

Everything Changes

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(heavy rain)

*(Radio) Yeah, everything is under control at the moment.
SOCO are on scene, over.*

Gwen: Oh, sweetheart.

Officer: Gwen, I've got enough. It's an order.

Gwen: *(walking away)* Well, I've only just arrived, so though.

Officer: *(shouting)* What do I do now?

Gwen: Who is it?

Officer 2: Dunno. Some bloke.
You going to Slimbo's on Friday?

Gwen: *(sipping coffee)* What is it, drinks?

Officer 2: Bit of pizza, I think.

Gwen: Might do, yeah.

Officer 2: Aye, aye. What happening there, then?

(people leaving the scene of crime)

(Radio) Yeah, SOCO are leaving the scene. Over.

Officer 3: On you go.

Woman: Come on, now. Come on.

Officer 3: Move back if you could. thank you.
(Officer 2 moves back, Gwen holds her ground a moment longer)

Officer 3: Okay, now go. Back up. Back up.

Gwen: Hey, what's going on?
(Gwen turns to one from the SOCO)
Excuse me, sir. What is it? What's happening?

SOCO: Bugged if I know. It's orders from above.

Gwen: But the body's still in there, though, isn't it? We can't just leave it.

SOCO: Move back, they said. Clear the site. Special access, they said.

Gwen: For whom?

SOCO: TORCHWOOD.

(TW music plays, the SUV enters the scene, still ridiculously heavy rain. SUV stops the TW crew steps out and enters the scene of crime)

Gwen: Who is TORCHWOOD?

SOCO: Special ops or something. Is that hot? *(points at Gwen's coffee)*

Gwen: Oh yeah. Have it. But they are not allowed in there. They could contaminate the evidence and all sorts.
How can they...?

SOCO: Don't ask me. There is no procedure any more. It's a fucking disgrace.

(SOCO man leaves, and Gwen takes another look at the TW crew, who seem to be checking things out. She can't see enough until it occurs to her that she'd get a better view from higher up. She enters the nearby multi-story car park and climbs to the top floor where she has a birds eye view of the events below.)

Capt. Jack: There you go. I can taste it. Oestrogen. Definitely oestrogen.

(Capt. Jack makes a priceless face, soaking up all the rain, while continuing to chat away)

Capt. Jack: You take the pill, flush it away, it enters the water cycle, feminises the fish.

(Suzie takes out the 'Risen Mitten')

It goes all the way up into the sky then falls all the way back down onto me. Contraceptives in the rain. I love this planet.

Still, at least I won't get pregnant. Never doing that again.

(Capt. Jack finishes his rambling and turns to his team)

Capt. Jack: How's it going?

Suzie: Nothing yet. It's got to connect. I've just got to feel it.

Dr Owen Harper: Then hurry up and feel it. Freezing my arse off here.

(Toshiko fiddles around with some tech-doohikey)

Suzie: I can't just flick a switch. It's more like access. It, it grants me access.

Dr Owen Harper: Whatever that means.

Suzie: *(has put on the 'Risen Mitten')* It's like.. Oh! Oh! Oh! *(the glove moves)*

Capt. Jack: Position.

Dr Owen Harper: If I get punched again, I'm punching it right back.

Capt. Jack: Just concentrate. Suzie.

(Suzie puts the 'Risen Mitten' under the head of the victim, the rain almost stops around the TW crew)

Victim: I was... I was... I was...
Oh, my God. I was going home.

Toshiko: Listen to me. We've only got two minutes so it's important that you listen, okay?

Victim: Who are you?

Toshiko: Trust me. You're dead.

Victim: How am I dead?

Dr Owen Harper: You were stabbed.

Victim: But I'm not dead, I can see you.

Toshiko: We've brought you back, but we haven't got long. I am sorry, but you've got to concentrate.
Who did this to you? What did you see?

Victim: Why am I dead?

Toshiko: Who attacked you?

Victim: I don't wanna be dead.

Suzie: Sixty seconds.

Toshiko: You've got to think. Just focus on me. What was the last thing you saw?

Victim: I didn't see any...
I don't know.

Toshiko: Who killed you? Did you see them?

Victim: I don't know. There was something behind me.

Dr Owen Harper: Police said one stab wound in the back.

Toshiko: So you didn't see anything?

Victim: No.
What happens now?

Suzie: Thirty seconds.

Toshiko: But he didn't see anyone.

Suzie: Don't waste it.

Toshiko: What else do I say?

(Capt. Jack kneels down)

Capt. Jack: What's your name?

Victim: John. John Tucker.

Capt. Jack: Okay John. Not long now.

Victim: Who are you?

Capt. Jack: Captain Jack Harkness. Tell me, what was it like when you died?
What did you see?

(silence)

Capt. Jack: John, tell me what you saw.

Suzie: Ten Seconds.

Victim: N... Nothing. I saw nothing.
Oh, my God. There's nothing. *(and he is gone)*

(rain starts pouring down again)

Dr Owen Harper: Shit. I said it was stupid telling him he was dead.

Toshiko: *(getting up)* Well you try it.

Dr Owen Harper: Trust me! Like that's gonna work. *(getting up too)*

Capt. Jack: Told the last corpse he was injured. He wasted the whole two minutes screaming for an ambulance.
Maybe there is no right way of doing it.

(Capt. Jack looks upwards shouting)

Capt. Jack: What do you think?

*(Gwen stars down, giving us her first throughout DOE-expression and then proceeds to run away.)
(..still running...finally stopping to collect herself.)*

(Gwen enters her flat, a TV is running)

Gwen: You still up?

Rhys *(boyfriend of Gwen currently lolling on a sofa)*
In here.

They said on the news, murder in the city centre. Where you there?

(little welcome home from a long day of work kiss)

Gwen: No. I don't know. Nothing to do with me.
How come you're still up, though?

Rhys: Banana Boat came round.
He was saying he's got plans. He's off again next summer.

Gwen: How come you're not pissed, then?

Rhys: Oh, we had a cup of tea. He read this thing about diabetes. Me and him having tea. That's middle age, that is.

(Gwen giggles)

Rhys: Some Chinese in the fridge.

Gwen: No, I'm knackered. You coming to bed?

Rhys: *(shakes head a little)* I'll just finish here. This man's found his sister.

Gwen: I'll see you in a minute. *(gets up from the sofa)*

(Gwen is lying awake in bed, staring at the bedside clock)

(we fly over Cardiff - to Gwen's station)

Gwen: Yvonne, can you do me a favour? Can you do a search for me?

Yvonne: *(hopping down the stairs)* Join the queue.

Gwen: It's a Captain Jack Harkness. Can you check him out?

Yvonne: I'm busy. There's proper channels, Gwen. What sort of captain?

Gwen: Don't know. Just captain.

Yvonne: If I've got time.

Gwen: Thanks!

Yvonne: Okay!

(Officer pointing on a storyboard)

Officer: Sarah Pallister, 72. Murdered in her front room.
Rani Ghosh, 45. Murdered in Robin Tree Alley.
And now John Tucker, 19, murdered in Llangafelli Lane.

(Gwen comes with a tray of coffees)

Officer: So far, there's absolutely nothing linking these three victims apart from the way they died. As far as we can tell, all with the same weapon. A blade approximately eight inches long, three inches deep.

Officer 2: The two women were stabbed from the front, but John Tucker was stabbed from behind. What does that tell us about the killer?

Officer: That he's a coward.

(Gwen and PC Andy exit their police car)

Gwen: Those people last night, the people in the car, who were they?
What's TORCHWOOD?

PC Andy: Don't know. Special ops?

Gwen: Yeah, but what does that mean?

PC Andy: I'll bet you 10 quid they're DNA specialists. It's all DNA these days, like that CSI bollocks.
CSI Cardiff. I'd like to see that. They'd be measuring the velocity of a kebab.

(door opens, loud bad pop music plays, glass smashes; Gwen and PC Andy enter)

PC Andy: Thank you very much, break it up!
Police. Break it up, thank you.

(Gwen gets thrown against a wall and bumps her head)

(Gwen is sitting on a hospital bed, hissing as a doctor tends to her head wound)

Gwen: Ow!

*(Gwen walks along a floor in the hospital seeing grey coat sprinting up the staircase, she follows)
(A door shuts, Gwen runs back down one flight)*

Gwen: Excuse me. Sorry. *(security men turns around)*
It's all sealed off up there. Who did that?

Mr Security: I thought it was you lot.

Gwen: But what's it for? What happened?

Mr Security: I don't know. 9.00 this morning it was all sealed off. They never said. Chemicals or
something. *(turns to leave)*

(Gwen goes back up, and enters the sealed off floor)

Gwen: Hello

(A shadow appears at the far end of the floor, followed by a funny looking 'alien', also referred to as Weevil)

Gwen: Sorry, I'm just looking for someone. *(she steps closer to the Weevil)*
(muttering) Yeah, right. Clever.
Anyway, I don't know if you saw a man come through here? A tall man? In one of those big sort of
military coats.
Okay. If you could answer, this is official business.
You all right?
That's good. *(points to the Weevils face)* That's a good mask sort of thing.
Look, I'm sorry if I'm interrupting something, but I think we can stop this now, okay?
It's all very well playing silly buggers, but I'm busy, all right?
Now, I'm looking for a man in a big grey coat.
I said, we can stop being silly.

(Mr Security enters the sealed off sector)

Mr Security: Ma'am!

There you are. I did ask. I saw Dr Maheeb 'cause I thought it was him who said about the police, but he said no. Then I said about the chemicals and he said 'Don't be so stupid. What chemicals?' So I don't know. Could be anything.

Who've you got with you there, then? So much for sealing it off.

Oh, there's a face. Nice one. Hey, I tell you, mate. You should try plastic surgery. Not on the NHS, mind.

You all right?

Gwen: Yeah.

Mr Security: Bloody hell. That is brilliant. That's like, um, HELLRAISER.

That's first class, that is. Look at that. That... It's just like real teeth. Honest.

(Weevil bites Mr Security, we hear crushing bones, blood splutters all over the floor)

(Capt. Jack appears out of the no-where running and shouting)

Capt. Jack: Go! Go! Go! Go!... *(runs with Gwen to the exit)*

(Weevil cries, spray is sprayed, Weevil blinded)

Suzie: Okay. Get it down.

(Dr Owen Harper tries to get Weevil down, Capt. Jack leaves Gwen running and runs back to his team)

(Gwen pretty breathless on the parking lot, hears an engine come to life, starts running again but the SUV is faster and honking)

(Gwen runs to her police car, follows the SUV)

(PC Andy comes back with something to eat, sees Gwen leaving)

PC Andy: Oi.

(Gwen on the radio)

Gwen: Registration Charlie, Foxtrot, 06, Foxtrot, Delta, Uniform.

(Officer repeats Charlie, Foxtrot, 06, Foxtrot, Delta, Uniform; Hold on. I think Yvonne wants a word.)

Yvonne: No sign of a Captain Jack Harkness.

Gwen: Did you search outside Cardiff?

Yvonne: *(sarcastic)* No, that never even occurred to me.

'Course I did. I went nationwide.

There's about 15 Jacks and Johns with that surname. None of them's a captain.

Gwen: Suppose he could have made it up.

Yvonne: The only Captain Jack Harkness on record is American.

Gwen: That's it! He's American.

Yvonne: Had you forgot to tell me?

Gwen: So who is he?

Yvonne: American volunteer.

Royal Air Force 133 Squadron. Except he disappeared. Vanished off the records, presumed dead.

Gwen: When was that?

Yvonne: 1941 at the height of the blitz.

On the morning of January the 21st, 1941, Captain Jack Harkness failed to report for duty. Never seen again until now. What's going on, Gwen? You seeing ghosts?

(silence)

(TW team has exited the SUV and walks on, while SUV drives away)

(Gwen gets out of the car shouting)

Gwen: You lot! Oi! *(TW crew walks on unaffected)* TORCHWOOD!

Mr Security 2: Oi!

You can't leave that there. *(points at the car)*

Gwen: Police.

Mr Security 2: I can see that, love, and you're still not leaving it there. *(meanwhile TW team has vanished)*

I'm talking to you. *(Gwen walks on)* Excuse me! Move your bloody car.

(Gwen walks to the place she's last seen the TW team)

(Gwen sits back in the car, it's raining cats and dogs again)

Gwen: Did you get anything on that registration?

Officer on the radio: No such number.

Gwen: What does that mean?

Officer: Doesn't exist. Double checked with Swansea. Triple checked. There's nothing. No such vehicle. But Temple's been asking about you, Gwen. You in trouble?

(PC Andy enters the car)

PC Andy: I have walked. I have bloody walked.

(silence)

(Gwen is again running around the place where she's last seen TW crew)

Gwen: They were here, and then they were gone. And look. There's nowhere to hide. They just disappeared.

PC Andy: Temple's not just livid. He's doing his nut.

Gwen: There was a man. I'm telling you. There was this porter, he was in a porter's uniform, and he was killed. Or at least he was injured, he must have been injured, right in front of me. This man in a mask sort of lashed out and...

PC Andy: And I have told you. All hospital staff, present and correct.

Gwen: (*walking back and forth*) I saw it.

PC Andy: That's sick.

Gwen sweetheart, think about it. What sort of story is that?
You're not well. Come with me, I'll take you home.

(*Gwen leads the way, but turns back to PC Andy*)

Gwen: They were here.

PC Andy: Come on.

(*Gwen & Rhys flat, Rhys is cooking*)

Rhys: Hey, look at me. Hot pot.
Or as the French call it, (*French accent*) 'hot pot'.

(*kissing*)

Gwen: I should have phoned. I've got to work.

Rhys: You should be off sick.

Gwen: I know. But they were short and there's a match on tonight, so I said I'd take another shift. I'm sorry.
Forgive me. Go on, forgive me. Say you forgive me.
You do, don't you?

Rhys: Yeah.

(*more kissing*)

Gwen: Okay. I got to go.

(*and there she goes*)

(*night has fallen over Cardiff, Gwen is walking and hoping around the Bay, she sees a pizza delivery service on a scooter*)

(*Gwen entering the Pizza station*)

Gwen: Excuse me. Gwen Cooper, CID.
I'm making some inquiries round the Bay. I need to check some people out on your list if that's okay. I don't suppose you deliver to a Captain Jack Harkness?

Kid behind the counter: Oh, I don't know.

Gwen: Well, could you have a look?

Kid behind the counter: (*typing like with broken fingers to search for requested name*)
No. He's not a regular, anyway.

Gwen: J Harkness or just Harkness?

Kid behind the counter: No.

Gwen: Okay, never mind. Thanks anyway.
(*Gwen almost leaving but turning around again*)
I don't suppose you've got TORCHWOOD.

Kid behind the counter: Oh, aye.
We do them all the time. Good customers.

(*Gwen walks along the footbridge towards the Tourist office, knocks while opening the tourist office door closes it and takes a look around until - the most stunning concierge, tea boy and walking suit is entering the anteroom; cup of coffee in hand, smile plastered on face ...*)

Gwen: Oh, hiya. Sorry I'm late. Someone ordered pizzas?

(*concierge raising eyebrows and TALKS*)

Sexiest voice of the 21st century: Who's it for?

Gwen: I think it's a Mr Harkness.

(*a door opens with a crack, Sexiest voice of the 21st century is standing innocently behind the counter of the Tourist office*)

Sexiest voice of the 21st century: Don't keep him waiting.

(*after further encouragement from Sexiest voice of the 21st century, by making a funny face to urge Gwen on, said Gwen enters a long dark tunnel, at the end of it another door opens*)

(*Gwen steps out from an elevator, sees people sitting around, working, a big honkin cog rolls back into place, displaying a perfect door*)

(*Gwen casts her DOE eyes around, seeing a hand in a jar, someone welds, another door opens and closes Capt. Jack Harkness starts walking around on a runway above her; otherwise everyone is immersed in silence and does whatever it is they doing*)

(*we hear a little a nasty laughing, joined by further laughing*)

Dr Owen Harper: I can't do this. I'm sorry. I'm rubbish. I give up.

Toshiko: (*pointing at Dr Owen Harper*) He set me off.

Suzie: Well, that lasted 0,2 seconds.

Dr Owen Harper: Hmmm. She's actually carrying pizza.

Capt. Jack: Come on. She was gonna say, 'Here's your pizza', and I was gonna say, 'How much?'
And she says, 'Oh, whatever, 20 quid,' and I say, 'Oh, I don't have any money.' (*giggles*)
I was working on a punch line. I'd have got there, but it would have been good.

Gwen: (*small voice*) There's your pizza. I think I'd better go.

Capt. Jack: I think we've gone past that stage.

Suzie: You must have been freezing out there.
How long you walking round? Three hours?

Gwen: You could see me?

Suzie: Mmm hmm.

Capt. Jack: And before we go any further, who the hell orders pizza under the name of TORCHWOOD?

Dr Owen Harper: Uh, yeah, that would be me. Sorry, I'm a twat.

Gwen: That man at the hospital. That porter. What happened to him? That was real, wasn't it? He was attacked.

Capt. Jack: He's dead.

Gwen: But there's no one gone missing.

Toshiko: We took the body, retrospectively changed the work rota, planted a false witness who saw him leaving the hospital, giving him an alibi for the next 48 hours, so when his body's pulled out of the docks next Tuesday night, he's only been missing for three days.

Gwen: He was murdered.

Toshiko: Yeah.

Gwen: And you covered it up.

Toshiko: It's my job.

Gwen: And that other man, John Tucker?
Last night in the alleyway, I saw you.

Capt. Jack: And what did you see?

Gwen: You revived him.

Capt. Jack: No.
What did you see?

Gwen: You resuscitated him.

Capt. Jack: No. What did you see?

Gwen: You brought him back to life.

Capt. Jack: Yeah. *(long exchange of gazing into each others eyes)*

Gwen: Who are you?

Capt. Jack: TORCHWOOD.

Gwen: What's TORCHWOOD?

Capt. Jack: This is TORCHWOOD. All around you.

Gwen: And what happens to me?

Capt. Jack: Oh.

Gwen: I'm police.
Constable Gwen Cooper. You can't do anything.

Capt. Jack: Right, then, PC Cooper.
Do you want to come see?

Gwen: See what?

Capt. Jack: You saw the murder... come and see the murderer.

(Gwen doesn't move)

Suzie: Go with him.

Gwen: What is TORCHWOOD? Who are you? What is this place?

(Screeching from above)

Gwen: What was that?

Toshiko: *(in a bored voice)* Pterodactyl.

Capt. Jack: *(impatient)* Are you coming?

(Capt. Jack and Gwen enter a rather unfriendly looking space through a heavy door, made of iron)

(Capt. Jack switches on a light as they stand in front of a Hanibal-Lecor-ish cell, Gwen makes a shocked face)

Capt. Jack: It's all right, it's safe. It's sedated. *(Gwen keeps staring)*
It's called a Weevil. Or at least, we call them Weevils.
We don't know their real name because they're not too good at communicating.
But we've got a couple of hundred of them in the city, living in the sewers, feeding off the ...
Well, it's the sewers. You can guess.
But every once in a while, one of them goes rogue, comes to the surface, attacks.
Actually, it's been happening more and more and we have no idea why.
But it's alien.

(Capt. Jack turns to Gwen)

Capt. Jack: Look into it's eyes.

(Capt. Jack steps back, to fetch a small stool)

Capt. Jack: There you go.
Take your time.
It was born on a different world, and it's real.

(Weevil and Gwen do a small staring match)

(back in the main Hub, Dr Owen Harper still lolling in his chair, holding a print out)
(Capt. Jack and Gwen re-enter the Hub)

Capt. Jack: Owen Harper, Gwen Cooper.

Dr Owen Harper: Dr Owen Harper, thank you.

Capt. Jack: Toshiko Sato, computer genius.
Suzie Costello, she's second in command.

(Capt. Jack turns around referring to the Sexiest voice of the 21st century, who appeared out of the nothing)

Capt. Jack: And this is Ianto Jones. Ianto cleans up after us and gets us everywhere on time.

Ianto Jones: I try my best.

Capt. Jack: And he looks good in a suit.

Ianto Jones: Careful. That's harassment, sir.

Gwen: But why are you telling me their names?
I'm not supposed to know, am I? This is classified, isn't it?

Capt. Jack: Way beyond classified.

Gwen: Then you shouldn't be telling me.
What are you gonna do to me?

Capt. Jack: What do you imagine?

[No, we actually don't want to know that – and I am sure Capt. Jack does not want either!]

Gwen: Well, I've seen too much. Your names and everything, and the Weevil and...
You can dump him out in the water and lie about his death.

(Capt. Jack having put on his grey coat)

Capt. Jack: Okay, Tosh, finish that calibration tomorrow morning.
Owen, first thing, get hold of Chandler and Bell, 'cause I think they're lying.
Ianto, if he needs backup then you better be on standby.
Suzie, I know it's a PITA, but I need the costing on the glove research.
And as for you, you're coming with me. This way.

Gwen: *(trying to be tough)* I'm getting tired of following you.

Capt. Jack: No, you're not. And you never will. *(Capt. Jack steps up on a stone, holds out a hand)*
Stand on here. Come on. Next to me.

Toshiko: Good night.

Dr Owen Harper: Later.

Capt. Jack: Now, you came in through the front door. Let's take the scenic route.

(Stone they stepped on lifts up, until they are standing at the Bay again. Gwen holds fast on Capt. Jack's hand, people walk around them)

Gwen: But...
But they can see the lift. Why aren't they, I mean...
We are right out in the open. They can see everything.

Capt. Jack: Do they look like they can see us?

Gwen: No, but look at us. We couldn't be any more public.

Capt. Jack: Hello! Hey! You there! Hello!

It's called a perception filter. He can sort of see us, but we don't quite register. Just like something in the corner of your eye.

It only works on this exact spot. Step off ... Hi. *(to a woman walking by)*

Nice night. Oh, and lo, we are perceived.

Gwen: How does it work?

Capt. Jack: No idea. We know how to use it, not how it happens, but if I were to guess, I would say that there was once a dimensionally transcendental chameleon circuit placed right on this spot, which welded its perception properties to a spatial-temporal rift.

But that sounds kind of ridiculous. Invisible lift has got more of a ring to it, don't you think?

Gwen: But hold on, if no one can see it when the lift's coming up, there's a bloody big hole in the floor. Don't people fall in?

Capt. Jack: That is so Welsh.

Gwen: What is?

Capt. Jack: I show you something fantastic, you find fault.

(Capt. Jack starts to walk away)

(some or the other pub, Gwen drinks beer, quite fast, Capt. Jack sips water)

Gwen: The thing is, I just don't understand...

Capt. Jack: No, I'll tell you what I don't understand.

You're gonna rattle on with that 'How can this be true' kind of shtick.

What's it gonna take for you people? If you want evidence of aliens, how about that great big spaceship hovering over London on Christmas day?

What about the Battle of Canary Wharf? A Cyberman in every home?

Gwen: My boyfriend says it's like a sort of terrorism. Like they put drugs in the water supplies, psychotropic drugs, causing mass hallucinations and stuff.

Capt. Jack: Yeah, well your boyfriend's stupid.

Gwen: Oh, you've met him? *(Capt. Jack laughs at that)*

So, you catch aliens?

Capt. Jack: Yep.

Gwen: You catch aliens for a living.

Capt. Jack: Yes we do.

Gwen: You're an alien catcher.

Capt. Jack: Yes, I am.

Gwen: Caught any good aliens?

Capt. Jack: Tons of them.

Gwen: That's a hell of a job.

Capt. Jack: (*chuckling*) Sure is.

Gwen: This is so weird.
And who are you, then?

Capt. Jack: Captain Jack Harkness.

Gwen: I did some research. And there's only one Captain Jack Harkness on record, and he disappeared in 1941.

Capt. Jack: Well, that couldn't be me, could it?
We don't just catch aliens. We scavenge the stuff they leave behind, find ways of using it, arming the human race for the future.
The 21st century's when it all changes, and you gotta be ready.

Gwen: But who's in charge of you? Is it the government, or what?

Capt. Jack: We're separate from the government, outside the police, beyond the United Nations.
'Cause if one power got hold of this stuff, they could use it for their own purposes.

Gwen: But so could you.

Capt. Jack: All alien technology stays on the base. No one's allowed to take anything outside.
(*Capt. Jack takes another sip from his water*)

(*Toshiko enters her flat, fiddling with her handbag and taking out a doohickey with alien writing on it*)

(*Owen is standing in front of a mirror, ruffling through his hair, opening his bath cabinet, taking out a flask with 'aftershave' the stuff in it starts to glow for a moment.*)

(*Suzie is fiddling with her handbag on her kitchen counter, taking out the 'risen mitten' and putting it on the counter*)

(*back in the pub*)

Gwen: So go on, then. How the hell did you end up in Cardiff?

Capt. Jack: This is TORCHWOOD Three. TORCHWOOD One was London, destroyed in the battle.
TORCHWOOD Two is an office in Glasgow. Very strange man.
TORCHWOOD Three, Cardiff.
TORCHWOOD Four has kind of gone missing, but we'll find it one day.

Gwen: So you just fancied Cardiff?

Capt. Jack: There's a rift in space and time running right through the city. The Weevils didn't come in a spaceship. They kind of just slipped through. All sorts of things get washed up here. Creatures, time shifts, space junk, debris. Flotsam and jetsam.

Gwen: Sounds like Cardiff, yeah.

Capt. Jack: Hey, hey, hey, don't knock it. I'm a citizen.

Gwen: But where are you from?

Capt. Jack: All sorts of places.

Gwen: Thing is, we could liaise on this. The serial killer, I could be like your liaison with the police.

Capt. Jack: Right, I can see the mistake. You think because we showed up at the scene of crime, we're out to catch the killer.

Gwen: Mmm hmm.

Capt. Jack: Sorry, nothing to do with us.

Gwen: Then what were you doing there?

Capt. Jack: Testing the glove. We need murder victims, simple as that.
The glove only works on the recently deceased, and the more violent the trauma, the stronger the resurrection. All we need is fresh meat.

Gwen: No, you were asking that man, John Tucker, I saw you.
You were asking him about his killer.

Capt. Jack: He'd just been murdered. What else are you gonna ask?

Gwen: You could get an ID. You could help.

Capt. Jack: We're busy.

Gwen: And your work is more important.

Capt. Jack: Now you got it.

Gwen: Well, that's tough shit 'cause if you let me go, then I have a duty. I can tell them what you've got 'cause that glove could help us.

Capt. Jack: If you remember.

Gwen: What do you mean?

Capt. Jack: *(shrugs)* How's your drink?

Gwen: *(struck by realisation)* Have you poisoned me?

Capt. Jack: Don't be so dramatic. My own recipe with a touch of denial and a dash of retcon. Wake up tomorrow morning and you'll have forgotten everything about TORCHWOOD.
Worse still, you'll have forgotten me. Which is kind of tragic.

(Gwen gets up and starts running, Capt. Jack sighs, takes his grey coat and follows her outside)

Capt. Jack: Don't think you can fight it by staying awake. I mixed in a little bit of sedative, too.

Gwen: Then I'll tell someone.

Capt. Jack: Do you want to do that? Do you really want us to come and find them, too?

Gwen: You bastard.

Capt. Jack: Language. Nice knowing you Gwen Cooper. (*Capt. Jack starts walking away.*)

(Gwen takes the opposite direction, running - for dramatic reason I suppose, TW music is playing in the background)

(Gwen has finished running, sitting now in front of her PC, typing)

(Dr Owen Harper is in some or the other club, sipping a drink and looking for a chick to hunt. He's made one out on the bar, walking towards her)

Dr Owen Harper: Hello

Chick: All right.

Dr Owen Harper: You having a good time?

Chick: I was.

Dr Owen Harper: Can I buy you a drink?

Chick: No, thanks. I'm fine.

Dr Owen Harper: Am I wasting my time?

Chick: I don't know. Are you?

(Dr Owen Harper gulps the rest of his drink)

Dr Owen Harper: Look, I've got to be up early. I've got a hell of a day tomorrow, and I really can't be bothered with all the chat.

(Chick laughs, Dr Owen Harper takes out the 'aftershave', spraying it onto his face)

Dr Owen Harper: So, do you want a drink, or what?

(Chick inhales the 'aftershave', grabs Dr Owen Harper and proceeds to check whether he's still got his tonsils)

Chick: Bloody hell fire. You're coming home with me, you are. Right now!

(Meanwhile Gwen is still sitting and typing, fighting to keep her eyes open)

(Back at Toshikos flat who's testing around with the alien doohikey)

(Gwen, still sitting and typing)

(Back at Suzie's flat. A dead fly is lying on it's back. Suzie touches it with the index finger of the glove, the fly starts to dither again, then flies away. Suzie gets up, staring at the glove)

(Gwen, still sitting and typing, fighting sleep)

(Dr Owen Harper and Chick have left the club)

some Bloke: Oi, you bastard. *(referring to Dr Owen Harper)* Come here. Linda! *(referring to chick)*
What are you doing with him? What the fuck do you think you're doing?

Linda (Chick): I'm taking him home and I'm having him. Now piss off.

Bloke: What the fuck do you think you're doing with my girlfriend, you bastard?

Dr Owen Harper: Hey! I didn't know. She was on her own. She never said.

Bloke: You tosser. You fucking tosser.

Linda: Colin, button it. He's mine.

Colin (Bloke): You want to have a go, do you? You want to have a go? Come on mate.

Dr Owen Harper: Well, if it makes it easier...

(Dr Owen Harper takes out the 'aftershave' and spays it again, smiles)

(Colin, aka the Bloke takes Dr Owen Harper head in his hands and is now proceeding to check out Dr Owen Harper's tonsils)

Colin: *(still head of Dr Owen Harper in his hands and checking him out)* I'm so having you.

Linda: I'm having him first.

Dr Owen Harper: Taxi! *(It is up to your imagination whether Dr Owen Harper calls it to get away from the couple or to enjoy a threesome)*

(Back in Gwen's flat, Harry Potter-ish music is playing in the back, she's still typing)

(Meanwhile Ianto Jones' fingers ghosting over a keyboard too. On his screen we see several open windows, File 01 reads 'Gwen Cooper Home Intercept'. Ianto Jones takes another look at it, Strg+A it, clicks 'edit' and hovers a bit until he proceeds clicking 'delete')

(Gwen's flat - the screen goes black. Why she's tapping keys on her keyboard when her screen goes black is beyond me, go ask TWPTB)

(Her eyes flutter a lot until they close)

(Ianto Jones switches of the only light in the room he currently occupies. Why he's got to do this and is thus forced to either walk in total darkness or taking out a torchlight to be able to see something and to avoid threatening injuries, is also totally beyond me)

(Capt. Jack is standing on a construction above Cardiff City - obviously thinking, TW music plays in the back)

(Gwen's flat. Gwen is lying sleeping on her computer desk. Rhys places a cup of coffee (?) next to her, he kisses her, to wake sleeping beauty)

Rhys: Did you get pissed?

Gwen: *(looks at him a bit confused)* No.
What time is it?

Rhys: 7.30.
You said you were working last night.

Gwen: I was.

Rhys: Then how come you fell asleep in here?

Gwen: I haven't. I was typing.
That is work.

Rhys: I'm not having a go. Just saying. Not exactly clever going out on the lash when you've just had a bang on the head.
Hope you didn't drive in that state. Who were you with? Diane?

Gwen: Must have been. Yeah.

(police station)

Yvonne: Have any luck?

Gwen: With what?

Yvonne: Captain Jack Harkness.

Gwen: How do you mean? Who's he?

Yvonne: Oh, don't worry about me. Just go ahead wasting my time.
(Yvonne leaves a rather befuddled Gwen Cooper)

(Gwen greets a colleague upon entering another floor. Proceeds to enter an open office)

Officer: Aye, aye. Come to see where the real work's done. *(mocking)*

Gwen: Yes, sir. That's right, sir.
How's it going?

Officer: Sod all.

(Gwen looks at the pin board with the unresolved murder series)

Gwen: Is that the murder weapon?

Officer: Clever mind. They worked it all out on a computer. Took the measurements from the stab wounds. Calculated the shape of the blade and stuff. Even those prongs. I don't know how they do it. Nasty looking beast, though. Do you recognise it?

Gwen: No.

Officer: We're trying to trace it. Can't be that many of them. Sort of ornamental. We're checking the CDE logs with customs in case it's been imported. Find the knife, we might find the killer. Anyway, if it rings any bells, give us a shout.

Gwen: Yeah. Thanks. *(Gwen leaves, thinking about the blade)*

PC Andy: I said to Geoff... it's vital, but was he having any of it? No, he's off and moaning, says 'Who books the ground? Who pays the subs?' Like we're ganging up on him. Practically said so. And all the time he's wheezing away and he's getting more and more heated, and I am like, 'Geoff...'

(Gwen still thinking about the blade, at home)

Rhys: ...said, 'You're in charge of transport.' I said, 'Mam, I can't go hopping on a truck just to come and pay you a visit.' And that set off her then. Should've heard it. All that Christmas stuff all over again. I was like, 'Oh, for God's sake, leave it.'

(Blade on paper and flashes in the back, while Gwen is lying awake in her bed, clock shows 2.00- 2.01 am; Gwen closes eyes willing the mind to go to sleep, but again flashes - and the blade, this time real, not on paper, Gwen's eyes pop open again.)

(Gwen sits down on the computer desk, scribbling the blade on an envelope - then she balls up the envelope)

(On her desk is a small brochure 'What's on Wales Millennium Centre' on it hand-written is scribbled 'remember')

(Gwen is back at the Bay, walking around, having flashbacks, all of the sudden Suzie walks up to her)

Suzie: Hello, again.

You were right. You told Jack we should liaise with the police. I was the only one who bothered so... I was the only one who saw the report. *(Suzie starts to fiddle with her handbag, until she finally pulls out the blade)*
They got a good likeness.

Gwen: I'm arresting you for... How do I know you?

Suzie: I thought you might have seen it, and that can trip the amnesia, just one specific image if you're clever. He said you were good.
Anyway... it's not much good now, I can't really... You were gonna put up a fight, so I've got... *(fiddles with the handbag again)* Erm... hold on. Sorry.

(Suzie drops the bag to the ground and holds up an automatic)

Suzie: There, that's better.

Gwen: Put it down.

Suzie: You had to come back.

Gwen: Put down the gun.

Suzie: You're the only one who can make the link. Well, the only one in public. TORCHWOOD's gonna find out by morning, but I'll be gone. I don't know where. Far away. What am I gonna do? I loved this job. I really loved it. And now I've got to run. Oh, Christ. How can you do any other job after this one?

Gwen: Please, put down the gun.

Suzie: 'Cause it gets inside you. You do this job for long enough and you end up thinking... How come we get all the Weevils and bollocks and shit? Is that what alien life is? Filth? But maybe there's better stuff out there. Brilliant stuff. Beautiful stuff. Just, they don't come here. This planet's so dirty, that's all we get. The shit.

Gwen: I don't know what you're talking about.

Suzie: I wish I could forget.

Gwen: Why did you kill those people?

Suzie: For the glove.

Gwen: Just... Just stay where you are.

Suzie: I needed the bodies. That's how it works. Violent death. It was so easy. To bring them by, I just position myself behind the head so they never see me twice.

Gwen: You killed three people.

Suzie: It was the only way. The more I use the glove, the more I control it.

Gwen: I don't understand. What glove. Where have I seen you before?

Suzie: If I can get enough practice, then think what the glove could do. If I could get it to work all the time on anything, beyond the two minutes, if it could work permanently, it could resurrect. Resurrection on demand for the whole world. Isn't that good?

(In the background Capt. Jack appears, staying on the perception filter)

Suzie: Isn't it, though? Well that's what I've been working for. All day and all night. the rest of them go swanning about while I'm working. You got to get inside this stuff. You surrender yourself to it.

(Capt. Jack is still staying on the perception filter and listen)

Suzie: I did with the knife and the glove. And that's why the perception filter isn't gonna work on me.

(Suzie turns around and shoots Capt. Jack straight between the eyes, (please insert shouts of outrage here), who falls to the ground dead.)

Gwen: What? *(quite shocked)*
Who is he? Where did he come from? What have you done? *(points at Capt. Jack)*

(Suzie cocks the gun, points it at Gwen)

Gwen: Please don't.

Suzie: I can't let you go.

Gwen: Please.

Suzie: I've got to.

(Gwen panics)

Suzie: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I've got to. I've got to. I've got to.

(Meanwhile Capt. Jack has gotten up again, the hole is still in the head, but it's healing, he's standing behind Suzie)

(Gwen forgets her panic and stars)

Capt. Jack: Put down the gun.

(Suzie turns round and sees how the wound is healing itself)

Capt. Jack: Suzie, it's over. Now, come with me.

(Capt. Jack holds out a hand to her, Suzie stars first at him, than at Gwen and proceeds to shot herself)

(Capt. Jack is looking like he can't quite understand what just happened, Gwen gasps)

Gwen: I remember.

(the two star at each other)

Gwen: I remember.

(Capt. Jack's office - Ianto Jones is putting the glove and blade into a box, TORCHWOOD written on it, and seals it)

(Capt. Jack is watching and exchanging a glance with Ianto Jones. Gwen is observing from the background)

(Dr Owen Harper and Toshiko are there too. They both fiddle with their clothing pulling out the alien doohikeys they'd taken with them and give them back to Capt. Jack)

(The morgue - Capt. Jack closes the body bag for Suzie Costello and seals her compartment - 006)

Gwen: *(talking to Capt. Jack, while we see Cardiff)* Owen and Toshiko, you didn't tell them that you were shot in the head and survived.

Capt. Jack: You didn't tell them either. Followed my lead. Keep doing that, and you might just get through this.

Gwen: But she killed you.

Capt. Jack: I can't die.

Gwen: Okay.

Capt. Jack: But I can't. Something happened to me a while back. Long story and far away. But I was killed... and then I was brought back to life, and ever since then... I can't die.

Gwen: But, how...

Capt. Jack: I don't know. One day I'll find a doctor, the right sort of doctor, and maybe he can explain it, but until then...

Gwen: Nothing kills you?

Capt. Jack: Well, it kind of freaks people out so... best if you don't say anything.

Gwen: It doesn't matter anyway. You'll only wipe out my memory again.

Capt. Jack: Why would I do that? TORCHWOOD's got a vacancy. Job going spare. Do you want it?

Gwen: But... What do you need me for?

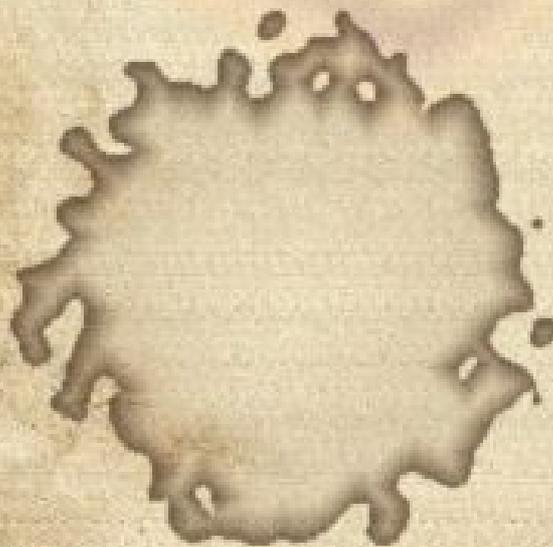
[That thought crossed my mind quite often]

Capt. Jack: 'Cause maybe you were right. We could do more to help. What do you think? Do you want to join up?

Gwen: Yeah. I do. Yes.

(The camera zoom gets wider and we see Myfawny - the pterodactyl - flying around, screeching)

FIN.



Main Cast

Captain Jack Harkness

John Barrowman

Gwen Cooper

Eve Myles

Dr Owen Harper

Burn Gorman

Toshiko Sato

Naoke Meri

Ianto Jones

Gareth David-Lloyd

Suzie Costello

Indira Varma

Rhys Williams

Kai Owen