

Retreat
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1 EXT. SOUTH WEST IRISH COAST - DAY

From above: Dinish Island, a remote, windswept fracture of land off the ragged south west coast of Ireland.

Green and untouched, surrounded by the pitiless Atlantic, it is harsh, isolated and beautiful.

A small boat, THE GEORGE, pulls steadily away from a deserted bay on the mainland and heads toward Dinish.

It chugs and bobs on choppy water. The single note of a FOG HORN echoes in its wake.

2 EXT. VIEW FROM THE GEORGE - DAY

The deserted bay, with its wooden jetty and ragged, rocky shoreline retreats steadily into the distance.

MARTIN (FADE IN O.S.)
Simon is handling the plans for
that building. No. I'm away for a
month. He has the boards and 3D
models for the pitch...

MARTIN (35) wanders across the back of the boat, in front of the retreating shoreline, head down, a mobile phone pressed to his ear. He is handsome and intense behind designer glasses. Away from his urban stamping-ground he is way out of his comfort zone.

3 EXT. THE GEORGE - DAY

A silver haired fisherman, Doug (50s), in a black sou'wester, is at the wheel.

MARTIN
(lowers his voice)
This one has come at the wrong
time. Simon and Chloe will have
to handle it Mark... Hello?
Hello?

He sighs with exasperation and checks for a signal. With a friendly grin, Doug nods at each of his passengers in turn.

DOUG
Always happens in the same place.

Martin gazes wistfully at his phone and reluctantly pockets it.

The woman, KATE (33), is slim, with a dark natural beauty. She's tough, yet her face is etched with an underlying sadness as she gazes out to sea.

Both wear immaculate metropolitan winter attire. Doug smiles to himself.

DOUG
Thought I recognised yer.

MARTIN
Years ago, we...

DOUG
Aye! That'll be it.

Martin perches awkwardly next to Kate on a makeshift seat. They do not touch each other. They gaze out to sea - neither seems keen to continue the small talk. Doug studies them again.

DOUG
Weren't yer just married back then?

MARTIN
Engaged.

Martin smiles politely.

DOUG
(winks)
I'll guess yer having a break from the young 'uns now, aye?

Martin's smile fades. Kate's gaze returns to the sea. Martin picks up the pieces.

MARTIN
A bit of R&R...

He trails off. Perhaps Doug picks up on the atmosphere...

DOUG
Aye well, plenty of chance up there.

Doug returns to the wheel and soon whistles brightly. Kate and Martin stare out to sea in opposite directions.

4 EXT. SMALL WOODEN JETTY, DINISH ISLAND - DAY

Kate and Martin stand amid their luggage and bags of supplies. Doug shouts from the boat as it chugs to life.

DOUG
The C.B. will get yer straight through to me. Any problems just call. I'll see yer every Saturday unless I hear else.

MARTIN
Right. Thanks now.

Martin waves, polite but relieved. He grabs his bags and follows Kate up the jetty past a worn old weather-beaten Tourist Board sign:

WELCOME TO THE UNTOUCHED RETREAT OF DINISH ISLAND

HOME TO THE FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE

5 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - DAY

The couple, weighed down with bags, head toward THE FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE.

Small and stone-built, it nestles against the rugged landscape, bathed in thin afternoon sunshine.

6 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING

Rain drizzles from a light grey sky.

Martin emerges from the back door. He sets down a bucket that brims with water and vegetable peelings, then drops a small carrier bag of rubbish into the BIN.

He gazes at the surrounding shrub-land. Its leaves, grass and ferns lush, wet and shiny. WIND, WAVES and SEABIRDS are heard but not seen.

He takes a deep breath, almost smiles, but the cold hits him and he retreats inside.

7 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Martin locks the door against the wind and moves to the hob. FOUR RASHERS OF BACON crackle in the FRYING PAN. He breaks TWO EGGS into it. They spit and sizzle.

MARTIN
(shouts, brightly)
Fancy a walk after breakfast?

8 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING

Kate, in a designer dressing-gown, is engrossed in her LAPTOP. Surrounded by BOOKS full of Post-It page markers, her brow is furrowed, her eyes fixed and glassy.

KATE
Hmmm?

Martin appears, with feigned indifference, in the doorway.

MARTIN
We could walk round the coast path like last time. Remember the sea gulls?

KATE
Looks cold.

MARTIN
It's almost stopped raining.

Still Kate won't look at him.

KATE
Let's see how far I get with this.

MARTIN
Of course. How's it going?

KATE
You'll see it when there's something to see.

He gets the message, steps back to the door.

MARTIN

Sure. Maybe do that walk later?

KATE

Maybe.

Her eyes are fixed on the screen.

Martin lingers at the doorway a moment, stares sadly at Kate's back, then returns to the kitchen. Kate sits back, her face a picture of frustration. The cursor blinks on:

MY NAME IS KATE. I CAN'T SAY ANY MORE THAN THAT BECAUSE IF MY HUSBAND KNEW I HAD WRITTEN THIS ARTICLE, OUR MARRIAGE WOULD BE OVER.

She presses DELETE and the letters vanish one by one.

9

EXT. WOODS, DINISH ISLAND - DAY

Martin stands on the bank of a rushing stream. He dangles a fishing rod into the water and watches the line as it drags downstream. His expression is one of steady concentration.

Suddenly, the rod twitches. Surprised, Martin jerks the line out, looks excitedly for the catch. A tiny cold-water FISH wriggles on the end of his hook. Kate picks her way through the trees. She carries a bundle of twigs.

MARTIN

Dinner is served!

Kate smiles briefly and drops the twigs by a pile of firewood in the clearing. She peers into the bucket.

KATE

It's a baby.

Martin looks wistfully into the distance.

MARTIN

Grilled, on toast, with lemon.

KATE

Martin!

MARTIN

And tomato.

Kate looks up at him. Her eyes flutter with mock girlish pleading.

KATE

Go on. Let it go.

MARTIN

(slyly)

OK. If you catch a bigger one than mine. We let both go. If you don't, they both fry. Deal?

KATE

Deal.

Kate's grin wavers, then as if she puts something out of her mind, it broadens again.

KATE

No problem.

Full of confidence, she takes the rod.

10 EXT. WOODS, DINISH ISLAND - DAY - A SHORT TIME LATER

Martin paces happily through the trees and gathers firewood. He glances back, then stops to take in the scene. A smile creeps across his face. A memory.

MARTIN

What does this remind you of?

Another smile grows, this time across Kate's face.

KATE

Skinny dipping. (beat) And no! It was summer back then...

Kate's rod twitches suddenly. She pulls back with delight and swings it round. This FISH is much bigger than Martin's. She holds it aloft in triumph.

A very distant RUMBLE...

Martin smiles thinly. The surface of the water starts to vibrate as the RUMBLE gets rapidly louder. Kate and Martin look up through the trees. The DEAFENING ROAR of sonic boom as fighter planes whizz low overhead, too fast to see.

The ECHO reverberates around them as the first drops of rain splash into the bucket.

Martin looks to the sky, then to Kate. They fix each other with a look of dread, as the drops turn into a deluge. Martin grabs the bucket and tips its contents into the stream. Kate hurriedly gathers their belongings.

11 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY - LATER

RAIN hammers outside, throws the room into darkness.

New FIREWOOD glows red and CRACKLES in the grate. Strong, healthy flames chase SMOKE up the chimney. Wet clothes dangle on a makeshift washing line across the fire place. Empty plates litter the floor.

Kate reads a book, curled up on the sofa, lit by the dancing fire light. The front door swings open, Martin hurries in, shakes off the rain and drops an arm-full of wood. Kate shivers.

KATE

Door!

Martin shuts and bolts it.

MARTIN

Brrr.

He removes his jacket and, keys in hand, pulls back the drawer of a small dresser and drops the keys on top of a huge, ancient, leather bound VISITORS' BOOK. He stops. Glances to Kate then back to the book. He pulls it out.

Martin lugs the tome over and sits next to her. She shifts to make room for him.

KATE

What's that?

He leafs back and forth through the ragged pages. Handwritten lines, many different hands, different inks, different times, but among them one dated eight years previously, neat and regular. He finds what he is looking for and stops.

MARTIN

Here we are...

KATE MASON, JOURNALIST (and a stick woman at a typewriter).

MARTIN BADENOCH, JNR ARCHITECT (and a stick man inside a stick contemporary house).

WEST LONDON. WILL NEVER FORGET THIS PLACE. WILL BE BACK. OH YES WE WILL BE BACK.... JULY 2002.

Kate and Martin read in silence.

KATE

Mmmm.

Kate returns to her book. Martin lingers fondly on the page a moment, eventually closes the Visitors' Book and places it aside. THUNDER rumbles.

MARTIN

Hope no one in here came for the weather.

He smiles. She does too, but still doesn't look up.

12 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - LATE MORNING

The rocky, desolate landscape is blown on all sides by the unrelenting sea wind. A tiny figure jogs steadily along a rarely-trod path. New trainers stamp on heathery shrubs and thistles.

13 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - LATE MORNING

Martin runs against the wind, reaches an incline and picks up speed as if to push himself as hard as he can. He tears along, the icy wind whips tears from his eyes.

14 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - LATE MORNING

The open fire crackles. Soft, regular TAPS as Kate's fingers move easily across the laptop keyboard. She hunches over it, engrossed in the screen, her expression intense. Her words read...

AS I LAY ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR, MISCARRYING OUR CHILD, MY HUSBAND WAS AT WORK. HIS PHONE... OFF.

15 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - LATE MORNING

The incline becomes a steep, craggy hill. Still he accelerates, his breathing hard and desperate, his face set in a determined grimace.

16 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - LATE MORNING

In the glow from the screen, Kate's face is frozen with concentration.

AND I HAVE NEVER FORGIVEN HIM.

She looks up, thinks for a moment. She looks back to the screen.

17 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - LATE MORNING

Martin's trainers pound the hard, rocky ground as he powers up the side of a cliff, fists clenched, with all he has.

18 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - LATE MORNING

As Kate types, the words fly on to the screen:

I HAVE NEVER FORGIVEN MYSELF.

19 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - LATE MORNING

Martin finally reaches the peak and jogs untidily to a halt, bends double and gasps for air. Pulls out his inhaler, shakes it, brings it to his mouth and sucks in great gasps of the medication. He starts to recover from the exertion.

20 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - LATE MORNING

Kate sits back, stares at her words. In that moment...

The lights SNAP TO BLACK. She stops, looks around confused, she is alone. She quickly turns back, hits 'save', and half-closes her laptop.

Odd shadows, cast by the fire, dance around the walls as Kate makes her way through the gloom to a SMALL CHEST OF DRAWERS.

21 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - LATE MORNING

Martin fills his lungs with the clean cold air, takes in the vista. After a satisfied moment, he turns and starts back.

22 INT. CORRIDOR, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - LATE MORNING

Kate pads along the dark corridor to the cellar door.

23 INT. CELLAR, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - LATE MORNING -
CONTINUOUS

Kate opens the cellar door. Instinctively her hand reaches for the light switch. CLICK CLICK. Nothing.

KATE
Shit.

24 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - LATE MORNING

Kate crouches at the open fire and lights a candle. Her face glows in the meagre light. She shields the tiny flame and heads back along the corridor.

25 INT. CELLAR, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - LATE MORNING

Navigating by candle light she starts down the dark, rickety steps. The lively flame picks out random details of the old cellar. At the bottom, her head hits an exposed bulb that dangles from the ceiling. Startled, she knocks it away with her hand and drops the candle.

KATE
Shit.

It rolls across the floor. The flame licks the cold stone. Kate scrambles after it.

KATE
Shit!

The candle rolls to a stop near an obscure METAL ITEM. She finally grabs it and, just able to keep the flame alight, holds it up. The flame reveals an ANTIQUATED GENERATOR that sits quiet and still.

26 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - LATE MORNING

Martin bursts into the dark kitchen, sweaty and flushed, hands on hips.

MARTIN
That was amazing, you really have
to come and...

He gazes around and frowns into the gloomy emptiness.

MARTIN
(shouts)
Kate?

27 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - LATE MORNING

Martin peers into the living room, into darkness.

He spots the laptop and its half-closed screen. He glances up the hallway. Kate appears at the hallway door. Before he can move any closer she hurries to get between him and the laptop.

KATE
Where have you been?

Martin jumps back. Kate stands between him and the screen.

MARTIN

Jogging. I just came in and...

KATE

You weren't here. The lights went
and you weren't here.

Kate turns away from him, clicks on and closes the document.

MARTIN

It's OK. I'm here now.

KATE

It's not OK. The generator's
broken down.

Kate turns back. Martin approaches, Kate steps away.

MARTIN

Well, I'll have a look at it.

Kate's look says 'what do you know about generators?'

MARTIN

OK, I'll call Doug then.

Martin moves to the C.B. radio. Doug has fixed the controls with STICKY TAPE to channel 23. Only the ON/OFF BUTTON is usable.

KATE

How? The generator's down...

Martin flicks the on/off button - THE C.B SPRINGS TO LIFE.

MARTIN

It's fine, it's battery powered.

She picks up the laptop and carries it protectively away.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Hello?

28 EXT. SMALL WOODEN JETTY, DINISH ISLAND - DAY

The George bobs at the jetty.

29 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Kate sits at the DRESSING TABLE, engrossed. The laptop is planted between BOTTLES AND TUBES. Fingers tap fast across the keys, hands barely move.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Doug's here...

Distracted, she rises casually and stops at the window.

A man strides toward the cottage, the unmistakable figure of Doug, a bag slung over his shoulder. Kate watches as Martin steps out to meet him.

30 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

The two men exchange a firm, friendly handshake. Martin makes way for Doug to enter the cottage.

31 INT. CELLAR, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

In the meagre light, Martin picks his way down the wooden steps after Doug, who carries a tool box.

MARTIN

I know a bit about electrics,
just not enough to pick out the
problem.

Doug faces the antiquated generator and deposits his tool box on the floor with a clatter.

DOUG

She's got character I'll give ya
that. But she's never down for
long...

Doug expertly removes a switch cover, flicks a switch, presses a button, holds it down. Silence. Nothing. Martin nods knowingly.

MARTIN

Nothing worked for me either.

The generator rumbles to life. A warm, homely sound. Doug slams the switch cover shut and gathers up his tools.

DOUG

There you go. You gotta hold it
down for a count of three. Down
hard mind. Any more trouble
and... where is it?

He rummages on top of the generator. Under a layer of dust, dirt and rusty bolts he finds a LAMINATED CARD that he wipes on his trousers and hands to Martin.

DOUG

How to kick start her again if
she goes. I'll leave the tools
over here, just in case...

Speechless, Martin eyes the laminated card and smug box of tools. Doug beams at him.

DOUG

Alright?

Martin nods and smiles briefly, unsure. Doug pats him on the back.

DOUG

Good man.

He marches back up the stairs. Martin trudges after him.

32 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Doug stops near the kitchen door. His hand dives into his bag and pulls out a small cake tin.

DOUG
I almost forgot! A present from
Mrs Doug. She baked them
specially. The raisin ones are a
family recipe - so watch yer
teeth!

Doug flashes a cheeky grin. Martin's smile is genuine this time.

MARTIN
That's very kind. Please thank
her for us.

DOUG
There's not much else she can do
out here, poor soul. It's that or
talk to me, and I'll tell yer
something...
(he winks)
...I'm never short of cakes.

Martin laughs.

DOUG
Are you two getting on alright
out here? Not gone mad yet?

MARTIN
No, no. We love the Island. We
had some good times here.

Doug studies Martin's smile closely for a moment.

DOUG
And yer found them again did you?

Beat. Martin's smile is fixed. He mouths 'yes' but no words come out. They head toward the door.

33 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Kate watches Martin and Doug outside.

DOUG
Now are you alright for gas
cannisters? For the Cooker?

MARTIN
Yes.

Doug looks round, curious.

DOUG
Where's the lady of the house?

Kate hides behind the curtain, out of sight.

34 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Martin squints at Doug in the thin sunlight.

MARTIN
Having a lie in.

Doug shrugs.

DOUG
Ah! It's a holiday after all. See
yer later.

Doug flashes a cheeky grin, pulls his cap on and heads away with the empty bag tucked under his arm. Martin waves him off and turns back to the cottage. He looks up at the bedroom window. It's empty. He lingers a moment, then retreats inside.

35 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Kate hears the door close and watches Doug trudge into the distance until his tiny figure disappears over the horizon. Finally, she turns back to the glowing screen.

36 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - EVENING

Dusk falls over the cottage.

37 INT. BATHROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - EVENING

Kate lies in a steaming bath full of bubbles. She closes her eyes, breathes deeply, enjoys the silence. KNOCK KNOCK on the door. She moves to cover herself - the door isn't fully closed.

KATE
Yes?

She can see Martin's shadow beyond it.

38 INT. LANDING, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - EVENING

Martin stands awkwardly outside the door.

MARTIN
Dinner's almost ready.

39 INT. BATHROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - EVENING

Kate climbs quickly from the bath and reaches for a towel.

40 INT. LANDING, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - EVENING

Martin talks to the door.

MARTIN
It's your...

The bathroom door suddenly snaps shut. Stops him dead.

BEAT.

MARTIN

Kate. I'm doing my best here!

41 INT. BATHROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - EVENING

Kate rests her back on the door, bites her finger.

42 INT. LANDING, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - EVENING

Martin waits. Nothing. He walks away.

43 INT. BATHROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - EVENING

Kate scowls at herself in the mirror...

44 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - EVENING - LATER

Martin sits at the candle-lit table. Kate, her hair still wet, slides into the seat opposite. Plates of food steam between them, but no eye contact.

Kate takes up her cutlery.

KATE

Sorry.

BEAT.

MARTIN

It doesn't matter.

KATE

It does. It does.

Martin stops eating, puts his hand on hers. Their eyes meet.

MARTIN

I'm sorry too.

KATE

You're doing great.

Martin smiles, nods.

45 EXT. SMALL WOODEN JETTY, DINISH ISLAND - THE NEXT DAY

Doug jumps down from The George and stops in surprise. Kate hugs herself against the cold and smiles at him as he approaches.

DOUG

Ah! He's driven yer mad an' yer've locked him in the cellar. Happens all the time.

Kate smiles.

KATE

Not yet. Just thought why not get some air... See Doug.

Doug swings two bags of supplies from the boat to the jetty.

DOUG
Can yer manage by yerself?

KATE
I'll be fine.

Doug watches her take the bag and put the contents in a rucksack. He is serious a moment.

DOUG
How you finding it?

Kate takes a deep breath, but smiles.

KATE
You know Doug, this is a place
full of memories for us both.
Good ones.

He kneels to help her.

DOUG
The best kind then. It's nice
when people say what a special
part the old cottage played in
their lives.
(he nudges her, winks)
They're the memories you want to
hang onto. Forget the bad ones.

KATE
You try to don't you? But things
get broken up sometimes, get over
complicated, mixed up with other
feelings and, well...

DOUG
If it worked once, whatever's
broken can be repaired.

She looks at him and smiles hopefully.

DOUG
Look at yer generator. Like brand
new.

They laugh.

DOUG
Aye. Yer just need to work at it.
Both of yer.

KATE
Yes.

DOUG
Then you know what to do.

Kate smiles, warm and genuine, at Doug.

46 EXT. SMALL WOODEN JETTY, DINISH ISLAND - DAY

From above: Kate and Doug wave to each other as The George chugs away.

Kate watches him go, a new expression on her face. She takes up the rucksack and marches back to the cottage, a slight spring in her step.

47 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Kate enters to a roaring fire. She puts the rucksack down. It's a bit too quiet.

48 INT. CELLAR, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Under torchlight Martin, wrapped only in a bath towel, crouches industriously by the antiquated generator.

He reads the laminated card, then shines the beam into the ancient tool box. He examines the contents for some moments, then turns the torch back to the card.

49 INT. CELLAR, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Kate peeps in at the open door.

For a few moments she stands, watches him, amused. His puzzled frown, intense expression and smooth, office worker hands. He looks up, spots her and smiles hopefully.

KATE

Gone again?

MARTIN

Just. I was running a bath.

He indicates his attire.

KATE

Any luck?

MARTIN

I've held it down for three, but... seems to be a different thing now.

KATE

(mock serious)

Is it OK for you to do it?

MARTIN

(mock offended)

Say what you mean.

Kate's smile is warm and genuine.

KATE

I mean it's a specialist job. You could make it worse.

MARTIN

All I've got to do is...

(reads from card)

...use a ratchet screwdriver to loosen the switch-box cover and set the left-hand dial to zero.

Kate tiptoes in and gingerly sits on a step.

KATE
That's all?

MARTIN
Apparently, we've now got an
'intermittent malfunction of the
cut-out'.

KATE
Have we?

MARTIN
(knowledgably)
Yes, and turning the dial to zero
makes the thing reset.

KATE
Great.

Martin nods solemnly. Kate smiles at him with such warmth
and knowing that his face cracks into a smirk.

KATE
(innocently)
Well? What are you waiting for?

Martin shoves the tool box toward her.

MARTIN
Go on. Which one's the ratchet
screwdriver?

They both burst into sniggers. Kate reaches out an
affectionate hand, when, without warning, a powerful BANG
from inside the generator.

The force blows Martin off his feet and showers him with
SPARKS that pour from the unmarked switch. Deafening HISS.

Stunned, Martin lies on the floor, face down. Kate GASPS
with shock and leaps back. Sparks pour into the tool box.
It's unreachable.

She spots an old BROOM, grabs it then jabs the handle at
the switch. The sparks stop. The generator RATTLES and
HUMS, sick at first, then steady. The lights FLICKER ON and
finally OFF.

50 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY - LATER

Martin lies, brooding on the sofa. Kate gently covers him
with a BLANKET. He fidgets.

KATE
Why isn't he answering the C.B.
then? I only saw him this
morning.

MARTIN
He's probably out. Don't worry
Kate.

Martin pulls himself up slowly, winces in pain.

KATE
You were unconscious Martin.

MARTIN
For about a second.

KATE
Still...

She returns to the C.B. radio desk. She flicks it on, brings the receiver to her mouth, clicks the button and reads from a laminated card.

KATE
This is F.C. 1 to...

Suddenly.

DOUG (O.S.)
Hello. Hello Kate. You OK? Over.

Relieved, she grips the receiver and glances at Martin, who raises his eyebrows.

KATE
Doug, thank God. Martin's been injured. The generator almost blew up on him.

Martin shakes his head. Then Kate remembers...

KATE
Over.

DOUG (O.S.)
It's a hairy old thing but I didn't know it'd gone that bad. Over.

KATE
I'd like a doctor to look at him.

Martin rolls his eyes.

MARTIN
(shouts, to Doug)
It's nothing. I'm fine. Over.

DOUG (O.S.)
How bad is it there? Over.

MARTIN
(shouts)
Not at all. Over.

Kate scowls and shields the mic from Martin.

KATE
He needs a doctor.

DOUG (O.S.)
Aye. I'll bring Thomas over to yer.

KATE
Is he the doctor?

DOUG (O.S.)
Aye. It'll be tomorrow now. Will
he survive the night?

Martin smiles.

KATE
If he's lucky. Over.

DOUG (O.S.)
Oh OK. Over.

Suddenly, Doug coughs loudly and throatily.

DOUG (O.S.)
Hark at me. Don't touch it 'til
we get there. Over.

MARTIN
(shouts)
Thank you Doug! Over and out.

KATE
Over and out.

Martin tries to pull himself up off the sofa and falls back down. Kate gives him a look.

KATE
Be careful, someone has to look
after you.

MARTIN
I'm fine. I'm doing the looking
after.

He struggles to his feet and heads away watched by a concerned Kate.

51 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - MORNING

The sun rises over Dinish Island. It has never looked so desolate. All around, the landscape is harsh and empty. Savage waves thunder into a rocky cove, while merciless sea winds tear across the rugged crags and cliffs above.

52 INT. EN SUITE BATHROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING

Martin stands at the sink under a TINY SKYLIGHT WINDOW that's slightly ajar. Shirtless, he spits toothpaste into the sink and returns the toothbrush to a beaker.

He examines the side of his torso. It's bruised and slightly red. He touches it and winces, pulls on his shirt, glances up and snaps the skylight SHUT before moving through to the bedroom.

53 EXT. SMALL WOODEN JETTY, DINISH ISLAND - MORNING

Kate paces up and down the jetty. She pauses, looks at her watch now and again and scans the horizon.

A worried crease crosses her brow. She scowls thoughtfully at the rowing boat.

54 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING

A PAN of POTATOES BUBBLES NOISILY on the stove. Another PAN brims with BROCCOLI as it too reaches boiling point. Martin chops vegetables, his back to the stove.

As he chop-chops, bright GAS FLAMES beneath the pans shrink to nothing and die. The WATER is almost instantly still. Chop-chop above the SILENCE. Martin spins round.

MARTIN

What?

He grabs a box of MATCHES and tries in vain to re-light the burners. He twiddles the knobs. No hiss. No gas.

MARTIN

Fuck. Come on.

He throws down the matches in frustration.

55 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING

Kate enters from outside, shakes off the cold.

KATE

No Doug yet. I'll try the C.B again.

She stops dead at the sight of white plumes of smoke. Baffled she follows them to the kitchen.

56 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Kate pads in, bats away the smoke.

KATE

Something smells... cooked.

Martin dashes past her, drops a PAN OF SMOKING FISH into the sink. It sizzles. Kate blinks at the scene. Martin has constructed an adequate COOKING GRATE that suspends pans over the kitchen fireplace.

KATE

Everything OK?

MARTIN

Fine.

He tosses a BURNED PAN into a sink full of water.

KATE

Sure?

MARTIN

The gas. I read the gauge wrong.

KATE

We've got two canisters.

MARTIN

The second one was empty. I thought it was full. I must've read it wrong...

He scrubs savagely at the burned pan.

KATE

Have you tried Doug?

MARTIN

Can't get through.

KATE

Still?

MARTIN

He's probably busy.

Kate sighs with frustration, leans on the cooker.

KATE

Is everything against us?

Martin shakes the pan dry.

MARTIN

I'll sort it out. Don't worry.

BEAT. Martin looks from the stove to Kate.

MARTIN

It's fine. Go and sit down.

Martin places the pan back over the grate and prepares to start cooking again. Kate doesn't seem so sure.

57 EXT. SMALL WOODEN JETTY, DINISH ISLAND - DUSK

The jetty and bay are windswept and beautiful - but desolate. Kate pulls her coat tighter against the cold, checks her watch one last time and marches back to the cottage. Her manner betrays a mixture of anger, frustration - and niggling fear.

58 EXT. OLD BARN - DUSK

As Kate approaches the house, she catches sight of something through the barn doors. She frowns, puzzled, then marches up to them.

59 INT. OLD BARN - DUSK

Martin holds a shot gun, levelled, ready to fire. Whatever he aims at is out of sight. Kate moves closer as Martin improves his grip on the shot gun. Just as Kate reaches the door...

MARTIN

(to himself)

Boom, boom!

The shot gun points at an old, gnarled target. Martin lowers the weapon and stands back. He spots Kate and smiles, but her scowl soon wipes it from his face.

KATE

What are you doing?

MARTIN

Fetching firewood. I just found this in a box on the bench. I think it still works.

KATE

There's no gas or electric. Doug hasn't turned up and all you can do is play games.

Kate turns sharply and marches away before Martin can answer.

60 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DUSK

Kate and Martin storm in. Kate heads straight to the C.B. but Martin gains on her.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

We just have to wait.

Kate picks up the C.B.

KATE

He knows you're hurt, he knows we're waiting...

She turns it on. It fizzes to life.

MARTIN

He also knows it's nothing serious.

KATE

Could we row to him, back to the bay?

Martin laughs, amused disbelief.

MARTIN

Kate, it's miles away, and freezing. Why would we do that? And I'm fine. We can cook on the fire. Your laptop has a battery. You can still write. It's not that bad.

KATE

I mean if the worst comes to the worst.

BEAT. Martin shakes his head, incredulous.

KATE

He knows the generator blew up,
and one of his guests is injured,
but he hasn't come over.
Something might be wrong.

Martin moves closer to her.

MARTIN

Nothing is wrong.

He takes the C.B. receiver from her hand and replaces it.

MARTIN

Let me try later.

She turns to face him.

MARTIN

I'm here Kate, OK? I'm here and
it's going to be fine.

He embraces her. She responds. Over her shoulder he looks
through the window, out across the barren landscape.

61 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

The cottage is enveloped in darkness and battered by
freezing winds.

62 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Kate chops under candle light. Martin wanders in, deep in
thought, his shoulders slumped, his face serious. Sensing
his presence, Kate turns round.

KATE

Anything?

He shakes his head, sits at the table and rings his hands.

BEAT. She slips into a chair opposite him.

KATE

We could be stranded here.

MARTIN

Don't be silly Kate.

He gets up, paces.

KATE

If we can't row back and Doug
doesn't come...

MARTIN

He won't just leave us here Kate
for god's sake!

Martin leans on the cooker.

BEAT. Kate rests on her chin.

KATE
You and me, coming back here
thinking it will solve all our
problems. How naive!

MARTIN
What's that to do with this?

KATE
Well we wouldn't be in this
situation if...

Martin slams on the table.

MARTIN
(explodes)
I'm sorry I wasn't there! How
many times do I have to say it?
I'm sorry! I'm sorry about the
gas. I'm sorry about the
electric. I'm sorry for bringing
us back here. I'm sorry about all
of it!

BEAT. Tears well up in Kate's eyes

KATE
You never even wanted it.

Martin turns away.

MARTIN
(barely audible)
Come on Kate.

KATE
Well it's true.

MARTIN
It was the wrong time.

KATE
There was never a right time was
there Martin? Because work would
always come first. Before me,
before us and before the baby.

BEAT.

KATE
And now we're stuck here.

Kate heads off, swipes her tears away. Martin thumps the
chair.

63 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Kate is curled up on the bed. A storm rages outside.
Flashes of lightening cast long, momentary shadows across
her. Martin, his head down, slips in at the door.

MARTIN
I'm sure he'll come.

Kate faces the window, stares into the middle distance.

KATE
I'm just scared Martin.

Martin moves close to her and they lie together on the bed.

MARTIN
Don't be. I'm here. This time I
promise I'll be here.

Kate grips his hand, but doesn't look convinced. A ROLL of THUNDER, a CRACK of LIGHTENING.

Rain on the window throws a mottled reflection across the bed and across two faces creased into silent frowns.

64 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - DAWN

The winter sun rises over another cold morning on Dinish Island. Wisps of mist circle the mountain tops.

65 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - EARLY MORNING

Kate awakes to the sound of wood being chopped outside the window. She notices Martin is gone, climbs out of bed and tip-toes to the window.

She sees Martin below. He swings an axe, looks up, smiles and waves. She touches the glass and half smiles back. She glances up to the horizon, blinded momentarily by the glare. As her eyes readjust, something comes into focus.

In the distance, a MAN crawls, slow and exhausted, toward the cottage. She touches the glass.

KATE
Doug.

66 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING

The cottage door is flung open. Kate dashes out, shields her eyes. The figure isn't in sight. She scans the horizon. Martin rounds the corner from the barn. He carries the axe.

KATE
Doug! I just saw him.

Martin follows her gaze.

MARTIN
Where?

Kate tears away. Martin grips the axe and follows.

67 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - MORNING

Kate stops at the top of a small dip and peers down. The body of a MAN lies on its front in thorny scrubland. It is clearly not Doug. Martin jogs up behind her - with the axe.

68 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING

Martin switches the C.B. radio on.

MARTIN (O.S.)
(desperately into radio)
This is the Fairweather Cottage
trying to contact anyone. Over.

The stranger lies in an awkward heap on the sofa. Dried blood is crusted on his brow from a gash on his head and streaks down to his ear, his collar stained red.

He is a tall slim man with a shaved head. He wears a dirty, soaking wet, beige boiler suit, uniform-like, with military markings.

MARTIN
We have a badly injured man here.
Can anybody hear me? Over.

No reply. Silence. Martin shakes his head.

Kate stares at the stranger. He looks around mid 30's, pale and dirty.

KATE
Do you think this is Thomas?

Martin shrugs.

The stranger breathes heavily. Kate opens the old FIRST AID KIT and picks through it.

MARTIN
Don't get any blood on you Kate.

Martin turns back to the C.B. radio that's set to 23. It's alive but no one answers.

MARTIN
He isn't there.

KATE
Try another channel. We don't
know how bad he is.

MARTIN
I'm not sure how to set
it... I don't want to lose Doug's
wave length just in case.

BEAT.

MARTIN
He must have a boat. It might be
big enough for all of us. We'll
take him to the mainland...

Martin gets up and grabs his jacket.

MARTIN
If he wakes up while I'm gone...

Martin places the axe in Kate's hand.

KATE
For Christ's sake, Martin!

Kate firmly sets down the axe, throws Martin a withering look. Martin zips up his jacket and jogs out of the door.

MARTIN

Sit tight...

69 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - DAY

Martin jogs away from the cottage toward the jetty.

70 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Kate has a small dish of warm water and a big cloth. She kneels beside the prostrate stranger and dabs tentatively at the blood on his face. She cleans up the trail of blood and dabs gingerly at the wound itself. She decides not to disturb it.

She sets down the cloth and sits back to look at him. His face, clothes, hands, feet. Several military patches adorn his uniform-like attire. She spots a bulge under his jacket.

71 EXT. SMALL WOODEN JETTY, DINISH ISLAND - DAY

Martin stands, hands on hips, at the end of the jetty. Puzzled he looks up and down the shore. There is no boat - only the old rowing boat, tied up in its usual place.

He stamps up and down, confused, then turns back to the cottage.

72 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Curious, Kate moves the flap in his suit aside. She sees something we don't and stifles a gasp. The stranger groans and shifts.

Kate is frozen to the spot until he finally settles again.

Martin bursts in. He breathes heavily from the jog.

MARTIN

(loudly)

No boat. What do you make of that?

The look on Kate's face is enough.

MARTIN

What?

Kate is speechless. She points to the stranger. Martin frowns and strides around the sofa to see...

Tucked inside the stranger's boiler suit is a black HAND GUN.

Martin's face drops. Instinctively, he stands between the weapon and Kate.

MARTIN

(whisper)

Shit!

They can't take their eyes off the hand gun. Eventually they fix each other with helpless looks.

KATE
(urgent whisper)
What should we do?

MARTIN
(unsure)
He could be a soldier, or a policeman...

KATE
Or a criminal...

Martin swallows and nods. Silence, then...

MARTIN
We've got to get it off him.

KATE
No! Don't touch it! You don't know anything about guns.

MARTIN
Sssh!

Martin scowls, deep in thought.

MARTIN
(somewhat garbled)
He could be a criminal. In which case if we take the gun, we'll be safer. If he's a policeman or whatever, he'll understand if we take the gun.
(beat)
Stay there.

Martin edges toward the stranger. Kate takes up the axe and stands ready with it.

KATE
Don't touch the trigger.

Martin kneels beside the sofa and gently pulls aside the stranger's flap. He looks back for Kate's support. Kate rigidly grips the axe. Her face set with concentration.

Martin pulls his sleeve back and with a shaky finger and thumb, grips the hand gun butt. He wiggles it gently. It moves, but stays firmly under the strap.

The stranger's breathing suddenly changes. He GROANS and shifts. His arm moves across his chest. This further complicates Martin's access to the weapon.

KATE
(whispers)
Be careful!

Martin briefly fixes her with an irritated look. This time he uses his other finger and thumb to pull the strap away while he dislodges the hand gun. It slides shakily out. Martin grins, enjoys the brief triumph.

KATE
(whispers)
Check for others.

Martin's smile fades. Carefully, he lifts the stranger's jacket and checks the pockets. With some embarrassment he peers up each trouser leg.

No weapons. He turns to Kate, shrugs and shakes his head. Martin slowly tiptoes back to Kate. He holds the hand gun as if it could explode at any moment.

KATE
(mouths)
The bedroom.

Martin creeps away as Kate renews her vigil over the stranger.

73 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Martin bursts in, holds the hand gun at arm's length and searches for a hiding place. Finally, he pulls back a drawer, drops the gun inside and slams it quickly shut.

74 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Martin re-enters, relief written all over his face. Kate relaxes, lowers the axe. They take a moment to look at each other.

75 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

The cottage is surrounded by darkness and battered by rain.

76 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - EVENING

By candle light, Kate fills a kettle at the tap, Martin pulls on his jacket.

MARTIN
We need more wood. I won't be long.

She smiles, Martin exits at the kitchen door.

Kate places a kettle on the makeshift grate over the fire.

77 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - EVENING

The fire crackles. A cube of FIREWOOD jumps from the flames onto the hearth.

The stranger's hand twitches. He is alone. His eyes blink open. Almost at once, his face screws into a frown of pain as his hand reaches for his head wound. Slowly, he hauls himself up.

He looks round the room. Kate's laptop. Martin's running shoes and watch. Coats thrown over a chair. The C.B. radio... He lowers his head and sighs.

He dabs at his head, dried blood on his finger tips. He spots the First Aid Kit and heads for it. Silently. He passes the open kitchen door. Stops. Kate has her back to him. She boils a kettle over the kitchen fire.

Her top is ridden up and the stranger glimpses her bare back. For some moments he studies the curve of her body and the arch of her neck.

78 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

As if she senses his stare, Kate turns. Face to face with the stranger, she is frozen to the spot. Speechless. The kettle whistles.

The stranger wobbles and almost loses his balance. Kate makes to help him. He holds up a hand as if to stop her coming any closer, but he clearly needs assistance.

Kate dashes to support him. He eyes her arm around him and her closeness as he sinks into a kitchen chair.

KATE
I'd take it easy if I were you.
You've been out all day.

JACK
Where am I?

KATE
Dinish Island.

Jack looks at her as if that doesn't answer his question. He seems to take a moment. As if he has to think, before...

JACK
Got any... water?

Kate nods. She hurries to fill a glass of water and watches him gulp it down. She catches his gaze over the rim of the glass.

JACK
Thank you ma'am. For taking me in
like this...

She turns away, uncomfortable.

KATE
Anyone would do the same.

JACK
I ain't so sure about that.

Kate goes to leave, but Jack grabs her arm, hands her the glass.

JACK
Please.

She looks down at his dirty hand, slowly works her delicate arm free and takes the glass. Her face gives nothing away as she refills it and hands it back. He downs it in one.

KATE

You've had a nasty knock there.

Jack stares at her for a moment.

JACK

My boat. It sank. My boat sank...

KATE

Did you come far?

JACK

Plymouth.

Kate smiles. Jack doesn't.

KATE

I mean, where did you come from on your boat? Cork?

JACK

Huh? Hit those rocks real hard...

Jack frowns, seems disoriented.

KATE

I saw you from the window... You fell unconscious, outside in the grass.

Jack grimaces, clutches his head wound.

79 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Martin appears in the doorway. For a moment he watches Kate tend to Jack's head wound.

KATE

Let me see...

Kate gently dabs water on Jack's wound. Martin watches them together. Kate's eyes meet Jack's, just for a second, before his flick to Martin. Kate follows his gaze, sees Martin and jumps to her feet.

KATE

Martin. This is...

JACK

Corporal Jack Corman, Sir. Royal Marines, Assault Engineer. Three Commando Brigade.

Martin and Jack look at each other.

KATE

His boat sank...

Martin drops the wood in a bucket, eyes on Jack.

MARTIN

What happened?

Jack stares at their expectant faces.

JACK

Hit a rock. Went down like that.

He clicks his fingers, shakes his head in despair, then winces and touches his wound.

JACK

I don't recall too much detail...
How many more are here?

MARTIN

Just us.

Martin sinks slowly into the chair. He clutches his side and winces in pain. He sees Jack watch him...

MARTIN

Had a run in with the generator.

JACK

Broken is it?

KATE

Very.

MARTIN

Where were you going?

Jack dabs at his head wound and, for a moment, examines the bloody mess on the cloth. He re-arranges it to expose a clean section, then re-applies it.

JACK

I was on a reconnaissance
exercise. Made a wrong turn.

KATE

So there'll be people looking for
you?

JACK

Yep. You got a line to the
outside world?

MARTIN

We haven't been able to reach
Doug, the owner of this place, on
the C.B. He had it set to a
channel, but... you're welcome to
have a go.

Jack looks from Kate to Martin and back again.

JACK

If it's OK with you guys, I'm
gonna get my head down on your
sofa for the night. Sort it out
in the morning.

Martin and Kate look at each other.

KATE
There's a spare bedroom
upstairs... more comfortable than
the sofa. Let me help you.

Jack stands, unsteady. Martin moves in to take over.

MARTIN
I've got it.

Martin puts his arm round Jack's shoulder and helps him away.

80 INT. STAIRS, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Martin helps Jack up the narrow staircase. Kate follows behind. At the top, Jack takes a good look around before they lead him along the landing. He peers into rooms as they pass.

Martin nudges open a door.

81 INT. SMALL BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT -
CONTINUOUS

Martin, Jack and Kate shuffle into a pokey box room with a slanted roof.

MARTIN
Here we are.

A tall-boy, single bed and bedside table compete for space. A tiny window. Pea green and white plastered walls.

KATE
I'd better get some sheets.

Kate moves out of the room. Jack waits for her as she goes. Martin makes to follow her, but Jack grabs him, stops him dead. Martin looks in surprise at the firm grip on his arm. Jack leans in close, as if Martin is a valued confidante.

JACK
(whispers)
I need to speak with you. Alone.

Jack stares intently at him. Whatever it is, it looks important. Martin eyes him with suspicion.

MARTIN
Right.

Kate appears, a blanket and pillow in her arms. Jack feigns nonchalance in front of her.

KATE
(brightly)
I found a spare pillow too.

JACK
You're very kind, ma'am.

Jack lowers his body onto the bed and watches Kate as she busies herself around him. Martin keeps his eyes on Jack.

82 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Martin places a candle on the bedside table. He sits on the edge of the bed, something on his mind. Kate thumps down on her side.

KATE
This is great! The army'll come
and we can go with them!

Martin doesn't share her excitement. He rises, approaches the chest of drawers and yanks one open. The gun slides to the front. He picks it up.

MARTIN
It's possible.

He turns to Kate.

KATE
Are you going to give it back to
him?

Martin drops to his knees and slips the gun under the wardrobe. It rests on the floor among the dust. Martin climbs back to his feet.

MARTIN
No.

He kisses Kate briefly on the forehead and heads to the door. Kate looks at him in surprise.

KATE
Where are you going?

MARTIN
To see if I can get us that lift
home.

Martin slips out. Kate's whisper chases after him.

KATE
Be careful.

Kate, alone, looks nervously around.

83 INT. LANDING, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Martin approaches the small bedroom, the door slightly ajar. He stops at the door and KNOCKS.

He waits. No answer. Nudges the door. It creaks open.

84 INT. SMALL BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Martin's head peeps round the door. The room is empty. The bed untouched.

85 INT. CORRIDOR, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Hastily, Martin tiptoes down the stairs.

The living room door is closed. The cellar door open, noises beyond it. Martin approaches it slowly.

86 INT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - CELLAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Martin stands in the doorway. Beyond, at the bottom of the steps, under candle light, Jack's figure is hunched over the shelves. He pulls things out, examines them, places them aside.

Unseen by Jack, Martin creeps down a couple of steps. He watches Jack gather tools, plastic sheets, tape. After a moment...

MARTIN

What are you doing?

Jack, a large HAMMER in his hand, spins round in shocked surprise.

BEAT.

JACK

What needs doing.

Jack turns back to his duties. Martin jogs down the remaining steps and stares incredulously at the pile of things.

MARTIN

Like what?

Jack stops.

JACK

This ain't going to be easy.

Turns round to face him.

JACK (CONT'D)

You don't know do you.

MARTIN

Don't know what?

JACK

We need to make this place safe.

MARTIN

Safe?

JACK

We gotta seal ourselves in if we want to stand any chance of survival.

MARTIN

Survival?

JACK

A pandemic. R1-N16. Or Gramado Flu. A fatal, airborne virus that attacks the respiratory system.

(beat)

The world's on lock down.

Martin's face betrays his horror and confusion.

MARTIN

A pandemic? We would know. Doug would have contacted us.

Jack gathers the things in his arms. He shrugs.

JACK

If your radio was working you would. Doug's probably sealed in his house. If he's still alive.

Jack marches back up the stairs with his arms full.

MARTIN

Where are you going with that?

87

INT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack enters, drops his things under the window. Martin hurries in behind.

MARTIN

I don't understand.

JACK

It's the official line. Seal up your home as best you can and stay inside.

Jack rips off strips of tape.

MARTIN

The pandemic could come here?

JACK

It's airborne. Spreading everywhere. Seal up your home and stay inside.

Jack climbs on a chair and starts to tape a plastic sheet over the window.

MARTIN

I'm sorry Jack, I can't let you do that...

Jack carries on as if he hasn't heard.

Incensed, Martin starts to yank down the plastic. Jack stares at him.

JACK

I wouldn't do that.

Martin, his face set with fury, pulls down a large sheet from the window.

MARTIN

I can't let you seal us in!

Jack grips Martin by his shirt and throws him with ease hard against the wall, then pins him with his forearm across the neck. With his other hand he swings the hammer.

MARTIN

(chokes)

Let me go.

JACK

You're gonna fucking listen!

Martin tries to struggle free. Jack simply improves his grip. The man is no match for the Marine.

JACK

Easy way or hard way?

Martin's eyes signal his submission. After a BEAT, Jack slowly lets him go. Martin quickly breaks free, clutches his throat, bends double, coughs.

MARTIN

You're insane...

JACK (CONT'D)

I am not fucking around.

Martin holds his neck.

JACK

It started in South America. A mutation of that flesh eating er... Ebola. It's spreading faster than the plague. Borders are closed. No one's allowed in or out. It's Contagious. Fatal. You're lucky I came along when I did. A few more days like this and...

MARTIN

How come you don't have it?

JACK

Air-tight suit and respirator. Courtesy of The Royal Marines.

MARTIN

Thought you were on a reconnaissance mission?

JACK

I didn't want to frighten you. I'm an Assault Engineer, but we've all been deployed. To maintain order.

MARTIN

What happened to your protective clothes?

JACK

Couldn't swim with it. Had to ditch the lot or drown.

MARTIN

So your army boat sank near here?

JACK

Yeah, I'm a scout, checking the area for the infected...

MARTIN

The disease is here?

JACK

It's on its way.

Martin's mind is wild with thought. Jack leans forward.

JACK (CONT'D)

We need to make this place safe. If your radio worked you'd have heard the broadcasts. We're gonna need everything you've got to seal this place up.

KATE (O.S.)

(calls from upstairs)
Martin?

Martin looks to the door. Jack's eyes stay on him.

JACK

I don't want to have to hurt anyone.

KATE (O.S.)

Martin?

JACK

But don't try and stop me doing this.

Kate appears at the door. Martin and Jack eye to eye.

KATE

What's happening?

Martin hurries over to Kate.

MARTIN

Come with me.

Martin pulls her into the kitchen. Jack turns back to the window.

Martin clutches her arms and talks into her face.

KATE
What's going on?

MARTIN
He says he was drafted in to keep order, a fatal disease, a pandemic, is spreading across the world.

KATE
A disease? Like what?

MARTIN
An airborne virus. He's sealing the place up against it right now...

KATE
Sealing it up? I thought the army was coming for him, for us?

Martin shakes his head.

KATE
Do you believe him?

Martin gives her a look that says he isn't sure.

BEAT.

KATE
I want to speak to him. Find out what's going on.

Martin holds on to her, whispers in her ear.

MARTIN
He won't listen.

She pulls herself free and heads into the living room.

89 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Kate walks right up to Jack at the window.

KATE
What's going on? I thought they were coming to get you tomorrow.

Jack carries on. Martin walks up behind her.

JACK
I'm sorry Ma,am. It's hard to understand, but the best place for us from now on is gonna be right here. I thought it would sound better coming from your man.

KATE
What about Doug? The owner... he's coming to pick us up.

JACK
 He'll be sealing up his house
 like everyone else, if he hasn't
 already. No, you go out there
 and...

Jack's expression says it all. Kate searches his face for a
 chink in his sincerity.

KATE
 Why should we believe you?

Jack squares up to her.

JACK
 There's no cure for this thing.
 Once you got it, you're the
 infected. Police, army... they
 got orders to shoot you on sight.
 Looters and gangs are ransacking
 homes, shops, churches...

KATE
 The radio...

JACK
 Radio won't tell ya nothing I
 haven't.

Jack's gaze returns to Martin. His grip on the hammer
 tightens.

JACK
 I'm not discussing this with you.
 It's happening and that's it.

MARTIN
 Come on Kate...

KATE
 He can't keep us here. We aren't
 prisoners.

JACK
 Why don't you listen to your old
 man.

Kate searches his face a moment. Jack watches as they move
 away, then turns back to his task.

90 INT. BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Martin and Kate burst in, close the door behind them.

KATE
 Are you just going to go along
 with this then?

Martin paces to the window.

MARTIN
 We've got to sit tight until we
 can find out more.

KATE
 (fierce whisper)
 Why don't we just get the gun and
 ask him straight out.

Martin lowers his voice.

MARTIN
 Confronting him like that isn't
 going to work. He's a Marine. He
 would disarm you in a heartbeat.
 Then what?

BEAT.

MARTIN
 We're on our own, surrounded by
 freezing water and with no way to
 reach the outside world. Out
 there we'd starve or freeze, even
 if there's no disease.

Kate stares at him.

MARTIN
 We have the gun. He must think he
 lost it in the water. Let's play
 along until I can get to the
 bottom of it.

Martin locks the door and pockets the key. He looks at
 Kate, who hugs herself.

91 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - MORNING

The cottage is bathed in thin early morning light.

92 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - EARLY MORNING

Kate awakes, fully clothed, in bed. She looks around, sees
 Martin asleep in a chair.

She sits up, sees the bedroom door is ajar.

93 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING

Kate enters dressed in the same clothes as last night. She
 stops abruptly.

The living room is transformed. Furniture moved, rugs
 rolled up. The windows covered with plastic sheets.

Jack, with total focus, hammers nails into the door frame.
 Various junk-like items await deployment.

Jack, his head wound covered with a makeshift dressing,
 catches sight of Kate. His eyes wander down her body a
 moment before he politely touches his forehead.

JACK
 Kettle's just boiled.

Kate marches to the C.B. radio. Jack watches.

JACK

Still dead. Tried it last night.

Undeterred, she lifts the receiver, flicks the switch. Waits. Nothing.

JACK

Seems to me there's no answer.

Kate replaces the receiver. Jack picks up a piece of wood and surveys the window. A quizzical look crosses Kate's face as he starts to nail the wood across the glass. She turns to the door - it's blocked up. Another window is boarded over.

KATE

You've blocked the door.

JACK

Well, I'm sure you guys aren't stupid enough to want to leave.

BEAT.

JACK

The most dangerous man in the world is a family man. He'll do anything, I mean anything, to save his wife and kids.

98 Kate's face betrays an encroaching sense of dread.

JACK

People know this place is here. The guy who bought you over here, his family, friends. You said you were expecting someone. We need to fortify ourselves best we can.

He flexes his forearms, slim but all muscle. He proudly tests the strength of the wood that keeps them firmly inside and the daylight out.

Martin, flustered bursts in, pulls on his glasses.

KATE

He's blocked up the windows and doors.

JACK

You guys'll thank me when they come.

MARTIN

When who comes?

KATE

He thinks Doug might come and bring the infection...

MARTIN

I thought you were sealing us in to minimize the risk against the disease.

JACK
It's all to minimize the risk...

Kate eyes Martin.

JACK
Reminds me. Do you shoot, Martin?

Martin shuffles, uncomfortable.

MARTIN
Me? No.

JACK
Well, do you have any weapons?
Anything we can use to defend
ourselves, like a gun?

MARTIN
Would it come to that?

JACK
It could.

Martin and Kate share a glance.

KATE
No, we don't keep anything like
that.

JACK
Shame.

BEAT.

JACK
Well. You'd be doing right by
picking up that hammer and
helping me out here, then.

Kate looks to Martin who throws her a 'play along' glance.
Jack kicks the tool box across to Martin's feet. His eyes
flick to Kate.

JACK
There's food needs sorting in the
kitchen.

Kate looks at Martin, unsure.

94 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY - LATER

Kate empties the cupboards of tinned food, which she lines
up on the work surface.

Through the kitchen doorway, she sees Martin busily feed
the living room fire, his back to her.

Jack enters, pulls a chair out. Kate ignores him.

BEAT.

JACK
I'm sorry to be the one, you
know, to tell you.

Silence. Kate is busy with her chores.

JACK
You guys professionals out there
in the world?

She carries on.

KATE
I'm a journalist. Martin's an
Architect.

JACK
Kids?

BEAT.

KATE
No.

JACK
Never interested me neither.

KATE
We want them.

JACK
Having problems were you.

KATE
I don't think that's any of your
business.

JACK
(lowers his voice)
Martin not quite up to the job?

KATE
What?

JACK
Come on, we're one big family
now. We should share things.

KATE
(spits with disdain)
I don't think so.

Impasse. Martin enters.

MARTIN
Kate?

Jack and Kate break away. Jack takes up a chair.

JACK
Let's get this broken down.

Martin eyes them, then follows Jack out.

INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY - LATER

Jack drags furniture into a corner, totally focused.

Martin slowly throws wood on the heaving fire while Kate reluctantly places DAMP RAGS beneath the front door. Kate steels herself.

KATE

How do we know we don't have the disease already? We were outside before you came...

Martin throws her a look, Jack shakes his head definitively.

JACK

You ain't got it.
(angry at the disease)
That fucker don't hang around.
None of that incubation shit. As soon as ya breathe the spores in, ya cough em right out.

Martin dodges shards of firewood as Jack tosses them onto a pile and they CLATTER and slide near his feet.

MARTIN

That's the first symptom - a cough?

Martin and Kate exchange a look. Jack eyes the sofa, then tries to drag it across the floor.

JACK

Yep. Ya lungs get full of spores, the spores get coughed up, what's left turns to liquid and that comes up...

Martin helps Jack move the sofa. They pull it across the front doorway.

KATE

(pointed)
If we could somehow get through on the radio, contact our families...

Jack fixes them with an expression of sincere concern.

JACK

No. There's nothing out there for you anymore...

He takes up an axe and slams it into a shiny cherry wood TABLE. Martin and Kate jump.

JACK

There's food in the basement needs labeling Kate.

KATE

Well label it then.

MARTIN

Kate.

BEAT

MARTIN

Just go.

Reluctantly, Kate walks out.

JACK

Got a lot of spirit that one.

MARTIN

I can handle her.

JACK

Yeh.

MARTIN

Yes!

JACK

Trust her can you?

BEAT.

MARTIN

Of course.

JACK

She's got you right where she
wants you hasn't she.

Martin drops what he's doing and turns to Jack.

MARTIN

What do you mean by that?

JACK

Just... I can see what you can't.
Being an outsider...

MARTIN

Whatever you think you're seeing,
you can think again.

Jack gets it and smiles.

JACK

Hey, sure. No offence intended.

Martin turns back to work. Jack smirks. Martin frowns,
hammers nails harder.

96

INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Kate, Martin and Jack eat meagre portions of food in semi-darkness. A candle flickers on the table. Only Jack eats with any enthusiasm. Martin chews, despondent. Kate looks worried, but there's a determined air to her questions...

KATE
So, you're from an army base near
here?

Jack shrugs, concentrates on his food. His mouth full...

JACK
Yeah.

KATE
What's it called?

Jack looks up from his plate, chews and scowls.

JACK
Uh?

Jack looks closely at Kate. Martin stops chewing.

KATE
What's the base called?

JACK
What's it matter? OK it's called.
Goose Bay.

Jack smirks.

JACK
(to Kate)
Look at you trying to work it
out. You know shit about the
army!

Kate remains impassive, but Martin shuffles. He glances
warily from Kate to Jack. Jack knows he's being grilled...
and doesn't look pleased.

JACK
If the interrogation's over,
there's still work to do. We
aren't finished making this place
safe.

He strolls out of the room. Martin turns swiftly to Kate
and whispers fiercely.

MARTIN
I said let me handle it Kate.
We shouldn't push him.

KATE
No? What should we do then?

MARTIN
There are ways, don't just steam-
roll in.

KATE
So we just sit back? Let him take
over our lives?

Martin seems lost for words.

KATE

You know what? Get back to me.

She springs to her feet and marches out.

97 INT. LANDING, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Kate stamps up the stairs to the bedroom. Martin appears at the base of the stairs.

MARTIN

(calls)

Kate. Wait.

The bedroom door SLAMS SHUT.

MARTIN

Shit.

Martin thumps the banister, hurts his knuckles and sucks his fist. Jack appears in the hall. He holds out a hammer.

JACK

(dismissive)

Leave her. Got chairs and tables here need breaking up. For the fire.

Martin takes the hammer, fist still in his mouth. Jack smiles.

98 INT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jack watches Martin a moment as he smashes wood.

JACK

I know you want to stay alive Martin. I know you don't want to let her jeopardize your chances.

MARTIN

She isn't.

JACK

What I'm trying to say is, it's you and me now, yeah? We make the decisions.

Martin eyes Jack's smile. Hesitantly he nods along.

99 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Kate is curled up on the bed, asleep, fully clothed, her face crumpled into a frown. The door falls open, smooth and silent. Jack stands in the doorway. He watches Kate for a moment, his expression unreadable.

Without a sound, he pulls the door to and shuts it tight.

100 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT - LATER

Martin, face on fist, sits in an armchair, his face a dull orange before the exhausted fire. His eyelids droop. The silence is broken only by odd cracks from the tiny embers.

A thin smoke wisp trails up into darkness from the burned wick of a candle. Across the room, another does the same... as if they have just been pinched out.

Suddenly, Jack's hand claps over Martin's mouth. Before he can make a sound, Jack places a finger over his own lips, and motions for Martin to follow him - urgently.

101 INT. HALLWAY, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jack pulls Martin onto the floor under the window. He stares into his eyes, speaks clearly and firmly.

JACK
They're here.

His eyes dart up to the window.

MARTIN
There are people here?

JACK
Yeah, two or three men. We gotta protect ourselves. You know what I mean? Me and you Martin.

Martin's face says he does. He crawls to the window.

MARTIN
Where are they?

JACK
They saw the cottage and hit the ground, so they're smart. The worst thing is, they've got guns.

Jack studies Martin's face.

Martin squints through a gap in the boards. His eyes hunt across the dark shapes and cryptic outlines of the rough terrain. He peers closer, desperate to see...

MARTIN
I... I can't...

Jack yanks him down.

JACK
Watch out! They can't know we're here. He's behind that peak, to the left.

Jack lets Martin go, he looks again. His eyes bore into the dark view, finally make out what could be a peak. He shakes his head, desperate, confused.

JACK
They're hiding and you can bet they're not alone. Rest of 'em probably waiting on the shore.

Martin is in turmoil. He scours the scene, still unsure. Jack is at another window.

JACK.
Shit. Get down, get down...

Martin drops to the floor. His face betrays a mind wild with thought.

JACK
Over here! Quick!

Martin crawls to Jack.

JACK.
See, behind the second rock to the right, lying flat on the ground. At least two of 'em.

Martin looks, can he see anything? The ground is uneven. Is that someone? Is that a tree, or a person?

MARTIN
I think so...

JACK
They're circling. They must know we're here. We gotta fight, protect the house. Kate.

Jack grabs an axe from the floor, crawls to the front door. He slides another axe across to Martin. It stops at Martin's feet. He looks down at it.

JACK
You ready?

Martin barely hides his panic. Jack, shoulder to the door, grips the axe, braces himself against imminent attack.

JACK
Ready to fight Martin?

Martin jumps to his feet and runs out of the room.

JACK
(fierce whisper)
Martin. Martin.

102 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Martin creeps in, past a sleeping Kate. He drops silently to his knees.

His hand reaches beneath the wardrobe. Fingers stretch toward the hand gun, barely in reach. He nudges the handle toward him, finally coaxes it into his waiting hand.

He climbs to his feet, checks Kate, then turns the weapon over in his hand.

103 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Martin enters, clutches the hand gun.

JACK
Get down, down.

Martin hits the floor, panicked.

MARTIN

Your gun.

Martin crawls frantically across the floor, the hand gun clutched askew in one hand. Jack spots it and is apparently speechless.

JACK

I thought it fell out in the sea!

MARTIN

No. We saw it, we didn't know what to do... we're not...

Jack struggles to keep his voice to a whisper.

JACK

Over here, quickly.

Martin attempts to scramble up.

JACK

No! Get down! They'll shoot you. Throw it to me. Don't move, just slide it over...

Martin looks at the hand gun.

JACK

Come on, come on.

Eventually he slides it across the floor. It comes to a dead stop under Jack's hand. His fingers close around it.

Martin, his chin on the floor, watches intently. Jack points the hand gun out of the window. Moments later, he hits the floor, crawls to Martin and whispers into his ear.

JACK

Stay here. I know what I'm doing. I'll get a better aim from upstairs. If you hear a shot, stay away from the window.

Martin nods, watches Jack creep furtively out of the room. He lies on his front, on the floor, and waits.

104 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT - LATER

Martin is restless. He crawls to the window and looks out. Peers through a crack in the boards.

105 INT/EXT. VIEW THROUGH CRACK IN BOARDS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The landscape is as dark, still and empty as before.

106 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Martin frowns, puzzled, then creeps out to the hall.

MARTIN
(urgent whisper)
Jack? Jack?

SILENCE. He creeps up the stairs.

107 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Martin peers in. Kate stirs and sees him at the door. Martin places a finger on his lips, looks along the corridor. A NOISE downstairs. Martin hurries away.

108 INT. STAIRS, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Martin powers down the steps.

109 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Martin arrives in the dark room. It seems empty, when... Jack appears from the shadows behind him. The hand gun presses into the back of Martin's head.

Martin freezes. For a moment Jack looks fiercely determined, then his face softens. He lowers the hand gun and throws a friendly arm round Martin's shoulders.

JACK
Sorry Martin. Thought you were
one of them...

Jack laughs. Martin looks uncomfortable.

MARTIN
What happened to the men with
guns?

Jack walks up to the window as if to keep watch.

JACK
Musta gone back to the shore.
Still, ready for next time.

Martin looks long and hard at the hand gun, then at Jack.

MARTIN
There weren't any men, were
there.

JACK
(casual)
Oh there are men and they will
come. You gotta be alert Martin.
For when they do.

Kate comes down the stairs into the living room.

KATE
What's going on?

MARTIN
He's... he said he saw men coming
with guns. So... we were on the
floor, ready and I...

JACK
Gotta be on your guard. At all
times.

Jack waves the hand gun. Kate stares accusingly at Martin.

MARTIN
(to Kate)
I'm sorry, I thought we were...

KATE
(shouts at Jack)
You're not a Marine. Who the fuck
are you and what are you doing
here?

Kate almost shakes with anger. Jack gets to his feet, a
firm grip on the hand gun.

JACK
Hey, watch your tone! I'm an
officer!

Martin puts a hand on Kate's shoulder and pulls her back.
Jack opens the hand gun as if to check it's still loaded.
Martin looks uncomfortable at Jack's aggression but, aware
of the weapon, controls his tone...

MARTIN
Is there anything you haven't
told us Jack?

Jack screws up his face, thinks.

JACK
No.

With a new, more confident air, he retakes his post at the
window. Kate and Martin share a worried glance.

110 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Kate and Martin sit on opposite sides of the bed. They
whisper urgently. From elsewhere in the cottage BANGS and
THUMPS as Jack boards up the windows and doors.

KATE
I don't care if we drown rowing
to shore, I want to go.

MARTIN
And get the disease?

KATE
You don't really believe that do
you Martin?

MARTIN
Come on... why make something so
elaborate up?

KATE
He knew we had that gun all
along.

MARTIN
We don't know that.

KATE
Come on! He played you like a
cheap fiddle.

BANG ON THE DOOR.

JACK (O.S.)
Keep it down lovers! Some of us
are trying to sleep.

His footsteps and laughter trail away.

KATE
(savage whisper)
I'm not going to sit here and
wait to be shot - even if you
are. I want to see our families
again.

They turn away from each other and sit on opposite sides of
the bed.

111 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Jack sits at the C.B. The fire crackles behind him. He
pulls on the headphones, flicks the on/off button, examines
the controls, and Doug's makeshift efforts to limit them,
with an expert eye.

He removes ancient sticky tape, releases the dial, adjusts
a setting, waits. Success registers on his face.

He turns the marked knob from 23. Suddenly, the needles
come alive with activity. He makes minute adjustments, then
presses the headphones to his ears and listens closely.

The fire crackles into the silence.

112 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - MORNING

The cottage is bathed in bright morning sunlight.

113 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING

The C.B. radio is silent and alone. Doug's markers are back
on the controls, as if Jack had never been there.

114 INT. HALLWAY, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING

Martin rubs his eyes, steps wearily down the stairs.

He reaches the living room door and pushes it.

115 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING -
CONTINUOUS

The door falls open. Kate stands inside, her back to us.
Martin pulls on his glasses.

The cottage is even darker and more shadowy. Every window
is sealed up and boarded with wood and dissected furniture.

A few stray shards of light cut through the gloom.

Martin takes it all in. Kate turns to him, he reads her look of exasperation.

Jack saunters down the stairs behind Martin. Kate sees him. Martin follows her gaze as Jack pushes past him.

JACK
It's cold in that bathroom! Hate
to think of a lady in there. I'll
look at that generator for you.

He seems calm, friendly, ordinary. Kate's resolve wavers as her gaze meets his.

MARTIN
I wouldn't touch it if I were
you.

JACK
Three Commando Brigade, Assault
Engineers, Royal Marines.

Jack heads away toward the cellar. Kate follows.

116 INT. HALLWAY, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING

Jack reaches the cellar door and stops. Kate, then Martin, draw to a halt behind him.

JACK
Might need a hand.

Jack disappears into the cellar.

MARTIN
Not my thing really.

Kate glares at him, shouts after Jack...

KATE
I'll help.

JACK (O.S.)
Great.

Kate goes to follow Jack. Martin grabs her arm.

MARTIN
Kate...

KATE
(quietly to Martin)
Let me go Martin.

Martin's pent up anger glowers on his face. Eventually he lets her go. She quickly turns away and disappears into the cellar.

117 INT. CELLAR, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Martin stands at the top of the stairs as Jack manoeuvres a RATCHET SCREWDRIVER through the SWITCH BOX of the generator. Engrossed, neither Kate nor Jack acknowledge his presence.

His sleeves rolled up, Jack handles the tool with expert familiarity. Kate stands aside, apparently absorbed by his effortless skill.

JACK
(quietly, concentrated)
... with the blue handle.

Kate selects a SCREWDRIVER and hands it to him.

MARTIN
What's he doing?

Kate glances up briefly, Jack remains focused.

KATE
He thinks...

JACK
It's fucked. But it might hold
for a bit. I'll try a few
things...

MARTIN.
It won't work. It's too volatile.

Martin scowls. Jack stands back for a moment.

JACK
(to Martin)
We need to get the fire going.

He leans into the generator again.

JACK
Got an awl there?

Kate dips into the tool box and presents Jack with an AWL.

MARTIN
... blew up the other day...

Kate turns to Martin.

KATE
Why don't you get the fire going
like he said?

Martin is speechless with irritation, Kate and Jack are too absorbed to notice him.

118 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY - LATER

Martin breaks up a chair, concentrates hard on the unfamiliar task. He glances at the door. For a moment he considers what's behind it. VOICES reach him from the cellar. He hits the wood harder to drown them out.

He hears the generator RUMBLE to life.

FOOTSTEPS draw nearer. He turns quickly back to his task. Jack stops in the doorway, wipes his hands with a rag.

He spots Martin, his back to him, and flicks the light switch. The bulb above Martin's head lights up. Jack smiles, walks away.

Martin turns to the door as Kate enters, dries her hands, ignores Martin and walks into the kitchen. Martin follows.

119 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kate busies herself. Martin walks up behind her.

MARTIN
(quietly)
What are you trying to do, Kate?

KATE
We got the generator going. We
can cook and wash again.

MARTIN
You know it won't last.

KATE
It's more than we had before.

MARTIN
You'll get us both killed.

KATE
I thought you were doing a pretty
good job of that.

Martin gives her a look.

MARTIN
I won't just stand by and watch.
I'm serious Kate.

KATE
So am I!

BEAT.

KATE
Now, I'm cooking. You can either
help me, or get on with whatever
you're doing.

Martin watches as Kate clangs around.

120 INT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - BATHROOM - DAY

Jack's hand wipes steam from the bathroom mirror. His face covered with shaving foam, he stands topless at the sink. Martin's toiletry bag is open in front of him.

Steam rises from the water. His body is a patchwork of old, dark tattoos, elaborate scars, needle marks, newer cuts and bruises.

Jack drags a razor along his jaw line.

121 INT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - BEDROOM - DAY

Martin, axe in hand, is deep in thought. He gazes at the window and, for a moment, he considers it...

122 INT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kate peels potatoes. Jack enters.

JACK
What do you think?

Kate turns to him, indicates his clothes, nice but not his style - more Martin's.

KATE
Did Martin say you could borrow his things?

JACK
Yeah we picked 'em out together.

Kate frowns.

JACK
Smells good what you're cooking.

Kate notices Jack shift the gun's position inside his belt.

KATE
I could do with a hand actually.

JACK
I'm your man.

123 INT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A pan boils on the fire. A peeled potato drops into it. Kate peels in SILENCE. Jack chops peppers awkwardly at the table. Kate watches him press too hard and squash the flesh. She steels herself.

KATE
You married Jack?

JACK
Once.

KATE
You said you never wanted kids?

Jack stops, looks up.

JACK
No room for it. Like I said.

Silence. Kate drops another potato in the pan.

KATE
What was she like, your wife?

Kate turns back to the stove. Jack leans back in his chair and studies Kate from behind. She peels vegetables, oblivious. He describes what he sees.

JACK
Slim. Long dark hair. Dark skin.
Smooth thighs... great ass...

She gets it. Her face is blank with fear, but when she throws a look over her shoulder, all Jack sees is her bright, coy smile.

KATE
Right... She sounds nice.

Kate drops the last vegetable and turns, deliberately gives him a glimpse of the front. He drinks in the view with his eyes, which eventually find their way back to hers, his expression unreadable.

With a shy smile, she returns to the stove. Her back to him, she is tense and nervous again.

KATE
When did you get...

Suddenly he is close behind, spins her round and whispers in her ear. She freezes.

JACK
(barely audible)
Get what? Huh?

He runs his hands through her hair, forces his body between her legs.

KATE
(breathless)
Jack...

He kisses her neck. Her hands move to his side, then slide down his body to the gun belt. Her fingers feel for the gun handle. The tips just touch it. Her eyes flick open momentarily as her hand finally grips it.

Without warning Jack's hand closes on hers. He clasps her wrist tightly and prises her hand away.

KATE
You're hurting me.

He holds her wrist tight and whispers in her ear.

JACK
Devious little bitch aren't you.
Try to seduce me, get me all hot,
then get your hands on my gun?

Jack runs his other hand up her leg to her crotch. Kate freezes. They lock eyes.

JACK
Cos Kate, if I really wanted
what's in your pants, I'd just
take it.

KATE
Please don't.

After a tense moment Jack grins. He's won. He nonchalantly
lets her go. She quickly gathers herself.

Jack takes up his seat at the table.

JACK
Read your little article too.
Shouldn't leave that stuff laying
around.

Kate stops.

BEAT.

JACK
(smiles)
He doesn't know you at all does
he.

Jack smiles.

124 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT - LATER

As they sit around the table, Kate and Martin, their plates
of food barely touched, face Jack over an unlit candle.

Food churns around his mouth. The hand gun sits menacingly
next to him on the table. They watch him, almost impassive.

KATE
Jack...

Jack shakes his head.

KATE
...we're leaving in the morning.

Martin looks at Kate in surprise. Jack fixes them with a
cold, steely gaze.

KATE
We'll risk the disease. Say
goodbye to our families. Right
Martin?

Jack laughs.

JACK
I thought you knew how to handle
this one Martin?

Martin stands firm.

MARTIN
Seal this place up after us - we
won't be back.

There's plenty of food - more
than enough for one person...

Jack turns to Kate.

JACK
You're a real piece of work you
know that don't you...

Kate's expression is unreadable.

JACK
Tell him. Go on, tell him...

MARTIN
What's he talking about?

KATE
Nothing. He's playing games.
Let's go.

Kate goes to head away. Martin rises when...

Jack SLAMS a FIST on the table.

The couple JUMP. Suddenly the lights FLICKER, fail and DIE
as if on cue. The room is in shadowy darkness.

JACK
You're not fucking going
anywhere. It's just the three of
us now. One happy little family,
right Kate?

Jack smiles at her a huge, false smile. There's still food
in his mouth.

MARTIN
I don't think you understand
Jack. Kate and I, we...

JACK
No Martin, it's you who doesn't
understand.

Jack casually turns the hand gun over in his hands.

JACK
On so many levels.

KATE
(quickly)
We're not prisoners...

Jack studies Martin carefully.

JACK
You take one step outside this
house and I'll blow your
motherfucking head off. Both of
you.

Martin's face is blank with shock. Kate freezes.

BEAT.

Martin swallows his fear, pushes his chair under the table and reaches out a hand to Kate, who takes it firmly.

JACK

How sweet.

His face transforms from a smile to cold hard seriousness.

125 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Kate and Martin file in, despondent. Jack is close behind them, but without a word, he ducks back out and closes the door. The room is plunged into darkness.

A loud CLICK as he locks it, firmly. Martin hurries to the door. Pulls the handle. They are locked in. Martin and Kate stare blankly at each other.

126 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT - LATER

A candle is lit by Martin he takes it up and presses his ear against the door. Kate is curled up on the bed, wrapped in the quilt, a frown on her face.

MARTIN

If there's no disease, why keep
us here?

127 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Jack is at the C.B. Headphones on, he listens intently.

KATE (V.O.)

I don't know...

The needles dance with activity. Jack is engrossed.

MARTIN (V.O.)

He must be lying!

He turns the dials back to 23, to Doug's marker, and flicks the button to off.

128 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Under low, flickering candle light Martin leaves the door, joins Kate, curled up on the bed, her eyes closed.

KATE

I want to tell you something.

MARTIN

Ssshhh.

She turns to face him.

BEAT.

KATE

I did get pregnant on purpose. I
said it was an accident but I
stopped taking the pill.

I wanted it so much. Jack read my article. I'm sorry.

Martin's face softens.

MARTIN

It doesn't matter anymore.

Martin moves in and kisses her. She responds, they kiss again, for much longer and with more passion than we have seen before. Martin moves on top of her. She responds, wraps her legs around him and pulls him toward her. They have passionate, spontaneous sex - for the first time in months.

129 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT - LATER

The cottage nestles in darkness - all is quiet and still.

130 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Jack lies on the sofa. He SNORES quietly, holds the handgun in a ready position across his chest.

131 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Kate is asleep, a thin blanket over her, but Martin's side of the bed is empty. The en suite bathroom door is open, and seems to move slightly in a breeze.

132 INT. EN SUITE BATHROOM, DOUBLE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rain spits on the toilet lid. Up above, taped panels that covered the skylight now dangle free. The tiny skylight window is open.

133 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Through the kitchen window, a figure sprints away from the cottage, out into the rain.

134 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - NIGHT

Martin clutches a hanky over his nose and mouth, fights breathlessly against the wind, rain and cold. He clutches the torch and heads toward the jetty.

135 EXT. SMALL WOODEN JETTY, DINISH ISLAND - NIGHT

Under the moonlight, Martin looks out across the dark sea. The mainland is in total darkness. Martin flashes the torch on and off. He scrutinises the distant landscape, shakes his head - it feels hopeless - but he continues in desperation...

136 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Kate stirs fitfully in her sleep.

137 EXT. CLIFFTOP, DINISH ISLAND - NIGHT

Martin presses on against diagonal rain. He looks out toward the mainland, desperate to see something, anything.

He reaches the top of the cliff and shines the torch beam down into the cove.

It illuminates what looks like a chunk of driftwood. He shines it elsewhere to reveal a broken crate and tarpaulin.

Martin drops to his knees for a better look at the wreckage below. His torch finds the rear end of the boat. Its name THE GEORGE is clearly readable.

He shifts position to get a better look. The hanky slips from his grip. Quickly he clasps his hand over his nose as the hanky floats down into the cove. He climbs to his feet and dashes away.

138 EXT. BEACH, DINISH ISLAND - NIGHT

A torch beam flashes its way down the cliff path. Bent against the rain, Martin picks his way over the dark sand, then stops dead. He spots something ahead.

In a pool of torch light, the top half of a BLOATED BODY wrapped in the tarpaulin - Doug, a single bullet wound in the middle of his forehead. Beside him is ANOTHER BODY. A middle-aged woman - MRS DOUG. Her lifeless eyes are open and between them, a bullet wound.

Shock, repulsion and blind terror send Martin tearing back to the cottage.

139 INT. LANDING, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING

Insistent KNOCKS come from Kate and Martin's bedroom. Jack wanders up the stairs and saunters to the locked door.

MARTIN

Jack?

Jack grins and stands by the door to listen. He turns the key over in his hand. The other holds the hand gun.

KATE

Can we come out?

MARTIN

It's gone ten. We can't stay in here all day.

KATE

We're very hungry.

Jack slides the key in the lock...

JACK

You gonna make me some breakfast sweetheart?

Jack turns the key. The door falls open. Kate and Martin stand, heads down. They file out, eyes lowered. Jack leans into the empty room. His eyes scour every detail. Eventually, he follows them.

140 INT. STAIRS, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Jack watches Kate as she descends the stairs.

JACK
(to Kate)
Had your little chat did ya? Tell
him everything?

At the bottom of the stairs he throws an arm around Martin.

JACK
I feel for you. What I read
was...

Martin shuns Jack's arm. The two men come face to face.
Kate pulls Martin away.

KATE
Come on Martin.

Jack grins in Martin's face.

141 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING

Jack and Kate file in and start to prepare breakfast. Their movements seem automatic, or planned.

A series of scared but loaded looks pass between them. Jack sits at the table and leans back in his chair. His feet THUMP on the table. He holds the hand gun conspicuously, the VISITORS' BOOK on his lap.

Martin fills a pan with water at the tap, places it on the fire. Kate retrieves a large KNIFE from a drawer and lays it on the work-top.

Jack, bored, flicks aimlessly through the Visitors' Book. He LAUGHS, loudly and suddenly, shakes his head and turns the page.

JACK
I hope you guys signed this. It's
important people know what a good
time we had here.

He grins to himself. Kate and Martin don't flinch from their task. The pan of water boils. Kate glances at Martin. Her eyes point to the frying pan. Martin tries to communicate his terror.

Kate places her hand on the knife. Jack remains absorbed in the Visitors' Book. He does not look up.

JACK
Hey, sweetheart. Only two of
those eggs remember.

Kate nods as if to encourage Martin to act. Martin grips the pan handle tight. His fingers shake. He swallows, nervous and sweaty. Jack shifts to put the book on the table. As he does, Martin tosses the boiling water in Jack's direction.

Jack jumps back in time, but it catches his arm. Kate turns to Jack, the knife in her hand. Martin wields the pan. In an instant, Jack draws his gun. His arms outstretched he moves his aim between them with all the confidence and expertise of a military fighter. His aim stops on Martin.

JACK
Drop it or I'll blow his fucking
head off. Right in front of you.

Kate looks at the knife, then to Martin, both out of their depth.

BEAT. Jack cocks the gun.

JACK
DO IT!

Kate drops the knife.

JACK
Hands up, both of you. NOW!

Martin drops the pan on the counter, slowly raises his hands.

JACK
OUT! OUT!

He ushers them to the living room. Hands raised, Martin doesn't move. Jack pushes him into the door frame and then into the living room with such force that he lands heavily on the living room floor.

KATE
(horrificed)
Martin!

Jack grabs Kate by the wrist, swings her round and tosses her like a doll out of the kitchen. She falls next to Martin on the floor.

142 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kate turns to Jack in the doorway.

KATE
We know what you did...

Martin, curled up on the floor, almost spits with haste.

MARTIN
We know you lied to get the gun
back.

Martin eyes her pointedly.

MARTIN
(elaborates)
There were no people here. You
lied to get it back.

Martin pulls himself up. Kate turns her attention back to Jack.

KATE
We know what you are...

Jack holds the gun, walks toward them.

JACK
Yeah. What am I?

Jack looms over them. Martin raises his hands in deliberate submission.

MARTIN
(breathless)
Please Jack, we're just scared.
We don't know anything, we
don't... Our families. Our
lives...

Jack eyes them both with suspicion. After a moment he straightens up and laughs.

JACK
Jesus...

He saunters back to the kitchen, and removes the pans from the fire. Kate reaches out to Martin, their hands touch.

KATE
Are you OK?

Martin nods, hesitantly. Kate, tearful with anger, glares at Jack. In frustration she grabs the nearest shard of splintered wood and throws it, low and aimlessly, in his direction.

KATE
What are you even doing here?

Jack, unconcerned, watches the missile skim past him across the kitchen floor. He shows them the frying pan and grins.

JACK
You two just can't be trusted can
you. Looks like I'm doing the
cooking from now on.

Martin holds Kate close, his face set with a mix of fear and determination.

143 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY - LATER

Heavy rain beats the roof and hammers on the windows. The sky is ominously grey and dark.

144 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Martin enters hurriedly as Kate is flung down onto the bed. Martin stands, but Jack blocks the doorway, glances around the room then slams the door shut.

CLICK. Locked tight. Kate holds him as she cries.

145 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Martin and Kate lie curled up together on top of the bed. FLASHES OF LIGHTENING illuminate the room. Rain on the window is reflected across them. Kate cries.

146 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

The fire burns brightly. The room is littered with broken furniture. Jack lies on the floor beneath a blanket. He stares into the flames. The hand gun is close by.

147 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT - LATER

Kate is alone in bed, naked, her eyes closed. A hint of candlelight creeps under the en suite bathroom door.

148 EXT. SMALL WOODEN JETTY, DINISH ISLAND - NIGHT

Martin shines his torch out into the darkness. The mainland yields no response, no sign of life. He lowers the torch, then tears back...

149 EXT. OLD BARN - NIGHT

The barn sits in darkness next to the cottage.

150 INT. OLD BARN - NIGHT

PITCH BLACK except for odd streaks of moonlight through occasional cracks in the wood. Rain and wind whistle outside.

Martin inches the door open and slips inside. He stumbles through the pitch black, searches frantically, lifts and moves whatever comes to hand. Finally he finds it.

He lifts it up into a shaft of light. The SHOT GUN. He breaks it open, the barrels are empty.

He searches for the box of shots, but accidentally knocks over a set of METAL HOES that CLATTER to the ground. Martin ducks into the shadows. He waits a moment, listens to the wind and rain. ALL CLEAR.

He locates the wet box of SHOTS, stuffs them in his jacket and hurries away.

151 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Martin edges out of the barn into rain-soaked darkness. The wet barn door CREAKS, slips through his cold hands and SLAMS SHUT in the gale.

152 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

The barn door SLAMS. Jack hears and turns toward the noise.

153 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Martin throws himself down on the wet grass. Shots fly out of his pocket and scatter, hidden in the grass, the shot gun lands just out of reach.

154 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Hand gun ready, Jack creeps to the window, tries to squint through the cracks, but there's none wide enough.

He pulls at a strip of tape and peers through a chink.

155 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Through a tiny chink in the boards, Jack's eyeball scans the landscape... just metres above Martin. Martin is frozen. Face down on the ground he is barely noticeable in the shadow of the cottage.

Jack's fingers rip a bigger hole in the tape. He presses as much of his face through as he can and scours the darkness.

As if he senses Jack's gaze, Martin dare not move a muscle. But Jack can't see him and, satisfied, he moves away.

Martin's eyes glance up to the window, then back to the shot gun. He stretches out his fingertips.

Jack's eye reappears at the hole. He replaces some tape over the chink, thumps it down. The THUMPS reach Martin in the grass... He snatches his hand back.

156 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Jack hunches over the taped chink, then straightens up, moves away and falls into a chair. He pulls the blanket over him, tries to get comfortable.

157 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

From low down in the grass Martin's eyes search the window. He waits. It seems clear. He takes his chance.

He grabs the shot gun. Hastily he picks as many shots as he can out of the wet grass, stuffs them in his pockets.

Finally, he crawls under the window, crouches against the wall, then darts away unseen.

158 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Jack lies on the sofa.

A DISTANT CLATTER from the hall.

Jack is immediately alert. Slowly, he draws the hand gun from under his jacket.

159 INT. CORRIDOR, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Jack listens at the bedroom door.

SILENCE. Without a sound he unlocks the door and opens it.

160 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - NIGHT -
CONTINUOUS

Jack's face and hand gun barrel appear round the door.

Through the darkness his eyes trace the outlines of TWO figures hunched under the covers, apparently asleep. Kate and Martin, calm and still.

Unseen by Jack, Martin's face and glasses drip with rain. His eyes are wide open, he holds his breath.

Jack watches for a terrifying moment... he steps into the room, pads over and watches Kate asleep.

She turns over. Jack freezes. He glances across to Martin's hunched figure. Satisfied he's asleep, Jack pulls the door quietly closed.

Martin breathes out a sigh of relief, and turns to Kate. She is also wide awake.

The SHOT GUN AND SHOT BOX LIE IN A PUDDLE under the bed.

161 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING

The cottage is battered by relentless rain.

162 INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - MORNING

Kate presses her ear to the door. Martin fusses with the shot gun. Both make a huge effort to stay quiet and alert.

MARTIN

It's still wet. Needs another hour or more.

KATE

Quick! He's coming.

Martin shoves the shot gun under the bed. He and Kate sit on the edge and talk in barely audible whispers...

KATE

Keep him busy.

MARTIN

I know...

Eyes straight ahead. A key RATTLES in the lock, then CLICK. The door swings open and Jack steps in, looks around.

163 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY - LATER

The room is dark, the rain a constant drone. Jack sits at the window, hand gun ready.

Martin tosses the last shard of wood onto the dying fire.

MARTIN

That's all there is.

Jack nods, looks back to the window, resigned.

Kate and Martin share a worried glance. Martin COUGHS, but something in his eyes says this is a deliberate ploy. Kate glances at him. He nudges her, almost imperceptibly nods toward Jack.

KATE
(almost small talk)
Who are you really Jack? Are you
on the run... is that why you're
here?

Jack laughs, briefly and humourlessly.

JACK
Yeah, sure.

KATE
Have you escaped from prison?

JACK
S'pose so.

KATE
We don't care what you've done.
We just want to go home.

JACK
(barely audible)
Too bad.

Kate sits up, as if something important just came to her.

KATE
We could help you get away.
Martin and I.

She shifts tentatively closer. He keeps a careful eye on
her every movement.

JACK
Yeah? How d'ya reckon?

KATE
The rowing boat. You and Martin
take it to the mainland - not the
bay - further along, by the
cliffs. You get out and away.
Martin comes back for me. By the
time he's picked me up and we've
rowed back...

Jack laughs.

JACK
Darling, you forgot something.

KATE
What?

Jack leans forward and whispers...

JACK
The disease. They'd shoot us on
sight. All of us.

He laughs at her confusion.

KATE
There is no disease. No pandemic.

Jack leans toward her, smiles in her face, about to speak. Martin grips his throat. Ashen white, he fights for breath, struggles to speak. His eyes stare, wide with terror.

MARTIN

Inhaler... Kate... my inhaler...

Kate throws her arm round Martin, her eyes plead with Jack.

JACK

What's up with him?

He draws his hand gun. Wary, he walks across to see.

KATE

Asthma. He needs his medication...

(to Martin)

Where is it? Where?

Martin struggles to draw a breath.

MARTIN

Bedroom... it's...

He shakes his head, can't get the words out.

KATE

I'll go and look for it.

She stands. Jack blocks her way.

JACK

We all go...

Martin indicates that he is unable to move.

KATE

He can't get up...

Jack presses the gun to his temple.

JACK

I said we all go!

Jack pushes Martin ahead of him and follows them up the stairs. Unseen by Jack, Kate and Martin share a worried glance.

164 INT. LANDING, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Martin and Kate walk solemnly ahead of Jack, who edges after them warily. Kate holds a saucer of melted candle-wax that surrounds a struggling flame.

JACK

Slowly! You too honey. Keep your hands where I can see 'em.

Martin reaches the door and, with a glance back, opens it.

INT. DOUBLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Shafts of light creep between the window boards. The door swings open. Martin enters quickly, breathless. He looks pale and drawn. He is followed by Kate, then Jack, the hand gun trained on them both.

Martin sinks weakly on to the bed and makes a huge effort to rummage in the drawer. His feet slide backwards under the bed until they hit a SOLID OBJECT.

Kate frantically rummages through the drawers on her side of the bed. Jack tries to keep an eye on this confusion.

Kate hurries to the dresser. Under the bed Martin's feet struggle to get a grip on the shot gun as it slips further away from him. Kate turns to Jack.

KATE

It might be in the bathroom.

Jack notices the en suite for the first time. In one swift movement, he kicks the door open and looks around. His eyes shoot to the covered skylight. A strip of duct tape peels loose and dangles. He stares up at it. Suspicious.

The barrel of the two bore shot gun creeps from the doorway and presses into the back of Jack's head. He freezes. A loud CLICK as Martin racks the shot gun.

MARTIN

Don't move Jack.

Jack, surprised at first, soon smiles to himself.

MARTIN

Hands up.

Jack slowly lifts his hands. Kate tries to prise the hand gun from his fingers. Jack doesn't let go.

MARTIN

Let it go Jack. Or so help me god
I will do it...

He eventually releases it.

MARTIN

Now, back out.

Jack obeys. Martin has never looked so confident. Kate fumbles with the hand gun, sees two bullets left in the chamber.

KATE

Two. Two left!

MARTIN

So that was one for Doug, one for
his wife, but what about the
other two? Who else did you kill?

Jack is surprised for moment...

JACK
Never was good at maths.

MARTIN
Who else?

Martin nudges the gun forward. The barrel quivers.

JACK
The owner of the gun... before I
broke his arm, then his neck.

Jack's smile becomes a serious warning to Martin, who
wavers a moment.

MARTIN
Well, you won't be killing anyone
else.
(to Kate)
Fire them into the floor.

Kate only hesitates a moment. She points the gun at the
floor, steels herself, then BLASTS two bullets into the
floor. She tosses the empty hand gun onto the bed.

KATE
Dead.

MARTIN
Now move.

Martin ushers Jack out of the room. Kate follows.

166 INT. LANDING, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Martin edge onto the landing. Kate follows.

JACK
You got the gun, but she's still
hot for me.

Martin glares at Jack's back. Overwhelmed with anger, and
power, he stabs the shot gun into it with all his strength.
Jack falls forward onto the floor, shocked.

MARTIN
Don't disrespect Kate.

Jack crawls along the floor.

JACK
Oh yeah, we had a real hot time
in the kitchen. Tell him honey,
tell him how close I got...

He smells his fingers.

KATE
(to Jack)
Fuck you.

Martin turns to Kate. Her face furious.

MARTIN

You lying son of a bitch...

But Martin doesn't look as certain as he sounds.

JACK

Honey, you've broke my heart.
Told me all she wanted was
kiddies and you wouldn't step up
to the plate.

KATE

He's lying! You're a liar!

Enraged, Martin aims a kick at Jack's face, but Jack grabs Martin's leg, pulls it and drags him to the floor. Panic-stricken, Martin aims the shot gun at Jack's head.

Deadlock. There's something deliberate and controlling about the way Jack frees Martin's leg.

JACK

Does that feel good office boy?
Feel powerful, yeah? You'd better
believe it isn't that easy...

Martin scrambles to his feet.

MARTIN

Get up!

He kicks Jack's foot.

MARTIN

Go on. Get up.

Jack climbs to his feet, mock subservient.

JACK

(ironically)
Whatever you say office boy.

MARTIN

(to Jack)
Downstairs, go on.

Jack walks confidently to the stairs. All the time...

JACK

I'm beat. Phewee! You really got
me good this time. Yes sir.

Jack reaches the top of the stairs. Incensed, Martin aims a kick to his back and he staggers down the rest.

167 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Jack stumbles in. Martin, the gun trained on Jack, follows.
Kate hurries to the C.B. flicks it on. Nothing.

KATE

Still dead.

Jack faces a wary Martin. He raises his hands in front of the shot gun, but somehow he's too confident.

MARTIN

Give me one good reason why I
shouldn't blow your brains out.

Kate joins Martin.

JACK

(laughs ironically)
Well, let me see...

Martin's face changes. A sudden violent cough shakes him. He struggles to take a breath, then coughs again. Jack stares, solemn and serious, transfixed with macabre fascination.

JACK

That's it. That's how it starts.

Kate looks closely at Martin. He has frightened eyes.

KATE

Martin... are you OK?

JACK

He's got it. I knew he'd be the
first...

Martin grips the shot gun with renewed vigour and thrusts it at Jack. He shouts with absolute authority...

MARTIN

There is no disease!

But Kate shifts uneasily. She studies Martin closely.

MARTIN

Right. Sit down slowly. Hands on
your head.

Jack obeys, but watches warily as Martin appears increasingly sweaty and pale. In one fluid movement, Martin walks up to Jack and whacks him across the face with the shot gun.

MARTIN

That's for coming here.

He thumps him in the stomach. Jack slides to his knees.

MARTIN

That's for lying to us.

Finally, Martin kicks him to the floor.

MARTIN

That's for... for...

Kate is clearly distressed.

KATE

Martin!

Jack looks stunned from the attack, yet his attention is focused on Martin. Martin stands back. Something's not quite right...

KATE
Martin, what's wrong?

Martin coughs suddenly, then again. His third cough is more violent. BLOOD SPILLS FROM HIS MOUTH. Blood runs through his fingers and onto the floor. Kate is frozen with horror. Jack watches Martin with a grimace of painful recognition.

JACK
(quiet, calm)
That's just the start.

Martin stares in terror at the blood. Kate looks at him in desperation. Jack nods, knowingly.

KATE
(shakily)
Martin?

Martin splutters, produces more blood and dark clots. He thrusts the shot gun at Kate.

MARTIN
Pull the trigger if he makes a move.

Martin sinks into a chair and appears to focus on breathing. Kate and Jack stare at each other for a few moments.

JACK
(conspiratorially)
He's gonna get a lot worse really quickly.

MARTIN
Shut the fuck up! There's nothing wrong with me.

Martin is gripped by another violent COUGH. He groans. Jack holds his hands up in a humourless mock surrender.

JACK
My mistake.

Almost recovered, Martin rises and grabs the shot gun from Kate.

MARTIN
Right. We're going to the mainland.
(jerks the shot gun at Jack)
You. Up.

Jack moves slowly toward the front door.

MARTIN
Kate, get the door open.

KATE
But Martin...

MARTIN
(angry)
Don't argue Kate, just do it.
This has gone too fucking far.

Still tearful and confused, Kate moves away. She throws herself at the locked and sealed front door. It barely moves. She darts off to the cellar.

Jack concentrates on Martin, who wavers on his feet and blinks as he struggles to focus.

168 INT. CELLAR, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The axe hooks are empty. Kate looks around wildly, sees the axes thrown in a random heap.

She picks her way across strewn debris, then stops dead. She dives at something. With renewed energy she grabs the biggest axe and tears back up the stairs.

169 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kate bounds into the room, with the axe. She stops in her tracks.

JACK NOW HOLDS THE SHOT GUN, WHILE MARTIN IS CRUMPLED ON THE SOFA. Jack grins at her.

JACK
Hi darling!

KATE
Martin!

Jack aims the shot gun at Martin's head. Weakly, he tries to knock it away.

KATE
What have you done to him?

JACK
Nothing. He's been out there.
Breathed the air when I told him
not to. Isn't that right office
boy?

Martin nods, his eyes closed.

KATE
Martin has weak lungs. He needs
medical help.

JACK
Medical help?
(brandishes the shot
gun)
I've got all the medical help
he'll need right here.

KATE

What?

JACK

(under his breath)

We're all going the same way
sweetheart. It's just a matter of
time. He'll soon be begging me to
do it. You wait.

Kate, axe at her side, musters all her anger and swings it
at Jack. He catches it effortlessly, twists it, it's his.

Kate rushes at him with her fists, but with an axe under
one arm and the shot gun in his other hand... he smacks her
in the face. She lands, dazed. Jack grins.

JACK

Sorry honey. But fighting now's a
waste of energy.

Jack grabs a cowering Martin and pulls him to his shaky
feet and out of the room. Kate lies stunned on the floor.

170 INT. SINGLE BEDROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Jack, with the axe and shot gun, drags Martin through the
door and drops him onto the bed. He lifts his feet up and
pulls the blankets roughly over him.

JACK

(serious, earnest)

You don't want your lady to watch
you go. I'll tell her you went
quick.

Martin shakes his head, tries to push the blankets away,
but he's too weak.

JACK

Calm down. Make your peace now.

Jack heads quickly to the door. With a brief glance to
Martin, he closes it and heads back downstairs.

Martin breathes heavily, his eyes fixed on the door.

171 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Kate starts to recover. She holds her face and glowers at
Jack as he marches in. She watches him pull a chair to the
centre of the room and stand on it.

JACK

Won't be long before it's just
you and me. Whiling away the
hours...

He reaches up, grasps the bare light fitting and, with
brute force, yanks the cable free. Kate stares at him
stoney-faced.

KATE

I'd rather be dead.

A hail of plaster and dust rains down as Jack pulls the cable from the ceiling. He chases it to a junction box where, with one almighty wrench, it falls into his hands.

JACK
We're all dead darling. From the
moment you took me in.
(he turns to her)
Shouldn't have done that!

Plaster dust in the air and under foot, he gathers up the cable.

KATE
Where's Martin? He needs medical
help.

JACK
(shouts)
There's no fucking medical help!
Not for us! You think someone
will help us? No one will help
us.

Jack approaches her, leans in and grabs her by the face.

JACK
When they come, and they will,
it'll be bang!

Jack jabs his finger between Kate's eyes.

JACK
Right there. The quick way.

Kate yanks her head free from his grip.

JACK
Now, hands behind your back and
turn a-fucking-round.

He forces her down. With her face pressed to the floorboards, Jack binds her hands tightly behind her back with the cable.

KATE
You're hurting me Jack.

He leans close to her ear as he ties her up.

JACK
Thought you'd got me huh? No
fucking chance. I'm not here cos
I'm gonna die. I'm here cos I'm
not.

Kate attempts to struggle.

KATE
Why don't you go? Just fucking go
and leave us alone?

JACK
Nowhere to go.

KATE
So you'll just wait for this
disease to get you?

Jack laughs triumphantly.

JACK
It won't get me. I'm packing more
experimental drugs than a room
full of Gulf War vets.

He tests the binding on her wrists, pulls it tightly.

JACK
(ironically proud)
You see, Marburg ain't out there.
It's right here.

As Jack speaks Kate's attention is drawn to Martin's feet as they rush up behind him.

Suddenly, a twisted HAND TOWEL is thrown over Jack's head.

In one swift move Martin pulls the towel tightly around Jack's throat.

Jack staggers backwards, drops the shot gun and tries to force his fingers under the towel. Kate sits up, tries to wriggle her hands free, the shot gun just a few feet away.

Jack lurches around the room, desperately tries to throw Martin off, but still the towel eats into his neck. His face puce and eyes bulging, he fights to breathe.

Kate wriggles her hands, but they are bound tight. She watches, helpless, as Jack and Martin crash around.

The momentum of the fight topples them backwards and they crash onto the hard floor. Jack's body slams down on top of Martin's.

Martin's grip is unrelenting. Jack's eyes focus on Kate as they close. Finally he is unconsciousness. Martin keeps his hold on the towel until Kate's eyes tell him to let go. Jack is still.

Martin lets go, his arms fall to his side, it seems to have taken all he had. His head slumps, Jack sprawled on top of him.

Kate, her hands still bound, drags herself to his side.

KATE
Martin?

Martin's eyes flutter and close. With a huge effort, Kate kicks and rolls Jack's unconscious body off him, then whispers in Martin's ear.

KATE
Martin. Honey.

His eyes open, then close again. With both men unconscious, she tries yet again to shake her hands free.

Kate sinks down, exhausted, when she notices a candle burning on the hearth.

Quietly, she shuffles backwards and stretches her hands out to the tiny flame. Working blind, she tries to hold the flex over it, but it licks her skin instead. She jerks her hands away and almost knocks the candle over.

Martin shifts and groans. Kate freezes. Her eyes snap to Jack, just feet away.

The flame touches her skin. Tears spring into her eyes as she fights back cries of pain.

Jack's body is silent and still, but she dare not take her eyes from him.

The shot gun lies between them.

The flame finally licks the cable. Again the flame touches her skin but she makes no sound and barely breathes with the effort.

At last the cable slowly melts. A tiny plume of smoke rises from the dripping plastic.

Finally she's free. She clambers to her feet and, holding her blistered wrists, runs to the kitchen.

172 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kate plunges her wrists into a bowl of cold, dirty water. Tears stream down her face.

173 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kate hurries back into the living room, takes up the shot gun then runs to Martin, takes him in her arms. He sits up.

KATE

Did he hurt you?

MARTIN

I'm fine.

Kate looks at his weak stature and blood-stained shirt doubtfully - he's never looked worse.

MARTIN

Is he dead?

They study Jack's slumped, unmoving body. Kate hesitates.

KATE

I don't know...

Kate helps Martin to his feet - but he only makes it as far as the sofa. He slumps, semi-conscious.

KATE

Martin! Wake up!

Martin looks around, drowsily. He struggles to sit up.

MARTIN

I don't feel so good.

Martin coughs again. More blood. She wipes it away.

MARTIN

You don't think it could be...

KATE

No. No, of course not.

Martin's breathing rasps through the silence. He opens his eyes and they smile spontaneously at each other.

KATE

(gently)

It's too late to get to the mainland today. Not enough light.

It's a struggle for him to speak.

MARTIN

Let's go tomorrow.

KATE

We'll start early and maybe make it all the way home.

MARTIN

That'll be good.

Kate nods. Their smiles fade. They know they'll never leave. Eventually...

KATE

I'll make something to eat.

She tucks the shot gun out of sight behind him and moves wearily to the kitchen. She stops and looks at Jack, out cold.

174 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Kate rummages through rows of tinned food, selects a tin of soup and places it on the table.

She turns to the stove, finds a saucepan and places it on the fire. She turns back for the soup, but it's GONE. She steps back in shock, looks round the room. It's empty. Warily, she edges to the door and peers out into the living room.

JACK IS GONE.

Terrified and confused she tears back to the kitchen, but stops abruptly.

JACK STANDS IN FRONT OF HER. He clutches the soup can.

His neck bruised. His eyes blood shot. His grin is manic.

JACK

Thanks honey.

He throws the soup can at Kate. She ducks, it flies past her. Jack is on one side of the table, Kate the other.

KATE
You killed Doug and his wife.
Martin saw them.

JACK
He got out?

Kate's eyes flick to a fork on the table.

KATE
He saw everything.

BEAT.

JACK
I just wanted to get away. But
She got it real bad. Like that
(clicks his fingers). Did the
best thing for her.

Kate snatches up the fork and wields it.

KATE
How could you do it?

JACK
I told him to get me to the
island. The old tar thought he'd
kill me out at sea. Tough on you
he didn't and I washed up here...

Jack makes a grab for her. Kate stabs the fork into his shoulder.

JACK
Bitch!

Jack knocks her away with his fist, then clutches the fork, his back to the living room.

A frail Martin limps in with the shot gun. Kate's eyes flick to him, then instantly back to Jack.

Jack turns to Martin. He whips his arm round and grabs the shot gun, wrestles with him. Kate spots her chance, smashes a mug into the side of Jack's head.

Jack lets go of the shot gun, swings around, attempts to swipe at Kate, but she dodges. For the first time Jack is not in control of the fight. With all his energy, Martin aims the shot gun at Jack.

KATE
Shoot him! Just shoot...

Martin struggles to focus. He coughs blood, wheezes and cannot steady himself, his arms too weak.

Jack lunges after Kate, but both appear blurred to Martin. He is distracted by the amount of blood he has coughed. Kate sees he is in trouble.

Too weak now, Martin lowers the shot gun. Kate reaches out and finally grabs it. She quickly hits Jack square in the stomach with the butt. He staggers backwards into a kitchen unit and drops to the floor. She turns to Martin.

KATE

Martin go! Get the door open!

Martin, reluctant to leave Kate, staggers back into the living room.

Jack breathes heavily, stares up at Kate. Kate aims the shot gun at him as she edges round the room. She improves her grip on the weapon and dare not take her eyes from his.

175 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Martin coughs and blood runs from his mouth. He picks up the hammer and with renewed determination, fights to reach the front door. He tears off the tape and pulls away the rags. He throws the claw of the hammer against the door.

One by one, he claws nails out of the door.

176 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Kate points the shot gun at Jack's head.

KATE

If the disease is right here. Why aren't you dead?

Jack grins, humourlessly.

JACK

I'm the carrier.

Kate wavers.

JACK

Something went wrong.

Jack's eyes fill up.

KATE

(shouts)

Why the hell did you come here?

Kate straightens her aim.

177 INT/EXT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

The front door swings open. Martin stands on the threshold.

178 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Kate points the shot gun at an exhausted Jack.

JACK

They said do your time in the military can - or a private hospital. Well ya get your own shower in hospital.

Jack shakes his head and laughs ironically.

KATE
(confused, angry)
I don't understand.

Kate keeps her aim.

179 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Martin emerges into sunlight. He stands tall and breathes the air. Looks around. Feels the wind and cold on his face. He holds the hammer aloft and laughs.

180 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Jack gestures angrily with his head.

JACK
Just test a few drugs for six weeks then dishonorable discharge and home, they said. Instead the fuckers filled me full of this.

KATE
And you escaped...

Jack's eyes are filled with tears. He shakes his head, laughs at the irony.

JACK
They discharged me, but I wasn't safe. They gave it to me, and then let me go. When people started dropping down dead, they knew they'd made a mistake. By then I was a long way from the treatment centre.

KATE
They let you go with the disease?

Jack nods.

JACK
Yes, and I knew they'd kill me when they found me. I had to get away. Far away as I could from everything and everyone.

Kate straightens her shaky aim.

181 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Martin trudges one foot in front of the other and smiles. But it's more and more difficult. His breath is laboured. His smile fades, each step is a huge effort. He stops.

182 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Kate again improves her grip on the shot gun, ready to fire.

KATE

So you came here with a disease
and infected us. All this time.
It wasn't outside at all. It was
inside, in you!

Jack looks into her eyes.

JACK

I didn't want to. But I hit my
head on the rocks. You took me
in... I couldn't stop you. Once I
was here, I couldn't let you out.
Couldn't have you infectin'
others... I have to contain this.
Me.

KATE

Why didn't you kill us? You knew
we'd catch it from you, die
anyway...

JACK

(angry)

I never wanted to kill anyone!

BEAT.

JACK

You had my gun and all I knew was
I couldn't have you leavin' the
Island and infectin' anyone else
before they came for me. Still
can't.

Without warning Jack leaps at Kate. Kate staggers back in
shock.

183 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

A SHOT rings from inside the cottage. Martin, on his knees,
soaks up the sunlight, then drops to his hands.

184 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Kate recomposes herself, the shot gun still clutched in her
hand, a gun shot sized hole in the kitchen cabinet. Jack
scurries away through the smoke to the living room.

She watches him go and looks around. Frantically, she re-
loads the shot gun, moves slowly into the living room. No
sign of Jack. The front door is open.

185 EXT. FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Martin coughs and splutters. This cough is different. He
falls forward onto his hands. Blood pours from his mouth.
He fights to breathe through it.

Kate appears in the doorway with the shot gun. She watches
Martin, her eyes fill with sadness and compassion. She
walks slowly and kneels beside him, puts her arm around him
and he clutches her. He looks pleadingly into her eyes.

MARTIN
I'm sorry Kate.

KATE
Ssshhh. Don't.

MARTIN
Sorry for bringing us here.

KATE
It was my fault Martin, mine.

Martin shakes his head.

MARTIN
I love you.

He holds the end of the shot gun and brings it up to his forehead. Tears roll down his face. Kate cries, shakes her head. He nods, then grips her arm and lifts his head.

Her eyes full of tears, she kisses his forehead.

KATE
I love you too.

Kate cries. Martin lies on the grass and waits. Kate picks up the shot gun and through her tears squeezes the trigger.

The BOOM resounds around the island.

Without looking at Martin's body, Kate walks slowly back to the house. She empties the cartridges and reloads the shot gun. Martin's foot twitches, then is still.

186 INT. KITCHEN, FAIRWEATHER COTTAGE - DAY

Kate, her face hard and blank, stands in the doorway. She holds the shot gun with a new familiarity. Emotionless, she stares ahead with a steely gaze.

Jack is by the C.B. Kate aims the shot gun at him. He raises his hands.

JACK
You did the right thing.

KATE
You're next. Fucker.

The shot gun on Jack, she watches him flick on the C.B. and turn the buttons. The dials spring to life.

KATE
It works. The C.B. works.

JACK
You can't leave the island, you understand that, right? You have it now.

Jack unplugs the headphones.

VOICE
 (through C.B.)
 If you or anyone you know is
 affected please call the retro
 viral unit immediately, minimise
 contact and remain indoors.

Jack and Kate's eyes lock together.

VOICE
 (through C.B.)
 Members of the public are advised
 not to approach him, as he could
 be armed and dangerous.

She stares at the radio in confusion.

VOICE
 (through C.B.)
 Anyone with information should
 contact HMCS Orca on open
 frequency nine. Anyone who has
 come into contact with Corporal
 Corman...

The shot gun still trained on Jack, she moves to the C.B.,
 nudges him out of the way with the gun barrel and grasps
 the receiver.

KATE
 Hello, hello... he's here. I'm
 trapped on Dinish Island with
 him. Help me!

A LIVE VOICE cuts in.

LIVE VOICE
 (through C.B.)
 This is HMS ORCA. Please state
 your location. We have a
 vaccination unit and can immunize
 you and anyone else with you
 within three hours. Please state
 your loca...

Kate turns away slowly as this sinks in... Her eyes rise to
 Jack's.

JACK
 They're lying... They just want
 you to let them know where I am.
 They'll kill us on sight.

KATE
 (into the C.B.)
 The disease... is it fatal? Is it
fatal?

In Jack's eyes is a new desperation.

LIVE VOICE
 (through C.B.)
 We can vaccinate you against...

Jack rushes forward and desperately wrestles the C.B. from Kate. She tries to aim the shot gun as he KNOCKS the C.B. off the table into the wall. It crashes to the floor. The needles drop to zero. It's DEAD.

Kate turns and gets her aim back, Jack freezes.

JACK
It's all lies, Kate.

Kate shakes with anger, the gun trained on Jack.

KATE
He could've been treated. He
could have been saved. I can be.

JACK
I'm sorry you had to shoot
Martin. But it was the right
thing...

Jack backs away his hands up as she approaches with the shot gun.

JACK
No. There's no vaccine, nothing.
They don't even know what it is I
have. They let me go by mistake.
These people won't save you.

Kate is resolute, her finger squeezes the trigger. Jack's eyes widen.

JACK
(whispers)
Anyone who comes into contact
with me, and now you, is gonna
die.

Kate shakes, the shot gun trained on Jack.

KATE
He... Martin could have been
saved.

JACK
You can't leave. You'll never
leave.

SUDDENLY the shot gun BLASTS. The SHOT hits a surprised Jack square in the CHEST. It lifts him off his feet, sends him backwards through the air. He crashes on to his back on the floor.

Kate SHAKES, frozen to the spot, the shot still rings.

Jack lies flat out, his chest blasted apart. His eyes wide open.

Kate stands over him, the shot gun still trained.

His body twitches. He looks up at her. Their eyes meet as he gasps his last breath. His mouth fills with blood and the life finally leaves him. He is DEAD.

She lowers the gun. It drops to the floor. She notices the C.B.

Hurriedly she picks it up, tries the dials, tries to do what Jack did to make it work, but NOTHING. She throws down the receiver. Her head whips across to the door.

187 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - DAY - LATER

Kate pushes the old wheelbarrow, her eyes fixed straight ahead. Its recurrent SQUEAK is heard above wind and waves.

Martin's body lies in the barrow - with the shot gun. She heads to the jetty.

188 EXT. SMALL WOODEN JETTY, DINISH ISLAND - DAY

Kate pushes the wheelbarrow to the end of the jetty. She lines it up with the rowing boat beneath, drops the shot gun and, with some effort, carefully lifts the barrow.

MARTIN'S BODY slips into the boat, it rocks and bobs. She breathes heavily from the exertion, gazes with determination at the distant mainland.

She unties the rope that tethers the boat to the jetty, holds it in her hand and prepares to jump in herself.

BANG.

A bullet hits her between the eyes, exactly where Jack said it would, she falls lifelessly backwards onto the jetty. Kate lies still. Her eyes wide open, she stares up at the sky.

A MILITARY HELICOPTER hovers into view in the distance.

189 EXT. MILITARY HELICOPTER, SOUTH WEST IRISH COAST - DAY

RIFLE SITE. Far away and below, Kate lies face up on the Jetty. An ARMY SNIPER in a bio-suit lowers his rifle. He leans out of the helicopter and surveys the rocks below.

SNIPER
(into radio)
Female contaminate found and
eliminated. On the shore.

FROM BEHIND he signals the helicopter FORWARD.

190 EXT. DINISH ISLAND - DAY

Kate lies face up, eyes wide open a small neat hole in her forehead. A thick pool of blood starts to spread from underneath her.

VOICE (O.S.)
(through radio)
Maintain cordon. Make sure all
contagions are eliminated. Could
be army prisoner Corman. Over.

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)
(through radio)
Sir, they can see another one in
a boat...

VOICE (O.S.)
(through radio)
Secure the whole area. Make it
safe, we don't want a pandemic on
our hands. Over.

SNIPER
Yes sir. Out.

Kate's lifeless eyes stare up at the sky, and at the
SEAGULLS overhead.

191 EXT. SKY, SOUTH WEST IRISH COASTLINE - DAY

FROM ABOVE MOVING DOWN the Irish coast. We leave a limited
military cordon behind. Past a beautiful area of sweeping
green land atop rocky cliffs that tumble to a beach below.
Walkers and families enjoy the sunshine, carefree.

NO MILITARY PRESENCE, NO QUARANTINE ZONE, NO PANDEMIC.

The world is shockingly unchanged.