

# **TORCHWOOD 2**

## **Episode 6**

**by**

**J. C. Wilsher**

**Yellow Revisions**

**3rd September 2007**

© BBC WALES 2007. No part of this document or its contents may be disclosed, distributed or used in any way, stored in a retrieval system, disseminated or incorporated into any other work, without the express written permission of the BBC. Any unauthorised use is strictly prohibited and will be prosecuted in courts of pertinent jurisdiction.

PRE-TITLES

1 INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX -- NIGHT 1

WEEVIL, soaked with rain, emerges from cover & runs through the complex.

WEEVIL dodges round a corner into a desolate area of waste bins & rubbish - & comes to a halt. It's seen something. The WEEVIL's nostrils twitch & its lips draw back in a snarl, & it leans in close to the object of its interest.

CUT TO:

2 INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX -- NIGHT 2

TOSH & OWEN enter in pursuit of the WEEVIL. -

They follow its path & find it, hunched over the body of a middle-aged man, with no obvious signs of violence.

The WEEVIL clocks them & runs off.

OWEN checks vital signs of the corpse.

OWEN

Dead.

CUT TO:

3 INT. TORCHWOOD RECEPTION -- NIGHT 3

Our POV is that of a visitor opening the door, & finding IANTO behind the counter, idly flipping through a magazine.

IANTO looks up, looks us up & down casually but appreciatively.

IANTO

Sorry, we're just closing...

We hold out an identity card.

The camera doesn't see what it says, but IANTO's reaction tells us enough. He snaps to attention.

IANTO (CONT'D)

Pardon me Ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

IANTO hurries to shut up shop, then ushers us into the Hub.

CUT TO:

4 INT. THE HUB -- NIGHT

4

The team, apart from IANTO, are watching as OWEN begins preliminary post-mortem on the body they found.

JACK

Documents on the body identify the victim as Meredith Roberts...

OWEN

No obvious signs of violence...

GWEN

So are we saying it wasn't the Weevil?

OWEN

Give us a chance, I've only just started...

IANTO (V.O.)

(From intercom)

Jack - your VIP visitor is here.

Owen, Gwen, Toshiko all look at Jack.

GWEN

I didn't know we were expecting anyone.

Lights by the door start to flash. Jack steps into the Main hub, followed by the others.

JACK

Suddenly, in an underground mortuary, on a wet night in Cardiff - I hear the song of a nightingale...

This as the big door rolls open to reveal:

JACK (CONT'D)

Miss Martha Jones!

Push in on Martha, standing, framed by the door, grinning.

**Titles.**

5 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB - NIGHT

5

JACK & MARTHA hugging. (IANTO entering through main doors to join the rest of the team)

MARTHA

Good to see you, Jack.

JACK

Owen, Toshiko, Ianto, Gwen... meet Martha.

OWEN

Just a casual visit?

MARTHA

(Sweet smile)

I'm here to complete your post-mortem.

OWEN looks to Jack.

JACK

*D c* Jones is from UNIT.

GWEN

Oh God, all these names, I can never remember who's who. Which one's UNIT?

JACK

International, military, cute red caps. The acceptable face of intelligence gathering on aliens. We're more ad hoc. But better looking.

MARTHA moves in to examine the body, OWEN hovering at her shoulder - close as he can.

JACK & the others are watching.

MARTHA

I identified a pattern from UNIT's data on sudden deaths - toxic shock, nothing to link the victims...

MARTHA carefully examines the spaces between the victim's toes, with an illuminated magnifier.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Different ages, sexes, occupations, ethnic origins... But there was a statistically significant concentration in South Wales...

MARTHA gives up on the toes, peers into the armpits.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

JACK

Be honest - you really came all this way  
just for me...

MARTHA

Still struggling to conquer your  
shyness, Jack?

JACK & MARTHA smirk at each other; they're delighting in  
each others' company.

OWEN

So what was this pattern?

MARTHA

They were being written off as suicides,  
~~Let's give it a pattern?~~  
or accidents...

MARTHA delicately peels back the eyelid of the victim,  
shines illuminated magnifier on the eyeball.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Look...

FX: OWEN looks - there's a tiny puncture mark at the  
extreme edge of the eyeball's visible area.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Puncture mark - hypodermic needle...  
You'll find his bloodstream was pumped  
full of ammonium hydroxide...

OWEN

Bloodstream, yeah, that was next on my--

MARTHA

(over him)

Have you checked his medical records?

OWEN

No, I was just about to--

MARTHA

(over him)

~~MARTHA~~ Let's give it a go. You never know,

Owen -

(Big friendly grin -



7 CONTINUED:

7

JACK (CONT'D)

(Beat; grins)

So, End of the World Survivors Club.

And Martha grins, so grateful.

MARTHA

God, I'm glad to see you!

JACK

See, I knew it. You did come all this way just for me. It's the jawline, once seen, always yearned for.

They smile: relief and gratitude for the other.

JACK (CONT'D)

D'you miss him?

MARTHA

No. I made my choice.

(Beat)

Maybe sometimes. Tiny bit. Tiny tiny. And then I come to my senses again.

They both grin.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Anyway, I've got plenty to occupy me.

JACK

Ooh yeah, Miss High-Falutin'. What is it, Medical Officer?

MARTHA

(big grin; so proud)

Oh yes!

JACK

So do I have to call you ma'am?

MARTHA

No, just follow my orders to the letter!

JACK

Y'know, you should've called me, if you were looking for a job.

MARTHA

I wasn't. This woman from UNIT rang, out of the blue. Said I was just what they were looking for. That I'd been recommended by an "impeccable source".

(CONTINUED)





7A CONTINUED:

7A

Marie looks round, there's nobody else about. This is making her uneasy. \*

Looks back. The man still there. \*

Marie tugs on the lead -- starts walking. Away from the figure on the corner. \*

After a few paces, she glances over her shoulder. The man is walking too now. After her. At her pace. \*

Marie's scared now. She quickens her pace. \*

INTERCUT: The man's pace quickens. \*

Marie speeds up -- heads past the camera, as the man behind her comes into shot. \*

He's reaching into the inside pocket of his jacket. \*

As he passes the camera, he pulls out a needle. It glints in the streetlight. (!) \*

CUT TO: \*

8 INT. TORCHWOOD, HOTHOUSE ROOM / GANTRY / MAIN HUB -- NIGHT \*

JACK walking through the Hub with MARTHA and GWEN. Starting in the hothouse.

MARTHA lingers to look at the alien plants; JACK carries on ahead to the gantry but GWEN pauses with MARTHA.

GWEN

So, you know Jack pretty well, then?

MARTHA

We were only together for a few days. But it was ... intense.

GWEN

Oh you mean, you...?

MARTHA

Oh God, no!efj E BT 12 0 0s cm BT -0.0174 Tc 12 0 0 12 266

8 CONTINUED:

8

MARTHA

We must be the only two people on the planet!

And they're laughing now.

GWEN

We must be doing something wrong!

And they're bonded, laughing, as Jack comes over.

JACK

Talking about me?

GWEN

(Nods at the plants)  
Discussing alien flora.  
(to Martha)  
Aren't we?

MARTHA

Oh yeah.

They grin at each other.

JACK

She's no fun - raise your game, girls!

JUMP CUT: Few moments later, in the main hub. OWEN busy working.

MARTHA picks up the Singularity Scalpel, an exotic bit of kit lying around on a table.

MARTHA

You've got some well weird kit - what's this?

JACK

Be careful! Alien artefact.

OWEN

(Takes it from MARTHA)  
There's a lot of argument about this.  
For my money, it's got to be a surgical instrument...

MARTHA

Really?

JACK

He's just guessing. Typical medic...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

OWEN monkeys about with it & LCD type screen on the back warms up.

OWEN

I call it the Singularity Scalpel. See, what it does is concentrate energy at a tiny fixed point, without damaging anything on the way...

OWEN sets up a polystyrene cup, with a scrap of paper inside.

MARTHA

That's amazing...

GWEN

Owen - remember the last time...

OWEN fiddles with the device some more, & a grainy monochrome image of the cup appears, with cross-hair sights in the middle. Then the image x-rays through the cup, & reveals the scrap of paper.

OWEN

We're gonna vapourise the paper, without even scorching the cup...

JACK

This'll end in tears...

The device powers up.

IANTO enters.

The cup is unaffected. So is the scrap of paper. Close to IANTO a plant pot explodes with a loud bang, & totally vapourises.

IANTO ducks, glowers at OWEN.

OWEN

Haven't got the calibration quite sorted...

IANTO

Jack - there's been another attack - assault with a hypodermic. Only this time, the victim survived - woman, aged 27, she's in hospital ...

CUT TO:



10 CONTINUED:

10

GWEN

We know how tough this is for you,  
Marie. But did you recognise the man  
who attacked you?

MARIE

I told the police...

JACK

We're different from them, too.

MARTHA is securely bagging the sample & needle.

MARIE

(Shakes head)

Never seen him before.

GWEN

Did he say anything in the course of the  
assault?

MARIE

No -

MARTHA holds out a cotton bud type swab to take a sample  
from within MARIE's mouth.

MARTHA

Open wide!

MARIE opens her mouth a bit reluctantly & as MARTHA swabs  
a sample -

MARIE

(Articulating as best  
she can)

Just come at me with a bloody great  
needle, didn't he? My dog bit the  
bugger, and I kicked him in the nuts.

JACK

Respect!

CUT TO:

11 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB (MONTAGE)-- DAY

11

Rapid-fire sequence of shots: OWEN & MARTHA conducting  
tests on MARIE's blood & tissue cells - dripping small

quantities into test tubes; agitating & centrifuging  
them; looking at samples through a computerised  
microscope.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

All the time they're working with terrific rapport - exchanging the odd word & nod but almost not needing to, thinking with one mind

OWEN puts a mug of coffee down in front of MARTHA.

OWEN

So you and Jack go back a long way?

MARTHA

(Reflects)

Forward, and back, really.

OWEN

What brought you together?

MARTHA

Let's say we were under the same doctor.

OWEN frowns - that's not an answer.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(Changing subject  
deliberately)

These killings - why the ammonium hydroxide? Weird way to kill someone...

OWEN

(Nods)

Gross. Like injecting them with raw bleach -

MARTHA

Unless the objective isn't just killing -

OWEN looks at MARTHA - they're thinking with the same mind.

OWEN

It's destroying something in the victim's bloodstream!

MARTHA

Getting rid of evidence!

MARTHA & OWEN are bright-eyed, thrilled about the fact they're making a breakthrough.

12 OMITTED

13 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- DAY





15 CONTINUED:

15

GWEN  
- Toxic shock.

CUT TO:

15A INT. TORCHWOOD, TUNNELS -- DAY

15A

\*

GWEN and MARTHA in the tunnels, walking and talking:

\*

GWEN  
The attack took place in the woods. So  
no witnesses and no CCTV.

\*  
\*  
\*

MARTHA  
Same as the others.

\*  
\*

GWEN  
Tosh just checked Barry's medical  
records: already wiped.

\*  
\*  
\*

MARTHA  
And the puncture mark on his eyeball is  
identical to the other victims. Jack's  
right: these attacks aren't random.  
They're clinical, professional. More  
like... assassinations.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GWEN  
Except Barry Leonard was a student. Who  
assassinates students?!

\*  
\*

MARTHA  
Student Loan Company?

\*  
\*

GWEN  
Brilliant, you've cracked it.  
(tiny grin, then:)  
But why delete medical records? What  
would all those people have in common?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MARTHA  
Owen's analysing Marie's test results  
now. I'm hoping that might give us an  
indication.

\*  
\*  
\*

GWEN  
So we're still in the dark. No idea  
where the killer'll strike next. And  
the attacks are getting more frequent.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MARTHA  
(so certain)  
We keep looking, we'll find something.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

15A CONTINUED:

15A

IANTO  
(over intercom)  
Martha, call from the hospital. Marie's  
had some sort of seizure.

\*  
\*  
\*

Martha looks to Gwen, horrified.

\*

CUT TO:

\*

16 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- DAY

16

\*

OWEN is looking at a computer screen as MARTHA enters.

MARTHA  
They want us at the hospital - Marie's  
collapsed.

OWEN stands up, gets kit together as -

OWEN  
Yeah? My money's on this stuff...

MARTHA looks at the computer graphic display of a  
fragment of a very complex molecular structure.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
From Marie's blood. New one on me...

MARTHA  
Yeah, me too...

OWEN raises eyebrows in ironic mock amazement - "Don't  
you know everything?"

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Have you run an isoenzyme analysis on  
it?

OWEN  
Not yet - what're you thinking,  
parasitic infection?

MARTHA  
Could be.

OWEN  
It's got to be down to this - because  
otherwise, I can't find a thing wrong  
with her...

OWEN calls up medical data on MARIE.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

MARTHA

(Studying screen,  
increasingly  
surprised)

Yeah - no infections, no deficiencies in  
organ function, perfect cholesterol  
levels, ideal blood pressure...

OWEN

Exactly. Textbook readings. She's so  
normal, she's abnormal.

They look at each other, taking in the strangeness of it.

CUT TO:

17 OMITTED

17

AND

AND

18

18

19 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM -- DAY

19

From MARIE's POV as she comes back to consciousness.

OWEN & MARTHA, gowned & with masks currently pulled down,  
are examining MARIE, who is hooked up to all manner of  
drips & monitors.

MARTHA

Marie - can you hear me? Marie!

MARIE

(Feebly; semi-  
conscious)

Uh... Mm, yes...

OWEN

There's a substance in your blood that  
we don't recognise. We think it's  
caused your current illness. We need to  
know what's been happening to you, so we  
can help you...

MARIE

(Stonewalling)

You're the doctors. You tell me.

MARTHA & OWEN exchange a look: she's hiding something.

CUT TO:

20 INT. STUDENT FLAT -- DAY

20

A shared, boy's student flat - clothes and trainers slung





21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

MARIE thrashes about, briefly immensely strong, & throws OWEN aside. MARIE collapses back on to the bed, with her mouth open.

MARIE collapses back on the bed, dead. The monitors flatline.

FX: A humming, buzzing noise comes from MARIE's throat. Out of her mouth comes a shimmering golden cloud which hangs above her face.

FX: The cloud swirls & buzzes; we realise it is a swarm of tiny flying creatures - smaller than midges, we can't see any details of them individually. The swarm swirls around & spreads until it fills the room. OWEN & MARTHA pull their masks up & try to cover their faces as the swarm of creatures batter at them.

OWEN hits a panic button.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Emergency! Biohazard! Seal this area!

Alarm goes off.

FX: The tiny creatures buzz about frantically until their dead bodies start dropping off OWEN's & MARTHA's clothes. All that remains of the swarm is a scatter of dust-speck bodies on the floor & the bed & surfaces.

FX: OWEN picks one up on the fingertip of his glove & looks at it.

CUT TO:

22 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- DAY

22

We are looking at a computer screen with a massively blown up image of a winged insect-like creature - but weird enough to be unmistakably alien. The image turns so we see it from all angles.

MARTHA (O.O-o0dropi7 12 Q q 1 0 0 1 0 154 cm B

22 CONTINUED:

22

OWEN (CONT'D)

The larvae left Marie's body when she died, presumably looking for another host for the next stage of its development...

MARTHA

(Shudder of disgust)  
Which could have been us.

OWEN

(Nods)  
Fortunately, when they didn't find one very rapidly, they died.

MARTHA

Wonder what this cute little larva grows up to be...?

OWEN shakes his head.

CUT TO:

23 INT. TORCHWOOD, BOARDROOM -- DAY

23

The screen is filled by the complex molecular model of the substance OWEN found in MARIE's blood.

OWEN

This is a molecular model of the drug we found in Marie's blood.

MARTHA

She called it Reset.

We pull back & see that JACK, GWEN, TOSH & IANTO are with OWEN & MARTHA.

IANTO

So what does it do?

OWEN

Think about what happens when you run a virus scan on a computer. The software works through all the files, when it finds a virus or a Trojan or whatever, it identifies and deletes it.

As OWEN speaks, on the computer display we pull back from the detailed structure of the substance & see it as part of a horde of such molecules, moving through cells or the bloodstream & zapping undesirables.

(CONTINUED)



OWEN (CONT'D)

That's what this stuff does in the human body. Not just viruses, but harmful bacteria, toxins, mutant cells - you name it. It's like the body's been turned back to its factory setting.

MARTHA

The ultimate magic bullet - supersedes anything and everything in the pharmacological armoury.

GWEN

But that'd be the greatest medical discovery in human history!

MARTHA

Exactly. Except, it comes bundled with a lethal alien parasite.

Computer display changes to show the winged larva.

JACK

OK, not so good a discovery.

IANTO enters as MARTHA speaks.

MARTHA

The parasite needs a healthy body until it's incubated. So the parasite's egg incorporates this magic bullet, which puts everything in the system back to its factory setting...

JACK

"Reset" - neat.

(to Gwen and Ianto)

What can you tell us about The Pharm?

IANTO

Well, the public image is innocent enough. Private-public partnership between the Government, and a consortium of the big pharmaceutical companies. Researching and developing cutting edge biotechnology.

TOSHIKO

Their IT systems are way more cutting edge than they need to be. Plus they've got seemingly unrestricted security clearance.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

Which means they'd have the capability to erase medical records if they wanted to.

TOSHIKO

(grinning)

Exactly.

JACK

Who runs this outfit?

IAN TO operates power-point type display. Series of pictures of COPLEY, from youthful lab-coated researcher standing proudly by complex molecular model through lecturer at podium to black-tied grandee receiving award.

GWEN

Institute Director - Dr Aaron Copley.

OWEN

I know his work. He's one of the most respected research scientists around.

IAN TO

Harvard Graduate, did research at Cambridge. Last job, Harvard Professor of Molecular Pharmacology. Came to the UK to set up The Pharm.

JACK

Kinda handsome, too. Think he likes visitors?

CUT TO:

24 OMITTED

24

25 INT/EXT. SUV / THE PHARM -- DAY

25

JACK driving, OWEN with him. They turn off country lanes into what looks like a farm track but comes up against a high security fence, watchbox & swing barrier.

JACK pulls up at the barrier, GUARD looks out of watchbox & JACK & OWEN hold up ID cards. A CCTV camera is on them.

GUARD checks a list on computer, then allows the barrier to swing up.

The core of the complex is an old farmhouse & yard, but around it are the long hangars associated with factory farming or industrial processes.

(CONTINUED)



JACK (CONT'D)

See, this is a little awkward. Two of these people were murdered. Another died of a parasitic infection, of alien origin. One of the victims mentioned your organisation by name, shortly before she died.

COPLEY

(still the smile and  
the charm)

Alien origin? That's preposterous.  
We're a publicly funded scientific  
research institute -

OWEN

(intervening)

Professor - when I was writing my MD  
thesis, your published work on  
immunology was a terrific help...

COPLEY

Glad to be of service.

OWEN

Now, if there was a drug that could  
restore the body to its factory setting,  
you'd know about it...

COPLEY

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

COPLEY

(Smiles)

Not here, I'm afraid. Ask Whitehall -  
we're fireproof.

JACK

Yeah. I had a bad experience with a  
politician recently. I tend not to  
listen to Whitehall any more.

COPLEY

I'll have someone guide you back to your  
vehicle.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. THE PHARM CAR PARK: DAY

27

Two GUARDS are accompanying JACK & OWEN to the car park.

28 CONTINUED:

28

JACK, OWEN, MARTHA, GWEN are looking over TOSHIKO's shoulder.

TOSHIKO

I can't hack in there, Jack. And if I keep on trying, with a brute force approach, they'll know they're under attack...

JACK

An alien life form is preying on the

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

JACK

(Shakes head)

We don't know enough about the workings of that place - too many things could go wrong...

MARTHA

Unless you put a medic in there. Somebody who knew what to look for...

OWEN

I can't - they know me...

MARTHA

I know it's hard to believe, Owen - but I wasn't thinking of you.

OWEN & JACK both react badly to the idea.

JACK

No way.

MARTHA

I've been in worse places. And you know it.

JACK & MARTHA look at each other - they're sharing memories & knowledge that the others are excluded from.

JACK

OK.

GWEN and OWEN exchange worried glances.

MARTHA clicks on "Register now".

CUT TO:

29 INT. TORCHWOOD, JACK'S OFFICE -- DAY

29

JACK is at his desk cleaning his Webley. OWEN animated.

OWEN

I know you're big buddies from way back whenever - but you can't just send her in there like this.

JACK

Trust me. She's more than capable. I'd rely on Martha if the world was ending. In fact, I did.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

OWEN gives up trying to understand, shrugs, accepts what



29A CONTINUED:

29A

IANTO (CONT'D)

That way, Toshiko can get access to  
their files, see what they're really up  
to.

\*  
\*

MARTHA

Industrial espionage. Very civilised.

\*  
\*

IANTO

(grins)

Once that's done, get out. No wandering  
off, no heroics. Don't take any  
unnecessary risks.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MARTHA

Understood!

(as Ianto folds the  
plans away; cheeky)

So, Jack asked if I could get a UNIT cap  
for you to wear.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

IANTO

Did he now? Well, red is my colour.

\*  
\*

MARTHA

\*

29A CONTINUED: (2)

29A

IANTO

Oh yes.

(professional facade  
back up again)

Shall we sort your cover story.

MARTHA

Absolutely.

Ianto heads on out, Martha follows grinning. She likes  
it here!

CUT TO:

30 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- DAY

30

MARTHA facing TOSHIKO, IANTO & JACK across a desk.

TOSHIKO has a small plain box in front of her.

IANTO passes MARTHA a sheaf of documents including  
passport, credit cards & driving licence.

IANTO

Fake ID - first name Samantha - we  
thought the "Jones" was safe enough.

MARTHA

(Glancing at the  
documents)

Okay - how do I stay in touch?

TOSHIKO

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

30 CONTINUED: 30

MARTHA looks puzzled.

CUT TO:

31 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- DAY 31

TOSHIKO keyboards & clicks away. An image of the room appears on the computer screen - & blacks out briefly a couple of times as MARTHA blinks.

As MARTHA moves her head the image changes - it's reproducing her POV. OWEN enters.

MARTHA  
(Realises what's  
happening)  
Oh! I'm a camera!

JACK  
As Chris Isherwood once said to me, when  
we were cruising the Kurfurstendamm...

TOSHIKO  
And we can text you...

TOSHIKO types a message, which we see, from MARTHA's POV, action print across the bottom of her visual field: "U LOOK WE C".

MARTHA  
Wow!

TOSHIKO  
Power comes from your body-heat, so they  
only work when you're wearing them...

OWEN  
(cheeky)  
So you have to keep them on everywhere.

MARTHA  
I'll be doing some things with my eyes  
shut, then.

JACK  
In emergencies we can speak directly to  
you...

TOSHIKO  
The lens will communicate with your  
sensory-neuro receptors - bypasses the  
auditory system.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

MARTHA

But can't these signals be intercepted?

IANTO

(Smugly)

Alien technology. Wit exploits a solution to the EPR Paradox -

MARTHA

(Nods, been there, done that)

Oh, quantum entanglement of remote particles, okay, cool.

IANTO looks impressed.

JACK

(Grins at Ianto)

Did I mention she was brilliant?

CUT TO:

32 INT. THE PHARM - SURGERY -- DAY

32

A very high tech set up, operating table, lots of electronic kit.

DR PLUMMER is taking a blood sample from MARTHA & completing a checklist questionnaire.

PLUMMER

(Reading from MARTHA's application)

"Recreations... Books, Movies, Music... Travel..."

MARTHA

(Open & innocent)

Yeah, I really enjoy new places, new experiences...

PLUMMER

So tell us the places you've been to, Samantha.

MARTHA

32 CONTINUED:

32

MARTHA

No, but I'm sure I'll get around to it.

CUT TO:

33 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- DAY / INT. THE PHARM - SURGERY -- DAY

OWEN & JACK at computer terminal, looking at the scene in the Pharm through MARTHA's eyes. OWEN doing the keyboarding, TOSHIKO with another computer & keyboard, monitoring the same scene.

PLUMMER (OFF)

(From speaker)

Travel off the beaten track can be a bit of a problem for us. If you had some exotic tropical disease there could be unexpected side effects.

Speech segues over into -

CUT TO:

34 INT. THE PHARM - SURGERY -- DAY

34

PLUMMER

And volunteers' welfare is our absolute priority.

MARTHA

I don't think there'll be any problem with that. And of course, I'm very conscious of health issues...

PLUMMER looks at MARTHA.

Text from MARTHA's POV: Warning triangle comes up again.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(Quick thinking)

My Mum's a nurse. Brush your teeth, scrub your hands, wash fresh fruit and veg. All that.

COPLEY enters.

PLUMMER

This is Professor Copley, Samantha - Institute Director...

MARTHA

Hello...

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Text: GET CLOSE TO COPLEY

COPLEY shakes MARTHA's hand, takes the notes from PLUMMER.

COPLEY

Hi Sam, good to meet you...

(Looks at the notes)

Says here that you're a postgraduate student, at the moment?

PLUMMER seals off & bags the sample as-

MARTHA

That's right.

COPLEY

Studying what?

MARTHA

Creative Writing.

COPLEY & PLUMMER look at each other as if she's said Basket Weaving. Not a subject they can ask any searching questions about.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

So I really need the cash...

COPLEY

(Polite brush-off)

Yes...

(Pauses to study the documents)

Well, Samantha, you'll understand that we have a lot of applicants. We'll let you know in due course...

Text: "DON'T LOSE HIM!"

MARTHA realises the team have run out of ideas, she's on her own; thinks desperately on her feet.

MARTHA

Actually, there's one more thing I should have told you...

COPLEY

(Not very interested)

Oh yes?

MARTHA

It'll show up in the tests anyway -

(CONTINUED)



36 CONTINUED:

36

Without missing a beat, PLUMMER lays a sheet of paper in front of MARTHA.

COPLEY, smiling, hands MARTHA a classy silver pen. MARTHA smiles, takes it. The tiniest hesitation as she signs: SAMANTHA JONES.

And COPLEY watching all the time. His smile and charm not shifting.

MARTHA hands the signed sheet over to COPLEY.

COPLEY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

MARTHA

So - what sort of drugs will you want me to take?

COPLEY

We've got various products at the clinical trials stage. You'll be given



37A CONTINUED:

37A

OWEN

You know me. Mr Sociable.

TOSHIKO

She's gorgeous.

OWEN

(all innocence)

Is she?

TOSHIKO

(grinning; slaps his  
shoulder)

You know she is!

And they're both laughing now.

OWEN

Alright, fair cop.

TOSHIKO

And a doctor. Perfect match.

OWEN

Nah, she's only interested in the work.

TOSHIKO

D'you think?

OWEN

Yeah, bit of flirting, so I'll show her  
the ropes. Plus, if I did anything  
improper, I think Jack might kneecap me.

They both grin. Owen taps a couple of things on the  
keyboard, checks the screen. As he watches the  
surveillance footage:

OWEN (CONT'D)

So, what happened to that pool  
tournament you were organising?

On Tosh: staring at Owen. Is this her moment? Dare she  
take it? Oh, the turmoil! Go Tosh!

TOSHIKO

Oh. That.  
(Beat)

It was never really a tournament.

OWEN

Then what was all that about--

(CONTINUED)



37A CONTINUED: (3)

37A

Beat.

TOSHIKO

Pardon?

OWEN

Let's do that.

TOSHIKO

Are you being sarcastic?

OWEN

No!

TOSHIKO

You're being polite. You'll stand me up.

OWEN

(laughing)

I've said okay haven't I? One date. See where it goes. Which might be nowhere.

TOSHIKO

A drink. That's fine.

OWEN

And I can still flirt with everyone else. I'm not stopping flirting just cos of this!

TOSHIKO

You can be King of Flirts.

OWEN

Good.

TOSHIKO

Yeah.

OWEN

OK then.

Beat. What do they do now?! Embarrassed!

OWEN (CONT'D)

(turning back to the screen)

We should... concentrate...on Martha.

TOSHIKO

(big grin as he turns back)

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

37A CONTINUED: (4)

37A

And they both have a little grin to themselves, unseen by  
the other.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

38 INT: THE PHARM - GUEST ACCOMMODATION / CORRIDOR -- NIGHT38

\*

A comfortable, bland hotel type room.

MARTHA is lying awake on the bed, in darkness. She  
checks her watch, then gets off the bed, moves to the  
door, listens, opens it.

The corridor0 0 blanemly illuANT223 0 12 108 223 Tm /TT3 1 Tf (oBT 12

41 CONTINUED: 41

TOSHIKO keyboards & mouse-clicks briskly, & a window opens with five blank boxes representing code numbers. Numbers flicker through the blank boxes as TOSHIKO reads the code remotely through MARTHA's eyes.

JACK & OWEN watch all this with anxious concern, but it's down to TOSHIKO now.

CUT TO:

42 INT. THE PHARM - CORRIDOR -- NIGHT 42

Off, sounds of footsteps approaching.

MARTHA looks anxiously in the direction they're coming from.

From MARTHA's POV: warning triangle & text: "CONCENTRATE".

MARTHA looks back at the keypad.

Text: "4".

MARTHA punches in 4, then each of the numbers as they action print across her vision.

Text: "1 - 0 - 4 -"

Footsteps closer, distant reflection of a flashlight beam.

Text: "0"

MARTHA punches in the last number & tries the door. It swings open & she slips inside, shutting it behind her as two GUARDS turn the corner into the corridor, playing flashlights on the doors.

Flashlight beam hits the keypad - nothing untoward - GUARDS move on.

CUT TO:

43 INT. THE PHARM - OFFICE -- NIGHT 43

MARTHA rests for a second against the door, listening, then breathes a sigh of relief & looks around. Office with filing cabinets & computer terminals on standby.

MARTHA moves to computer, touches the mouse & screen lights up.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

An icon is labelled "Clinical Trials". MARTHA clicks on it. A window asks her to log in.

CUT TO:

44 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- NIGHT 44

JACK & OWEN at one terminal, TOSHIKO at the other.

GWEN enters, realises it's a tense moment, watches silently.

OWEN

(To TOSHIKO)

Can you show her how to blag her way in to the computer system?

TOSHIKO

Yes, but it'll take time to talk her through it.

JACK

We don't have time. I want her out of that office.

GWEN enters, clocks the screens, is about to ask what's happening. JACK puts his finger to his lips.

TOSHIKO thinks.

TOSHIKO

If I can get her to give me remote control of that computer -  
(starts writing text)

JACK, OWEN & GWEN react with relief.

CUT TO:

45 INT. THE PHARM - OFFICE -- NIGHT 45

Taking instruction from the texts in her lenses, MARTHA keyboards & mouse clicks - accessing the system's communications software & setting up a point to point link with the Hub.

FROM MARTHA'S POV: TEXT: "I HAVE CONTROL T".

MARTHA sees the screen being operated remotely; relaxes.

Too quickly to read, alphanumeric combinations are tested in the log-in dialogue box; eventually one works.

MARTHA now has access to the "Clinical Trials" files.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

One, named "Mayfly Larval Development" is opened.

MARTHA

(Whispers)

The life cycle of the parasite... They  
call it the Mayfly

FX: The file contains a series of images, beginning with a tiny egg, then a swimming creature, then the winged insect we saw, & then a series of stages - including losing its wings - ending with the adult MAYFLY. The adult MAYFLY is a humanoid creature with big eyes & delicate, semi-transparent skin, whose internal organs can be seen pulsing away. The MAYFLY has webbed hands & feet. It should look cute & engaging rather than horrific & sinister.

It has a "third eye" - a small disc in its forehead which shimmers & shifts refracted colours like the surface of an oil-slick.

CUT TO:

46 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- NIGHT

46

The team are all fascinated - this is a new species.

GWEN

We've never seen that species before.

TOSHIKO

They're beautiful.

OWEN

They're lethal.

JACK

So what's Copley doing with them?

JACK leans towards mic & presses button.

CUT TO:

47 INT. THE PHARM - OFFICE -- NIGHT

47

MARTHA moves cursor to icon named "Clinical Trials - Covert".

JACK (V.O.)

Martha - we've got control: we can  
download all this. Get out of there.

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

MARTHA grins, moves to the door, listens, opens the door  
& lets herself out into the corridor.







50 CONTINUED:

50

OWEN

Jack: if the Pharm have got their own  
hit man, God knows what they're capable  
of.

JACK

(staring at the screen)  
And I sent her in there...

CUT TO:

51 EXT. THE PHARM -- NIGHT

51

MARTHA is trying to keep out of the way of the search party. She moves into an area of darkness behind the hangar - maybe a waste dump with recycling bins.

A soft sound can be heard - laboured breathing. MARTHA looks around the area cautiously, thinks she catches a movement in the corner of her eye, turns to look -

FX: From MARTHA's POV, the lenses are flooded with radiation - a total whiteout.

CUT TO:

52 INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- NIGHT

52

OWEN's computer screen similarly whites out - JACK & OWEN instinctively flinch back in reaction, TOSHIKO looks across from her terminal - then goes dark.

OWEN

Shit!

JACK

What was that?

TOSHIKO

Radiation surge?

TOSHIKO starts keyboarding, trying to restore the signal.

53

CONTINUED:

53

When she's done so she's relieved to discover she can see

55

EXT. THE PHARM -- NIGHT

55

FX: The MAYFLY is scrabbling past MARTHA to escape - she realises it's not attacking her.

The scene is lit by powerful torches.

The GUARDS with guns, cattle prods etc approach.

57 CONTINUED:

57

COPLEY

(To GUARD)

Good work. And pass that on to the team.

GUARD nods.

MARTHA

I'm here as a clinical volunteer! You can't treat me like this!

COPLEY

You lied to us, Samantha.

PLUMMER moves to computer terminal & logs in, as -

COPLEY (CONT'D)

(To GUARD)

We'll manage here.

GUARD nods & exits.

MARTHA

Can I just explain? I got bored stuck in that room, I went for a walk and first that - thing attacked me, and then your heavies assaulted me -

Bar charts & spreadsheets appear on PLUMMER's computer screen, with diagrammatic graphics of a female human body.

COPLEY

(interrupts)

You don't owe any loyalty to Torchwood. Jack Harkness has used you in a criminally irresponsible way.

MARTHA

Who? I really don't understand...

COPLEY

Don't bother. This isn't an interrogation. Torchwood is irrelevant to us, not even a nuisance. In fact, they've done us a favour putting you in here.

(beat)

We've analysed your test results. You're really something special.

And he smiles that charming smile.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

And Martha senses she's really in trouble now.

CUT TO:

58 INT. ELIN'S FLAT -- NIGHT

58

Bedroom of a small studio flat. Under the duvet a dark haired female figure - ELIN - sleeps soundly.

The bedroom door is opened, very quietly.

The figure in the bed stirs slightly but doesn't waken.

BILLY pauses in the doorway, then moves towards the bed. He looks down at the sleeping figure & smooths the surgical gloves on his hands, & gets out a tranquillising spray.

BILLY starts to move the duvet gently from ELIN's face.

ELIN wakes, BILLY squirts the spray in her face before she can scream. ELIN gasps for breath, then loses consciousness. BILLY calmly gets out a large hypodermic, checks it, quite gently lifts ELIN's eyelid & moves the hypodermic to inject her.

The door is kicked open, GWEN & IANTO enter pointing guns.

GWEN

Hands above your head!

BILLY drops the syringe, & puts his hands up.

IANTO moves in on BILLY from behind, zaps him with the stun gun.

BILLY loses consciousness.

As GWEN calls on comms, IANTO checks ELIN - she's coming round, eyes fluttering open.

IANTO

She's okay...

GWEN

(To comms)

Jack - we've got Billy Davis. He could get you into the Pharm!

CUT TO:

59

INT. THE PHARM - SURGERY -- NIGHT

59

PLUMMER operates a computer terminal.

COPLEY

D'you know what lymphocytes are,  
Samantha?

MARTHA

A kind of white blood cell, part of the  
immune system...

PLUMMER

Well, your lymphocytes are really quite  
extraordinary.

PLUMMER calls up image of lymphocytes on screen.

COPLEY

We haven't seen anything like them  
before - well, not in a human being.  
Aliens are a different matter...

MARTHA

Aliens? I don't know what you're  
talking about -

PLUMMER

Your lymphocytes - and God knows what  
other cells - have mutated.

MARTHA

Mutated? How?

COPLEY

Under the influence of radiation.  
Radiation that isn't found in temporally  
stable environments on Earth.

MARTHA

(Feeling really queasy)  
I don't know what that means...

COPLEY

It means you've travelled. And I don't  
think we're talking about a gap year,  
are we?

MARTHA just clams up.

COPLEY (CONT'D)

We've dealt with aliens, but we've never



59 CONTINUED:

59

COPLEY (CONT'D)

A human being who's travelled in time  
and space.

(desperate to know)

Tell me about it. How's it possible?  
What did you see out there?

MARTHA

This is mad! I dunno what you're  
talking about!

And Copley's tougher now, she won't give anything away.

COPLEY

Fine. If that's how you want to play  
it.

However it happened, it means you have a  
uniquely effective immune system, which  
is what we've been looking for.

MARTHA looks at them, wide-eyed.

PLUMMER opens the case she came in with, extracts a drip  
bag with colourless fluid.

COPLEY (CONT'D)

We're developing a drug that's going to  
change the world, Sam. Incurable  
cancers, AIDS, all the scourges of the  
human race wiped out. A revolution in  
medicine and human welfare.

(Beat)

Except it's still imperfect.

PLUMMER gets a pre-loaded hypodermic out of the case.

COPLEY (CONT'D)

And I want to know what your funk 12 180 290 Tm /TT3 1 T Tm





62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

JACK (CONT'D)

My God...

OWEN

He must have breathed in larvae when one of his victims died... This could have been me. Or Martha...

JACK

Deal with it.

FX: OWEN extracts it with forceps, & deposits it in a dish.

OWEN checks BILLY's vital signs. Shakes head.

JACK (CONT'D)

Thanks for your input, Owen. So what's Plan B?

Close on OWEN, thinking desperately.

CUT TO:

63 INT. THE PHARM - SURGERY -- NIGHT

63

The drip bag is empty.

MARTHA, still unconscious, is breathing heavily & filmed with sweat. The monitors are starting to show accelerated pulse & increasing blood pressure & temperature.

PLUMMER disconnects the drip line.

PLUMMER

I've given her twice the critical dose.

COPLEY

So the Mayfly larvae will be incubating?

PLUMMER

(Nods; then doubtful)

You're sure about this? Her immune system's clearly reacting. There's quite a fight going on inside her.

COPLEY flashes a smile at PLUMMER.

COPLEY

Keep your nerve. We're making history.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: 63

They both stare at MARTHA, in agony.

CUT TO:

63A INT. TORCHWOOD, THE HUB -- NIGHT 63A \*

IANTO passes by TOSHIKO at her desk. \*

TOSHIKO  
Ianto! What've you done with Billy  
Davis's body? \*

IANTO  
Just about to dispose of it -- why? \*

TOSHIKO  
I've thought of a way we can use him, to  
get us into the Pharm. \*

She turns her screen (or shows him the screen of her  
PDA). We don't see what's on it. But Ianto's face is a  
disgusted picture. He looks back to her. \*

TOSHIKO (CONT'D)  
(beaming)  
Clever, huh? \*

IANTO  
You are warped on the inside. How do  
you think of these things? \*

And he's off. Leaving a smiling Toshiko. \*

TOSHIKO  
I'll take that as a compliment. \*

CUT TO: \*

64 EXT./INT. THE PHARM - ENTRANCE, CAR PARK / BILLY'S JEEP --

64 CONTINUED:

64

The jeep drives to staff car park, & pulls up abruptly. BILLY's body slumps forward on to the steering wheel.

JACK, OWEN, GWEN, TOSHIKO & IANTO get out. OWEN has a medical backpack.

JACK

Tosh, Gwen, Ianto - check out Zone A.  
We're going after Martha.

IANTO, TOSHIKO & GWEN move off.

JACK (CONT'D)

Let's go.

JACK & OWEN move towards the main building.

CUT TO:

65 INT. THE PHARM - CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

65

A GUARD moves along the corridor, passing the open door of an unlit room.

As the GUARD goes by JACK steps out & FX: zaps him with Stun gun.

GUARD slumps & OWEN emerges from the room, they drag GUARD in & emerge, locking the door after them, & move off down the corridor.

CUT TO:

65A EXT. THE PHARM -- NIGHT

65A

GWEN, TOSHIKO and IANTO approach the gate to Zone A (same set as sc 49) and gain access.

CUT TO:

66 INT. THE PHARM - SURGERY -- NIGHT

66

FX: Our first image is from a monitor, showing the result of a scan - something is growing, like a foetus, but very fast.

We pull back & see MARTHA in a high fever, sweating, gasping & writhing on the operating table, watched by COPLEY, who is also looking at the monitor.

The door bursts open, booted by JACK, who comes through pointing his gun.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

JACK  
Hands above your head!

OWEN backs in after, covering the corridor behind them,  
kicks the door shut, turns to cover COPLEY.

JACK clocks MARTHA.

JACK (CONT'D)  
What have you done to her?

OWEN  
(To COPLEY)  
Tell me that's not Reset!

COPLEY  
(Scared, but still the  
fascinated researcher)  
She's survived the larval stage - the  
only subject ever to do so... It's  
fascinating - turns out the bugs  
practice sibling cannibalism - only the  
strongest individual's left now... God  
knows what happens next...

OWEN  
Put a stop to this!

COPLEY  
(Shakes head)  
I can't. I don't know how...

CUT TO:

67 EXT. THE PHARM - OUTBUILDING -- NIGHT

67

TOSHIKO, GWEN & IANTO, move to the entrance of the  
outbuilding with "ZONE A etc" signage.

TOSHIKO studies the keypad, produces a gadget & starts  
scanning it.

CUT TO:

68 INT. THE PHARM - ZONE A -- NIGHT

68

FX DMP: All we can see, a row of coffin-sized tanks, with  
chemical feeds leading in & out of them.

PLUMMER is disconnecting a jar of fluid from a feed line,  
& replacing it with an empty one.

Door opens & TOSHIKO, GWEN & IANTO enter.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

GWEN  
(Aims gun)  
Hands above your head!

PLUMMER puts her hands up.

GWEN rubs PLUMMER down - she's not armed - as TOSHIKO looks in the tank.

TOSHIKO  
Ianto...

IANTO looks in the tank.

IANTO  
Bloody hell!

CUT TO:

69 INT. THE PHARM - SURGERY -- NIGHT

69

OWEN is examining MARTHA & checking the monitors.

OWEN  
(To JACK)  
Jack - this thing's killing her... I don't know what I can do!

JACK  
Owen, stay calm, there's gotta be something.

OWEN looks at JACK, at the monitor, & at MARTHA.

OWEN delves into the backpack, pulls out the Singularity Scalpel.

CUT TO:

70 INT. THE PHARM - ZONE A -- NIGHT

70

We are looking into the tank.

In the tank is a WEEVIL, sedated & bound, with an intravenous drip going into its arm & a drain from its abdomen. The WEEVIL looks pale & sickly, & twitches & squirms ineffectually.

GWEN, TOSHIKO & IANTO are looking into the tank.

GWEN  
What's happening here?

(CONTINUED)



PLUMMER

This is what the Pharm is all about - we farm captive aliens for the exotic chemical products they metabolise.

A flow of fluid, variously coloured, can be seen draining into a collecting vessel.

IANTO

What the hell do you get from a Weevil?

PLUMMER

(Shrugs dismissively)

Some pesticides, and a quite powerful chemical defoliant... But the Weevils aren't what's going to clinch the Nobel for us..

PLUMMER moves on to another tank.

FX: In it is an adult MAYFLY. The MAYFLY, though sedated & restrained, is shivering & quivering in obvious distress.

FX: GWEN tilts her head, and the MAYFLY tilts it's head to match. Amazed, GWEN raises her hand to the glass, and again, the MAYFLY moves to mirror her.

PLUMMER (CONT'D)

The Mayfly - our feedstock for Reset!  
Given time, we'll tweak the product for human use, and then it'll be bigger than

71 CONTINUED:

71

JACK

(To comms)

Understood, Ianto. Tell Tosh to go for a total shutdown.

(Ends call. To COPLEY)

This place is a torture chamber.

COPLEY

I don't need to debate medical ethics with you.

JACK

You've abused the Mayflies and turned them into parasites .

COPLEY

We didn't understand how the Mayflies reproduced... We tried to limit the damage...

JACK

By murdering people.

COPLEY

They were going to die anyway. We're on the edge of the greatest discovery in history! It's got to be worth some sacrifices! You must understand that, Jack - you're involved in alien research...

JACK

Not like this.

OWEN has finished preparing MARTHA, & starts fiddling anxiously with the Singularity Scalpel.

JACK (CONT'D)

What becomes of these aliens?

COPLEY

(Shrugs)

We keep them going as long as we're getting good product, but... It's a destructive process. They're laboratory animals.

JACK

They're sacrificed.

COPLEY shrugs, gives up on trying to explain himself.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm closing this place down.

(CONTINUED)

COPLEY

In your dreams! This is a state of the art, official facility!

JACK

I'm not going to do it by sending a memo. We have control of your IT systems. As we speak, we're crashing your data-banks, wiping your records...

COPLEY

That's cyber-terrorism!

JACK

That's just for starters. Before we leave, we'll trip the alarm systems in your fire, radiation and biohazard safety networks. Power will be cut off, sprinklers will activate, and large areas of the facility will be sealed and flooded with inert gases.

COPLEY

The aliens will die.

JACK

They're dying anyway. This way they'll be put out of their misery.

COPLEY

But for God's sake, we're on the same side!

JACK

No. Combatting hostile aliens is one thing. This is... Slavery. Exploitation. A war crime.

OWEN

Jack, I need your help!

JACK turns his attention to OWEN, who's fiddling with the Singularity Scalpel.

JACK

What the hell are you doing?

OWEN

It's her only chance. I think I'm starting to understand how it works.

JACK

You'd better be sure.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (3)

71

FX: OWEN points the Scalpel at MARTHA's abdomen. Its scanner shows a MAYFLY struggling.

FX: OWEN's hand is shaking as he tries to centre the cross-hairs on the MAYFLY.

COPLEY clocks that JACK & OWEN are absorbed, & edges to the door: slips out of the room unnoticed.

The device powers up.

All the monitors show critical states.

OWEN squeezes his eyes shut, concentrates, opens them again & the Scalpel activates.

FX: The MAYFLY vapourises.

MARTHA jerks upward from the bed as if in electric shock. Her eyes open wide.

All the monitors flatline.

JACK looks at OWEN: has he killed her?

MARTHA falls back on the bed, eyes closed.

OWEN just stares at her.

MARTHA coughs, coughs again, goes into a coughing fit.

The monitors start to show raised but healthy readings.

MARTHA's eyes open; she's conscious.

JACK reacts: massive relief. Owen stunned.

OWEN  
It worked. It bloody worked.  
(such relief)  
Thank God for that.

JACK  
Let's get her out of here.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. THE PHARM -- NIGHT

72

OWEN

I'm prescribing rest and recuperation.  
Few days in bed, preferably under my  
supervision.

MARTHA

Owen, how do I break this to you? I've  
got a boyfriend!

OWEN

Yeah, but has he ever saved your life,  
like I just did?

MARTHA

Um, yes, actually.

OWEN

Oh.

The rest of the team approach the car park - GWEN escorts  
PLUMMER at gunpoint & IANTO covers them; TOSHIKO follows  
with a lap-top, which she opens up, looking at JACK  
expectantly.

JACK

(To TOSHIKO)

Do it.

TOSHIKO hits the Enter key on the laptop.

After a beat -

All over the site, alarm sirens go off & warning lights  
flash.

TANNOY

(Recorded message)

This facility is being evacuated. Leave  
the site by the nearest emergency exit.

(Repeats at intervals)

The barrier at the site entrance goes up & staff leave,  
hurriedly but in an orderly manner.

OWEN

Time to be making a move.

JACK

Sure...

(To the team)

Let's go!

GWEN & IANTO load PLUMMER into the jeep.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

Suddenly COPLEY steps out from the darkness, holding an automatic pistol pointed at MARTHA.

COPLEY

You think I'll let you just walk away?  
When you've wrecked everything I ever  
worked for!

OWEN edges in front of MARTHA & starts talking, convinced he can "negotiate" out of this.

OWEN

Come on, don't be stupid.

OWEN edges closer to COPLEY as he makes his pitch.

OWEN (CONT'D)

We're both rational men, scientists. I  
know you don't want to shoot.

COPLEY looks OWEN in the eye.

OWEN reaches out towards him for the gun, with an encouraging smile.

COPLEY shoots OWEN in the chest.

OWEN's face a picture of shock and bewilderment as he falls to the ground. GWEN, TOSH & IANTO horrified.

TOSHIKO

Owen!

But GWEN holds TOSH back as COPLEY turns the gun on MARTHA.

COPLEY

Now you.

JACK's POV - JACK raises his gun in a two-handed grip & aims - MARTHA's between JACK & COPLEY, he only has a partial view of COPLEY's head. It's a near-impossible shot.

On JACK - Clint Eastwood at the end of Dirty Harry. Coldly & professionally, he fires.

COPLEY is hit cleanly between the eyes, goes down.

MARTHA kneels to examine OWEN.

TOSHIKO kneels with her, rest of the team crowd around.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

Owen! Can you hear me? Owen...?

OWEN has lost consciousness.

TOSHIKO

Owen.

(To MARTHA)

You gotta help him.

OWEN's head is in MARTHA's lap as she tries to check his vital signs.

MARTHA gets a hypodermic from OWEN's medical pack & jabs it into OWEN's chest.

MARTHA

Owen - speak to me!

OWEN's eyes flicker open, he looks at MARTHA.

Blood trickles out & his eyes close, & his head lolls.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

He's dead.

END OF EPISODE