Zoom! A small and shabby van bullets past us and away down a long country lane.

A beat when all seems to go quiet and then...

A police traffic pursuit car rockets past in its wake, all lights flashing and the howler sounding, closing the distance between them.

Looking ahead, driving at speed, everything seen by the headlight beams. Stone walls, overhanging branches, the occasional cluster of dark buildings, but not another car or living soul.

The driver, Martin Sanders, grips the wheel and stares ahead as the vehicle barrels through the night. Fear has sobered him somewhat.

He’s gabbling miserably.

\[\text{MARTIN SANDERS}\]
\[\text{My cup overflows. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me...}\]

In the side mirror, the beams and flashing blue lights of the pursuing cruiser come into sight.

He glances at the mirror.

\[\text{MARTIN SANDERS}\]
\[\text{Oh, crap.}\]

The van rips past us and away in a dizzying whip-pan and a deafening roar... A second or so of near-silence and then the cruiser rips through the frame in close pursuit.

Traffic cop Elaine driving, supercool.

Partner Mike on the radio, while checking a map.
MIKE
(calmly into radio)
Saw us and exited the pub car park
at speed. Vehicle is now heading
West on Higher Commons Lane...

INT. SANDERS’ VAN. NIGHT.

Martin Sanders, growing visibly more desperate, glances down
at something on the passenger seat beside him.

Another check on the mirror, but the cruiser’s still there.

INT. POLICE CRUISER. NIGHT.

Mike looks up from the map.

MIKE
There’s no turnoff now until the
Cable Road.

EXT. HILL ABOVE TOWN. NIGHT.

A north-country road, high on the brow of a hill with the
lights of a valley town spread out in an immense carpet
beyond.

A police city van is coming up the road, and over a radio
link we hear:

VAN DRIVER
(radio)
On the Cable Road now.

We pan with it as it drives by and away.

INT. SANDERS’ VAN. NIGHT.

Martin Sanders reaches for a button, and the driver’s window
opens.

Visibly upset, he glances down at something on the passenger
seat.

MARTIN SANDERS
God forgive me.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE (WOODLANDS). NIGHT.

POV from the pursuing cruiser... For a moment there’s no
clear view of the car ahead, but we see a flash of something
leaving it.
Elaine’s spotted the action.

ELAINE
He threw something out of the car.

MIKE
(looking back as they pass the spot)
Near a white gatepost.

Here comes the shabby van, hardly slowing for the turn.

At it takes the corner, the bigger Police Van is arriving at the junction.

The Police Van brakes sharply and Sanders’ vehicle swerves to avoid a head-on collision, leaving the road and ploughing into a ditch.

Elaine pulls in by the crashed vehicle.

She and Mike get out and move in. Others from the police van follow.

Sanders isn’t hurt, but he’s in tears at the wheel.

Later. A white gatepost is briefly illuminated by slow-moving headlight beams.

And now we see why. Mike walks at the roadside, scanning the ground with his flashlight. He’s backlit by the beams of the cruiser, creeping along behind him at 2 or 3 mph.

Almost immediately, he spots something. He signals for the cruiser to stop, and then moves in for a closer look.

ANGLE ON THE VERGE, pushing in... on a small bundle wrapped in medical-grade paper towel. It’s about the size of a bag of sugar and secured by a cheap silver chain with a crucifix. Impact has loosened the wrappings.

Mike crouches, shining his flashlight onto it from all angles and then reaching in to lift a corner.
We don’t see what’s revealed. But we see Mike’s face in the reflected glow of his flashlight beam.

MIKE

Oh.

Opening credits.

EXT. WOODLAND BURIAL GROUND. DAY.

Big closeup of Bruno, a senior CID officer. His eyes scan a scene of disturbing awe.

The scene before Bruno -- we see that we’re in a sloping woodland of widely-spaced trees. The ground between the trees has been taped off into areas like an archaeological dig. The ground is peppered with holes like tiny open graves, marked with numbered flags.

Some have been dug out already. Others are being worked on by forensics officers in cool-looking, properly fitted blue Scene Suits.

DS Cook is carefully picking his way across the ground towards Bruno, following the marked way.

At one hole, a small cardboard evidence box is being draped in a black cloth.

DS Cook reaches Bruno.

DS COOK

Did you authorise some government bloke to enter the evidence tent?

Bruno looks at him sharply... Clearly, he didn’t.

INT. EVIDENCE TENT. DAY.

One of the boxes stands open on a table. Professor Alan Hood, in latex gloves, has opened one and is carefully lifting a silver cross and chain out of the way while Rachel Young, his personal protection officer, looks on. She’s holding a manila file.

HOOD

(looking at the crucifix)
The man who buried them put one of these in every grave.
Rachel looks into the box. She’s too professional to react. Just about.

HOOD
It’s one thing to hear about it.
But it’s coming face to face that really brings it home.

She’s going to say something, then changes her mind.

HOOD
Would you rather wait outside?

RACHEL
I’ll be fine. Thank you.

The flap is thrown open and Bruno storms in.

BRUNO
What do think you’re doing?

HOOD
(replacing the lid)
You don’t have to worry, inspector.
I do know how to handle a sample.

BRUNO
I don’t care! I’ve got thirty dead babies and the last thing I need is for my evidence to be interfered with. Out!

Hood turns to him, stripping off his gloves.

HOOD
Strictly speaking, you’ve got thirty dead foetuses. Can you read a DNA profile?

BRUNO
Are you from the lab?

HOOD
No. Can you?

As he’s speaking, Rachel hands him the file in exchange for the gloves.

BRUNO
I don’t know what you mean by ‘reading it’.
He moves to the side of the tent and indicates for Bruno to join him...

Bruno, not quite sure how his momentum’s been stolen, glances at Rachel and then complies.

From the file, Hood takes an A5-sized sheet of X-ray film showing the familiar banded pattern of a DNA profile.

HOOD
Think of it as a personal barcode. Each one’s different, and each one’s unique.

He slides the top edge of the sheet under the crossbar of the tent’s frame so that it stays there, making the backlit fabric into a makeshift light box.

HOOD
This is the profile for the twelve-week-old foetus that was thrown out of the car.

He adds another next to it.

HOOD
And this from the first one you dug up. What do you see?

BRUNO
They’re similar.

HOOD
(adding a third)
They’re not similar. They’re the same. As are all the others. Look.

He holds up a fourth for comparison, and then starts moving back down the row gathering them into a stack like playing cards.

HOOD
Every one you’ve sent in for testing so far. The same... The same... The same.

Angle on the sheets -- in a single stack with the lines perfectly matched up.

HOOD
What do you know about cloning?
BRUNO
I’ve heard of Dolly the Sheep.

Hood turns to look back and now we see that there’s a grim row of fifteen of the boxes, perfectly spaced along the trestle tables, all labelled, all separate.

HOOD
What you see here is the disaster you get when you try it with people.

BRUNO
Who are you?

HOOD
I’m Alan Hood.

216A EXT. WOODLAND PARKING AREA. DAY.

Rachel’s by the car, trying to make a call but frustrated by the lack of a signal, as DS Cook approaches.

DS COOK
So. Special Branch are doing drivers now?

RACHEL
I’m not his driver. I’m his bodyguard.

DS COOK
What does he need a bodyguard for?

RACHEL
Somebody bombed his car once. If you want to make him blush, ask him where the shrapnel is. And if that look means you’re about to start taking the piss, save it for your mates back in Trumpton.

DS COOK
Don’t knock it. If I keep my nose clean and find enough stolen bikes, maybe someday I’ll get given an old bloke to look after.

Red rag to a bull.

RACHEL
That ‘old bloke’ is a science troubleshooter for the government.

(MORE)
And don’t think he’s in it to make himself popular. There’s at least one multinational with a dirty-tricks department gunning for him.

DS COOK
(backing off)
Okay.

RACHEL
You want to try a week on the road with him. You’d soon change your tune.

DS COOK
I said okay.

RACHEL
(regaining face)
I need a hotel for tonight.

DS COOK
All the road warriors come straight off the motorway and into the Novotel. (beat) It’s not far from my house.

RACHEL
That ought to be worth a discount.

EXT. WOODLAND BURIAL GROUND. DAY.

Bruno leads Hood along the access route taped out by Scenes of Crime Officers.

HOOD
The man you arrested. Is he a microbiologist or a medical man?

Bruno thinks this is hilarious.

BRUNO
Hah.

HOOD
What’s so funny?

BRUNO
You haven’t seen him. He’s a caretaker. Says he’s been getting twenty quid a time to incinerate the bundles. Once he realised what they were he couldn’t bring himself to stick ’em in the fire.
HOOD
Or give up the twenty quid. Who’s been paying him?

BRUNO
He won’t say a thing now he’s sobered up. We’ll see how he feels after Accessory to Murder.

HOOD
Technically a foetus is medical waste. Can that still be murder?

BRUNO
All right, then. Something under the abortion act.

HOOD
Clone foetuses abort themselves. They nearly always go wrong.

BRUNO
Well, for God’s sake. Then you’re telling me I’m wasting my time?

HOOD
You’re not wasting your time. This isn’t about scratching around for something to pin on a caretaker. It’s bigger than that.

BRUNO
It can be as big as it likes. I need a crime and a charge. If I don’t have that, I move on. So what are you telling me?

HOOD
That you’re looking at evidence of an attempt at human cloning.

BRUNO
And I’m Flash Gordon.

HOOD
It’s the twenty-first century, Inspector. At least make an effort to keep up.

At one of the graves, something’s being lifted out into a waiting box and a cross and chain dropped in after.
It’s the work of a man who’s been trailing this kind of misery across half of Europe.

Fine. Give me a name.

I don’t know his name! No-one even knows what he looks like. When they get close to him in one country he moves on to another. He’ll keep on doing more of the same until sheer chance gives him a live birth.

Why?

Fame, fortune and a place in history. And you’re looking at the cost. If you won’t go after him, get out of the way and I will.

Rachel waits alone by the car as a very dark-of-brow Hood comes stalking back to her. He talks on the move...

I just about persuaded him to flag it up with local hospitals. Thirty babies in thirty graves... You know what that says to me?

I can’t even guess.

Thirty mothers. How do you keep them quiet?

And slams the door.
Kelly Fox, 19 years old and 20+ weeks pregnant, is pushing along a trolley with a toddler in the rumble seat, studying a list. Her pregnancy isn’t screamingly obvious and the clothes that she’s wearing make it even less so.

She only belatedly notices that the child’s holding a packet of biscuits.

    KELLY
    No, Davy. Not the fancy ones.

She extracts them from his grasp and we pan with her as she goes the few yards back down the aisle to replace them.

Then without a cut we pan back with her to the trolley, which now has no kid in it.

    KELLY
    Davy? David?

With rising panic, she looks all around her...

Then moves past the trolley to the aisle junction. As she turns the corner...

She sees, directly ahead of her a young guy with baseball cap and trackie pants tucked into his Nike socks. He’s got Davy with him and is squatting down by the sweet shelves, unwrapping something to put in the boy’s hands.

    ROLY
    There y’are. Take that from your dad.

Kelly freezes in horror. Roly sees her and rises.

    ROLY
    You didn’t move but five miles. Did you think no-one was ever going to see you?

    KELLY
    You come near me again, I’m taking you right back to court.

    ROLY
    Yeah, whatever, you try it and see what happens. A dad’s got a right to see his lad.
KELLY
Oh, don’t come that. You take an interest when it suits you and it doesn’t last five minutes.

Kelly spies what Davy is eating.

KELLY
That’s got nuts! You know he can’t have it.

She moves to take it from him and Roly catches her by the arm.

ROLY
Hey.

He’s noticed something. He shoves her out to arm’s length for a better look, and she makes a feeble attempt to cover the signs.

ROLY
You going to tell me that’s all Dunkin’ Donuts? Whose is it?

KELLY
Get off.

ROLY
I asked you a question.

The volume’s rising and people are starting to take notice.

KELLY
It’s none of your business!

ROLY
You needn’t think you’re having it.

KELLY
Get off!

He smartly hustles her to a spot no more than a stride away, where a stack of stuff in the aisle obscures them from general view.

Something nasty happens just out of our line of sight.

An instant later, Roly is walking away briskly, hands thrust in pockets, at a speed that will have him out of the store before anyone can act.
An elderly woman starts raising the alarm. She’s got one of those walker-trolleys and can only shout from the spot.

ELDERLY SHOPPER
I saw what you did! You nasty little bastard! You should be ashamed of yourself!

Kelly is clutching her stomach, doubled-over and sinking to her knees.

Roly sweeps on and out of the store unimpeded.

CCTV insert as he passes the checkouts -- he tilts his head so that the baseball cap hides his features from the camera. Someone’s trying to call after him but he doesn’t break his stride.

Back in the aisle -- Kelly’s doubled up, hugging herself, still not able to make any sound as people start coming to her aid.

INT. SUPERMARKET. DAY.

Another part of the store. Kelly’s been seated on a chair. She’s breathing deeply, wiping at tears with a tissue. A shelf-stacker lad hands her a paper cup of water.

MANAGERESS
Dan?

The lad looks at her and, with a flick of her eyes, she signals for him to move away.

Then she bends over Kelly and lowers her voice for discretion.

MANAGERESS
Have you stopped bleeding?

KELLY
Think so.

MANAGERESS
You’ve got to let me call an ambulance.

KELLY
(emphatically)
No!!

MANAGERESS
Well, I’ve got to call someone.
Kelly looks up. There is someone.

222 EXT. SUPERMARKET. DAY.

Kelly is being helped from the building by Lena Muller, 40s. A tall woman, dark and a bit sinister. One of the staff leads Davy by the hand, another brings Kelly’s shopping.

They cross to where a slightly shabby dark car waits at the kerb with its hazards blinking.

We can hear Rachel’s voice leading sound over the end of the scene.

223 INT. HOOD’S CAR. DAY.

On the move. Rachel at the wheel, Hood beside her. Still dark of mood and pensive.

   RACHEL
   So do we try and find this woman?

Hood stirs and starts paying attention.

   HOOD
   Which one?

   RACHEL
   The one who paid the caretaker to burn the foetuses.

   HOOD
   I can’t get to her until they let me talk to him.

   RACHEL
   You need to cut the local bobbies a bit of slack, Hood. How often do you think they come up against something like this?

   HOOD
   Human cloning, a crime that brings all of science into disrepute and gets you ten years in jail. What’s so complicated about that?

   RACHEL
   Nothing if you’ve got a PhD.
HOOD
Bloody coppers. Thick as they come.
Present company excepted. How far are we going?

RACHEL
I’ve booked us into the Novotel.

HOOD
Does it have a gym?

RACHEL
What do you want a gym for?

HOOD
I like to ogle women in Lycra.

They pass a junction sign.

RACHEL
I thought your daughter lived in this neck of the woods.

HOOD
She does.

RACHEL
Are you going to call her?

HOOD
I might.

He doesn’t sound too keen. Rachel glances his way with mild surprise.

224 EXT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY.

Just off the motorway. A big, run-down old cotton mill that’s been converted for business units. It’s barely a step above dereliction.

225 INT. BUSINESS UNIT. DAY.

At first we’re close on Lena and Davy. The woman is chatting to him brightly, keeping him distracted by letting him play with some medical stuff -- tongue depressors, bandages. Only when she glances across do we see that this is...

A big, bare space. In the middle of the old floor stands an island of modern furniture and medical instruments, the centrepiece being an obstetrics examination table under an overhead operating light.
Kelly’s lying on the table. Dr Sidney Hayward, 50s, runs a compact ultrasound scanner over her bulge and studies the results in a laptop screen. Hayward is a former consultant. His patrician manner is intact even if the bespoke suit has seen better days.

**SIDNEY HAYWARD**
I think we’re all right. I don’t see any damage. The placenta’s a bit low down but that will probably sort itself out.

He hands her a towel, and closes everything down while she’s wiping off the lube and rearranging her clothes.

**KELLY**
Would I still get paid if anything *did* go wrong?

**SIDNEY HAYWARD**
Not if it leads to a termination. Don’t blame me, it’s my boss who sets the terms. Why? Are you worried about anything in particular?

**KELLY**
Just asking.

**SIDNEY HAYWARD**
Asking’s free. But if anything does go wrong, you call me and I’ll do what’s necessary. Don’t even think about going to your doctor.

**KELLY**
I’ve only got you.

**SIDNEY HAYWARD**
Good. You know what they do with girls who break the law.

Kelly glances in Lena’s direction.

**KELLY**
If she can’t drive me back, can I have some taxi money?

**SIDNEY HAYWARD**
What’s wrong with the bus?

**KELLY**
Bus fare, then.
Hayward hesitates, fails to come up with an evasion, then roots around in his trouser pockets for change.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
How much is it from here?

KELLY
Three pounds.

Lena Muller looks across at the scene with a face like a plate of condemned veal.

Hayward reluctantly sorts through his small change, trying to make up the three quid.

225A  INT. BUSINESS UNIT. DAY.  225A

A short time later.

Kelly’s leading Davy out. The door closes after them.

Lena Muller joins Sidney Hayward.

LENA MULLER
What’s the point sending her out again?

SIDNEY HAYWARD
She’s worth a few more weeks.

LENA MULLER
I don’t know why you didn’t just terminate her right there.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
If you believe the scan she’s got the most viable-looking foetus yet.

LENA MULLER
She’ll never hold onto it.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
Bit longer and it might be worth inducing.

LENA MULLER
What if it won’t wait?

SIDNEY HAYWARD
Then she’d better be sure she gives me a call. Unless she particularly wants to die.
Rachel’s sitting behind the wheel in the parked car. Hood’s standing beside it to make a personal call.

HOOD
Hello, Miranda. It’s daddy. I assume you’re not there or it’s not convenient to pick up the phone, so... just to let you know I’m in the area for a while. Give me a buzz if you feel like it. Usual number.

He ends the call and gets into the car.

RACHEL
Everything all right?

HOOD
I assume so. You know what it’s like. She’ll be busy.

RACHEL
Heads up.

Sanders is emerging from the building.

HOOD
Is that the boy?

Right behind Martin Sanders, and without his awareness, DS Cook steps out of the doorway and points him out in near-pantomime fashion.

RACHEL
That’s the boy.

She starts the car.

With Sanders -- he’s leaving the police yard when the car brakes to a halt ahead of him and Hood steps out. He opens the car’s rear door by way of invitation.
HOOD
Martin Sanders?

Sanders starts to take a step back, but now Rachel’s moved in right behind him.

MARTIN SANDERS
Who are you?

HOOD
Professor Alan Hood. Guess what I want to talk about.

From his pocket he produces the silver cross and chain and dangles it before Sanders.

MARTIN SANDERS
Where’d you get that?

HOOD
I stole evidence. There. Now you’ve heard my confession. I’m ready to hear yours.

MARTIN SANDERS
The magistrate said I can go.

HOOD
Good for the magistrate. Last chance to come on board, Martin. Your own free will.

MARTIN SANDERS
Get lost.

With an air of mild regret, Hood nods to Rachel and sets off around to the other side of the car.

Sanders suddenly finds that Rachel is crowding him toward the open vehicle door. He’s about to protest when she bangs her knee into his thigh in what, in the playground, we would have called a ‘deadleg’.

Suddenly it won’t take his weight, and she grabs him to steady him.

RACHEL
Sorry. Did I do that? Sorry.

Sanders protests but isn’t able to resist as she bundles him into the back of the car...

Where Hood now waits.
As Rachel goes back around to the driving seat, she catches DS Cook’s eye across the yard...

And winks.

INT. HOOD’S CAR. DAY.

On the move. Rachel at the wheel, Hood and Martin Sanders in the back.

HOOD
Twenty quid a pop and you couldn’t quite bring yourself to pass it up? You’d make a lousy businessman, Martin. Between the crosses and chains and the Dutch courage I think you’ll find you were trading at a loss.

MARTIN SANDERS
You can’t do this. It isn’t legal.

HOOD
Apparently you were helpful drunk and useless sober. What’s best to do with you, Martin? Take you to the pub?

MARTIN SANDERS
I’m not saying anything else.

HOOD
Have you got no conscience? You won’t get a better chance to ease it.

MARTIN SANDERS
Jesus knows what was in my heart. And he’s forgiven me.

HOOD
Let’s ask him.

INT. CHURCH. DAY.

A gloomy town-centre Victorian Gothic church, pretty small. Hood marches Martin Sanders down the aisle toward the altar rail with Rachel following after.

Sanders’ leg is still trailing and Hood’s helping to support him, but the effect is that of dragging him up the aisle by the scruff of his neck.
HOOD
If the only thing that impresses you is the wrath of God then make no mistake, as far as you’re concerned I am his instrument right here on Earth. You think you did right by the unborn dead? Think again. Who paid you to burn that medical waste?

MARTIN SANDERS
Just some woman.

HOOD
She didn’t come out of nowhere and she didn’t pick you for no reason. Who is she, Martin, and where can I find her?

MARTIN SANDERS
I’m already in trouble. I don’t want more.

HOOD
Don’t you? Well, you picked the wrong day to meet me, then, didn’t you?

PRIEST
What’s going on?

Hood relaxes his grip, turns it into a friendly hand-on-shoulder.

HOOD
Sorry for the noise, father, I always get a bit passionate in a theological discussion.

PRIEST
Give me a better reason than that, or take it outside.

HOOD
We were talking about the slaughter of the innocents. Whether it was all down to Herod, or whether the footsoldiers and spear-carriers need to shoulder some of the blame. What do you say, Martin?
On Martin. His eyes flick from Hood to the priest. He has no ready answer.

232 EXT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY.

The converted mill we saw earlier.

Hood’s car comes into the mill yard and stops.

233 INT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY.

A crude conversion -- partition walls and numbered units, each with the owner’s custom-made security on the door.

Hood and Sanders are by the door to the unit 118. They’re waiting for something. As they talk, Hood inspects the chunky padlock on its hasp.

MARTIN SANDERS
I’ve never had a key.

HOOD
Don’t you worry about it.

Hood moves to the plasterboard wall alongside the door and gives it an experimental tap.

HOOD
If the whole thing troubled you so much, why didn’t you stop?

MARTIN SANDERS
He who rides a tiger can never dismount.

HOOD
You weren’t riding any tiger. You were cremating human foetuses for money.

MARTIN SANDERS
I stopped doing that when I found out what they were.

HOOD
But you didn’t stop taking them on. Why?

MARTIN SANDERS
Who else was going to give them a decent burial?
HOOD
A shallow grave and a couple of prayers.

MARTIN SANDERS
And some holy water.

HOOD
That’s your idea of decency, is it?

MARTIN SANDERS
Unless one is born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God.

Hood stops tapping the plasterboard.

HOOD
What?

MARTIN SANDERS
If a baby’s not baptised then it doesn’t go to heaven.

HOOD
So you did them yourself? Does that still count?

MARTIN SANDERS
You probably think it’s stupid.

On Hood. His manner doesn’t change much but his deeper attitude to Martin does.

HOOD
No, Martin. I don’t.

A moment of understanding, then...

Rachel arrives, carrying a set of boltcutters.

Hood changes the mood.

HOOD
Oy oy. Armed feminist.

INT. BUSINESS UNIT. DAY.

A slow track taking in the big empty space with the island of modern furniture and medical instruments, the centrepiece of which is the obstetrics examination table under an overhead operating light, now standing dark.
CLUNG! The sound of the padlock shearing is followed by the door opening.

After taking the sight in for a moment, Hood moves toward it. Rachel follows with the boltcutters in her hand. Martin comes in last, closes the door, and stands close to it.

MARTIN SANDERS
There’s two of them. She calls him Doctor.

HOOD
Is this where they work on the girls?

MARTIN SANDERS
I wouldn’t know.

Hood shoots him a cynical look.

MARTIN SANDERS
(admitting)
Couple of times a week. Most of them are only kids.

Hood picks up some shiny instrument, muses, and lays it down again.

RACHEL
You obviously don’t have a gynaecologist.

HOOD
I don’t have anything that would interest one.

RACHEL
You’re not very happy.

HOOD
I was hoping for more than this.

Rachel’s by a table with a compact inkjet printer and a scattering of discarded attempts. She holds one up for him to see.

It’s an ultrasound scan from around 11 weeks. Printing was cancelled so the image is unfinished by an inch or two.

RACHEL
Hood! You’ve got baby scans in a secret clinic. What on earth are you looking for?
HOOD
He may have implanted his embryos here but he made them somewhere else. It’s a big deal, Rachel. Big technology. It’s not like your basic two lesbians and a turkey-baster.

RACHEL
Hood!

HOOD
It takes a proper lab and all the skills to go with it. See this?

He lays his hand on a container like a milk churn. Lifts the lid, but it’s empty.

RACHEL
What?

HOOD
Liquid nitrogen transporter. (reads label on lid) With an import license for bovine semen.

RACHEL
What’s he making, a minotaur?

HOOD
That’ll be a cover. He can hardly say frozen clone embryos, can he? He’s outsourced his lab work to a country where there’s no regulation.

Their heads turn at a sound, as the door to the unit is opened.

Framed in the doorway stands Sidney Hayward, with the broken padlock in his hand and a furious expression.

The first person he sees is Martin.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
Martin? You know you don’t come in here!

Martin can’t help it -- he looks to Hood.

Hayward follows his glance...
And at the sight of Hood starting towards him, steps out quickly and pulls the door shut.

Hood covers the rest of the distance at a run, but he’s too late -- the door won’t open.

INT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY.

Closeup on the hasp and staple, as the door rattles -- it’s been closed up and the broken padlock thrust into it so that the door can’t be opened from inside.

A quick pan gives us a parting glimpse of Hayward as, none too dignified, he vanishes off down the stairs.

INT. BUSINESS UNIT. DAY.

Rachel can see that Hood’s getting nowhere.

RACHEL
I’ll take him.

She turns and heads across the floor to a marked Fire Exit door with a crush bar.

HOOD
Preferably in one piece!

Rachel hits the crush bar and an alarm sounds throughout the building as she heads out.

Something then occurs to Hood. He lays his hand against the partition wall by the door.

HOOD
(to Martin)
Is this hollow?

Martin does a kind of shrug to say, As far as I know.

Hood brings out a Swiss Army knife or Leatherman which he opens and plunges, dagger-like, into the plasterboard at shoulder height, before sawing it downward.

EXT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY.

Rachel’s following a designated escape route that exploits the visual possibilities of the building.

INT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY.

Hayward reaches the bottom of the stairs and heads toward daylight.
INT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY.

A big, ragged section of plasterboard being booted out into the corridor with Hood stepping through after in a cloud of white dust.

He heads for the stairway.

EXT. BUSINESS PARK. DAY.

Hayward reaches his car and drops into the driving seat. Something like an old BMW, swish in its day but auction-fodder now.

Not a man of action -- he’s flustered and panicking. He fumbles his keys and has to retrieve them from the floorwell.

EXT. BUSINESS UNIT BUILDING. DAY.

Rachel completes the escape route and reaches ground level on a different side of the building.

EXT. BUSINESS PARK. DAY.

Hayward gets his car started and backs out of his parking space in such haste that he clips the next vehicle.

Then he shifts to forward, but as he sets off...

Hood stands in the way of his exit.

Hayward doesn’t slow, but presses hard on the horn.

On Hood, hand raised in a signal to halt, realising that Hayward intends to do no such thing.

HOOD

Ah.

When Rachel suddenly appears, drawing her 9mm Automatic and tracking the car as it heads straight for Hood and it’s going to run him down if she can’t stop or divert it...

She’s aiming low, and it’s BANG! BANG! without success at the tyres before she raises her aim and fires at the car itself.

On Hayward -- both rear side-windows are blown out as the bullet passes through the car, and Hayward’s terrified reaction is to duck and violently jerk the wheel.

Angle from above -- the swerving car narrowly misses Hood.

On Hayward -- terrified, but recovering control.
She runs forward. But by the time she reaches Hood, Hayward’s around the corner of the building and gone.

She’s incandescent and she doesn’t hold back one whit.

**RACHEL**

You stupid old man! What do you think you were doing?

**HOOD**

Me?

**RACHEL**

Do you think my job’s a joke? I’m supposed to keep you safe, and look how you carry on.

**HOOD**

Well, I’m sorry, but that’s the last thing I was thinking about.

**RACHEL**

Tell me something I don’t know!

Rachel returns the firearm to its concealed holster and storms toward their car.

**INT. HOOD’S CAR. DAY.**

Both get in. Rachel slams her door. There’s an atmosphere.

**RACHEL**

I discharged a firearm at a moving vehicle. Do you know what I’ll have to go through now?

She makes an effort to calm herself.

**HOOD**

I am sorry.

**RACHEL**

(not looking at him)

Let me go, Hood. Please.

**HOOD**

Your job is far from a joke. And I do need you.

**RACHEL**

You’d get the exact same support from any one of a hundred people.
HOOD
Not from the ones they keep trying
to send me. Look, I don’t do
apology very well.

RACHEL
Is that why your own daughter won’t
speak to you?

Ouch! Bullseye with a brick.

INT. KELLY’S FLAT. DAY. (INTERCUT)

Kelly’s in social housing and may not have been trained in
housekeeping skills, but it’s as decent as a 19-year-old
single mother can make it.

She’s reading to Davy. It’s a child’s book with pictures, but
still she struggles with the words.

KELLY
(reading)
“And that’s the end of the story,
except to say that all of the
guests went back to their homes,
and told stories of the kindness of
Mondrago their king. And when the
word of his kindness had spread far
and wide...”

Ouch. She winces with a sudden pain.

KELLY
Oh, god, no.

She puts a hand to her stomach and fights the pain. At this
moment, her phone rings.

Kelly moves into the kitchen where her phone’s plugged into a
wall socket, charging.

We stay, and push right in on the cream-coloured cushion she
was sitting on, to find...

Blood patches, freshly soaking into the material.

With Kelly -- wiping her eyes, she answers the call.

KELLY
Hello?
First we see the back windows of Hayward’s car, with sheet plastic taped to replace the shot-out glass.

Through the plastic, we see something blurry moving.

And then we shift our point of view to see that it’s Lena Muller, hastily deserting their crummy back-streets flat with a couple of suitcases. As she brings them around to the open boot we find Sidney Hayward on his mobile, just putting his own bag in.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
Kelly, it’s Doctor Hayward. Stay away from the clinic. We’ve had a bit of an emergency. Has anyone been to see you?

KELLY
No. What if I have to call you?

SIDNEY HAYWARD
You can still call me, just don’t go back to the building. Is there a problem?

KELLY
(feigning okay-ness)
No.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
Good. Stay healthy, have this baby — everyone wins.

He ends the call.

LENA MULLER
(scornfully)
Everyone wins.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
We should get out now.

LENA MULLER
And do what? Look at us. Look at this!

She points at the plastic covering the car windows.
SIDNEY HAYWARD
That’s what I mean! I was shot at!
It was like the Wild (f*****g)
West!

He does that thing where you censor yourself but the word leaves a shadow.

LENA MULLER
And where do you think we’re going to go? You can’t even cover a child’s bus fare. If it’s going to be like this then Luciano has to pay you more!

SIDNEY HAYWARD
Oh, yes. He’ll go for that.

LENA MULLER
It’s all right for him. He’s miles away! We’re stuck here looking after the girls and taking all the chances!

SIDNEY HAYWARD
Well, that’s hardly going to be news to him, is it? As far as he’s concerned it’s the whole point of the setup.

LENA MULLER
Then start talking up how promising the new one is. See if that loosens his wallet. ’Cos we’ll all be quids-in if one of them beats the odds.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
You think that’s the answer.

LENA
Isn’t it?

SIDNEY HAYWARD
If any one of those freaks of nature ever does draw breath, that’s the day the real trouble starts.

INT. HOOD’S CAR. DAY.

Parked on a busyish street where there are flats and houses. Hood and Rachel sit in the car. Rachel’s calmer now. They seem to be watching for something.
HOOD
Cloning’s a numbers game. It’s a fluke if one comes right. You make a thousand little monsters to get your one little angel.

RACHEL
Why’s he doing it here?

Hood looks at her.

RACHEL
You tell me how tricky these maverick cloners are. Moving it around whenever there’s a ban. So why not do the whole thing in some third world country?

HOOD
Maybe I’ll get the chance to ask him.

RACHEL
Maybe this is where his client is.

Hood looks at her again, more seriously.

RACHEL
How much is it costing? Someone’s got to be paying.

Hood’s mind is so taken with the implications of this that he almost misses his reason for being here.

RACHEL
Is that your daughter?

Quickly, he returns his attention to the street.

A young woman has emerged from one of the houses. She’s stopped to double-lock the door behind her.

RACHEL
Well?

Hood starts to undo his belt, then...

HOOD
What am I doing? This is stupid.

RACHEL
Get a move on. You’ll miss her.
Hood hesitates. Then decides.

HOOD

No.

RACHEL

Hood!

HOOD

It’s not right. I’ve gone and dragged you down here to prove a point that doesn’t need proving. Look. It’s obvious she’s going somewhere. I’m not going to bother her. (refastens his belt) Come on. Let’s go.

Hood’s blustering a bit and Rachel’s not fooled. She keeps a steady gaze on him; he avoids looking at her.

HOOD

Please.

With a shrug, Rachel starts the car.

246 OMITTED 246

247 OMITTED 247

248 OMITTED 248

249 INT. KELLY’S FLAT. NIGHT. 249

Davy sits watching TV.

Through an open doorway we can see that Kelly’s in the next room. She’s just pacing, but we can’t see all the way in to what she’s doing.

But we glimpse her as she passes the doorway, hand to her brow and crying.

250 INT. NOVOTEL FOYER. NIGHT. 250

Hood comes in with Rachel a few paces behind him, professionally scanning for hazards. Hood’s carrying a laptop.

HOOD

D’you want to meet up in the restaurant later?
RACHEL
Nah. I’m for a long bath and room service.

INT. HOOD’S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Hood stands waiting as Rachel takes a look in the bathroom, then checks the window lock and closes the curtains.

RACHEL
Keep these closed. Got your panic button?

He rummages around in his coat pocket and digs out a small signalling device no bigger than a zippo lighter.

He blows the fluff off before showing it to her.

RACHEL
(patiently)
Switch it on.

He slides the thumb switch on the side.

RACHEL
In case you didn’t notice it, your threat level went up today.

HOOD
Does that mean I can’t leave the room?

RACHEL
You can leave the room, but don’t leave the hotel. And if you sign for dinner...

HOOD
Use the cover name.

Rachel’s phone gives a text beep. She looks and...

RACHEL
Excuse me. And I wouldn’t risk the fruit.

She leaves the room.

Hood puts the laptop computer down and starts to open it.

INT. NOVOTEL FOYER. NIGHT.

(scene relocated from police yard, day and moved from 246)
DS Cook is standing in the foyer. Hands in pockets, waiting, killing time in motel limbo.

He wanders across to look at some piece of hotel art that’s not worth looking at.

Suddenly...

Rachel comes striding through the swing doors from the rooms corridor.

    RACHEL
    Doug. Thanks for this.

    DS COOK
    I’m five minutes away.

    RACHEL
    I know, I remembered. I need to give you this.

She holds a metal disc out to him.

    DS COOK
    What is it?

    RACHEL
    The lid from a container for refrigerated bull semen.

    DS COOK
    Now you’re embarrassing me, ’cause I haven’t got a present for you.

    RACHEL
    (patiently)
    There’s a customs label on it. Do me a big favour and find out who applied for the import license.

    DS COOK
    That’s your close protection work, is it? Admit it, you’re desperate for some proper coppering.

    RACHEL
    I am not desperate for anything. But Professor Hood and I would appreciate a result.

She walks away, back toward the doors.

DS Cook glances at the lid and its label...
But finds Rachel walking away more interesting.

INT. HOOD’S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

(relocated from police building, day and moved from 247)

Closeup on Hood’s computer laptop screen. He’s got it plugged into the room’s internet access point.

It’s showing a website news page very similar to the format of the BBC news pages. The news column carries the headline GYNAECOLOGIST BANNED and a column-width picture of someone we don’t know above the text.

Hood clicks a link in the ‘See also’ column and another story takes its place... DISGRACED SURGEON STRUCK OFF and another picture we don’t recognise.

A knock at the door.

HOOOD

Yes.

Hood clicks again as Rachel enters the room on a key.

HOSPITAL SPECIALIST SUSPENDED.

RACHEL

I forgot to leave your key. What’s with the charm squad?

HOOD

Struck off.

RACHEL

All I did was ask.

HOOD

These are all gynaecologists who’ve been struck off the medical register. If you need a professional for something illegal then you’ll find one among the fallen.

As he’s speaking, up comes a photo of Sidney Hayward.

RACHEL

Isn’t that ours?

The headline reads HAYWARD CONDEMNED AS ‘DISGRACEFUL’. The picture shows a smoother, better-groomed Hayward in a pause-for-the-cameras-on-the-pavement-outside-the-GMC-on-the-day-of-the-enquiry shot.
Hood summarises from the screen.

HOOD
Sidney Hayward. Consultant
Gynaecologist. Incompetence and
financial irregularity. Left
seventeen women in pain,
incontinent, or unable to bear
children.

RACHEL
Great. Lift him, lock him up, job’s
a good ’un.

HOOD
If only.

RACHEL
Why not?

HOOD
He’s not the one who’s making the
clones. He’s just here to manage
the host mothers.

RACHEL
He could be doing both.

Hood looks around. How to explain?

HOOD
Give me your tweezers.

Puzzled, Rachel takes out a jellycard and pulls the tweezers
from it.

Hood, meanwhile, takes a green grape from the mixed bunch on
the room’s underwhelming fruit basket. He holds it up between
thumb and forefinger.

HOOD
This a woman’s egg. The pip inside
it is the nucleus with her unique
DNA. To make a clone you first get
rid of her nucleus...

He plunges the tweezers into the grape stem hole.

RACHEL
(wincing)
Hood...

The tweezers come out with a grape pip, which he discards.
And replace it with a nucleus from any cell of the person you want to clone. I need a different grape.

RACHEL
I’ll imagine.

HOOD
No, it’s not the same.

Jump cut to a pip being pulled from a black grape.

Jump cut to Hood inserting the new pip into the original grape.

HOOD
Original egg, new DNA in the nucleus. Shock it with a little jolt of electricity...

He gives the grape a little flick.

HOOD
Which fools it into thinking it’s been fertilised. Within a week...

He holds up the small cluster of half a dozen black grapes.

HOOD
...it’s making stem cells that will develop into the person of your choice. You put this embryo back into a woman and then, and only then, does our incompetent gynaecologist enter the picture.

Rachel reaches over retrieves her sticky tweezers with an expression of distaste.

HOOD
The man I want is the man who does the grapes.

RACHEL
Goodnight, Hood.

She leaves him to it.

He pops the grape in his mouth.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Cannibal.
INT. TREATMENT CUBICLE. NIGHT.

Kelly Fox sits on an examining couch with her knees drawn up and a blanket over them.

A junior doctor who doesn’t look much older is addressing her while amending her notes.

JUNIOR DOCTOR
Why’d you let the pregnancy get this far without seeing anyone?

KELLY
I was fine with my first one.

JUNIOR DOCTOR
Well, this time’s different. We need to know what’s causing the bleed.

KELLY
Are you going to give me something for it or not?

JUNIOR DOCTOR
It’s not that simple. Have a lie down. I’ll be back in a minute.

INT. HOSPITAL CASUALTY DEPARTMENT. NIGHT.

A short time later.

The cubicle curtains part and Kelly pops her head out.

Unobserved, she slides out and away.

OMITTED

INT. NOVOTEL RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Hood sits alone at a table. Reading a secondhand JG Ballard paperback.

WAITRESS
Finished?

HOOD
Yes, thank you. That was ever so good.
He sits back so that she can clear the table for him.

Ouch! Something’s digging in. He reaches down behind and comes up with...

The panic button device. Seems he’s been sitting on it.

With a frown, he holds it to his ear. It’s humming faintly.

Peering through his reading glasses, he slides the little thumb-switch off and on again.

BAM!

The restaurant doors burst open.

SMASH!

The waitress drops all her plates and cutlery as a charging figure shoulders her aside.

It’s Rachel. Her hair’s up and she’s dripping wet. One hand clutches a damp towel around her and the other hand holds a 9mm automatic ready to fire.

She skids to a halt in the middle of the floor and then...

Stillness. Only her eyes move as she quickly takes in the room.

Every diner is staring at her. At least one with mouth open and fork in midair.

And there’s Hood, innocently surprised, paused in the act of fiddling with the device.

Rachel blushes to her roots.

RACHEL

Right.

Then makes as abrupt and dignified a withdrawal as she can manage.

INT. TREATMENT CUBICLE. NIGHT.

The junior doctor approaches with a nurse, and draws the curtain aside to reveal...

An empty cubicle, blanket thrown back. Blood spotting on the couch’s paper liner.
Hood approaches.

He raises his knuckles to tap on one of the doors.

But before he even makes contact, the door jerks open about six inches and one eye of Rachel looks out through the gap.

**RACHEL**

Well done, Hood, you’ve blown our cover.

**HOOD**

Buy you a drink to say sorry?

**RACHEL**

You think I can show my face out there again?

Slam! She closes the door on him.

**HOOD**

It’s not your face they’ll remember.

As he starts to turn away from the door he sees...

**DS COOK**

Professor Hood!

DS Cook, heading down the hotel corridor towards him.

**HOOD**

Any luck with Sidney Hayward?

**DS COOK**

He’d done a runner. But the hospital watch has turned up a pregnant teenager. Nineteen years old. Turned up bleeding at A and E. No prior care and some serious complications.

Hood turns and bangs on the door behind him.

**HOOD**

Rachel. Rachel!!

She opens it, again a crack.

**HOOD**

We’re not done yet.
She nods and vanishes. No messing.

SECOND COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. HOSPITAL CASUALTY DEPARTMENT. NIGHT.

BANG! Through a set of double doors.

Hood and DS Cook come into view together, Rachel close behind. All moving briskly.

HOOD
Any problem with patient confidentiality?

DS COOK
Duty of Care overrides it.

INT. HOSPITAL SECURITY SUITE. NIGHT.

They’re running CCTV tapes from earlier in the day.

One shows the children’s play area by the waiting room. Davy’s there alone.

Then Kelly rushes in, gathers him up, and exits. It’s over in moments.

But they backwind, hunt around for the one frame that catches Kelly full-face, and freeze on it.

HOOD
Doesn’t that just put a human face on it?

Big close up on the monitor. Seen at this distance, Kelly’s face comprises an op-art pattern of pixels that almost fills the screen.

INT. HOSPITAL CASUALTY DEPARTMENT. NIGHT.

Hood and Rachel talking to the junior doctor.

HOOD
They won’t let her go to a proper doctor. But if she can’t hang onto it, she probably won’t get paid.

JUNIOR DOCTOR
She’s well on her way to losing it.

HOOD
Is she actually in danger?
JUNIOR DOCTOR
Someone’s punched her in the stomach. It’s exposed a condition where the placenta’s covering the exit of the uterus.

RACHEL
Placenta Previa.

They look at her.

RACHEL
My sister-in-law had it. They said if it didn’t correct itself they’d give her an early caesarian.

JUNIOR DOCTOR
Better that than a fatal haemorrhage. If contractions start with the placenta blocking the way...

He makes a POW! hand gesture like a grenade exploding.

HOOD
She has no idea.

He launches off without explanation.

261 INT. HOSPITAL CASUALTY DEPARTMENT. NIGHT.
Hood’s heading for the treatment cubicles with Rachel sticking close.

HOOD
An oversized placenta is one of the commonest features of a clone pregnancy.

And as we come around with them into the cubicle we find...

An orderly stuffing the bloodstained covering straight from the treatment couch into a hazard bag.

HOOD
Excuse me. I’ll need that.

262 OMITTED

262A EXT. FORENSICS LAB. NIGHT.
Low-rise and fairly modern.
Hood watches closely as Amanda Ross sets up a DNA PCR test. Rachel stands further back.

HOOD

How long?

AMANDA ROSS

By morning. But don’t get your hopes up. The foetus has its own blood supply. Chances are you’ve just got the mother’s.

She starts to clear up, rebagging the waste.

HOOD

Had any repercussions?

AMANDA ROSS

Give it time. I’ve lost any popularity I had around here, I can tell you that.

Hood notes Rachel’s questioning look.

HOOD

Amanda’s my whistleblower.

AMANDA ROSS

Where else was I going to go with it? I showed my boss all the matching profiles, and he chucked them on his desk. Next thing I know, he’s off to a conference and they’re still lying there.

HOOD

Why wouldn’t he take it seriously?

AMANDA ROSS

’Cause in his mind it’s not real. Gave me his silly-woman look and talked about cross-contamination like I was the work experience kid.

HOOD

Cross contamination? I don’t think so.
AMANDA ROSS
What’ll happen if they ever get it to a live birth?

HOOD
Then for your boss and everyone else, human cloning suddenly becomes real in the worst possible way. And that’s regenerative medicine screwed for the foreseeable future.

AMANDA ROSS
It was worth sticking my neck out for, then.

HOOD
Oh, you bet. One damaged human child in the headlines and we’re right into the Frankenstein season.

INT. FORENSICS BUILDING. NIGHT.

264

(was Ext. Forensics Lab)

Hood and Rachel heading for the car.

RACHEL
What’s all this regenerative medicine business?

HOOD
Remember the bunch of grapes? The stem cells that were going to go on and build your new person? They’re also a potential repair kit for the original donor’s body.

RACHEL
I thought this was all about teenaged girls and babies going wrong.

HOOD
It’s about the abuse of embryo research. The girls are at the sharp end of it.

RACHEL
What about the embryo? Isn’t that a person?
HOOD
More like the basic kit for one.

RACHEL
What’s the difference?

HOOD
There’s your debate.

RACHEL
I prefer it simple.

HOOD
You want it simple? Therapeutic cloning good. Human cloning a perversion of the science.

RACHEL
Making an embryo just to kill it doesn’t sound too brilliant, either.

HOOD
Nature makes them and wastes them all the time.

RACHEL
So it’s a numbers game. Same as with your cloner.

HOOD
Not the same.

RACHEL
Only because one suits your argument and the other doesn’t.

Rachel’s phone beeps with a text message.

As she checks it...

HOOD
Who’s it from?

RACHEL
No-one you know.
Rachel completing the security once-over, bathroom and windows.

HOOD
You never got to eat.

RACHEL
I’ll survive.

Hood rummages in his pocket and brings out a manky-looking paper bag that you wouldn’t want to touch.

HOOD
I’ve got a sandwich.

He offers it.

RACHEL
How old is that?

He sniffs the bag and shrugs.

RACHEL
Good night, Hood.

She leaves him.

Rachel closes Hood’s door.

Then sets off down the corridor.

The restaurant’s now deserted apart from Doug Cook, sitting on a chair pulled out from an empty table with an uncapped bottle of beer at his elbow.

He rises when he sees Rachel coming.

DS COOK
Thought you were gone for the night.

RACHEL
It was starting to look that way.

She seizes him by the hand and tows him away. He’s a bit bewildered but he doesn’t resist.
We let them go.

INT. HOOD’S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

TV’s on. Miniature teamaker kettle’s on. Hood inspects his sandwich and decides it’s only fit for the bin.

Having dumped it, he starts to throw his keys and loose change and stuff onto the unit.

Along the way he picks up the TV remote and switches on the set.

INT. RACHEL’S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

The minibar stands open. Empties are ranged on top of it. Loads of ice in the ice bucket. Energetic music on the TV for background.

On the king-sized bed, Doug Cook and Rachel are playing gin rummy, of all things.

RACHEL
I came to him on a three month assignment. I’ve been with him ever since. He won’t have anyone else.

DS COOK
Why not?

RACHEL
He reckons no-one else will do. Which means my entire career has been stopped in its tracks. Now every few days it’s another town and another hotel with a bar full of salesmen like chihuahuas on heat. Half the people from my year already outrank me and if I ever do return to duties, I’ll be the oldest newbie in the business. Gin.

She lays down a completed hand of cards. Cook contemplates it for a moment.

DS COOK
This should really be poker.

RACHEL
I’m useless at poker. Get on with it.
He throws his cards down and starts to strip off his T-shirt. It gets snarled up over his head and he has a struggle.

Rachel gathers in all the cards and shuffles them like a pro.

INT. HOOD’S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Hood’s kicked off his shoes and stretched out on the bed covers with the pillows wadded up behind him; remote in one hand and a mug of coffee in the other, he’s channel surfing and has found an ad to be offended by.

TV VOICE-OVER
Essence Rouge harnesses the power of multihydrated liposomes to literally turn back the clock on ageing skin.

HOOD
That’s bollocks. Bollocks!

TV VOICE-OVER
(continuing under Hood)
Its special deep-penetration formula acts to reduce lines and wrinkles.

INT. RACHEL’S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Rachel’s down to her underwear.

She rearranges her hand and discards a picture card...

Which Doug Cook picks up and adds to his own.

DS COOK
Gin.

He lays down his hand. Looks at Rachel.

Rachel looks back. Anticipation in the air.

Then there’s a gap in the music and they hear...

HOOD (O.S.)
(muffled by the wall)
Absolute bollocks!

INT. RACHEL’S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Back with the music. Slam!
The game abandoned, Rachel and Doug Cook hit the mattress hard enough to make it bounce.

Then Doug Cook suddenly hesitates.

DS COOK
What about protection?

RACHEL
That’s what I do all day.

Rachel waits but he’s a bit too anxious to appreciate the gag... so she relents.

RACHEL
In the drawer.

He slides out of shot and we hear the bedside table drawer being pulled open, followed by a nonplussed sound as Cook finds something unexpected.

DS COOK
Oh.

RACHEL
Behind that.

As Cook gets what he needs and returns to her, we pan away from them toward the bedside table.

Whatever they’re doing sounds like fun but we don’t see anything of it because we’re pushing in on the open bedside drawer to discover...

Rachel’s gun in its holster, lying on top of her clean underwear.

THIRD COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. LANE BY GIFFORD’S HOUSE. DAY.

Morning.

Hood’s car makes the turn in through a gateway and we go with it to see...

A big house in the stockbroker belt.

HOOD
He’s had a board up.

We let the car go, and end on an estate agent’s board with a SOLD sign.
EXT. GIFFORD’S HOUSE. DAY.

Hood and Rachel get out of the car. Hood stands looking at the building.

RACHEL
What were you hoping to see?

A man’s emerging from the main building. Looks like he’d been disturbed from dusty work.

HOOD
Would you be Mister Gifford?

GIFFORD
Who are you?

HOOD
Alan Hood. You don’t know me. Can we talk inside?

GIFFORD
What about?

INT. GIFFORD’S HOUSE. DAY.

Gifford’s made a singlehanded start on packing the house up and hasn’t got very far.

HOOD
Hope I’m not holding up your move.

GIFFORD
This lot’s for storage. I’m taking a flat.

HOOD
We traced your company name from the import license on a consignment of frozen bull semen.

GIFFORD
Do I look like a farmer?

HOOD
The license was a cover for something else. I take it you’ve no idea what I’m talking about.
Gifford

Sorry to disappoint you. My company’s been wound up, now. Anyone could be using the name.

Hood

What line of business are you in?

Gifford

I used to buy and sell office furniture. Until I sold up and liquidated the stock.

Hood

What did you do then? Invest in biotech?

Gifford

I haven’t done science since I was at school. I’ll stick to what I know.

Hood

Office furniture.

Gifford shrugs, his point already made.

Rachel’s looking at a collection of framed family photos that’s been gathered for packing.

Rachel

How old was your son when he died?

Hood looks. Looks at the photos.

It all clicks.

Hood

(to himself)

Hood, you’re an idiot. Where idiots gather, they will speak your name with awe.

Gifford knows the game just changed. But he’s calm.

Gifford

To answer your question, he was seventeen. We’d only just taken this place on.

Hood

How did you lose him?
GIFFORD
H E S. It’s a rare blood disorder. You treat it with chemo and drugs but it goes for the major organs. With Simon it was the heart and the lungs.

HOOD
I’m very sorry.

GIFFORD
Sorry doesn’t bring him back.

HOOD
But you think money will? Is that why you cashed in your company and sold up the house?

GIFFORD
I don’t expect you to understand, so perhaps you’d better just leave.

HOOD
Who’s doing it for you? Has he told you that you can see your son again? Because he’s lying to you. The dead stay dead.

GIFFORD
Get out.

HOOD
Just his name! It’s not just about you! There’s a girl out there who could be bleeding to death right now!

GIFFORD
Out!

EXT. GIFFORD’S HOUSE. DAY.

Hood and Rachel, walking to the car.

Hood looks back. Gifford’s watching them from a window.

HOOD
I made a mess of that.

RACHEL
You did.
HOOD
I was so busy looking for the cloner I hadn’t even thought about the client.

RACHEL
(moving closer)
Don’t stress about it. Look.

He looks down. She’s showing him something, using her body to screen it from Gifford’s view.

HOOD
What’s that?

RACHEL
A cordless extension.

HOOD
I don’t get it.

RACHEL
The first thing he’ll do is make a panic call.

They get into the car.

279 INT. TAWDRY B&B. DAY. (INTERCUT)

In a cramped attic bedroom, Sidney Hayward stands at the washbasin in his vest, shaving. Across the room, his mobile phone starts to ring.

Lena Muller lies fully-clothed but shoeless on the bed. One hand’s over her eyes in a “I’m-precious-and-I’ve-got-a-migraine” pose.

Hayward looks at her, sees that she isn’t going to move, then lays down his razor and moves to get the phone.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
(into phone)
Yes.

280 INT. GIFFORD’S HOUSE. DAY. (INTERCUT)

Gifford’s in the kitchen.

GIFFORD
It’s Peter Gifford. I just had a Professor Hood here. Do you know anything about him?
SIDNEY HAYWARD

guarded

Maybe.

GIFFORD

You do or you don’t.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

He could be the one who found the clinic setup.

GIFFORD

Well, thanks for the warning! I’m telling Luciano we need to cool it for a while.

This is not what Hayward wants to hear.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

You can’t do that.

EXT. LANE BY GIFFORD’S HOUSE. DAY.

Hood and Rachel, standing by the car with their heads together listening in. Hood’s hand is clamped over the mouthpiece.

GIFFORD (PHONE)

Give me one good reason why not.

SIDNEY HAYWARD (PHONE)

We’ve got a girl out there with the most viable foetus yet.

INT. TAWDRY B&B. DAY.

Continuing as before.

GIFFORD

Is that true?

SIDNEY HAYWARD

On your son’s life.

GIFFORD

I might have known it.

SIDNEY HAYWARD

What?
GIFFORD
Hood was trying to scare me by saying she was bleeding to death. The bastard.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
(mind racing)
He said that?

He kicks the bed, and gets some satisfaction as Lena Muller jumps.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
Look, if you pull the plug now, that could be the end of it. You’ve seen how Luciano protects himself. You think your son will thank you if you pass up your last chance?

Gifford takes a moment.

Hayward briefly covers the phone and gestures to Lena Muller.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
(to her)
Get your pouty arse in gear. He’s trying to bail out on us.

Then back to the phone as her jaw drops...

GIFFORD
What do we do?

SIDNEY HAYWARD
Don’t do anything hasty. I’ll check on the mother right now.

283 EXT. LANE BY GIFFORD’S HOUSE. DAY.

Hood lowers the phone.

RACHEL
Could they be that close?

HOOD
It’s always possible.

Rachel’s looking at the phone.

RACHEL
We need to return that.
HOOD
Yes.

He weighs it in his hand for a moment, and then brings his arm back and chucks it over the hedge like a stick for a dog.

RACHEL
Hood!

HOOD
Don’t shout at me. I’m pissed-off.

RACHEL
What at?

HOOD
Me! I’ve screwed it up.

RACHEL
You know Gifford’s the client and now you’ve got a name for the cloner!

HOOD
“Luciano”. Pass me the mafia phonebook.

RACHEL
Get in the car.

She moves to get behind the wheel.

INT. FORENSICS LAB. DAY.

A DNA profile on a lightboard.

Amanda Ross turns from it.

AMANDA ROSS
Sorry, Hood. There’s only one person’s DNA in the sample you brought me.

Hood looks on it despondently.

HOOD
So it’s just the mother’s?

AMANDA ROSS
Yes.

Rachel steps in.
RACHEL
Can you run a familial search?

AMANDA ROSS
If someone authorises it.

RACHEL
You make a start and we’ll get the authorisation.

AMANDA ROSS
Will do.

She moves to it. Hood’s aware that things just got a bit less bleak but he’s not sure how.

HOOD
A what?

RACHEL
A familial search. DNA from every police case goes into the database. Doesn’t matter if the girl herself isn’t in there. You can look for a blood relation with points of similarity.

HOOD
So you don’t even have to be in the database... as long as you’ve got a relative who is?

RACHEL
We found the Cardiff Valentine killer through a 14-year-old nephew who wasn’t even born when the crime was committed.

285 OMMITTED

286 EXT. COUNCIL FLATS. DAY.

Sidney Hayward and Lena Muller head down the deck accessway toward...

287 EXT. KELLY’S FLAT. DAY.

Hayward taps on the door, only to find it swings open a few inches.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
Kelly? It’s Doctor Hayward.
He leads the way, and Lena follows with a guilty glance back to see if they’re being observed.

288

INT. KELLY’S FLAT. DAY.

Curtains drawn. The TV playing. Hayward leads the way through into the sitting room.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
Kelly?

In the sitting room... toys everywhere, the TV’s on, and the young woman’s hunched shape lies on the sofa.

Quickly, Hayward moves to her. He crouches by the sofa and opens up his medical bag.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
Kelly. Why didn’t you call me?

KELLY
(in pain)
If I’m not doing well enough, you’ll just get rid of it.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
Not this one, we won’t.

289

OMITTED

289A

EXT. LANE BY GIFFORD’S HOUSE. DAY.

Gifford’s in his Range Rover. It’s decent but four or five years old. He’s emerging from his driveway when...

He almost collides with Hayward’s car as it makes the turn in. Hayward jumps out, his car blocking the way.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
She needs an emergency c-section with no questions asked.

Gifford starts to speak, but Hayward speaks across him.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
Without surgical intervention your son will be dead before the day’s out, and the host mother with him. Your choice.
Luciano wanted to be there at the birth.

He’s on his way. I can fix up the hospital but you need to front the cash.

Gifford glances at the Range Rover.

Give them my number. I’ll sort something out.

Hayward moves to get back into his car. As he goes around it...

Just one thing. You do know we’re talking viable here. Nobody’s promising perfect.

He gets in.

On Gifford -- having to deal with the full implications of that for the first time.

Amanda Ross phoning from before a computer screen with search results.

Hood, I’ve got a strong contender for you. Kelly Ann Fox, single teenage mother, one child, in council accommodation.

Rachel driving, Hood on the phone.

Let me write down the address.

He gets out his palm pilot.

Hang on. The battery’s down.
Without even looking, Rachel produces a notepad from somewhere on the dash.

HOOD
Thanks.

Now he starts to pat his pockets for a pen.

With similar economy of movement, Rachel reaches up and pulls a pen from his sun visor.

Hood clicks the pen. Then keeps clicking it because he can’t make it work.

RACHEL
(raising her voice)
Text it to him.

INT. KELLY’S FLAT. DAY.

Kelly sitting upright on the sofa now, a blanket around her shoulders. Lena Muller’s cleaning Kelly’s face up with wipes, taking off the tearstains and the smudged mascara.

KELLY
(attempting optimism)
I’m sure I can still feel it moving.

LENA MULLER
Don’t you worry. The doctor’s making the arrangements.

KELLY
I don’t even care about the money any more.

LENA MULLER
Shh... shh... shh.

KELLY
I was all right till he punched me.

The door buzzer rings.

LENA MULLER
See? The doctor’s back. Told you he wouldn’t be long. You finish up.

She puts a clean wipe into Kelly’s hand and leaves her to carry on in a weak and halfhearted manner, as she heads to the door.
EXT. KELLY’S FLAT. DAY.

At the door. Lena Muller opens it, expecting to see Hayward...

But it’s Roly. He’s not expecting her, either.

ROLY
Does Kelly Fox live here?

LENA MULLER
Sorry.

Lena flashes him a perfunctory half-smile and moves to close the door.

He stops it, and shouts past her into the flat.

ROLY
Kelly! Are you in there?

DAVY (O.S.)
Dad!

That’s blown it. Roly pushes his way in.

The door is kicked back to slam in our face.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

Gifford’s Range Rover turns in under some bunting and a sign that reads, CARS BOUGHT FOR CASH.

EXT. KELLY’S FLAT. DAY.

Later.

Hood and Rachel approaching on the access deck.

HOOD
Do I annoy you sometimes, Rachel?

RACHEL
Oh, Hood. As if.

HOOD
That’s a yes, really, isn’t it?

She doesn’t reply -- she’s double-checking numbers on the doors as they pass.

HOOD
I’m going to take that as a yes.
RACHEL
Is this the one?

The door’s wide open.

Hood starts forward, but Rachel stops him with a light hand against his chest.

Makes a finger-against-lips gesture for silence and then points to a spot at a safe distance from the door.

Hood retreats to it without question. Rachel doesn’t take out her gun, but unbuttons for quick access as she goes in.

We stay with Hood. Watches the door, looks all around.

Rachel comes out, less tense, taking out her phone.

RACHEL
She’s not here. The boy’s in his playpen. And there’s a man with a pair of surgical scissors in his neck.

HOOD
Dead?

RACHEL
Not too happy about it.

Hood goes in as Rachel speaks into her phone.

RACHEL
Ambulance, please.

INT. KELLY’S FLAT. DAY.

Roly lies on the floor, curled up, scissors jammed deep into his neck so they’re buried right up to the hilt, panting like a dog.

Hood comes up and crouches by him.

HOOD
Who did this?

ROLY
That old cow. She came up from behind me.

HOOD
Where’s Kelly Fox?
ROLY
How would I know. Get me the ambulance.

HOOD
I’m going to ask you again, and it’s important. Where is she?

ROLY
I can’t feel my legs. Ambulance! Ambulance!

HOOD
When you tell me.

Hood waits.

Roly starts to panic and blubber.

296 EXT. KELLY’S FLAT. DAY.

An ambulance siren can be heard somewhere in the distance. Rachel’s at the rail, watching for it.

Hood emerges and joins her.

HOOD
He doesn’t know where they took her. But it looks like we’ve got a baby on the way.

FOURTH COMMERCIAL BREAK

297 OMITTED

298 OMITTED

298aA EXT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY.

A white house in neat grounds. Hayward’s car stands outside. Lena Muller is waiting by the entrance as an airport taxi pulls up.

From the taxi steps Luciano, 40s. The understated prosperity of a successful clinician, the looks and charisma of a professional charmer.

Lena Muller accompanies him into the building.
A rusty low-rent minicab is pulling away from the house, and as it clears our line of sight we see Gifford walking toward the door.

Gifford comes into the main room. He doesn’t see Rachel waiting behind the door, but we do.

She reaches out and closes it just as he’s realising that Hood’s in the room.

He looks this way and that, momentarily wrong-footed. Then...

GIFFORD
(pissed off)
Oh, great.

HOOD
You know what’s happening today.

GIFFORD
Yes I do.

HOOD
Then tell us where they took Kelly Fox.

GIFFORD
Forget it. You’re not going to interfere.

HOOD
Look. I know you think I don’t understand what you’re going through. Where’s your wife?

GIFFORD
Don’t think you can get it out of her. She left me.

HOOD
I think I can guess why.

GIFFORD
Because I’m obsessed. All right? What of it?

HOOD
Mine died two years ago.
GIFFORD
I’m sorry.

HOOD
So am I. I had to nurse her through her last illness, and every single day of it I’d find some little sign to let me think she might get better. Do you think I don’t have the same dreams as you? There isn’t a day goes by when I don’t wish her back.

GIFFORD
Don’t tell me that’s the same! I’m sorry, but it isn’t. One of you dies first, it’s sad but that’s the deal. Try losing a child! Because that’s the day you die too. You’re all rotten and dead on the inside, and the outside’s just a shell that walks around. Your life is over but the pain goes on.

HOOD
That’s grief. It’s natural.

GIFFORD
I know, and they call it the price tag on love. Well, I don’t accept it!

HOOD
What’s your answer, then? Because what you’re trying can only make it worse.

GIFFORD
Not possible.

HOOD
Don’t make me prove it to you.

GIFFORD
I’m going to see my son again and there’s not a thing you can do about it.

Hood stops.

He’s reached the end of his road. He’s given it his best shot, but it’s clear to him now that nothing he says is going to make any difference.
He meets Rachel’s eyes. A barely perceptible lift of his head, which sets her moving.

HOOD
Just remember that I didn’t want it to come to this.

Gifford
All right, then. What’s coming now?

Rachel moves to Hood’s side. We now see that she’s brought in one of the cardboard evidence boxes, which she gives to him.

HOOD
You want to see your son again.

Hood holds the box up in front of Gifford and opens the lid. For a moment Gifford doesn’t understand what he’s looking at.

HOOD
This is just one of them. They’re still finding more.

Then he understands, but he can’t quite believe that Hood would do this.

In the end he just stares down into the box, blank with shock.

Hood moves around beside him and speaks with persuasive urgency.

HOOD
Even if he survived the damage, this would never be the boy you knew. He’d be some other, different child.

Gifford raises his gaze to stare at Hood.

HOOD
What price your little angel now?

Gifford looks back into the box. He’s broken now, and about to fall.

HOOD
I can’t speak for the child that’s being born. But the girl who’s carrying him will die if you don’t help me.
Hood’s car comes tearing down the driveway and halts in front of the entrance.

Hood jumps out. Right there before him is Hayward’s car with its crudely-repaired windows.

As Hood and Rachel head into the building, Lena Muller is just emerging.

Without knowing who she is, Hood stops to speak to her.

HOOD
Do you know where they put the teenaged mother who came in today?

LENA MULLER
I’m sorry. I don’t work here.

Hood and Rachel head on in.

Lena Muller turns her head to watch them. She has the eerie calm of someone who’s seen that it’s the time to cut and run, and can do so without doubts.

Taking a breath and settling her shoulders, she turns and walks off up the drive.

It’s tasteful and expensive-feeling but it’s more like a sterilised country hotel than any kind of a modern hospital; no-one on reception, and empty corridors. Fresh flowers in the foyer, the odd antique.

We go with Hood and Rachel move through, looking into rooms as they pass...

RACHEL
Where is everyone?

HOOD
I know this kind of place. You pay top whack for a skeleton staff and the part-time attention of a moonlighting consultant.

RACHEL
You speak from experience.

HOOD
I do.
Hood’s spotted an auxiliary emptying bins in one of the rooms.

HOOD
Hey, Miss. You.

She looks somewhat intimidated as Hood comes bearing down on her.

HOOD
I need your help.

302 INT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY.

The auxiliary leads Hood and Rachel through a doorway and points them at the treatment rooms.

303 INT. PRIVATE CLINIC TREATMENT ROOM. DAY.

Hood bursts in to find...

There’s a man in shirtsleeves, sleeves rolled up, end of his tie tucked into his shirt, performing two-handed pressure heart massage on an inert Kelly Fox. Fifteen quick compressions and then one squeeze of the oxygen bag. She’s bled out badly on the table.

HOOD
What happened?

LUCIANO
Her blood pressure dropped and her heart stopped beating.

HOOD
Her name’s Kelly Fox. Is there anything I can do?

The man looks up, and their eyes meet.

LUCIANO
You can get the oxygen. When I stop, squeeze the bag and give her a breath. (Looks at Rachel) If you want to be useful, find a duty doctor.

She goes. Luciano drops to five compressions, then nods to Hood for a squeeze of the bag.

HOOD
How long’s she been like this?
LUCIANO
Long enough. Keep squeezing until you see her chest move.

INT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY.

Rachel races through the corridors, flinging open doors.

RACHEL
Police emergency!

INT. PRIVATE CLINIC TREATMENT ROOM. DAY.

Both men working on Kelly.

HOOD
What about the baby?

LUCIANO
Dead. It was dead when I got here.

HOOD
It kills me to say it, but I count that as a blessing.

LUCIANO
Shame on you. Every child is a gift from God.

HOOD
God was looking the other way when this one got its start.
When I find the man who put it there, he’s going to suffer.

Luciano abruptly ceases the heart massage and crosses the room to where his jacket hangs on a chair.

HOOD
What are you doing?

LUCIANO
You need to take over.

He’s pulling on his jacket as he heads for the door.

HOOD
Don’t just walk away from her!

LUCIANO
Five compressions. Then one breath.

And he’s gone.
Hood moves around the table. She’s lying there and he has no idea.

He begins two-handed heart massage, imitating Luciano as best he can. Five compressions, then a squeeze on the bag.

INT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY.

Rachel turns a corner and finds...

Sidney Hayward, struggling to manoeuver a trolley through a doorway.

Their eyes meet.

SIDNEY HAYWARD
I’ve got the crash trolley. Find me a nurse.

INT. PRIVATE CLINIC TREATMENT ROOM. DAY.

Hood operating the oxygen. All the way through this, Kelly’s made no response or shown any sign of life.

And now Hood lets the mask fall aside.

She’s still. Gently, he lays his hand against her cheek.

On Hood -- the wrench as, in his heart, he lets her go.

INT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY.

Rachel’s flying at us down the corridor with a Sidney Hayward and a uniformed nurse driving the trolley along behind her.

INT. PRIVATE CLINIC TREATMENT ROOM. DAY.

It’s all over.

Kelly still lying in the same position on the table.

Hood by the window, head bowed in dejection.

Rachel bursts in and holds the door open for Hayward and the nurse to push the trolley through.

Then she moves to Hood. We’re aware of Hayward and the Nurse attending to Kelly, but our focus is on Rachel as she lays a tentative hand of consolation on Hood.
Then...

SIDNEY HAYWARD
(to Nurse)
She’s got a brady. Do the airway.
I’ll get some atropine into her.

Hood perks up and the weariness falls from him as understanding dawns.

RACHEL
What’s a brady?

SIDNEY HAYWARD
Faint irregular heartbeat. Where’s Luciano?

Hood’s still taking in the first revelation.

HOOD
How would I know?

SIDNEY HAYWARD
He wanted to be present for the birth.

Hood takes a moment to absorb this.
Then he turns to the window and rips the blind aside.

308A
EXT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY.
Looking down from the treatment room’s first floor window onto the forecourt before the entranceway.

A black cab stands there with Lena Muller holding the door open.

Luciano crosses to it.
As he’s about to get in, he turns and glances up.

Angle on Hood, looking down from the window.

Closer on Luciano -- his eyes lock with Hood’s and then he turns to get into the cab.

Angle on Hood -- he vanishes from the window.

308B
INT. PRIVATE CLINIC/ EXT. PRIVATE CLINIC. DAY.
We go with Hood as he races down the corridor, out through the entranceway, and onto the empty forecourt...
Where the cab is long gone.

309 OMITTED 309

310 INT. HOSPITAL WARD. DAY. 310

The visitor area. Kelly’s up and about in a dressing-gown but she’s bearing all the marks of the rough time she’s had.

Hood’s with her. Rachel waits a few yards off.

KELLY
They said if I was interested, I could help some poor couple who couldn’t have a baby and make some money at the same time. I can imagine why they picked on me.

HOOD
Young, fit, one pregnancy and no complications.

KELLY
More like a teenaged slapper who’d been knocked up once already. You can’t spoil damaged goods.

HOOD
I’m really sorry, Kelly.

KELLY
Now they’re saying I can never have another kid. I don’t mind. It’s not fair on them. Not in a world like this.

HOOD
Anyone I can call for you?

She shakes her head... And Hood can see that her attention has focused on something beyond him.

He looks back and sees...

Davy, entering the ward on the hand of a social worker.

On Kelly -- it’s as if her face is slowly lighting up from within.

Hood can see that he’s now surplus to requirements. He rises to go.
See you later.

Kelly barely acknowledges him, and never takes her eyes off her approaching son. She pushes herself up in her chair a little.

Hood withdraws, and Rachel with him.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY.

Hood and Rachel, walking side by side, this whole exchange played over their backs and on the longest lens we can get away with.

Hood’s posture gives away his mood.

RACHEL
What’s the matter, Hood? You did well. You saved a life.

HOOD
But I didn’t get him.

RACHEL
Proud of you anyway.

They walk on.

OMITTED

INT. MILAN CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

On the soundtrack, a long low ominous note that tells us it ain’t over yet.

A well-manicured hand slides some pictures across a desk. They’re all interview shots of young women around 19 or 20.

LUCIANO
These are the girls. All young and healthy. This time I’m very optimistic.

Luciano sits back. He’s in an executive chair in a nice office. Obviously on his home territory.

LUCIANO
Soon, very soon, you will be holding your son in your arms. I can guarantee you, there will be no feeling in the world like it.

(MORE)
LUCIANO (cont'd)
This time the signs just couldn’t be better.

And now we see who’s looking at the pictures.

It’s Gifford.

Who no longer has the excuse of his ignorance, but is driven to go ahead anyway.

A man who knows what it is to be damned.

END CREDITS