

The Eye of the Needle

by

Poz Watson

21/05/15

pozwatson@gmail.com
www.pozwatson.com
07759 456204

EXT. ROCKY TRAIL, THE HIGHLANDS - DAY

Feet pound stone.

Expensive trainers. Heavy breathing. Little clouds of dust.

The last few metres of a steep incline...

... and then MEI-SHEN LAM (31) bursts onto a high, narrow path, with a 20-metre sheer drop on either side.

The view is breathtaking. Sharp mountains and pink skies shot with late-afternoon sun.

Mei pushes on, lungs burning but a smile on her face. She is tough, cool, and in her element.

A good way ahead is OLIVE WAUGH (28).

Both women wear race bibs: 'Highlands Ultra-Marathon 2015'.

Suddenly, Olive stumbles. Unable to catch herself, she pitches head first over the edge.

She screams.

Mei freezes in horror.

INT. SPACE HALL, THE SCIENCE MUSEUM - DAY (FLASHFORWARD)

Mei stands well back from a group of boisterous school-children. Grimacing, she concentrates on the lunar lander.

SUPER: Friday, the 11th of March, 2016

The children run off, leaving just one, smaller than the others. Mei dares to step closer, her eyes on the exhibit.

The boy - WILLIAM, 4 - turns to Mei.

WILLIAM

How come I'm not at school?

Mei bends, matching his concerned look with a comforting one.

MEI

I wanted to spend the day with you.
Our little secret.

She looks into his eyes. He nods, snuggles into her.

EXT. ROCKY TRAIL, THE HIGHLANDS - DAY

Mei peers over the edge. The bulging rocks block her view, but Olive's motionless foot can just be seen.

BEN (O.S.)

Did that girl just go over?

Meet BEN FLYNN (25). Hunky, breathless, full-sleeve tattoos.

MEI

Yeah.

Mei scrambles down the cliff face. Ben follows.

INT. BOXING GYM, YORK HALL - DAY (FLASHFORWARD)

Ben slugs it out with a punchbag.

SUPER: Friday, the 11th of March, 2016

INT. KITCHEN, BEN'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHFORWARD)

Ben puts a cup of tea, a cottage pie ready-meal, a spoon, a bowl of chocolates and a cheap TV magazine on a flowery tray.

Wet-haired, Ben is wearing a security guard's uniform.

INT. BEDROOM, BEN'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHFORWARD)

Ben backs into the dark room, carrying the tray carefully.

Sat up in bed is SARAH FLYNN, a 59-year-old woman with a oxygen tube on her upper lip. She smiles weakly at him.

MRS FLYNN

Ben.

BEN

Sorry I'm late mum, I couldn't find those biscuits you like.

He sits down on the bed with her. Holds her hand.

EXT. ROCKY TRAIL, THE HIGHLANDS - DAY

Mei jumps down, closely followed by Ben.

Olive's legs are slick with blood. She's pale and pierced, prettier than she knows. Most importantly, she's conscious.

Putting pressure on the wounds with a T-shirt is CATE RANDALL, (41). Even now, Cate's make-up is classy and immaculate. She has one of those ponytails that swishes.

YASHIR AHMED (37) - beautiful, bright and topless - hovers.

MEI

I'm a doctor.

Mei barges Cate aside, and bends to examine Olive's injuries. Everyone else stands back, feeling useless.

Mei pulls a torch from her trouser pocket and shines it in Olive's eyes. Finally, she makes eye contact with her.

MEI (CONT'D)
You wanna carry on, or give up?

OLIVE
Carry on? I can't... Surely?

Mei tucks the torch away. Sneers as she takes Olive's pulse.

CATE
Olive, don't be silly. One of us
will run on, call an ambulance.
I'll do an ultra-marathon with
you... another time.

Olive looks seriously at Mei. A touch of hero-worship.

OLIVE
Do you think I could?

Mei shrugs. Ben and Yashir smile awkwardly at each other.

MEI
Weakness is a weakness.

Mei pulls a sterile needle and thread out of her trousers.

CATE
You can't seriously be advising her-

MEI
-Not my call.

She doesn't anaesthetise or warn Olive, but plunges the needle into her thigh. Olive stifles a scream, and Cate has to stop arguing to grab her hand and shoulders for comfort.

MEI (CONT'D)
Are you allergic to any
medications?

Olive shakes her head, a new resolve developing.

Yashir, looking a little green, turns away.

INT. TRAIN CAB, LONDON UNDERGROUND - DAY (FLASHFORWARD)

Dressed in blue polyester, Yashir sits at the controls.

He has a look of intense concentration, and utter boredom.

SUPER: Friday, the 11th of March, 2016

INT. BREAK ROOM, ST PANCRAS STATION - DAY (FLASHFORWARD)

Yashir sits with a tupperware of samosas and his phone.

YASHIR
Yes darling... Mmm hmmm...
(a little smile)
(MORE)

YASHIR (CONT'D)

She's really good with those jigsaws, isn't she? Listen... they've asked me to do some overtime... No, I'm sorry, you sleep. I'll try not to wake you.

He sweats as he lies.

EXT. ROCKY TRAIL, THE HIGHLANDS - DAY

Cate and Mei help a bandaged Olive to her feet.

OLIVE

Honestly, falling off a cliff - what a dick. Thank you.

MEI

Pity you were breathing. I've always wanted to try a biro trach.

Olive takes this as a joke, but Mei does look disappointed.

OLIVE

Well thank you, all of you. And I'm so sorry I've ruined your times.

Mei realises Yashir is topless. She peels off her hoodie.

YASHIR

(to Mei)
Thanks.

BEN

(to Olive)
Don't worry about it.

Yashir pulls on Mei's top. It's purple and tight. He blushes. She looks away.

CATE

Do you really think you can run?

Olive tries out her leg. It's obviously painful.

OLIVE

Yeah - I think so.

They all start to jog. Mei pulls a phone from her pocket.

MEI

Here. Call 999 if you start bleeding. Keep hydrated. I'll have another look on the finish line.

She makes a move to accelerate away.

CATE

Where are you going?

MEI

I'm training for the Marathon des Sables. I have a time to make up.

CATE
You can't leave her. What if she
needs help?

MEI
I've given you my phone. Use it.

CATE
You're a doctor?

Mei spreads her hands - 'so what?'- but looks uncomfortable.

CATE (CONT'D)
You leave her now and I'll make a
formal complaint to the General
Medical Council. You made her want
to run; you're responsible for her.

Cate looks around at all of them.

CATE (CONT'D)
We stick together. Finish together.

The men nod, happy to agree. Olive is desperately relieved.
Mei scowls, but Cate isn't backing down.

Yashir falls into step with Mei. Downhill now.

YASHIR
This your first ultra-marathon?

MEI
I don't talk while I'm running.

Mei pulls away from him. Cate rolls her eyes at Ben.

INT. KITCHEN, CATE'S HOUSE - DUSK (FLASHFORWARD)

Flawless black cabinets, a massive range, green uplighters.

Cate sits at the head of a massive island, a mirror and high-
end Beautifly cosmetics in front of her. Four similarly
together women sit on either side. All drinking Prosecco.

SUPER: Friday, the 11th of March, 2016

CATE
Try the 'Victory Scarlet' darling.

Cate hops up and hands her friend the black tube.

VICTORY SCARLET
Nevermind that, I want to know
what's got this glow going?

VICTORY SCARLET pinches Cate's cheek with a knowing grin.

CATE
Good diet, lots of water, Beautifly
of course... and... exercise.

They react like she's said something deliciously dirty.

SCARLET
So it's not Richard you're going
out with tonight then?

CATE
No, I'm sure he's got a date with a
bottle and a boxset. Tonight's
my... exercise friends.

She grins. But Cate's eyes are frightened.

EXT. WOODLAND TRACK - DUSK

Olive runs awkwardly, obviously in pain. Ben notes this.

BEN
So... Olive, what do you do?

OLIVE
Oh. Computers. I'm a programmer.

BEN
Really? What are you working on?

OLIVE.
I could tell you, but if I didn't
also kill you, John Thacker
probably would.

Everyone pricks up their ears. They bunch.

CATE
You work for Cipher? My
mother...

BEN
That's so weird. I'm on his
personal security detail.

YASHIR
My brother used to work
Cipher's hardware division.

MEI
That fucker. He canned the
research I was doing at
Oxford.

Olive gives Mei a quizzical look.

MEI (CONT'D)
Sorry, love your boss, do you?

OLIVE
No. I mean, he founded Cipher, and
he used to be brilliant, but now
he's just a moneymen. He treats
anyone not worthy of his great
intellect like shit, and...

She looks up at her new friends, her heart on her sleeve, an
intimacy bourne of accident and adrenaline.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
There's a million things I've seen
there. He's a bully. I hate him.

MEI, YASHIR, CATE AND BEN

Me too.

They lose themselves in their own thoughts.

Mei runs like a machine, no energy wasted.

Ben's stride is powerful, but untrained and inefficient.

Yashir's slighter frame is fast, buffeted by the wind.

Cate has shoulders back, head high. A bounce in her step.

Olive moves clumsily and painfully, but with passion.

The five of them have fallen into step. Running as one.

INT. MAINFRAME, CIPHER TOWER - DAY (FLASHFORWARD)

Olive walks into the room, trying to look inconspicuous.

Rows upon rows of servers hum. Dotted flashing lights.

SUPER: Friday, the 11th of March, 2016

Across the room two men - beards, potbellies and T-shirts - are at a terminal. One of them looks up and sees Olive.

CIPHER MAN#1

What's she doing down here?

CIPHER MAN#2 looks up and shrugs.

Olive sees them looking. Scurries on.

CIPHER MAN#2

Who cares? It's only Olive.

CIPHER MAN#1 is still watching her. Cipher Man#2 nudges him.

CIPHER MAN#2 (CONT'D)

I can't believe we have to stay here until the fucking launch. I haven't been home in four days.

CIPHER MAN#1

Blowjob in the toilets, mate, that's the answer.

Cipher Man#1 nods at Olive and grins unpleasantly.

She finds what she's looking for. Bends down, out of sight.

Cipher Man #1 strides towards her.

EXT. BUMPY TRACK, THE HIGHLANDS - NIGHT

The five new friends run. Olive visibly suffering, Mei itching to get ahead, the others enjoying the easy pace.

CATE

Have you heard of the Alt-Marathon?
12th of March 2016. Basically you
can cross London any way you like -
you can even get on the tube - but
you have to hit certain markers.

OLIVE

Don't you have to enter as a team?

CATE

Yeah. Of five.

She looks round at them all.

BEN

I'm in.

The others nod their agreement; Mei shrugs noncommittally.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM SUITE, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT (FF)

JOHN THACKER (62) sits in an armchair at the foot of his
Caesar-size bed.

He might not have been handsome as a younger man but now,
with the bearing of age, experience and money, Thacker is an
undeniable silver fox.

SUPER: Friday, the 11th of March, 2016

A HOODED FIGURE stands by the door, staring at Thacker.

Thacker studies the HOODED FIGURE'S face.

The HOODED FIGURE raises a gun.

EXT. FINISH LINE OF THE HIGHLANDS ULTRA-MARATHON 2015 - NIGHT

People with silver blankets and water bottles cheer.

Our five runners are almost there. Olive looks battered, but
she's still going.

YASHIR

Maybe Olive should-

-With a grunt, Mei accelerates away.

YASHIR (CONT'D)

-go first.

Mei crosses the finish line alone, then turns with a grin.

Olive limps over the line, surrounded by the others. She
looks elated. Mei looks down at Olive's injuries, amazed.

MEI
I cannot believe you finished with
that leg - that was insane!

Olive's mouth falls open, shocked that Mei is shocked.

Laughing and crying with relief, they all embrace.

EXT. NORTH DOCK, CANARY WHARF - EARLY MORNING

Late-summer. Sun glints on the gently lapping water.

Outside a restaurant with fancy high stools, Mei and a group of other doctors eat fancy scrambled eggs.

In the middle of the group is Consultant GREG, 39. He's button-down handsome, cold looking, enjoying his acolytes. He wears a suit with a stethoscope rather than a tie.

Mei sits on the fringes. She rolls her sleeve up, revealing a smear of dried blood. She rubs at it absentmindedly.

SUPER: 2015, two weeks after the Ultra-Marathon

Greg catches Mei's eye. The others chatter around them.

GREG
Bad night?

MEI
Not the best.

On the other side of the dock, Thacker jogs past.

He passes a group of young people in Santa hats, who are setting up a stall. It has beautiful wooden Christmas trees, laden with perfume and jewellery, for £200 a pop.

Mei watches them. A CHUBBY MAN in a good suit approaches. He chooses a tree and it is whisked away behind a curtain.

GREG
Bit early for Christmas, isn't it?

MEI
104 shopping days to go.

GREG
What day is Christmas Day?

MEI
(bored)
Friday.

GREG
What day was it in 1996?

MEI
(even more bored)
Wednesday.

Chubby's tree reappears, now extravagantly wrapped. It is sprayed with glitter, and exchanged for four crisp £50 notes.

GREG
 Promise me you'll get some sleep
 before you tackle those notes.

MEI
 You're the boss.

She does a mock salute, which he enjoys.

EXT. CANAL PATH, EAST LONDON - DAY

A HOODED FIGURE runs.

Fast, and breathlessly. A final sprint.

They round a corner, and collapse on a gatepost. Pulling the hood down, we see that it is Ben.

In front of him is a grubby warehouse with a modern entrance.

Panting, Ben gets closer. A big sign reads 'Extreme' and a smaller one tells him 'Only the strong may enter.'

EXT. CIPHER TOWER, CANARY WHARF - DAY

Thacker pulls up outside his office.

Some perfunctory stretches, but he isn't even sweating.

Cleaners - men and women in polyester and denim - flood out of the glass doors. A few men in suits push through them.

Thacker strides inside. He doesn't even have to push.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE, EXTREME - DAY

Ben sticks his head through the door.

The lobby is ice cold; glass and chrome and air-conditioning.

A ROBOTIC BLONDE looks up from behind the desk. She gives Ben a flawless, but unwelcoming, smile.

ROBOTIC BLONDE
 Can I help you?

BEN
 Er... I've run past here loads of
 times, never seen this place.

ROBOTIC BLONDE
 We just opened.

BEN
 What are you... like a gym?

Robotic Blonde gives a noncommittal shrug.

BEN (CONT'D)
Expensive, eh.

ROBOTIC BLONDE
£30 a month.
(off his surprise)
But we don't take just anybody.

Ben leans back defensively.

BEN
Who you know, is it?

ROBOTIC BLONDE
Professional athletes will be
training here. They need to be
challenged.

Her phone rings. She looks him up and down.

ROBOTIC BLONDE (CONT'D)
We have a trial tonight. We don't
care who you are; only what you do.

She hands him a flyer and picks up the phone.

BEN
I think you'll be surprised love...
at what I can do.

A flash of curiosity, then her professionalism closes over.

ROBOTIC BLONDE
Good morning, Extreme.

Flyer in hand, Ben wanders away.

EXT. NORTH DOCK - DAY

As Mei leaves the restaurant, she glances again at the
Christmas tree stall.

A HOODED FIGURE hurries away from the back of the stall. A
big bag over their shoulder. For a second, Mei watches-

-Then her phone rings. She rejects the call and strides away.

INT. HALLWAY, MEI'S FLAT - DAY

Mei enters and hangs up her coat.

Her French au-pair, SANDRINE, waves through a hatch in the
wall from the kitchen. She is standing up and eating cereal.

MEI
Morning Sandrine. Good night?

SANDRINE
Oh yes, not a peep.

Mei pulls off her coat. Takes off her shoes.

MEI
Is he up?

SANDRINE
Non, non.

Mei tiptoes through a half-open doorway.

INT. WILLIAM'S BEDROOM, MEI'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

William is fast asleep, cocooned in a Ben 10 duvet.

Mei pads across to the window, deftly stepping over a castle and opening the curtains. Sun pours into the room.

She sits on the bed, gazing at her son. He is sweaty, his hair all stuck up.

--Mei's phone rings.

She jumps, fumbles, and answers before it can ring again.

MEI
(in an angry whisper)
Yes?

BEN (O.S.)
Hi. Is that Mei?

MEI
Yes.

BEN (O.S.)
I wasn't sure I got the right number. I called a while ago...

MEI
...and left a long rambling message. Yeah, got it.

William begins to stir. Mei strokes his arm soothingly.

BEN (O.S.)
Well I was just wondering if you were up for it-

MEI
Yeah look, exercise fads, secret societies, making friends - not really my things.

BEN
C'mon. How else are you gonna do that poncy des Sables thing?
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

This is proper hardcore, and I'm not going to stop calling until-

William stretches.

MEI

-Right! Just promise you'll stop talking, and I'll do it.

BEN (O.S.)

Oh, great. It's tonight at 8 and-

MEI

-yeah, got the message.

Mei hangs up. She cuddles up with her son.

INT. DINING ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

The doors fly open and a flurry of waiters rush in with Michelin star food on big plates. Each dish is different.

Around a cosy table in the wood-panelled room are; Thacker, his 37-year old son NICK (pretty chip off the old block), his blonde third wife LUCY (26), and Nick's wife RACHEL (31). Pre-kids, Rachel was a lawyer. Pre-marriage, Lucy was a model.

PHILIP (29), the perfect modern servant/friend, hovers.

PHILIP

The chopper'll be here in 20.

Thacker opens his mouth-

PHILIP (CONT'D)

-Yes, I've triple-checked with the PM's office. He'll be there.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE, EXTREME - NIGHT

Mei strides through the door, shaking her coat to get the rain off. She approaches the desk.

A new sign has gone up behind it: 'Visualise, Actualise, Pulverise'. Mei rolls her eyes.

ROBOTIC BLOND

Ms Mei-Shen Lam?

MEI

Yes.

ROBOTIC BLONDE

(raised eyebrow)

You're late.

The Robotic Blonde hands her a clipboard, with pages and pages of disclaimer on it, and a pen.

MEI
Give me the highlights.

ROBOTIC BLONDE
Should you die tonight, it's your
fault, not ours.

Mei cannot help but grin at her bluntness. She signs.

EXT. HELIPAD, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Thacker and Nick, deep in conversation, climb aboard a helicopter. The pilot gives them a thumbs up.

INT. TUNNEL, EXTREME - NIGHT

Mei, Cate, Olive, Ben and Yashir huddle in near darkness.

There's a constant, unnerving blare of white noise.

Mei stares at the others demandingly.

CATE
There's a trapdoor somewhere in the
hall. All we have to do is find it,
escape into the basement.

YASHIR
The hall's filled with nets, ropes
and walls - we got a quick look
before they turned the lights off.

Mei nods, begins to move into the darkness. Cate stops her.

CATE
You do know this is a team event,
right? We all have to make it to
the trapdoor to qualify.

Mei rolls her eyes. They all move into the darkness.

INT. MAIN HALL, EXTREME - CONTINUOUS

The five step out. As described, the hall is full of nets, ropes and walls. Plastic planks and gym equipment are joined together, creating paths and walkways, tunnels and ditches.

The white noise is louder.

BEN
Let's recce. Back here in five.

Mei grins. Like kids in a candy store, they scatter.

Cat-like, Cate climbs a wall.

Olive swings across a shallow tank of water.

Yashir crawls under a barbed wire net.

Mei pulls herself up a rope. She spots people in red Extreme lycra tops, hiding in the corner. She watches them.

On a high walkway, Ben takes a running jump... and just makes the connecting path on the other side.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE, EXTREME - NIGHT

A security man holds the door open for Thacker and Nick.

NICK
I'm still worried that people
aren't ready for Bitcoin-

The Robotic Blonde scurries towards them. She opens her mouth to speak, but Thacker's attention is on Nick, so she just gestures towards the stairs, which they climb.

THACKER
-The people'll be ready if the PM
tells them they're ready. He'll be
ready if I tell him he's ready.

Thacker grins at his son. Nick rolls his eyes in response.

INT. MAIN HALL, EXTREME - NIGHT

Cate, Ben, Olive and Yashir are clustered, waiting.

Mei jumps down from a tower.

MEI
I've got an idea.

INT. STAIRS, EXTREME - NIGHT

Robotic Blonde holds open a door for Thacker and Nick.

Thacker strides forward onto the stairs. Nick follows.

THACKER
-things aren't fair Nicky. Some
people are taller, smarter, better-
looking. It's natural capitalism.
Strength is a strength.

NICK
(to Robotic Blonde)
Thank you.

He smiles at her, embarrassed by his father's speech.

INT. MAIN HALL, EXTREME - NIGHT

Mei leads the others towards a door.

OLIVE.
We can't leave the hall.

MEI
Says who? C'mon... visualise,
actualise, pulverise.

Mei grins, and shoves Olive through, into-

INT. EQUIPMENT CORRIDOR, EXTREME - CONTINUOUS

Mei strides into the darkness. The others follow cautiously.

MEI
Come on!

Their shoes squeak on the floor, and they giggle at their illicit mission. School kids, bunking off.

They reach a staircase. Mei bounds up.

INT. BAR AREA, EXTREME - DAY

Light chatter, moody lighting, little clots of people who clearly don't know each other very well.

Nick looks awkwardly at his dad. Something he wants to say.

NICK
It's you and Lucy's anniversary soon, isn't it? Are you going to-

THACKER
-Wood. What do you think? Antique dressing table, or another yacht?

NICK
I thought you were going to give her access to the panic room-

THACKER
-She can get me a beautiful little box of course. Rosewood maybe-

NICK
-She makes you happy Dad.

A WAITER appears with a tray of canapés. Thacker swoops on a parcel of deliciousness and then waves the man away.

THACKER
(mouth full)
That's our place though, isn't it? Comfy chair, big TV, the most expensive whisky money can buy...

NICK
What if burglars actually broke in?

THACKER

Then we'll drag her in with us. I'm not a monster.

Nick gives his father a look.

THACKER (CONT'D)

Alright, alright, maybe I'll build her another one. With a spa.

INT. TOP OF THE STAIRWELL, EXTREME - DAY

Mei reaches the top of the stairs and beckons to the others.

Through an internal window, they can see into the main hall.

Dozens of young men in red Extreme lycra are guarding something in the middle. It's the trapdoor.

CATE

There.

MEI

Perfect. Didn't you say you used to be a boxer, Ben?

Yashir watches Thacker and Nick, who are standing in the corridor opposite them. Approaching Thacker is a genial, confident-looking man (49) in a slightly old-fashioned suit.

CATE

You can't just start a fight!

MEI

Did you see that disclaimer? We can do anything, no comeback.

YASHIR

Is that... Thacker?

They all look across.

CATE

Morally, I mean.

OLIVE

Is that... the Prime Minister?

The genial-looking man appears in the window. It is indeed the PRIME MINISTER. They watch as Thacker claps him on the shoulder, and the two men share a laugh.

CATE

That man's untouchable.

She looks both sad and angry about this. Ben catches her eye.

MEI

How long have we got?

There's a clock over Thacker's head. It reads 9.16.

YASHIR
Until 10.

Everyone stares at the hall again, Thacker forgotten.

MEI
Have you heard of Wing Chun?

No one replies. Cate looks distinctly unimpressed.

MEI (CONT'D)
It's a Chinese martial art. My
father made me study it, before he
died. I'm a black belt.

Mei grins. Olive, Ben and Yashir are hopped up on adrenaline; only Cate remains unsure.

INT. MAIN HALL, EXTREME - NIGHT

Mei and Ben burst in first.

They jog into the centre of the hall, as noisily as possible.

Yashir and Olive enter behind. She gives him a boost up onto one of the walkways. Cate creeps in last.

The red shirts surround Ben and Mei.

INT. WALKWAY, MAIN HALL, EXTREME - CONTINUOUS

Yashir and Olive run along the high walkway, keeping as low as possible.

INT. MAIN HALL, EXTREME - CONTINUOUS

Ben and Mei stand back to back, fighting the red shirts, and pulling them slowing away from the trapdoor.

They fight defensively, sparring, prolonging the battle. They are both enjoying it.

INT. GIANT BARBED WIRE NET, MAIN HALL, EXTREME - CONTINUOUS

Cate creeps underneath. Her movements are slow, controlled.

INT. WALKWAY, MAIN HALL, EXTREME - CONTINUOUS

Yashir and Olive reach the end of the walkway.

Overhead there are ropes. Olive grabs one, and before Yashir can stop her, she swings across.

But she can't reach the other side.

Yashir leans over and pulls her back in.

YASHIR
Shall we try the longer one?

He hands her another rope.

She swings... jumps... and just makes the walkway opposite.

INT. MAIN HALL, EXTREME - CONTINUOUS

Over the heads of the red shirts, Mei spots Cate. She nods at Ben and they step up their attack.

The red shirts are shocked, suddenly on the back foot.

INT. WALKWAY, MAIN HALL, EXTREME - CONTINUOUS

Yashir and Olive pass a large plank of wood down to Cate.

INT. OUTSKIRTS, MAIN HALL, EXTREME - CONTINUOUS

One of the red shirts spots what Cate is up to.

They run off, leaving Mei and Ben to grin at each other.

INT. SHALLOW WATER TANK, MAIN HALL, EXTREME - CONTINUOUS

Cate wrestles the plank into position, making a triangle with two other pieces of wood. She clambers up, reaches over a small moat and pulls up the trapdoor in triumph.

Mei and Ben appear and climb up, and finally Yashir and Olive too. The hall lights flick on as they high-five in glee.

INT. CHANGING ROOMS, EXTREME - NIGHT

Dark wood, a steamy atmosphere, thick cream towels. Opulence.

Cate stands by a full-length mirror, texting.

Wet-haired Mei comes in, sees a deep gash on Cate's shoulder.

MEI
Let me fix that.

Cate jumps and pockets her phone guiltily.

CATE
My husband.

Mei shrugs, uninterested. She reaches into the deep pockets of her trousers for disinfectant and tape.

Olive appears, towelling her hair.

OLIVE
What else have you got in there?

Olive pings the strap of Mei's sports bra. Mei flinches.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
I thought you were going to come
for a drink.

MEI
I am.
(off raised eyebrows)
I don't believe in sexy underwear.

CATE
There's a time and place for
feminism...

MEI
It's nothing to do with feminism.
Most bras are utterly impractical.
You can't run in them.

OLIVE
But we've finished running. Now
we're drinking.

Their eyes meet, Olive daring Mei to respond.

MEI
Why should I only be able to run as
part of a contained exercise-

OLIVE
-segment of your day? You're so
right, we're being oppressed by
unsupportive underwear.

Mei goes red, unable to tell if Olive is mocking her.

-The door breezes open, and Robotic Blonde appears.

ROBOTIC BLONDE
Welcome to Extreme.

Robotic Blonde brandishes paperwork. Olive looks at Mei, but she is stuffing clothes into her bag. Discussion over.

INT. VINTAGE PUB - NIGHT

The fivesome are in a booth, raised and near the bar.

Everything is chipped and sleazy, styled out of existence with prices to match. Dark, pink lit, with bottles of absinth and barmaids with great eye-liner - it's intoxicating.

A red curtain beside them promises a 'Leap into Burlesque'.

YASHIR

My brother loved his wife, loved his kids, loved his job. He Facebooked a photo with a Cipher prototype behind him. Thacker hauled him up... he killed himself 24 hours later. His son found him.

His new friends swallow, wince, look away.

YASHIR (CONT'D)

He'd emailed me his note. We didn't share it with the police, the overdose was ruled accidental, so at least the mortgage was paid off.

He shrugs. Cate squeezes his hand.

BEN

No wonder you hate him.

They all look down into their drinks.

MEI

I was on this research project he funded. It was an idea that could have - maybe - recoded genetic defects, in the womb. But you know, a few delays...

Mei shrugs, making eye contact with Olive.

OLIVE

What about you Cate?
(put-on posh voice)
Summer with him as a child, did you?

CATE

No! My mother knew him, but they weren't friends.

She shoots a look at Ben, which he correctly interprets as 'change the subject'.

BEN

So! We all hate him, whatcha gonna do? My round?

INT. CORRIDOR, VINTAGE PUB - NIGHT

Mei exits the toilets, smoothing her hair from her forehead.

Yashir appears - they both falter. Guiltily, he shoves his phone back in his pocket.

YASHIR

I was just...

He points one way. She points the other.

They make eye contact.

MEI
I'll just...

She gives him just the hint of a smile, and then brushes past, maybe a little closer than she needs to be.

He watches her go.

INT. BOOTH, VINTAGE PUB - NIGHT

Alone in the booth, Cate cosies up to Ben.

CATE
Is there a Mrs Flynn at home?

BEN
(grinning)
There is... my mum. I can't believe I'm 25 and still live at home.

Cate studies him seriously, head tilted almost horizontal.

BEN (CONT'D)
She's got cancer. She's dying.

Cate grasps his hand in sympathy.

Olive arrives back at the table with a bottle of tequila, five shot glasses and a barely disguised grimace at Cate.

Cate flashes Ben a look: we'll talk more later.

A new song starts playing, and a montage begins:

Mei does a shot.

Yashir does a shot.

CATE
I heard my daughter yawn, twice,
and I didn't yawn. So I ask you, am
I a psychopath?

Cate and Ben both do a shot, arms intertwined.

MEI
Why was the Prime Minister in some
dodgy, East End, knock-off Fight
Club, watching us get beaten up?

Olive stands on the table. Does a little bow.

Mei cups imaginary breasts thoughtfully. Yashir nods.

YASHIR
That's exactly why I got laser eye
surgery. What if I was stranded on
a desert island?

Cate drapes her arm over Olive, who is lost in thought.

OLIVE
Sociopath?

Ben waggles his finger at Olive.

BEN
You're right, why aren't more
things banana flavoured?

Cate does a shot.

Yashir does a shot.

Olive slams down an empty glass.

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

A tiny table in a vast room. A spotlit oasis. Thacker, Nick, Lucy, the PM and two ADVISORS are sitting around it.

Thacker has by far the biggest pile of chips.

Everyone is looking at Lucy, who is peeping nervously over her cards. She pushes forward more chips.

LUCY
John taught me - he's never let me
play with his friends before.

The PM gives her a warm smile, enjoying the awestruck look on this beautiful young woman's face.

Thacker stands up, a charming, hostly grin beaming out.

THACKER
I'll got a Dalmore '62 weighing
down the bar - who fancies a nip?

The advisors and even the PM seem impressed.

Thacker strides away, shouting back over his shoulder.

THACKER (CONT'D)
You've heard of it, I take it? I
got this one in an auction - a
bargain at £97,000!

He reaches the bar, where Philip has already found the Dalmore and six glasses.

PHILIP
(low voice)
Lucy's got four of a kind. PM's got
a flush.

Behind the bar, there's a bank of CCTV screens.

BEN
Thacker's all over Twitter.

Mei, Cate and Olive prick up their ears.

BEN (CONT'D)
Listen to this: "It's easier for a
Camel to pass through the Eye of a
Needle than for a rich man to enter
the Kingdom of Heaven."

Yashir grabs his own phone, finding the photo accompanying
the tweet. It's of Thacker and the PM.

BEN (CONT'D)
"But I'm going to make John Thacker
try."

Yashir shows the photo to Mei, pointing at the PM's watch.

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Thacker's watch-clad wrist pours the Dalmore '62 into five
glasses, not caring if it splashes. The men are excited.

THACKER
Get this down you!

He passes the glasses out, missing Lucy.

She looks at him, hurt. He ignores her.

The PM sips his whiskey and smiles appreciatively.

PM
Oh, John, thank you.

LUCY
Am I not allowed a drink?

Thacker indicates Philip, who arrives with a daiquiri.

LUCY (CONT'D)
I don't like strawberries Philip.
You know that.

THACKER
Oh my pretty little baby.

Thacker lunges towards Lucy, pushing her head backwards onto
the seat. He kisses her forehead. Holds her a beat more.

She looks disturbed. Shamed.

THACKER (CONT'D)
So, your turn darling.

LUCY
(quietly)
I fold.

Thacker grins at the PM, as he scoops the chips towards himself. Thacker raises his glass to him.

THACKER
To Bitcoin.

The PM raises his own glass in return.

PM
To Cipher.

INT. VINTAGE PUB - NIGHT

In the photo, the PM's watch says 9.16.

The five stare at each other.

OLIVE
No, it can't be...

CATE
Those are the clothes they were wearing. I remember the ugly tie.

YASHIR
That's the right angle for where we were standing...

BEN
And there was no one else around, was there?

Yashir lets the phone drop, and they gaze at each other.

MEI
So which one of you was it?

Everyone shrugs. Suddenly, they all look guilty.

EXT. SOUTH BANK OF THE THAMES - EARLY MORNING

Mei runs into the wind. Headphones in her ears.

BBC RADIO REPORTER (V.O.)
... the Centerpoint homelessness charity has received an anonymous £40,000 donation, apparently from a Canary Wharf stall that conned employees from CitiBank, Goldman...

INT. KITCHEN, CATE'S HOUSE - DAY

Cate's husband RICHARD, 45, pours another cup of coffee.

She kneels on the floor with a box of newspaper cuttings. She studies one, with a photo of a much younger Thacker.
'Thacker: more on Moore's Law' by Mary Wilson.

BBC RADIO REPORTER (V.O.)
 ... Sachs and Cipher. Computing
 giant Thacker, who has allegedly
 recreated the set of his favourite
 movies inside his Hampstead
 mansion, is yet to make a
 statement, and the identity of the
 individual behind the stunt -
 already dubbed 'The Camel' by the
 Twitterverse - is still unknown-

Richard looks over his wife's shoulder.

RICHARD
 You seeing your mum today?

CATE
 Hmm? No. I've got other things on.

INT. OPEN PLAN CAFE, THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL - DAY

Yashir walks slowly across the concourse, shading his eyes
 from the sunlight pouring in. He scans tea-stained tables.

Mei is sitting at the far side; her back to him. She has a
 Diet Coke and a large pile of patient notes.

He walks towards her, hesitating as he gets nearer.

YASHIR
 Mei?

He sits down. She takes a swig of her drink. As she puts it
 down their hands brush. Neither flinches.

MEI
 What are you doing here?

She raises an eyebrow, daring him to answer.

Lingering eye contact....

YASHIR
 You said you worked here, and I
 wanted to talk to you...

MEI
 I don't want to get involved.
 Thacker is a bastard, but I just
 like running, okay?

He holds her gaze. She drops her shoulders.

MEI (CONT'D)
 Sorry. I've been seeing this bloke.
 He's a bit full on.

Yashir makes searching eye contact, melting with sympathy.

YASHIR
Break it off.

MEI
He's my boss.

Yashir leans forward. Puts a hand on her hand.

YASHIR
Mei, I know I shouldn't say this to you, but I can't bear the thought-

She whips her hand away. Looks around urgently. He leans back, understanding. She exhales. Gives him a small smile.

YASHIR (CONT'D)
We have to find out if one of us-

MEI
There is no 'us'. We barely know each other.

Yashir looks calmly at Mei, who stares away.

YASHIR
Mei, I don't know what Thacker said to my brother, but it made him kill himself. If Olive... or Ben... is planning something, we need to find out, before Thacker does.

Mei bites her lip. Forces herself to look at him.

MEI
What's your plan?

YASHIR
I found this in the changing rooms at Extreme.

He fumbles a leaflet across to her.

MEI
A pop-up art installation?

YASHIR
It's Thacker's god-daughter. I can't work out if she's trying to make a pro-equality point or an anti- one but I thought, we volunteer, get into that environment, and maybe-

MEI
-Olive will say some incriminating.

YASHIR
Maybe she'll even ask us to help.

INT. CHANGING ROOMS, EXTREME - CONTINUOUS

Mei looks grumpily at Olive and Cate (both wearing red Extreme T-shirts) and pulls hers on too.

INT. MAIN HALL, EXTREME - NIGHT

Yashir, Ben, Olive, Mei and Cate are in the back row, behind half a dozen other athletes. They are all wearing the red T-shirt/black shorts combination, and are sweating profusely.

The banner above reads 'VISUALISE, ACTUALISE, PULVERISE'.

At the front of the class a SERGEANT-MAJOR-style gym instructor paces furiously.

Loud, aggressive music is playing.

The athletes drop down into one-arm burpees. Yashir, Ben, Olive, Mei and Cate are a beat behind the others.

SERGEANT-MAJOR
When the music changes, start the
next rotation.

The music changes again. The athletes start doing Muy Thai pushups. The front row move almost in unison.

Cate tries to catch the eye of the YOUNG MAN next to her.

CATE
Fuck. Is it always this hard?

He pointedly looks away, looking down his nose at her.

Cate is thrown by this, slips and smacks her chin.

SERGEANT-MAJOR
We call 'em Bloodspitters.

He glares at them, and the other athletes join in the chant.

SERGEANT-MAJOR (CONT'D)
Because if you ain't spitting
blood, you ain't doin' 'em right!

With this right in her ear, Olive almost falls over too.

INT. MAIN HALL, EXTREME - NIGHT

Cate and Olive are lying flat on their backs, heaving for breath. Yashir looks trapped in child's pose and Ben and Mei appear to be stretching away cramps.

Everyone else has gone and taken their mats with them.

Olive forces herself to sit up. Has to look away from Ben.

OLIVE
The pub. Let's go to the pub.

A man enters. DR DAVID DOYLE (41) is tall, thin, clean-looking. He pushes his trendy glasses up his nose.

DOYLE
Olive?

OLIVE
Yes?

DOYLE
I'm David. I'm the sports psychologist here. I thought I could grab you first. The rest of you, do sign up soon.

He beams. They all look confused.

CATE
Sign up?

DOYLE
It's all part of the Extreme package... Hasn't someone gone over this with you? Sports psychology, personal training, nutritional advice - it's all included.

They are all a little taken aback, but intrigued.

He makes a 'come with me' gesture and, nervously, Olive does.

INT. CORRIDOR, EXTREME - NIGHT

Doyle gestures to a black leather couch. He sits in a matching chair. It's positioned to look through the internal window, with the main hall below and the bar opposite.

It is exactly where they watched Thacker and the PM.

Doyle whips out a notepad and gives Olive a big grin.

DOYLE
So, what do you hope to get out of coming to Extreme?

Olive's brow furrows.

INT. CORRIDOR, EXTREME - DAY

Yashir sits in Olive's spot.

YASHIR
Health, I suppose. I mean, I've got three kids. I don't care if I never run a sub-3-hour marathon.

DOYLE
 And how does your wife feel about
 the amount of time you spend
 exercising?

Yashir grimaces; Doyle has hit a nerve.

INT. CORRIDOR, EXTREME - NIGHT

Ben is on the couch, sipping a large green juice.

BEN
 It's a hobby. I used to box.

DOYLE
 And why did you stop?

BEN
 It scared the crap out of my mum.

Doyle makes sympathetic eye contact with Ben.

DOYLE
 Family's important to you?

BEN
 Innit for everyone?

INT. CORRIDOR, EXTREME - NIGHT

Cate has her knees tucked under her. She pouts.

CATE
 Why does anyone exercise? To stay
 young, thin and attractive.

DOYLE
 Most people jog, swim, do the odd
 pilates class. This is different.

Cate looks at him seriously.

CATE
 I should have gone back to work
 when the girls went to school. I
 guess I need a little excitement in
 my perfect, middle-class life.

INT. CORRIDOR, EXTREME - NIGHT

Mei's leg jiggles manically.

MEI
 You're enjoying this, aren't you?

Doyle looks at her evenly.

DOYLE
It's my job.

MEI
I want to do the Marathon des
Sables. And run a sub 2.40
marathon. And maybe-

INT. CORRIDOR, EXTREME - NIGHT

Olive's mouth falls open a little. She tries to speak.

OLIVE
I wanted to meet people.

DOYLE
And have you?

OLIVE
Yes.

DOYLE
Do you think you work better as
part of a team?

OLIVE
Yes. Pretty stupid thing for a
runner to say I guess...

Doyle smiles at her.

DOYLE
We're here to help you be the best
you can be. Focus your potential.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - DAY

A Bentley with blacked-out bulletproof glass stops. Ben hops
out the passenger seat and opens the back door.

Thacker gets out. He looks at Ben with surprise.

INT. LOBBY, CIPHER TOWER - DAY

Thacker strides through, his footsteps echoing on the marble.

He glances back at Ben, walking a discreet distance behind.

THACKER
You're new.

Ben allows a glimmer of surprise to cross his face, but wipes
it when Thacker looks expectantly at him.

BEN
No Sir. I've worked for you for 16
months. I just haven't done this
detail before.

Thacker's turn to be surprised. People don't often disagree.

INT. CORRIDOR, CIPHER TOWER - DAY

Deep carpets; the low murmur of important work being done.

People in suits pass Thacker and they all smile big. He ignores them. Ben is still two foot behind. Imposing.

THACKER

You look like you've got all your own teeth. Unlike the last chap.

A group of women at a water fountain hear this. They watch Ben, daring to grin as Thacker as passes them.

BEN

Is that a question, Sir?

THACKER

Not really.

INT. THACKER'S OFFICE, CIPHER TOWER - DAY

A massive space. Glass on three sides with a spectacular view over misty London. A huge black desk. Nothing personal.

Thacker pulls open a door, revealing a walk-in wardrobe.

He grabs a black tie and hands it to Ben.

Ben is already wearing a black tie. A cheaper one.

THACKER

Put that on, and this.

He hands Ben a Rolex. A flash one.

Ben does as he's told. Thacker strides away.

THACKER (CONT'D)

You can keep the tie.

INT. THACKER'S CONFERENCE ROOM, CIPHER TOWER - DAY

Another room with three glass walls. Even bigger. A mahogany table to fit 30 people. On a big screen, a shiny new phone.

Six people are sitting at it now; Thacker and his EXECS.

Ben stands in the corner.

THACKER

And you know about the 20% rule?

EXEC#1, a 40-year-old woman in catwalk clothes, looks blank.

THACKER (CONT'D)
 Every month, you decide the top 20%
 and bottom 20% of your underlings.
 Top 20% get an extra 20% in their
 pay; bottom 20% are fined 20%.

EXEC#1 looks started.

THACKER (CONT'D)
 Anyone's in the bottom 20% twice in
 a row is sent to me - generally I
 fire them.

The others lower their heads, clearly uncomfortable.

EXEC#1
 (laughing nervously)
 Is that... legal?

Thacker bares his teeth.

THACKER
 My company; my rules. Obviously, I
 do the same for you lot.

He turns to Ben, clicks his fingers at him.

THACKER (CONT'D)
 Bring those folders over, will you.

Ben does as he's told. Thacker points to where he want them.

THACKER (CONT'D)
 You'll find that I'm very good to
 my people. I'm paying for my PA's
 little brother to go to Eton, you
 know. I court the cream.

Ben stretches across, shining his Rolex in Exec#1's face.

THACKER (CONT'D)
 I lose interest in the crap.

Thacker and Exec#1 make eye-contact. She gets it.

Nick appears at the door.

NICK
 (quietly)
 What's going on here?

Thacker stands, throwing his arms open to his son.

THACKER
 Nicky! Just briefing my top dogs.

NICK
 My top dogs, dad. You made me CEO,
 remember?

Thacker strides across to Nick.

THACKER
Gentlemen, give Nicky and me the
room, will you?

The execs file out, all nervous bonhomie. Ben follows. He looks sympathetically at Exec#1, who hurries away as if she is about to be sick.

NICK
What are you up to?

A flicker of something crosses Thacker's face.

THACKER
The Hashtag is going to make you
and me at lot of money. A lot.

Nick holds his gaze.

NICK
I know you Dad. Money doesn't get
you this excited.

THACKER
You and Rachel are coming for
dinner tomorrow, right? Let's see
if we can steal away.

He gets up and walks smartly away, leaving Nick alone.

EXT. THE TATE MODERN - DAY

The sun shines, the breeze is light and the Thames is blue.

A white cuboid - bungalow-size - sits on the concrete.

Next to it are 100 trendy Londoners in white T-shirts and skinny jeans. Including Yashir, Cate, Olive, Mei and Ben.

They are gathered around a podium, on which horsey but glam NANCY GREEN, 29, is standing.

NANCY GREEN
Welcome to my installation! It's
called 'The Biggest Cornflakes
pound the others to Dust. It's
pressure and time, stupid.'

Nancy looks delighted. Olive looks like she might explode with laughter. Mei jabs an embarrassed Yashir in the ribs.

INT. LOUNGE, THE WHITE CUBOID - CONTINUOUS

An extreme, cliched representation of working-class life. There is a massive TV, two dirty sofas, and loads of empty cans of lager and betting slips. No books.

But it feels utterly real, not like a set or a piece of art.

Olive opens the door and GUESTS pour in, all holding glasses of champagne. They ooh and ahh at the room nervously.

Using a clicker-counter, Yashir tracks how many people have entered. Abruptly, he nods and Olive closes the door.

The guests - with their thick horn-rimmed glasses and their statement jewellery - stare around the room, but stay clumped together. They jump when a disembodied voice begins-

VOICE OF THE CUBOID
Hi honey, you're home! Take off
your coat and make yourself
comfortable.

Jerkily, the guests obey. They remove their coats and Cate and Mei step forward with outstretched arms to take them.

An older woman with a GREY BUN doesn't give her coat.

GREY BUN
What happens now?

Mei just stares back at her. She raises her arms an inch. Grey Bun crumbles. She passes Mei her coat and looks away.

Cate turns smartly and walks to the fireplace, which opens up as she approaches. A conveyer belt is revealed beyond. Cate and Mei place the coats on it and close the fake fireplace.

The guests giggle nervously. Cate shrinks back into a corner.

One of the guests, a young man in a PINK SHIRT and bright Nike hi-tops, steps forward. He lunges for the TV remote on the table, picking it out of the cigarette butts.

PINK SHIRT
Shall we watch Jeremy Kyle?

He grins at the other guests, pleased with himself. He points it at the TV, which turns on, making him jump. It's a property show. The guests crowd towards the TV, the noise a refuge, daring to sip their champagne once more.

A door beside Cate opens. She extends her arm towards it, and they obediently troop through it.

Pink Shirt brings up the rear, extravagantly placing his glass down on the coffee table as he dumps the remote.

PINK SHIRT (CONT'D)
Leave it for the next lot, eh?

He gives Cate a wink, which she steadfastly ignores.

INT. JOBCENTRE, THE CUBOID - CONTINUOUS

Fluorescent lighting, sticky purple sofas, banks of screens from the 1990s, and meaningless slogans like 'We work so you can' and 'A New Tomorrow Starts Today'. No people.

Cate ushers the guests to the front, and into an intricate queuing system that neatly doubles back on itself. Swiftly, Cate strides back through the open door and closes it.

The guests reach the front of the queue. They face a counter with a long line of 'positions' but no tellers behind them.

The whirr of computer fans. A few nervous giggles.

INT. LOUNGE, THE WHITE CUBOID - DAY

Mei takes coats from another group of guests.

INT. JOBCENTRE, THE CUBOID - DAY

Cate leads more guests into the queuing system.

INT. LOUNGE, THE WHITE CUBOID - DAY

Champagne flutes pile up against the beer cans.

INT. JOBCENTRE, THE CUBOID - DAY

Almost the entire snaked queuing system is now filled with guests. They are all a little drunk and very impatient.

GUEST 1
Can you not push me please!

GUEST 2
You're on my foot.

GUEST 3
There must be a call button!

At the front, Grey Bun looks embarrassed.

GREY BUN
There's nothing!

INT. LOUNGE, THE WHITE CUBOID - DAY

Cate closes the door again.

CATE
Amazing isn't it, how scared people
are of doing the wrong thing?

Mei shrugs, her attention on Olive, who trails her hand along the wall until she finds another door. Olive disappears.

Mei jogs across and tries to find the same opening.

INT. JOBCENTRE, THE CUBOID - DAY

Pink Shirt pushes through the queue. Everyone looks frazzled.

PINK SHIRT
If no one else is going to do
anything about this, I will.

Grey Bun catches his eye as he passes.

GREY BUN
She's making a point, about the
helplessness of the working class.

Pink Shirt reaches the front of the queue. He detaches the
cordon in front of it, lets it zip back at speed.

PINK SHIRT
Well, I'm not helpless.

He steps forward. Raises his hands to the counter, and
pushes... only he doesn't have to. The second his skin
touches it, the counter whips aside, revealing---

INT. FOOD BANK, THE CUBOID - CONTINUOUS

Nancy's dystopian food bank, as if in the bowels of a church.

Rows of rickety metal shelves, reaching high into the gloom,
stacked with tinned soup, UHT milk and own-brand biscuits.

A white T-shirt stands at the end of every row, handing out
shopping baskets and ushering the guests down the aisles.
Able to break into small groups, the guests begin to chatter
as they examine the food options.

To the right, Ben is up a ladder, stacking tinned peas.
Opposite him, Olive is unpacking dried noodles.

In the darkness, it is surprisingly intimate.

OLIVE
Honestly, hacking's the best way to
learn. I could help, if you like?

BEN
It would probably be a waste of
time, I don't want to-

OLIVE
No! I'd like to.

She looks down at the people playing poverty.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
How the other half live, eh?

PINK SHIRT
Look! Angel Delight!

He and his group of girls collapse with giggles.

BEN
I quite like Angel Delight.

OLIVE
Me too. Mum used to make it every
Friday afternoon - treat after I'd
got through the week. It's gotta be-

BEN
- butterscotch! -

OLIVE (CONT'D)
- banana though. Only banana.

She smiles at him. He looks touched.

BEN (CONT'D)
I'd forgotten about your banana
obsession.

She looks uncomfortable at the kind way he is looking at her.

OLIVE
I mean, my folks aren't poor. Not
food bank poor. But they reckon a
million people will use food banks
this year. That's not right.

Olive stares into the distance. Unseen, Mei appears below.

BEN
No, it's not.

Olive gives Ben a grateful little smile.

BEN (CONT'D)
So, what sort of stuff did you used
to get up to then, computer-wise?

OLIVE
Ah, I was pretty infamous, back in
the day. Girlwithademon - that was
my handle.

Olive grins. Mei melts back into the shadows.

The guest have funnelled all the way through the shelving,
and Pink Shirt reads a sign saying 'Leave your baskets here'.

He does, and he and his girls push through a velvet curtain.

PINK SHIRT
Where next ladies?

INT. A BUSY STREET CORNER, THE CUBOID - CONTINUOUS

For the last room, Nancy Green has brought the outside
inside, as it is styled like an ordinary London street.

Immediately, Pink Shirt and his friends shiver and hug themselves. A air-con unit blasts furiously.

GIRL#1 sees movement, and steps forward to look through the windows of a department store: inside a dozen white T-shirts are milling around... wearing the guests' coats.

GIRL#1
That's my coat!

GIRL#2 giggles nervously, and Girl#1 glares at her.

PINK SHIRT
Ladies, chill. I'll sort it.

He indicates the door of the department store, which reads 'Heywood and McAlistair, Purveyors of Luxury Goods since 1781' in gilt letters.

He leads the way through, and all three of them end up-

EXT. THE CUBOID, NEXT TO THE TATE MODERN - CONTINUOUS

- On the concrete, next to the Tate Modern. There is no one around and no more information. The tour is over.

The door slams shut behind them.

They are really cold and really coatless.

Pink Shirt stamps his foot petulantly.

INT. THE PANIC ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Thacker and Nick nestle in big armchairs. They cradle big glasses of whisky. A Macallan this time.

The walls are hung with paintings. There's a big TV, a fully-stocked bar, and photos of Nick and Thacker through the ages.

RADIO NEWS PRESENTER
...Green admits that taking the coats was part of the stunt, but that they were supposed to be returned. In the last few minutes the charity Women's Aid has been sent a donation of nearly £20,000, this time from 'The Camel'.

Thacker chuckles, and waves his arm to silence the radio.

THACKER
She always was an idiot.

NICK
The Camel isn't.

THACKER
Nicky...

Nick's face is grave.

NICK
Come on dad. I'm 37. It's time to
tell me what you're up to.

He gestures towards one of five doors the room has.

NICK (CONT'D)
If only in case the Camel kills you
half way through doing it.

Thacker looks at his son. He's joking. And he isn't.

INT. THE BAR, EXTREME - NIGHT

Mei and Yashir sit on one sofa, Ben on the other.

Cate appears with drinks and slips in next to Ben. Mei uses
this opportunity to pass Yashir her phone, which shows a list
of hits for 'girlwithademon'. Mei raises an eyebrow.

CATE
You wouldn't think this place would
have booze, would you?

She hands out cocktails.

MEI
I'm so glad it does.

Cate nods at the Bermuda Blacks Yashir and Mei are drinking.

CATE
Although, they look rank.

Mei and Yashir clink glasses and sip their drinks.

CATE (CONT'D)
You two, are like the perfect
couple, you know that?

Mei goes bright red, jerking away from Yashir.

MEI
Not sure Yashir's wife would see it
that way.

CATE
Don't you think?

BEN
Yeah, I can see it. Reading in bed
and running at the crack of dawn.

CATE
(laughing)
Buying the kids only science toys
and not letting them watch TV.

Yashir sneaks a look at Mei. She flushes red.

MEI
Where's Olive?

CATE
Had somewhere to be.

Mei looks at Yashir. She nods.

MEI
Think I'd better go too.

Ben and Cate giggle teasingly as she rushes off.

INT. THE PANIC ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Thacker pours whisky, letting it glug into Nick's glass.

Nick's face is grave, motionless.

THACKER
Why should I be taxed by a
government that'll waste it,
throwing good money after bad, when
I can use it to make a difference?

NICK
You always think you know better.

THACKER
Yes, I do. Why should this precious
world be dictated to by the gutter,
when it can be led by the stars?

Thacker looks seriously at his son.

THACKER (CONT'D)
I need you. I need you with me.

NICK
Really? Then why have I had to
force this out of you?

Thacker takes a big swallow of booze.

NICK (CONT'D)
I'm not one of the stars, am I?

He looks his father in the eye. Thacker can't speak.

Nick lowers his gaze, knowing he is right.

THACKER
Nicky, I love you-

Nick holds up his hand.

NICK

I think someone knows. That's what this Camel business is about. I'm getting our people on it.

THACKER

Let the police worry about that.

NICK

No.

Nick stares at his father. Taken aback, Thacker nods.

INT. FUNCTION ROOM, THE BELL - NIGHT

Olive sits at the front of 50 battered chairs.

A dozen people - mainly men, either white with dreadlocks or older and traditionally working class - are waiting too.

At the front an inoffensive-looking man, with a leather jacket and staring MAD EYES, is chatting casually with the landlord, who gives him a pint.

Mei slips in at the back.

Mad Eyes takes a sip, and steps forward. The room hushes.

MAD EYES

Swag and swagger. The public school boys who run this country were ashamed for a few years there, or pretended to be. But we're out of recession, and still there are 3.5 million children living in poverty.

Just for a beat, Mad Eyes and Olive make eye contact.

Mei watches Olive with interest.

INT. STORAGE ROOM, EXTREME - DAY

Ben lies on a stack of mats, straddled by Cate. He is naked, she is still dressed for exercise.

BEN

They're going to catch us eventually, you know.

She speeds up, enjoying the reaction on his face.

CATE

No, not unless we want them to.

INT. KITCHEN, YASHIR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Yashir sits at the table with his laptop, surrounded by toys, empty yogurt pots and endless cups of juice.

At the sink, perennially tired MEENA (36) is washing up.

MEENA
So, I thought tomorrow, maybe I
could have a lie-in?

Yashir isn't listening. On his screen he flicks between a money-lending website, Casheroo, and financial accounts.

MEENA (CONT'D)
Or are you going to the gym, again?

She turns off the tap. Starts tidying around him.

Abruptly, he closes his laptop. He looks guilty.

YASHIR
No! My shift starts at 12...

INT. MAIN HALL, EXTREME - NIGHT

Yashir, Olive, Mei, Ben and Cate exercise with a few other red shirts. Loud music is playing, and when it changes, they all move from Aztec push-ups to flying Superman push-ups.

They are all in time, all in perfect unison.

SERGEANT-MAJOR
And why do we call 'em
Bloodspitters?

The music changes. They all hold an extended plank.

ALL THE ATHLETES
Because if you ain't spitting
blood, you ain't doin' 'em right!

There is a look of near ecstasy on their faces.

EXT. DENSE WOODLAND, HAMPSTEAD HEATH - EARLY MORNING

The five are running in the near dark, absolute cold.

Olive accelerates, catching up with Mei in the front.

OLIVE
Does Yashir know?

MEI
Does Yashir know what?

OLIVE
That you've got a kid.

Mei is so thrown she almost trips.

MEI
What's that got to do with him? Or
you for that matter?

Olive is taken aback by Mei's fury.

OLIVE
 Sorry, it's just you and him are
 close, and you don't really talk
 about your private life-

MEI
 -Because it's private!

Mei accelerates, keeping their conversation from the others.

MEI (CONT'D)
 And you can fucking talk. It's
 utterly obvious you're desperate
 for Ben, but you don't seem to have
 the guts to do anything about it.

It's Olive's turn to look hurt.

OLIVE
 Some of us have more important
 things to do than trying to get a
 boyfriend.

MEI
 Like hanging out in rough pubs,
 being professionally angry?

Olive is taken aback.

OLIVE
 Were you following me?

MEI
 Not so nice, when someone
 interferes in your life, is it?

Olive's jaw clenches. Mei watches her turn away.

MEI (CONT'D)
 Look, I get it, there are a million
 things to be angry about in this
 world. But this isn't the way.

OLIVE
 No? Because someone being angry,
 someone giving other people a cause
 to stand behind, that is what's
 going to change things. One day.

Still running, but eye to eye. Mei looks away first.

MEI
 So it is you.

OLIVE
 (hesitating, unsure)
 No. It isn't.

Frustrated, Mei kicks a stick from the path.

MEI

Fine. Don't tell me. Just don't get into trouble. Why not focus on Ben?

OLIVE

I think I've lost that battle, don't you?

A shared glance. A moment of sympathy.

MEI

Fuck Cate. She's married. Fight for yourself. Don't flirt in the hope he'll notice, instead mould every situation, every conversation so that you and him seems inevitable.

OLIVE

You think men are that weak?

MEI

I think people are that weak. They want to be led.

Olive looks away, thinking about that.

MEI (CONT'D)

How did you know... about my son?

OLIVE

Oh. The shower. I saw your caesarian scar.

Mei looks like she wants to kick herself. She tries to accelerate away, but Olive grabs her arm.

The two women jump over a branch together.

EXT. RAISED PLAYGROUND AREA, HAMPSTEAD HEATH - EARLY MORNING

Mei shoves her headphones in.

The fivesome run up stone stairs, loop around the empty playground, back to the bottom and around again.

TWEETSPEAKER APP (V.O.)

If the Camel ran for PM, I'd vote for him. SammySmith77
#TheCamelHacksCasheroo.

EXT. GRASSY HILL, HAMPSTEAD HEATH - EARLY MORNING

The fivesome power up a steep slope covered in long grass.

No talking. No smiling. Pure concentration.

TWEETSPEAKER APP (V.O.)
 Thacker cancelled a trip to London
 Zoo today. BigGirlBecky
 #ThackerisScaredoftheCamel.

EXT. PONDSIDE, HAMPSTEAD HEATH - DAY

Morning has finally broken. The fivesome run quickly by the
 waterside, in a tight, neat pack.

TWEETSPEAKER APP (V.O.)
 Thacker revealed as backer of not
 just Casheroo, but 3 other money-
 lending sites! GarethTayler001
 #RichOnTheBacksOfThePoor.

EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING, HAMPSTEAD HEATH - DAY

The highest point. You can't see the rest of the park, but
 the Cipher tower at Canary Wharf and St Paul's are in sight.

TWEETSPEAKER APP (V.O.)
 Copycat Camel stalls reported in
 Brighton, Bristol and Glasgow.
 Anarchyagogo23

Cate collapses, yelling in pain. Mei rips her headphones out.

CATE
 Cramp!

Ben drops and holds her shoulders, while Mei pulls her leg
 straight. Yashir jogs on the spot. Olive, looking knackered,
 bends double and pants.

Cate's moans die away.

Olive hoicks her phone out of her pocket.

OLIVE
 Just let me check my email.

BEN
 Oh, stalling tactics, wuss.

Olive freezes. She goes white.

YASHIR
 What's the matter?

OLIVE
 It's from Thacker. To all of us.

Curious, everyone gets out their phones.

The same message: 'I know it's one of you. Hand the Camel in
 to the police or the world sees this.'

Cate scrolls down. She finds photos of herself kissing a man that is not her husband, and not Ben either.

Olive is watching a younger version of herself having sex.

MEI

Fucker.

YASHIR

My brother's note.

CATE

Mei? What does this mean?

Mei swallows hard. Looks around. She has no choice.

MEI

It's research stats I adjusted. The project was flawed, I...

Ben has gone pale. Cate puts an hand on his arm.

CATE

Ben? It was over a year ago.

He shakes her off.

BEN

I did it, alright? I threw the only semi-pro boxing match I ever had. I needed the money.

MEI

So? You'd be banned, would you?

Anger fills Ben's face.

BEN

Fuck that. My mum can't find out. She's proud of me... she thinks I'm not like my brothers. I can't let this be, like, the last thing she knows of me.

He looks around desperately. It's Olive who meets his gaze.

OLIVE

We won't let it come out.

The five stand, staring at each other. Paranoid now.

CATE

This isn't funny any more: which one of you is it?

They look round at each other, but no one says anything.

Mei rubs her forehead.

MEI

So Olive that's you, having consensual sex with an adult male is it?... Why is that embarrassing?

OLIVE

I was 17... it was in my parents' bed... He was the plumber... I'm naked for fuck's sake!

Mei still looks blank.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You're like a fucking alien or something sometimes, you don't understand anything.

MEI

Oh, the racism comes out now.

OLIVE

You're a dickhead.

MEI

Well, it's a bit odd that everyone else's blackmail would ruin their lives... and yours would be embarrassing for about ten minutes.

Olive is shocked. Hurt.

MEI (CONT'D)

Plus, we all know you're into all this anti-capitalist bullshit.

OLIVE

You still think it's me.

Mei shrugs. If the cap fits.

Olive looks to the others, but they don't know what to say.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I'm not the one who's a liar. Why don't you ask Mei about her s-

Mei steps forward and punches Olive in the face. A heavyweight punch.

Olive stumbles back, into Yashir's arms.

Mei doesn't move. Her arm shakes.

Cate, Ben and Yashir stare at her.

Olive recovers herself to look into Mei's eyes. Betrayal.

MEI

(weakly)
I shouldn't have...

OLIVE
I'm not the Camel.

Olive is not backing down. She stands, faces Mei.

MEI
Sorry. I'm sorry.

Eye contact. Apology not accepted. Benched.

YASHIR
The Camel isn't the point, it's
Thacker who's fucking with us. This
is what happened to my brother.

BEN
What are we going to do?

MEI
Run. I can't think standing still.

The fivesome begin to jog. Slowly, but with determination.

OLIVE
Maybe I could break into his office
and delete all the files?

CATE
You think he'd keep them at work?
Wouldn't it be at home?

BEN
Let's break in there then.

Mei laughs.

MEI
Break into a billionaire's mansion?
A paranoid billionaire, who's
recently been threatened?

Cate glares at Mei.

CATE
There are no bad ideas Mei, we're
just thinking aloud.

BEN
You say that, but... I do work
there... we could do it.

Some kids come haring down the path on their BMXs. Our
runners watch them go and then pick up the pace.

OLIVE
I could hack his computer.

CATE
I think I know something that might
distract him, if we needed it.

YASHIR
I could pick any locks...

They burst out onto the crest of a hill. London before them.

MEI
I suppose I'd be useful if anyone
got hurt-

BEN
-or if there was a fight.

The sound of five people breathing. Thinking.

MEI
It's almost too good to be true.

YASHIR
Like someone wants us to do it.

They look around at each other, not knowing who to trust.

INT. GREASY SPOON, OFF HAMPSTEAD HEATH - DAY

Fatty food with a dose of irony. A hipster hangout.

Ben, Cate, Olive, Mei and Yashir sit around, exhausted.

BEN
Friday the 11th of March. That's
the time to do it.

MEI
Why?

Ben tucks into a massive fry-up.

BEN
He's got some big product launch,
then a party back at his house.
They'll be hundreds of people -
easy to slip a few more in.

Mei cuts her pancakes into precise little bites.

OLIVE
He'll be off guard too, once the
launch has happened - he's hyper
tense about it at the moment.

MEI
And you're working that night?

BEN
Yeah... assuming I've still got a
job now anyway.

YASHIR
Did you box under your own name?

BEN

No.

OLIVE

I hate to say it, but I wouldn't think...

She looks Ben in the eye, and blushes.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You know, that maybe...

BEN

He thinks I'm a minion.

OLIVE

Yeah... and a minion couldn't be the Camel.

Ben grins at her, and she shrugs in embarrassment. Cate watches this new way Ben is looking at Olive.

CATE

Aren't we forgetting something? The 11th of March is almost a month away - what if the Camel strikes before then?

YASHIR

Well... Is the Camel planning a strike before the 11th?

He looks around. No one says anything.

YASHIR (CONT'D)

I think we're okay.

Everyone but Mei looks around, super serious and keyed up.

Reluctantly, Olive opens her mouth.

OLIVE

There is one problem.

MEI

One?!

OLIVE

Thacker has a panic room. Stuff of Cipher legend. I bet that's where is computer is. Problem A: I have no idea where it is. Problem B: it's on some form of retinal scan, voice recognition perhaps - personal to Thacker and his family. I can't hack that, and neither can you.

She looks at Yashir. He doesn't want to be beaten.

Mei looks up him. Sees the hurt and determination.

MEI

It's okay. We can't really do this -
the panic room is moot.

OLIVE

Do you want people to know you're a
cheat?

MEI

What do I care? I don't have a
mummy and daddy to let down.

CATE

You'd be struck off.

Mei grimaces. Cate's right, and Mei knows it.

Yashir reaches across the table. He takes Mei's hand.

YASHIR

I've come to terms with the fact
that my brother killed himself. I
can't understand it, but I accept
it. And Thacker was responsible.

MEI

I know. I know you-

YASHIR

But that's not the point. His wife,
she won't accept it. She's made it
quite clear that she never wants
the kids to think their father
chose to leave them.

Mei looks at Yashir intently. Emotion filling her face.

YASHIR (CONT'D)

Not to mention, she'd lose her
company pension. They'd want the
life insurance payout back. She'd
be left with nothing, and it would
that bastard's doing, again.
Please? Mei, please?

She rips her eyes away, unable to bear his pleading.

OLIVE

Think about someone else for once?

Their eyes meet: this is the price of Olive's forgiveness.

MEI

We'd need the help of someone with
access to the panic room.

Without meaning to, they seem to have made a decision.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - DAY

Ben hovers as two other SECURITY GUARDS leave the room.

It's dimly lit, with an entire wall of CCTV screens from around the house. Two swivel chairs and a bank of controls.

Ben pulls open a locked cupboard. He rifles through batteries and DVDs before grabbing what he wants.

INT. KITCHEN, CATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Blueprints are scattered over the island. More than one bottle of wine is open.

Photos of Thacker, Lucy, Nick and Rachel.

Ben pushes the shot of Lucy away.

BEN

These three have access. I say we get into the shindig, I'll get a gun from the office, force Nick to open the panic room.

Olive grins. Cate scowls.

CATE

What if he won't? What if it calls security, his father, 999?

BEN

He will. He's totally jealous of his father's success. Might even enjoy it.

YASHIR

That's a risk. Also... guns?

BEN

Gun. Singular.

MEI

Thacker's wife.

Olive gestures to the photo of Rachel.

MEI (CONT'D)

No, Thacker's wife.

Mei digs through the photos to find one of Lucy.

MEI (CONT'D)

She doesn't have access to the panic room?

BEN

No. Says it all about their marriage, dunnit? Nice girl too.

OLIVE
 She's an employee, same as the rest
 of us.

CATE
 What about the daughter-in-law
 then? There's gotta be tension
 there we can exploit.

Mei throws Lucy's picture onto the others.

MEI
 The wife's perfect.

The others still look confused.

INT. GYM, THACKER'S MANSION - DAY

Lucy is doing burpees. She's fit, but there's no passion.

Ben peers through the glass door, watching her.

He steps into the room, walks through the equipment, and
 jerks to a halt when he 'sees' her.

BEN
 Mrs Thacker - sorry! I didn't know
 you were in here.

She stops. Grateful for a break.

LUCY
 It's okay.

BEN
 Mr Thacker said I could use the
 equipment... on my break.

LUCY
 Well, the company would be nice...

BEN
 Ben.

LUCY
 Ben.

Lucy smiles, and Ben smiles charmingly back.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE, CIPHER TOWER - NIGHT

Olive types intently, keeping an eye on the people hovering
 at the door. Where they are, they can't see her screen.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - DAY

Ben scrolls through the CCTV feeds.

An input box pops up. He types in a password, and more feeds appear. He looks pleased.

INT. GARAGE, YASHIR'S HOUSE - DAY

Yashir is bent over a small safe, cracking it.

Meena appears at the door. She watches him, looking forlorn.

INT. BOXING GYM, YORK HALL - NIGHT

Mei and Ben punch in unison.

INT. WALK-IN WARDROBE, CATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cate and Olive try on glamorous tops.

Olive whips hers off and rolls it up tight.

EXT. GROUNDS, THACKER'S MANSION - DAY

Rolling lawns, cypress trees.

Ben and Lucy are doing shuttle runs between statues. He turns and runs in front of her, examining her position.

BEN

You sure your husband doesn't mind us doing this?

LUCY

Please! He has no idea what I get up to during the day.

She catches his eye. Flirtatiously, he holds it.

LUCY (CONT'D)

It's my personal trainer that's jealous Ben, not my husband.

He lets her accelerate away. A deep breath.

INT. KITCHEN, CATE'S HOUSE - DAY

The island is covered with plans and sketches and photos.

Everyone looks despondent. Making a groaning noise, Mei pushes the blueprints away.

BEN

He's not going to have plans with the Panic Room in the house, is he? Be no point having one.

CATE

And it's not on the company system?

Olive shakes her head.

YASHIR
We've checked all the space between
rooms I take it? Walls that are
unnaturally thick?

BEN
Yeah. Nothing doing.

YASHIR
What about floors?

He points at the map. There's an area with more space between
the floor and the ceiling that the rest of the level has.

BEN
There was one CCTV feed that
bothered me. It's a guest
cloakroom. Hardly ever used.

He points at the map, exactly where the extra floor space is.

OLIVE
Bingo.

INT. MAIN HALL, EXTREME - NIGHT

Another hardcore exercise session in process.

Cate nudges Mei; they look up at the banner: 'Actualise,
Visualise, Pulverise'.

INT. KITCHEN, BEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben and Olive are deep in concentration, pages and pages of
code scrolling on a laptop screen in front of them.

INT. MAIN HALL, EXTREME - NIGHT

While the instructor is showing off to some the other
athletes, Mei gives Cate a boost.

Cate rips down the offending banner.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Ben re-packs the cupboard, adding rope.

INT. VINTAGE PUB - NIGHT

Mei and Yashir have notes and a laptop and drinks in front of
them. She scrolls, tapping her pen in annoyance.

He watches her, a moved look on his face.

She catches him. They both blush.

INT. MAIN HALL, EXTREME - NIGHT

Cate stuffs the banner down a rubbish chute.

She and Mei and Olive collapse in giggles.

INT. HALL, MEI'S FLAT - NIGHT

Mei and Greg stare at each other.

She is barefoot; he has a suit and coat on, bag in hand.

MEI

It's time for you to go.

He looks at her, as if with so much he wants to say.

GREG

Just don't say I didn't warn you.
You don't know them, not really.

She opens the door. Stands back. Crosses her arms.

Not getting anywhere, Greg stumbles through the door.

MEI

Goodbye Greg.

Mei closes the door on him. She looks lighter without him.

EXT. GROUNDS, THACKER'S MANSION - DAY

Ben and Lucy are jogging together. A well-worn route.

LUCY

So, how's your affair?

He raises an eyebrow; she gives him a mock-innocent grin.

BEN

I think it's run its course...

LUCY

And your other admirer?

BEN

Oh, I dunno that she's-

LUCY

Please!

BEN

-She's sweet.

His face softens.

LUCY
But ugly?

BEN
No! She's very pretty but...

LUCY
But?

BEN
She's like a little sister. I should get them round here: you can tell me what to do.

LUCY
I pick pretty and not married.

BEN
(laughing)
Then I'll bring 'em round so you can tell 'em, shall I? I'll hide in the infamous John Thacker Panic Room while you sort my love life.

Ben sees Lucy's reaction to the words 'panic room', but he pretends not to.

BEN (CONT'D)
I'm sure you'll make the right decision.

INT. TRENDY MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Surrounded by hipsters, the five look at menus.

MEI
Well, it's up to her now, isn't it?

CATE
(looking around)
Oh, it's nice to go somewhere nice.

OLIVE
(looking at the menu)
A bit too nice, if you ask me.

Mei smiles at Yashir hopefully, but he is watching Olive.

Suddenly, a pretty waitress appears. Cate beams.

CATE
Can we have a pitcher of margaritas please? And some guacamole and deep-fried octopus and some of those little quesadillas for the table?

Ben and Olive share a pained look.

INT. DINING ROOM, MAYFAIR MEMBERS CLUB - NIGHT

Thacker and Lucy smile at each other over beef Perigourdine and buttered lobster. Her smile is strained.

Their table is raised with a low wall around it, like a jewel in the crown of this beautiful room. A piano player blends the perfect tinkling mix of music and conversation.

Thacker beckons the waiter.

THACKER

Your man at the bar. He replaced my wife's glass with a clean one. Took away her drink at the same time.

WAITER

I'm so sorry, Sir. I'll bring you another bottle, on the house.

He nods and scurries away.

THACKER

Well my dear -
(he raises a glass)
- Happy Anniversary!

She raises hers. Then pulls a grubby napkin from her bag.

He inspects it with curiosity. She beams.

LUCY

It's an actual Alan Turning doodle!

THACKER

Thank you darling. Very thoughtful. Paper. Almost wood.

Lucy's smile freezes. He doesn't notice, but whips out a catalogue of expensive furniture.

THACKER (CONT'D)

I thought we'd get you a new dressing table. Any one you want, any wood! Just look at these convex mirrors - to magnify your flaws. Not that you have any, obviously...

He smiles charmingly. She takes a deep breath.

LUCY

Is there a panic room in our house?

Thacker stops, mid-chew. He puts his knife and fork down.

THACKER

Nick told you.

LUCY

Doesn't matter who told me. I just
wanna know how I'm supposed to feel
when I discover my husband has
built a secret room in 'our' house,
to keep himself safe - but not me.

She bites her lip to hold back tears.

INT. TRENDY MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The waitress deposits the bill with Ben.

He looks at it, desperately hoping there's been a mistake.

Cate gets out her phone. Taps in numbers.

CATE

So that's £61.34 each - shall we do
£65 to cover the tip?

OLIVE

What?

She grabs the bill.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Ben and I didn't drink.
(waving at Cate and Mei)
That's you with your sides and your
'for the table'.

CATE

(quietly, to Ben)
Don't worry, I'll pay yours.

BEN

No, you won't.

Olive pulls out her wallet, cash spilling.

MEI

Everyone calm down...

OLIVE

No need. This is what I ate. Ben?

Ben pulls out his wallet, scans the bill, throws in £30.

Olive grabs his arm and pulls him to standing.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Bye.

Olive and Ben leave. She looks furious. He is proud of her.

MEI

Jesus, what's her problem?

Yashir looks sadly at Mei.

CATE

I know. She can afford it.

He pulls £110 from his wallet. Places it down carefully.

YASHIR

I can afford it. But you know what that looks like?

Mei and Cate look blank.

YASHIR (CONT'D)

Shoes for all three kids.

He stands. Makes eye contact with Mei.

YASHIR (CONT'D)

We're from different worlds.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - DAY

Lucy, flawless in cream, sits on a 25-foot sofa.

In front of her, a MAN IN OVERALLS is kneeling. Behind him stands Thacker, a sorry look on his face.

The Man in Overalls uses a large machine to scan Lucy's hand. She looks over her shoulder at Thacker.

He smiles apologetically, but she looks away.

The scan completes...

... and a fire alarm starts wailing.

Thacker, startled, grabs Lucy's arm and pulls her up.

THACKER

They don't go off for nothing.

Thacker hurries Lucy away. The Man in Overalls follows.

On the machine, Lucy's handprint flashes.

Ben appears.

He sticks a USB drive in the Man in Overall's machine.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BURN UNIT, ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL - DAY

A little breathless, Ben strides up the corridor.

Mei is leaning against the wall in a white coat.

MEI

So, you and Olive go on somewhere nice last night?

He blushes. Gives her the USB drive and goes. She smiles.

INT. MAINFRAME, CIPHER TOWER, CANARY WHARF - DAY

With a shaking hand, Olive screws the panel back into place.
Adrenaline floods her face.

She looks up. Cipher Man #1 is standing there. Cipher Man #2 comes up behind. They sneer suspiciously.

CIPHER MAN#1
What are you doing?

Olive stands. Opens her mouth. Shuts it.

CIPHER MAN#2
Not doing something you shouldn't,
are you darling?

They puff their chest and grin at each other.

CIPHER MAN#1
You know, it's a good thing you
can't get blue balls, Olive. Cos
Will here, he's suffering.

He crosses his arms and leers, his pose threatening.

Olive blinks, unable to believe what he is saying. But then she clenches her fists. Inhales. Exhales.

Olive stretches out her back and looks him in the eye.

OLIVE
No wonder you little boys are stuck
down here. Are you not invited to
the launch? What salary code are
you on anyway?

They gaze back, confused and sullen.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
No? Don't know? Anyway boys, Mr
Thacker needs a copy of the back-
end code. I was going to get it
myself, but I'm pretty busy, so
I'll email you the details.

She sails away, clicking her fingers over her head.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Chop, chop. I leave for the party
in ten.

She leaves the men red-faced and annoyed.

INT. LIBRARY, THACKER'S MANSION - DAY

Ben places a key card inside a book.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, THACKER'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Thacker and Lucy sweep in, cutting through a throng of busy decorators, PR girls, cleaners and caterers.

Ben exits the library.

Thacker begins to pull his coat off, Ben immediately helps.

LUCY
I wish you'd let me dress the
security team too; Ben would have
looked so cute as a sheriff.

She pinches his cheek and grins. This brings the three of them into alarmingly close quarters.

THACKER
He's not a toy, darling.

Ben smiles awkwardly at his boss.

Thacker pushes on, disapproving. He leaps up the stairs.

Lucy follows her husband.

LUCY
Oh, at least the hard part's over.

THACKER
The fun part's over you mean.

Ben pockets the mobile phone he has just nicked from Thacker.

EXT. THE SOUTH BANK - DUSK

Mei and William stroll along, holding hands and swinging Science Museum carrier bags.

WILLIAM
Will I go into space one day?

MEI
Probably best go to school first.

She grins at him, but he looks seriously back at her.

MEI (CONT'D)
If that's what you want. You could
be an astronaut. Captain William
could take mummy to live on Mars.

He nods. That seems as likely as anything.

Mei looks out at the river. She's worried.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM SUITE, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Lucy - wearing only matching underwear - does up Thacker's bow tie. He's restless, wanting her to hurry up.

She finishes, and scurries out of the room.

He's left with Lucy's new dressing table. He caresses the jewels. Looks at his wrinkles in the convex mirrors.

LUCY (O.S.)

Suffer them gladly, for one night?

She reappears, sexy as hell in a Wild West-style gown.

LUCY (CONT'D)

For me?

INT. LIVING ROOM, MEI'S FLAT - NIGHT

William, now in PJs, is curled up watching TV with Sandrine.

Mei appears. Done up to the nines, with proper make-up, a sparkly top and black silk harem pants.

William is as shocked as we are.

WILLIAM

Mummy. You look beautiful.

He bundles over for a cuddle.

Mei struggles to hold her emotions in check.

MEI

Now you be good for Sandrine.

William turns to the TV. For him, it's any other night.

MEI (CONT'D)

I love you William. And I'll see you in the morning. I promise.

She stares at his back, hoping for... something.

WILLIAM

(singsong voice)

Bye Mummy!

He turns back to the TV. Mei nods at Sandrine and slips away.

EXT. PRINCE REGENT PRIMARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

The school car park has been taken over by Bugattis and BMWs.

Yashir, Cate, Olive and Mei converge at the entrance, and fall in between two groups of excited party-goers. Some are in Wild West gear, others just in expensive clothes.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

The foursome walk between strings of coloured lanterns.

Laughs and excited chatter comes from ahead and behind.

Olive and Yashir look pale and sick with nerves.

Mei scans everything: the high wrought iron railings, the electric fence inside, the CCTV.

The house looms in front of them. The windows facing are dark, but light spills out from the back. Music throbs.

Yashir nudges Mei. There are a half a dozen armed guards at the front entrance.

MEI

Are we really doing this?

They look blankly at each other.

MEI (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a yes.

EXT. ENTRANCE HALL, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Mei, Cate, Yashir and Olive enter.

Immediately in front of them is a table with smiling PR women. Mei steps forward and hands them their invitations.

PR#01

Welcome to the old West! Here are your new Hashtags, all charged and ready to go!

They each take a phone, oohing and aahing over the shiny kit.

PR#02

At midnight, Mr Thacker himself is going to launch the Bitcoin wallet and you know, you should never give someone an empty wallet - so everyone here tonight will find two shiny Bitcoin in there!

Yashir's face gives away that he is impressed.

PR#01

(mock whisper)
That's almost £600!

PR#02

So if you just go through security you'll be up in the ballroom before you know it!

They smile and move into a queue. Two dozen security guards are searching people's bags. Olive's leg bounces with nerves.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

SECURITY GOON#1 stares at the CCTV screens.

Ben strides in with a big box of Krispy Kreme donuts.

He positions himself in front of the monitors, and leans in.

BEN

Want one?

As Security Goon#1 salivates and chooses, Ben reaches behind, and switches the views on the largest screens.

BEN (CONT'D)

What could I have done different to
be invited to this party, rather
than watching it with you, eh?

Security Goon #1 grunts through a mouthful of doughnut.

INT. THE BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

The room is decked out like a Wild West saloon, complete with a stage, a red velvet curtain and a long wooden bar. A honky-tonk band with a sexy female singer plays.

Waitresses dressed as prostitutes flit around with champagne. In the corner, young men in suits and Patek Philippe watches are panning in troughs for tiny flecks of gold.

Weaving around the room at waist height are mini tracks, with three trains puffing around on them, pulling trays of shots.

It's Disneyland for adults.

In the corner of the room is Lucy, surveying her creation.

She turns smartly, and heads through an open doorway, into-

INT. GUEST KITCHENS, THACKER'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

-a massive professional kitchen, with dozens of caterers hard at work. Trays are passed back and forth.

Lucy spots Thacker, hiding in a corner with a glass.

She holds up her hands: 'ten minutes'. He nods.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Olive, Mei, Yashir and Cate are part of an excited, chattering crush to get upstairs.

Mei looks all around, and then they peel off, into -

INT. LIBRARY, THACKER'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

They rush inside, Yashir shutting the door behind them.

He and Cate look around, stunned by the high ceilings, while Mei counts books and Olive taps away at her phone.

CATE
We did it.

MEI
Hardly.

She reaches up, grabs a volume and pulls out the keycard.

MEI (CONT'D)
Though this is a start.

Olive stares at her phone. A map marked with a red route.

OLIVE
I've got Ben's map. It takes us
through all the CCTV blindspots.

CATE
So where do we start?

Olive points towards another door in the corner of the room. She gestures for the others to follow her, then theatrically puts her fingers to her lips.

MEI
(mock whispering)
Shit! Was I supposed to learn sign
language?

Everyone but Mei struggles not to laugh, pleased by the opportunity to release nervous tension. She is deadpan.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR, THE THACKER MANSION - NIGHT

Cate, Mei, Yashir and Olive walk quickly.

Only Olive peeps through the doors and windows they pass.

She sees a gym, a cinema and a swimming pool.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM, THE THACKER MANSION - NIGHT

A door opens cautiously, and Yashir steps in.

YASHIR
Is this right?

The others follow, Olive checking the map.

There are banks and banks of computers, all with dark screens but lights flashing, clearly doing something.

The noise and the heat is overwhelming.

OLIVE
Is is. Odd that he wouldn't have
cameras in here, but...

She shrugs and strides through. Mei follows, looking
curiously around at the computers.

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Thacker stands on stage. The curtain has been pulled aside,
and a projection of the Hashtag has been put up on the white
wall behind him.

Clots of people with champagne listen to his every word.

THACKER
- with Cipher's Bitcoin Wallet on
the start screen, we are liberating
people from the banks.

He walks forward, his arms swinging loose. A practised pose
of casual, intimate, openness.

THACKER (CONT'D)
Wanna to pay your friend back for
cinema tickets?

He makes a swishing gesture.

THACKER (CONT'D)
Done. Want to order some of your
favourite coffee beans from Peru?

He does the gesture again, grinning widely.

THACKER (CONT'D)
Done. And every time you use the
Bitcoin wallet, you'll be doing
your bit too. 0.5% of your
transaction - small enough that you
won't notice, big enough that it
makes a difference - will go
straight to Childwide, who are
working to eradicate child poverty
around the globe.

Logos and photos of struggling children flash up behind him.

Thacker's guests applaud, delighted by their own worthiness.

INT. GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR, THE THACKER MANSION - NIGHT

On hands and knees, Mei, Cate, Olive and Yashir crawl past a
nondescript black door.

YASHIR
What's in there?

Olive pauses. Cate crawls into her, looks annoyed.

OLIVE
Oh! It's the Temple of Doom!

Olive passes her phone down the line, so everyone can see the map. Sure enough, the room is marked 'The Temple of Doom'.

MEI
Aren't you thinking how many
neonatal incubators that could have
bought?

Olive starts crawling again.

OLIVE
I don't object to a little wonder
being brought into the world. He
was going to turn the lobby at
Cipher Tower into the control desk
of the Death Star, but they decided
it was too-

YASHIR
-On the nose?

OLIVE
Expensive. Senior VPs voted for a
pay rise instead.

Mei sighs and crawls on.

INT. ORGY ROOM - THE THACKER MANSION - NIGHT

A room as blandly decorated as a Holiday Inn, except for the black leather circular table, as big as most kitchens and at waist height.

There is a bar and a condom dispenser on the wall.

Olive looks around curiously, no idea what the room is for.

Cate's face wrinkles in disgust.

INT. STAIRWELL, FIFTH FLOOR, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Mei, Olive, Cate and Yashir hide in a stairwell, while a CCTV camera sweeps across the hallway. When it's pointing away, they run up the stairs and sprint down one of the corridors.

INT. CORRIDOR, FIFTH FLOOR, THACKER'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Olive lets the others get ahead of her, as she looks down at her map. She sees a room marked 'Box Room'.

OLIVE

Well, here's a fact to break even
the hardest of hearts: even
billionaires have box rooms.

She stops, and opens the door a crack. Mei comes up behind.

MEI

What you doing? There's a camera.

OLIVE

I wanna know how small it is.

Together, they push the door open the tiniest bit more.

Inside is a massive room, filled with display cabinets. Each contains beautiful wooden boxes of all shapes and sizes and colours, many with their secret compartments on display.

Olive snorts. Mei shakes her head.

CATE (O.S.)

Over here!

Mei lets the door close and she and Olive rush across to follow Cate through a narrow hidden door.

INT. NARROW STAIRWELL, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Four sets of feet pitter patter down the stairs in darkness.

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Thacker is leaning on the podium now, gesturing hard.

THACKER

- both designing and producing the
Hashtag in Britain, we're stepping
toe to toe with Silicon Valley.

He catches sight of the PM and his entourage arriving.

THACKER (CONT'D)

And tonight, when we launch it,
we're proving that our green and
pleasant land can still compete -
even dominate - at a global level.

Wild - slightly drunken - applause burst forth. Thacker gives the PM a little nod, which is returned by a raised glass.

THACKER (CONT'D)

Everyone in the room is somebody
special. You're the movers and
shakers. The people the rest of the
country are going to follow. So go
away and dance. And drink. Enjoy
yourselves. And at midnight we'll
bring Bitcoin to Britain together!

A bigger cheer. Wilder applause.

INT. CORRIDOR, THIRD FLOOR, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

The foursome come out of another hidden door. Ben is waiting for them. The applause can be heard.

OLIVE

You led us a merry bloody dance.

He grins at her.

Mei edges down the corridor.

MEI

Here, is it?

They stop in front of an ordinary door with a glass panel.

BEN

Party's in full swing, so the cloakroom girls are on their break.

MEI

How many people watching?

BEN

Two, but I've kept this feed small... and we'll have to hope me being here means they ignore it. Lazy bastards. Most of 'em.

He pushes open the door, leading them into-

INT. GUEST CLOAKROOM, THE THACKER MANSION - CONTINUOUS

It's a low-lit, mirrored room, with a counter in the middle and two corridors leading off it, each with railings on either side filled with coats and scarves and shrugs.

MEI

Let's split up.

She strides right, followed by Yashir. The others go left.

INT. CORRIDOR, CLOAKROOM, THE THACKER MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Yashir follows Mei down the mirrored corridor.

The ceiling is low; the lighting dim.

Coats flap like bats as they pass.

Music - soaring, sexy - starts playing in the ballroom. The walls vibrate with it.

Mei turns back to Yashir. Gives him a little smile.

She runs her fingers along the mirror, but it's seamless.

She picks up her pace, and he copies.

She turns again, and this time, she sees the little bag he's holding. She grabs for it, playfully.

MEI

What's this?

She opens it. It's ball bearings.

He steps forward... they are just an inch apart.

YASHIR

The lock might not be visible. We need something to attract it.

Eye contact. She raises an eyebrow.

Abruptly, Yashir leans forward and kisses Mei. They push back against the wall, their hands everywhere, their eyes closed, their bodies pressed tightly together.

The ball bearings fall on the floor, forgotten.

Mei disentangles herself. Tries to get herself straight.

YASHIR (CONT'D)

I've wanted to do that for so long.

She looks Yashir in the eye.

MEI

Me too. And in another universe - one in which we're not hiding in the cupboard of an evil billionaire - then... But we... You're married.

He looks at her. Devastated. Frustrated. Relieved.

Yashir looks away... and sees the ball bearings have arranged themselves in a two lines, one at right angles to the other.

YASHIR

Oh my god. We've found it.

He falls to his knees, and peels up the carpet.

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Thacker jumps off the stage in a practiced move. Nick is standing there with a drink, which Thacker takes with a grin.

THACKER

Let's see Lucy say I'm not being welcoming now.

NICK

We've got to cancel the launch.
Technical problems, a bug, you
being struck down with food
poisoning - whatever it takes.

Thacker studies his son's worried face.

NICK (CONT'D)

The Prime Minister's here. You said
he wouldn't come. We can't fleece
him and all his bloody advisors, we
just can't.

Thacker puts an arm around Nick.

THACKER

This is why I didn't want to tell
you everything. You worry so much.

Thacker pivots Nick so they stare out at the throng of
people, all drinking, talking and laughing.

THACKER (CONT'D)

We're not hurting anyone Nicky.
They're happy. Childwide's happy.
The PM's happy. How can it do any
harm, when none of them will even
know the part they've played?

INT. CORRIDOR, CLOAKROOM, THE THACKER MANSION - NIGHT

Yashir, Ben, Cate and Olive are crouched around the trapdoor.
There is a smooth black glass plate to its left side.

Mei pulls a thin piece of flexible plastic from her trousers.

MEI

Courtesy of The Royal Free
Hospital's burns unit.

She hands it to Olive, who grins. She places the plastic over
her hand, and gingerly presses it up against the glass plate.

Behind her, the others look nervously at each other.

The plate lights up. Olive jumps, but stays in position. Her
plastic-covered hand is scanned.

The plate goes dark again. She pulls her hand away.

OLIVE

Is that-

'Hello Lucy' appears on the plate.

They all exhale in relief, but more text appears.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Oh god.

Lucy: what number comes next?

3 5 7 11 13...

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch. It isn't enough to take aptitude tests to get a job with him, you gotta do it when you're fleeing for your life too.

Option buttons appear on the plate: 14, 15, 17, 21

Yashir reaches out to the plate. Ben jerks it away.

YASHIR

It's 17. They're primes.

BEN

We need to be sure.

YASHIR

Mei? They're primes.

MEI

Yeah, I take your word for it.

Again, Yashir reaches out-

OLIVE

-Would Lucy know the primes?

Yashir freezes.

CATE

Who cares if she'd know? We know.

OLIVE

Yeah, but this is programmed to let her in. Who says the right answer is the right answer?

BEN

I thought it was 15. You look quickly, and...

MEI

... you assume it's odd numbers.

OLIVE

So what would Lucy say? Or, what would Thacker think Lucy would say?

Ben shrugs, embarrassed for himself and Lucy.

Yashir reaches for 15. A little glance to Mei. A smaller nod from her. He presses it.

A simple, quiet click.

Mei reaches for the handle and pulls: it opens.

Almost unable to believe it, Mei pulls and holds the trapdoor open. Cate is the first to climb down into the darkness.

INT. TUNNEL, THE THACKER MANSION - CONTINUOUS

One-by-one they follow, hand over foot over hand.

Mei pulls the trapdoor back into place. There's a hydraulic lock, which she slides into place.

They climb down the metal rungs in the pitch black.

A combination of fear and excitement on all their faces.

A mobile phone beeps.

Ben pulls it to his face. Message reads: 'Lucy has entered'.

BEN

Good thing I half-inched this.

Cate's leg breaks into the light. She takes another step...

INT. THE PANIC ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

... and another, stepping down in the complete silence.

One-by-one, the others join her. They stare around at the bar, the photos of Nick through the ages, the oriental rugs.

BEN

Good shit is wasted on the rich.

He grins. No one follows, so he gestures to the CCTV camera.

BEN (CONT'D)

Since security don't know about this room, no one's watching at the moment, but they obviously can be.

MEI

Then we'd better get a move on.

The fivesome look around the room: it has five doors.

YASHIR

This is it. If anyone doesn't want to go through with this, now's the moment to go.

CATE

Bit late for that, isn't it?

YASHIR

No. Right now we're guests who've had too much to drink and gone too far. Right now we can still stop.

Yashir, Mei, Cate and Ben look at each other.

OLIVE
You're wrong. We couldn't stop a
long time ago.

Olive steps forward and opens the first door.

Behind it, there's a massive larder, full of tins, matches, bottled water, and biohazard suits.

She closes it again.

Cate steps up to open the next door. It's a wardrobe. Box-fresh, simple cotton clothing for the Thacker family.

Mei is next up. She opens her door to find an array of weapons; shotguns, knives, grenades and three handguns.

MEI
Guess it doesn't hurt to be
prepared.

Ben steps up to the penultimate door. Pulls it open. He finds a communications panel. A radio. Cables running in and out.

YASHIR
Guess it's me then.

Yashir steps up to the final door. Turns the handle. Pushes the door in. Only darkness.

He reaches in and flicks the light switch, revealing a room dominated by a large desk. Finally... Thacker's office.

INT. OFFICE, PANIC ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Yashir steps inside Thacker's most private of spaces.

The others follow.

There is more of the heart of the man on display here; original Picassos, concept art from *Bladerunner*, a super hi-tech computer and a bank of CCTV feeds.

Olive and Ben fall greedily on Thacker's computer. He gets around the back, while she turns it on.

BEN
It isn't connected to the network.
Annoying, but to be expected.

OLIVE
There isn't a hard drive.

They stand back, panic blooming on Olive's face.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
There isn't a hard drive. What if
he keeps it somewhere else? A bank
vault, his bedroom... in his
fucking trousers even.

Mei returns this pointed look with a calm one.

MEI

Let's look.

Yashir and Cate peel off to look outside; Olive drops to her knees in panic, Ben pulls open drawers and Mei stands perfectly still, surveying the room.

Her eyes fall on a pretty wooden box on the desk.

She picks it up. It appears seamless, until she pulls it closer. She starts fiddling, sliding bits this way and that way until a bigger and bigger opening appears at the top.

Olive stands over her.

Mei slides another piece, and below it the metal of a hard drive can be seen.

OLIVE

Yes!

She's itching to grab the thing from Mei, who carries on sliding patiently. Finally, the final piece gives, and Mei pulls the hard drive out. She hands it to Olive with a grin.

Olive connects it to the rest of the computer, and it comes to life. She exhales. Immediately, it asks for a password.

MEI

I'm assuming you'd thought of that.

Olive gives Mei a look. She sits down and starts typing.

OLIVE

Yes. I got a list of all the passwords he's ever used on Cipher computers. We'll try 'em all.

She hits Return. Nothing happens. She tries again.

Mei wanders over to the CCTV feeds. She leans in, trying to see Thacker in the ballroom.

MEI

They've no idea we're here.

BEN

Good.

CATE

It's an amazing house.

BEN

It's like a mini-city.

CATE

Imagine living in that bedroom.

She gestures to Thacker and Lucy's luxurious suite.

CATE (CONT'D)
I mean, separate en-suite bathrooms
- that's the dream.

MEI
More toilets to clean? Terrific.

Ben nods, but Cate stares dreamily at the plush rooms.

Olive hits Return noisily. **Password incorrect.**

OLIVE
So, none of them work. But...

She gets out a USB stick.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
...Thacker's a programmer at heart.
An arrogant one. I reckon this is
just the unhackable program he
wrote when he was 21.

She plugs in the stick. Code scrolls across the screen.

MEI
Please tell me there were quote
marks around 'unhackable'.

Olive taps away.

OLIVE
Big ones. Beating Thacker is how 14-
year-old hackers prove their chops.
It's no match for Ben and me.

Ben shoots Olive a proud, shy, embarrassed smile.

They get to work.

INT. THE BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Nick and Thacker are at the edge of the room, surveying their
guests. People are drinking heavily, and lots have their new
Hashtags out. Thacker is unpacking one himself.

Nick drains his glass.

Thacker's Hastag plays a tune as it turns on.

INT. OFFICE, PANIC ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Ben types away, while Olive fiddles with a handset she's
connected to the screen.

Suddenly: **Password accepted.**

Ben looks astonished.

BEN

We're in!

Olive looks at him with pride. The others gather.

OLIVE

Good job Ben.

She nudges him up and starts typing herself.

BEN

Well, you-

OLIVE

-No folder helpfully marked
'Blackmail' so I'll search the data
tags from... my video.

The others look expectantly at each other.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

It's 10TB, so it might take a
while.

Their attention drifts, as she continues to type and scan.

Mei and Ben both watch Olive with pride.

Yashir and Cate peel off into the other room.

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Nick knocks back another glass.

Thacker is engrossed in his new phone.

He looks at the screen, which is a mess of notifications. He scrolls through, his eye caught by 'The Room is locked'.

Nick looks at his father, annoyed by his lack of attention.

NICK

Ignore your son? Underestimate your
wife? Exploit your customers?

He makes a swishing gesture.

NICK (CONT'D)

Done.

Thacker still isn't listening.

INT. OFFICE, PANIC ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Olive, Mei and Ben stare at the screens in front of them.

Olive's eyes narrow ---

MEI
What is it?

OLIVE
It's the Hashtag OS. The Bitcoin
wallet he's so proud of.

Olive scrolls through code, incredulous.

A window flashes up, with Olive's video a thumbnail.

BEN
There it is!

He double clicks, and the screen is filled with Olive, naked.

She doesn't even flinch. Ben takes over the keyboard.

Cate and Yashir reappear, relief on their faces.

BEN (CONT'D)
Brilliant. It's all here.

Olive doesn't move. Mei looks curiously at her.

BEN (CONT'D)
I'm going to delete - annihilate -
these files. Then we're free.

MEI
What's the matter, Olive?

Ben types away with relish. Olive turns to Mei, pained.

OLIVE
He's funneling his money out of the
country... to a Swiss bank account
probably. Tax evasion on a grand
scale. He's using this Childwide
thing as a cover, using all his
customers' accounts and the way the
Bitcoin block chain works to cover
his tracks with a million tiny
transactions. Piggy-backing them
all. That's the whole point of this
fancy new phone, the whole point of
all of it.

MEI
He's a bastard.
(to Ben)
You finished?

He nods, but is distracted by the look on Olive's face.

MEI (CONT'D)
Close it down. We've got to go.

BEN
Olive?

OLIVE
The code. Raping the block chain.
That's what I've been doing for the
past six months. This is my fault.

CATE
Of course it's not. You were doing
what your employer asked you to do.

Olive looks at Mei, pleading.

OLIVE
We can't let him get away with
this.

MEI
We've done what we came to do.

YASHIR
Can you copy all this code, do
something with it later?

OLIVE
No, he launches at 12. By ten past
he'll have siphoned millions out of
the country. It's got to be now.

Mei crosses her arms.

MEI
We got in here, we did what we
needed to do, because we had a
plan. We don't go off-book now.

CATE
Just copy it and let's go.

OLIVE
That's not good enough.

She looks at Ben for back-up. He shrugs.

Mei stares at Olive commandingly.

MEI
We're going. Now.

Olive looks at Mei, pleading. But Mei's won the room, and
they both know it.

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Thacker marches through the party, using his CEO-on-a-mission
glare to brush off people who clearly want to schmooze.

Lucy appears. He can't ignore her.

THACKER
I'll be back in a minute.

She looks sceptical.

LUCY
Don't lie to me.

THACKER
I just have to find my old phone.
It's important. I promise.

Her pose softens. He gives her a quick kiss and marches on.

INT. PANIC ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

One of the internal doors is opened, very slowly.

The handguns gleam.

A hand reaches out for one of them.

INT. THACKER'S OFFICE, THE PANIC ROOM, MANSION - NIGHT

Mei puts the room back as it was. Olive appears in the door.

OLIVE
You don't hide your money if you're
not doing something bad with it.

Mei looks her in the eye.

MEI
I'm sure you're right. But I want
us to get out alive.

Mei pulls out a cloth. She begins wiping away fingerprints.

OLIVE
You really do have everything in
those trousers, don't you?

A look of admiration and sadness, and Olive leaves the room.

Mei expertly wipes down the hard drive, puts it back inside the box, and methodically closes it up again. She wipes the outside for prints, and is just putting it down when her eye is caught by movement on one of the screens.

Thacker is walking down a corridor... and he's being followed by a HOODED FIGURE.

She at the rest of the panic room, but nobody is there.

MEI
Shit.

She bolts from the room, missing a SECOND FIGURE on the CCTV screen, sprinting after the first.

INT. THE PANIC ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Mei dashes in; wrenches open the weapon store.

There are only two handguns there now.

INT. CLOAKROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Mei creeps out quietly, and then speeds up.

Her heart beating to the raucous sound of a party going on.

She looks around desperately, but they have all disappeared.

INT. GRAND STAIRCASE, THE THACKER MANSION - NIGHT

Mei reaches the staircase.

She looks up, and then down.

From the floor she's on there's the sound of laughter and drinking and intense conversation.

She looks down again. Silence. The exit.

Cursing herself, Mei runs up the stairs.

INT. VARIOUS CORRIDORS, THE THACKER MANSION - NIGHT

-Thacker, his tie loosened, walks fast.

-The HOODED FIGURE strides along, gun in hand.

-The feet of the SECOND FIGURE run.

-Mei sprints as fast as she can.

But not fast enough, as Thacker reaches-

INT. MAIN BEDROOM SUITE, THE THACKER MANSION - NIGHT

-and steps inside. He takes off his jacket, showing his age just a little, as the HOODED FIGURE slips in behind him.

Thacker has just enough time to look up, before the HOODED FIGURE raises his gun.

The HOODED FIGURE is YASHIR. He's nervous, out of control.

THACKER

What do you want?

YASHIR

I want you to be afraid. I want you to feel how my brother felt.

Yashir bears down on Thacker, nudging him back. The older man half-falls, is half-pushed into his armchair.

INT. VARIOUS CORRIDORS, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

The SECOND FIGURE is OLIVE. She rounds a corner.

Mei just catches sight of her feet. She accelerates.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM SUITE, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Thacker and Yashir stare at each other, unmoving.

Yashir takes a deep breath, closing his eyes briefly as he does. He looks weak, but the gun remains pointing at Thacker.

YASHIR

Apologise to me, and maybe, maybe
it doesn't have to end this way.

Thacker laughs.

THACKER

Apologise? You're not going to
shoot me. You're as much of a
coward as your brother was.

Yashir's arms shakes. This is the moment, but he can't bring himself to do it.

Olive bursts in. She looks at Yashir with sympathy.

She strides calmly across and holds out a hand.

OLIVE

(softly)
You can't do this Yashir; you're
not the Camel.

She's right. Grateful but broken, Yashir hands her the gun.

Thacker starts to rise, but Olive spins around with the gun.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Don't you move. I only said he
couldn't do it.

Olive's steeliness sees the blood drain from Thacker's face.

They stare at each other.

THACKER

Olive? Olive, isn't it?

OLIVE

Knowing my name isn't going to get
you off. I've worked for you for
eight years. We shared a joke over
the office Christmas raffle once.

(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You looked at my arse in the lift
in April 2009. You blushed.

Desperately, Thacker smiles along with this memory.

THACKER

I'm sorry. And all these stunts
you've been pulling - they've taken
brains. Real brains. I've
underestimated you-

OLIVE

-You underestimate everyone. I've
seen you bully, shame and mock.
I've seen people crying in the
toilets. Signed off with stress.
Marriages broken. Lives taken. And
now I know why you're pulling this
Bitcoin stunt. Oh yes, I know where
the bodies are buried.

He's rattled. Pulls out the charm.

THACKER

Olive. You're a talented
programmer. I've had my eye on you
for a while now.... oh, yes I have.
And I'm sorry if Cipher hasn't
utilised you to the best of your
abilities... Yet. Monday - why
don't we get you your own team and
you can develop whatever you want-

OLIVE

I want you dead.

Mei bursts into the room. At the same moment, Yashir charges
Olive, trying to take the gun away from her.

Olive and Yashir tussle and BANG! the gun goes off.

Olive is flung backwards, hitting Lucy's dressing table.

For a beat, nobody moves.

Then Mei runs to Olive. Yashir staggers back, horrified.

MEI

Olive, stay with me.

Mei is already pulling a syringe from her trousers.

Thacker grabs for the gun. With his other hand, he pulls his
phone from his pocket.

Mei reaches Olive. Drops to her.

Blood oozes from Olive's shoulder, away from her vital
organs. But her mouth and eyes are open. She isn't moving.

THACKER

Get up here now. My room.

Olive has landed on the jewels on Lucy's new dressing table.

The jewels are clustered around a steel rod, and that steel rod is now impaled in Olive's skull. She is clearly dead.

Mei starts chest compressions. She gives her mouth-to-mouth.

Thacker stares, unable to pull his eyes away.

Yashir looks nauseous, disbelieving.

Finally, he puts a hand on Mei's shoulder.

YASHIR

Mei, darling...

MEI

I can save her!

She shrugs him off, starts another round of compressions.

Yashir bends down, forcing Mei to look at Olive from the side. Her entire skull is crushed, blood and brain seeping into the carpet.

YASHIR

She's dead.

Mei shrugs him off again. Collapses back on her heels. Covers her eyes with her hands.

The lights hum.

Air-conditioning buzzes.

Mei rocks. She emits an unearthly howling noise.

Yashir and Thacker looks at each other. Suspicious. Guilty.

Ben appears. He has a split second to take in everything.

Thacker turns to him.

THACKER

Intruders. One of them's dead.

Ben nods, struggling slightly to keep his face blank. Over Thacker's shoulder, Yashir makes eye contact with him.

Mei grabs Olive's lifeless shoulders. Ben watches them both, reflected numerous times in the bloody dressing table.

MEI

You brought them here. You brought them. Now they're all fucked.

Yashir watches Mei. No idea what to do. Ben watches him.

THACKER
I can't deal with this until after
the launch.

BEN
I can handcuff them Sir, but where
can we put them?

Thacker looks at him. Does Ben know about the panic room?

THACKER
I've got a place.

Ben strides across to Yashir, pulls him to his feet. It looks rough, but their eye contact makes understanding clear.

Ben handcuffs Yashir and then pulls Mei up too. She doesn't resist, doesn't look him in the eye.

INT. THE PANIC ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Cate sits in Thacker's armchair, her phone to her ear.

CATE
You're what?

BEN (O.S.)
Taking them to Mr Thacker's panic
room. Then I'll be back with you.

Cate looks completely thrown.

CATE
You can't talk, I-

BEN (O.S.)
That's right.

He hangs up. Cate jumps up, looking around nervously.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM SUITE, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Olive lies dead. Her head still attached to the dressing table, her body at an awkward angle, blood pooling around it.

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR, THE THACKER MANSION - NIGHT

Thacker marches ahead, flush with adrenaline.

Ben brings up the rear, his face blank and calm.

In between, Yashir and Mei are handcuffed.

Yashir twists, looking worriedly at Mei. She is comatose, blank-faced and dead-eyed. Her feet trip over each other as Ben nudges her forwards.

INT. CLOAKROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Thacker reveals the black panel and gives Ben a look.

THACKER
Good, eh?

BEN
Yes Sir.

Thacker places his hand on the panel. **'Hello John'**.

Thacker turns to go.

John: what number comes next?

3 5 7 11 13...

Thacker spins back around.

The option buttons appear: **14, 15, 17, 2**

THACKER
Sorry, I'm not thinking, you need
me to answer that for you-

Sharply, Ben steps forward and presses 17.

He makes eye contact with Thacker.

BEN
They're primes.

The door opens and Ben pushes Yashir and Mei down inside,
leaving Thacker taken aback. Flustered, he follows.

INT. PANIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Handcuffed, Yashir falls down into the room.

Cate peers out of the storeroom door. He urges her away.

Mei, Ben, and finally Thacker follow.

THACKER
Well, here we are.

He closes the door to his office. Walks to the gun store.

Mei lurches forward.

MEI
Do you care about anyone but
yourself?

Her face is no longer closed. She is alive with anger.

THACKER
You broke into my house.

She steps up to him, stopping him dead. Almost bouncing on the balls of her feet. A caged animal.

MEI

A woman just died in your bedroom, doesn't that mean anything?

THACKER

I don't have to-

MEI

But she was on the payroll, wasn't she? Just another one of your little industrial accidents, huh?

Thacker startles. Mei stares him down.

MEI (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. Olive told us lots of interesting stories.

THACKER

I didn't pull the trigger.

He looks round, seeing Mei and Yashir's accusing faces, and Ben's carefully blank one.

MEI

People like you never do. You never have to. You always have some person, some-thing, some layer of protection to do it for you.

She's practically spitting at him. He's shaken.

THACKER

I don't have to explain myself. The CCTV will show...

He backs towards Ben.

MEI

That's it, run away. I expect you're not even launching this phone yourself, are you? Paid some celebrity minion to do it for you? Download some of their songs too?

THACKER

No, this is my baby.

He looks at his watch. It's 11.47.

THACKER (CONT'D)

It's almost time.

(looks at Ben)

You sure you've got this?

Ben looks from the new steel in Mei's eyes, to Thacker's, which are distinctly unsure.

BEN
Yes, Sir. I'm sure.

MEI
Yeah, you run. Your public awaits.

Thacker hands Ben the gun. He gestures.

THACKER
There are three more in there. In my office you'll find CCTV that covers the panic room. Numbers on the screens. Tell control so they can log in too. You're in charge.

Ben nods. His face softens.

BEN
Yes Sir. Do you need anything, for the launch?

THACKER
Good point. No. Got the Hashtag.
(pats jacket pocket)
It's all set up, working. Already typed in all the accounts.
(points to his temple)
Got the password.

He grins at Ben, more like his usual self.

THACKER (CONT'D)
I'll be back by 1, with the police.

Thacker disappears up the metal staircase.

Slowly, Cate appears from the clothes store.

Mei makes a shushing gesture with her lips.

Finally, there's a metal clang as the door shuts above.

They wait another beat.

CATE
Did I just hear... Is Olive d-

Ben undoes Yashir and Mei's handcuffs. Ben and Yashir can't look Cate in the eye. Finally, Mei looks at her.

MEI
Yes.

Cate sags in horror. Ben crosses the room, holds her.

MEI (CONT'D)
She's dead. She's gone.

Yashir and Ben are shocked at her sudden bluntness.

MEI (CONT'D)

And you know, she was the only one who came here without personal gain in mind. She didn't care about that stupid video.

YASHIR

She... the Camel... just wanted to make the world a better place. It's my fault, if I hadn't-

MEI

-No. It's mine. She wanted to stop Thacker, and if I'd let her, she wouldn't be dead. In prison, maybe.

They all share a sad smile.

MEI (CONT'D)

Shall we finish what she started?

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Sand streams through a sieve as a DRUNKEN BLONDE pans for what little gold is left. She giggles inanely.

Thacker re-enters the room, adjusting his collar.

Lucy grabs his arm angrily.

LUCY

Where have you been?

He spots Nick on the other side of the room.

THACKER

Long story. Don't go in our bedroom.

Thacker strides away, leaving Lucy fuming.

INT. THACKER'S OFFICE, PANIC ROOM - NIGHT

Mei and Yashir are peering at the CCTV of the ballroom. Yashir's finger traces the shape of the stage.

MEI

Can you do it?

He nods. Not 100% sure.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM SUITE, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Yashir has pulled the mirror out of Lucy's ruined dressing table and has it on the floor. He stamps on it.

Cate - holding the concave decoration in both hands - tries not to look at Olive's lifeless body.

Yashir picks through the broken shards of glass.

INT. THACKER'S OFFICE, PANIC ROOM - NIGHT

Ben has booted up Thacker's computer again.

What looks like bank statements appear. Ben boggles.

BEN

I didn't know they made that many zeros.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Two security guards have their feet up, vaguely watching the screens. They are both eating Ben's doughnuts.

Mei peers through the door. They don't see her.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Yashir and Cate walk down the corridor. On a mission. They have smartened themselves up, and Cate's lipstick is fresh.

CATE

I can't believe we're leaving her.

YASHIR

We're doing what she wanted.

A look of sympathy. Yashir looks at his watch.

YASHIR (CONT'D)

How are you going to distract him?

CATE

Don't worry about that.

They round the corner and enter-

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

- where a serious party is in action.

They nod at each other, and Yashir strides away.

Cate scans the room, her eyes soon falling on Thacker.

She hurries across the room to him.

CATE

Mr Thacker...

The words stick in her throat.

CATE (CONT'D)

John!

He turns. Takes in the attractive, slightly flustered, obviously determined woman walking towards him.

THACKER
Look, now isn't really a good time.
Can you call my office.

He begins to turn away, but doesn't. She strides towards him.

CATE
I'll be brief.

He turns back to her.

CATE (CONT'D)
My name is Cate Randall. I'm 41
years old and I have reason to
believe that you're my father.

He stares at her. Anger flooding his system.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Mei pushes open the door, peers inside.

MEI
Hi? Excuse me?

The two guards snap their feet down from the table.

FAT GUARD
You're not supposed to be in here!

BALD GUARD
What is it love?

She takes another few steps towards them.

MEI
Oh, it's nothing much.

Their poses relax, they're over the fright she gave them.

MEI (CONT'D)
I wondered if you had any rope?

They're puzzled.

BALD GUARD
Look love, you've obviously had a
bit much to drink, but-

Mei gets her back underneath the Bald Guard, throwing him over her and onto the ground with a heavy thump. With him dazed, she punches Fat Guard repeatedly, backing him into his chair. She pulls out a thin plastic rope, and ties him up.

MEI
I happened to have this bit on me,
but I think I might need more.

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Cate takes another step towards Thacker.

CATE
You knew my mother, Mary Wilson.

A memory flicks across his face.

THACKER
Indeed I did. How is she?

CATE
She had a stroke last year. She barely remembers me.

THACKER
I'm sorry, but-

CATE
I want a DNA test.

Thacker examines the beautiful woman in front of him.

INT. KITCHEN, NEXT TO BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Yashir nabs an empty orange juice carton from the bin.

INT. BACKSTAGE, BALLROOM, THE THACKER MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Cate and Thacker have found themselves a quiet corner behind the stage. PR women and people with headsets fuss around, one stands wiring Thacker up as he talks.

CATE
My dad, the man who brought me up, died when I was 16. Cancer. After that, I started to suspect...

Thacker is completely focused on her story. Ten metres behind him, Yashir appears. He begins to climb up a ladder, which is against the wall and leading up to the lighting rig.

CATE (CONT'D)
She never exactly said, but she hinted, and now she's not capable of saying. So I went through her stuff... I found photos of you.

THACKER
I'm sorry. I don't think David ever knew, if that helps.

She gives him a sad smile. The girl finishes attaching Thacker's microphone. Yashir reaches the top.

PR GIRL
Three minutes Sir.

He waves her away.

THACKER
Can I see photos of your kids?

Cate gets her phone out, flicks through images of her kids. Thacker takes a sharp intake of breath. Emotional now.

THACKER (CONT'D)
What are their names?

CATE
Daphne and Clementine.

Thacker's face swells with joy. Tears appear in his eyes.

THACKER
And they're...?

CATE
15 and 18.

Thacker smiles at Cate. She's astonished by his reaction.

THACKER
What are they into?

CATE
The usual. Boys, staying out late, ignoring their mother! No, they're good girls. Bright. Feisty.

They grin together, tears in her eyes too now.

THACKER
We'll go to my doctor tomorrow. If you are my daughter Cate, then... you will be my daughter. I don't just mean financially, although I do mean that. Your girls... they can have the world.

Cate looks thrown. Overwhelmed. But music starts playing, and the PR girls bustle over, and sweep Thacker away.

THACKER (CONT'D)
Sorry, I've got to do this.

They smile at each other. Cate is pushed backwards, while Thacker launches himself back onto the stage.

Above, Yashir beckons to Cate. She ignores him.

Thacker is greeted an adoring, frenziedly drunk, crowd.

He waits a beat.

THACKER (CONT'D)
It's time!

INT. THACKER'S OFFICE, PANIC ROOM - NIGHT

Ben taps his fingers impatiently. He has one eye on the transaction screen, one on the CCTV feed of the ballroom.

In front of him, his phone, showing a message thread between him and Yashir. The last one, from Ben, reads: 'You ready?'

The phone lights up. Yashir's reply is 'Yes, but can't hold this thing and type!'

Ben frowns. Answers: 'Can't Cate type?'

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Thacker is on stage, accompanied by a good-looking geek, his TECH GENIUS. Yashir is balanced precariously above him in the lighting rig, holding his orange juice carton in one hand, and his phone in the other.

THACKER

So, have you all loaded your Sim card, gotten a little familiar with how it works?

Yashir looks down at Cate, who is hanging backstage, watching Thacker with a stunned, almost moony look on her face.

Yashir types: 'Not sure she's going to be much help.'

THACKER (CONT'D)

Okay. So you see the Bitcoin Wallet on the start screen? Let's open up.

Thacker's grin freezes.

THACKER (CONT'D)

You all do that. Gimme one second.

Tech Genius steps up to talk.

Thacker runs back to Cate. He grabs her arm.

THACKER (CONT'D)

Don't you do it. Leave it for the plebs, eh?

He grins, thinking he's just made a warm joke. But her face changes. As he runs back to the stage, Cate turns to ice.

THACKER (CONT'D)

Great, now you've got the Wallet-

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Mei leans forward. On the computer screen in the middle of the CCTV screens it says: 'Delete all files?' She hits YES.

Behind her, half a dozen guards are tied and gagged.

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Yashir manoeuvres himself so he is directly over Thacker.

THACKER
- make a transaction, all you have
to do is enter the details here-

The screen behind him shows Thacker's Hashtag screen.

THACKER (CONT'D)
And hit this button down here.

His finger hovers over a big green tick button.

A creak. Yashir's head snaps up.

It's Cate.

She gives him an apologetic smile. He hands her his phone.

THACKER (CONT'D)
So we all ready to do this?

The crowd brays their approval.

THACKER (CONT'D)
My first transaction is just me
moving money from one account to
another, giving Childlife a big
donation along the way of course.

On the screen, the accounts are starred out.

Suddenly, Thacker moves. Urgently, Yashir follows him.

THACKER (CONT'D)
Okay, so I've got all the account
details in, so all I have to do is
type my password in, and we should
be good to go.

Thacker inputs his password. As he does it appears as stars on the screen, but through Yashir's magnifying device, he can see where Thacker's fingers touch the tiny phone screen.

YASHIR
(whispering)
E-N-1-G-M-A.

Yashir looks up at Cate. She hits send.

INT. THACKER'S OFFICE, PANIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The message - reading 'enigma' - arrives on Ben's phone. He lurches forward and hits a key on Thacker's computer.

BEN
Enigma? Wanker.

The screen fragments.

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

With big grin, Thacker hits the tick button.

Nothing happens.

He tries again.

Fury and embarrassment cloud his face. Tech Genius sees.

TECH GENIUS

It's crashed! Happens to the best
of us. We'll re-load, bear with us.

Thacker stabs at his screen.

Yashir and Cate share a relieved look.

INT. THACKER'S OFFICE, PANIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The accounts screen open, Ben types in a new account number.

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Thacker's screen reloads, blank except for account numbers.
He doesn't check them, but stabs his password in again.

TECH GENIUS

Here we go, second time lucky!

Thacker hits the tick, and this time it works.

He makes the swooshing gesture again. Massive applause.

THACKER

It really is as simple as that!

To the side, obscured by the curtain, Yashir and Cate drop to
the floor. They edge their way out through the crowd.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Mei picks up the landline. Dials 999.

MEI

I'd like to report a murder.

INT. THACKER'S OFFICE, PANIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ben is printing, pages and pages of documents.

EXT. THE THACKER MANSION - NIGHT

Police cars enter the outer gates and pull up on the gravel in front of the house. Lights flashing, no sirens.

INT. FIRST FLOOR BATHROOM, THE THACKER MANSION - NIGHT

Ben and Yashir lean against a gold-tapped bath. Mei paces.

BEN
She went back to talk to Thacker?

YASHIR
Yeah, it sounded like he was offering her money.

BEN
But she sent me the password.

YASHIR
(shrugging)
I know.

MEI
Cate thinks he might be her father.

Ben is appropriately shocked; Yashir less so.

BEN
Is that what you heard?

YASHIR
Yeah, I think so.

BEN
So he offered her money, and now she's gone back to talk to him?

YASHIR
Maybe we should go.

BEN
So, she wanted us to escape, but-

MEI
-No. We're not going without her.

She holds their gaze. Gets out her phone.

MEI (CONT'D)
But we'd better be ready.

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Cate watches from a distance as Thacker is mobbed by well-wishers. The music has stopped, but the noise has increased.

She looks down. Message from Mei: 'Neonatal incubators. NOW.'

She is just about to leave, when she catches sight of two DETECTIVES and a handful of uniformed officers striding into the room. Lucy and Philip are with them.

Thacker clocks them. Looks worried.

INT. THE TEMPLE OF DOOM, THE THACKER MANSION - NIGHT

Mei, Ben and Yashir stand inside a perfect recreation of Indiana Jones' Temple of Doom. Looming gods carved into the rock, an altar and a river of fire between them and it.

BEN

He showed a group of us round, when we first started. Did it himself.

MEI

Showing off. So where is it?

He points to the altar. She rolls her eyes; of course.

Ben snaps into action. He bounds across the to the edge, prepares himself to jump.

YASHIR

You can't make that!

BEN

I'm just going to jump down.
(off their worried faces)
It's not real fire. There are lights and shit.

He gives them one more grin and then jumps, disappearing.

YASHIR

Ben?

A clunk, and then a stone walkway appears across the fire.

Ben's arm appears, and he pulls himself up the other side.

The others cross, joining him.

Ben bounds forward, feels for a handle and pulls it back. The altar swings open, revealing a secret passage beyond.

INT. BALLROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

The two detectives step up to Thacker. DCI ADAM CARTWRIGHT is fast-track, public school, bright, blond but balding; while DS MCGILL is tough, sexy and desperate to prove herself.

DCI CARTWRIGHT

DCI Cartwright, this is DS McGill.
Are you John Thacker?

THACKER

Yes. Look, what's this about?

DCI CARTWRIGHT

Mr Thacker, I need to talk to you about the body we've just found in your bedroom.

Philip and Lucy look broken. He holds her up.

Nick and Rachel join the group. Across the room, the PM is watching everything. DCI Cartwright goes to fill him in.

THACKER

This is ridiculous. Look. I know what you're talking about, the activist girl. She broke in, with friends, they tussled for the gun - it'll all be on the CCTV.

He makes this point firmly enough that McGill signals for Cartwright to come over. As they put their heads together, Cate steps up to Thacker. Turns in, almost whispering.

CATE

I don't need your money. I own a five-bedroom house. My kids will go to university. We have two holidays a year. I can buy nice clothes or a good bottle of wine whenever I want. And don't get me wrong; I want those things. But why on earth would I want anything more?

She looks at him, and then turns. Melts into the crowd.

Confused, Thacker watches her go.

INT. THE TEMPLE OF DOOM - NIGHT

Mei, Ben and Yashir are sitting on the altar.

Cate appears. Mei exhales with relief.

INT. CLOAKROOM - NIGHT

McGill watches Thacker step up to the black plate.

JOHN

The CCTV will prove everything I'll telling you.

Hello John. 1, 2, 6, 42, 1806, ?

What comes next?

3000442, 3263442, 3363442, 6523884

Thacker is thrown. McGill sneers at him.

THACKER

They've fucking changed the puzzle!

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Cartwright is talking to Security Boss and a few others.

DCI CARTWRIGHT
 ...So you're telling me that 9 of
 your men were taken out by one
 girl, and she deleted the CCTV
 footage from the last 12 hours,
 even though Mr Thacker was the only
 one who knew the password?

Security Boss nods. He knows how it sounds.

INT. SECRET PASSAGEWAY, THE THACKER MANSION - NIGHT

Mei, Cate, Yashir and Ben jog between sharp rocks.

Dim light in the distance.

Mei puts her hand up, stopping the others.

She feels around, finding a trapdoor in the ceiling.

EXT. GARDENS, THE THACKER MANSION - NIGHT

At the outskirts of the Thacker estate, inside the high fence
 but far away from the house and police cars is a pond.

Next to it, a quaint little shed.

The shed door opens, and out step Mei, Cate, Yashir and Ben.
 Their party gear transformed into running gear.

EXT. MAIN PERIMETER FENCE, THACKER MANSION - NIGHT

Yashir, Cate and Ben squeeze through a piece of the fence
 that Mei is holding open, wire cutters in hand.

EXT. TREE LINED HAMPSTEAD AVENUE - NIGHT

The hooded figures of Mei, Cate, Ben and Yashir skulk along
 in the shadows. Street lamps show their tired faces.

MEI
 I got all the CCTV, all our
 fingerprints, all Ben's personnel
 files - we're clean.

CATE
 We still gonna run this Alt-
 Marathon? It's in seven hours.

BEN
 For Olive.

YASHIR

For Olive.

They split up, each jogging off in a different direction.

Mei gives Yashir's retreating figure a lingering glance, and then they all disappear onto London's anonymous streets.

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE, THE THACKER MANSION - FIRST LIGHT

Thacker is led out of his own house in handcuffs.

Nick follows on, also in handcuffs. Rachel at his side.

RACHEL

I'll ring the lawyers.

Philip is on the phone. He looks confused. Grabs Lucy's arm.

PHILIP

The bank says the accounts are empty.

Lucy turns into him, worried. Thacker doesn't hear but is pushed into a police car. He tries to smile comfortingly.

EXT. START-LINE OF THE ALT-MARATHON - DAY

A klaxon sounds and hundreds of runners start sprinting away.

Yashir, Ben and Cate stand still, buffeted by other people passing them, until finally they are left alone.

Mei is not with them.

EXT. EXTREME - DAY

Yashir, Ben and Cate walk up to the building, confused when they see it is now boarded up, looking like it hasn't been used in decades. The signs have gone.

INT. MAIN RECEPTION, THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL - DAY

Still in running gear, Ben, Cate and Yashir stand at the counter. Yashir is agitated.

YASHIR

Dr Mei Shen-Lam - have you spelt it right?

The ANNOYED RECEPTIONIST looks back at him.

ANNOYED RECEPTIONIST

Yes I have. And no, she does not and has never worked here.

Ben pulls Yashir away. He and Cate look resigned.

INT. STAIRWELL, EAST LONDON TOWERBLOCK - DAY

Yashir hammers on the door.

An ELDERLY BLACK MAN pulls it open.

Yashir opens his mouth to speak. But doesn't. He sags back.

The Elderly Black Man shrugs and slams the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. ANONYMOUS CORRIDOR - DAY

The space is wider than average.

Concrete, unfinished walls and a cheap plasticky carpet.

Feet stride down it. Black boots. A sharp heel.

Mei stands straight in a tucked-in pristine white shirt.

She passes a waiting area, with a rubber plant, old magazines and a large flat-screen TV.

The TV has footage of Rachel being interviewed, and Cipher employees being locked out of the Cipher tower.

TV REPORTER

-- the billionaire has now been charged with money laundering, fraud, blackmail and manslaughter. In a bizarre twist, one of Thacker's last actions before his arrest was to donate his entire fortune to the charity Childwide, leaving his family with no money to clear his name.

Mei pauses as Thacker flashes up on the screen, a lawyer at his side as he is mobbed by paparazzi on the way into court.

He looks defeated. Mei allows herself a small smile.

She strides on, passing blank doors.

She stops at one, no different from the others. She knocks.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Come.

Mei hesitates for just a split second.

INT. SMALL, WINDOWLESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mei steps into the room.

There are three chairs. One is empty.

In the other two chairs are a super-bright Cockney man in a FLASH SUIT, and an stern-looking woman with a stiff upper lip and the jewellery of a GEOGRAPHY TEACHER. Both in their 50s.

GEOGRAPHY TEACHER
Well, I suppose it wasn't a
complete failure.

Mei sits down.

MEI
I got his Bitcoin key, didn't I?

GEOGRAPHY TEACHER
Yes. But it's worthless with him in
prison. We needed to trace his
activities privately - not let the
Met and the press get their mucky
hands on it.

Mei thinks about replying, but sees Flash Suit give Geography Teacher a 'don't be too hard on her' look and doesn't.

FLASH SUIT
It's another nudge on public
opinion of course, but his partners
around the world are now covering
their tracks.

GEOGRAPHY TEACHER
We gave you this mission, Mei-

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE, MI5 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mei sits with her feet on the desk. She has a stack of files, with the labels 'Cate Randall', 'Yashir Ahmed', 'Olive Waugh' and 'Ben Flynn' clearly visible. Her brow is furrowed.

GEOGRAPHY TEACHER (V.O.)
-because you're meticulous.

INT. FRONT DOOR, BEN'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Ben bends to pick up the post.

On top, a flyer for the Highlands Ultra Marathon 2015.

EXT. ROCKY TRAIL, THE HIGHLANDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mei lays a tripwire across the path. She covers it.

EXT. ROCKY TRAIL, THE HIGHLANDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mei runs, lungs burning but a smile on her face.

Olive is a good way ahead of her.

Mei reaches inside her pocket and presses a button.

Suddenly, Olive stumbles. Unable to catch herself, she pitches head first over the edge.

She screams.

Mei freezes and waits for Ben to catch up.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE, EXTREME - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mei stares around, examining every detail.

Robotic Blonde, who is wearing thick-framed glasses and no make-up, is on the phone.

ROBOTIC BLONDE
-Mr Thacker would like to invite
the PM... Yes, it's the perfect
opportunity for a quiet chat...

EXT. NORTH DOCK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

As Mei leaves the restaurant, she glances again at the Christmas tree stall. One of the beautiful trees is taken behind the stall, and swapped for a big stick hanging with juice boxes that is being extravagantly wrapped.

A HOODED FIGURE hurries away from the back of the stall. A big bag over their shoulder. It is Greg.

Mei's phone rings.

GEOGRAPHY TEACHER (V.O.)
Creative.

INT. MAIN HALL, EXTREME - NIGHT

Mei leads the others towards a door.

OLIVE.
We're not allowed to leave the
hall.

MEI
Says who? C'mon... visualise,
actualise, pulverise.

GEOGRAPHY TEACHER (V.O.)
And persuasive.

INT. TOILET CUBICLE, BURLESQUE BAR - NIGHT

Mei types her tweet: "It is easier for a Camel to pass through the Eye of a Needle..."

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE, MI5 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mei is writing an email. Robotic Blonde and 'Dr David Doyle' lean over her shoulder and read it.

MEI
To the point?

The email reads: I know it's one of you. Hand the Camel in to the police or the world sees this.

INT. OFFICE, PANIC ROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT

With a quick glance to check she is alone, Mei plunges a USB device into Thacker's computer.

FLASH SUIT (V.O.)
We knew you'd get the job done.

INT. SMALL, WINDOWLESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GEOGRAPHY TEACHER
But it was supposed to be
bloodless.

Mei swallows hard, but no emotion appears on her face.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Mei grabs Olive's lifeless shoulders. They are both reflected dozens of times in the smashed mirror.

MEI
You brought them here. You brought
them. Now they're all fucked.

Mei is looking at herself.

INT. SMALL, WINDOWLESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FLASH SUIT
You got too close to them.

He holds up a photo - Mei and Yashir, walking along, and talking intently. Looking like a couple.

MEI
(unsure)
No.

EXT. FINISH LINE OF THE ULTRA MARATHON - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mei crosses the finish line alone, then turns back.

Olive limps over the line, surrounded by her new friends. She looks elated. Mei looks down at Olive's injuries, amazed.

INT. OPEN PLAN CAFE, ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Greg and Mei are sitting on high seats, watching people come and go below. He is wearing in a white coat. She is not.

Suddenly, she spots Yashir walking below them.

MEI

Shit.

She grabs Greg's notes. Urges him to take the coat off.

INT. GUEST CLOAKROOM, THACKER'S MANSION - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Mei and Yashir stand together, still entwined.

MEI

- But we... You're married.

He looks at her. Devastated. Frustrated. Relieved.

INT. HALL, MEI'S FLAT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Mei and Greg stare at each other.

She is barefoot; he has a suit and coat on, bag in hand.

GREG

I've never seen you this involved -
not with the op, with the people.

MEI

Greg. I'm not having an affair.

Greg steps forward, kisses her tenderly.

GREG

I know. It's the girl, isn't it?

Mei shrugs at her husband.

MEI

It's time for you to go.

It's not a break-up. He's just going to work.

EXT. WOODLAND, HAMPSTEAD HEATH (FLASHBACK)

Olive and Mei run hard.

OLIVE

No? Because someone being angry,
someone giving other people a cause
to stand behind, that is what's
going to change things.

Mei sees the conviction in Olive's eyes.

INT. SMALL, WINDOWLESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mei looks up at her superiors, just a little red-faced.

GEOGRAPHY TEACHER
Her death was an accident. The CCTV
you stole proved that.

MEI
Yes, Ma'am. But I put her there. I
was responsible. I treated them...
as if they were disposable. Just
like Thacker does.

FLASH SUIT
You did your job.

MEI
I've got a list. More corrupt
billionaires.

Mei passes a piece of paper to Flash Suit. He peruses, but Geography Teacher stares at Mei, trying to read her.

GEOGRAPHY TEACHER
Next? I thought you'd be back to
Counter Terrorism as soon as the
Maternity-Leave penance was paid.

MEI
Well, our democratically-elected
leaders aren't gonna help.

Geography Teacher doesn't break eye-contact.

MEI (CONT'D)
And... I guess these selfish
fuckwits are just as dangerous as
teenage wannabe jihadis.

Mei shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

MEI (CONT'D)
You were right, okay? The little
guy is the big picture.

Geography Teacher is taken aback, but she cannot disagree.

INT. KITCHEN, CATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cate and Richard sit on opposite sides of the island, their kitchen cold and dark.

CATE
And he wasn't the first person I've
been unfaithful with.

Richard looks hurt, but not surprised.

CATE (CONT'D)

I'm telling you because I'm sorry.
Because I don't want this to be the
end of us, but I also want 'us' to
be very different.

INT. KITCHEN, YASHIR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Yashir holds Meena's hand as they sit at the table.

YASHIR

I almost...

He looks her in the eye.

YASHIR (CONT'D)

I've been too into the exercise. It
stops. It's me and you and the
kids. That's all that matters.

INT. TRENDY SOFTWARE START-UP - DAY

The MANAGING DIRECTOR (in jeans and a shirt) shakes hands
with Ben (in his smartest suit).

He points him towards a desk.

MANAGING DIRECTOR

Welcome to the team.

Ben beams.

INT. CHINTZY LIVING ROOM - DAY

On the mantelpiece, photos of Olive in school uniform sit
next to condolence cards.

An elderly couple, OLIVE'S MUM and OLIVE'S DAD, sit on the
sofa. They are holding hands.

Next to them is Ben. Cate and Yashir are in armchairs.

The TV is on. Footage of Thacker. Photos of Olive.

TV REPORTER

Olive Waugh worked for Thacker for
eight years, and it's alleged that
the things she saw inside Cipher
convinced her that he had to be
brought to justice.

Ben shoots a guilty look at Yashir. Yashir shakes his head.

OLIVE'S MUM

We had a letter from her pension
company. Surprising amount. Said
we'd get the cheque next week.

CATE
That's good.

OLIVE'S DAD
Odd though, it seems to have been
set up by the Home Office.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MEI'S FLAT - NIGHT

Greg and William kneel on the floor, making a Lego spaceship.
William struggles to attach a tricky piece. He perseveres.

Greg looks at him with love in his eyes.

The noise of the front door, opening and shutting.

GREG
Mummy's home.

Mei appears in the door.

GREG (CONT'D)
You're late.

MEI
Yeah, sorry love, but I am de-
briefed and done.

She slides onto the floor, kisses William and leans on Greg.

GREG
Looks like we've got Mummy back.

MEI
For now.

GREG
For now.

Mei gives her husband a kiss.

MEI
How was your day?

FADE OUT.