "Face filter" software -- checking through a thousand faces per minute (individuals barely discernible, it's so fast), trying to find a match.

GWEN

What's this doing?

TOSHIKO

I've taken an image of the girl from the CCTV footage: this cross-checks her face against the UK population.

GWEN

You can't have every face in the UK on there. That'd be against civil liberties, data protection, all that stuff.

JACK

Still doing that "you" instead of "we" thing.

(slurps coffee:
ecstasy; to IANTO)

See, this is the PERFECT coffee. You gotta tell me. What's the secret?

IANTO

Sorry, sir. That's classified.

The computer screen with CARYS' face beeps with a result: 119 POSSIBLE MATCHES.

TOSHIKO

Damn.

OWEN

119 suspects?! It's supposed to come up with a single clear match.

TOSHIKO

The CCTV was too low-res.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOSHIKO (CONT'D)

I tried magnifying and augmenting but it just breaks up. Which means the software can't function properly.

IANTO

It's narrowed the numbers down. I could check through the rest.

(The team look at him, surprised)

You know, the old fashioned way. With my eyes.

JACK

(to IANTO)

Is it the beans? Some kind of special grinding?

GWEN

What about the fingerprints I took off the alley wall?

TOSHIKO spins round another screen. One half of the screen displays three fingerprints; the other half says: "NO MATCHES FOUND". GWEN sighs.

GWEN (CONT'D)

It was a long shot anyway.

OWEN

Just a bit. God knows the amount of slappers who've had their arses up against that wall.

GWEN

Least I'm trying to do something.

OWEN

No, you're trying to do *anything*.

JACK

The CCTV must have caught her arrival at the club. Tosh, can you reformat the image recognition software to trace her journey backwards via the street camera network?

TOSHIKO

I'll have a go, but it'll take a while to process. Every possible turn on every street corner means hundreds of thousands of probabilities.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

JACK

Give it a go. That way we'll at least find out where she started the night.

GWEN

We could cross reference that with the addresses of the remaining face matches.

OWEN

Now that's a bit more like it! Good one, newbie!

And GWEN's high on the adrenalin of these discoveries, this technology, this whole new process.

GWEN

This stuff is better than good. It's brilliant.

(to JACK)

You're brilliant.

She realises TOSHIKO and OWEN are looking at her, clocking her admiration for JACK. She readjusts, hastily.

GWEN (CONT'D)

You all are.

JACK

(staring at IANTO)

And yet only one of us knows the secret of the coffee.

IANTO beams.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. CARDIFF STREET - DAY 2

31

Long terraced street. Just waking up, stumbling off to work.

CUT TO:

32 INT. CARYS FLETCHER'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY 2

32

Sliced white jumps out of the toaster. Butter immediately scraped onto it by IVAN FLETCHER -- late 40s, greyhaired. He talks as he butters, eyes on the toast.

(CONTINUED)

IVAN FLETCHER

I said to them: you're putting yourselves out of work, behaving like this. I can get five Polish lads who'll work all day, don't take any breaks, happy as sandboys, all for fifty six quid above board. I told Niall, I said: why should I bother with your moaning mates when I can get that?

During all this, we pull back to reveal CARYS sitting at the small kitchen table. A mug sits on the table in front of her. Her hand is clasped to it, for dear life.

CARYS sits, rigid, staring straight ahead. Still in her nightclub outfit. Wide-eyed and traumatised. Like she can't believe her own memory.

IVAN FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Carys?

CARYS looks up.

CARYS

Yeah?

IVAN FLETCHER

Hangover from hell, is it? What d'you get up to last night?

Terror in CARYS' eyes. Tries to disguise it.

CARYS

Can't really remember. Muller'd, I was.

But it's a lie. CARYS smiles weakly. IVAN shoves toast in his mouth.

IVAN FLETCHER

Gotta go, Tony needs the van by nine. You in tonight?

CARYS nods. He kisses her on the head, brushes toast crumbs from her hair where he's kissed her, and is out.

Close in on CARYS. Doesn't move.

Her stoic expression dissolves as she breaks down into horrified, fearful tears.

CUT TO:

33 INT. CARYS FLETCHER'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - DAY 2 33

Shower above the bath pounding down on CARYS.
She stands under the jet of water, hugging herself.
Bawling her eyes out. Wailing, howling with the trauma.

CUT TO:

34 INT. CARYS FLETCHER'S HOUSE/CARYS' BEDROOM - DAY 2 34

CARYS sits at a small cheap dressing table. Dressing gown.

Slowly brushing wet hair. Staring in the mirror. At herself.

Without warning, the top half of her body contorts. Like she's going to be sick. CARYS terrified as it happens -- her expression and her body completely at odds.

It subsides. CARYS gets her breath. So scared.

Then again -- this time her whole body convulses. A battle for her body, from within.

Stops. Back to normal. CARYS panicking now.

And another sudden push -- whole body convulses -- extreme pain this time.

Her face contorted with anger. Desperation. Fury.

CARYS
(scream at the mirror)
No!

Her whole body twisted, ragged with pain as --

A ring at the doorbell.

CARYS turns in the direction of the sound.

No longer scared. Confident.

CUT TO:

35 INT. CARYS FLETCHER'S HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - DAY 2 35

CARYS pulls the door open to greet GAVIN, early 30s, portly, cheery postie. Holds up an Amazon-alike parcel.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

GAVIN
You're keeping that website in business.

CUT TO:

36 INT. CARYS FLETCHER'S HOUSE/FRONT ROOM - DAY 2 36

CARYS shoves GAVIN against a wall and snogs him.

GAVIN's eyes are wide open -- doesn't know what's hit him.

CARYS lets go. GAVIN stands there, unsure. Stunned, to be fair.

GAVIN
Your Dad not in, then?

CARYS
Get your clothes off.

CARYS shoves GAVIN down onto the sofa.

GAVIN
Steady, Carys--

CARYS jumps on GAVIN -- straddles him. Undoes his belt. Whips his trousers off.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
No, that's enough. Joke over. Barry put you up to this, did he?

CARYS
(pushing him back
down; violent)
Shut up!

And the doors are smashed open.

SUDDEN BURST OF ACTION: JACK crashes through the front door, his 40s pistol cocked.

He's wearing a gas mask and a quarantine suit.

TOSHIKO bursts in through the rear door to the lounge. OWEN thunders down the stairs. GWEN at the front door. Quarantine suits, both.

GAVIN writhing, terrified, under CARYS.

GAVIN
What's going on?!

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

JACK
(through gas mask)
Put your trousers on and get out. NOW!
(as GAVIN obeys)
Always breaks my heart to say those
words.

TOSHIKO
(checking the reader)
Air quality's OK.

CARYS looks around as the Torchwood trio takes off their
gas masks.

And she darts past JACK -- heads for the front door.

JACK
(raising his gun)
Gwen, look out!

OWEN throws from the stairs (in CARYS' direct path) a
small, smooth blue pebble: it drops onto the floor in
front of running CARYS. She runs over it and:

FX: A floor to ceiling column of blue light fires up in a
circle around CARYS. A meter in circumference all around
her -- like she's trapped in a tall, transparent pillar
of blue light.

FX: CARYS hits the wall, her hands up. Trapped.

FX: After a second, the blue light fades to become clear.
But the boundary lines flicker, delineating her impromptu
cell.

GWEN looks to OWEN.

GWEN
What's that?

OWEN
Sort of inflatable cell. Power runs
down after an hour, mind -- battery
life's bollocks.

JACK storms over, his face murderous.

JACK
Who said you could use that?

OWEN
Um, I just stopped a prisoner escaping?

(CONTINUED)

38 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE VAULT - DAY 2

38

CARYS on the threshold of a cell -- as the glass door slides firmly closed to lock her in.

GWEN on the other side of the glass, looking in. The two women gaze at each other through the glass.

CARYS

Are you MI5?

(looking round)

Where am I? What d'you want?

GWEN

I think you know, Carys.

38 CONTINUED:

38 CONTINUED: (2) 38

And snogs her. Big full-on sexual kiss.

CUT TO:

39 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB - DAY 2 39

OWEN watching GWEN and CARYS snogging on the internal CCTV.

OWEN

Hel-lo. Happy Birthday me.
(calling out)
Oy, you lot! Treat!

CUT TO:

40 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE VAULT - DAY 2 40

GWEN, breathless, comes out of the clinch.

GWEN

OK. First contact with an alien. Not quite what I expected.

She looks at CARYS. And this time GWEN instigates the snog! Strong, passionate.

CUT TO:

41 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB - DAY 2

41 CONTINUED:

41

JACK (CONT'D)

43 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE VAULT/INT. GWEN'S FLAT - DAY 2 43

GWEN answers her phone. Still reeling, the following all light and breezy from GWEN.

RHYS
You're not still at work.

GWEN looks round her -- the darkness of the vault corridor. Dissonance between this and her lovely, ordinary boyfriend.

GWEN
Fraid so.

RHYS
Is it exciting, though? Have you had loads of excitement?

GWEN
Um... Some.

RHYS
Have you had any sleep? And -- sorry, is now a good time?

As GWEN looks into one of the cages, something moves, rustles in the dark. Restless, ominous

GWEN
Maybe not the best.

RHYS
What time'll you be done? I've got a lasagne head on.

JACK and TOSHIKO come rushing in. Stop when they see GWEN. She gives them an embarrassed smile as she makes an effort to keep up the pretence to RHYS.

GWEN
Oh, right. Great.

JACK mouths to GWEN: Are you OK? GWEN nods: she's hating being caught by the boss making a personal call!

GWEN (CONT'D)
(to RHYS)
Not really sure when I'll be finished, though.

As she talks, GWEN sees JACK lead TOSHIKO back out, to give GWEN some privacy.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

RHYS

I'll leave you a plate for the
microwave. Pity me, I'm a special ops
widow.

GWEN

Call you later.

And she hangs up. Alone again.

Leans against the glass of one of the cells. Exhales.
It's all too much to take in.

And a WEEVIL smashes against the glass, trying to get at
GWEN, scaring the life out of her.

GWEN looks back down the vault corridor -- CARYS is
standing at the front of her cell. Their eyes meet.

GWEN walks away.

CUT TO:

44

44 CONTINUED:

44

GWEN

That girl's body is being overrun by...
I don't know what. And you think it's a
joke?

OWEN

Alright! I'm sorry. Jesus!

TOSHIKO and JACK are standing nearby now. GWEN turns to them, still holding OWEN to the wall. GWEN shouts at JACK and TOSHIKO, her frustration breaking through.

GWEN

We should be helping her. She's not
some lab rat.

OWEN

No, she's a murderer. You were the one
who wanted her caught. How come
suddenly she's your best mate?

Angle to reveal JACK now standing at GWEN's side. Calm, authoritative.

JACK

Y'know, strictly speaking, throttling
the staff is my job.

Beat. It's enough. GWEN relaxes her grip, backs off. OWEN breathes out, but isn't so stupid as to say anything.

TOSHIKO puts a hand on GWEN's shoulder, but GWEN's still so angry, she shakes it off.

IANTO

So who's for Chinese?

And they all turn -- IANTO's standing there, laden with takeaways. JACK turns to GWEN.

JACK

I swear he monitors our blood sugar
levels.

And the moment's defused a notch further. TOSHIKO and OWEN pile in to the food, eager.

IANTO

(hands OWEN cartons)
Kung Po Chicken, special fried rice.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

IANTO (CONT'D)

(for TOSHIKO)

Hot and Sour soup, salt and pepper squid.

(for JACK)

Jack, you've got Pork Balls.

JACK

You ever gonna tire of saying that?

IANTO

Wouldn't have thought so.

(turns to GWEN)

Got you Crispy Duck. With pancakes and all the bits.

GWEN

That's my favourite.

IANTO

Lucky.

JUMP CUT: Raucous laughter from TOSHIKO, OWEN and most of all JACK. GWEN looking on grinning. The atmosphere is completely different, infectious. The trio are talking over each other, mouths full of food, so comfortable, words spilling and tripping over each other.

OWEN

And she said--

JACK

If I'd known that's what he was, I never would have married him!

They all crack up again. Shove food into their mouths.

TOSHIKO

She knew! She knew all along!

OWEN

Definitely! And she didn't care.

IANTO

Until he started leaving piles of black mucus in the bathtub.

More laughter.

JACK

(to GWEN)

Always the big giveaway. Aliens have no sense of household hygiene. Which reminds me: gotta pee.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (3)

44

He's up and off. And the rest of the team turn to GWEN, hurriedly, whispering.

OWEN

So what's he told you?

GWEN

What about?

TOSHIKO

Himself!

GWEN

You've been here longer than I have.

TOSHIKO

We were banking on you!

OWEN

You're a copper! You're trained to ask questions.

GWEN

You don't know anything?

OWEN

Not who he is, not where he's from. Nothing, except for being gay.

GWEN's surprised how much that hits home.

GWEN

No! He's not -- really? D'you think? No!

TOSHIKO

Owen does -- I don't.

IANTO

And I don't care.

OWEN

"Period military" is not the dress code of a straight man.

GWEN

I think it suits him. Sort of, classic.

TOSHIKO

Exactly! I've watched him in action. He'll shag anything, if it's gorgeous enough.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (4)

44

GWEN

But we know he's from America, right?

OWEN

Don't even know that for sure.

TOSHIKO

No US citizen by the name of Jack
Harkness born in the last fifty years.

GWEN

Maybe his identity's classified.

IANTO

Used to be something big in the CIA.
That's what I reckon.

GWEN

He must have his reasons. For wanting
to keep things secret.

OWEN

Sure he has. Doesn't stop me wanting to
know what they are.

GWEN

What's that sound?

And they all stop and listen.

Just audible is the sound of weeping. Echoing through
the Hub. Haunting, like a ghost.

GWEN slowly stands -- she's drawn to it. She walks in
the direction of the sound.

The others put down their food and follow her.

GWEN walks through the Hub -- and finds the source of the
weeping.

On a couple of screens hanging down from the
ceiling/built into the walls are two different angles of
CARYS down in the Vault. She's huddled up, sobbing to
herself.

GWEN stands in front of the screen, transfixed.
Distracted by what she's doing.

The others gather silently behind her. The only sound
the (now louder) sound of CARYS crying.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

GWEN at what used to be SUZIE's workstation, lit by the monitor glow. Typing away frantically.

JUMP CUTS as we see what she's pulling up on screen: search engines. Email accounts. School reports. Doctor's records.

Cut between GWEN at the computer, pulling off print-outs, grabbing photo prints from another machine.

CUT TO:

46 INT. TORCHWOOD, BOARD ROOM - DAY 2 46

The room a homage to CARYS.

46 CONTINUED: 46

GWEN's not ready for that.

GWEN

Thank you.

And a moment between them, where they can't take their eyes off one another. Then:

GWEN (CONT'D)

So, I think we should bring her Dad in.

JACK

You're kidding, right?

GWEN

We have to find something that'll connect with her. Make her fight back.

JACK

Our priority is to contain the alien threat. Not put civilians in a cell with it.

GWEN

We should be helping her.

JACK

Gwen--

GWEN

(interrupting before he can even get started)

If we don't, who will?

JACK has no answer for that.

JACK

Are you always this awkward?

The intercom beeps: TOSHIKO's voice comes through from her workstation.

TOSHIKO

You should take a look at this.

CUT TO:

47 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB - DAY 2 47

TOSHIKO's computer screen: a display of complicated graphs.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

TOSHIKO

This is the normal chemical composition of the air in that cell. And these are the readings from the last hour:

She presses a button. Comparative graphs overlay the first set.

TOSHIKO (CONT'D)

The alien's secreting an ultra-powerful blend of airborne pheromones. Sex pheromones. A thousand times more potent than anything we'd normally experience.

JACK

She's a walking aphrodisiac!

GWEN

I did wonder why I--
(stops herself; then
an admission)
Actually, I sort of snogged her.

JACK/TOSHIKO

We know.

GWEN

What?! How?!

JACK

Walls have eyes. Now, still wanna put her father in that cell?

GWEN

God no! We can't let any man near--

She and TOSHIKO have the same thought at the same moment.

GWEN/TOSHIKO

Owen!

CUT TO:

48 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE VAULT - DAY 2

48

TOSHIKO and GWEN pelt down the corridor. Arrive outside CARYS' cell to see:

OWEN in the middle of the room. Naked. Except for cuffed hands over his crotch.

TOSHIKO goes straight for the intercom.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

TOSHIKO

Jack -- Carys is out of her cell.

OWEN

Cheeky bitch took my swipecard!

JACK OOV

I'll deal with it. Oh and tell Owen: he needs to work those abs a little harder.

Intercom beeps off. GWEN triggers the cell door. Turns to TOSHIKO.

GWEN

Don't tell him about the pheromones. Yet.

TOSHIKO grins: she likes GWEN's style: a bond between the girls. OWEN walks out of the cell, indignant, hands still over his dignity.

OWEN

I was taking some readings, y'know, keeping an eye on her, then... bang.

TOSHIKO

You got away lightly. Be thankful she was only interested in your swipecard.

GWEN

So are you alright now? Or are you still feeling a bit of a cock?

TOSHIKO bursts out laughing. GWEN can't help but join in. OWEN's livid.

OWEN

That's it, go on, enjoy yourselves.

A noise from down the corridor. The WEEVIL is at the window of the next cell opposite. Eyeing OWEN up. OWEN even more pissed off -- his humiliation complete.

OWEN (CONT'D)

48 CONTINUED: (2) 48

He looks daggers at GWEN and TOSHIKO who are trying -- and failing -- not to laugh.

CUT TO:

49 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB - DAY 2 49

Deserted.

CARYS walks carefully through, down the side of the Hub with the weapons wall, checking there's no-one about. This is a tired, weary CARYS.

Then: ahead of her, JACK steps out.

JACK

No exit, sorry.

Lightning quick, CARYS grabs a fearsome alien blade from the stash of weapons hanging on the wall -- and hurls it at JACK. He darts out the way -- it swooshes past him. Smashes into the other wall.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now that's just rude.

CARYS grabs another weapon: a club with a spiked steel ball on the end. Raises it as a threat to JACK. She keeps an even distance, moving round to match JACK.

JACK (CONT'D)

49 CONTINUED:

49

CARYS

*Please -- stop me -- you won't stop me --
don't let it take me.*

PRAC FX: CARYS swipes a jar of bubbling liquid -- with a hand floating in it. CARYS sees: look of panic cross JACK's face.

JACK

Put that down.

CARYS backs through the rolling door towards the lift, brandishing the jar. She's breathing short and hard, wincing from pain. JACK discards his staff -- pulls out his pistol.

*

JACK (CONT'D)

Put it down or I shoot.

CARYS

Says he will but the eyes say he won't.

Close in on JACK -- he doesn't want to risk the hand.

CARYS (CONT'D)

*I'm going don't stop me please help me
stop me...*

The lift doors close on CARYS.

*

CUT TO:

49A INT. HUB STAIRCASE -- DAY 2

49A

*

JACK legs it up the staircase, in pursuit of CARYS.

*

CUT TO:

*

49B INT. LONG CORRIDOR -- DAY 2

49B

*

Lift doors open -- CARYS runs out and down the long corridor, heading for the entrance.

*

*

Whip pan back -- JACK in pursuit He can see CARYS getting away from him. Desperate now.

*

*

CUT TO:

*

50 INT. TORCHWOOD RECEPTION - DAY 2

50

The door from the Hub *shunks* open. IANTO leaps to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

52 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB - DAY 2

52

PRAC FX: The hand, in bubbling liquid again; new jar. JACK's eyes at the hand's level. GWEN by his side, having a pop at him.

GWEN

After all I said, a severed hand was more important to you than Carys' life.

JACK

You want to prove how smart you are? Find her. Get your old pals in the police to do something useful for once.

GWEN

Right, I'll call them now. Put out an APB: woman possessed by gas knobbing fellas to death.

OWEN calls over from the entrance to the autopsy room. He's dressed, with a white medical coat. Urgency.

OWEN

Oy! You'd better get in here!

CUT TO:

52A INT. TORCHWOOD, AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY 2

52A

JACK, GWEN and TOSHIKO stand on the raised circular platform which surrounds the centre of the autopsy room. OWEN is in the middle.

He's standing by the table. On the table is a live rat, wandering round an enclosed pen.

OWEN's more on edge, less laissez faire than previously in the Hub. He's clearly got something important to say.

OWEN

So I'm trying to interpret the results of the bio-scan. But it's just a mess: like there's no definitive readings. Because everything in her body keeps changing, nothing's staying constant. Soon as you think you've got something clear -- metabolic rate, blood pressure, whatever -- it all goes wild again.

JACK

Because she's fighting the alien for control over her own body.

(CONTINUED)

52A CONTINUED:

52A

OWEN

Well, either that or she's a secret shapeshifter like that thing we found down Roath Park last year.

(they all grin;
private joke: GWEN
bemused)

Anyway, so I thought I'd run a comparative diagnostic.

(seeing GWEN's blank
face)

Recreate the circumstances, accelerate the process a little, see what's gonna happen to Carys.

GWEN

Right. Thanks.

OWEN

I infected the rat with a combination of -
the Vorax and Suranium gas traces we
found at the crash site and the
nightclub.

*
*

TOSHIKO

Looks fine so far.

OWEN presses a button on a console at the side of the autopsy table (or handheld device, whichever's easiest).

Two computer screens drop down/appear from the wall/ceiling. One either side of OWEN. On the screens are computer diagrams of a rat and its inner organs.

OWEN

Once the gases start to flow round the body, the party really starts.

(The diagrams demonstrate what's happening inside the rat in tandem with OWEN's description)

OWEN (CONT'D)

The heart rate triples. The brain swells, pressing against the skull. As that keeps going, the lungs start to shrink, making it impossible to breathe. Blood begins to leak out the eyes until--

He looks -- they all look -- at the live rat which ATOMISES in front of them. But not clean dust this time -- more bloody, disgusting.

The team horrified. Apart from OWEN. Grinning.

(CONTINUED)

52A CONTINUED: (2)

52A

OWEN (CONT'D)

Rat jam!

JACK

That's what's gonna happen to Carys?

OWEN nods. Close in on GWEN, horrified.

GWEN

I'm losing. That's what she said to me.

OWEN

Right now, it's a struggle between where
Carys ends and the alien begins. In a
few hours...

He looks at the remains of the rat. Then to GWEN. Their

53 CONTINUED:

53

We're seeing all this from the POV of CARYS and what's inside her -- she's thrilled, shocked, delighted, unnerved. CARYS reels round and round, like it's her first day on Earth, drinking it in.

CARYS passes one drunk couple up against an alleyway wall. Heavy snogging -- the bloke feeling up the girl. Looks like it's going to go further.

CARYS stands and watches them. Not romantic. The couple stop when they realise they're being watched. The man looks annoyed. Shouts to CARYS.

PETE

S'matter? You want a bit?

CARYS

You don't mind?

PETE

You a nutter?

(Then a thought; to
his girl)

Not up for a threesome, are you?

The girl smacks him in the stomach.

PETE (CONT'D)

I was only asking!

(annoyed to CARYS)

See what you've done now! Ruined the
moment!

He runs after the girl who has stormed off. CARYS watches them go.

CUT TO:

54 INT. TORCHWOOD, BOARD ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 2

54

GWEN in front of the wall of info about CARYS (as in Sc 46). Addressing JACK, TOSHIKO and OWEN.

GWEN

We have to think like her. Put
ourselves in her place. It's the only
way we'll find her.

JACK

Except we don't know what her
controlling impulse is by now: Cary2K

TOSHIKO

The overriding factor for the parasite is to have sex, to gain strength. It's a survival instinct -- that's bound to be the strongest drive.

GWEN

Alright, so you're Carys. You're desperate for sex because that's what the thing inside you needs -- but you know it'll kill. Where would you go?

OWEN

(to GWEN)

I'd come round and shag you.

They all turn and give OWEN the "twat" look.

OWEN (CONT'D)

What?! It was a joke! Can't I have a joke with my team-mates?

TOSHIKO

Right now? No.

JACK

(to GWEN)

So what are we talking about? Brothels? Lapdancing clubs? Anywhere there's eager men?

TOSHIKO

I know what I'd do.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. STREET -- LATE AFTERNOON 2

55

GOLDFRAPP: Ooh La La. Plays over the next few scenes.

Iconic shot: CARYS striding along the street. The city a blur behind her. A woman on a mission.

CUT TO:

56 INT. PUB -- LATER AFTERNOON 2

56

Late teens bloke playing the fruit machine.

CARYS

Mikey?

The bloke turns round.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

CARYS (CONT'D)
You don't remember me, do you?

MIKEY
Should I?

CARYS
You were the first boy I ever kissed.

MIKEY
Sure you've got the right fella?

CARYS
I was 8.

MIKEY
And you've come looking for me now?!

CARYS
You snogged Amanda Harris an hour later.
I wanted to show you --
(gasp of pain)
What I can do now.

MIKEY
(cheeky grin)
You show me as much as you like.

CUT TO:

57 OMITTED
THRU
58

57
THRU
58

59 OMITTED

59

CUT TO:

60 EXT. PUB CAR PARK -- LATE AFTERNOON 2

60

Battered Ford Escort. CARYS and MIKEY shagging, shadows discernible.

PRAC FX: Screams and a golden glow of light.

CUT TO:

61 OMITTED

61

CUT TO:

62 EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - LATE AFTERNOON 2 62

Front door opens in the middle of a run-down block.
EDDIE GWYNNE -- early 20s -- opens the door.

EDDIE

Oh, I see. Come to make it up have you?

CUT TO:

63 INT. EDDIE GWYNNE'S FLAT - LATE AFTERNOON 2 63

Shabby bedsit-y studio flat (the sofa becomes the bed in
Sc 68). CARYS a bit more ragged now. Losing control a
bit. The alien taking over more.

EDDIE

You look a bit wired.

CARYS

I had to see you.

EDDIE

You should've called. Bethan might've
been in.

CARYS

I could kill you.

EDDIE

I could bloody kill you! What the hell
was that message 0 0dP 2-11405hen taou.

CARYS (CONT'D)

(Beat)

And you're crap. All you want is to come and you don't care what's underneath.

EDDIE

Oh right, go on, have a go. Get it out your system.

CARYS

(spasm of pain; gasps)

It needs, I need, to be satisfied--

EDDIE

What? Are you here to bollock or proposition me?

CARYS

I've been round you all. Every boy, every man who treated me badly. I wanted you all to...want me.

(another spasm)

And feed.

EDDIE

D'you want me to call a doctor?

CARYS strong, confident, sexy -- the alien in control:

CARYS

You want me now, don't you? I can see it, can feel you aching for me like I used to ache for you --

Then CARYS convulses -- judders, winces. And for a second, the vulnerable girl is back. Desperate to know:

CARYS (CONT'D)

D'you love me, Eddie? Did you ever love me?

And from the look on her face, he knows he's got to be honest. Ashamed.

EDDIE

No. I didn't really. Sorry.

CARYS looks at him: you bastard. Then, full of sadness:

CARYS

You could've saved yourself.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2) 63

EDDIE

What?

CARYS launches herself at EDDIE, slamming him against the wall. Snogging him. A death warrant.

CUT TO:

64 OMITTED 64

CUT TO:

65 INT. EDDIE GWYNNE'S FLAT - DAY 2 65

SMASH! The door is kicked in -- JACK and GWEN race in. See the sofabed, now lain out as a bed.

Pile of charred ash on the rumpled sheets.

GWEN

We're too late.

JACK

Tosh was right, though. She went for the ex-boyfriends. Lucky she's young. Work your way through my back catalogue, we'll be here till the sun explodes.

GWEN

So where's she gonna go next?

JACK

And how long before that thing destroys her body?

As they reach the front door, it opens. BETHAN -- mid-20s, knackered, carrying an 18 month old baby, stops in her tracks.

BETHAN

Who the hell are you?
(calls through)
Eddie! Are these two with you?

CUT TO:

66 INT. TORCHWOOD SUV - NIGHT 2 66

The team together as the vehicle speeds along. OWEN drives.

OWEN

So what did you say?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

JACK

We were the bailiffs, looking for the partner, heard he'd skipped town.

(over his comms)

Which reminds me Ianto, send her a little postcard from him -- Cardigan Bay, somewhere nice -- apologising for running out on her. Should make her feel better. Or at least give her someone to hate.

GWEN

And what about the kid? Grows up without a father?

Icy atmosphere all of a sudden. The team all avoid eye contact.

JACK

We can't make everything right. So what's our next move?

OWEN

Stop the entire city of Cardiff from shagging?

Grins all round.

GWEN

Yeah, put Bromide in the water supply.

JACK

No, too hit and miss.

OWEN

And the water company got really pissed off last time we did it.

As GWEN looks at them alarmed:

TOSHIKO

It could have used any body in Cardiff. Why her?

GWEN

I just assumed it was random.

JACK

It's mining Carys' life, to get what it needs.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

OWEN

So what else do we know about her that
might give us a lead?

All eyes on GWEN.

GWEN

Why're you all looking at me?

OWEN

You did the profiling!

JACK

Anything you can think of.

GWEN

I don't know. Sorry.

OWEN

(to JACK)

She's really great under pressure.

JACK

66 CONTINUED: (3) 66

JACK
The perfect hit.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. CARDIFF ROAD - NIGHT 2 67

The SUV does a 180 degree handbrake turn -- and roars off in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

68 INT. CONWAY CLINIC/RECEPTION - NIGHT 2 68

Oh, it's a nice place this. All pale wood and white cloth. Chill-out classical on the speakers.

Small reception antechamber -- young receptionist looks up to see CARYS come through the entrance.

And she looks tired. Drained.

RECEPTIONIST
Carys! You're not on today are you?

CARYS
It needs more -- the energy -- it's not lasting.

RECEPTIONIST
Sorry?

SMACK! CARYS punches the receptionist's lights out.

CUT TO:

69 INT. CONWAY CLINIC/WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 2 69

Peaceful, calm waiting room. Four blokes -- early 20s to late 40s -- reading mags and newspapers. Female voice comes over the loudspeaker.

LOUDSPEAKER
Mr Tunstall --
(late 20s lad looks up
from his mag)
Room number one's ready now.

Mr Tunstall gets up -- holding a test tube. Grins knowingly at the other three blokes: here we go then.

CUT TO:

JACK

Carry it. I'll make sure you don't need to use it.

GWEN

What do we do if we find her? How do we get that thing out of her?

TOSHIKO

Judging by the test results, the gas needed a host because prolonged exposure to our atmosphere is poisonous to it. But our bodies are the perfect environment.

JACK

So if we isolate it from Carys' body--

OWEN

It won't survive for long.

JACK

Looks like we have ourselves a plan.

GWEN

Force it to die.

OWEN

Just like it did those poor blokes.

GWEN

What about Carys?

JACK avoids her eyes as we

CUT TO:

74 EXT. CONWAY CLINIC/CAR PARK - NIGHT 2

74

The SUV screeches to a halt by a posh sign. JACK and TOSHIKO jump out before the SUV's even stopped. JACK turns back to GWEN

JACK

Come on!

They smash their way in to the clinic -- but stay on uneasy GWEN, a beat behind.

CUT TO:

79 CONTINUED: 79

In the sixth one, JACK heads for the main door back into--

CUT TO:

80 INT. CONWAY CLINIC/WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 2 80

-- To see CARYS, retreating from OWEN (with raised gun, sentry by the exit). She's just turned, about to flee: but JACK and GWEN have blocked her way.

JACK raises his gun.

JACK
Nowhere to run.

And we see CARYS is looking terrible. Tired, older, sick.

GWEN
It's taken her over. It's killing her.

CARYS
All this sex. All we see, all we think.
So much beauty -- and so much fear. We
want it but we're so afraid of it.

She doubles over in pain. GWEN goes to her.

OWEN
The strain on her body's too much.

CARYS
One more. One more and I'll be strong.

CARYS looks to GWEN. Plaintive.

CARYS (CONT'D)
Each time, it works less. Each time,
the feeling's weaker.
(looking worse by the
second)
One more. Make me feel alive. Make me
feel...human.

GWEN
I can't.

JACK
I can.

GWEN
Jack!

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

JACK

I've got a surplus of alive. I'm giving it away. You want to really feel something?

JACK strides up to CARYS.

And kisses her. A real 1940s matinee idol kiss. Strong and heroic.

FX: And CARYS *glows*.

OWEN, GWEN and TOSHIKO look on.

OWEN

What's he doing?

JACK stops kissing CARYS.

JACK

And that's just the kiss. Imagine the buzz you get from the rest.

CARYS smiles, puts her arm round JACK's neck.

And collapses.

JACK catches her in his arms. Panic. GWEN and OWEN run over.

JACK (CONT'D)

Wasn't the reaction I'd anticipated.

OWEN

Her body can't last any longer.

GWEN lays CARYS on the ground. Talks to her.

GWEN

Use me. Leave Carys. Take my body as host. Just let her live.

CARYS opens her eyes. Looks up at GWEN. A smile -- an agreement.

JACK

Gwen--

GWEN turns on JACK.

GWEN

I'm stronger than she is. I'll last longer. You might be able to save me, I don't know...

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (4) 80

FX: The cell flickers and disappears. Powered out. Just a simple blue pebble on the floor.

And near to it, a tiny amount of dust.

GWEN and JACK kneel by it.

JACK

You travel halfway across the Universe for the greatest sex. And you still end up dying alone.

GWEN looks at him. Leans over. Kisses JACK on the lips.

GWEN

Thank you.

She gets up, slowly and walks on over to CARYS, who is beginning to come round.

JACK stays kneeling. Puts his hand to his lips.

Like a distant memory, a distant emotion has just been reawakened.

DISSOLVE TO:

81 EXT. CARYS FLETCHER'S HOUSE - DAY 4 81

The TORCHWOOD SUV parked in the street.

CUT TO:

82 INT. CARYS FLETCHER'S HOUSE/FRONT ROOM - DAY 4 82

GWEN leads fragile but recovering CARYS in through the front door.

IVAN's standing in the middle of the room. JACK in the corner, keeping a watchful eye.

As soon as CARYS' sees IVAN, she breaks away from GWEN and runs to her Dad.

Beautiful father/daughter hug. CARYS clasps her Dad like she could never let go.

JACK and GWEN look on at the emotional reunion. GWEN catches JACK's eye. A silent, shared understanding: they've set things right. They work well together.

CUT TO:

83 INT. GWEN'S FLAT - DAY 4

83

Music continues to play as GWEN and RHYS eat dinner in the kitchen. Cold, leftover lasagne.

RHYS chattering nineteen to the dozen. Like GWEN, we hear the sound and funny energy of his voice, but not the specific words.

RHYS

(barely heard)

I said: those bloody website route planners are for the sort of drivers who only go out every Bank Holiday, I've had years of experience, I know these journeys, I've driven most of them so I think I know the best way --

Close in on GWEN's face. She's shattered by the whole past few days.

RHYS (CONT'D)

(clear)

Am I boring you?

Snaps GWEN back into the present, the here and now. Kitchen, saucepans and RHYS.

She smiles.

GWEN

Sorry?

RHYS

(gentle)

Too grand to care about transport routes now, are we?

GWEN pulls RHYS to her, over the table.

A heartfelt, emotional, I-need-you kiss.

GWEN

Let's s nl the whole