

# DEADEYE

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FADE IN

**EXT - JEEP TAILGATE - DAY**

A tailgate slams down --a large black canvas bag slides in. A flash of machined titanium inside.

A zip is pulled shut.

**INT - JEEP - MOVING**

Sun strobes behind undergrowth whipping past the windows.

A MAN drives, DAVID HOPE 30's, ruggedly good looking with a permanent easygoing smile -- a man whose glass is always half full.

The jeep bounces and bucks along a rough track

In the passenger seat IONA BLUE (30's) -- a sensual face, teeth white against her tanned skin. She wears a BLINDFOLD.

The HANDCUFFS behind her back CLINK as she's jolted around. The Jeep shudders to a halt -- dust floating up from the track -- sun lancing through the trees to one side.

David leans across -- kisses her roughly on the mouth. She responds hard and urgent.

He pulls away -- climbs out and goes round to her side. Opens the door, pulls her out, she stumbles and he catches her.

DAVID

Stay here.

He goes round to the back of the Jeep. Opens the boot and drags out the bag. It's heavy, but he's strong.

**EXT - HILL - LATER**

A gust of wind plucks at Iona's hair. David leans close to her.

DAVID

Do you trust me?

He reaches down, unlocks the handcuffs.

IONA

Every moment.

David smiles.

DAVID

Then run!

And with that they both run.

IONA  
Aaaaaahhhhhhhh!

We whirl around them to reveal them hanging beneath a: TANDEM  
HANG GLIDER

Lifting into the sky -- banking steeply. David pulls her  
blindfold off -- she shouts above the wind.

IONA  
I hate you! I love you!

DAVID  
Happy Birthday!

Above a field of poppies their shadow floats across crimson  
waves of colour.

**EXT - FIELD - DAY - LATER**

On a blanket spread out beneath a purple sky -- David and  
Iona lie entwined like the lovers they so obviously are.

The hang glider, a sleeping titanium bird, lies next to them.  
They kiss. Iona breaks off to look at him -- eyes glowing.

IONA  
David...

DAVID  
Yes?

IONA  
Promise me something...

DAVID  
Anything.

IONA  
Promise to always surprise me...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

**EXT - FINSBURY SQUARE - DAY**

A beautiful winter's morning -- sunlight through the dappled  
gold and brown leaves of the trees. Birds squabble, PIGEONS  
fight amongst sandwich leftovers.

A POLICE PATROL car makes its way into the square.

**INT. PATROL CAR - MOVING**

Iona and David are on patrol. Iona is in the passenger seat, she's reading a book - CRIMINAL FORENSIC COURSE WORK. She looks across at David, he's smiling to himself.

IONA

What?

DAVID

Just remembering last night.

IONA

Are you allowed to do that on duty?

David spots a RED RDS (Rapid Delivery Services) TRUCK on the other side of the square.

DAVID

What's that still doing here?

IONA

Maybe he's having a break.

DAVID

On his schedule?

IONA

I could do with a coffee myself,  
how about you?

David pulls the patrol car into the side of the road.

DAVID

Okay, why not. See you in a moment.

They both climb out.

**EXT. FINSBURY SQUARE - DAY**

David heads across the square towards the truck. Iona heads towards a cafe in the middle of the square.

She sees an OLD LADY with a dog -- she's trying to clean up after it -- the dog has other ideas and is dragging her off.

IONA

Can I help?

Iona holds the lead --- bends down to stroke the dog. A beautiful Spaniel puppy, russet and white. It looks at her with doe eyes -- licks her face.

IONA

And what's your name.

The old lady finishes scooping.

OLD LADY

It's Red.

IONA

Hello Red.

OLD LADY

Thank you dear. It only takes a moment, but he just won't wait.

Iona smiles, tickling under Red's ears.

IONA

Men eh? There's a bin over there.

OLD LADY

Thank you.

The dog tows the old lady off to the other side of the square. Commuters are starting to appear around the square. Iona looks over at David heading for the RDS truck.

**EXT. TRUCK - DAY**

David walks up to the truck. A dark pool of liquid on the road beneath the door. He touches it with his finger -- looks like blood. He slowly reaches up and opens the door.

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

The floor awash with blood.

Drivers's throat bleeding.

Face a sickly white.

ON DAVID

DAVID

Christ!

He fumbles for his radio. The DRIVER grabs his wrist! Tries to speak. A wet gurgling noise.

DRIVER

Help...me...

David drops his radio -- moves across the cab -- tries to staunch the blood from the wound. Looks around for some sort of tourniquet to stem the bleeding.

CLUNK. The door closes behind him with a wet thud.

**EXT - SQUARE - CONTINUOUS**

The birds have stopped chirping. Silence descends on the square. Iona clutches at her head, screws her eyes shut with the sudden pain.

**EXT. FROM IONA'S VIEWPOINT - FLASH FORWARDS**

In hyper real BLACK AND WHITE. The square full of choking smoke -- at her feet the smoking corpses of pigeons.

Around the square wounded people are screaming. CHAOS. The RDS truck burns -- a flaming funeral pyre. And then it all REVERSES.

The smoke thins and vanishes.

Pigeons fly through the air from where they've been blown. Pieces of the truck hurtle back and re-construct themselves.

**EXT. SQUARE - DAY**

On the far side of the square a man studies Iona. His eyes are flat and dead looking, he is ZEBRA (40s) you won't forget that look, or the weird eyes.

He turns towards two people, a MAN and a WOMAN wearing motorcycle helmets.

**MOTORBIKE**

ZALKA (20s) the woman sitting on the bike, a scar on her forehead spoils her Slavic beauty. She takes something from the man's hand standing next to her -- a mobile phone?

In the eye of this Black and White smearstorm is a blip of colour -- her companion, AZARANG (30s), wears distinctive RED leather trainer style shoes, with SILVER patterned toe caps.

As they both turn, a flash of light polarizes their faces behind their open visors, reveals for a split second the demonic souls beneath their skin.

**EXT. SQUARE - DAY**

ON IONA

Eyes wide with fear and foreboding.

IONA

David?

She looks around the square. Everything is now back as it was before. Early morning commuters are heading to work.

A group of children are entering the square -- heading towards the truck. Iona runs towards them.

IONA

Everybody clear the square! There's a bomb! Clear the area NOW!

She keys her Mic.

IONA  
 PC Blue to control. Finsbury  
 Square. Emergency services needed.  
 Now!

She's fifty feet from the truck.

People are running --tripping over each other in their  
 desperation -- the children are moving away -- herded by  
 their terrified teacher.

IONA  
 David!

**INT - TRUCK - THAT MOMENT**

David turns to look out of the window. He sees Iona, her  
 mouth moving -- sees the people running -- a glimmer of fear  
 reaches his eyes.

Under the dashboard a RED LED winks. WHUMMPH!

**EXT. FINSBURY SQUARE - DAY**

The truck EXPLODES! Rises into the air.

The sound ricochets around the square. PIGEONS blown into the  
 sky. David and the driver are hurled through the windscreen.

The truck a ball of flame...chunks of metal fly through the  
 air -- sides of the truck peeled back like tinfoil.

IONA  
 No!

David is thrown through the air like a rag doll.

Slams into a tree -- slides to the ground -- eyes dimming.

The blast hits Iona -- pieces of GLASS and METAL ripping into  
 her -- knocking her to the ground.

Bleeding heavily.

She drags herself towards David. People are running and  
 screaming. Iona is not aware of any of them. Deafened by the  
 blast. Just the sound of her beating heart.

She reaches David and cradles him in her arms. Blood slides  
 from his mouth. He's trying to speak, his eyes fixed on her.  
 Time is compressed into this one MOMENT.

His hand scrabbles for something on his bloodied chest.  
 Half a silver Talisman on a chain -- a Yin and Yang design in  
 two halves -- a keepsake for lovers.

He touches the bloodsoaked pendant -- whispers something into  
 her ear -- she can't hear what he says.

David's life slips away.

His eyes still and lifeless. SOUND EXPLODES BACK.

The once blue sky is now a swirling sea of bank notes and paper fragments.

Letters never read, promises never made -- good news and bad news coalesced into a snow storm of death.

RED the dog we saw early runs up to her -- it's terrified, its lead trailing -- it licks her face.

And as Iona's grief stricken eyes stare into space, something burns into her retina -- amongst all the confusion flowing around her.

ANGLE ON

Azarang's red and silver capped shoe on the footrest of the Triumph Bonneville motorcycle as it speeds away.

The sound of it's engine echoing around the square. Iona will not forget that MOMENT, or the sound.

**EXT. FINSBURY SQUARE - DAY**

The air is full of swirling bits of white paper.

**EXT - A VAST CEMETERY - DAY**

A Large white crystalline SNOWFLAKE floats past. Snowflakes drift around Iona. In the background a church is undergoing repairs on its four sided clock tower.

A cherub windvane atop the tower points across the graveyard. The tower is shrouded in flapping plastic and scaffolding.

A sign nearby shows fund raising is ongoing -- the thermometer painted on it is half full -- a red line showing the amount raised.

Iona places a small bunch of red roses on a grave. An inscription on the stone: DAVID HOPE - July 30th 1979 To Sept 9th 2007 "HERE FOR ONLY A MOMENT - BUT IN OUR HEARTS FOREVER"

Snow swirls past. On the grave plot there is a small photo frame next to a flickering shielded candle -- IONA and DAVID in the field of poppies -- a time delay self portrait.

Happy in their moment. Iona's face is pale -- eyes red from crying. She turns and walks away.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Iona is a tiny figure. Dwarfed amongst twenty-two hundred acres of Victorian NECROPOLIS bounded by a CANAL.

**EXT - PARK - MILE END - NIGHT**

A young GIRL, (20's) hurries down a path. She looks at her watch -- comes to a halt beside a sign.

She's sweating, nervous -- her hair a mixture of pink and blonde streaks -- the light catches a silver nose bone.

SUPER - FIVE YEARS LATER

Dark shapes watch from the bushes. They glide towards her. Blades sweep down in a frenzy of violence.

Her clothes are savagely ripped from her back exposing pale flesh. Blades flash in the moonlight, arcing down.

One of the figures kneels down and starts to do something to her back with a knife. The headlights of a police car illuminate the scene. A siren SQUAWKS.

Two police officers cautiously approach the scene -- the attackers melt away into the darkness -- like a mirage.

One of the officers bends down to look at the girl's back. A flash of wet red in the moonlight.

**INT - IONA'S FLAT - BEDROOM**

A flickering red LED display -- 6.49am.

Iona sleeps, hair like spun brown cotton framing her face -- more careworn than when we last saw her.

Behind her, a framed picture of Iona and David, same as the one at the cemetery, only this one has his half of the silver Talisman draped over it.

The bedroom's a mixture of shrine and police operations room. The walls are covered with newspaper clippings.

A headline on a clipping: SECURITY TRUCK BOMB - TERRORISM OR SOMETHING ELSE? A picture of the remains of the RDS truck from 2007.

A picture of Iona wearing a police uniform at an enrolment ceremony outside HENDON police training college.

A CCTV still from the square shortly after the bomb blast, smoke and confusion. A section of the still is circled in red.

Two people on a Motorcycle leaving the square. Headed in the opposite direction to the crowd.

A large antique brass 1933 RIFE UNIVERSAL MICROSCOPE sits on a small table.

The RADIO-CLOCK alarm fades up. A NEWS FLASH.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The serial killer dubbed The ANTICHRIST by the tabloids, claimed another victim last night...the identity of the young girl has not been revealed, but she is believed to be east European...a police spokesman denied the murders were part of a satanic ritual.

A melancholy jazz song fades up.

DJ (V.O.)

Hi, you're listening to Radio SMAX and I'm Robbie Rocky your Captain of the airwaves, leading you by the ears through the best part of this crisp February morning with a smokey jazz classic...

Iona snaps awake, she looks haunted -- hits the off button.

**INT - FORENSIC LAB - BLOOD ROOM - DAY**

The lab looks like an old Victorian Police Cell -- all tiles and curved ceilings. Iona studies DNA profiles on a screen. She gets up and heads out into the...

**CORRIDOR**

A curved tiled tunnel. Glass doors lead off from it labelled for the various departments within forensics.

An eager young man bursts out of a door marked EVIDENCE ANALYSIS. GAVIN (30's), a spiky haired assistant who thinks he's in CSI. Designer glasses and cocksure.

He clutches some A4 sheets of blood analysis.

He hands over a sealed clear plastic bag, and a card backed envelope marked PHOTOGRAPHS - DON'T BEND.

The BAG contains a piece of BLOODSTAINED clothing. Iona holds it for a second.

**IONA'S MINDFLASH**

A few seconds of the ritualistic park killing. Iona blinks and we're back in the corridor.

**INT. CORRIDOR - DAY**

Gavin looks at her, notes her distant look.

GAVIN

Guy's a one man slaughterhouse.

IONA

How'd you know it's a man?

She stares at him with piercing green eyes. Gavin wilts.

GAVIN

Er, well the savagery of the attack isn't a normal female trait. Also the footprints were size twelves...

IONA

So we could be looking for a clown?

She smiles with her back to him. He doesn't know she's just playing with him.

They go through some old wooden double doors, brass handles and an ornate frame. Some decorative moulded plasterwork and a date 1907. Head into...

**INT - LAB - NIGHT**

A cavernous room that resembles a wine cellar, this is the main LAB. Chaotic.

GAVIN

They're running an operation up at Mile End Park tonight. Police are trying to draw him...or her out. Using a girl as bait. Calling it Parklife.

Iona flicks him a look, interested.

IONA

I guess they must think it's a man as well then. How'd you find out?

Gavin smiles, a crack in her ice.

GAVIN

I've got a mate up at the police lab, he's dating one of the girls at the local station. Lucky sod.

IONA

Be careful what you wish for. The police force isn't a great advert for relationships.

They enter a cavernous room that resembles a wine cellar, this is the main LAB. Chaotic.

**INT - LAB - NIGHT**

Gavin presses his advantage.

GAVIN

It's just that carving an  
upside down cross in the victim's  
back seems like a male M.O...

Iona reaches her desk. Puts the evidence down beside a  
computer screen.

IONA

There are some strong women out  
their Gavin...

GAVIN

Uhh, Okay. So, you doing anything  
later?  
(enthusiastic)  
The weekend starts tonight.

IONA

Having a few friends round.

Gavin's enthusiasm fades.

GAVIN

Yeah right, I'm probably gonna hit  
a club anyway. Catch ya later.

He drifts away.

**INT - LAB - NIGHT - LATER**

Iona sits alone in the lab. Takes a photograph out of an  
envelope.

A distinctive shoe print left in the blood of the most recent  
victim. She scans the print into her Computer.

ON SCREEN

The computer cycles through all known shoe prints in the  
database.

It flashes up with: NO MATCH

Iona runs her finger over the murder scene photo, the shoe  
print shows the sole is worn and cracked.

**IONA'S MINDFLASH**

The aftermath of the RDS truck explosion -- her memory of the  
distinctive RED shoes, a SILVER patterned toe cap catching  
the light.

Somebody taps on the glass of the lab door. Iona looks over.  
Her face lights up with a smile.

A MAN walks into the lab, Detective Inspector ALEX FAIRMILE (30's) careworn, handsome in a rumpled way. He holds a sheaf of paperwork.

ALEX

Hi gorgeous. Nice place you have here.

IONA

Alex. What drags you away from the pub this early?

They embrace, a peck on the cheek which lingers a little longer than a colleague's should. He wanders round the lab.

ALEX

I was on my way past and these needed bringing over...thought I'd see how you were settling in.

IONA

Sweet.

Alex pauses, looks at her.

ALEX

Why don't you come back to the force...not enough mad people there now. It's full of uni twats banging on about profiling. They see a punk with an Uzi they try and talk to his inner child.

IONA

Sometimes it's easier to take a bullet than do the paperwork.

Alex laughs.

ALEX

Bloody right!  
(A pause as he studies her, then.)  
Don't tell me you haven't thought of coming over to the dark side...getting up close and personal with the great unwashed?

Iona smiles, there's history here.

IONA

You just want to see me in uniform you dirty bugger.

ALEX

Never crossed my mind.

He produces a Rubic cube from his pocket.

ALEX

Here.

He lobs it at Iona, who catches it effortlessly.

ALEX

Found that when I was spring  
cleaning my desk the other day.

IONA

Spring cleaning? I don't think so.  
You nicked this from me didn't you?

Iona works the cube. Click,Click,Click -- hands a blur.

ALEX

It used to drive me mad watching  
you...

And in the blink of an eye she's aligned the squares.

ALEX

...do it!

ALEX

Nobody likes a smart arse!

IONA

I prefer to see it as a surfeit of  
mirror neurons.

ALEX

Yeah, you would.

Iona looks at him, suddenly serious.

IONA

You're running a stake out tonight.

Alex plays with her.

ALEX

Am I?

IONA

Parklife.

ALEX

You're well informed for a lab rat.

IONA

The press are saying you don't  
think it's a ritualistic killer.

ALEX

That's the party line.

Iona produces some photos.

IONA

At least five people were at the scene...and the knife pattern looks like part of a sacrificial ritual ... whoever's doing this wants to send a message.

ALEX

Whoever's doing this wants to create fear and panic, we have to manage that. You know how it works.

IONA

What was she doing there anyway?

ALEX

Waiting for somebody probably. She was from eastern Europe, an illegal immigrant, could have been a drugs mule, or she might have just picked the wrong moment to be there.

IONA

Why tonight?

ALEX

We had an emergency call...another girl on her way into the park, possibly to make a drop...she never made it...we're going to put in a substitute.

IONA

What was wrong with the girl?

ALEX

Massive internal hemorrhaging...on the way to hospital she started ranting about demons after her soul...she died in the ambulance.

IONA

Do you believe that stuff?

ALEX

Superstitious rubbish. She was probably hallucinating 'cos of the blood loss.

IONA

So the other victim, the girl. She could've been carrying as well?

ALEX

We'll know that after the PM results.

Iona looks at Alex.

IONA  
Let me be her...

ALEX  
What?

IONA  
The bait.

ALEX  
No way...too risky.

IONA  
You know I can do it.

ALEX  
You nearly died in that explosion,  
they brought you back three  
times...don't push your luck.

Iona slides the photo of the footprint across the desk.

IONA  
It's him. I know it.

ALEX  
How...?

IONA  
I just do.

She looks at him, determined.

**EXT - IONA'S FLAT - MILE END PARK - NIGHT**

A canal runs alongside a collection of funky green boxes piled like porta-cabins jutting into the sky. Part of the urban regeneration frenzy.

The soaring lights of Canary Wharf wink in the distance.

**INT - IONA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

There are four members of this little group here, which we will come to know as THE CIRCLE.

DEREK (20s), a laid back hippy with matted dreads. GAENOR (20s), an Irish girl from Dublin with a musical voice, bewitching eyes and a curly mane of hair.

JOSH (20s) a tall powerfully built guy with a mind like a steel trap, and LORENZO (20s), a nervous Italian guy with quick darting eyes.

They sit on cushions scattered over the wooden floor. A low table is covered with a purple cloth decorated with Celtic symbols. Pungent oil burns in an intricately patterned bowl.

Rough pieces of natural chalk, and a bag of sea-salt crystals lie next to a silver plate where a bloodstained ATHAME KNIFE glitters. Candles flicker around the room.

This is a Hi-tec gathering. The group is surrounded by a projected pentagram in three dimensions.

A five pointed star illuminates the floor, ceiling and also surrounds them in space.

They grip each other's wrists, their eyes staring into the middle distance.

CLOSE ON

Blood drips from their wrists onto the wooden floor. This is a spiritual and blood bond.

Iona is running the meeting. The half Talisman, a match for the one David wore, hanging from her neck.

Eerie music fills the room. On the wall behind her hangs a large repro print of the 1684 classical painting "Die Barque des Charon" by Luca Giordano.

IONA

In myth, Orpheus went into the Underworld to bring back his lost love. We're not going that far, but what brings us together is a shared desire to make contact with those with whom we have words left unsaid.

She begins to intone an incantation. The group join in on the last word of each spell.

The projected pentagram shimmers with power as she recites the various incantations.

A SERIES OF - FLASHBACKS

LORENZO driving a car -- a child runs out into the road -- a scared face as the car thumps into him.

DEREK slumped in a chair in an untidy squat. In the corner of the room a girl lies dead from an overdose.

GAENOR as a tear stained child looking into murky water -- bubbles drifting up -- the outline of a child's body beneath the water.

JOSH Looking through a house window -- the room is on fire.

IONA looking at David's face staring at her through the truck window -- the explosion bleaching our frame out.

END SERIES

**INT - IONA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

There is a sudden flash of something outside the circle. A wraithlike black shadow, and then it's gone. The group snap out of their trance.

GAENOR  
What was that?

IONA  
Not all spirits are benign.

Josh looks at her -- scared.

JOSH  
What would happen if we didn't have protection?

IONA  
When a person dies violently...the spirit enters a different dimension ...sometimes it wants to come back...

GAENOR  
For revenge?

Iona nods. Her mobile rings. She picks it up. Listens.

IONA  
Okay...where?

She flicks the phone off, suddenly very serious.

IONA  
Sorry guys. Work.

**EXT - PARK - NIGHT**

Iona is being fitted with a Radio-Mic. She wears a Kevlar anti-stab vest. Alex stands watching.

ALEX  
Okay we have men in place along the path and you're being tracked with thermal imaging from the helicopter.

Iona looks into the darkness of the park. Shivers.

ALEX  
You okay?

IONA  
I'm fine.

ALEX  
You see anything you call for help.

IONA  
 Don't worry, I'll be careful. I  
 promise.

Alex nods. Iona heads into the park.

**INT - SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT**

Electronic equipment hums. There are monitors -- low light camera feeds.

One screen shows a HELICOPTER view from overhead, thermal imagery displaying heat sources in the park.

EIGHT OFFICERS -- RED blobs spread around another blob that is Iona.

Two OFFICERS in the van control the electronics. MUFFIN, he's eating one, and BERG in charge of Comms.

Alex drinks some coffee and stares at the screens. He wears a boom-mic and half headset.

ALEX  
 Anything...anybody?

**EXT - PARK - NIGHT**

Two officers, armed and wearing NIGHT GOGGLES crouch behind a line of low bushes.

The younger of the two is JACK (30s), he's excitable, with smiling blue eyes.

The older officer, chewing gum, is LYLE (40s). He keys his mic.

LYLE  
 Blue two - Nothing here.

Something dark flits past behind them. Jack notices. Flicks his goggles up. Looks at Lyle.

JACK  
 What was that?

LYLE  
 How many coffees did you have?

**INT - SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT**

Alex is getting anxious. It's about ten minutes before ten. He hits a button on the control panel.

ALEX  
 Blue 1, do you see anything?

**EXT - PARK - SAMETIME**

Iona stands in tree shadows thrown by the moonlight.

A scratching sound as the wind blows some dry leaves across the path. She speaks into her concealed mic.

IONA

Just me and my shadow.

As she talks -- the shadows from the trees around her seem to shift shape -- becoming something more menacing.

**INT - SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS**

Alex looks at the screens. For a millisecond the overhead Heli-monitor shows five blood red blips -- they pulse on one side of the screen -- then the centre -- then they're gone.

Nothing human could move that fast.

ALEX

What was that?

Muffin swallows the last of his food. Berg looks at the screens -- turns the gain up -- it just becomes grainier.

BERG

Interference. Foxes maybe.

**EXT - PARK - THAT MOMENT**

Two more officers crouch behind a park bench. HAYS (30s) a tall horse featured officer with a sniff.

His colleague MO (20s) a FEMALE officer, just making the minimum height -- stocky and belligerent.

MO

For Christ's sake put a sock in it,  
we're meant to be undercover.

Hays snuffles, when he speaks his voice is thick.

HAYS

I should be in bed.

Mo looks at him.

MO

Then why are you here?

HAYS

Overtime.

Mo shakes her head. Looks out across the park. Something moves very fast behind Hays. There's a dull wet thump. He opens his mouth.

Something glints in the back of his throat -- a knife blade being pulled out. He slides to his knees and falls sideways onto the ground. A soft gurgling sound. Mo sighs, irritated.

MO

Now wha....

Her eyes widen. Hands reaching around to the front of her throat -- feeling the wet cool blade there.

Her hand goes to her mic -- presses it. Then she topples out of frame -- forms a neat pile of death alongside Hays.

**INT - SURVEILLANCE - VAN - SAMETIME**

Alex and Berg are look at each other.

ALEX

Who was that?

Berg is looking at a line of frequency strength meters, feeds from the hand held transmitters in the field.

BERG

Don't know Sir...

Alex looks at the helicopter thermal monitor -- two blobs fading.

ALEX

What's happening to those.

Berg looks over.

BERG

Maybe it's getting warmer...the temperature will affect the efficiency of the thermal imaging.

Alex chews a nail. Hits a key.

ALEX

Blue 1? Blue 1, Iona...?

**EXT - PARK - CONTINUOUS**

Iona is looking around. The shadows look normal now. She speaks into her Mic.

IONA

Blue 1 to Control. Alex?

INTERCUT ALEX/IONA

ALEX

Here...what's up?

IONA  
I don't know...something's  
happening.

ALEX  
What?

Iona looks down the path. Darkness rolls towards her. Drains the light from the moon.

**EXT. PARK - NIGHT**

Blue 4 - Two other officers, FOWLER (40's) and JUPP (30's) stare into the dark suddenly alert. A sound.

FLICK! FLICK! FLICK!

Like a small bird drying it's wings in the sun.

HANDS shuffle cards in a blur of speed. The cards stop on a TAROT card, THE HANGMAN. The cards razor edged with steel.

The fingers holding the cards glint in the moonlight -- looks like they're tipped with METAL.

Above one of the hands there's a scarified mark on the wrist. The sign for EARTH.

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

BLUE FOUR

FOWLER and JUPP

Their throats cut. Bloodstained cards lie nearby. Razor sharp edges gleaming in the moonlight.

BLUE 3

Hays and Mo dead on the ground.

END SERIES

**EXT. PARK - SOMETHING'S POV**

Speeding towards BLUE 2, Jack and Lyle. It hits Jack.

**EXT. PARK - NIGHT**

ON IONA

ALEX (O.S.)  
Iona?

Iona looks around. The wind is picking up.

**INT - SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT**

Alex looks over at Berg.

ALEX  
Go through a Comms check. Now!

Berg keys the mic.

BERG  
Blue units 2 to 5, comms  
check...from the top guys.

**EXT - PARK - NIGHT**

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

A crackle from a bloodied earpiece lying on the ground.

BERG (V.O.)  
Repeat, all units comms check...

Blue 5 - FISHER and DELANEY propped up on their elbows  
staring through Binoculars.

MO AND HAYS - Both in a pool of blood. Dead in a heap.

FOWLER and JUPP - dead on the path.

END SERIES

**EXT. PARK - ANOTHER PART**

Jack's eyes look different, no longer happy and smiling, now  
they're flat and grey.

His voice seems different, more measured.

JACK  
Blue 2 here...comms check, no  
problems with us.

Lyle looks over at him, the start of a puzzled look -- still  
incomplete as Jack drives his police knife through his  
forehead and into his brain -- killing him instantly.

Jack smiles and moves off.

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAMETIME**

Berg is looking at Alex.

ALEX  
What is it?

BERG  
Nothing from teams three to five.

Alex looks at the Heli-Monitor.

ALEX  
Shit! Who are they?

There are six blobs. Iona is in the middle -- five blobs moving in a line towards her.

**EXT - PARK - NIGHT**

Iona is shivering.

IONA  
Alex. What's happening?

INTERCUT IONA/ALEX

ALEX  
Do you see anything?

IONA  
No...well yes....I don't know.

Alex throws down his comms head-set and snatches up a Walkie Talkie. Grabs a gun, checks it's loaded.

ALEX  
Get more men out here. Now!

He kicks open the door -- hits the ground running. Breath steaming in the cold air.

Shapes swirling behind him as he flies down the path.

ANOTHER ANGLE

On JACK as he heads down the path towards Iona.

**EXT. PARK - PATH - NIGHT**

IONA Stares down the path. A shadow moves. Long black fingers reaching out towards her. The soft TAP of a metal ended walking cane approaching.

IONA  
Alex? Somebody's coming.

ALEX

He's running -- yelling into the Walkie-Talkie.

ALEX  
Iona, get out of there. Run!

IONA

Scared, unsure what to do.

She sees Jack. A look of relief on her face. Jack's face flickers demonically.

IONA

Jack?

Jack's smile gets more weird. His eyes are flat and grey, you'll remember those eyes. He looks right through her.

JACK

Jack's not here right now.

Iona turns to run.

In an instant he's on her. He has a KNIFE.

She doesn't miss a beat. Her foot arcs up -- catches him in the balls -- knee into the chin as he doubles up -- a spray of blood and tooth fragments.

Jack spits blood, gets up and lunges at her, she's fast -- not fast enough. The blade is deflected by her vest.

Slices across her ARM.

She kicks him in the stomach -- TWICE! He keeps coming.

She backs up. Jack charges at her, knife thrust out.

She twists to one side, kicks him in the back adding to his momentum.

He hits the ground -- rolls over.

The knife protrudes from his chest -- between his vest and armpit -- blood leaks -- he pulls the knife out -- gets up again.

He runs straight at her. She has no time to duck.

He knocks her to the ground winding her. The knife rises into the air.

Slams down.

Hits her vest, penetrates an inch.

Jack yanks it out -- rams it in again through the same hole, driving it deeper this time.

Iona struggles to escape.

He raises the knife again, slams it down towards her throat!

BANG! A metallic clatter as the knife blade hits something hard -- falls from his hand clattering to the ground.

Deflected by the TALISMAN.

Iona snatches up the dropped knife and rams it into the side of Jack's neck.

He crashes over onto the ground, hands clawing at the knife -- blood pumping from a severed artery.

He collapses.

His breath steams into the air. Darkens as it drifts away.

His eyes shift in colour from grey to blue as he dies. Iona gets up. Tries to run.

There's a soft whistling sound as something flies through the air, slices across the back of her leg.

A razor edged card clatters onto the path.

Iona sinks to one knee, blood leaking from her wound onto the ground.

Black shadows spill over her. IONA looks up.

Five figures stand around her. Their faces indistinct.

They all hold knives. Her attackers come into focus solidify.

AZARANG, blazing eyes.

ZEBRA, the cold flat eyes we saw in Jack, he carries a silver topped walking stick.

ZALKA a toned Slavic beauty with high cheekbones marred by a prominent bullet wound on her forehead.

CARDMAN, muscular, cards flowing like water in one hand, and finally...

SHAMAL a lithe, skeletal man with a rictus grin.

Iona tries to get up. Azarang's knife hits her -- knocks her back down to the ground.

This time it gets through her vest. She holds her chest, blood oozing between her fingers. Tries to move away.

Azarang goes in for the kill. Iona rolls, kicking her leg in a sweeping arc knocking his legs from under him.

He lands heavily, wind knocked out of him.

Iona rams a knife into his calf. He howls with pain. But now there's someone else here.

Cold flat eyes. Zebra.

He moves behind her. A flash of steel as he pulls some sort of ceremonial DAGGER from the top of his cane.

THUD! The knife goes into her back -- she staggers -- keeps moving forwards.

Zalka drops low, whirls around like the gymnast she is, foot scything through the air in a blur of speed -- kicks Iona viciously in the stomach, before plunging a knife into her side.

Shamal spins like a deadly top, moving like the wind. Drives his knife into her back.

ANGLE ON IONA

Blood bubbles from her mouth -- a lung has been punctured. She starts to crawl on her stomach leaving a trail of blood along the path.

CARDMAN

Unsheathes a thick bladed hunting knife -- rams it into her back with enormous force -- driving it through her back into the ground -- pinning her to the path.

Her legs move, but she's transfixed like a bleeding butterfly. Her eyes are racked with pain and despair. Suffering with every moment.

Zebra bends down and rips her stab vest off, exposing her back. He starts working with his blade.

**EXT. PATH - NIGHT**

Alex is fifty feet away now. In front of him shapes crouch over a body on the path -- doing something with a knife -- flashes in the moonlight. A face looks up -- it's pure evil.

Alex has his gun out. BANG! BANG! BANG!

He fires at the figures. He can't miss. Suddenly they're gone, in a puff of smoke.

Only the blood soaked body of Iona is left behind.

Alex crashes to the ground next to her, feels for a pulse on her neck. Nothing. Her eyes stare at him sightlessly. He lifts her up holding her close to him.

Crying dry tears. Trying to will her back to life. He throws his head back and screams.

A SIREN wails.

Two small figures in the vast park hold each other in the dark.

**INT - HOSPITAL - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT**

Gaenor walks down a corridor. A SIREN grows louder.

An overhead fluorescent tube flickers. She looks at it. Her face transformed by the knowledge of an evil taking place.

GAENOR'S MINDFLASH

A smeared frame of the attack on Iona. A BLIP of savage violence.

**EXT - LONDON STREETS - NIGHT**

An AMBULANCE hurtles through the streets. SIREN and LIGHTS both on. Blue and Red.

**INT - HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Gaenor runs down a corridor. Outside the hospital a siren squawks and then dies.

**CORRIDOR**

A crash team race along the corridor. Somebody is on the trolley. Soaked in blood. People fight to save a life.

**SMASH!**

The trolley goes through doors into the--

**THEATRE**

Through the glass the doctors work over a body. The hand of the clock sweeps round.

Twenty minutes pass.

Gaenor has the fingers of her hand pressed against the glass. Inside a Doctor takes his mask off.

Looks at the clock.

His staff nod.

Machines are switched off.

GAENOR

Iona...

**INT. IONA'S FLAT - LATER - NIGHT**

Gaenor, Derek, Lorenzo and Josh are sitting in a daze. Gaenor is still in her nurse's uniform.

JOSH

I can't believe she's gone.

GAENOR  
They did everything they  
could...but her injuries...

Gaenor paces around. Comes to a decision.

GAENOR  
We have to do something.

Derek and Josh look at each other.

DEREK  
What do you mean?

GAENOR  
You know what I mean, she taught  
us...

DEREK  
Hold on a minute...she taught us  
spells and shit...but...

Gaenor rounds on him.

GAENOR  
What happened to her was evil. That  
evil is still out there...

Her eyes are blazing. Derek holds his hands up backs away.

JOSH  
Look Gaenor, we all loved her, but  
she's dead.

Gaenor looks round the room.

GAENOR  
Is that what you all think? That  
she's dead and that's it?

JOSH  
Gaenor's right.  
(A long pause, then.)  
We formed The Circle because we  
believed there was more to life  
than the physical dimension...

DEREK  
You think we can bring her back?

GAENOR  
What have we got to lose by trying?

Derek looks at them as if they've gone mad. He shrugs.

GAENOR  
We have to move fast...while her  
spirit is still strong...

**A SERIES OF SHOTS**

Gaenor scoops up an old grimoire, a leather bound spell book. She makes up some fluids from jars and fills some INJECTORS.

Josh has a high tech aluminium briefcase open -- inside a couple of portable LED projectors, some fibre-optic cables connected to coloured stone discs.

There's a small black box, an IPAD and a sound beam speaker.

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

A VW VAN speeds along the road. On the side "JOSH BRANE - HI-FI & COMPUTER SERVICES" Josh drives. Lorenzo, Gaenor and Derek are on board.

**INT - HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Gaenor makes her way through the corridors. She slips into a...

**GERIATRIC WARD**

Presses a call button on one of the old ladies' beds.

**CORRIDOR**

Gaenor comes up to the nurse's station.

MYRNA (30s) a jolly African American lady is rummaging through paperwork. She looks up.

MYRNA

Hello, thought you'd gone.

GAENOR

Left something in my locker.

Myrna notices the flashing light on the call station.

MYRNA

Oops, damn room service.

She bustles off.

Gaenor watches her go. Moves round behind the desk. Grabs a swipe card. Heads down the corridor.

She comes to a service lift. Goes in.

**LIFT**

Gaenor hits LG. She closes her eyes as the lift descends into darkness -- shafts of light flicker across tears glistening on her face.

**BING!**

**LOWER GROUND**

The lift doors open. She heads down a deserted corridor reaches a door marked Morgue -- swipes the key card through the slot.

**MORGUE**

An antiseptic stainless steel world. The buzz of refrigeration.

The whir of fans.

One wall houses the metal lockers of the deceased. Gaenor moves towards the rear entrance. She trails her fingers across the cold steel of a locker.

GAENOR

I'm here baby.

She hits the FIRE ESCAPE bar. The sound of the city leaks in. Full of life.

Josh, Derek and Lorenzo slip in. Josh goes over to the wall of metal cabinets. He stops at one and reads a label.

JOSH

That's yesterday...

He heads towards another one.

JOSH

This is it, let's get set up.

He takes out a small web-cam and goes to the main door of the morgue.

He opens it slowly and peers down the corridor. It's deserted.

He sticks a fish eye REMOTE CAMERA above the door and closes it behind him.

He opens the briefcase. Takes the IPAD out -- it has a magnetic back -- he clamps it to the door next to the DOA cabinet.

He takes the two projectors and sets one up above the cabinet, and another low on the floor. A small black box is placed below the IPAD.

Next he takes the circular black sound beam and fixes it to the ceiling above them.

He fires up all the devices. The LASER PROJECTOR KEYBOARD spreads it's red filigree across one of the cabinet doors.

The IPAD screen fills with Sound software control interfaces. He taps in some commands.

A pentagram is projected onto the floor and around them -- the second projector is fired up, it throws an unfocused pattern onto the floor.

Gaenor holds the grimoire in one hand. Josh fixes her up with a small wireless headset and boom mic.

The group take up their positions. Derek and Lorenzo facing Gaenor and Josh. Derek and Lorenzo hold two injectors each, Gaenor has one, tucked into her belt.

GAENOR

Okay.

Josh reaches over to the cabinet handle. He slides the door open.

The deathly pale, yet beautiful face of Iona slides into view.

She is covered with a white sheet, and as the draw slides out the projected image from the second projector clothes her with a pattern -- a tattoo of light.

They look at her. Her bruised face, the dark weals of knife and dagger scars -- cracked ribs and bloodstains.

GAENOR

Dear God, what have they done to you?

Lorenzo's face drains of colour and he rushes to the sluice throwing up noisily. Josh swallows fighting back tears -- he loses the battle and they run down his face. Derek is ashen.

DEREK

The bastards...

GAENOR

Are we ready?

She looks round. Lorenzo wipes his mouth and nods. Derek and Josh nod.

Gaenor moves the sheet and strategically places two ceremonial strips of purple cloth decorated with mystical symbols over Iona's naked body.

The projected image on Iona resolves itself into a Chinese ACUPUNCTURE and CHAKRA chart.

Josh gathers up the coloured discs linked to fibre optic cables. He plugs them into a BREAK-OUT box.

He places the stones on the Chakra points down Iona's body, starting with Amethyst, then Dumortierite, Blue Lace Agate, Rose Quartz, Yellow Aventurine, Carnelian and lastly Obsidian.

He connects the break-out box into the side of the IPAD. The stones glow.

Gaenor produces some gold needles -- inserts them into Iona's body, using the chart to guide her -- they form an intricate geometrical pattern.

Josh taps some keys and the display shows the seven different frequencies that are being sent to the stones placed on Iona.

Above them the sound beam speakers project each frequency as it is triggered. The sounds meld together, forming a powerful musical MANTRA.

The stones pulse in time with the sound -- colours oscillating with varying intensity.

Iona's body ripples with colour -- sweeping in waves across her flesh.

Gaenor opens the book.

She nods to Josh who taps some keys on the laser keyboard. A REVERSE icon appears on the Sound software interface. As Gaenor reads from the book her words are reversed by the software.

The highly directional speakers above her project the sound in a narrow beam towards Iona.

Though Gaenor's incantation's are not intelligible, from their sound and timbre we sense they are a powerful force.

The room swirls with unseen dark shapes, black shadows surround the circle -- angry forces unable to penetrate.

Gaenor stops. Looks at Josh.

GAENOR

Now.

Josh taps some keys and five areas grow in intensity on the projected body chart -- the REVERSE icon changes to NORMAL.

GAENOR

Heliotrope, belladonna and tears of  
Isis make sure her spirit rises...

Lorenzo takes a pressure driven injector. Places it on one of the glowing areas on Iona's body.

**WHOOSH!**

The mixture of potion is injected. He steps back.

GAENOR  
 Deadly Nightshade, fennel and  
 Lunsmore, give her back her life  
 once more...

Derek steps forwards and uses his injector.

GAENOR  
 Mandrake, Mistletoe and Wolfbane,  
 bring her back from your domain...

Gaenor injects her one.

GAENOR  
 Burnet, Thistle and the Rowan, now  
 undo the seeds you've sown...

Lorenzo uses his Injector.

GAENOR  
 Ragwort, and the eye of  
 toad...bring her back from death's  
 dark road.

Derek has become transfixed with the ritual. Gaenor looks round.

GAENOR  
 Toad? Who has the eye of Toad?

Derek snaps out of it.

DEREK  
 Sorry.

He moves his injector over Iona's body. WHOOSH! The final one is injected.

Gaenor begins another incantation, it grows in power and then stops -- the last words hanging in the air.

She dips her finger into a small pot of red OCHRE.

Draws the ANKH, the Egyptian symbol of everlasting life on Iona's forehead -- places an ancient coin between Iona's lips.

Josh produces a bright YELLOW TASER X-26, a pulsed electrical shock weapon. He places the snout of the weapon against one of the acupuncture needles and fires.

**ZAP!**

A luminous blue surge of electricity arcs between all of the needles forming a pentangle of glowing light.

Iona's body spasms -- then slumps back. Still dead.

On the screen REMOTE-CAM screen a man approaches -- it's Shamal!

They quickly pack up the devices. Derek takes the needles out of Iona's body. Josh removes the stones, and starts to close the drawer.

As the drawer slides in we see the tiny pricks of blood left by the needles quiver on Iona's flesh.

Blobs of BLOOD are absorbed back into her skin.

**CORRIDOR**

Shamal is at the door. He looks around.

**MORGUE**

They slip through the Fire-Exit -- closing it as Shamal comes in.

He sweeps a flashlight over the drawers scanning the labels. He opens a drawer -- there's a body with pink and blonde hair flopping down -- the glint of a silver nose bone -- an Eastern European face.

It's a GIRL, the latest Antichrist victim from the park. Shamal goes over to a square metal box against the wall and hits a button. An AIR compressor rumbles into life -- clicking as it reaches pressure.

A dial shows 120Psi. An air line snakes over to a nearby gurney leading to a cranial saw.

Shamal picks it up -- the blade WHIRRS as he uses it to cut into the GIRL'S chest.

His hands disappear from view and re-appear holding two large perfect white diamonds dripping with blood.

The room sparkles with reflected light.

He produces a mobile -- starts to film the body.

**INT - IONA'S CABINET - SAMETIME**

Iona's body shimmers with an unearthly blue glow.

**AFTERLIFE SEQUENCE**

A SERIES OF SHOTS

A spinning vortex of infinite space.

Stars floating in an inky black sea of liquid time.

Iona being delivered from her dying mother after a car crash.  
A gravestone inscription, 09/09/60 - MIRANDA and ROBERT BLUE.  
A School playground. Children taunting her. Shouting.

CHILDREN  
FREAK! FREAK! FREAK!

Loving moments with DAVID. The EXPLOSION in the Truck. Her murder in the PARK.

Flashes of her killers during the attack. SHAMAL'S face looking down at her.

Silver capped RED shoes moving past her face.

Moving through a galaxy of night silvered with stars.

The stars coalesce into the shape of a vast HOURGLASS.

Cosmic light a sparkling river flowing through the sky. Iona tumbling amongst falling crystals of light.

Each reflective facet depicting a moment.

And now she's speeding up, the lights a SILVER waterfall of moments in TIME.

The liquid stretches either side of the neck of the cosmic hourglass -- Iona is pulled through the narrow centre.

For an instant she exists on both sides -- stretched as if entering a BLACK HOLE.

She pulses RED before fading from view. A baby cries.

She is re-born.

END OF MONTAGE

**INT - MORGUE - BODY CABINET**

The shimmering blue light fades from around Iona. Her feet shudder on the cold metal slider.

**INT - MORGUE**

The faint thud draws Shamal's attention -- he moves to Iona's cabinet -- slides it open.

He has the phone in one hand, the cranial saw in the other.  
He licks his lips -- mouth a wet slit.

The saw WHIRS into life, he flicks the phone open -- hits a  
button -- moves the deadly blade towards Iona.

Her eyelids flicker -- they open -- pupils expand.

Iona explodes naked and violent off the drawer and into the  
room.

She spits the COIN out of her mouth.

**FLASHBACK INSIDE IONA'S HEAD**

It's as if she's still in the middle of being attacked.

QUICK FLASHES

Of her attackers, Azarang, Cardman, Zalka, Zebra...SHAMAL!  
And there he is right in front of her.

She's on him in an instant, hands like talons, biting,  
kicking, scratching as she pummels him to the floor.

The bloodied diamonds and the mobile phone clatter to the  
floor -- the saw slips from Shamal's grasp.

Instruments are smashed off the gurney.

INSERT

ON MOBILE SCREEN

As it hits the floor...a video clip being sent.

BACK TO SCENE

On Shamal -- looking into the face of death. Iona grabs a  
vicious looking serrated bone saw from off the floor -- jams  
it against his throat -- drawing blood.

IONA

Who are you?

(She sees the  
scarification sign for  
AIR on his wrist.)

What are you?

SHAMAL

But...you're dead.

She slams the blade into Shamal's shoulder. He shudders.

IONA

So that didn't fucking happen then.

She yanks it out.

Shamal has hold of the cranial saw's AIRLINE and is slowly pulling it towards him.

He yanks it into his hand -- swings the screaming blade towards Iona's neck.

She catches it with her other hand -- Shamal grabs at her knife hand and now they are locked in a deadly struggle.

Shamal tries to force the saw into her neck -- she tries to drive the knife into his.

Inch by inch the razor sharp saw moves towards Iona's pulsing jugular vein.

In a sudden move she rips the air line connector from the base of the cranial saw in Shamal's hand and rams it into his eye.

A spray of blood hits the wall -- leaves a red pattern. The elemental sign for AIR.

Iona staggers up -- kicks Shamal's body in frustration. She looks at the bloodstained wall, taking in the sign.

On her back is the faint scar of the Antichrist cross carved there...already partly healed.

Light flickers from the floor off the scattered diamonds. She bends down and scoops them up.

Their shimmering facets blind her for a moment -- she catches sight of herself in a reflective steel door.

She reaches up to touch the Ankh sign on her forehead -- fingers coming away red.

IONA

Oh Gaenor...what have you done?

She begins to tremble with delayed shock and the cold.

She grabs a flat bladed knife from the gurney and breaks into some steel lockers on one side of the room.

There's a picture of a blonde haired girl with a dog inside one of the doors. She reaches in and pulls out a long coat, a sweater and an old crumpled black skirt.

She gets into them. Despite everything she still has an ethereal beauty.

She grabs a pair of trainers that fit -- finds some chocolate -- wolfs it down.

She picks something off the floor -- the ancient coin, slips it into her pocket.

**INT - HOSPITAL - GERIATRICS - NIGHT**

Iona wanders in a daze through the ward.

As she moves past the beds the syncopated breathing of the patients sounds like clocks ticking -- time is passing

**INT - ICU WARD - NIGHT**

Another ward in limbo. Machines move blood with soft clicking paddles through glass sided pumps. Coma patients' monitors make soft electronic sounds of comfort.

Iona moves past them all.

**INT - RENOVATION AREA - HOSPITAL**

Through thick hanging plastic dust strips into a deserted area. All around lie abandoned machines.

An old operating table and overhead lamp shrouded in dust sits in the centre of the room.

A soft scraping SOUND -- the operating lamp flickers on -- throws a cold light into the room. Dust swirls in it's rays.

A MAN dressed in overalls sweeps with an old fashioned bristle brush.

JIMMY, THE SWEEPER, a kindly and wise face -- it's seen more than you can imagine.

As if in a dream Iona moves towards him. He smiles at her. She can't help but smile back at him -- there's something familiar about him.

JIMMY

You must be a bit confused.

IONA

Do I know you?

JIMMY

Not in this lifetime. My name's Jimmy.

Iona looks at him struggling to comprehend what's happening to her.

JIMMY

You need to make a journey.

**EXT - REAR OF HOSPITAL - THAMES**

Reflections of the city lights dance on the surface of the Thames as it swirls past.

Jimmy and Iona stand on a small jetty at the rear of the hospital. A small Victorian steam cruiser sits there -- muted pistons chugging.

The name "SHARON" on it's bow. Jimmy helps her on board.

**EXT - SHARON - THAMES - NIGHT**

Jimmy looks at her.

JIMMY

I normally charge for this.

Iona looks at him baffled. She reaches into her coat pocket. Produces some dog biscuits -- a half eaten bar of chocolate -- and the ancient coin. Jimmy takes the coin. Shrugs.

JIMMY

It's just a tradition.

IONA

What's going on?

Jimmy won't be rushed. He looks over across the water as they head up river.

The coloured lights of London dancing off the water onto his face. A mist drifts across the river.

JIMMY

Time is a river, swollen by tears  
shed for the moments we've lost...

IONA

I don't understand.

JIMMY

Time isn't as simple as a clock.

We see Big Ben in the distance. We hear it strike MIDNIGHT.

JIMMY

The past influences the future, and  
the future the past...

IONA

I've just been murdered, and you're  
lecturing me on retrocausality?

Jimmy smiles -- produces a handkerchief and wipes the symbol from her forehead.

JIMMY

An Ankh. The Egyptian symbol of immortality. Unfortunately your friends brought you back with a revenge spell. Which means unless you exact that revenge within twenty-four hours, they'll be taken and you will die.

IONA

Taken by who?

JIMMY

The spirits. Each of the evil spirits responsible for your death must be destroyed by the same force that gives them life.

Iona is still stunned by the earlier revelation.

IONA

Whoa, back up there. So I'm not immortal?

JIMMY

No.

IONA

No special powers? Even Jesus got to walk on water.

JIMMY

Sorry.

IONA

Great. You say they have to be killed by their own elemental force. How will I know what that is?

JIMMY

You have a gift...you'll know.

**FLASHBACK - THE HOSPITAL**

Shamal being killed by the air-line -- the elemental sign for AIR in blood on the wall.

BACK TO PRESENT

IONA

What gift?

JIMMY

Time is fragile. You're aware of different dimensions, dimensions beyond the fifth. Places inhabited by those of the dark realm.

IONA

The Devil?

JIMMY

There is no Devil, only evil. They're fallen angels, demons who have chosen the dark path. Possessing human form, weak and evil bodies that have allowed their souls to be used...

IONA

Used for what?

JIMMY

To create chaos and fear on Earth. David was caught up in that...you saw it that day...you saw them.

IONA

You're right...I'll know them.

JIMMY

(looking around him)

It never fails to move me...the power of this river...it's carried away our sins for centuries.

He stares into space -- into another time -- remembering.

JIMMY

Down the dank moldering paths and past the Ocean's streams, past the White Rock and the Sun's Western Gates and past the Land of Dreams, and soon we'll reach the fields of Asphodel where the dead, the burnt-out wraiths of mortals make their home.

IONA

And I thought W.H Auden was doom laden. How old are you anyway? The only Homer kids know nowadays is the one in The Simpsons.

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY

My age can't be measured in your time. My passage is marked by events. During the bad years I'm very old, and the others...we'll lets just say they put a spring in my step.

His eyes twinkle with memories.

JIMMY

I want to feel young again...it's been too long...you must find them...stop their evil...bring back the balance.

IONA

I don't want to die again.

JIMMY

Nobody does, and nothing's certain. There will be choices to be made...and the right path is not always the easiest one to travel.

They have reached the other side. Next to Vauxhall bridge, at the outlet of The EFFRA a small jetty.

Jimmy ties up and heads up the stone slope to some steps. Iona follows.

Suddenly three huge, black, slavering DOGS appear from nowhere, snarling in front of them.

A man struggles to hold them back on their chains. He's a SECURITY GUARD. He's as surprised to see them as they are him.

Iona reaches into her pocket and produces some dog biscuits. She seems to have a calming effect on the dogs, and soon they are eating out of her hand.

The man tows the dogs away down the embankment.

Jimmy looks at Iona, nods to himself as if sensing he has the right person with him.

IONA

Where to now?

Jimmy produces an ornate silver hourglass and twists it.

**EXT - AVENUE OF MOMENTS - GRAND AVENUE - THAT MOMENT**

An out of body look. A hyper clean black and white world. In front of us a war monument in a grand boulevard. Impressive buildings line the street

Iona looks around, not sure if it's a dream. The street glistens with recent rain -- it's deserted.

IONA  
Why are we here?

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY  
Come with me.

They walk forwards and pass through an invisible split in the air which shimmers -- warping their images as they enter...

**MOMENT CENTRAL**

And then everything changes. The wide street is full of people, and if that wasn't strange enough they are from different periods in history.

They share one thing in common. They are all dying. As they walk through the street people are being shot, people stabbed -- hit by cars, having heart attacks.

As they pass the War Monument a group of soldiers rush past and are blown up.

They come to a halt opposite two soldiers engaged in hand to hand combat -- one in US Army camo's, the other a republican guard.

Jimmy twists his silver hourglass and the scene mixes back in time -- the soldiers become First World War, English and German.

Further back through successive historical combatants -- past Samurai and medieval knights in armour -- one vanquishes the other with a fatal axe blow before they both shimmer and vanish.

Jimmy puts his hourglass away. They walk on...

**EXT - PICADILLY CIRCUS - LONDON - NIGHT**

Then they are through another invisible curtain and at the bottom of Regent Street, curving away from Picadilly Circus. A few people walk through the rain slicked streets.

IONA  
What was that?

Jimmy stops walking, leans on his broom.

JIMMY  
The Avenue of Moments.

Iona looks at him.

JIMMY

The world's full of moments, people  
in the wrong place at the wrong  
time, people in the right place at  
the right time...

Iona looks behind her.

IONA

Okay let's just pretend I  
understand any of this, who are  
you?

JIMMY

I'm a SWEEPER, sort of a Guardian  
of the moments. I try and keep  
things clean, balance the books so  
to speak.

Iona wrinkles her brow.

IONA

Books?

Jimmy straightens up. Starts to walk. Iona shakes her head  
and follows him. They head up Regent Street. Through another  
invisible curtain.

**EXT. REGENT STREET - SANDWORLD - THAT MOMENT**

The world has changed again. Because now it's raining SAND!  
Not only raining down, but leaving the ground and floating  
heavenwards.

All along the street sand is piled against the shopfronts in  
drifts, like an abandoned gold mining town in the desert.

Iona stares can't begin to grasp what she's looking at.

IONA

What is this? Where does it come  
from?

JIMMY

The Mirrorsphere.

IONA

Mirrorsphere?

JIMMY

The kingdom where all of your  
moments are decided.

IONA

Like Heaven.

JIMMY

It has nothing to do with religion...the Kingdom was a mirror of innocence, reflecting all that was good down to Earth...'till the weight of evil smashed it. Now it rains down as crystals of sand. Each grain is a moment in time...some good, some bad.

Iona reaches down and runs her fingers through the sand, letting the grains run through them.

IONA

You're saying we're the bottom half of some cosmic hourglass?

JIMMY

Sort of...but the sands have been running out for thousands of years.

Jimmy looks down the street.

JIMMY

I've not seen it this bad for a long time.

IONA

What do you mean?

JIMMY

Good and evil. A good moment goes up, a bad one comes down. Too much evil and the sands of time will literally run out.

IONA

What happens then?

JIMMY

Darkness.

IONA

So why are you showing me this?

JIMMY

Because just maybe, you could be one of the people that can help turn back the sands of time...make a difference.

IONA

Hold on a minute. I'm a forensic scientist, I dabble in magic, but that's it.

(Suddenly, frightened and fragile)

I'm not superwoman.

JIMMY  
 You wanted to find the people  
 responsible for your bad moment.

Iona looks at him.

**FLASHBACK - HYPER CLEAN BLACK AND WHITE**

Iona is against a tree holding David. Their clothes are ripped and torn, she is bleeding, injured. David is dying, blood trickles from his mouth -- he dies. In on Iona's face.

She is crying.

**EXT. REGENT STREET - SANDWORLD - PRESENT**

**ON IONA.**

Her eyes are moist.

IONA  
 I lost the love of my life in  
 one...

Jimmy takes her arm.

JIMMY  
 Moment...

Iona looks at him. The bigger picture becoming clear.

IONA  
 How can I do anything?

JIMMY  
 Since you've been on Earth you've  
 had your share of bad moments.

A SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

A RED Honda Civic Wagon in a ditch. Firemen cutting into the wreck.

The baby that is Iona being delivered from her dying mother. A body under a blanket beside the car.

Iona being hit by the blast in the square as the TRUCK explodes.

Iona being stabbed in the park.

END SERIES

**EXT. REGENT STREET - SANDWORLD**

Jimmy touches Iona on the shoulder.

JIMMY

This is your chance to balance out those moments.

IONA

You want me to be part of this thing you do...balancing the books?

JIMMY

Yes. And now your friends are part of this. They'll be vulnerable to dark forces until your revenge is complete.

IONA

Where do I start?

JIMMY

You'll know. But right now, you're in the wrong place.

Everything starts to fade, Jimmy begins to shimmer as he disappears.

IONA

Wait!

JIMMY

Just remember, truth is in the eye of the beholder.

And then he's gone.

**EXT - ALEX'S FLAT - NIGHT**

Iona, pale and washed out in the sodium light of the suburban street. She rings the bell.

**INT - ALEX'S FLAT**

Untidy. It would be a bachelor pad if his wife had left him any money to decorate. As it is, it's just spartan.

**LOUNGE**

A coffee table contains an empty glass and a quarter bottle of Jack Daniels.

**BEDROOM**

Alex lays on the top of the bed. Still half clothed. A BUZZ! From the door. He opens one bloodshot eye -- forces the other eye open.

ALEX

Shit!

He swings his legs off the bed too quickly -- clutches his head as the room swirls.

ALEX

Whoaa.

He heads to the door. Peers through a spy-hole. His face drains of colour. He opens the door.

**INT - FLAT - DOOR**

Alex stares at Iona. She looks wrecked but definitely not as he last saw her.

ALEX

Iona?

He stands there -- face running through many emotions, disbelief, hope -- even some fear.

ALEX

Is it really you?

IONA

I'm scared.

She goes to Alex. He holds her, at first wooden, but then as sobs wrack her body more responsive.

Half stumbling they move into the flat.

**LOUNGE**

Alex lowers Iona onto the couch. Pours a glass of JD, hands it to her. She drinks savouring the taste.

IONA

God that tastes good. Life is so full of precious moments, we just never take the time to enjoy them.

Alex necks the bottle.

ALEX

This is a dream isn't it? I have to lay off the booze.

Iona looks up at him. She looks terrified.

IONA

You don't think I'm real?

Alex looks at her. He reaches over to touch her throat.

His fingers find her Talisman, it's caked with blood where the knife slid off into her flesh.

He feels her skin -- the healed scar -- looks like it happened weeks ago not hours.

ALEX  
This isn't possible.

IONA  
I know...

**INT. SHOWER - NIGHT**

Soft white noise. Water sparkles in SLO-MO droplets -- mirroring Iona's journey back to life through the SILVER waterfall of her moments in TIME.

She stands under the steaming water, letting it run over her face -- washing away the filth and evil from her psyche.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Dried blood running in red rivulets down her body.

Her back, the healed upside down cross of The Antichrist.

The scars where she's been stabbed.

END SERIES

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Iona gets out of the shower. Wraps a towel around her.

**INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT**

Alex is slumped on the couch, asleep.

Iona comes over -- sits next to him -- traces the lines on his face, as if seeing him for the first time through the eyes of a child. He opens his eyes.

ALEX  
I...

She puts a finger to his lips.

IONA  
Shhh...

The towel slides off her body.

IONA  
...I'm going into a dark place. I need some light in my life...and I need it now.

Alex moves to her. There's some fumbling as he kicks off his clothes. He moves into her.

Their lovemaking is hard and fast -- they climax, and as they do Alex becomes David beneath her -- his face sad.

It's the time of his death after the truck explosion -- when he was speaking but Iona couldn't hear him -- only now she can.

DAVID (V.O.)  
Don't look back...live your life...

And then she's awake, shivering in the dark -- held tight in Alex's arms. A soft night rain chatters against the windows - like a clock running fast.

ALEX  
It's alright...just a bad dream.

Iona is suddenly aware of time.

IONA  
Christ! How long have I been asleep?

ALEX  
About five minutes. Why?

IONA  
You need to know some things...I haven't got much time.

**INT - ALEX'S FLAT - LATER**

Iona sips some coffee.

IONA  
When David died...I got into stuff, thought I could contact him...

**INT. IONA'S FLAT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

The Circle sitting trying to contact the dead. Under this:

IONA (V.O.)  
I formed a group, each one of us had unfinished business, things unsaid, feelings undeclared. We needed to get on with our lives...to stop looking back...to have a future...to settle the past.

Derek, Gaenor, Josh Lorenzo and Iona sitting in the light of the pentagram projection.

IONA (V.O.)  
Ever since I was born...the way I was born...

A SERIES OF SHOTS

A wrecked car.

Paramedics, fireman with steel jaws cutting the roof from a car.

Iona being delivered from her dead mother.

A Doctor studying Electromagnetic Imaging plates.

CLOSER ON

An image of two halves of a brain fused together.

END SERIES

IONA (V.O.)  
My brain was different...a form of  
Encephalocele...

**INT. ALEX'S FLAT - NIGHT**

Alex strokes her face.

ALEX  
That's what you meant by mirror  
neurons...once you see something  
you can duplicate it.

IONA  
Yes. At school they thought I was  
a freak...

ALEX  
And are you?

IONA  
I didn't think so...but that day...

**EXT. FINSBURY SQUARE - IONA'S REVERSE FLASHBACK**

HYPER CLEAN BLACK AND WHITE

The square is full of choking smoke. At her feet the smoking  
corpses of the pigeons.

Around the square wounded people are screaming -- it's chaos.  
What's left of the security truck burns -- a flaming funeral  
pyre.

And then it all reverses.

The smoke thins and vanishes.

Pigeons fly through the air from where they've been blown.  
Pieces of the truck hurtle back and re-construct themselves.  
Everything is a bit SLO-MO smeared.

A flash of clarity -- a small area of sharpness at the end of the reverse. Zebra, Zalka and Azarang.

IONA (V.O.)

I was able to see things, terrible things. Time was fluid, it was like I was looking into another dimension...a dimension where only evil existed.

**INT. ALEX'S FLAT - NIGHT**

Alex stares at her.

ALEX

You saw the explosion before it happened?

IONA

Yes.

ALEX

But you couldn't save David?

IONA

There were children...  
(A long, beat, then,  
softly)  
You can't save everyone.

Alex reaches out to her. Holds her tight. Tears well up in her eyes, her body shudders with sobs.

ALEX

No you can't.

IONA

I never knew why I was like that,  
or what it meant, until last night.

ALEX

Let me help.

IONA

You can't. These things aren't  
human...not inside...I have to work  
outside the law.

ALEX

I can break the law.

IONA

I need to kill these things, or  
everyone I care about will die. And  
I have to do it in ways you can't  
imagine.

Alex looks at her. Understanding -- there's no more to be said.

ALEX  
No court's gonna convict a dead  
girl. Right?

Alex goes over to a drawer and pulls a gun out. A Magnum Desert Eagle XIX. He hands it to Iona. Smiles wryly

ALEX  
I was saving this for a special  
occasion.

IONA  
Mmm...you really are a closet Dirty  
Harry.

She catches sight of herself in a mirror on the wall. Dressed in her own clothes -- she looks good.

IONA  
I can't believe you kept my  
clothes.

Alex smiles.

ALEX  
You never know when an ex-  
girlfriend's going to drop in.  
(a beat, then)  
Of course they aren't usually quite  
as ex as you.

Iona kisses him, long and hard.

IONA  
Thanks.

And with that she's gone.

**INT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

Gaenor is going about her duties in a daze. She wanders down the corridors -- people seem to be moving past in slow motion.

INSERT: FLASH FRAME

As visitor's faces turns to look at her. Momentarily they look Demonic -- as if she's been able to see their true nature for a split second.

BACK ON GAENOR

Gaenor looks shaken. Down the other end of the corridor she sees a woman turning the corner. It looks like Iona -- Gaenor rubs her eyes.

It's been a long night.

**EXT. STREET - STARBUCKS - NIGHT**

Josh is having a coffee. Looks like he's been up all night.

Reflected in the window we catch a glimpse of Iona. Josh starts. Seems to look right at us. Shakes his head. Puts his coffee down and comes out. He looks up and down the street.

A glimpse of Iona in the crowd, and then she's gone.

JOSH

Iona?

He looks around. As if in slow motion the crowd swirls past him. Again, like Gaenor some of the people in the crowd become demonic for a second.

JOSH

Gotta' get some sleep.

**EXT. EMBANKMENT - TOWER BRIDGE - NIGHT**

Derek draws deeply on a spliff. He stands overlooking the Thames. He is floating -- detached from reality.

Tower bridge glows with light in the background. People float past him. Iona drifts past. Derek smiles. Then seems to realise -- drops his spliff into the gutter.

He tries to pick it up but a gust of wind from a passing truck blows it away.

DEREK

Shit!

When he looks up she's gone.

**EXT - IONA'S FLAT - DAY**

Gaenor uses a key. Derek, Josh and Lorenzo follow her into the...

**LIVING ROOM**

GAENOR

I could have sworn it was her.

LORENZO

Me too.

JOSH

Maybe it was...that doesn't mean she's alive.

DEREK

She could be trying to contact us.

GAENOR

That would make sense. It's what we tried to do when she was with us.

DEREK

I know this may seem like weird shit. But does anyone else feel like we're being watched?

IONA(O.S.)

You are.

From the hallway Iona steps out of the shadows. Everybody freezes. Derek can't believe his eyes. Lorenzo swallows, starts to smile.

Josh rubs his eyes, afraid it's an illusion. Gaenor is the first to move. She goes over -- touches her face.

GAENOR

My God is it you? We were going to hold a meeting...to try and contact you.

IONA

Saved you some time there then.

Gaenor shakes her head. The rest of them come over, there's awkward hugs and smiles, some tears.

GAENOR

What was it like...did you see David?

JOSH

Are there other people there?

IONA

It's like your whole life is around you...like you can reach out and touch it. Moments...time that was important.

LORENZO

Can you talk to people?

Iona shakes her head.

IONA

It seemed like a few seconds, and then I was back...with that man. He was one of them...

(beat)

Oh God I killed him...

GAENOR

Sounds like he deserved it. Jesus they need to die for what they did to those poor girls...for what they did to you.

IONA

You have to stay here, in a protective circle. Just until tonight. Because you brought me back with a revenge spell, I only have twenty-four hours to avenge my own death...or you'll all die.

GAENOR

Oh God. I'm sorry, we screwed up.

IONA

No, I did that by going on the stake. They were too powerful, and now I know why.

(beat)

You did your best, and now I have to do mine. But first we need to make you safe.

SERIES OF SHOTS.

Josh bringing supplies into the living room from the kitchen.

Gaenor drawing a CHALK pentagram surrounded by a circle on the wooden floor.

Derek setting up the 3D projected pentagram with the computer.

Iona pouring salt over the chalk outline and seals her friends inside the circle.

END SERIES

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

They're all seated around burning candles on a table in the centre of the room. They have a supply of food and drink.

JOSH

Let us help you. You can't do this alone.

IONA

I have to. If you leave that circle before midnight you'll die.

DEREK

And after midnight?

Iona looks at her. A deep sadness in her.

IONA

If you're alive I succeeded.

GAENOR

And you, what about you?

IONA

You brought me back to do this...to make it right. I've seen things, evil things. I'm only a small part of what's going on here, but I can play a part. We all can.

GAENOR

We didn't know what we were doing...we had to do something.

Iona hugs her.

IONA

I know. It only takes a moment to change our lives forever.

LORENZO

How are you going to find these...things?

Iona pauses...her eyes grow distant.

**EXT. AVENUE OF MOMENTS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Jimmy's face near the Avenue of Moments.

JIMMY

Just remember, truth is in the eye of the beholder

He taps his eye.

**INT. INT - IONA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM**

As if in a dream Iona reaches up with a finger into the corner of one eye -- pulls out a tiny SPECK...looks at it.

They all look at her expectantly. She walks off into her bedroom. Derek looks around at the others.

DEREK

That's seriously weird.

**INT - ALEX'S FLAT - NIGHT**

The doorbell sounds.

ALEX

Iona?

BANG! The door is smashed open. Cardman and Zalka stand there. Alex looks at them -- their faces flicker with evil.

ALEX

Shit!

He turns to run. Cardman picks him up by the neck and throws him against the wall. Zalka looks down at him.

ZALKA

We don't want to hurt you.

She bends down to look him in the eye.

ZALKA

But if we have to...

THUD! She sweeps a leg round catching him in the side of the head. A spray of blood as he spins into some furniture.

ZALKA

It's just we need directions...to Miss Blue...you know...the one that we killed...seems we've lost touch.

Alex drags himself upright, spits some blood. Fastens her with a look through one half closed eye.

ALEX

Try Friends Reunited.

THUD! Another sweeping kick. This time Alex doesn't get up.

**INT - IONA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY**

She goes over to the old brass microscope. Puts the speck from her eye onto a slide and turns the focus wheel.

**VIEW THROUGH EYEPiece**

On a low magnification it looks like a small crystalline rock.

She changes a lens. Now it looks like a mirror sided crystal ball. Another lens. There are images in each panel of the ball. Again she changes magnification.

And there it is. HER MOMENT!

On the screen is an image from that fateful night. A picture of her attackers fleeing the scene. She turns the platter control and very slowly rotates the slide.

Like an old Zoetrope or FLICKER BOOK, a progression of images of the attack and the attackers flick by until one image appears:

AZARANG

He's wearing the silver capped red leather shoes. She rotates the slide some more -- watching him run off.

Something flashes in the light -- falls to the ground. She increases the magnification on the object.

A book of MATCHES from CLUB LIMBO - the silhouette of a girl sliding round a pole in flames. And then it all fades away.

IONA

Damn!

**EXT - STREET - THAT MOMENT**

In the yellow pool of a streetlight Jimmy sweeps. He looks up at the light from Iona's flat.

JIMMY

It only lasts a moment.

**INT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

She removes the slide from the microscope. Touches it. Her finger comes away wet with blood -- it's absorbed into her flesh.

**INT - IONA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM- NIGHT**

Iona comes out into the lounge. The room gets cold. Shadows move. We can see the groups breath in the air. The light begins to flicker intermittently.

GAENOR

What is it?

DEREK

What did you find?

IONA

I think I may know where they are.  
Club Limbo.

JOSH

That's a heavy scene...

DEREK

The owner was mixed up in a weird occult group called the Shining Dark. Some girls disappeared from the club a few years back...they never found the bodies.

GAENOR

You can't go in there without help.

IONA

I have to.

Josh fumbles in his pocket. He produces a multi-tool with a built in torch, he hands it to her.

JOSH

Even has a torch if things get really dark.

Off Iona. Starting to realise what she's getting into.

**EXT - CLUB LIMBO - DAY**

Snow is starting to fall. The club is a grey hulk -- a Greek style colonnaded church. But it's a long way from having any religious atmosphere.

A sign: CLUB LIMBO - EXOTIC DANCERS - ALL DAY BAR AND ADULT KIOSKS.

**INT - CLUB LIMBO - ZEBRA'S OFFICE**

A large room, part studio, part workshop. The colour scheme is a muddy mix of yellow and brown.

There is a painting of the Indian Goddess Kali with her three diamond eyes on one of the walls. Down one end is a desk with a computer and phones.

The rest of the space is littered with paintings on easels in various stages of completion. Zebra works on one.

The paintings are in the same colours as the rest of the room. There's a white silhouette -- a human form yet to be added to the painting he's working on.

All the subjects seem to be similar. A mix of Edvard Munch and Hieronymus Bosch on acid -- shadowy souls chained up in some dark cavern -- their faces mournful -- without hope.

**INT - VIEW THROUGH ZEBRA'S EYES**

He suffers from Protanopia, he can only see the world in these muddy colours.

As he looks round we notice that the RED fire extinguisher barely registers, he has no ability to see red. Azarang comes in. His trade mark red shoes a grey wash.

BACK TO SCENE ON ZEBRA

ZEBRA

Well?

AZARANG

They're on their way back now.

ZEBRA

And Miss Blue?

AZARANG

We have her boyfriend. It's only a matter of time before she turns up, and this time we'll be ready.

ZEBRA

She doesn't have much luck with relationships.

He steps back to look at the painting

ZEBRA

I could have been a great painter. Still, we all have our crosses to bear. We killed her...yet she lives...and now Shamal...do we have a problem?

AZARANG

Her friends used low level magic...killing Shamal. I don't know. Maybe she got lucky. After all he was just a dancer.

Zebra looks at Azarang...cold flat eyes boring into him.

ZEBRA

I watched him kill six people in a room without knocking the ash off their cigarettes. No one could have killed him with luck.

He produces a mobile phone. Hits a button. A video message plays -- we hear Shamal screaming. Zebra tosses the phone to Azarang.

ZEBRA

Does that look lucky?

Azarang looks at the phone -- the clip ends abruptly. He swallows, a look of unease on his face.

Zebra goes over to an ancient bound leather volume on a stand. He flicks through it. Stops at some lithograph illustrations -- angels and demons at war.

ZEBRA

The last time someone got that lucky was a thousand years ago.

AZARANG

We are much stronger now. Man's evil has made us more powerful.

ZEBRA

Never take the power of the dark realm for granted. Remember The Plague of Angels. It was your kind of thinking that nearly cost us everything.

AZARANG

She's one girl, and soon we shall have her.

ZEBRA

Maybe. These past years have been good to us, we have reaped a harvest of sorrow and death. But into every life a little pain must fall.

AZARANG

You still cling to the old ways. There is a new order that will move us forwards.

ZEBRA

Maybe, but it needs to move forwards over her dead body.

**EXT - CLUB LIMBO - NIGHT**

Iona walks towards the club. The snow is starting to settle. She heads around the back to an alleyway towards some large metal waste hoppers.

There's a MISSING poster on the wall. A pretty blonde girl in a distinctive T-Shirt.

She has a tattoo of an angel on her arm, her deep set eyes give her a haunted look.

Iona looks at it. She moves towards a fire exit with a keypad next to it -- there's a distinctive motorbike sound.

She ducks into the shadows behind the hoppers.

Zalka pulls up on a Triumph Bonneville -- followed by Cardman in his car. He gets out and drags a body from the car's boot.

It's Alex.

Cardman carries him into club. Zalka climbs off her bike -- lights up a cigarette.

**IONA'S POV CLOSE ON ZALKA**

A scarified symbol for FIRE on her wrist as she cups the flame from the wind.

BACK TO SCENE

**EXT - CLUB LIMBO - NIGHT**

Zalka hits the keypad beside the rear entrance and goes in.

Iona goes over to the Triumph bike, its engine ticking with the heat - - an echo of time passing.

Iona runs her hand over the machine.

**EXT. FINSBURY SQUARE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Back in the Square, only this time things are seen from a different perspective.

Azarang stands next to the Triumph Bonneville preparing to press a button on his mobile.

Zalka leans over and stops him -- she's watching something.

DAVID

As he climbs into the security truck cab -- then the explosion bleaches our frame white.

**EXT - CLUB LIMBO - NIGHT**

Iona's face a frozen mask of fury. She takes the multi-tool out of her pocket -- begins working on the bike, her fingers a blur of speed.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Bolts are removed.

The cylinder head comes off.

Wires are bared.

Rerouted to the battery.

END SERIES

**EXT. CLUB LIMBO - NIGHT**

Iona dumps the cylinder head into one of the waste hoppers.

**SCREECH!**

The fire door screeches open. It's Zalka. CLICK!  
Iona presses the gun to the side of her head.

ZALKA

Well if it isn't little Miss  
Deadeye. You make a good private  
eye, for a dead person.

THUD! Iona hits her on the back of the head with the gun.

IONA

Oh I'm alive alright. But you won't  
be for much longer.

Zalka picks herself up.

ZALKA

You wouldn't shoot an unarmed woman  
would you?

Iona cocks the gun.

IONA

A woman that was happy to blow  
small children to pieces...who  
delayed an explosion to kill the  
love of my life. You're already  
dead to me.

Zalka's eyes show fear for a split second.

ZALKA

Wait! You kill me you'll never see  
your pretty little policeman again.

The gun wavers momentarily, it's enough -- Zalka grabs an  
overhead pipe in the alleyway and swings her legs at Iona,  
kicking her in the chest -- she crashes to the floor.

The gun slides under a waste hopper.

Zalka lands like a cat -- as Iona picks herself up, Zalka  
whirls round throwing a sweeping kick to her shoulder.

Iona crashes to the ground again.

ZALKA

How does it feel to be really  
alive? All that pain. Is it worth  
it?

SMASH! Iona smashes her on the side of the head with a bottle  
-- Zalka goes down. They stare at each other.

IONA

What do you think?

ZALKA

No more playing.

They both pick themselves up. Zalka throws herself at Iona.  
Who does something that surprises both of them. BANG!

She executes a sweeping leg kick, pivoting from the waist  
slamming into Zalka and knocking the wind out of her, sending  
her crashing into the hoppers -- mimicking Zalka's earlier  
move.

IONA  
Who's playing?

Zalka picks herself up. They face each other. Zalka leaps into the air. Does a back-flip -- both feet thud into Iona send her sprawling onto the ground.

Iona gets half way up before Zalka spins around, landing a kick to the side of her head. Smashes her down the alleyway. Zalka struts. Sensing victory.

ZALKA  
This body I live in...by age  
fifteen I was champion at the  
Russian gymnastics...

THUD! Another kick to Iona.

ZALKA  
By seventeen I had six moves named  
after me...

CRUNCH! Another spinning kick to Iona sends her rolling like a piece of rubbish down the alleyway. Zalka touches the scar on her face.

ZALKA  
I was in Korminski's diplomatic car  
when they took him out. I was only  
survivor. I could have been world  
champion.

Iona is losing consciousness. Zalka looks at her.

ZALKA  
You're already dead. Just another  
hit and run victim.

She walks back to her bike. Puts her helmet on. Climbs onto the saddle -- turns the ignition on.

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

PETROL pumping into the piston barrels -- spilling over the top -- forming a pool under the bike.

Zalka pressing the starter button.

Sparks crackling between two bare wires above the fuel.

END SERIES

IN SLO-MO:

The petrol ignites -- a ball of fire. The pistons take off like rockets towards the fuel tank above them.

BACK TO NORMAL SPEED

KABOOM!

A huge explosion as Pistons punch through the FUEL TANK above them.

WHUMP!

Zalka becomes a FIREBALL.

Inhuman shrieks as she disintegrates -- a billowing vortex of blackness -- and as the smoke clears -- a burning helmet rolls away.

CLOSE ON -- the ground where the elemental symbol for FIRE burns.

IONA picks herself up -- retrieves her gun from under the hopper and limps away.

**INT - CLUB LIMBO - CCTV - ROOM**

Cardman stares at a video monitor -- it shows the alleyway and the burning remains of the bike.

**EXT - CLUB LIMBO - ABOVE ALLEYWAY - THAT SECOND**

Iona forces open a WINDOW and disappears into the club.

**EXT - CLUB LIMBO - FIRE ESCAPE - ALLEYWAY.**

Cardman, Azarang and Zebra burst through the door. Cardman uses a fire extinguisher to put the bike out. He is devastated -- he picks up Zalka's smoking helmet.

ANOTHER ANGLE

On the flaming symbol for fire scorched into the ground.

BACK TO SCENE

Zebra turns to Azarang.

ZEBRA  
Lucky eh? Find her!

**INT - LIMBO CLUB - PEEPSHOW CORRIDOR**

A gloomy passage way. Iona makes her way down the corridor. She comes to a heavily studded soundproof door marked STAGE. She opens it slowly. Goes into...

**INT - PEEPSHOW STAGE - NIGHT DARKNESS.**

Suddenly music blares out.

It's a striptease favourite "Flesh for Fantasy",

## SONG LYRICS

Face to face and back to back you  
see and feel my sex attack.

There is a clanking, grinding noise. Into the inky blackness shafts of light spill from slots set into the sides of what gradually reveals itself to be a large stage.

Iona's centre stage of a coin operated peep show.

IONA

Shit!

A mix of RED and ULTRAVIOLET light reveals a bizarre tableaux. Three GIRLS are preparing themselves for the customers.

NADIA a statuesque eastern European girl in a micro latex skirt looks at Iona. Takes in her battered face and torn clothes, assumes it's a costume.

NADIA

You play rape victim...nice  
angle...I go for slash.

Iona looks at the others. BABS a blonde fiddling with a strap on DILDO mask, LI a stunning oriental girl in a dominatrix, outfit -- holding a WHIP and a KNIFE.

**INT - INTERCUT PEEP SHOW BOOTHS/STAGE**

Cardman heads down the corridor into the Peep-Show area.

There are five doors in each of the corridors that run either side of the stage. He carries a 9MM UZI.

He pulls open the nearest door to reveal an old guy watching the sex show thru an open slot.

OLD GUY

Hey what the!?

CARDMAN

Ssshhhhh.

He shuts up as Cardman pokes the gun in his face. Cardman looks through onto the stage.

**INT. CARDMAN'S VIEW**

On the other side is the stage where BABS and LI are performing a lesbian seduction. Iona tries to look sexy while she tries to work out what to do next.

BANG! Cardman takes a shot at Iona -- it just misses.

Iona pulls out the Magnum and manages to squeeze off one shot which whistles past the Old guy -- misses his face by an inch, sears Cardman's shirt.

The slot mechanically closes, the Old guys time is up!

CARDMAN  
Open it up again.

OLD GUY  
I'm out of change!

Cardman shoves him aside and rips open the door to booth #2 -- it's empty -- the slot is shut.

SOUNDS of teenage ecstasy from booth #3, he opens it up -- pulls out a spotty 16 year old KID.

CARDMAN  
Your mother know you're here?

The Kid stumbles out. Cardman fires through the open slot. Hits Nadia walking back onto the...

### **STAGE**

Blows her back through a section of the cheap set. Babs and Li scream hysterically -- Li drops her whip and knife before running off the stage.

Iona hits the deck -- she grabs the knife and tries to get a clear sight line at Cardman.

Cardman fires again aiming at Iona - misses. A life sized SEX DOLL takes a head shot. EXPLODES!

Cardman's next shot smashes into the now closing slot window. (NOTE: as each booth is very small and the slot quite narrow it only gives a very restricted shot for Cardman, he has to keep on moving as Iona moves)

Cardman runs to the next door (slot #4), the large guy in it seems to be having an orgasm or a heart attack. Cardman fires past him through the slot. Which starts to close.

Cardman grabs the large guy and slams his HEAD through the opening. The door makes a groaning noise and then with a last whine stops moving, the guy's neck jamming the door open.

Cardman fires off a shot past his ear, Iona rolls out of the way while the large guy screams hysterically!

Iona snaps off a shot towards slot #4.

ANGLE FOLLOWING HER BULLET

Her bullet comes through the slot and whistles past the skull of the large guy. Just misses Cardman's nose and slams into the door behind him.

CARDMAN

Runs to booth (#5) whose slot is shut. Cursing he moves to slot #6 -- also shut.

IONA

Gun following the sound and light as Cardman moves from booth to booth.

CARDMAN

Runs towards booth #7. Iona fires through its slot a punter dives for the floor. Terrified punters from booths #8 and #9 make a run for it!

Cardman tries to get into booth #7. Smashing the door into the punter's head as he crouches on the floor. Finally bursting in, his momentum causes him to slip on something sticky on the floor.

As he goes down, Iona pumps two shots past his head -- nicking his ear and sending a spray of blood onto the glass Cardman grabs his ear, looks at the blood. Gets up.

Runs past the "out of order" booth #10, and into booth #11 -- the slot's shut, but there's a neat pile of abandoned pound coins. He slams one into the slot. It grinds open.

TO REVEAL -- Iona standing directly on the other side pointing directly at Cardman. It's a Mexican stand off.

Behind Iona two of Zebra's armed thugs are closing in on either side -- they take aim at her -- Cardman sees this and smiles.

Raises his gun as...

Iona and Cardman both open fire exactly at the same time.

ANGLE following the 9mm bullet out of Cardman's gun.

IONA

The hammer of her gun CLICKS! A missfire.

ANGLE ON 9MM BULLET - RAMPED SLO-MO

As it spins through the air towards Iona -- who drops her gun -- pulls out her knife -- raises it into the air in front of her. CLANG!

The 9MM bullet hits it dead centre -- splits into two halves and THUD! THUD! Each half takes out one of the two thugs coming from behind her.

They both slump to the floor. Iona stands there breathing heavily -- the slot in booth #11 separating her from Cardman slams shut.

Iona scoops up her gun and heads for the stage door reloading as she goes -- running out into the...

**CORRIDOR**

She runs past the booths. Comes to a halt, a blinding pain in her head.

FLASH FRAME

The distorted face of Alex screaming silently.

ON IONA

IONA  
Alex...where are you?

**INT. IONA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

The Circle sit with their backs to each other -- holding each other's wrists -- forming a protective bond. Black wraiths whirl round them -- in the eye of a storm of pure evil.

ZZZZZZT!

The lamp in the VIDEO PROJECTOR crackles -- starts to smoke. The projected pentagram flickers.

BANG!

The bulb explodes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

**INT. THROUGH JOSH'S EYES**

The projector starts to burn, flames suddenly licking over the wall of the flat -- and through them a MAN staggers -- his face burning -- he's in agony. Josh looks terrified.

JOSH  
Dad?

The man's face is blistering.

JOSH'S FATHER  
Help me.

Josh moves to go towards him.

GAENOR (O.S.)

No!

**INT. INT - IONA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM**

Josh stands at the edge of the chalk and salt circle. The projector is off -- but it's not on fire.

GAENOR

It's alright. You're okay.

Josh looks at them, shakes his head as if coming out of a dream -- we catch glimpses of angry faces in the whirling darkness around the group.

JOSH

I saw my dad...he was burning.

GAENOR

It was a trick to get you out of the circle. Iona warned us. They're getting stronger.

**INT - CLUB LIMBO - CELL - NIGHT**

A dank room, criss crossed with rusted heating pipes and leaking water. A dull yellowy green light.

Alex hangs from chains wrapped round his wrists looped over a pipe running across the ceiling. He's stripped to the waist. Zebra sits opposite him. Smokes a thin black ZIGANOV.

Behind Alex, Azarang is doing something which gives Alex a great deal of pain. He twists his head to nod towards Azarang.

ALEX

Who's the psychopath?

Zebra tuts.

ZEBRA

He's special, you don't want to offend him.

ALEX

Pardon me, where are my manners. Who's the special psychopath cutting into my back.

ZEBRA

Azarang. It's Iranian, means bright, shining, red. He used to be known as the butcher. Which is what he was, in a good way.

ALEX

And there's me thinking he was just  
a twisted sadist.

Zebra smiles.

ZEBRA

He is what your kind made him. Why  
don't you tell us what your pretty  
little friend's plans are? Maybe I  
can get Azarang to kill you  
quickly.

ALEX

That your best offer? You'd make a  
lousy salesman.

ZEBRA

Azarang was six when your soldiers  
emptied machine guns into his  
parent's car at a check point. They  
thought they were terrorists. He  
survived, just. But you know, I  
think he holds a grudge. What do  
you think?

Alex spits the words out through his pain.

ALEX

I'm sure his parents would have  
been very proud of him.

Azarang does something with the knife. Alex screams.

**INT - LIMBO CLUB - CORRIDORS - THAT MOMENT**

Iona comes to a halt. Clutches her head.

FLASH FRAME

Alex being dragged into the Cell -- an ALARM BELL on the wall  
near the entrance.

BACK ON IONA

She looks round desperately. Sees a FIRE ALARM BOX. SMASHES  
it. A SIREN SHRIEKS. She follows the sound.

Pandemonium. Feet and yelling as the club starts to empty.  
Girls and punters in various states of dress hurry past.

A door opens next to her and a girl in a one piece PVC outfit  
carrying a whip peers out.

PVC

What is it?

Iona looks at her -- she holds a chain in her other hand which leads into the room.

IONA  
Fire. You'd better get out.

PVC  
Shit! C'mon.

She drags a gimp out of the room. Azarang and Zebra appear at the other end of the corridor. She ducks into the room, pulls the door to. Peers out of the crack. They go past.

AZARANG  
What do we do about him?

ZEBRA  
Leave him. If it's a false alarm  
we'll finish...if not...

Azarang smiles.

AZARANG  
Barbecue.

They go past. Iona comes out into the corridor, runs towards the sound of the siren. Comes to the door of the cell. Yanks it open.

**INT. CELL - NIGHT**

Alex hangs there. She drags a chair across and un-hooks the chains. Alex slumps into her arms -- eyes filled with hate.

ALEX  
We need to kill those  
fuckers...kill them all...

Iona looks into his eyes.

IONA  
We need to get out of here.

She finds Alex's shirt and wraps it round him.

ALEX  
There's some sort of stairway in  
Zebra's office. I saw it when they  
brought me in. How'd you find me?

IONA  
The fire alarm unlocks all the  
doors when it's triggered. When  
they realise it's a false alarm  
they'll be coming back.

They head out into the corridor.

IONA  
Which way?

Alex nods left. They run down the corridor. Come to a door with an OFFICE sign on it. Iona opens the door.

**INT - ZEBRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

She goes in. Sees the paintings.

FLASH FRAMES

Indistinct shadowy figures chained somewhere. The sound of water. These people are in pain.

END FLASH

IONA  
What's with the weird colour scheme?

ALEX  
Zebra had some treatment for his eyes. Laser went wrong, now he can only see those colours. Everything else is mush.

IONA  
I'd like to be sympathetic...

ALEX  
Don't. The doctor that treated him wound up dead. Someone killed him by dripping acid into his eyes.

IONA  
That's taking an eye for an eye way too seriously.

Iona sees a small fridge, opens it -- grabs some small mixer cans. She hands one to Alex, drinks one, and pockets another.

IONA  
Where now?

Alex points to a heavy steel door in the corner of the office.

ALEX  
There.

The FIRE ALARM siren stops.

IONA  
Quick!

She runs towards the door and wrenches it open. CLICK! The metal tongue pokes out as the circuits are overridden.

**INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

They head down a dank corridor beneath the club -- dim bulbs flicker -- pipes line the walls -- the tunnels become older as they go deeper.

ALEX

The club was originally a church, a Victorian millionaire bought it and made it into his house.

IONA

Tasteful.

ALEX

He built a whole network of tunnels reaching for miles. A series of rooms beneath the original house. They had to divert the old river with culverts when they built the underground railway. That's when they discovered the rooms...

IONA

There must be a service duct somewhere.

Ahead of them the corridor opens out into a wider area. A tiled Gothic arch on the left.

**INT - LOWER SUBTERRANEAN MAIN ROOM**

From the archway a grand staircase sweeps down into what was once a beautiful wood panelled open hallway lit by a huge chandelier.

A hundred years on, it has been taken over by nature.

Moss covered root tendrils snake around the arched ceiling -- lichen and fungus cover the walls -- the chandelier is festooned with cobwebs.

Moisture drips down the walls and stagnant pools of green slime covered water are on the floor. A pair of huge marble columns reach up to the ceiling either side of the room.

On a large marble table are silver candle holders encrusted with wax. A bowl with black stains inside.

Branding irons lie rusting on the floor. The mosaic floor is embossed with a pentagram and mythological creatures.

ALEX

Christ!

They catch their breath for a moment.

IONA

Come on!

They head down the crumbling stairs. There's a low rumbling noise and the room starts to shake as the sound gets louder -- it screeches like a wounded animal before receding.

IONA

The railway line runs past here.

Iona passes the table -- touches it with her finger.

IONA'S MIND FLASH

The group of five. Zebra presiding in ceremonial cloak, is conducting a ritual with Zalka, Shamal, Azarang and Cardman.

The vast room is filled with candles.

FLASH

Zebra is cutting their arms with a knife -- blood drips into the bowl.

FLASH

They are having their arms branded with their elemental signs.

FLASH

They are drinking from the bowl.

FLASH

A GIRL hangs by chains from the wall. Gagged. Struggling and terrified -- wide eyed with the knowledge of her fate -- she wears white ceremonial robes.

BACK TO SCENE ON

IONA

This is where it happened, where they held their rituals.

ALEX

Who?

IONA

The Shining Dark, they're all part of it. Looks like they drew power from their victims. But this hasn't been used for years.

ALEX

Christ knows what goes on in this club...girls just disappear.

IONA  
We need to find a way out.

**INT - SUBTERRANEAN HALLWAY**

Iona spots a doorway leading off the hallway, almost hidden by trailing creepers.

IONA  
Over there.

They run towards the doorway -- push through into:

**INT - SUBTERRANEAN STAIRWAY**

A more utilitarian stairway -- rough hewn from solid rock it leads down to another level. A rusty iron handrail runs alongside the stairs. Alex stops for a moment, holds onto it.

CRASH! It tears away. Goes spinning down below.

IONA  
Careful.

They reach the ground.

**INT - LOWER LEVEL - ROOM**

Another open area beneath the hall above. A corroded iron support reaches up to the ceiling.

The room is lit by a dim flicker of fluorescent light -- it seems to be coming from outside, spilling through walls that are cracked and crumbling.

The room starts to shake as another train approaches. Bits of masonry rain down as fine dust from the ceiling and rusty flakes peel off the support.

As the noise reaches a crescendo we see the lights of the passing train punch through the cracks in the side walls.

ALEX  
This place is a death trap.

IONA  
Listen!

There's the sound of running water.

IONA  
Over there!

They start to move -- there's a FLUTTERING sound, then, WHOOSH! A flock of razor edged cards rocket through the dark and embed themselves in Iona's arms and Alex's neck.

Cardman looks down from the staircase smiling. Alex sinks to the floor clutching his neck.

CARDMAN

Oh dear...another doomed love affair.

The deadly cards flicker like quicksilver in his hands.

IONA

Not quite.

Iona pulls the Magnum out -- levels it at his head.

IONA

Put the cards down. Now!

Cardman puts the cards down. Walks slowly down the stairs towards them -- his physical presence threatening.

CARDMAN

I'm surprised you got this far. I mean Shamal I can understand, he wasn't that bright. But Zalka, she was special...special to me.

We see a flicker of emotion in his eyes.

IONA

And you talk of my doomed love affair. Where were you in her hour of need?

Cardman lunges towards her, suddenly enraged.

IONA

Back off!

Cardman stops -- he never takes his eyes off her -- a snake waiting to strike.

CARDMAN

I was the best card sharp in America, 'till they caught me cheating...sliced off my fingertips...left me for dead...I killed them all...slowly. Now it's your turn!

Cardman snarls and whirls his arm out sending a concealed razor edged card spinning towards Iona. BANG!

It slices across her hand causing the gun to go off as it falls to the ground. The bullet slams into the iron support.

A rusty bolt spirals down through the air hits the floor in an explosion of rust.

Alex throws himself at Cardman. Cardman moves aside effortlessly, kicks Alex into the iron support. THUD! Alex slams into it in a shower of rust, hits the floor.

CARDMAN

Always play the hand that God deals  
you.

IONA

God had nothing to do with you.

Cardman shrugs.

CARDMAN

You may have a point.

He moves towards her hands outstretched. The sign of EARTH is tattooed on his wrist.

Like magic a card appears in each hand. WHOOSH! They fly towards her. She's ready this time -- ducks and sends a kick to his chest -- slamming him back into the iron support.

Another cloud of rust showers down. The room starts to shake as a train approaches.

Cardman moves towards Iona. As the vibrations and lights reach a crescendo a shadow falls over Cardman.

The iron support tears free and tumbles towards him.

At the last moment he moves nimbly to one side and it crashes to the ground missing him by inches.

CARDMAN

You can't win...the odds are too  
high!

#### **INT - LOWER SUBTERRANEAN MAIN ROOM**

The room above. As we see Azarang appear round the corner of the archway -- he holds a gun. The room still shakes. And then we see what is happening.

Deprived of the iron support below it, the huge marble column is sinking through the floor -- like a space launch in reverse -- sinking down into --

#### **INT - LOWER LEVEL - THAT MOMENT**

A hundred tons of earth and marble column hurtle down through the ceiling above Cardman.

CRUNCH! Dust billows around the room.

From beneath tons of marble rubble an outstretched hand twitches -- a card with an EARTH symbol on it falls from metal tipped fingers.

Iona helps Alex up.

IONA

The odds have changed.

She scoops up the Magnum. They stagger through the choking dust towards the archway they saw earlier. Towards the sound of water.

**ARCHWAY TO CANAL**

They head through a small passageway into:

**INT - TUNNEL OF SOULS**

The full horror of Zebra's paintings. A dark cavern -- a canal of oily water stretching into the distance.

Chained against the side wall -- the dead, dying and barely living souls depicted on the canvas.

Faces look at them -- gibbering and moaning.

At the end of the line, a blonde girl, lank hair -- a filthy, but distinctive T-shirt -- it's the girl we saw on the MISSING poster in the alley.

ALEX

What the hell is this?

Iona looks at them. Pity in her eyes.

IONA

This is where they get their power from.

Iona moves down the line, most of them are past help. She reaches the girl at the end. The girl looks at Iona.

GIRL

Help me.

Iona looks around. They are all chained with one chain through shackles.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out the small can of orange juice she took from Zebra's fridge.

She opens it and tips some into the girl's mouth. The girl swallows gratefully.

WANG! A bullet blows the can from her hand. Another shot ricochets off the wall -- hits one of the chained souls in the head. They all howl in shared pain.

Azarang stands amongst the sparkling dust motes in the archway -- gun levelled.

A train rattles past. Flickering light strobing his face, demonising him as he stands there.

Light reflects off the puckered flesh on Azarang's wrist -- revealing the WATER sign.

AZARANG

You mustn't blame us. Eternity's an awfully long time. One needs food for the soul.

Iona raises her gun and fires off a volley of shots driving Azarang back behind the archway --her hammer clicks on an empty chamber.

She hurls the gun at Azarang as he fires off a shot. Alex dives at Iona --knocking her down out of the line of the shot

-- she hits the ground winded.

She looks at Alex -- he's slumped against the wall -- a dribble of blood from his mouth.

IONA

Alex?

He looks at her. Blood oozing from a mortal chest wound. She cradles him in her arms. His eyes flicker open.

IONA

Oh Alex...

As she holds him his face briefly becomes David and then back to Alex.

DAVID/ALEX

Don't look back...

Azarang comes from behind the archway -- gun raised. CLICK! It's JAMMED!

Iona hurls herself forwards. Smashes into him -- the gun flies out of his hand, tumbles into the canal -- her momentum carries them both into the water.

**INT - CANAL - UNDERWATER**

Their bodies spinning and tumbling into the depths.

THE GUN

Spiraling through the water -- hitting a block of stone -- splitting into two pieces -- the slider landing on the bed of the canal.

It lies amongst the debris of skulls and bones -- old bottles and crates -- railway sleepers, pieces of concrete and bits of rusty old chain.

**AZARANG**

Pins Iona to the muddy floor of the canal -- throttling her -- Iona no match for his strength.

He smiles, bubbles trickling from his mouth -- grabs some loose chain, wrapping it around her legs -- anchoring her to a lump of concrete.

He kicks off towards the surface.

Iona looks around desperately -- running out of breath and strength.

A crate of empty bottles, upside down near her.

She strains to reach it -- fingers inches from it. Grabs it, drags it to her -- pulls an empty bottle from it -- sucks on the stale air trapped inside.

She looks around. See's the two bits of Azarang's gun. Another suck from another bottle. She assembles the gun -- she's fast.

She points the gun at the chain wrapped round her leg. BANG!

The bullet bubbles through the water -- hits the rusty chain which disintegrates. She swims for the surface.

**INT - TUNNEL OF SOULS - CONTINUOUS**

Azarang has dragged himself onto the canal bank.

An explosion of air and water as Iona bursts out of the water behind him. Azarang turns with disbelief.

Sees the gun in her hand. Iona fires. CLICK! Nothing!

Azarang smiles, pulls out his knife -- he knows it's over.

As he walks down the line of souls they sense he's behind the death of one of them -- their hands claw towards him -- teeth bared and snarling -- howling in pain and anger.

CLICK! CLICK! BANG! The last bullet hurtles towards Azarang. It misses him! Hits the wall by the chain.

ANGLE ON

The link holding the end of the chain that runs through the prisoners hand shackles. It's broken.

**FLASH FRAME FLASHBACK**

As the bullet shears through the hasp.

BACK TO SCENE

In the tunnel as the chain trailing dust spools back through the loops releasing the chained souls one by one.

The released victims are bemused, like Zombies. There's a moment's pause. Iona pulls herself out of the water. The blonde girl looks at her. A thought passes between them.

**FLASH FRAME - GIRL'S EPIPHANY**

Azarang's face mouthing something from underwater.

BACK TO SCENE

The blonde girl smiles. She turns to look at Azarang, the others turn as one collective mind.

They swarm over him, wrap him in the chain used to tether them for all those years -- a rusty metal shroud. They hurl him screaming into the water.

**BENEATH THE SURFACE**

His face -- mouth frothing dying bubbles. They collect on the surface and form the sign of WATER as he sinks into the blackness.

**INT - TUNNEL OF SOULS - CONTINUOUS**

Iona looks at the blonde girl.

IONA

Thank you.

She runs down the passageway alongside the canal, still clutching the gun, heading towards a rusty gate in the distance.

ZEBRA'S POV

A murky yellowy brown view of the screaming hordes howling down at the water. And then they see him.

BACK TO SCENE

They move towards him. He fires a withering hail of lead -- it stops them for a moment -- and then they are coming again.

He reaches into the side of the wall -- pulls a rusty lever down.

They stop in their tracks. Something is happening to them -- they start screaming clawing at their disintegrating flesh --

ANGLE ON

One of their faces...

**INT - ZEBRA'S OFFICE**

A screaming face on the canvas. The sprinklers in the ceiling are spraying over the pictures --it's not water -- it's ACID. The paintings are smoking!

**INT - TUNNEL OF SOULS - SAMETIME**

The freed prisoners are coming apart -- no longer sustained by their painted effigies they are losing the power of life -- in a hideous Dorian Grey parallel they are dying.

Zebra walks amongst the dead and dying remnants of his collection. He sees the blonde girl -- she is unscathed -- her soul not yet captured on the canvas.

She looks at him -- her eyes seeing something we can't know. She gives a small smile.

GIRL

You're the last one. You'll die.

Zebra points his gun at her, then seems to change his mind. He lowers the gun. Rams a knife up into her rib cage -- ripping into her heart.

ZEBRA

After you.

The girl shudders as she dies. Zebra looks into her eyes -- sucking in the moment of her death. He lets her drop. Looks at his blood stained hands, sniffing at the blood.

ZEBRA

God how I miss the colour of blood.

He walks past her twitching body.

**INT - TUNNEL - PASSAGEWAY**

Iona comes to a brick archway containing a large rusty barred gate leading out into the main tunnel. She shoves it open, slamming it behind her.

Zebra is close behind. She strips the gun, rams the slider into the hasp -- snaps it off -- jamming the gate closed

Zebra yanks at it in fury. Iona registers the sign of SPIRIT on his wrist.

IONA

You didn't need to kill her.

ZEBRA

She was annoying. Besides you've killed my people. We survive by living in your stinking flesh. But now it's just you and me.

IONA

As you don't value life you don't deserve it. I took it from your friends and I'll take it from you.

ZEBRA

You won't be the first to try...and fail. Your friends will die, and all for nothing. Because life means nothing.

IONA

You're wrong. It means everything. David taught me that. He was alive, but you're so dead. A fallen angel so far from Heaven you've mistaken your Hell for life...

She reaches into her pocket. Holds out the diamonds she took from the morgue.

She looks through one of them -- its many facets split Zebras face into hundreds of tiny windows. Each successive image shows what he really is, a black demonic shadow in the shape of a man.

ZEBRA

You're wrong. I'm just a victim like you. Someone has to pay the price for the sins of the many...

IONA

That depends on how you look at it.

Zebra stares enthralled at the diamonds.

ZEBRA

Those are mine.

IONA

Why are they so important to you? Why have girls carry them for you, and then murder them...

Zebra smiles.

ZEBRA

You think I like seeing the world like this I was an artist once, when I was human, don't you think I miss the pleasure of seeing real blood spilled?

He looks at his bloodstained hands.

ZEBRA

A hundred souls have washed those diamonds in their blood, imbued them with their essence, and now they are ready to use as my windows into your world, to see it as it is again.

(beat)

In all its decadent glory.

Iona looks at him with horrified fascination.

IONA

You murdered all those people, used their pain and blood...their souls, for these?

She stares at the diamonds -- fascinated by their grotesque history. Zebra looks at them -- licks his lips, leans closer.

ZEBRA

You think you invented the term blood diamond?

He lunges through the bars of the gate and snatches the gems from her hands.

He holds the stones against his flat grey eyes -- they are absorbed into his sockets with a flash of power.

#### **ZEBRA'S POV**

Everything is now in hyper real colour -- overwhelming in its clarity.

ON ZEBRA

Drinking in the rush of images to his brain, swimming in the new sensations.

ZEBRA

Now I will enjoy seeing you bleed.

Iona turns and runs down the side of the canal, heading towards the faint glimmer of light at the other end.

#### **EXT - GRAVEYARD**

Iona runs out of the tunnel entrance onto a path alongsidethe canal. On the left of her is the graveyard where David is buried.

She heads up some steps into it -- leaves a trail of blood in the snow from the cuts on her arms.

In the distance the Clock Tower juts into the sky like a jagged grey tooth. It's surrounded by scaffolding, and flapping blue plastic sheeting.

**INT - CHURCH**

Iona staggers through the old wooden doors into the church. There has been some sort of harvest festival going on.

Piles of bread and fruit are heaped around a straw man propped against the nave.

She heads through a door and up some stairs leading to the roof.

**EXT - GRAVEYARD - THAT MOMENT**

Zebra is on his knees -- it looks like he's praying.

ZEBRA'S POV

A searing bright red trail in the snow -- he can now see the blood -- he dips a finger into the snow -- sniffs it.

BACK TO SCENE

On Zebra -- as he looks at us -- eyes blazing with a million sparkling facets of evil -- reflections of the blood swirling like a red mist across his brilliant diamond eyes.

**EXT - CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT**

The blue plastic tarpaulin surrounding three sides, flaps in the wind. The open side looks out across the snow covered graveyard.

Iona moves amongst the builder's debris. Past a box of roofing slates -- scaffold tubing -- wooden planks -- rope and abandoned tools.

She looks out over the deserted graveyard -- looks at the clocks -- originally four faces -- now only one is repaired -- a translucent white glass with black wrought iron Gothic hands.

Of the three others, two are still stained and rusty -- the fourth dial is just a black hole.

It's ten minutes to midnight. Iona shivers, the beatings, loss of blood and lack of sleep catching up with her. The tarpaulins flap malevolently in the wind -- mocking her.

**A SERIES OF SHOTS**

Multi-tool working at bolts on scaffolding joints. Rope sliding through pulleys.

Scaffolding tubes being moved around.

BACK TO SCENE

Iona seems calm. She's prepared. The night is quiet, save for the soft chittering of the clocks mechanism and the thud as the minute hand shudders forwards.

And then he's there, the briefest shifting of perspective as the light from the moon glints in his shining eyes.

He sits with his back against the side of the empty clock dial, a spectral shape within the shadow.

When he speaks his voice sounds weary -- timeless, like a man who's seen it all before and is bored.

He leans out of the dark into a shaft of moonlight -- his eyes flash with a supernatural brilliance.

ZEBRA

It doesn't have to end this way.  
You don't want to die, I can taste  
your thirst for life.

Iona looks at him with cold disbelief.

IONA

You're offering me life?

Zebra sighs.

ZEBRA

Join us and you really can have it  
all. You and your little group  
believed in another dimension.  
Think of an infinite number of  
dimensions. Where the future can  
affect the past and your past can  
become your future. You could be  
with David or Alex...or both.

IONA

What makes you think I would ever  
want to be part of your evil...

Zebra smiles at her.

ZEBRA

Your mother would have said the  
same...

Iona stares at him.

IONA

You never knew my mother.

ZEBRA

Oh we knew each other. You could  
say I was her last date...

Iona looks at him -- a moment of clarity.

ZEBRA

The 9th of September 1960, I forget the exact time, but we certainly shared a moment.

Iona looks into the cold glittering eyes of Zebra.

**ZEBRA'S POV - FILTER - FLASHBACK**

A RED Honda Civic Wagon in a ditch. A LORRY, it's front smashed in, slewed across the road.

Paramedics deliver a baby from Iona's dying mother MIRANDA BLUE. Another body lies under a blanket beside the car.

ZEBRA (V.O.)

I didn't know she was carrying you.

Zebra walks from behind the truck that smashed into the Honda, nobody sees him leave -- he's invisible.

ON IONA

Blood draining from a face already pale in the moonlight.

IONA

You killed her.

ZEBRA

Why do you think you were chosen to track us down.

(beat, then)

This has been going on for longer than you can imagine.

IONA

I don't believe you.

ZEBRA

You think the crash made you the way you are? Your mother made you, just like all of your kind. You'll never win...you never do.

And then Iona is running at him, fury burning in her eyes as she throws herself through the air.

IONA

You're wrong.

Zebra pulls his 9mm and unleashes a torrent of lead at her -- the scaffold tubes behind glitter with a deadly fire as Bullets ricochet off into the night.

Iona smashes into Zebra, knocking him to the floor -- and is up and running again as he rakes the air with lead.

Bullets fly past her as she races along one side of the clock tower and ducks out of sight.

Zebra picks himself up and runs after her -- turns the corner in time to see Iona hurl herself towards the sheets of flapping plastic and disappear.

He lets fly another hail of bullets -- peppering the tarpaulin -- moves cautiously to the edge -- peers over.

**SMASH!**

Iona swings back on the rope she has jumped at -- knocking him off his feet. The gun spinning to the ground below.

He gets up, pulls a dagger from the top of his cane. Advances on Iona once again.

**WHOOSH!**

ZEBRA

You are full of surprises.

Iona sends a roof slate spinning towards him -- it thuds into his shoulder knocking him off balance. Sends his cane spinning down through the scaffolding.

Another slate whistles past his face -- he straightens up. Iona's vanished.

He edges slowly round the tower's first corner --nothing --he moves around the second corner.

In front of him a box of bricks swings in space hanging out over one side of the tower.

A rope leads up from the box to a pulley -- before snaking down into the darkness far below.

The rope creaks under the weight of the box. The clock hand shudders towards midnight. CRACK!

The rope holding the bricks screams through the pulley. The bricks hurtle down towards the ground.

A dark figure hanging onto the rope rockets upwards.

Zebra lunges at the body hanging from the rope as it draws level -- plunging the blade deep into its heart!

The STRAW MAN on the end of the rope looks at him -- expressionless -- it has no heart.

Zebra whirls round. Too late.

A slithering sound.

Iona hurtles down the angled slate roof of the clock tower. Rams the pointed hand of the cherub weather vane through Zebra's shoulder -- pinning him to the wooden planking. Zebra hisses with pain.

ZEBRA

You do learn fast.

And with that he rips the weather vane out of his flesh and the wood -- blood spurting from his wound.

Lunges at Iona.

She moves fast -- not fast enough -- the blade plunges into her shoulder. She kicks Zebra away from her -- pulling the blade out and throwing it into the night.

They face each other warily -- bloodied but unbowed -- backlit silhouettes of good and evil against the newly refurbished clock face.

Iona's foot catches on something -- she snatches up the minute hand from the old clock dial.

She lunges at Zebra, he dodges the thrust.

Iona's momentum plunges the minute hand through the glass of the clock face behind him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The tip of the clock hand smashes into the mechanism -- jamming between the escapement claw and the gearing.

Time stops -- in the mechanical dimension at least.

As the clock mechanism shudders to a halt -- we go to:

**INT - IONA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

The circling wraiths are gaining strength with each passing minute.

The kitchen window bangs open.

The curtains flap as the wind grows stronger.

And then it suddenly reverses, sucking loose papers and curtains through the open window.

The grains of salt are sucked across the floor -- exposing the circle of chalk -- one less line of protection.

**LORENZO'S POV**

He stands in a road -- the screech of brakes fills the room -- he sees himself holding the child -- it's dying in his arms.

Under this:

LORENZO (V.O.)  
I'll get help.

And he does. Ignoring a voice muffled by the wind.

GAENOR (V.O.)  
Lorenzo! Don't move!

**INT - IONA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

In Iona's living room. Lorenzo is outside the circle.

LORENZO'S POV

The others in the circle yelling at him. He can't hear them above the sound and fury of the swirling black storm that starts to engulf him.

**INT. IONA'S FLAT - NIGHT**

The others are yelling at him to get back into the circle. It's too late -- the blackness smothers him -- he's torn apart -- vaporized into black smoke.

His face whirls round the room, part of the swirling blackness -- and then he's gone.

Derek, Gaenor and Josh, hold each others hands as the ring of evil tightens around them. The evil twists around them screaming in frustration and fury

**THE KITCHEN SINK.**

The whole thing is starting to vibrate.

The joints in the taps begin to leak water -- the doors beneath the basin fly open -- the waste begins to unscrew -- the stop cock spins.

**BANG!**

Jets of water punch through -- needles of liquid probing into the room -- hitting the chalk circle. Washing it away!

**INT - TOWER - CLOCK MECHANISM**

The clock hand is wrenched from the mechanism. Time resumes -- physically and metaphysically.

**EXT - CLOCK TOWER - SAMETIME**

Iona again lunges at Zebra who dodges her thrust causing Iona to smash her weapon into the wall of the tower.

Waves of pain EXPLODE through her injured shoulder. The clock hand is jarred out of her grasp.

Spins down through the dark.

Lands with a thud in the earth far below.

The clock hand clicks forwards.

Two minutes to midnight. They face each other. Zebra moves towards her.

Iona reaches into her pocket and pulls out... The MULTI-TOOL that Josh gave her.

Light flares from the built in MAGLITE.

Zebra's eyes flare with the brilliance of a thousand suns. He staggers towards the edge of the scaffold, covering his eyes trying to shield them from the light, howling with pain.

Around the clock tower the tarpaulin sheets flap and billow.

DAVID'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Don't look back.

**ON IONA.**

Her face. A decision is made.

And as the minute hand quivers -- Iona runs full tilt at--

ZEBRA

BANG. Hits him hard -- wrapping her arms around him in a deadly embrace.

Her momentum sends them both tumbling over the guard rail.

They hang in space for a second before falling down through the night air.

SLO-MO

Iona rides Zebra down through the softly falling snow -- the white flakes pulsing as they catch the moonlight -- a snowflake drifts past Iona's eyes -- we go in on her face.

IONA'S POV

A giant close up of the snowflake's crystalline structure as it floats towards her. Other snowflakes join it forming complex geometric patterns depicting the sign for SPIRIT the CABALA.

BACK TO SCENE

They land with a sickening wet thud. Impaled face to face on the old clock hand sticking up like a spear from the ground.

The diamonds are jolted from Zebra's sockets and thud into the ground leaking blood.

As we widen out we see that they are in the centre of a giant moon dial.

Shadow time formed by the clock hand that pierces them.

One of the diamonds sparkles in the snow marking midnight. The moon moves the shadow of the Gothic clock hand towards it.

Blood stains the snow beneath them.

The dull chimes of the clock begin to strike -- Iona looks into the demonic face of Zebra -- his damaged grey eyes running with bloody tears as his power drains away.

**IONA'S FLAT - THAT SECOND GAENOR'S POV**

Water rises up through the sink plug hole -- it's green and murky -- it flows over the top of the sink, washes in a tide towards her.

Under the surface a pale face -- a child's hand fighting to get to the surface -- her drowning sister. Under this:

GAENOR (V.O.)

Orla!

She reaches down to try and drag her sister out of the water.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Derek is walking towards something in the corner of the room.

DEREK'S POV

The girl we saw in his squat during the overdose flashback -- only this time she's alive -- convulsing -- choking to death.

He's trying to reach her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Gaenor is standing out of the circle. The water is only a trickle running across the floor towards the chalk circle.

The whirling darkness is moving towards her. Getting closer, malignant faces screeching from the whirling maelstrom.

The whirling black vortex explodes -- becomes SMOKE. Gaenor's and Derek's outstretched hands are held by Josh, it's taken all his strength -- they're both still in the circle. Tears run down Gaenor's cheeks -- Derek is distraught.

GAENOR

I saw Orla, like when I was a  
child.

Derek looks over into the corner of the room.

DEREK

I couldn't save her.

JOSH

I know, that's what they wanted.  
They used our darkest fears to  
trick us out of the circle.

Gaenor suddenly doubles up with pain.

GAENOR

Iona...!

**EXT - GRAVEYARD - THAT MOMENT**

The clock chimes it's final stroke. Zebra slumps -- his  
spirit leaves him like black smoke.

Iona looks across to where she can see David's grave. She  
smiles -- hears his voice whispering on the wind.

And as the echo of the last chime reverberates across the  
white shrouded graveyard, Zebra's body crumbles away --  
Iona's eyes close -- a smile on her face.

The falling snow gently caresses Iona.

Her body begins to change -- shimmering as it turns to golden  
sand.

Rising up through the night sky against a backdrop of falling  
snow and twinkling stars. Rolling across the heavens in  
silken sheets fading before our eyes. Iona has gone home.

And down in the cemetery a solitary figure stops sweeping for  
a moment.

ON JIMMY

The Sweeper looks up at the night sky and smiles. He looks  
years younger.

FADE OUT.