

TOMBHOLES

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MACHPELAH CEMETERY, QUEENS, NEW YORK - 1994 - NIGHT

JOSEPH GRANT (50s), prematurely grey, enthusiastic, eyes full of passion, stands by an old Dodge generator truck. His son JAMES (12), stands next to him, pensive. They put goggles on.

TITLE: MACHPELAH CEMETERY, QUEENS, NEW YORK - 1994

JAMES

I don't see anything.

JOSEPH

You won't, until I fire up the generator.

He goes over to the truck. Hits some switches. The generator hums. A machine mounted on the back spreads a fan of laser light across the cemetery. Needles on dials head towards MAX.

JAMES

Oh wow!

In the laser's beam. The cemetery is full of corona holes, like miniature eclipses of the sun -- ringed by vivid purple auras. Ranging from inches to several feet in diameter.

JOSEPH

Impressive huh?

JAMES

Isn't the radiation dangerous.

JOSEPH

Naa, the only radiation is in the core of the device, and I made sure that's well shielded.

James stares in awe at the pulsing lights.

JAMES

What are they?

JOSEPH

Primordial Black Holes. Left over from when the universe was formed.

JAMES

Cool!

JOSEPH

If my theory works we could harness their interatomic vibrational forces, use them to do almost anything, intergalactic travel, teleporting through time and space, it could revolutionise our world.

The generator starts to race -- the dials on the truck's control panel pushing past max into the danger zone.

JAMES
What's happening?

Joseph starts to flick switches. A control unit sparks, bursts into flames. Joseph puts it out with a small extinguisher. The laser beams die.

JOSEPH
Still got a few snags to iron out,
but one day...one day it'll change
the world.

James looks like he's heard this throughout his childhood.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - PRESENT DAY

Stars gleam against the oily black of space. A SPACE-PROBE glistens -- hangs like a bug in front of Mars.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
The mars space program gets a new
shooting star this week in the
shape of astrophysicist James
Grant.

INT. THE GRANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

LEGS moves past the picture of the space probe on a TV screen. HANDS collect car keys from a coffee table, precise, efficient movements.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER
James's father, world famous
astrophysicist Joseph Grant...

JAMES GRANT, now in his thirties. Tall, neat, hair short, like his patience. He shrugs on a jacket. Checks his watch.

JAMES
It's nearly nine.

MARY GRANT (30s) bursts into the room like a tornado. Finishes some toast, tidies a stray hair, rifles in her handbag, text books clamped under one arm -- beauty in chaos.

MARY
It's a school run not a space
launch.

JAMES
I still have stuff to do.

She looks at him with her cornflower blue eyes. A smile lights up her face as she sees him on the TV. The picture switches to his father Joseph. He wears goggles.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER

...famous for his theory on
gravitational fields and primordial
black holes, tragically died before
he could prove his theory, since
validated by his son.

Joseph and James stand next to the old Dodge generator truck.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

...and finally. Controversial
french archeologist Magda Blyth...

On screen MAGDA BLYTH (20s) an olive skinned blonde with the
smile of a winner, holds up a small silver cross. The sun
bleached ruins of Roman columns behind her.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

...who recently claimed to have
found one of the mythical twelve
crosses of the Apostles...

James stares at the screen with just a little bit too much
interest. Mary hits the off button. Dumps the remote onto
the sofa.

MARY

Maybe she can help find Alonzo's
homework.

James picks up the remote. Aligns it on the table next to the
others, a final adjustment to his electronic soldiers.

INT. SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Mary and James stand outside a classroom full of noisy
children painting. James peers through the windowed door.

MARY

They're learning religion and
history through art.

(beat)

It is possible you know.

JAMES

What?

MARY

Learning from the past. Some people
still believe in God.

JAMES

I think the space crew's belief is
usually in half a million gallons
of liquid oxygen.

MARY

Maybe, but when that lump of metal lifts off I bet you there's only one guy they're praying to.

JAMES

Whatever works.

MARY

See you tonight then.

James gives an exaggerated look of puzzlement. Smiles.

JAMES

Tonight? Oh right, our anniversary. Don't worry. Table's booked for seven.

MARY

And you'll make it?

JAMES

I'll align the planets.

MARY

You'd better.

She gives him a kiss, it goes on a little too long. The children start to make a noise behind them. She pulls away.

MARY (CONT'D)

Bad boy.

JAMES

Heh, don't blame me. How'd you do that thing you do with your tongue anyway?

Mary pushes her tongue out - rolls it into a tube. Laughs.

MARY

It's a birth defect, get outta' here.

She pushes through into the classroom -- a wall of noise spilling out behind her.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

James's cell rings as he gets into the car.

JAMES

Hi. Now? Okay. I'm on my way.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA - DAY

Screens everywhere. NASA engineers stare intently at readouts of the various systems on board the Mars probe. A TV screen displays the end of the CNN NEWS.

VINCE NAYLOR (50s), Team leader. A buzzcut, and a pile driver for a brain. Chugs coffee from a large mug.

NAYLOR

I hope this propeller head knows what he's doing.

An ENGINEER, (30s), eager, hands him some printouts.

ENGINEER

He's a genius.

NAYLOR

You'd better pray he's as good as you think, or we're gonna' be looking at a billion dollar crater.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA - LATER

James plugs the final lead into a pile of sixteen interlinked SONY NGP games consoles. Naylor shakes his head.

NAYLOR

You're kidding?

James hits a key. Screens fill with complex graphics.

ENGINEER

The US Air force used over seventeen hundred of them in Condor. One of the most powerful supercomputers in the world.

James clicks some computer links -- on the screens RADIO TELESCOPES all over the world link together to produce a complex web of information.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

Awesome.

JAMES

By correlating data from amateur and pro sites I can see if there are any unusual x-ray emissions.

He hits some keys -- a blurred shadow appears on screen directly in the path of the Mars space probe.

JAMES (CONT'D)

There. The probe's fighting a gravitational field.

The engineer jumps in. Staring at the screens.

ENGINEER

A black hole?

A schematic of a gravitational field flows around the spacecraft -- directly in its projected path to Mars.

NAYLOR

Bullshit. Nearest Black Hole is in the Sagittarius constellation. Over sixteen hundred light years away.

JAMES

V four six four one is the nearest mapped Black Hole. But if you go with Hawkings radiation...

ENGINEER

Primordial Black Holes...

NAYLOR

What?

JAMES

They're not formed by stellar core collapse, so the only way we can locate them is...

ENGINEER

Your theory!

NAYLOR

The probe doesn't have enough fuel to go round. And with the extra fuel burn it won't have enough to slow its descent for landing.

JAMES

There's another option.

NAYLOR

Spit it out Gameboy.

James hits a key -- digits stream across the screen.

JAMES

Once I map it's field, I can plot a course through it.

NAYLOR

Through it! Are you nuts?

ENGINEER

Genius!

Naylor glares at him.

NAYLOR

You wanna' run that by me?

He reaches over to Naylor's mug of coffee, picks it up.

JAMES

Okay?

Naylor reluctantly nods. James picks up a cube of sugar.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Sound, light, atoms, everything in the universe vibrates with interatomic forces. Elastic waves of different amplitudes and frequencies. All unique.

He drops the sugar into the coffee. Ripples spread out across the surface of the liquid, hit the side. Head back into the middle and collide -- produce an airborne droplet.

JAMES (CONT'D)

My father believed that if you could work out an objects atomic frequency and match it, you could travel through space and time. He saw the possibilities as infinite.

NAYLOR

So how's ruining my coffee prove that?

JAMES

The gravitational field within a primordial black hole can be calculated using his theory. Once that's done, we can match the speed of the probe and...

Naylor rubs his face -- now he's getting it.

NAYLOR

Eject it out the other side.

JAMES

Exactly. The ship becomes the water droplet when the ripples collide.

NAYLOR

What's their fuel window?

JAMES

Once it hits Mar's outer atmosphere...

(beat)

Five minutes.

NAYLOR

That's close.

JAMES

It's that or get ready to name a new crater.

NAYLOR

Okay Gameboy, it's your show.

The Engineer grins. Nods at the games machines.

ENGINEER

Actually, they're N.G.Ps.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Chaos. Children painting. Mary inspects their work. Vikings attacking a monastery, an Armada of ships on fire, a German Tank, swastika flying from the turret -- gun blazing.

ALONZO (12), red haired and intense, hunches over a games console. Mary waves her hand in front of his face.

MARY

You're meant to be painting Alonzo.

Alonzo looks up -- petulant.

ALONZO

It's the final level, once I find the last relic I'll have infinite lives.

MARY

But I don't have infinite patience, this is meant to be an art class.

ALONZO

This is digital art. I even get to be in the game...look!

He points to the screen.

ALONZO (CONT'D).

That's my Avatar. I can be anybody I want!

MARY

Okay, maybe you could paint yourself into a scene from history.

ALONZO

Cool! I'm gonna be a stormtrooper.

MARY

Oh yeah, that's just what the world needs, more stormtroopers.

She goes over to another boys painting -- Viking warriors attacking a church, their leader waves a machine gun.

MARY (CONT'D)

They didn't have guns back then
Zeke.

Zeke shrugs, "whatever" paints a huge axe over the gun.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mary sits alone at a table, candles burnt low. A half empty bottle of wine. She pulls her cell out -- taps the screen.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA - NIGHT

The probe heads towards the edge of the gravitational field. James punches course directions into the computer. His cellphone vibrates on the desk. MARY: "WHERE ARE YOU!"

JAMES

In three...three, two, ONE.

The engineer hits a key. The computer tracks the trajectory. The space craft hits the gravitational field -- goes in.

NAYLOR

What's happening?

JAMES

Give it time...

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mary heads towards the door -- angrily grabs her coat.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA - NIGHT

Digits count down to zero -- and past. James punches data into the computer. Gnaws at his lip. Everyone holds their breath.

JAMES

C'mon.

Suddenly the screen updates -- the spacecraft's clear of the black hole's gravitational pull -- on course for Mars.

NAYLOR

Damn!

The room erupts with cheers -- headsets are sent spinning into the air. People high five each other. James smiles, looks at his phone. His face falls. He races out.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mary walks out of the restaurant -- heads along the sidewalk. Pulls out her cell. Hits redial.

INT. JAMES'S CAR - NIGHT

Rain slaps on the windscreen as James races through the night. Jumping lights on yellow -- glancing at his watch.

A CELLPHONE on the passenger seat glows -- MARY flashes on the screen. James brakes, the cell flies off the seat -- hits the floor -- slides under the seat. He grabs for it.

EXT. RESTAURANT - STREET - NIGHT

Mary listens on the phone.

MARY

...you said you'd be here...you left me in that restaurant on my own on our anniversary...where the hell are you?

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Archeologist Magda Blyth stands at the kerb waiting for traffic to stop. Her cell rings -- the lights turn to yellow.

INT. JAMES'S CAR - VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD - NIGHT

Rain hammers off the glass -- James flicks the wiper switch to maximum. Ducks quickly down -- tries to grab the phone. It slides around in the footwell -- evading his fingers.

He comes up -- swings around the corner. Makes a last attempt to grab the phone -- his fingers close around it. He straightens up -- yanks the wheel hard -- the car skids.

While across town, at exactly the same time...

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A TRUCK races towards the lights -- Magda talks on her cell -- steps out into the road...

INT. JAMES'S CAR - VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD - NIGHT

Mary on her cell -- still talking. Turns to see the CAR.

BANG!

An explosion of BLOOD. The windshield splinters -- wiper-blades smear the blood away -- reveal Mary's pale face -- eyes wide with shock as she slides from the hood.

OFF JAMES'S devastated face.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU ROOM - NIGHT

James sits by the bed -- holds Mary's hand. Her head swathed in bandages, eyes shut. A small bunch of snowdrops in a vase by the bed. A jug of water. Vital signs displayed on screens.

James touches Mary's cheek tenderly.

JAMES

Oh God Mary. I'm so sorry, I got it wrong. You should have come first.

(beat)

If there's a way to bring you back I'll find it. I promise.

The door opens and DOCTOR WARING (40s) comes in, younger than his demeanor implies. He checks some readings, makes notes.

JAMES (CONT'D)

How is she?

DOCTOR WARING

She suffered a severe blow to the frontal lobe. The only activity registering is in the medial septal area of the brain. The part that controls theta rhythms.

James looks at him -- not taking it in.

DOCTOR WARING (CONT'D)

Theta rhythm's are most active between sleeping and waking...the lucid dream state.

He taps some buttons on the monitor -- flicks through the various readouts. Three flatlines -- a fourth flickers.

JAMES

If that's all she has...

DOCTOR WARING

We don't really know how the brain processes Theta. Bats use them to echo locate. It could be that the other brain functions will return if she comes out of her coma.

James looks at Mary, searching for some hope.

DOCTOR WARING (CONT'D)

I'm going to be honest. With the damage she's sustained, we're looking for a miracle.

James's face fills with total despair.

INT. THE GRANT HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A mess. Pizza and fast food cartons litter the room. The bed unmade, James unshaven and dishevelled. Looks like he hasn't slept or left the room for days.

He's hunched over an IPAD. His eyes dark ringed -- wired.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Web-sites flick past on the screen -- medical trials, stem cell research -- coma patient studies -- printouts of experiments on catatonic patients.

The web-sites and articles become more esoteric as James delves into the Shamanistic and spiritual sides of healing.

Sites focussed on the power of miracles and healing.

INT. GRANT HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

James lies asleep. Face drained -- eyes twitching with REM movement -- deep within a dream.

EXT. GREEK TEMPLE SITE - DAY (JAMES'S DREAM)

James stares out across an ancient temple site. Sparkling blue sea in the background. A WOMAN has her back to him. She starts to turn around -- a halo of sun streams behind her.

JAMES (V.O.)

Mary?

The woman's face resolves into Magda Blyth the archeologist.

MAGDA (V.O.)

...the rest of the crosses may well be out there somewhere. It's all about taking a leap of faith and believing that one day I'll find them...

INT. GRANT HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

James snaps awake. A video clip frozen on the Ipad. Magda Blyth's face stares out at him from an archeological website.

EXT. GRANT HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

The electric door swings open. Fluorescent light flickers on. James yanks a tarp off a dusty shape -- reveals his father's old Dodge Army generator truck.

EXT. MAGDA BLYTH'S WORKSHOP - DAY

A tired James stands outside a small industrial unit near the river in the early morning sun. The Dodge parked behind him. He clutches an Ipad in one hand. On the building above him...

A faded sign: "MAGDA BLYTH, archeological expeditions and restoration".

He rings the bell. A window scrapes open on the first floor. Magda leans out. Golden tresses like spun cotton across her eyes -- sun forming a halo behind her. The face of an angel.

MAGDA

Hello.

James looks up.

JAMES

Hi. Er Magda Blyth?

MAGDA

Yes?

JAMES

It's about the cross.

MAGDA

You a journalist?

JAMES

No, but I can pay you for your time.

Magda grins.

MAGDA

I'll be down in a sec.

Her head disappears from the window. The lock buzzes. James pushes the door open.

INT. MAGDA'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Dusty workbenches, shelves crammed with small fragments of stone statues. Some Roman urns sit on a plastic sheet.

Various pictures clutter a corkboard. Magda as a child with her family in Paris, the Eifel Tower behind them -- on archeological digs as a student.

A TV on the wall runs CNN on mute.

James wanders around. He goes over to a shelf on which sits a small SILVER CROSS the size of his hand. For all it's rough hewn simplicity, it possesses an aura of power.

James reaches towards it. Footsteps clatter down a wooden staircase behind him. Magda appears. Hair tied back, jeans and a shirt.

MAGDA

It's got something, don't you think?

Her eyes sparkle with intelligence. Magda pours herself a black coffee, adds cream and sugar -- holds the flask up to James, he nods. She pours another. Rubs at her side, winces.

JAMES

Do you believe the religious mythology?

Magda hands him a mug of coffee. James puts his Ipad down.

MAGDA

It would be one of the greatest archeological discoveries of all time. If I could prove it.

JAMES

If the crosses are linked to the resurrection of Christ, then that would mean...

MAGDA

A major recall on bibles...

Magda smiles, takes a sip of coffee.

JAMES

That's an understatement. You'd be dismantling the entire basis of Christianity.

MAGDA

I'm sure there's a God for everyone. When people have nothing in their lives they need something to believe in. Sometimes a leader fills a vacuum created by discontent, and that's not always good.

JAMES

Like Hitler?

MAGDA

One of many. And as for religion, I'm not a supporter of a construct where people go to war over one another's imaginary friends.

She goes over to the cross, hands James gloves. He slips them on and picks it up -- looks at it.

JAMES

It's beautiful.

Magda stretches up to a shelf for an old book. She winces with pain, accidentally dislodges some paperbacks they hit the floor. James helps to pick them up, looks at a couple.

"The De Vinci Code" and "The Holy Blood and The Holy Grail"

JAMES (CONT'D)

Research?

MAGDA

My dad's.

She puts the paperbacks on the shelf. Flicks through the old book to an illustration. The shrouded figure of Jesus, lying in a candlelit cave surrounded by twelve silver crosses.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

Here it is.

Another illustration shows a roman soldier crouched outside the cave, golden eyes burning. James taps the picture.

JAMES

Who's that?

MAGDA

Longinus, the Roman soldier that speared Jesus on the cross.

EXT. GOLGOTHA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lightening silhouettes a wooden cross on which a dying MAN hangs limply. Blood drips from a nail. Thunder rolls.

TITLE: GOLGOTHA, JERUSALEM, ISRAEL - 33 AD

LONGINUS, a Roman soldier, thrusts a SPEAR into the side of the man on the cross. Blood and water gout out.

JAMES (V.O.)

The spear of destiny.

A tremor shakes the ground. The moon turns red.

MAGDA (V.O.)

The Apostles used the nails from the cross, silver coins and their blood, to forge the crosses.

INT. BLACKSMITHS - NIGHT

Nails and silver coins melt in a crucible -- The Apostles draw blood with a knife -- adding drops from each of them to the molten metal -- the liquid vaporizes as it hits.

HANDS forge silver CROSSES. A WOMAN, with a serene beauty works on their design -- her name is MARY MAGDALEN.

MAGDA

And placed them in the tomb.

INT. CHRIST'S TOMB - GOLGOTHA, JERUSALEM - NIGHT

Twelve small silver crosses glint in the candlelight. A shrouded body lies on a stone slab. The candles gutter out.

Under the shroud -- EYES snap open.

EXT. CHRIST'S TOMB - GOLGOTHA, JERUSALEM - NIGHT

Mist drifts across the ground. Longinus stands guard, rubbing his hands together against the biting cold.

The huge circular stone GRINDS aside -- reveals the dark entrance. Longinus slips inside.

A powerful light pours from the tomb.

Longinus staggers out, covering his eyes, tries to shield himself from the force of the light -- body arching as he's overwhelmed by its unearthly power.

His EYES blaze with a golden fire.

MAGDA (V.O.)

Some say he was trying to steal the crosses, others that he was converted and became the 13th Apostle, spreading the word of God.

INT. MAGDA'S WORKSHOP - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Magda turns to another illustration of Longinus falling into a dark pit.

MAGDA

There's even a suggestion that he was cursed for eternity.

On the TV. James's face flashes up on the CNN news -- a ticker tape crawls below "Astrophysicist's wife in coma". James reacts.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

It's okay. I knew who you were the moment I saw you.

Magda touches his arm -- a warmth in her look.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

You think the crosses could save your wife? They could be anywhere.

James looks at her, determined.

JAMES

If they're out there, I'll find them.

Magda stares at him. A look in her eyes, admiration.

She goes over to a chart on the wall -- a **TIMELINE** of historical events. Notes on where the crosses were last seen. Annotations by Magda on dead ends in her research.

MAGDA

It took me five years to find this one. It could take a lifetime to find the rest.

He looks at her -- a sadness in his eyes.

JAMES

I don't have a lifetime.

James stares at the cross behind her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

James walks down the street like a man in a trance -- heads towards the traffic lights at an intersection.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

James stands at the side of the road -- hands hanging limply by his side -- face devoid of expression. The traffic lights change to red. People stream across the road, jostling him.

The lights turn green -- traffic roars past -- a **TRUCK** barrels towards the lights -- they change to yellow, the driver hits the gas.

James **STEPS OUT!**

Is yanked back. Into the arms of Magda.

MAGDA

Whoa! That was close.

James looks at her -- snaps out of his daze.

JAMES

Sorry, I...

MAGDA

Don't sweat it. I nearly went the same way last night. Just wasn't paying attention.

She rubs at her side -- winces.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

Truck grazed me...aches like crazy,

She reaches into her handbag. Pulls out something wrapped in a cloth -- the cross.

MAGDA (CONT'D)
I want you to take this.

James looks at her, looks at the cross.

JAMES
I can't keep this.

MAGDA
Bring it back when you feel strong
enough.

She hands the cross over to James. He looks down at it,
looks up. Magda's gone.

EXT. MACHPELAH CEMETERY, QUEENS, NEW YORK - NIGHT

James trudges through the cemetery. He clutches the cross in
his hand. Halts at a headstone. An inscription etched in the
marble.

"JOSEPH GRANT 1945-1994

James leans down, takes some dead flowers from a holder on
the ground. Clears some dried leaves away.

JAMES
Why'd you do it? You were so
near...you could have stayed, seen
it through. At least have given me
a chance to explain.

He straightens up. Stares out across the rows of tombstones,
stone angels and mausoleums that stretch into the distance.

JAMES (CONT'D)
And now Mary. Is it any wonder I
don't believe anymore. Are you
happy? Up there boring the angels
with your theories...well tell them
this...it works...and you know
what? It doesn't matter anymore.

He wanders through the graveyard. Desolate, aimless. Comes to
a large mausoleum, bearing an inscription.

"HARRY HOUDINI 1874-1926"

He falls to his knees.

Slams his fist into the unyielding stone. Above him an
electrical storm splinters the clouds with lightning. He
lashes out with bloodied fists at the unforgiving stone.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I want her back, I'll do anything.
Just bring her back!

He hits the stone -- weaker now, heart racing, overcome by emotion -- and then...

The HEADSTONE begins to pulse with blue light. The lightening above grows stronger.

Thunder rolls across the city. The CROSS in his hand glows with a strange power -- energy crackling across its surface.

A vortex of light begins to swirl around the marble headstone, forming a luminous tunnel of light leading into the ground behind the stone...

Beams of light crisscross the stones in the cemetery. Form a glowing grid -- an astral transit map.

JAMES

Eyes staring -- face wreathed in a pure blue light.

WHOOSH.

EXT. ABOVE THE CEMETERY - NIGHT

HIGH AND WIDE -- Below us the cemetery. Each of the gravestones and mausoleums linked by lines of pure force intersecting a myriad of primordial black holes.

Psychic interchanges on the spiritual highways between the past and the present. And then we're...

INT. SPIRITUAL TRANSIT LINE

Shooting through a tunnel of pure psychic energy -- our body stretched to an impossible degree as we travel through the primordial portal leaving today -- headed for the past.

Either side of the tunnel of light -- glimpses of foreign landscapes, the outlines of other cemeteries around the world, all connected to this vast astral transit system.

And then with a blinding flash we're in...

EXT. NEW YORK - MACHPELAH CEMETERY - 1926

The flare from a photographer's flash powder tray fades. A mourner passes carrying a funeral program. The words embossed on heavy card -- **HARRY HOUDINI - 1874-1926**

INSERT TITLE: Machpelah Cemetery, Queens, New York - 1926

James looks around. A large party of mourners head through the cemetery. The cars around the entrance are dated, the mourners wear old fashioned clothing.

James, groggy and disorientated, watches the proceedings.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

The mourners have left. James stands in front of Houdini's gravestone. A MAN approaches. Tall, with a mop of springy white hair and piercing eyes.

HARRY BLACKSTONE (40s), a magician, and rival to Houdini. He flicks a look at James, takes in his clothes.

BLACKSTONE

If anybody can do it he can.

JAMES

Sorry?

BLACKSTONE

He promised Bess he'd make contact with her from beyond the grave.

JAMES

Maybe he believed he could pull it off.

Blackstone looks at him keenly.

BLACKSTONE

One last show to top them all.

(beat)

He'd be competing with a headline act.

JAMES

The resurrection?

BLACKSTONE

The ultimate work of magic.

He looks at James.

BLACKSTONE (CONT'D)

Pardon me. I may be treading on your beliefs.

JAMES

I have hope. I'm not sure that's the same as a belief. How about you, what do you believe?

BLACKSTONE

I believe in infinite possibilities. Maybe he will contact her from beyond the grave, just not as his himself.

JAMES

Buddhism?

BLACKSTONE

That's limiting. I've studied most of the more esoteric religions. The pre columbian Indian ceremonies of ora-i-bi-po-wanu, whicker, voodoo

JAMES

You believe in Zombies?

BLACKSTONE

Practitioners of Voodoo believe that if a person dies before they've fulfilled their dreams their spirit goes on to finish it. That doesn't necessarily mean you'll recognise them. Sometimes it's just their spirit clothed in human form.

JAMES

Reincarnation?

BLACKSTONE

Reincarnation, incarnation. There's a thousand beliefs out there. Ayya Vaikundar's followers believed that the first stage of Avatar was the possession of a still born child which combined with the Spirit of Narayana.

JAMES

You're a magician, to you, religion is just another way of altering a person's view of reality.

BLACKSTONE

Maybe. But sometimes you just have to take a leap of faith.

(beat)

Now, where the boundaries of miracles and magic cross, that's another matter all together.

Blackstone tips his hat. Hands him a business card.

BLACKSTONE (CONT'D)

I hope you find what you're looking for.

He walks briskly away and is soon swallowed up in the gloom. James slumps back down at Houdini's gravestone, alone in the wrong century.

JAMES

What now Mary?

He sits there in a world of his own, tears streaming down his face - shoulders shaking with grief as the darkness rolls in.

The gravestone begins to pulse with a faint blue light. Throughout the cemetery -- auras of purple and blue light dance around in a grid surrounding the slabs and headstones.

The night fills with a throbbing, crackling energy. The cross in James's hand dances with veins of blue electricity.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What?

A soft light surrounds him -- flickers iridescent purple -- and then he's gone.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

A group of Doctors observe Mary with Dr Waring. Another Doctor, YURI SCHAFFER (60s), rail thin with an angular face and an eastern European accent, studies an EEG printout.

SCHAFFER

This level of Theta, combined with Gamma...when did it start?

DOCTOR WARING

The Theta's been building up since she was admitted...there was a huge spike last night. Off the scale.

SCHAFFER

A computer glitch?

DOCTOR WARING

No, the readings are mirrored on a separate server...they both tally.

SCHAFFER

I have seen this before.

He has everybody's attention.

SCHAFFER (CONT'D)

I was an intern for an analyst with the Department of Defense back in the seventies. They were worried about what the Russians were doing at Durov.

A geeky looking Doctor, SANCHEZ (30s) chips in.

SANCHEZ

Bioenergetic research.

They all look at him, waiting. Schaffer nods.

SCHAFFER
 Psychic warfare. Brain
 manipulation from a distance.

DOCTOR WARING
 How far did they get?

SCHAFFER
 I don't know. The cold war
 petered out and their funding was
 pulled.

Schaffer studies the readouts -- tracing the Gamma waves with
 his finger.

SCHAFFER (CONT'D)
 The Theta waves are modulating with
 the Gamma, peaking around one
 hundred hertz...

DOCTOR WARING
 What does that mean?

SCHAFFER
 Theta controls the state of
 relaxation necessary for the Gamma
 waves to process sound and vision.

Doctor Waring looks at the readouts, does the math.

DOCTOR WARING
 You're saying she's...

SCHAFFER
 Remote viewing.

INT. MAGDA'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Magda sits opposite James. She holds Blackstone's business
 card in her hand. Houdini's FUNERAL PROGRAMME lies on the
 workbench between them.

MAGDA
 And you expect me to believe this?

JAMES
 My father spent his life proving
 primordial Black Holes existed on
 Earth. Since his death I've been
 trying to use them as portals.

MAGDA
 Time travel?

JAMES

The universe vibrates with interatomic forces, my father believed the vibrations could be harnessed.

MAGDA

So these portals, they're like wormholes?

JAMES

Yes, I used a modified version of his equipment to locate them, but I couldn't make the jump. Until you gave me the cross.

MAGDA

You think the cross provides some kind of spiritual link between you and the portals?

JAMES

I don't know. But Mary's in a coma and I'm looking for a miracle.

James scoops up the Ipad -- flicks through to a picture: Healing of the Cripple and Raising of Tabitha by Masolino da Panicale, 1425.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Saint Peter raising Tabitha from the dead. Look.

He points to the side of the picture where a line of silver crosses stand. He flicks on another picture. Eutychus being raised from the dead by Saint Paul.

Twelve silver crosses sit on a table behind him.

MAGDA

This is a hoax right?

JAMES

No, I need you to help me find the crosses.

Magda turns away from him -- her eyes bright with wonder.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What if you could revisit history, actually go to the places they were last sighted?

MAGDA

Oh right, just hop on the wormhole express.

JAMES

What have you got to lose? If we find the crosses then it doesn't matter whether Mary lives or dies, you'll still be remembered for making one of the most important finds in the history of religion.

MAGDA

Oh right, I'll just get the Apostles to sign a confession, and take responsibility for the resurrection of Christ.

JAMES

I'm just asking you to give me a chance.

MAGDA

Look, even I know there are all sorts of paradoxes that mean you can't just go back in time and save your wife...shit I'm beginning to sound like you.

JAMES

Wait.

He enters a search on the Ipad. A website flashes up. Newspaperarchive.com. Pages flash by -- an old sepia picture fills the screen -- Magda stares at it.

On the screen -- a picture from Houdini's funeral -- and there, caught by the photographer's flash...JAMES.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU ROOM - DAY

James stands looking at Mary. The machines make muted beeping sounds -- brainwave activity displays three flatlines while the THETA waves ripple with low level activity.

JAMES

I'm going to help you.

He squeezes her hand. Theta waves spike -- he doesn't notice.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You always said we should go on an adventure together. I'm sorry I didn't listen. I should have spent more time with you. Shown you love, filled your life with laughter and excitement.

Again the Theta waves ripple -- unnoticed by James.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'm going on a journey, and though
you won't be there...

He places one of his hands on her heart and the other on his.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You'll always be with me.

OFF THE DISPLAY. As the Theta waves dance.

INT. MAGDA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

James stands in front of a wall covered by a schematic diagram linked to newspaper clippings, internet printouts and old black and white photographs.

Magda traces her finger along a TIMELINE -- ends at a document next to a picture -- Lindisfarne.

MAGDA

When the Vikings raided the
monastery they took everything of
value. Which would have included
anything made of silver like the
crosses.

James taps a date with his finger.

JAMES

Seven hundred and ninety-three AD.

She pads over to a bookshelf and pulls down a large leatherbound book -- flicks through it and comes to a print of an old illuminated manuscript.

She taps an illuminated picture of some monks carrying a stone coffin.

MAGDA

Before the vikings attacked, the
monks hid the Lindisfarne Gospels
in the coffin of Bishop Cuthbert,
along with their most sacred gold
and silver alterware. We just need
to be there when that happens.

James looks at a picture of a Viking warrior with golden eyes in the margins of the page.

JAMES

Who's that?

MAGDA

The monks used all sorts of symbolism in the margins, like a lion for Christ and Pelicans for the resurrection. Maybe they saw the Viking leader as the devil.

James studies the manuscript -- his face determined. He produces some hi-tec glasses from a ruck-sac. Hands a pair to Magda.

JAMES

Prismatic glasses. They filter out normal light and enhance the radiation from the black holes.

Magda slips them on.

MAGDA

Cool. I guess I'm stuck with the color?

JAMES

It's taken me five years to get them down to this size. My father had to use a generator truck and a high powered laser array to detect the holes.

MAGDA

No need to jump out of your test tube.

JAMES

Sorry. It's just...

MAGDA

I know. I'm nervous too. I mean Jeez, we're using the psychic power from a crucifix to jump through a primordial black hole. It's not exactly a ticket to Space Mountain.

JAMES

So where is Lindisfarne?

MAGDA

A small island off the coast of Northumberland, England.

Magda goes over to a glass case full of archeological artifacts. Takes a fragment of pottery. Puts it into a transparent plastic box.

JAMES

What's that?

MAGDA

It's from an archeological dig at the priory in Lindisfarne. I had a friend of mine carbon date it to make sure it was authentic.

JAMES

You think it'll help guide us?

MAGDA

We don't know how this works, we're just going to have to throw everything at it and see what happens.

JAMES

You're sure you want to do this?

MAGDA

You betcha.

JAMES

Aren't you forgetting something?

MAGDA

The hordes of blood thirsty Vikings? I've got a friend in England who's putting together some equipment for us.

EXT. ENGLAND - LINDISFARNE BEACH - 793AD - (FLASHBACK) DAY

A wooden PROW smashes into the dark sand of a small cove. Waves crash against it. Rough shod FEET plunge into water.

VIKING WARRIORS clamber over the rocks -- heading towards the grey outline of the Monastery above.

MAGDA (V.O.)

We know the day they attacked and where they came in with the tide.

Twenty longboats wait off shore whilst the advance party head towards the monastery.

EXT. LINDISFARNE MONASTERY - (PRESENT DAY)

Magda and James, carry rucksacks and are dressed as MONKS. They hurry through a graveyard next to a ruined monastery. The remains of a priory in the background.

MAGDA

Every time the Vikings attacked they slaughtered monks, so there are gravestones with dates from those times...

She goes over to a crumbling headstone -- a weathered inscription. James runs his fingers over the indentations.

JAMES

11th January, Seven Hundred and
Ninety-Three.

James pulls his cross from a ruck-sack, looks at it. Puts it back. He slips on his Hi-Tec glasses. Looks around.

JAMES (CONT'D)

The portal's right above us.

MAGDA

Okay, we're in a whole new science
here so...

She pulls out an IPOD. James stares at it, smiles, what the?

JAMES

You want some music for the trip?

MAGDA

You made the jumps while you were
in an emotionally charged state...

JAMES

I was upset, yes.

MAGDA

And while you were in that state
your nervous system...brainwaves,
heart rate, were all elevated...

JAMES

You're going to use music to get
our heart rates up?

MAGDA

If we're in the middle of a full
scale Viking attack we can't rely
on being in the right mood when we
need to use a primordial portal as
an escape hatch. Put this on.

She hands him a wrist mounted HEART MONITOR. James nods, impressed, puts it on. He hefts the rucksack.

JAMES

What've you got in here?

Magda smiles, reaches into the rucksack, pulls out a couple of SMOKE cannisters and two TASERS. She hefts the tasers.

MAGDA

If the smoke doesn't give us enough
cover these could be useful. Put
this in your ear.

She hands him an in ear phone -- slips hers in.

MAGDA (CONT'D)
In ear, wireless linked.

They sit with their backs to the front of the gravestone.

MAGDA (CONT'D)
Ready?

JAMES
Hit it.

Magda presses PLAY. A high energy 70s rock track blasts out. They begin to mouth the track together -- the music swells as their heart rates climb in unison.

A blue light envelopes them, spreading from the stone, swirling around, crackling with energy -- growing in power until they start to vibrate with its energy and then...

INT. SPIRITUAL TRANSIT LINE

Shooting through a tunnel of pure psychic energy -- they travel through the primordial portal.

Glimpses of foreign landscapes, the outlines of other cemeteries around the world, all connected to this vast astral transit system.

The BOX with the fragment of pottery glows with blue light. And with a blinding flash they're in...

EXT. LINDISFARNE, MONASTERY - GRAVEYARD - 793AD - DAY

Grey sky -- sea mist drifts across the ground. A gravestone pulses with blue light. James and Magda materialise.

MAGDA
Wow! That was really weird. Do you see the same stuff as me?

JAMES
Tunnel of light, glimpses of the spiritual network around the world? Yeah, pretty much.

MAGDA
Did you're body, go like, well like a piece of elastic?

JAMES
Event horizon, black hole singularity, spaghettification. There are many words for it. All I know is that our perception of horizon relativity is skewed.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It's like an optical illusion, the brain can't keep up with what it's seeing so it makes it up.

Magda looks at him. Is he serious?

MAGDA

Right, thanks for clearing that up. Appreciate the simplification, except I think I zoned out after you said spaghettification. Is that even a word?

JAMES

Well it should be.

MAGDA

I was kinda' expecting some sort of angel fly-past.

JAMES

I thought you were a non-believer?

MAGDA

I was, but hell, we just travelled through a psychic wormhole for Chrissake.

They climb to their feet -- strap on their rucksacks.

JAMES

Are we early or late?

Magda listens. The sound of a low chant comes from inside the monastery.

MAGDA

Beats me. Psychic time travel doesn't come with a schedule.

They jog towards the entrance of the Monastery. Peer through a gap in the door.

INT. MONASTERY - MAGDA'S VIEW - DAY

A group of MONKS worship in front of an altar. Candles illuminate their faces.

EXT. MONASTERY - DAY

Magda turns to James.

MAGDA

I don't see the crosses.

JAMES

Maybe they only bring them out on special occasions.

MAGDA

What, like a Viking attack? Maybe they've already stashed them in Cuthbert's coffin. We need to create a diversion.

JAMES

What kind of diversion?

Magda reaches into her rucksack -- pulls out a small metal cannister.

MAGDA

Holy smoke.

INT. MONASTERY - DAY

Above the chanting of the monks -- a metallic rattling. A SMOKE cannister rolls down the aisle towards the altar.

Smoke hisses out -- the Monks turn round as the smoke fills the air -- start to cough -- visibility near zero.

Magda and James race past wearing gas masks -- darting through the smoke.

MAGDA

Over there, c'mon.

She runs towards a large stone coffin near the back wall of the monestary, James races to keep up -- she reaches for the lid of the coffin, when...

A HUGE monk looms up out of the smoke -- grabs her by the neck. James punches him in the stomach.

The monk grins, James shakes his hand in pain. The monk holds him at bay with his free hand.

INT. MONASTERY - LATER

James and Magda sit on a rough wooden bench -- hands tied. The giant monk towers over them. BISHOP CEDRIC (70s) a birdlike man with rheumy eyes, studies them keenly.

BISHOP CEDRIC

What were you doing with Cuthbert's coffin?

MAGDA

Oh is that what it is? I thought it was the way out.

The huge monk grabs Magda, vast hand encircling her neck.

BISHOP CEDRIC

Leave her Godbold, we are not savages.

Godbold reluctantly withdraws his hand.

JAMES

You may not be, but the Vikings are. We came to warn you that they plan to attack.

The monks look at each other. Cedric's eyes grow watery, he dabs at them with a small piece of cloth.

BISHOP CEDRIC

What do you know of the heathens?

MAGDA

They're coming today, to kill, to pillage...you need to save what you can.

BISHOP CEDRIC

You cannot know this...

A deep, bloodcurdling blast from an animal horn echoes around the hills -- Cedric looks around at the terrified monks.

BISHOP CEDRIC (CONT'D)

Save the Gospels.

MAGDA

Untie us. Hide the Gospels and anything valuable, in Cuthbert's coffin.

Cedric nods, one of the monks unties them while the others rush off. One returns clutching FOUR silver crosses.

MONK

I was just cleaning them.

Magda and James stare at the crosses in the monk's hand.

JAMES

Good job.

Two monks struggle to prise the lid off the coffin. Magda and James go over to help them. Together they get it open. The monks put the crosses inside.

MAGDA

We'll keep the lid open, you get the rest of the stuff.

James slips the four crosses back out of the coffin and into his rucksack. Two more monks carry a heavy leather bound book towards them. Place the book inside the coffin.

Other monks rush over and drop gold reliquaries into the casket before closing it up.

The sound of the battle horn grows louder. Cedric looks at them, resigned to his fate.

BISHOP CEDRIC

You must go. Leave me. I have had a long life.

Magda and James look at each other. Magda pulls out a couple of SMOKE cannisters and the Tasers.

MAGDA

Maybe. But it's never long enough is it?

EXT. MONASTERY - DAY

Vikings burst out of the mist -- race across the graveyard towards the monastery. Some carry AXES, others brandish SPEARS. They halt outside the entrance.

They stand aside, revealing their leader. A tall, well muscled figure with familiar golden eyes wearing a silver helmet. Interestingly, he carries a silver COLT .45 pistol.

A vast warrior slams a huge AXE into the door, splitting it in two. Vikings surge through yelling a battle cry into...

INT. MONASTERY - DAY

CHAOS.

Full of choking white smoke. Vikings crashing around, striking out with spears and axes -- hacking indiscriminately in the confusion.

Two figures glide through the smoke. Something CRACKLES. Blue light arcs across the chain mail of an attacker, he crashes to the ground, twitching.

EXT. MONASTERY - DAY

The monks creep past the back of the monastery heading for the safety of the woods behind it.

Bishop Cedric is helped up a steep slope by a young RED haired monk, EADFRITH THE YOUNGER. Cedric pauses for breath. Looks down at the monastery. Shakes his head in wonder.

BISHOP CEDRIC

They had lightning in the palm of their hand.

The young monk nods.

EADFRITH THE YOUNGER

The hand of God Bishop?

Cedric shoots him a stern look -- then smiles.

BISHOP CEDRIC
 I wouldn't go that far Eadfrith.
 Now come on. Let's get to those
 woods.

INT. MONASTERY - DAY

The Vikings start to retreat. Terrified by the lightening cutting them down from nowhere. BANG! James's taser explodes into fragments as a bullet hits it.

JAMES
 That's not possible.

BANG! Another bullet whistles past them.

MAGDA
 If it walks like a duck...

JAMES
 Let's get out of here.

Magda reaches into her rucksack -- pulls out a THUNDERFLASH.

MAGDA
 Seven seconds.

She twists the igniter and lobs it into the smoke. They run towards the back of the monastery. A GIANT Viking looms up out of the smoke -- blocks their path.

Magda hits him with the Taser -- SPARKS dance across his chain mail -- he sucks it up. The Taser fizzles out. He smiles, starts to swing his axe.

BONG. A heavy bronze candlestick lands on his head -- his eyes roll up and he crashes onto the floor. Eadfrith the Younger appears out of the smoke.

EADFRITH THE YOUNGER
 Bishop Cedric wondered what was
 keeping you.

Eadfrith gives them a big grin.

EADFRITH THE YOUNGER (CONT'D)
 He says you can keep the crosses.
 Don't be fooled by those weepy old
 eyes, they miss nothing.

Magda and James share a look.

EXT. MONASTERY - DAY

Magda, James and Eadfrith burst out of the monastery. A colossal BANG echoes around the graveyard.

EADFRITH THE YOUNGER
You should go.

MAGDA
Thank you.

EADFRITH THE YOUNGER
No. Thank you. I'll make sure you
get a mention in the margins.

MAGDA
What's your name?

EADFRITH THE YOUNGER
Eadfrith, Eadfrith the younger.

And with that he races away, leaping like a gazelle up the
steep hill towards the forest.

MAGDA
Eadfrith wrote the Lindisfarne
Gospels, I never knew he had a son.

JAMES
The devil makes work for idle
hands...

They creep back along the side of the monastery heading
towards the graveyard. James slips on his prismatic glasses.
Magda puts hers on.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Over there.

They race towards the gravestone. Magda looks at the Ipod.

MAGDA
Juicy Lucy, "who do you love?"

JAMES
Hit it.

Magda hits PLAY. Her heart meter climbs. Suddenly the smoke
clears. Reveals...

The Viking with the golden eyes holding the Colt .45 pistol.
He strides towards them.

MAGDA
There's your gun...

JAMES
But how?

The Viking cocks his gun -- aims it at them.

THE 13TH APOSTLE

(In Old Norse)

Hand over the crosses and I'll give
 you an honorable death. Defy me and
 I will sever your limbs from your
 bodies and leave you to rot.

Magda and James start to shimmer -- their heart monitors pushing higher as the Viking's finger tightens on the trigger. BANG! The Colt bucks.

The BULLET spins through the air as time slows down. James and Magda blur -- a blue haze envelopes them. The bullet pierces Magda's side as she vaporizes.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - DAY

Alarms sound. Mary convulses on the bed. Theta waves spike -- jagged lines dance across the screen.

A patch of blood seeps through the side of Mary's top. Spreads onto the white sheets. Doctor Waring bursts through the door -- sees the blood. A NURSE joins him.

DOCTOR WARING

She's hemorrhaging!

The nurse pulls back the sheets -- lifts Mary's top -- swabs the blood -- reveals an already healing scar.

NURSE

Stigmata?

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR

The nurse bursts out of ICU -- nearly crashes into a POLICE OFFICER holding a cup of coffee. He moves the cup effortlessly, avoids a collision like he knew she was coming.

NURSE

Sorry!

She races off. The officer looks after her, his golden eyes glowing.

EXT. LINDISFARNE - PRESENT - DAY

James and Magda sprawl on the ground in front of the gravestone. A group of tourists, unfazed, take some pictures and move off.

JAMES

Are you alright?

MAGDA

I think so.

James reaches over to her cassock -- pokes his finger through a scorched hole in the material.

JAMES

What just happened?

MAGDA

I don't know, you're the black hole expert.

James runs his finger over the gravestone -- scrapes a piece of moss from the inscription, uncovers a mashed piece of lead. He pulls it off the stone, it sits in his palm.

JAMES

Black holes can bend time, but that doesn't explain this.

MAGDA

C,mon, if we miss the tide we'll have to go by boat, and I don't do boats.

They run towards the causeway.

EXT. CAUSEWAY - DAY

The sun low in the sky -- luminous light reflecting off the sea -- tide coming in fast. They race across the sand, water streaming past their feet.

JAMES

Who the hell was that, and how'd he get a Colt Forty-Five?

MAGDA

Weird eyes.

James's mind races.

JAMES

Wait, that guy in the margins of the Lindisfarne manuscript, and the roman soldier outside the tomb.

MAGDA

Golden Eyes, that's it!

JAMES

What?

MAGDA

The soldier at Golgotha, Longinus, the Viking in the margins...what if they're the same person?

They reach the safety of the shore and collapse onto the ground -- shrugging off their rucksacks.

JAMES

I don't know Nordic, but I do know a bit of German, and I'm sure he was talking about crosses.

MAGDA

You think he was after them?

JAMES

Maybe. But why?

INT. MAGDA'S WORKSHOP - DAY

James and Magda study a modern copy of the Lindisfarne Gospels. It's open on a page showing the Viking invasion of 793AD. Five silver crosses sit on the shelf behind them.

JAMES

He did it!

James taps a picture in the margin. A Viking chief with golden eyes and a Colt 45. Next to him a man and a woman in cassocks shoot lightning at the raiders from their hands.

MAGDA

That's really going to liven up the history lessons.

JAMES

We're going to have to be more careful in future.

MAGDA

It's not the future I'm worried about, it's the past.

JAMES

What do you mean?

MAGDA

If the Viking is the same person as Longinus the Roman soldier, then...

JAMES

He's immortal.

MAGDA

That's it! That was his curse.

JAMES

Doesn't sound like much of a curse, immortality.

MAGDA

Can you imagine living forever? Everybody you ever meet, you have to watch them die.

JAMES

But not getting old, never having to rush because you have all the time in the world.

MAGDA

Well whatever his problem is, he obviously thinks we're part of it.

Magda traces her finger along the timeline on the wallchart.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

The crosses remained together until the fall of the Roman empire. After that, they were split up, hidden by various religious groups, until the 12th century.

JAMES

What happened then?

MAGDA

The Knights Templar tracked the crosses down. When King Philip the sixth started burning Knights at the stake for heresy, the crosses disappeared for centuries until in 1580 an earthquake hit Europe.

(beat)

Causing the belfry of the Notre Dame Cathedral to collapse. Revealing a secret compartment in one of the oak beams. Inside of which were four crosses.

JAMES

Who found them?

MAGDA

Jean Sogard, a Dominican, and retiring organist, took them with him to Portugal, presented them to Philip the sixth for his inauguration as King.

JAMES

So they're in Portugal?

MAGDA

No. They ended up on board La Maria Juan, a treasure ship in the Spanish Armada of 1588.

JAMES

So what are we waiting for?

MAGDA

It's too dangerous.

Magda points to another date on the timeline.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

There was a consignment of confederate treasure buried in Danville cemetery in eighteen-sixty, inside three safes...one of which supposedly contained two of the crosses.

JAMES

Two? There's four onboard that ship...

MAGDA

I told you, it's too risky.

James runs his hands through his hair, shakes his head, not an option.

JAMES

For four crosses I'll take that risk.

MAGDA

I don't know...

JAMES

It's the ship isn't it? You don't do boats, that's what you said?

Magda looks at him -- she's been busted.

MAGDA

That's not the point. Something that causes a huge amount of emotional vibrational energy, like a battle or an earthquake, could skew our psychic link with the time portal, we could arrive days late, or early.

JAMES

We'll just have to risk it. We hop on, grab the crosses and we're out of there.

(beat)

What could be simpler?

INT. GENERATOR TRUCK - NIGHT

The truck rattles along the road. Magda studies a map.

MAGDA

This takes me back.

JAMES

You'll cope, there was life before
Sat Nav.

A plastic box sits on the dashboard. It contains a small
fragment of rotted wood from a ship's hull.

MAGDA

I still don't see how he has a gun.

JAMES

He's immortal, maybe he has other
abilities. Perhaps he can exist
throughout time, rather than at a
fixed point.

MAGDA

Wasn't there some theory involving
a cat?

JAMES

Schrödinger's cat.

MAGDA

That's the guy.

JAMES

That was a paradox whereby the cat
was simultaneously both living and
dead.

MAGDA

Yuck.

JAMES

I think you mean Newcomb's paradox,
which was a belief that an action
in the future can't affect an event
that happened beforehand. I think
what we're looking at here is
retrocuesality, or what Einstein
called quantum entanglement.

MAGDA

There you go again, a model of
simplicity.

JAMES

Retrocuesality allows an effect to
occur before its cause.

MAGDA

So he's able to have a Colt .45
before it's actually made?

JAMES

If he's immortal, and exists throughout time, then anything from the present is immediately available to him wherever he exists in whatever period in history.

MAGDA

But why a colt .45? When he could have, like an M16 or an Uzi.

JAMES

I don't know, maybe he's a sensitive guy and collects antiques. He did have a weird accent though, kind of a mixture of the old west, Norwegian and Germanic. Maybe it has some significance.

MAGDA

Perhaps next time we meet you can ask him.

JAMES

You think?

A moment of silence then.

MAGDA

Could we pull over.

James looks at her -- she's gone a shade of green. He pulls to the side of the road.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Magda stumbles out, throws up. James gives her a handkerchief, she wipes her mouth.

MAGDA

Sorry, the suspension. I mean does it even have any?

JAMES

It's pretty old.

MAGDA

Couldn't we have rented a car?

JAMES

There's stuff on board, backup.

MAGDA

I'm sorry. It's not that I don't like boats, I just get motion sickness.

MAGDA (CONT'D)
 Normally I'm fine in cars,
 but...well, that's not really a
 car.

JAMES
 Maybe we need to take a break?

MAGDA
 We're going back five hundred
 years, I don't suppose a few hours
 will make any difference.

INT. ONEIDA, MARBLE INN - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Busy. With a biker atmosphere and a lot of leather. A
 WAITRESS puts down two plates of chicken wings on the table.

WAITRESS
 Jägermeisters are coming. Enjoy,
 best wings in the county.

MAGDA
 Great.

JAMES
 C'mon, they won't have these where
 we're going.

MAGDA
 No, guess I'll just have to live
 without the romance of this moment.

James tucks in.

JAMES
 These are really good. What's
 Jägermeister?

MAGDA
 Just a low alcohol drink.

Magda gingerly takes a bite. Savors the taste.

MAGDA (CONT'D)
 Mmmm.

INT. ONEIDA, MARBLE INN - RESTAURANT - LATER

A pile of chicken bones litter their plates. Some empty
 glasses clutter the table. They are both relaxed, the wings
 and the Jägermeister have done their work.

JAMES
 So he turns to the professor, and
 without a trace of irony says. If
 it decays like a quark and combines
 like a quark, it is a quark.

James laughs at his own joke. He holds up his glass.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Are you sure this is low alcohol?

MAGDA

Decays like a quark?

JAMES

I guess you had to be there. I mean we're in Cern, talking to the preeminent professor in charge of the Hadron collider worth billions of dollars...decays like a quark.

Magda looks at him.

MAGDA

Don't get me wrong, but are you always this intense?

JAMES

Intense? Huh, I don't know. I guess I've been focussed on trying to prove my dad's theory for the last fifteen years, maybe I needed to be that intense.

MAGDA

Sometimes, if you focus on something too much, the rest of your life can go out of focus.

JAMES

I realize that now, if I'd paid more attention to Mary, then maybe...

Magda reaches out. Takes his hand in hers.

MAGDA

You can't blame yourself for that, but you can learn from it. When she's better, you need to go on a holiday, reboot, look at things differently.

JAMES

You're right. I should have done it a long time ago. But you've spent years trying to find the crosses, surely that was pretty intense?

MAGDA

It's not the same, you were trying to prove something that could be useful in the future, I'm trying to prove something existed in the past.

JAMES

But why? Why are you so interested in finding the crosses?

Magda toys with a glass.

MAGDA

I lost both of my parents in a car crash five years ago.

JAMES

I'm sorry.

MAGDA

My full name is Sarah Magda Blyth. I was brought up in southern France, and while we were there, my dad, who was an archeologist became convinced that my mother's bloodline was connected to Mary Magdalen...

JAMES

So that's why he christened you Sarah Magdalen. Saint Sarah was supposedly the daughter of Jesus and Mary Magdalen.

MAGDA

It became a bit of an obsession with him, he never proved anything...

JAMES

I'm not surprised, there would have to have been an unbroken bloodline for thousands of years, and by then Mary's descendants would be so inbred they'd have flippers.

MAGDA

Exactly, but after he died and I learnt about the crosses of the apostles, I wanted to find them, or at least some of them.

JAMES

Because they contained the apostles blood, which would have included...

MAGDA
Mary Magdalen's.

JAMES
Who, according to both the gospels
of John and Mark was the first
person to see Jesus after the
resurrection.

MAGDA
Or maybe the second.

EXT. ONEIDA LAKE CEMETERY - DAWN

Magda and James stand bathed in the cold light of dawn. They sip coffee from thermos cups. Magda looks out across the silver surface of the lake.

MAGDA
I love this time of day.

James wears his prismatic glasses. Rubs his forehead. Eyes bloodshot and hungover.

JAMES
My head feels like a quark in a
Hadron collider. If I never see
another Jägermeister it'll be too
soon.

He scrapes at some moss covering a gravestone -- uncovers the name FERNANDO VALQUEZ and a date -- July 28th 1588.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You're sure this is the best one.
That the date's near enough?

He looks around.

EXT. VIEW THROUGH PRISMATIC GLASSES

Filtered light makes the sky look darker. Corona rings of light like miniature eclipses hover over the gravestones. Some are more powerful and glow brighter than the others.

The one above Valquez's gravestone is weak and pulses with a watery purple ring.

EXT. ONEIDA LAKE CEMETERY - DAY

James takes his glasses off.

JAMES
The primordial portal is weak here.
We're going to need all the help we
can get from the crosses.

Magda stares out across the lake at the pale pink of dawn.

MAGDA

The way the light changes color,
the greatest artists in the world
couldn't touch God and his
palette...

James studies the gravestone.

JAMES

Fernando Valquez. I mean, why the
hell's he buried here anyway?

MAGDA

It's like the world is taking one
last breath before everything
begins all over again.

James scrapes some more moss from the gravestone -- reveals
an inscription. "Served his Queen and country in a foreign
land and now rests in his own beloved country a hero."

JAMES

What was he, a tourist?

Magda drags herself away from her reverie.

MAGDA

Spies didn't start with The Bourne
Identity you know.

JAMES

He was a spy?

MAGDA

Queen Elizabeth had a network of
spies run by Sir Francis
Walsingham...

JAMES

This guy's Spanish.

MAGDA

Puerto Rican. The Spanish invaded
a lot of American territory. The
inhabitants weren't happy.
Walsingham used him to infiltrate
the Spanish Armada and feed back
information.

JAMES

So he was undercover, cool.

MAGDA

Sir Francis Drake attacked the
Armada while they were in the port
of Gravelines near Calais...he
drowned when the ship went down.
His family had him reinterred here.

James looks at the gravestone.

JAMES
Looks like we didn't invent
friendly fire either.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER

Magda and James sit back against the gravestone. They are now dressed as Spanish PRIESTS.

MAGDA
Ready?

JAMES
Let's do it.

Magda looks at him.

MAGDA
Hop on and grab the crosses, right?

JAMES
In and out, dry as a bone.

Magda hits the Ipod play button. Music pounds -- their heart rates climb -- they begin to blur -- they're gone.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

An explosion of bubbles and foam -- dark forms glimpsed through the water. Pale FACES in the gloom. Winged dragons, grotesque gargoyles -- Angels and Demons.

EXT. HARBOUR - NIGHT

A million stars blaze down on the dark water below. Thirty ships anchored alongside the quay, others at sea.

Magda breaks the surface, gasping for breath and spitting water -- thrashing around, trying to keep her rucksack from dragging her down.

James surfaces next to her -- grabs her rucksack and helps keep her afloat.

MAGDA
In and out! Dry as a bone!

JAMES
Okay, keep your voice down. No wonder the portal was weak, the other end was underwater...it must dilute the interatomic vibrations.

MAGDA
This doesn't make sense, we should be in a graveyard on dry land.

JAMES

You said a large scale event like a battle skews the time portal...I guess we just got skewed.

EXT. GALLEON - NIGHT

They swim alongside a ship anchored in the water -- it's vast wooden stern rears over them. They peer up at the name. "LA MARIA JUAN" Fog swirls around them. Magda sniffs.

MAGDA

Smoke.

James swims over to a rope that stretches up into the night.

JAMES

Come on.

He starts to haul himself up the rope -- Magda watches him disappear from view as the smoke becomes thicker.

MAGDA

Yeah, I'll be fine.

James's head appears over the edge of the ship -- he signals for her to join him. She starts to climb.

EXT. LA MARIA JUAN - DECK - NIGHT

James hauls Magda up. They crouch behind some barrels roped together on the deck. Behind them lights glow out at sea.

JAMES

That's odd.

MAGDA

What?

JAMES

Lights.

The smoke, suddenly caught by the wind -- clears to reveal a group of blazing ships headed towards them.

MAGDA

Fireships.

EXT. SEA - FIRESHIPS - NIGHT

FLAMES rage from stem to stern. Tar soaked rigging sending sparks swirling into the dark sky -- golden stars against the smoke. Barrels of GUNPOWDER are lashed to the ship's deck.

EXT. LA MARIA JUAN - NIGHT

James looks at the approaching fireships. There's a distant explosion -- a whistling sound.

A cannonball flies overhead -- tears through the rigging. In the distance ships in full sail appear through the smoke -- flames belch from their deck mounted cannons.

INT. MAIN GUN DECKS - NIGHT

James and Magda, like demented hunchbacks with their rucksacks under their priest's clothes, race past sailors stumbling out of their sleep.

A sailor grabs James by the arm -- terrified eyes pleading.

SAILOR
(In Spanish)
Please bless me.

Magda looks at James -- shrugs -- mumbles something in Latin, gesticulates vaguely with his hand.

JAMES
Ave Maria, Spiritum Sanctum,
Dominum nostrum, Pontius Pilate,
gluteus maximus, Corpus Christi,
Amen.

MAGDA
(In Spanish)
I'm sorry, he's from Notre Dame

The man looks puzzled, then thanks him before going back to his loading. Magda and James hurry on.

MAGDA (CONT'D)
Gluteus maximus? You just called
him an ass in Latin.

JAMES
Well I didn't see you leaping in
there. Where are we going?

MAGDA
The storeroom. Anything heavy is
kept near the ballast, keeps the
ship balanced.

INT. BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Chaos. Men running everywhere. Officers shouting, the thunder of guns. James and Magda run down the cramped companionways.

The Galleon shakes as it takes hits -- there's an enormous explosion -- a cannon ball smashes into the hull -- tears a gaping hole to reveal...

A FIRESHIP heading right at them.

JAMES
Back the other way.

They race back down the ship -- CRASH. The Fireship smashes into the ship, it yaws violently. Magda stumbles, James catches her, helps her up -- they share a moment.

MAGDA
Thanks.

JAMES
Just trying to keep you out the water.

MAGDA
Dry as a bone.

JAMES
Right.

They race down the narrow companionway as smoke begins to drift towards them. Ahead, a locked hatch way.

MAGDA
Down here!

James wrenches at the padlock -- no good.

JAMES
Maybe there's another way?

A MAST explodes through the deck above -- crashes into the hatch, smashing it to matchwood.

MAGDA
C'mon.

They clamber around the mast and down through the mangled hatchway.

INT. LOWER DECK - NIGHT

A dark HELL. Lanterns throw out dribbles of yellow light. An ominous slick of water coats the floor, timbers groan. They slip and slide down the murky passageway.

EXT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

A heavy wooden door studded with iron nails. A small flight of three wooden steps lead up to the door. Magda fishes inside her rucksack -- pulls out an old and rusty iron key.

She thrusts the key into the lock and twists. The key snaps.

JAMES
Great.

MAGDA
It was very old.

The ship shudders as it takes more hits from cannon fire. A MAN appears at the end of the passageway -- pistol drawn. He levels his gun at them.

MAN
Who are you?

Magda replies in Spanish -- her accent plainly American.

MAGDA
(subtitled)
Bless you my son.

MAN
You are not Spanish.

JAMES
You speak English?

MAN
What are you doing here?

MAGDA
We need some more candles.

The man looks suspicious.

MAN
There are no candles down here,
only rum and the Kings treasure.

Magda's cowl slips off her face, revealing her blonde hair.

MAN (CONT'D)
A woman priest...what is this?

JAMES
A new order. An experiment.

The man crosses himself.

MAN
In the whole of Puerto Rico I have
never heard of this...

MAGDA
You're from Puerto Rico?

Magda shoots a look at James.

JAMES
Valquez?

The man aims his pistol at James.

VALQUEZ

How do you know my name?

MAGDA

We know you work for Walsingham,
we're on your side. The ship's
going down...we need to get through
that door.

Valquez looks from Magda to James, and back to Magda. The ship groans as another huge explosion tears through it.

Valquez aims his pistol at the lock and FIRES. The door flies open. They run up three small wooden steps and peer inside. Valquez lights a tar soaked torch.

The flames reveal a collection of rum barrels and a stack of old muskets. No treasure chest.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

I don't understand. It should be here.

James walks around, searching the cramped hold. She bangs her head on the ceiling.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

Damn! Are they all midgets on this ship.

James looks at the ceiling -- back to the door.

JAMES

That's it.

He goes over to the door -- looks at the steps.

JAMES (CONT'D)

The room's got a false bottom.

Magda goes to the centre of the room -- studies the floor.

MAGDA

There's some sort of trapdoor here.

James runs his fingers under the edge of the steps. There's a CLICK -- the step hinges up, becomes a lever. Gears grind, two halves of a trapdoor hinge open -- reveal...

A huge treasure CHEST on a wooden base rises up through the trapdoor -- it dominates the room. Magda studies the brass bound lid and the heavy iron keyhole. Valquez levels his pistol.

VALQUEZ

Stand back!

MAGDA

No! You could damage the crosses.

Magda produces another key -- pushes it into the keyhole and twists it. There's a click -- a whirring sound as mechanical cogs and wheels are activated inside the lid of the chest.

INT. INSIDE CHEST ALARM MECHANISM

Brass cogs, drive shafts and levers connect to ratchets -- a spiral rod rotates down through the chest -- plunges into the bowels of the...

INT. BALLAST - CONTINUOUS

A pulley spins round on the end of the rod -- winding in rope that snakes away into the gloom to reappear in the...

INT. CAPTAINS CABIN - VIEW THROUGH WINDOW - NIGHT

A panoramic view of the attack on the harboured fleet. Fireships are embedded into two blazing Spanish ships. EXPLOSIONS rock them as the barrels of gunpowder detonate.

Men are blown into the water, others jump. The English ships rain down cannon fire on the few Spanish ships that try to make it to open sea.

INT. CAPTAINS CABIN - NIGHT

A MAN, his dark hair curling down the back of his immaculate uniform, pores over a manuscript on his desk -- seemingly oblivious to the battle raging behind him.

Until...

A rope snaps taut and a bell RINGS. He whirls round, golden eyes blazing. It's Longinus, the 13th Apostle, but on this ship they call him CAPTAIN. A frantic knocking at the door.

CAPTAIN

Come in.

His second in command bursts in.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND

We must abandon ship.

The 13th Apostle brushes past him. Pulls a weapon from his waistband -- a familiar Colt .45.

INT. STORE ROOM - NIGHT

The noise inside the chest abruptly stops. The lid swings up to reveal a dazzling pile of precious jewels, doubloons, gold bars and...

MAGDA

There!

A silver cross pokes out from under the coins and jewels. James looks into the chest -- his finger traces down the spiral rod which leads through the bottom of the chest.

JAMES

Wait, there's something here.

But Magda is too busy looking for the other crosses to pay attention. Valquez is transfixed by the sight of an ornate gold breastplate.

VALQUEZ

A Lucio Piccinino...

He traces the beautiful design on the armor with his finger. The door bursts open. They face.

The 13th Apostle and his crew armed with cutlasses and pistols. He speaks in a strange mixture of accents, part wild west, some guttural Germanic, and Spanish.

THE 13TH APOSTLE

I don't think the King will take too kindly to losing his coronation presents.

Valquez points his pistol straight at the Captain's head.

VALQUEZ

One step closer and you'll be losing your head.

JAMES

You can't kill him Fernando.

MAGDA

He's right.

VALQUEZ

He's just a man like any of these murdering dogs.

THE 13TH APOSTLE

If only that was so. Don't you think I have enough to do without having to deal with you.

JAMES

The feeling's mutual buddy.

VALQUEZ

Can I shoot him now?

MAGDA

Why do you need the crosses? You don't look like a religious man?

THE 13TH APOSTLE

I don't have to wear the cloth of God to know his power.

James stares at him -- remembering the marginalia in the illuminated manuscripts.

JAMES

You were there...during the resurrection.

THE 13TH APOSTLE

I still am.

VALQUEZ

He is making my head hurt, I shoot him now, yes?

MAGDA

You're immortal?

The 13th Apostle smiles -- shakes his head.

THE 13TH APOSTLE

Such an unimaginative word. I prefer to think of myself as infinite.

VALQUEZ

Not if I kill you.

The ship starts to lean over -- explosions tearing it apart. The 13th Apostle cocks his gun -- squeezes the trigger. Valquez's pistol blazes, the ball flies through the air.

Passes THROUGH the Apostle's head which warps as it takes the hit.

MAGDA

No!

The apostle's .45 slug smashes into Valquez -- he crashes to the floor. The 13th Apostle shrugs -- unharmed. He cocks his gun again. Takes aim at James, swings the barrel to Magda.

BOOM.

The side of the hull disintegrates as a cannon ball SMASHES through it. WATER bursts into the storeroom -- sweeps the 13th Apostle and the Spanish crew from sight.

JAMES

The chest!

Magda and James hang onto the chest as the water pours into the hull -- the water rises. On the deck, Valquez groans, spits water out -- pulls himself upright.

MAGDA

Valquez!

Valquez smiles.

VALQUEZ

I too, am immortal.

He pulls the breastplate from under his loose smock -- it has a dent in it where the .45 slug hit -- Valquez taps it.

VALQUEZ (CONT'D)

He's ruined a work of art!

The water is up to their waists now.

JAMES

The crosses!

VALQUEZ

I think it's time to go yes?

MAGDA

Yes, go. And thank you, you'll be remembered I promise.

VALQUEZ

Buena suerte and Adios.

MAGDA

Good luck to you too Fernando.

Valquez lets go of the chest and swims through the hole in the hull -- out into the night.

The water is up to their necks now. They climb out of their sodden clothes. Magda looks at James.

JAMES

Take a deep breath and hold on tight.

They both take a deep breath -- duck under the water.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - NIGHT

Mary thrashes about on the bed -- her Theta waves dance. Alarms sound from the machines -- her temperature plunges.

WATER pours over the sides of the bed -- Mary's face is blue with the cold -- she fights for breath. A TALL NURSE runs in.

INT. LA MARIA JUAN - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Dark. Only the muted gleam from jewels and gold in the foaming phosphorescent water -- and then it all turns upside down as the ship heels over.

The huge chest hurtles towards the side of the hull. Smashes through and into the sea -- James and Magda clinging to it.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Lit by the hellish red light from the burning galleons above. Magda and James tumble through the foaming water -- pieces of cannon and wreckage hurtling past them.

They hang onto the chest as it rockets towards the seabed -- spewing out a vortex of sparkling bubbles, belching gold, treasure, jewels and crosses into the water.

EXT. SEABED - NIGHT

The chest smashes onto the seabed upside down -- its lid ripped off by the impact -- James grabs Magda by the hand and pulls her towards the chest.

In the distance murky shapes loom out of the darkness. Explosions from above pierce the gloom with flashes of orange light, and reveal.

Slabs of stone -- gargoyles, angels and barnacle encrusted crosses covering the seabed.

A submerged CEMETERY.

James signals for Magda to help him. Together they lift the empty chest up and over them -- disappear inside it.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Magda and James hold the chest over them, breathing in the air pocket trapped as they walk across the seabed.

INT. CHEST - NIGHT

Murky. A dim glow from the flames of the fireships reflected off the sand beneath their feet. Water up to their waists.

JAMES

What happened here?

MAGDA

The cemetery must have been swept into the sea.

JAMES

Erosion?

MAGDA
Tsunami more like. The volcano in
Santorini was very active...

EXT. UNDERWATER CEMETERY - NIGHT

They head into the cemetery. James ducks out from under the chest and swims into the cemetery. He picks up the FOUR crosses, checks some inscriptions on the headstones.

INT. CHEST - NIGHT

James bursts up into the murky chest, gasping for air.

MAGDA
Get them?

James holds them up.

JAMES
Yes, I'm fine, thanks for asking.

MAGDA
I'm sorry...how are you?

JAMES
I think I may have swallowed something.

MAGDA
Your pride?

JAMES
Okay, you were right, it was a lot riskier than the confederate treasure

MAGDA
That's not really the problem.

Magda produces her Ipod from under the water -- holds it up, water runs from it -- ruined.

JAMES
Great.

MAGDA
Looks like we're back to the good old days. Did you find any inscriptions?

JAMES
Yes, but we have a bigger problem.

MAGDA
What?

JAMES
Our charming Puerto Rican.

MAGDA
Ah.

JAMES
Exactly.

MAGDA
Because he didn't die in the
ship...

JAMES
We don't have a spiritual link back
to our time.

Magda looks at him, angry.

MAGDA
Maybe we should have let him die?

JAMES
Don't shoot the messenger.
We can stay here till we run out of
air, or swim to the surface and get
killed by the Spaniards.

MAGDA
Great choices. What inscriptions
did you see?

JAMES
Some Russian names, also Spanish
and one English name...

MAGDA
English?

JAMES
Ranson.

MAGDA
Henry Ranson?

JAMES
Could've been.

MAGDA
Ranson was a spy for Walsingham, he
infiltrated the Parma Army in 1587,
sent maps back to England...

JAMES
Okay, it'll have to do. Now we
just have to get ourselves psyched
up.

They trudge through the water towards the headstone.

MAGDA

Well the good news is that I find you so irritating it won't take much to get my heart rate up.

JAMES

You're irritated? Jesus, I'm surprised people can stand more than five minutes in your company.

MAGDA

That's five minutes longer than most women would stay in yours.

Magda reaches behind her and grabs something digging into her back -- a spiral gear poking through the bottom of the chest.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

What's this?

She yanks it out -- water pours through the hole she's created. The water level in the chest rises faster.

JAMES

Do you have to break everything?

EXT. UNDERWATER CEMETERY - DAY

Around the headstone of Henry Ranson the water warps -- a vortex of light begins to swirl behind it. Pulses weakly.

EXT. CHEST - NIGHT

James sticks his head out -- ducks back down under the chest.

INT. CHEST - NIGHT

James bursts out of the water.

JAMES

Something's wrong. The portal's not staying open.

MAGDA

The water. It's damping out our vibrations.

JAMES

What can we do?

MAGDA

We need to increase our heart rates, push out more psychic vibrations.

A huge anchor THUDS onto the seabed.

JAMES
The ships going down...

MAGDA
We need to get nearer the
headstone.

JAMES
We'll only have a few seconds.

MAGDA
It'll have to be enough...you
pitiful excuse for a man.

James prepares to duck under the water.

JAMES
It will be, you stupid bitch!

They both take a breath -- duck under.

EXT. UNDERWATER CEMETERY - NIGHT

They swim towards the cemetery -- the twisting blue vortex
pulses weakly behind Ranson's headstone.

Cannon balls and wreckage rain down onto the seabed --
smashing into the stones around them.

A dark shape grows in size as it hurtles towards them.

The GALLEON!

Magda looks up -- her eyes widen. The ship's a hundred feet
away -- fifty feet and closing. Magda rips open her shirt.

James's eyes widen -- his mouth opens, bubbles of air
exploding out as the portal glows brightly -- they jump. The
galleon smashing into the seabed behind them.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - NIGHT

The Tall Nurse stares at the bed as the water recedes in
front of her eyes. Mary starts to breath normally again.
Color returns to her face. Her Theta waves subside.

The Tall Nurse hits reset and the alarms turn off. Doctor
Waring runs in.

DOCTOR WARING
What happened?

The Tall Nurse shakes her head -- can't believe what she's
just seen.

TALL NURSE

There was water. It was everywhere. She couldn't breath, her face was so pale...

OFF DOCTOR WARING. Confusion on his face.

EXT. ONEIDA LAKE CEMETERY - DAY

Magda and James stand in the cemetery. James nods at Magda's open shirt -- she smiles and pulls it closed, shivering. James wraps his arms around her, rubbing some warmth into her freezing arms. They climb into the truck and start it up.

INT. GENERATOR TRUCK - DAY

James revs the engine, fiddles with the heater controls.

JAMES

It should be warm soon, it may shake like an old horse but it has a great heater.

He reaches behind the seats and pulls out a couple of quilted anoraks and some dry clothes. They awkwardly strip off and change into the dry clothes.

INT. GENERATOR TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Magda is asleep against the passenger window. James drives. Magda stirs. Wakes up, yawns. Smiles at him.

MAGDA

You want me to drive?

JAMES

Na, I'm good.

MAGDA

We headed back to the workshop?

JAMES

I need to do something first.

MAGDA

Okay. Want me along?

JAMES

That would be good.

EXT. MACHPELAH CEMETERY, QUEENS, NEW YORK - NIGHT

James and Magda stand in front of Joseph's gravestone. They wear the prismatic glasses. A primordial hole a meter across glows above the headstone.

MAGDA

Do we need something?

JAMES

Just me.

MAGDA

I guess we don't need any music?

James shakes his head. Holds her hand closes his eyes and concentrates. His wrist monitor climbs as he remembers. The blue light washes around them, electricity crackles.

And then they're gone...

EXT. ICE RINK - CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK - 1994 - NIGHT

The Christmas period. The ice is packed with festive couples -- snow lies deep on the ground. James and Magda pick themselves up -- brush the snow off.

TITLE: Central Park, New York - 1994

James looks around him.

Magda picks up a newspaper trampled into the snow. Glances at the headline "Kenneth Starr closes in on Whitewater scandal" and a date -- 24th December 1994.

James stares at the ice-rink. His father, JOSEPH GRANT, patrician (50s), and a younger James skate badly around the rink. James turns and heads around the ice-rink.

MAGDA

Wait! You're not thinking straight. What happened today?

James keeps going.

JAMES

My father killed himself.

Magda grabs him by the arm, halting him.

MAGDA

You're invisible to them. Do you understand?

JAMES

No.

MAGDA

What happened between you and your father?

James stares out at his young self and his father playing happily on the ice.

JAMES

My father was trying to prove Einstein's theory that black holes created gravitational fields.

MAGDA

And?

JAMES

Mum and him were going through a rough patch...he was spending too much time on his work. He started to drink, stayed out late, they argued a lot.

MAGDA

But that wasn't your fault...

JAMES

He warned me never to use his computer. I had this online game.

Magda nods, waits for him to continue.

JAMES (CONT'D)

A virus wiped his files. Years of research. He killed himself, because of what I'd done.

MAGDA

And you never told anybody?

James shakes his head.

JAMES

Not even Mary.

Magda looks at him. James looks at her, tears welling -- he blinks them back, wipes his eyes with the back of his hand.

MAGDA

The way you behaved told her something was wrong. She just needed to hear it from you.

EXT. JOSEPH GRANT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

James and Magda stand outside.

MAGDA

Are you sure you want to do this?

JAMES

I need to know. He needs to know.

Magda nods. James heads towards the front door. Reaches above the lintel, pulls down a key.

INT. JOSEPH GRANT'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

James stands in the doorway -- a desk and a computer are on one side of the room. The computer is running. James goes over to it. Brings up an email program. Begins to type.

He hits send. Backs away from the computer as his father comes in -- passes right through him and sits in front of the screen.

His father studies a LETTER -- drinks from a shot glass -- tips some pills into his hand swallows them down with the drink, emptying the glass.

The letter slips from his fingers -- drifts behind the desk.

The computer makes a beep -- NEW MAIL flashes on the screen. His father struggles to focus, sees who the mail's from. Hits the keyboard -- the message fills the screen as he reads.

JAMES (V.O.)

Dad, I should have told you this a long time ago. But I want you to know, I love you and I'm sorry I ruined your work, it was an accident...I just didn't have the guts to face you. I promise you it'll all work out, you'll be famous and your work...it will change the world.

Joseph smiles, and as his eyes flutter and close, a smile lights up his face. The glass tumbles to the floor.

James watches as his father's life slips away, tears streaming.

He moves forwards, which is when the younger James walks right through him! And now James is watching his younger self finding his father.

The young James turns and runs right through his invisible older self. James involuntarily jerks as he passes through.

He moves towards the desk -- looks over it and down at the letter that's behind it -- a HOSPITAL report -- the words:

"FINAL STAGE SARCOMA AND BONE CANCER".

EXT. MACHPELAH CEMETERY, QUEENS, NEW YORK - NIGHT

James and Magda stand in front of Joseph's gravestone.

MAGDA

He didn't want you to see him dying that way.

JAMES

He must have been exposed to radiation while he was working on his machine.

MAGDA

So all these years...

JAMES

I made Mary's life miserable. And now I'll never get the chance to make it up to her.

Magda puts her hand on his shoulder.

MAGDA

Yes you will.

INT. MAGDA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Magda studies the timelines on the wall. James paces.

MAGDA

There's a definite sighting here.

She taps a date.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

But it's no walk in the park.

JAMES

I don't care.

EXT. MACHPELAH CEMETERY, QUEENS, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Magda and James stand in front of an impressive marble TOMB. Magda holds a small plastic box -- something metallic inside.

MAGDA

Karl Needleman, member of an old German family. Born nineteen forty-four in Berchtesgaden, Germany.

James studies the dates.

JAMES

Berchtesgaden?

MAGDA

A small town beneath the Kehlstein mountain...

EXT. KEHLSTEIN MOUNTAIN - GERMANY - 1944 - NIGHT

A full moon. Snow glimmers from the peaks above a small village below a forest.

MAGDA (V.O.)
 The site of a holiday home owned by
 the most powerful man in
 Germany...Adolf Hitler.

EXT. FOREST, EAGLE'S NEST, BERCHTESGADEN, GERMANY 1944 - NIGHT

Magda opens the plastic box. Pulls out a LUGER. Hands it to James.

MAGDA
 You might like this.

James smiles -- checks the Luger's loaded, slips it into his waistband. They make their way up a small track through the forest surrounding the vast stone fortress.

TITLE: THE EAGLES NEST, BERCHTESGADEN, GERMANY 1944

A SENTRY paces around the perimeter.

A shed with a pile of firewood in front of it sits to one side of steps that lead up to the main building.

JAMES
 We've got a couple of minutes.

Magda looks at a schematic of the house.

MAGDA
 Hitler had loads of secret passages
 constructed in case the allies
 attacked. One of them is
 accessible through this woodshed...

She taps the plan.

MAGDA (CONT'D)
 It leads to the motor room beneath
 the elevator...

The sentry appears. A GIRL comes down the steps holding a dish of food. The sentry smiles, glances around. They both disappear into the woodshed.

JAMES
 Great, just what we needed, Romeo
 and Heidi.

MAGDA
 Oh c'mon, don't tell me you've
 never been in love.

JAMES
 Maybe, but we haven't got three
 minutes to waste. Where are the
 other tunnels?

MAGDA

I'm not sure. I thought one would
be enough...what's that?

To the side of the building sits a PUMA, an armored vehicle. They jog over to the vehicle. It's tires are flat and the wheels are rusty.

James shines a torch into the engine compartment.

JAMES

No engine.

He climbs up onto the turret -- runs his finger over the hinges -- looks at it.

MAGDA

Something?

JAMES

Freshly oiled.

The door to the woodshed opens. Magda looks up at him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Up here.

James opens the hatch as Magda scrambles up.

They duck into the APV.

INT. PUMA APV - NIGHT

James pans the torch around. Dusty instruments and cobweb covered controls -- except one lever that is freshly oiled.

He pulls the lever. The floor of the APV tilts down with a grinding noise. Reveals a shaft below the vehicle.

MAGDA

Open sesame.

Electric lights flicker on alongside a set of steps that lead down to a narrow passageway.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY - EAGLES NEST - NIGHT

They head down the passageway -- past rusty pipes and old machinery.

JAMES

There's a door up ahead.

In the distance a metal door. They reach it. James presses a button set into the wall next to it. A small service elevator hums down.

The metal door slides open.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Now what?

Magda looks at the floor plan.

MAGDA

One floor up there's a passageway
which leads to the anteroom and the
main elevator.

They get into the elevator -- the door slides shut.

INT. EAGLE'S NEST - NIGHT

They creep along a darkened passageway.

MAGDA

The main elevator goes to the lower
level. The occult room is off the
main shaft.

CORRIDOR

They head towards the...

INT. ELEVATOR ANTEROOM.

Circular, lined with Ruhpolding marble. The sound of boots
echoes around the corridor. James pulls Magda back into an
alcove as...

Two OFFICERS walk past -- turn a corner. James goes to the
elevator -- presses the button.

MAGDA

What are you doing?

JAMES

Calling the elevator.

MAGDA

You're not in a department store.
It's got an operator, what are you
going to tell him?

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

A pair of wide open EYES. The operator is bound and gagged
in the corner of the vast elevator.

JAMES

How do we know it'll be in the
room?

MAGDA

Hitler was an occult nut. He
collected all sorts of weird stuff.

James operates the elevator, bringing it to a bumpy stop. He nods at the trussed up operator.

JAMES
Oops, not as easy as it looks.

They step out into another marble anteroom. A long tunnel leads off into the distance.

TUNNEL

They jog down the tunnel passing doors set into the rock.

MAGDA
It just up ahead.

They come to a steel door at the end of the passage.

JAMES
Now what?

Magda reaches into her rucksack and produces a key.

MAGDA
One of the advantages of coming from the future is we know what we need.

JAMES
Yeah, but your record with keys isn't great.

She smiles and opens the door. There's a short passage leading through an archway into a room.

INT. OCCULT ROOM - NIGHT

The floor dark green marble, inlaid with a runic symbol, the Black Sun, a Swastika with stylised sig-runes.

JAMES
Tasteful.

The room is filled with glass fronted wooden cabinets crammed with occult artifacts and bizarre objects. Ancient AXES and SPEARS adorn the walls.

James goes over to an elaborate bronze statue of the eight armed Hindu deity KALI. Magda joins him.

MAGDA
The Hindu Goddess Kali, the consort of Shiva, Lord of Death. In moksha, the cycle of birth and death is replaced by the Ultimate Soul...

JAMES
An immortal?

Magda nods.

JAMES (CONT'D)
No wonder Hitler believed the Third Reich would last a thousand years...he planned to be there.
(beat)
You don't think...

MAGDA
The thirteenth apostle was Hitler?

JAMES
This place is getting to me. Let's find the crosses and get the hell out of here.

They race up and down searching the cabinets. Magda gets halfway down one side...

MAGDA
Here...

She opens the cabinet -- THREE silver crosses glint in the light. She puts them in her rucksack. She looks over at James who's staring at something set into a stone plinth.

MAGDA (CONT'D)
C'mon!

James doesn't move. Magda comes over. Sees the plinth.

JAMES
Is that what I think it is?

He faces a LANCE -- metal tipped on an ancient wooden shaft.

MAGDA
The spear of destiny. The lance that pierced Christ's side.

She reaches for the spear.

JAMES
Wait!

MAGDA
What?

JAMES
I dunno. Maybe it's rigged with an alarm of some kind?

MAGDA

They didn't have that sort of stuff
in the nineteen-forties.

JAMES

I'd have said that about the
treasure chest...but what do I
know?

She reaches out to the spear -- lifts the shaft out of the
hole in the marble plinth. Silence. Nothing happens.

MAGDA

See. Now lets get out of here.

They turn and head towards the archway leading to the door.
Below them a distant hum starts up. The glass cabinets and
their contents begin to vibrate.

JAMES

What's that?

MAGDA

The elevator?

The floor rises past the door into the room. James realizes.

JAMES

We are the elevator!

The floor shakes as the entire room rises up through a vast
shaft -- carrying them up through the mountain.

INT. EAGLE'S NEST - CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Alarms sound. BOOTS thud across the marble floors.
Armed guards race through the corridors.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A MAN strides past framed portraits of Hitler on the walls.
Polished boots, gleaming medals on the uniform of the SS.
Knife edge creases, cap just so. An OFFICER salutes him.

OFFICER

The room has been breached Sir.

The SS OFFICER turns around -- his eyes golden in the light.

INT. OCCULT ROOM - NIGHT

James and Magda desperately search for a way to halt their
progress up through the mountain.

JAMES

Good call on the lance by the way.

James looks up at the ceiling.

JAMES (CONT'D)
We need to find the mechanism.

James rips an AXE from the wall -- drags a low cabinet into the centre of the room and climbs onto it -- hacks at a piece of domed architrave in the ceiling. Plaster falls away.

Beneath it a support girder -- attached to a steel cable.

James looks around the room.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Get another axe.

He starts to hack at the cable.

INT. ANTEROOM - NIGHT

Lined with armed guards. The 13th Apostle stands behind the waiting men. An elevator indicator on a huge armored entrance shows the occult room's progress.

The indicator stops -- the armored door slides open revealing the side of the occult room and the door set into it.

Two SOLDIERS and an OFFICER head for the door, guns ready. They burst through the door. Head into the...

INT. OCCULT ROOM - NIGHT

They look around, nothing. The rest of the guards search the room. The officer turns to the door.

OFFICER
There's no one here.

The Apostle looks through the door.

THE 13TH APOSTLE
Impossible.

The whole room starts to shake -- plaster falls from the ceiling reveals...

The steel cable as the final strands -- SNAP!

THE 13TH APOSTLE (CONT'D)
Get out!

The room plummets into oblivion.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

James and Magda cling to the swinging cable. Opposite them is a closed door set into the side of the elevator shaft.

They both wear rucksacks, Magda has the lance strapped to the side of hers.

JAMES

C'mon, keep the momentum.

They swing back and fourth -- getting nearer the door.

James catches onto the ledge with his feet -- slips, sends them swinging back over the chasm.

Down below something pokes out of the occult room level door.

Bullets ricochet off the walls of the shaft -- a bullet plucks at James's sleeve. He yells at Magda.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Again.

They swing towards the armored doors -- which open.

INT. ANTEROOM - SECOND LEVEL - NIGHT

They fall onto the floor -- skidding across the marble floor.

THE 13TH APOSTLE (V.O.)

Thanks for dropping in.

They look up -- a familiar Colt .45 points at them.

THE 13TH APOSTLE

That's quite a ruthless streak you have.

James gets up off the floor.

JAMES

You overload an elevator you have to take the consequences.

THE 13TH APOSTLE

You just destroyed a thousand years of history.

JAMES

So far. How old are you?

The 13th Apostle smiles, revealing teeth like black nails -- his eyes bronze pools.

THE 13TH APOSTLE

Old enough. Give me the crosses.

MAGDA

Why do you want them?

The 13th apostle cocks the gun.

THE 13TH APOSTLE

It's not just the crosses I want.

James backs up -- holds his rucksack over the edge of the chasm.

JAMES
Let's chat.

MAGDA
What are you doing?

JAMES
Negotiating.

MAGDA
He has a gun.

JAMES
We have the crosses.

James looks at the Apostle.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I'm guessing the crosses need to be in one piece?

The Apostles golden eyes burn with fury.

THE 13TH APOSTLE
Hand them over or I will snuff out Mary's life like a candle.

JAMES
How do you know her name?

MAGDA
Because he exists in more than one time.

THE 13TH APOSTLE
You should listen to her, she's worth her weight in silver.

JAMES
You lay a finger on Mary.

THE 13TH APOSTLE
More like flicking a switch in her case.

Magda holds James as he struggles to get at the apostle.

MAGDA
Don't do it.

THE 13TH APOSTLE
I've waited a thousand years for this moment, just slide them over and I'll let her live.

JAMES

Why are they so important to you?
You're immortal, what more could
you possibly need?

The 13th Apostle flicks a look to Magda. James catches it.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It's not just the crosses is it?

THE 13TH APOSTLE

I don't need YOU!

The Apostle whips his gun up and FIRES!

James reels backwards. Hits the floor.

MAGDA (O.S.)

No!

Something flies through the air -- thuds into the 13th apostle. He looks down at the lance protruding from his chest. Magda races over to James. Pulls him up.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

Are you hit?

James reaches into his shirt, pulls out his silver cross, the metal split by the bullet embedded in it.

JAMES

Guess not.

MAGDA

C'mon!

James grabs the rucksack, they race past...

THE APOSTLE

A ribbon of blue fire streaks down the shaft of the lance.

His face blurs -- MORPHS into the different people he's inhabited through history.

The Roman soldier, the Spanish Captain, a Viking, Jessie James the Gunslinger and others flicker across his face.

The room darkens as the lances power envelopes him. He tears the lance from his chest, throws it to the ground. Strides away. More powerful than ever.

EXT. EAGLE'S NEST - NIGHT

Magda and James run across the snow towards a Mercedes 260D. James yanks the trunk open.

INT. MERCEDES TRUNK - NIGHT

Two MP40 sub-machine guns and ammunition. James grabs them and they dive into the car. Soldiers race down the steps firing. James returns fire, driving them back.

The DRIVER appears from the forest, buttoning his flies. James fires a burst of machine gun fire over his head.

JAMES

Keys!

The terrified driver throws them over.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

James hits the starter -- it churns. Black smoke pours out the exhaust. James looks at the dials -- searching for the problem.

MAGDA

Don't you have to preheat?

JAMES

Thank God you're a wiseass. Nice throw by the way.

He turns the key and the engine rattles into life. He floors the accelerator and they fishtail down the icy road.

MAGDA

Captain of the Syracuse javelin team in two thousand and one. I can think of better javelins to have thrown away.

EXT. EAGLE'S NEST - NIGHT

Soldiers pour out of the building. Trucks start up as soldiers climb into the back -- speed off in pursuit.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

James fights to control the heavy car on the slippery roads. A sheer drop into snow covered trees on either side. In the distance pylons stretch down the mountainside.

JAMES

We have to get off these roads...

Magda looks out into the night.

MAGDA

What's that?

James looks down at the lights below him. Sees the pylons.

JAMES
Cable car station.

The back window explodes as bullets pepper the car. A truck closes in on them -- a soldier fires out of the side window.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Take the wheel.

MAGDA
No chance, I can drive anytime.

She wrenches the sunroof back. James zigzags as Magda fires at the trucks tires. They burst.

The truck spins off the road -- plunges down into the trees.

Smashes into a rock.

EXPLODES!

They keep on going, swerving round a hairpin bend, the cable car station ahead of them. Ahead of them is a run off on a bend -- James cuts the lights.

They bump down the slope, slipping and sliding, dodging trees and rocks before coming to a halt. They climb out.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

They grab an MP40 each and their rucksacks -- jog towards the cable car station.

EXT. CABLE CAR STATION - NIGHT

A GUARD paces outside, trying to keep warm. James knocks him out with the butt of the MP40.

INT. CABLE CAR STATION

An ENGINEER dozes in front of an old coal stove. James wakes him with a prod from his gun.

ENGINEER
Don't shoot!

James points at the control panel.

JAMES
You speak English?

ENGINEER
Ya, a little.

JAMES
The cable car. Start it up.

The engineer works the controls.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The trucks are halted at the bend. The 13th Apostle gets out of his Mercedes -- shines a torch at tracks leading down into the forest. An OFFICER accompanies him.

He looks towards the lights of the cable car station.

THE 13TH APOSTLE
(in German)
Send ten men into the forest after
them, the rest to the cable
station. Go!

The officer yells. Soldiers jump down from the trucks. Other trucks pull past them and head off down the road.

INT. CABLE CAR STATION

The engineer operates levers and switches. The wheels begin to turn. James looks at the controls.

JAMES
Where's the override?

The engineer points to a control box. James lets off a burst of fire into it.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I'm going to knock you out okay?

The engineer nods, resigned. Magda climbs into the cable car. The engineer engages the clutch. James hits him with the gun butt -- lowers him gently to the floor.

James throws himself into the moving cable car.

INT. CABLE CAR - VIEW THROUGH WINDOW - NIGHT

The trucks race up the road towards the cable station.

INT. CABLE CAR STATION - NIGHT

Soldiers pour into the control room.

The 13th Apostle comes in -- takes in the smashed control box and the humming wheels. Kicks the engineer with his foot.

THE 13TH APOSTLE
Wake him.

The soldiers set to work on him. Douse him with freezing water, slap him. Nothing works. The Apostle pulls out his gun. Shoots him in the foot. The engineer wakes up screaming.

THE 13TH APOSTLE (CONT'D)
 Shut up or the next one will be in
 your head. I want the cable car
 stopped. Understand?

The engineer nods his head up and down -- he understands.
 The 13th Apostle looks at his watch.

THE 13TH APOSTLE (CONT'D)
 They will be at the town in ten
 minutes...so you have five minutes,
 yes?

The engineer runs over to a power control box -- starts
 flicking switches.

INT. CABLE CAR - NIGHT

The car grinds to a halt -- hangs there swaying -- steel
 wires humming in the wind.

JAMES
 They've cut the power.

James looks down -- too far to jump onto the rocks below.
 He looks around desperately for a solution.

EXT. CABLE CAR STATION - NIGHT

The 13th Apostle watches the cable car through binoculars.

THE 13TH APOSTLE
 Get me a sniper.

The officer next to him shouts towards a group of soldiers.

OFFICER
 Wulf!

WULF, a tall, gangly soldier with steel rimmed glasses and a
 scar beneath one eye, jogs towards them.

He carries a Mauser Kar 98K rifle, a high powered sniper's
 gun.

WULF
 Heil Hitler. Sir!

He snaps a forearm out. The 13th Apostle ignores it.

THE 13TH APOSTLE
 Are they in range?

Wulf whips the rifle up -- looks through the telescopic
 sight.

WULF
 I can try.

THE 13TH APOSTLE
Try very hard.

Wulf nods.

INT. CABLE CAR - NIGHT

BANG! A bullet smashes through the back window -- glass fragments spray everywhere. James falls to the floor, his face bleeding.

JAMES

Sniper!

BANG! Another bullet smacks into the side of the car. James looks up at the roof. There's a hatchway -- he reaches up, wrenches off the clips. Slams the hatch open.

MAGDA

Now what?

James hunches into the corner of the car -- takes aim through the hatch -- lets off a burst of fire.

EXT. CABLE CAR - CABLE MECHANISM - NIGHT

Bullets smash into the linkage holding the drive cable to the wheels on the support wire. The cable sheers off.

The car begins to pick up speed heading away from the cable car station -- out of control -- hurtling across the valley.

INT. CABLE CAR - VIEW THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW - NIGHT

The car races down the steel cable -- sparks flying, rocketing towards the control room and the village below.

MAGDA

I hate myself for asking this,
but...

James shoots her a look.

JAMES

I'm working on it.

MAGDA

Oh good, because without brakes,
and heading down hill at a pretty
good speed some people might see
that as a problem.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The 13th Apostle speeds down the valley driven by one of his officers. Two armed SOLDIERS sit in the back.

INT. CABLE CAR - NIGHT

Racing at incredible speed down the cable. Magda shouts at James -- terrified.

MAGDA
What are you doing?

JAMES
Hang on!

He looks out of the window. The ground races past below -- intermittent rock and snow.

A stretch of snow approaches ahead. James levels the MP40 up through the open hatch. FIRES.

EXT. CABLE CAR - CABLE LINKAGE - NIGHT

Bullets ricochet from the cable rushing past -- sparks flickering in the night as the bullets smash into the cable.

It has no effect.

INT. CABLE CAR - NIGHT

James stops firing.

JAMES
You're going to have to shoot as well. On three...

Magda grabs her M40 -- they both aim through the hatch.

JAMES (CONT'D)
One. Two, THREE...

They unleash a torrent of fire at the cable as it screams through the pulley wheels.

BANG. It explodes into pieces.

EXT. CABLE CAR - NIGHT

With no support the car plummets to the snow covered ground -- now a high-speed sledge, trailing fifty feet of steel cable -- hurtling down the mountainside completely out of control.

It hits a hump in the ground -- takes off, flies through the air and...

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Lands on an icy road surrounded by high snow banks on either side. Ricochets down the road -- smashing into the sides.

They round a corner. Meet a TRUCK.

Lights blazing as it swerves past.

INT. CABLE CAR - NIGHT

A hellish cacophony of noise -- sparks flying as it rockets towards more oncoming trucks.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

CHAOS, as the trucks take avoiding action.

Spinning into each other, flying over the edge of the road into oblivion.

INT. CABLE CAR - NIGHT

Behind them, a truck closes in. Soldiers pour fire into the back of the Cable Car. Bullets ricochet off the metal.

ANGLE ON RUCKSACK

Bullets chop into it -- tearing at the straps.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The pursuing truck closes the gap -- it's fifty feet behind them when...

ANGLE ON - THE TRAILING CABLE

Which CATCHES on it's real axle -- winds round with a screech of tortured metal -- drawing the cable car back towards it.

While heading towards them is a...

PANZER TANK

It's gun muzzle belches flame.

INT. CABLE CAR - VIEW THROUGH WINDOW

JAMES

Get down!

The tank shell screams through the front window of the cable car -- over their heads and out the back.

Into the following...

TRUCK!

Blows it off the road, sends it tumbling over the wall, but it's...

STILL ATTACHED TO THE CABLE CAR!

THE TRUCK

The truck HURTTLES down the valley -- SOLDIERS throw themselves out of the back.

The driver SCREAMS.

The cable unwinds from the truck axle.

While back on the road the...

PANZER TANK

Is still on a collision course with the Cable Car until...

THE CABLE SNAPS TAUT

Yanks the Cable Car up and over the wall -- sends it plunging down the mountainside -- towed behind the falling truck.

EXT. CABLE CAR/TRUCK - FOREST - NIGHT

Like a giant BOLUS, the two vehicles scythe through the forest -- whirling down the snow-covered valley until...

The truck smashes into a boulder.

EXPLODES!

INT. CABLE CAR - NIGHT

Scenery hurtling past on either side -- as they rocket towards a road with a sheer drop on the other side.

MAGDA

Thanks for the ride!

They look into each other's eyes -- hold each other tight -- facing certain death.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The cable car smashes out of the tree line.

Hurtles across the road towards oblivion and then...

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The trailing cable whips around a huge fir tree trunk...

AND LOCKS!

The tree bends as it take the strain -- the cable snaps tight, rips the linkage from the cable car which...

Continues to slither across the road...

INT. CABLE CAR - NIGHT

Grinds to a halt. Inches from the drop into the valley.

James and Magda let go of each other.

There's the sound of a terrifying RUMBLE.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The lights of the Panzer tank flare through the dark as it hurtles towards them.

INT. CABLE CAR - NIGHT

Magda and James stare at the looming shape of the Panzer.

JAMES

On three...left hand track.

MAGDA

My left or your left.

He looks at her...she smiles.

JAMES

One. Two, three...

EXT. PANZER TANK - NIGHT

The tank barrel swings up.

EXT. CABLE CAR - NIGHT

Magda and James send a torrent of fire into the tank's left hand track.

No effect.

They run out of ammunition, the tank barrel swings round.

BANG!

The tanks left hand track TEARS LOOSE - the tank spins out of control, plunges over the edge of the road.

Cartwheels down the mountainside. While...

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The 13th Apostle and his driver race down the road.

EXT. CABLE CAR - NIGHT

Magda and James climb out of the wrecked cable car - lugging their rucksacks. Magda goes over to the side of the road. Picks a small bunch of snowdrops.

MAGDA

I always think that when they
arrive the worst of the winter is
over.

James smiles.

JAMES

We're still a long way from a vase.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The 13th Apostles' Mercedes comes to a halt.

The remains of a smoking truck blocking the road in front.

THE 13TH APOSTLE

Go round it you fool!

But before the driver can react.

KABOOM!

Thirty tons of Panzer Tank smashes down onto the car.
Obliterates it.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

An iron road bridge across a river -- water roaring far
below. Magda and James are halfway across -- the moon a pale
saucer of light above them.

MAGDA

Once we get over here, Altfriedhof
cemetery isn't too far...

James hefts the rucksack with the crosses higher on his back.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

A truck roars up -- comes to a halt beside the smoking wreck
of the crushed Mercedes.

Soldiers jump down, weapons drawn.

An OFFICER goes over to the side -- bends down to peer
through the shattered window.

A gloved HAND grabs him round the throat!

He SCREAMS!

The soldiers come running.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Troop trucks race through the night.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Magda comes to a halt, holds her side.

JAMES

You okay?

Magda nods. The roar of approaching trucks echoes around the forest. Lights flicker at the other end of the bridge.

JAMES (CONT'D)

C'mon.

They race to the edge of the bridge. Clamber over the struts and crouch against the rusty iron ledge -- the river crashes against the rocks far below.

Headlights sweep across the bridge.

A truck halts -- a German SOLDIER gets out -- a match flares as he lights a cigarette -- reveals a face scarred by fire.

He leans over the edge of the bridge -- scans the river below.

EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE - NIGHT

James and Magda hang on as the wind buffets them.

James shifts against the bridge.

The bullet torn rucksack straps. DISINTGRATE!

The rucksack tumbles from his shoulders.

Magda grabs at it -- is pulled off the bridge by it's weight.

James throws out a hand -- locks his hand round her wrist, her hand clutches his elbow -- the rucksack dangles from her other hand, threatening to drag them both off the bridge.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - NIGHT

An AFRICAN AMERICAN nurse SCREAMS! Mary's hand clenched around her wrist. She hits an ALARM. An ORDERLY runs in.

AFRICAN AMERICAN

Get her off me!

The orderly struggles to unclench Mary's hand from the nurse.

EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE - NIGHT

A gust of wind sends Magda and the rucksack clanging into the metal work of the bridge.

EXT. BRIDGE ROAD - NIGHT

The burned officer looks around at the noise -- a THIN SOLDIER jumps down from the truck, slamming the door behind him. He goes to relieve himself over the side.

BURNED OFFICER
With the wind Dummkopf. I don't
want your piss all over me.

THIN SOLDIER
At least you'll be warm.

The thin officer smiles -- turns his back to the wind.

EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - NIGHT

James's muscles scream with the weight of Magda and the rucksack -- thighs burning, James struggles to get leverage on the bridge.

Tries to relieve the pressure on the arm he has wrapped around a metal stanchion.

Magda looks up at him -- James sees it in her eyes.

He nods. Magda lets the rucksack slip from her frozen fingers. It tumbles through the air -- hits the river, a distant splash too far away to be heard.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - NIGHT

The Theta waves spike as the orderly strains to free the nurse from Mary's grip.

ORDERLY
Jeez, she's a fighter.

Suddenly Mary relaxes -- the brainwaves subside -- the nurse rubs her bruised wrist.

EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - NIGHT

James hauls Magda back up onto the ledge -- she collapses alongside of him.

Her eyes reflect the devastation she feels.

Above them the trucks start up and head off.

EXT. VIEW THROUGH BINNOCULERS

Traversing across the bridge -- finding Magda and James, dropping down to the raging river -- following a shape tumbling end over end in the current. The RUCKSACK.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The 13th Apostle hands the binnoculars to an OFFICER that stands beside him.

THE 13TH APOSTLE
Take some men, search the river,
bring me the rucksack.

The officer nods -- shouts orders to his men. Doors clang, engines start -- trucks grind off into the night.

EXT. ALTFRIEDHOF CEMETERY - NIGHT

James and Magda stand in front of the Needleman tomb.

JAMES
It's not just the crosses, it's
you.

Magda stares at him.

MAGDA
I don't understand.

JAMES
Don't you see, he could find the
crosses anytime. He's immortal, he
exists through time simultaneously,
it's a piece of cake for him to
track them down.

MAGDA
But why now?

JAMES
You heard him, he's waited a
thousand years...for you.

MAGDA
What?

JAMES
You said it yourself, if you're
immortal everyone you ever meet
eventually dies. You stay the same,
but you have to watch them grow old
and die. He wants a soulmate,
someone like him.

MAGDA
Oh my God.

JAMES
He was there...at the resurrection.

EXT. CHRIST'S TOMB - GOLGOTHA, JERUSALEM - DAWN (FLASHBACK)

MARY MAGDALEN stands in front of the empty tomb. The stone rolled back. A bright light grows behind her, stains the stone with her shadow as it intensifies.

She turns, her eyes sparkle in the light. She falls to her knees.

MARY MAGDALEN
Teacher, is it you?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Longinus crouches behind a tree -- looks out as the two figures hug each other. His eyes burn.

EXT. ALTFRIEDHOF CEMETERY - NIGHT

James stares at Magda.

JAMES
He needs the crosses and you.

MAGDA
That's a helluva long time to carry a torch.

JAMES
He believes that you're descended from Mary Magdalen...

Magda grows pale.

MAGDA
He wants me dead.

JAMES
He'll use your blood and the crosses to bring you back as an immortal. You'll live happily ever after, and I do mean ever.

MAGDA
What are we going to do?

JAMES
We need to be ready for him.

EXT. MACHPELAH CEMETERY, QUEENS, NEW YORK - NIGHT

James and Magda stand opposite Joseph's headstone. The old Dodge generator truck parked nearby.

MAGDA
Maybe he won't come?

JAMES

He'll come alright, he's got them
all. Except this one.

He produces the damaged cross from inside his jacket. The
bullet has split it in two, leaving two jagged spikes.

JAMES (CONT'D)

The first one.

A branch snaps nearby. Magda and James whirl round. A
figure walks towards them through the gloom. A TORCH shines
on their faces. A POLICE OFFICER approaches them.

OFFICER

You folks alright?

James puts his hand up, shields his eyes.

JAMES

Yes, thank you officer, just
visiting...

James trails off. Stares at the golden eyes of the 13th
Apostle beneath the POLICE CAP. The Apostle wears a long rain
cape. The colt .45 holstered on his hip.

He drops a rucksack on the ground with a clank.

THE 13TH APOSTLE

Bit late for visiting ain't it?
You've led me a merry dance, but
now it's time to pay the piper.

He draws his gun like lightening -- levels it at James -- who
backs off. The Apostle looks at the headstone.

THE 13TH APOSTLE (CONT'D)

Come to say goodbye to yer pa, huh?
You'll be able to do that in person
soon enough. Hand over the cross.
You won't be needing it where
you're going.

JAMES

No.

The 13th Apostle cocks his head on one side.

THE 13TH APOSTLE

I could've turned her machines off,
She was so peaceful lying there.

JAMES

Why you...

THE 13TH APOSTLE
 Hold hard pardner, ain't you
 forgetting something? You can't
 kill me. Put the gun down, or...

He closes his eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - THROUGH 13TH APOSTLE'S EYES - NIGHT

The POLICE OFFICER looks down at Mary lying in the bed.
 Reaches towards her life support system -- finger hovering
 over the switches controlling air and life.

THE 13TH APOSTLE (V.O.)
 Just need to flick a coupla' little
 switches here and she'll go down
 like a lame mule...

EXT. MACHPELAH CEMETERY, QUEENS, NEW YORK - NIGHT

James hurls himself at the apostle, getting in some hard
 slugs to his jaw and gut. The Apostle drops his gun as he
 goes down, but then he's up.

Slamming James with a murderous hook. James falls backwards,
 lands hard, shakes his head, feels for a loose tooth, spits
 blood.

JAMES
 Gonna' have to do better than that.

He drags himself up, goes into a crouch. Weaves around the
 apostle who just smiles. Then he steps forwards, slams a hard
 shot into James's kidneys. James sways, sucks it up.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 That all you got?

THE 13TH APOSTLE
 Oh no I've got more.

He takes a running jump and slams both feet into James's
 chest, smashes him into the side of a stone tomb. Something
 snaps inside James's chest. He hits the ground, groggy.

The 13th Apostle moves closer -- THUD!

A wooden CROSS smashes into the back of his head -- splinters
 into pieces in Magda's hands. The Apostle whirls round, slams
 a fist straight into her face, she drops.

THE 13TH APOSTLE (CONT'D)
 Spunky, I like that in a woman.

And then James is on him -- he looks down as something slams
 into him. The jagged end of the broken CROSS rammed to the
 hilt under his ribs -- deep into his heart. Blood gouts.

And then he smiles -- the blood is absorbed back into his flesh, he pulls the cross out, the wound knitting together. He holds the jagged shard of silver up.

THE 13TH APOSTLE (CONT'D)

Oh dear, what did you think? That I'd be broken hearted. I ain't a Vampire, for Chrissake.

He drops the cross on the ground. Reaches over to pick up his gun -- stands up.

JAMES

Reaches behind him and pulls the LUGER out of his waistband and...

FIRES! Bullets hammer into the 13th Apostle -- driving him back into the headstone -- his body smoking as they hit.

His pistol blazes as he gets off one shot. Before he slides to the ground. And still he laughs.

The Luger stops firing -- EMPTY. Barrel glowing red in the dark. The bullets falling out of his body as he heals in front of James.

THE 13TH APOSTLE (CONT'D)

Ha! I ain't been shot like that since I was Jessie James.

He stands up. But something's happening -- electrical energy surges around him.

THE 13TH APOSTLE (CONT'D)

What?

JAMES

You may be immortal. But you're still bound by the laws of physics.

Blackness envelops the 13th Apostle -- he tries to claw his way out of the all encompassing dark that sucks the light from around him -- and then with a final scream. He's gone.

A soft moan comes from behind James.

ON MAGDA

Pale faced in the moonlight -- blood leaking through her fingers as she holds her hand over a bullet wound in her side. James goes over to her.

He lifts her hand away -- sees the wound -- it's bad. Her blood has pooled into a depression on the stone slab she rests against.

MAGDA
What happened to him?

JAMES
A primordial Black Hole.

MAGDA
I thought they were harmless.

JAMES
Not if your life spans a millennium. The cumulative effect of the gravitational field was immense.

MAGDA
Is he dead?

JAMES
I don't know, but he's certainly in a dark place.

James looks at Magda's wound.

JAMES (CONT'D)
What can I do.

MAGDA
You don't need to do anything.

She leans forwards -- they kiss, deeply. James's eyes widen. The face of Magda shimmers and is replaced by Mary. Her cornflower blue eyes glowing with love.

JAMES
Mary...?

MAGDA/MARY
Sometimes it takes more than one spirit to fulfil a dream.

The gravestones around them shiver -- a faint blue aura pulses softly in the dark -- tendrils of psychic energy surround them. Mary starts to fade.

And then she's gone. James stands up. Looks around. Behind him a fresh white marble gravestone glows with a faint blue light. He stares at the stone.

The inscription hits him like a sledgehammer.

INSERT INSCRIPTION

"MAGDA BLYTH - 12th July 1985 - 21st Sept 2012"

BACK TO SCENE

ON JAMES'S stunned face.

JAMES

Magda...?

He leans against the glowing headstone clutching it with his hand for support -- IMAGES flood into him.

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Magda steps out into the path of a truck.

It smashes into her -- sends her spinning up into the air like a rag doll as...

EXT. RESTAURANT - STREET - NIGHT

BANG!

Mary hits James's car windshield.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

A TV SCREEN -- The end of the CNN NEWS:

FEMALE ANCHOR

...Archeologist Megan Blyth who famously claimed to have found one of the mythical twelve crosses of the Apostles, was killed in a road traffic accident last night...

EXT. NEW YORK - MACHPELAH CEMETERY - 1926

James listening to Blackstone.

BLACKSTONE

Sometimes it's just their spirit clothed in human form.

EXT. MACHPELAH CEMETERY - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

James snatches his hand away -- stares at the headstone in disbelief. Trying to make sense of it all.

EXT. MACHPELAH CEMETERY - NIGHT - LATER

James goes over to the truck, opens the trunk. Pulls out a spade. And a GAS can.

A spade head carves into the ground. The shape of a cross is cut into the earth. Gas is poured into the depression.

Silver CROSSES are placed in the liquid. A match FLARES.

The fuel burns, the flaming cross lights up James's face as he watches the silver crosses MELT -- molten metal flows around the crude shape in the ground.

HANDS hold a sharp knife.

BLOOD drips into the liquid silver. Vaporizes.

The cross solidifies -- gleams in the dark.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

James half runs, half walks through the busy streets clutching a rucksack in one hand. The lights and staring faces blur past him, jarring, unreal.

INT. ICU - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A CRASH CART hurtles along the corridor. The trauma team race beside it.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

James runs to the entrance. Goes in.

INT. ICU - ROOM - NIGHT

The crash team fight to resuscitate Mary. Her monitors are flatlined. Doctor Waring looks at his watch. Switches the high pitched tone off. His face drained.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

James runs through the hospital. Following signs to ICU.

INT. ICU - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

James is met by Doctor Waring outside the room. We don't hear what they say. James's face and the way his body seems to shrink tells us all we need to know.

INT. ICU ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

A deathly SILENCE fills the room. As if the world has stopped. Mary lies in bed -- her face serene, eyes closed. James sits beside her. The cross next to her on the bed.

Some childish paintings have been stuck on the wall by her pupils. He looks at them.

QUICK CUTS

A painting of JESUS and the resurrection.

a VIKING attack led by a warrior with golden eyes.

A Panzer tank and some attacking stormtroopers. The officer's face quite clearly Alonzo, Mary's pupil.

The SPANISH ARMADA and ships on fire.

ON JAMES as he strokes Mary's face. He holds her hand.

JAMES

I missed you so much. I wanted to tell you so many things, most of all...that I love you.

CLOSE ON

The CROSS. A thin film of blood coats the surface -- pools into droplets that glisten on the silver -- slide along the length of it to reach...

MARY'S HAND.

JAMES (V.O.)

And to tell you that you were right, even though you couldn't be with me, somehow you were.

The blood is drawn into her pale skin -- which flushes pink. Color spreads up her arm -- fills her body with a life giving golden hue.

JAMES

Feels the warmth in the hand he holds. Sees her face once pale and lifeless is now radiant as...

She takes one huge shuddering breath. And as she does so, the monitors flicker on, a rhythmic beep starts up, SUNLIGHT pours into the room -- the sound of bird song washes in.

JAMES

Mary?

Mary's eyes slowly open -- she smiles.

MARY

James?

JAMES

I thought I'd lost you for good.

MARY

I've had such strange dreams, amazing adventures...you were there.

JAMES

I've been travelling, trying to find something...to help you.

Mary smiles, squeezes his hand.

MARY

Sometimes you just have to take a leap of faith...

ON JAMES remembering.

JAMES

Somebody else said the same thing.

Mary looks at him, eyes full of love.

MARY

Anybody I know?

James shakes his head, unable to take the whole thing in.

JAMES

I'm not sure.

MARY

Well, we have the rest of our life
to work that out, don't we?

Mary leans over and kisses him -- her hospital gown rides up exposing a livid round scar visible on her left side.

OFF JAMES'S face as he sees it.

And as she holds him tight. Just for a second the faintest flash of gold suffuses her eyes...and then it's gone.

FADE OUT.