

WHISTLEBLOWER  
by Michael Percy

1. THE TOMLIN FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

It is night-time in the Tomlin household. The front door bell rings. After a short while it rings again a little longer. Now it rings with more insistence and the door is banged by a fist as well.

*Enter Paul Tomlin* hurrying to answer the door. He has been disturbed in sleep and he is attempting to throw some clothes on. The banging and ringing continues over:

Angela: (Off) Who is it Paul? They'll wake the kids?

Paul: (To himself) Keep quiet then, don't make it worse.

Angela: (Off) Paul!

Paul: I'm dealing with it Angela – give me a minute

*Exit Paul to the front door.*

*Enter Angela in a similar state of dress/undress as Paul.*

Angela: Make sure the chain's on Paul.

Paul: (Off) Yes, yes. (Opens the door.) My God.

Angela: Paul?

Eileen: (Off) I'm sorry Paul...

Paul: (Off) You'd better come in.

Angela: Who is it Paul?

*Enter Paul followed by Eileen. Eileen is in a scruffy state and wearing crumpled clothes which look as if they have been slept in. She has something wrapped in a plastic carrier bag.*

Eileen: I'm really sorry it's so late.

Angela: Our children are trying to sleep.

Eileen: I can explain.

Angela: I'm ready.

Eileen: It's happening Paul.

*Eileen thrusts the plastic carrier bag into Paul's hands.*

Angela: Who is this Paul? What's happening?

Eileen: *(To Paul)* There was a big security clamp down at work – day before yesterday. When I got home there was a car outside with three men – I didn't even go indoors, just ran away. I think they were making a lot of noise to see who would break cover – and it was me.

Angela: Who are you?

Paul: Where have you been for two days?

Eileen: Moving around. It's best you don't know about that or where I'm going next.

Paul: How will I contact you?

Angela: For fuck sake somebody listen to me. Who is this woman?

*Paul and Eileen stare at Angela for a beat.*

Paul: I'll explain later.

Eileen: Be careful Paul. Watch what you say. I'd better get going.

Angela: Paul!

*Eileen walks towards the front door.*

Paul: Are you okay, do you need anything?

Eileen: About a week's sleep and my life back in one piece.

*Eileen takes Paul's hands in hers.*

Angela: For God's sake Paul.

Eileen: Thanks for everything and don't take any personal risks for this. *(She indicates the package.)* Promise me.

Paul: Of course. But you know you can trust me - if things don't work out for you.

Eileen: No phone calls right. Nothing.

Paul: Okay.

Eileen: Wish me luck.

*Exit Eileen.*

*Paul turns to face an angry Angela. Silence for a few moments.*

Angela: (Angry.) What is happening?

Paul: (He slumps into a chair.) Give me a minute, get my head round this.

Angela: You can't expect me to wait while you sit there thinking it through. Who was that woman? What did she give you?

Paul: Papers. Evidence. She's Eileen Molly.

Angela: Is that supposed to mean something to me? Come on Paul, talk to me.

*Paul looks at her for a moment. He stands.*

Paul: It shouldn't have been like this. It wasn't even supposed to involve you – certainly not like this. You have to trust me Angela. Trust me – I promise everything will be okay.

Angela: Do you realise what you're asking?

Paul: Of course I do. I know I'm asking a lot. But it has to be this way for now, just for a while. I promise. I'll explain everything as soon as I can. Try not to worry.

Angela: I'm not having it Paul. You can't expect me to put up with that. I'm your wife for God's sake. You're supposed to trust me.

Paul: I trust you, of course I do. This is about protecting you.

Angela: From what? What should I be afraid of? Why do I need protecting?

Paul: Please Angela, don't do this. I've got to get dressed. I need to go out for a bit.

Angela: It's one o'clock in the morning Paul. Where the hell are you going?

Paul: Trust me. Please. Just trust me. I won't be long.

*Exit Paul. Angela waits for a moment taking it all in. Exit Angela.*

## 2. THE TOMLIN FRONT ROOM - DAY

Two days later

*Angela enters carrying several shopping bags. She is in jeans and a casual jacket. She is followed by Sonia Marsden who is dressed for the office. Sonia is carrying two carriers of shopping as well. Angela dumps the shopping on the floor. Sonia adds her bags to the pile.*

Angela: Thanks for that.

Sonia: No trouble. It's better if we talk inside.

Angela: I need to pick my children up from school in twenty minutes.  
Can I see your ID again?

Sonia: *(Holding up a wallet containing ID)* I'm attached to the Home Office.

Angela: I don't know what these things are supposed to look like. Counter Terrorism.  
SO15. What does that mean?

Sonia: I'm just a police officer. Don't worry about that.

Angela: What do you want?

Sonia: How old are the children?

Angela: Four and six. What's this about?

Sonia: *(She produces a photo of Eileen.)* When was the last time you saw this woman?

*Angela stares at the picture.*

Sonia: Take your time.

Angela: She doesn't look like anybody I know.

Sonia: Okay. *(She keeps holding the photo in front of Angela.)* You hesitated, why?

Angela: Just to make sure.

Sonia: Did you think you knew her, at first I mean?

Angela: *(Angela fusses with her shopping bags to avoid the photo.)* No. Just making sure.

Sonia: You may have thought you recognised her.

Angela: Why?

Sonia: She's been on television recently. The news. Yesterday mainly. Only the morning bulletins today. The media is like that. You're top billing one day and virtually forgotten the next.

Angela: We've had a lot going on here the last couple of days. Family stuff.

Sonia: Nothing serious I hope?

Angela: Personal family stuff.

Sonia: *(She sits.)* Shall I tell you why she was in the news?

Angela: Does it matter to me? I don't know her.

Sonia: Quite a big story. Brilliant career thrown away. Sad loss to friends and family. Pressurised job getting on top of her. And she was good looking which helps.

Angela: Like I said, we've been busy lately. Why does it help – to be good looking?

Sonia: The press like a pretty face. Your husband's a journalist isn't he?

Angela: On a web site - a motoring web site.

Sonia: Started out on the Guardian didn't he?

Angela: Yes, years ago.

Sonia: And couldn't make the grade.

Angela: No. Not that at all. Paul's mum and dad moved to Portugal. There was a car crash and his dad died. His mum was seriously ill. After sorting out the funeral, all their affairs, and getting his mum treated and back to England his job took a back seat. Once you fall off the merry-go-round in journalism nobody helps you back up.

Sonia: Is he bitter about that?

Angela: Why are you asking, it was years ago. What's it got to do with that woman?

Sonia: You're right. Sorry. *(She holds up the photograph again.)* We've established you don't know this woman so I suppose that's it.

*Sonia stands and puts the photo away.*

Angela: What happened to... her? The woman in the photo.

Sonia: Her name was Eileen Molly. She jumped under a train.

*Angela freezes for a moment.*

Sonia: Did you know her?

Angela: I said, I don't know her. Why should I?

Sonia: She studied journalism at the same time as your husband. They were... fellow students.

Angela: Maybe you should ask my husband if he knew her.

Sonia: We know he knew her. The question is, I suppose, does he know her now?

Angela: Is it important?

Sonia: We need to trace her last movements. Find out who she saw just before she jumped... just before she died.

Angela: The last person to see her alive.

Sonia: We know the answer to that - it was the train driver.

*Silence for a moment.*

Angela: Why aren't the normal police asking these questions?

Sonia: Eileen worked in a sensitive area of government.

Angela: A politician?

Sonia: She was a senior press office. Did quite well after her humble beginnings as a journalist. We are just keen to close Eileen's file, tie up the loose ends. Is he still politically active?

Angela: What?

Sonia: Eileen wasn't the only thing he was involved with at college – they were into politics. Student politics. You know the sort of thing, bigger grants, redecorating the student union bar, fire bombing animal research labs.

Angela: What? Fire bombs? Not Paul. He's got strong views on politics but he would never do a thing like that.

Sonia: Most people mellow as they get older - move to the right. Has Paul moved to the right?

Angela: We would never vote Tory if that's what you mean.

Sonia: So he's kept up his old allegiances?

Angela: That's really none of your business.

Sonia: So I can assume that he's still an animal rights activist.

Angela: As far as I know Paul has never been an animal rights activist.

Sonia: He definitely was involved and you didn't know about it. So it is possible he is still at it and never bothered to tell you.

*Angela stares at Sonia for a moment.*

Angela: I'll be late for the kids if I don't go now.

*They both begin to head for the door.*

Sonia: Tell him I called. Here's my card. I'll give him a ring later. Nothing to worry about really, just a few loose ends...

*EXIT Angela and Sonia.*

### 3. THE TOMLIN FRONT ROOM - DAY

Later that same day.

*Paul enters wearing his street coat and carrying a briefcase.*

Paul: Angela? *(Takes his coat off.)*

*ENTER Angela.*

Paul: I got away as quick as I could. Who was that bloody woman?

*Paul approaches Angela to give a hug but she pulls away.*

Angela: Counter Terrorism. She wanted to know if I knew this Eileen woman. Eileen's dead by the way.

*Pause while Angela studies Paul for a reaction.*

Threw herself under a train apparently. It was all over the news yesterday. *(Pause.)* I didn't notice. You don't seem surprised.

Paul: I knew.

Angela: And?

Paul: It's tragic. Shocking.

Angela: Great career down the pan. Family and friends devastated. You don't look devastated.

Paul: Devastated is a strong word. I was shocked. Knocked me sideways when I saw it.

Angela: When was that?

Paul: Yesterday. Lunchtime news.

Angela: You didn't mention it.

Paul: I didn't want to frighten you.

Angela: I've got nothing to worry about have I Paul. We get a night-time visit from a stranger, well a stranger to me – you seem to know her. Next day she's dead and I've got the secret police...

Paul: It's not the secret police...

Angela: ... The secret fucking police. Telling me all about your secret life as an animal rights activist with this secret fucking woman.

Paul: I'll be able to explain everything when....

Angela: When! By then it's going to be too late.

Paul: Just a day or so.

Angela: (*Mounting rage.*) Too late Paul. Two days too late. You refuse to tell me what's going on – your secret plan cooked up with bloody secret Eileen. You seem to have a whole life happening somewhere else – with someone else. It must be very exciting for you living like a secret agent – a double agent - with people dying mysteriously. Did she jump or was she pushed? How much did she know? Was she killed to stop her talking? I don't know. I don't care. If you want a secret life go have it. Get out now. Go chuck yourself under a bloody train. At least you and Eileen will be together again.

*Pause*

Paul: I'm sorry. Angela, I'm so sorry.

Angela: Not good enough.

Paul: This thing is important but not more important than...

Angela: Say it.

Paul: It's not more important than us. The family.

Angela: So, do something about it.

Paul: It's too late to stop it.

Angela: Stop what Paul? Stop what? You haven't told me what IT is. What was in that package she gave you?

Paul: Someone in the government is having an affair. You know the kind of stuff. Secret love nest and all that.

Angela: And she got killed for a kiss and tell story.

Paul: Nobody killed her.

*A pause.*

Angela: Why would a senior press officer be running around in the middle of the night with a sleazy story like that? Doesn't make sense to me. And where do you fit into all this?

Paul: She got in touch a few weeks ago and asked me to look after some documents for her. I'm her back-up in case something goes wrong.

Angela: What are you supposed to do?

Paul: I've already told you too much...

Angela: Don't you fucking dare say that again. Do you know where your children are right now?

Paul: Upstairs. What do you mean?

Angela: They're at my mum's. And if you get this wrong I'll be joining them.

Paul: Angela.

Angela: Get it right Paul. What are you supposed to do for Eileen?

Paul: The plan was that I have copies of the evidence in case Eileen was... prevented – arrested or something – from giving the news to the press.

Angela: What does being a 'back-up' involve?

Paul: All I have to do is post copies to the press and TV.

Angela: But why did she pick you?

Paul: Exactly because we have not kept in touch over the years. Because I'm a no-count motoring hack who works for an on-line petrol head web site rather than the main stream media. She needed a nobody as a back-up, somebody the authorities could not connect to her.

Angela: Did they kill her?

Paul: You are really over-reacting. It was an accident. You saw the state she was in, anything could have happened. A trip, anything. She could have fallen asleep on her feet and...

Angela: Even so, we can't get involved. This is too dangerous. You could end up being prosecuted – going to jail even.

Paul: I made a promise.

Angela: That was before Eileen *fell* under a train.

Paul: Don't talk like that. More to the point, they can't possibly suspect I've got the papers.

Angela: So why did I get a visit from the secret police.

Paul: There's no such thing.

Angela: How do you know? The whole point about the secret police is you don't know who they are. You said there was no link between you and Eileen. So why are they here asking questions?

Paul: Routine. They probably have records on Eileen going way back - the civil service is like that.

Angela: They can't find their bloody papers so they're widening the net. Don't play this down Paul, I'm not stupid. They know loads of stuff about you – she was talking about you being a student radical and an animal rights activist.

Paul: That was years ago.

Angela: Exactly. They know more about you than I do. *(Pause.)* Where are the papers?

Paul: Hidden. They'll never find them.

Angela: This from the man who uses the same pin number on all his accounts. You are way out of your league with this. It's not Watergate – you don't work for The Washington Post. And suppose you do get the story out. Do you think they'll go 'wow, that Paul's a naughty guy, never mind let's kiss and make up'. No, I think they'll hound you till it hurts.

*Pause*

I mean what I say. I don't want my children involved with something like this. Burn the papers. Promise me. Burn them.

#### 4. A LONDON COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Frank Scott enters wearing a street coat and carrying a cup of coffee. He is looking round as if meeting someone. He sits at a table and is busy with his coffee. Paul Tomlin enters and seeks out Frank.

Paul: Frank, sorry I'm a bit late.

Frank: That's okay. Only been here a minute myself. How are you?

Paul: I'm good. You?

Frank: Pretty good. You gonna get a coffee or something?

Paul: Don't worry about me. I don't want to take too much of your time.

Frank: What you doing these days?

Paul: Motoring journalism. Internet focussed.

Frank: Big growth area, motoring. Must be doing well.

Paul: Okay, okay. And I know you're in the big time – assistant news editor. You've done yourself proud.

Frank: Well, you know how it is – greasy pole and all that.

Paul: I don't want to waste your time so I'll cut to the chase...

Frank: Look Paul, I'll hear your pitch for old times sake but we run a very tight ship regarding staff. Don't expect...

Paul: I'm not after a job. I've got a story. A big one.

Frank: Okay, I'm listening.

Paul: I can't talk detail but it's major. Several top names in the government could have to go, it's that big. When this breaks it could even take the government down.

Frank: Has this got anything to do with that dead civil servant?

Paul: Like I said, I can't be specific now.

Frank: Did they kill her?

Paul: I don't have anything on that. To be honest I saw her a few hours before she died and she was in a real state. I don't think she'd slept for days and she was living rough.

Frank: There's a lot of background noise – a lot of flack - over her. Something's up. We all know it but nobody's got anything on her. It's as if she never existed. And they've been briefing against the woman – running her down. Drink, drugs – all that. But there's nothing specific. Did she put you onto this. What did she give you?

Paul: Documentary evidence. Everything. And it's not just our government – what I've got links to about half a dozen other countries.

Frank: Can you give me something to go on? Just an outline.

Paul: Africa. They're mixed up in a plot to keep Africa in a mess. Millions are dying because our governments want to keep Africa on her knees, unable to develop economically – so she won't become another threat to our own economy.

Frank: That explains all the flack we've had over the girl. They've been calling us for briefings and then giving us nothing but veiled threats about breaches of security. Official secrets – everything.

Paul: I want to write it myself. I want to break the story and handle all the follow-up stuff. It must be under my name all the way. And we need to discuss the fee. Is that okay?

Frank: In principle that's fine, given normal editorial input. I'll have to talk to the editorial board and it will all depend on what you actually come up with.

Paul: Don't worry – this is dynamite.

Frank: Promise not to use that phrase in the piece?

*They laugh.*

Paul: I'll try.

Frank: We'll have to show everything to the lawyers when you're ready.

Paul: Right.

Frank: Get it written Paul, as soon as.

Paul: Don't worry, I'll be quick. They're sniffing round me already.

#### 5. THE TOMLIN FRONT ROOM – NIGHT

*Paul is working at a laptop. Beside him is a briefcase.*

*Enter Angela dressed for bed.*

Angela: What are you doing? It's getting late.

Paul: Just finishing.

*Angela sits near Paul and he closes down the laptop. He slips some papers in the briefcase.*

Angela: You don't usually bring work home. What's it about?

Paul: Cars, what else?

*Angela shows an interest in the briefcase. Paul clicks it shut.*

Paul: Come on, I'm done in.

Angela: This woman Eileen - you must be flattered that she kept track of you for all that time.

Paul: Never thought about it. If you google my name I come up because of my by-lines on the web site.

Angela: What sort of relationship was it?

Paul: We were students. We had a studentee sort of relationship.

Angela: Did you have sex?

Paul: *(He pauses.)* Yes, but it ended after uni – well before we met.

Angela: I don't care, that's your past. I have a past as well you know.

Paul: I bet you do.

*They kiss.*

Angela: Have you got rid of those papers?

Paul: I told you not to worry about that.

Angela: I can't help it. I'm frightened for you, for all of us.

Paul: In a strange way, we might be safer if I don't destroy the papers. If the papers exist then they can't touch me. I'll have an ace up my sleeve.

Angela: You promised me.

Paul: Just listen to this, please. I've given it a lot of thought. They came round just that one time. They've not come back, have they? And they haven't bothered to question me. They were just fishing so I think I'm in the clear. And even if they start with me over again I'm safer with the papers than without them. Does that make sense?

Angela: I just want them gone Paul. You promised.

Paul: But think about it...

Angela: Don't do this Paul. Don't break your word to me. I mean it. I've just got a feeling about this and it's not good.

Paul: Okay. Okay.

*Pause while Paul collects his stuff together.*

Angela: Paul, are you happy doing the motoring stuff?

Paul: It's okay. It's a living. Could be worse.

Angela: Don't you sometimes wish you worked on a paper again?

Paul: Where's this come from?

Angela: All this stuff with Eileen and her evidence. I wouldn't blame you if it looked like a way to get back into the mainstream again. Proper journalism.

Paul: Chance'd be a fine thing – they wouldn't look twice at somebody my age. No, this is fine. Where I am is where I want to be. Work and home – honestly.

*Exit Paul and Angela.*

6. THE TOMLIN FRONT ROOM - DAY

*The stage is empty. A doorbell rings.*

Angela: (Off) Oh hello. You'd better come in.

*Enter Angela and Sonia.*

Sonia: Thanks. I won't take much of your time. Sorry if this looks like becoming a habit but I have another picture to show you. Do you mind?

Angela: I suppose not.

*Sonia hands Angela a computer print on an A4 sheet.*

Sonia: It's not very good I'm afraid. It's from a CCTV camera in the high street. That's just at the end of your road.

Angela: I know where the high street is. That's not our car.

Sonia: No. It's the driver I want you to look at. A woman.

Angela: So.

Sonia: Do you recognise her?

Angela: No.

Sonia: It's Eileen Molly.

Angela: So?

*Sonia hands Angela a second print out.*

Sonia: This is your car. About fifteen minutes after the first shot. One-ten in the morning. Three nights ago.

Angela: Can't argue with that. Except it's going the other way. I can't see the driver. What's your point?

Sonia: Late at night. Eileen and Paul on the same bit of road – makes you wonder if they're up to something.

Angela: How so? Going in different direction in different cars?

Sonia: I'm just asking.

Angela: Best done with Paul don't you think. Straight from the horse's mouth. Or do you want me to do it for you? Do you figure a wife will put more pressure on her husband than you can? Am I supposed to flush him out for you?

Sonia: 'Flush him out.' What do you mean by that?

Angela: (Pause.) What do you think it means?

(A longer pause.)

Sonia: You're not a very curious couple are you?

Angela: In what sense are you using curious? Are you saying we are not an odd couple or do you mean we lack an interest in the world around us.

Sonia: You've never made enquiries about what's going on – why we are connecting Paul to the death of Eileen Molly.

Angela: I talked to Paul about it, and he had nothing to do with her death – twenty odd witnesses at work prove that. And he told me what happened at uni with the Eileen woman so what's to enquire about? We thought we'd seen the last of you.

Sonia: Until I turn up with a picture of your car on the same street as Eileen Molly at a time when most people are tucked up in bed.

Angela: Coincidence.

Sonia: Really?

Angela: Must be. You might be onto something if Paul was driving the car but he wasn't – it was me. Couldn't sleep. Run out of milk and I always find a hot chocolate works wonders.

Sonia: (She take the two pictures back.) Clever. Although it took you a couple of minutes to come up with it.

Angela: It's true. Show me that again. (Sonia returns the pictures.) You say this is the woman driving the car. But it's quite blurred and shadowy. I think it looks like a friend of mine from Portsmouth to be honest. Or maybe....

Sonia: (Taking the pictures back.) Point taken. We're not in court.

Angela: I'll show you out then.

Sonia: Be careful how deeply you get involved.

Angela: He's my husband, I am involved.

Sonia: Tell him to talk to us. So far no harm has been done. We would be very happy to leave things like that. It's really very simple. Paul will understand.

Angela: Understand?

Sonia: It's about property – he's got something that does not belong to him. Simple really

Angela: This way.

Exit Angela leading Sonia to the door.

## 7. THE TOMLIN FRONT ROOM NIGHT

Enter Paul with a glass of wine and the bottle. He picks up a newspaper and flops into a chair.

Enter Angela also with a glass of wine.

Paul: That was a great meal.

Angela: We have to eat.

Paul: *(Approaching Angela.)* I mean, thanks for making an effort

Angela: *(Moving away.)* Like I said...

Angela: That secret agent woman came back today. She had pictures of you and Eileen from the cameras on the High Street.

Paul: What sort of pictures?

Angela: Don't worry, I told her it wasn't you in our car – it was me going out for milk.

Paul: You lied for me.

Angela: Did I? I thought I lied for the family, to help get us out of this mess.

Paul: I thought they'd lost interest in me.

Angela: So did I – we've got nothing they want any more.

*(Something in Paul makes her press the point.)*

You've burnt the papers now. You have burnt the papers? Paul?

Paul: This was never going to just... disappear.

Angela: You're scaring me Paul.

Paul: I have to tell you what all this has been about.

Angela: Sleaze, you said. Sleaze in high places.

Paul: It's bigger than that... a lot bigger.

*(Angela simply stares at Paul.)*

Paul: *(He is silent for a moment putting his thoughts in order.)* Our government is involved, with others, in covert political acts that are aimed at destabilising Africa. The objective is to keep the whole continent in political turmoil so they can't

develop in the way that China has. They don't want millions of Africans becoming affluent and expecting all the things we've got – cars, fridges, cheap holiday flights – all that. It would wreck any hope of beating global warming. But worse than that, in their eyes, it would push UK incorporated further down the ranking in terms of world commerce. We can't handle the competition.

Angela: So why did you lie to me?

Paul: I thought if you didn't know you couldn't get drawn into all this.

Angela: (*Angry.*) I just told you I lied to the police. I think I'm in it up to my armpits. And I've got a lot of questions for you.

Paul: Like what?

Angela: What happened that night, when you went out. Did you meet Eileen?

Paul: No.

Angela: Do I have to drag it out piece by piece. What happened? Tell me everything – no more lies.

Paul: I did not see Eileen again before she died. I had to hide the papers she gave me. I drove round for a bit, couldn't think of anywhere to put them. Ended up at the railway station.

Angela: Not left luggage? That's so corny.

Paul: I didn't have a lot of time to be creative.

Angela: Where's the key?

Paul: It's in my jacket.

Angela: For God's sake Paul.

Paul: I wasn't expecting all this. I've had to make it up as I went along. I shan't forget the box number though. FF27. Your birthday, well not the FF bit obviously.

Angela: Obviously.

*Paul is silent for a moment. Then he fetches his laptop, fires it up and opens a file.*

Angela: So when did you burn Eileen's papers? Have you burned the papers?

Paul: Read this. (*He hands the laptop to Angela.*) The whole story is there.

*(Angela stares at Paul for a moment wanting to follow up on the issue of burning the papers. She decides to read the screen.)*

*(Paul moves away to make a call on his mobile phone.)*

Paul: Hi Frank.....I can get everything to you in the morning..... with all the papers, yes.....I'd like it to make tomorrow's editions if possible. Every day counts.....No, I understand, I won't call you again.....Thanks.

*(He ends the call, tossing the phone on the table, and pours more wine for them both.)*

Angela: So this is what you've been working on every night.... not cars. *(Pause.)* It's a good piece I can see that. To be honest if it was just a sleaze story I'd still want you to burn the whole lot. But this is... different. I'll give you that. Secret deals over Zimbabwe, turning a blind eye to arms dealers in the Congo and not acting over the war crimes in Somalia it's... Are you certain of the facts?

Paul: *(Becoming excited.)* Yes, absolutely. And there's enough detailed stuff for everything to have an article in its own right. I can get maybe half-a-dozen follow up pieces out of this. Probably TV appearances and possibly a TV programme when the dust settles. In fact I might start writing that now – I plan to keep a detailed diary as things unfold.

Angela: Your master plan.

Paul: Do you remember Frank Scott?

Angela: Yes ....

Paul: Frank's agreed to run my piece and let me do all the follow-up stuff.

Angela: So when was this?

Paul: Couple of days ago.

Angela: When I thought you were burning all the papers - because that's what you promised - you were actually setting up a secret deal with Frank?

Paul: What could I do? You've read the stuff. It's dynamite... you said yourself I've done a good job. What's the problem?

Angela: Because you've got us, your family – that's why.

Paul: It's done.

Angela: Is that it? Discussion over. It's done. The mighty journalist has spoken as he bravely waves farewell from the back of a police car.

Paul: They are the ones breaking all the laws. Once the story is out in the open they won't dare touch me.

Angela: Like they didn't touch Eileen.

Paul: That was an accident.

Angela: You sure? She may not have been actually pushed under that train but they put her under so much pressure it amounts to the same thing. I hope to God the same doesn't happen to you.

Paul: It won't. Are you with me Angela? Are we going to do this together? Stand up to those bastards.

*Angela slowly pours the last of the wine for herself and downs it quickly.*

*The doorbell rings. Angela and Paul react.*

*Exit Paul to the door.*

*Angela waits.*

*Enter Paul followed by Sonia and another police officer.*

*Angela goes to the laptop intending to select and delete Paul's article. The police officer moves quickly towards her.*

Officer: Stop that.

Paul: Don't bother Angela.

*The officer and Angela struggle briefly over the laptop before Angela gives up.*

Sonia: We've a warrant to search (*Hands warrant to Paul*) and I'm sure you know we can retrieve a deleted file. Paul Tomlin, I am arresting you under the counter terrorism act. You do not have to say anything. But it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

Angela: Paul.

Sonia: I believe you were handed certain documents by Eileen Molly. Do you have those documents in your possession now?

Paul: No. I burnt them.

Sonia: You will now be taken to a police station for further questioning. Under the terms of that warrant these premises will be searched. (*To the police officer.*) Take him out.

Officer: Ma'am.

Paul: Wait, Angela, get me a lawyer. Phone Frank. Use my phone.

Angela: What do I say?

Paul: Tell him exactly what's happened.

Sonia: Call a lawyer by all means but be very careful who else you involve. This is a matter of national security.

Paul: My jacket, I need my jacket.

Angela: Where are you taking him?

Paul: My jacket.

Sonia: You will be informed.

Angela: You said this couldn't happen....

Paul: Leave it Angela. (*Now to Sonia.*) Can I have my jacket?

Sonia: That's okay.

*Angela hands Paul his jacket.*

Paul: *(Searching through the jacket pockets and finding a key.)* Angela, take this key until you can get a new one cut. *(Now to Sonia.)* She lost her front door key. Is that okay?

Sonia: That's fine.

Angela: You have to tell me where he's going.

Sonia: In due course.

*Exit The officer and Paul.*

Angela: *(Calling after Paul.)* I'll find out where you are. I'll be there.

Sonia: Please sit down. Don't touch anything until the search team arrives.

*Angela remains standing.*

Angela: I need to call a solicitor for my husband.

*Angela picks up Paul's phone from the table. She stares at the phone for a moment.*

Sonia: This could have been avoided. You understand that?

Angela throws the phone down and then turns to Sonia holding out the key Paul gave her.

Angela: I think this is what you're looking for.

END