



JAQUES DE SAINT-OMAR (CONT'D)  
Crush the heathen! For the love of  
God!

\*

The KNIGHTS draw their swords and engage the rushing SARACENS. Lightning flashes plunge us into blazing light then darkness so that the battle is seen in staccato bursts.

De SAINT-OMAR wades in to battle. The butchery is raw and real and close-quarters. Hacking and panting. Blood splashing into the ground.

Two of the TEMPLARS are cut down. They fall but don't die, lie squirming in agony in the mud with a dying SARACEN.

Another SARACEN charges. De SAINT-OMAR engages with him. Sword-metal upon sword-metal. The effort for the SARACEN to swing his blade is immense. De SAINT-OMAR'S sword feels so much lighter in his grasp. The Knight cuts the SARACEN down then plunges the blade full into the man. Spurt of blood geysers into the air.

JAQUES DE SAINT-OMAR (CONT'D)  
(Medieval French /  
subtitled)  
Fall back! Protect the Relic!

The three remaining KNIGHTS protect the covered icon.

The SARACENS encircle them.

The KNIGHTS kiss their fingertips and gently touch the hidden cargo - a beam of wood is glimpsed.

JAQUES DE SAINT-OMAR (CONT'D)  
(Medieval French /  
subtitled)  
For the love of God.

\*

The SARACENS fall upon them.

The final slaughter of the remaining KNIGHTS is watched through nearby bushes. The POV of someone unknown whose breath hitches with fear.

CUT: The bodies of the three fallen KNIGHTS sprawled together on the muddy ground. One of the men twitches and then is still. The rain and mud begin to smother them ...

We CRANE UP as mist fleetingly covers frame ...

MIX TO:



GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Leave those.

(to startled LECTURER)

Thank you Dr Veeseey. Sounding good.  
You're the man.

CUT TO:

6        **SCENE OMITTED**

6

7        **EXT. LARKHALL - OPEN GROUND - DAY 1**

7

A BUILDING CONTRACTOR refers to a sheet of planned housing with his SUPERVISOR. The development sign is erected behind them. The SUPERVISOR'S heart sinks as two archaeologists trudge towards him. All khakis and rain-hoods and North Face gear.

PROFESSOR GREGORY PARTON - the slightly florid look of a man for whom middle-age just makes him more interesting. Dirty twinkle in his eye.

DR BEN ERGHA - Thirties, West African descent but London by birth and manner. A geezer with a PhD.

GREGORY

(as they approach the  
Supervisor)

Oh God, you can see it in his eyes -  
job's worth. He'll be on our backs  
like a rutting grizzly. Still, on  
the up-side, there's a decent pub  
opposite. So that's lunch sorted.

As they reach the SUPERVISOR, a battered mud-flecked Land Rover is drawing up.

SUPERVISOR

This is what I found.

He hands BEN a dull battered coin. BEN whistles his amazement.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Be reasonable gents, we're putting  
up homes for people. Here. Now. You  
know? Matters more than some bit of  
old history.

BEN

You know what history is mate?  
Layers. The Celts make a layer. The  
Romans make a layer. The Saxons.  
The Medievals. The Tudors. The  
Elizabethans. Georgians.  
Victorians. Edwardians. Your mum.  
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

My mum. You want to put down your layer? That's fine. But you need your PPG 16. Because these days layers require forms that show you aren't building on previous layers. So we have to take a peek. At the layers. It's all about layers.

GREGORY

(sage)  
The layers.

SUPERVISOR

And if there's nothing down there?

GILLIAN

There's always something down there.

She jumps out of the Land Rover accompanied by the excited STUDENTS.

BEN

We have a mystery.

GILLIAN snatches the silver coin. Inspects it with excitement.

GILLIAN

Wow. Dirham. 14th century. What the hell's a Middle Eastern coin doing in a Somerset field?

BEN

So, what do you want to do Gillian?

GILLIAN

Well, we have a Medieval riddle to solve. So we start digging.

She jabs the toe-cap of her boot into the soil.

**TITLE SEQUENCE -**

**"BONEKICKERS" EPISODE 1 - "Army of God"**

\*

CUT TO:

8

**EXT. DIG SITE - DAY 1**

8

VIVIENNE DAVIS pays her taxi driver and hurries eagerly towards the picket-fence cordon around the new dig site.

A university graduate, VIV is barely in her twenties - mixed race. Baseball cap, khaki shorts and work boots which look fetchingly large on her. Her rucksack jingles like a timpani.

The site now consists of a broad evaluation trench. STUDENTS scrape at the soil with trowels. VIV grins eagerly as she climbs over the fencing. Fragments of twisted bone and carbuncled metal are placed in seed trays. It's hard, muddy graft. GILLIAN'S hand reaches out and finds a filthy old ghetto-blaster. Queen - *"Don't stop me now! I'm having such a good time. Having a ball!"*

The STUDENTS chuckle wearily before resuming work.

VIV tries to get a proper look at GILLIAN - fascinated and nervous. But GILLIAN has her back to her.

BEN  
Can you not do that?

VIV  
What?

BEN  
Either get in the trench or stand away but don't teeter on the edge; erodes the section edge. You one of the Year Twos?

VIV  
I'm Vivienne Davis. I applied ..?

BEN  
Gotcha. Ben Ergha. Please to meet you Vivienne.

VIV  
Viv. Just Viv.

CUT TO:

9

**INT. DIG SITE - OPS TENT - DAY 1**

9

Trestles weighed down with computers, paperwork and sandwiches. GREGORY fiddles with a faulty computer. VIV notices he is swigging Guinness at 11am.

BEN  
Haven't we just had breakfast?

GREGORY  
The sun's always over the yard-arm somewhere old love. Wellington!

BEN  
He's excited. Bless his heart. We're finding evidence of military equipment, right here! We don't know if it's a sword-smithie or even a battle ...

GREGORY

Map regression dates back to the  
13th Century and there is nothing  
to suggest a battle was fought here  
...

BEN

Well I live in hope. Faith is a  
virtue.

GREGORY

Faith is the gunpowder of humanity.  
Sack God, replace Him with the  
Tooth Fairy.  
(clocks VIV)  
Yummy.

BEN

Viv this is Professor Gregory  
Parton. Think of him as Google with  
a beer-gut.

GREGORY

Call me Dolly.

VIV

Well hello Dolly.

GREGORY

Nice smile. Inspirational chest.  
Post-grad?

VIV

Durham.

GREGORY

"I'm gonna leave old Durham town.  
I'm gonna leave old Durham town .."  
(wanders off)  
"I'll head south because I have  
great legs and I like to have sex  
with older men .."

BEN hands VIV the silver, dull, bent coin.

BEN

Builders found it. That's why we  
were called. Assigned to the Sultan  
of Mamluk. The Mamluk Turks  
occupied Jerusalem after the  
Christians were driven out in 1291.  
When the Crusades went tits up.

VIV

What's it doing here?

BEN

(grins)

We have no idea. But the answer  
lies under that ground.

GILLIAN

(enters)

Who's that trip-trapping over my  
bridge?

VIV

Uhh .. Viv. Vivienne Davis.

GILLIAN

Vivienne?

(arch look)

The witch of Arthurian legend.

GILLIAN places a seed tray on the table. Removing pieces of  
bone and shards of metal.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Damascene steel. Sword metal. Found  
beside Saracen coinage?

BEN

But they couldn't have been  
fighting Saracens here! That's  
nuts!

VIV

I expect you .. you want to see my  
references ..?

GILLIAN ignores, stomping back to the trench.

VIV catches GREGORY staring at her bum.

GREGORY

I'm just .. I think you've got a  
mark on ... la-de-dee ..(coughs)

CUT TO:

10

**EXT. DIG SITE - DAY 1**

10

Various CLOSE-UPS: trowel tips scraping the soil. Little bent  
spoons used to clear the earth wedged between pieces of  
ancient metal. Delicate, loving, forensic work. GILLIAN  
watches - waits .. mutters to herself.

GILLIAN

(prods the soil)

Give up your secrets. Come on ...



COLM  
(nods/heard it before)  
Hundreds of years ago. Sssshhhh.  
Come on, rest.

JAMES  
And I've dreamt about it.

JAMES is on his feet. He is staring at the photographs on his dusty mantelpiece - pictures of earnest young boys at a monastic school, attended by monks.

Outside, a mullah calls to prayer.

COLM  
I've just been down the court  
house. He's been acquitted.

COLM switches on the only luxury in the room - a portable tv linked to a digital box.

TV - News 24. Courtroom steps. We see a sign saying 'Birmingham Central Court'. EDWARD LAYGASS is a smiling, personable man whom the camera likes. He happily greets the press as he leaves.

PRESS  
Mr Laygass? / Will Ofcom seek to  
close down your TV show?

LAYGASS  
I go out on a niche Christian  
channel ...

PRESS  
You've been denounced by the  
Archbishop of Canterbury ... /  
You said that this country is now  
at war for its Christian soul ...

LAYGASS  
Well I said the day is coming when  
St Paul's Cathedral will be the  
Grand Mosque of London.

PRESS  
Do your supporters advocate  
violence against non-Christians?

LAYGASS  
You're missing the use of simile in  
one of my favourite hymns; "Onward  
Christian soldiers, marching as to  
war. With the Cross of Jesus going  
on before."

He smiles at the camera then moves on to his car.





VIV

So who were they?

GILLIAN

Use your archaeological  
imagination...

She looks to VIV as if waiting for an answer. VIV just shrugs. GILLIAN sighs.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

This wasn't a couple of peasants  
scrapping over a bit of skirt.

BEN

It appears to be a skirmish between  
professional soldiers and Turks!  
Right in the heart of jolly old  
England don'tcha know ..

GILLIAN

Two thousand miles away from the  
Crusades.

GREGORY

There's no recorded battle here  
between the Roman occupation and  
Cromwell.

BEN

He's right. This is re-writing the  
books stuff.

(checks his watch - shit)

Gilly, we have to show our faces at  
the faculty thing ...

GILLIAN

Pull a sickie.

BEN

I'll have the finds packed up. We  
can get straight back in the lab..

VIV

Can you please give me something to  
do Dr Magwilde. I can help.

GILLIAN

Vivienne, young pretty intern  
person. When I'm impressed with you  
I'll ask for your help.

(elbows BEN)

Still waiting on him.

She climbs into the car. BEN feels for VIV.

BEN

Tanya can show you how we  
catalogue. It's a variation on Pitt  
Rivers' Techniques of  
Classification ...

VIV

... and typology.

BEN

You got it. Everything packed in acid-free tissue okay .?

VIV

How am I going to impress her?

BEN

You'll think of something. We all had to.

GREGORY leaves her with some chips. VIV watches them go, feeling like a failure.

CUT TO:

21

**INT. BEDSIT - DAY 1**

21

TV - jaunty theme-tune with lots of optimistic synthesized trumpet music.

We TRACK OVER the mantelpiece - more photos. A young James singing in the choir and receiving his first communion. James and Colm posing with others in a university fencing team. Snap-shots of a life.

JAMES sits cross-legged before the TV.

TV - head and shoulders of EDWARD LAYGASS. LAYGASS strikes just the right pitch - concerned but never somber, warm but not gooey.

LAYGASS

In a moment I'm going to introduce you to Lionel. Lionel has served a sentence at a Category A prison. When he came to Christ he was surprised to discover that wearing a crucifix was considered provocative. He was staggered to discover that his prison chapel was turned over on a weekly basis for Indian yoga classes. What has happened to our Christian identity? Has it been eroded or have we sold the Lord down the river to appease an ever-broader stream of spiritual aliens?

JAMES punches off the TV. Again, he hears the call to Muslim prayer from outside his window. The anger rises in him.

JAMES

When the call comes, I'll be ready.

CUT TO:



VIV picks up part of a flapping sandal which almost comes apart in her hands. The nurse HELENA loiters nearby.

HELENA

It's exciting. Patients can't stop talking about it. Are they really soldiers ..?

VIV

Uhh, stand in the site or away from it but not on the edge. Sorry.

HELENA

Sorry. I'm Helena. I work at the hospice. Anyway .. Sorry ...

She politely retreats.

VIV

Look at this.

(turns over the sandal)

They put nails in the soles to get a better grip in battle. See?

HELENA

Is that the other sandal there?

Something sticking out of the soil. VIV looks for help but everyone is busy. VIV isn't sure she is qualified but tries to prize the object free. HELENA comes in to help and together they slide the chunk of dense mottled wood loose of the earth. It comes away with a jolt, sending both girls over in the mud. Filthy. They giggle.

VIV

Look at your finger ...

HELENA'S finger is bleeding.

HELENA

It's just a splinter.

VIV turns the chunk of wood over in her hands.

CUT TO:

25

**INT. UNIVERSITY - FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT 1**

25

MASTIFF signs copies of his book for a couple of faculty bods. GILLIAN approaches.

DANIEL MASTIFF

Get yourself a manicure lady ...

GILLIAN

Can't help it Daniel, I'm just a grubby wee digger.

DANIEL MASTIFF

What have you found that's got local hacks buzzing?

GILLIAN

Medieval soldiers. Slain in combat?

DANIEL MASTIFF

In England? Probably got drunk and fought each other. Bloody grunts.

GILLIAN

Something about these finds that's different ...

DANIEL MASTIFF

With military finds best to start with weapon identification. Analyze your sword sections.

GILLIAN

With your permission, I'm on it now.

DANIEL MASTIFF

Well take a copy of the book.

GILLIAN

"Sex Rites Of The Ancients"? Hmm.

DANIEL MASTIFF

From Aztec nuptials to the virgin molestations of Caligula.

GILLIAN

Antiquity with tittys and front-bottoms. I read your last one, "Napoleon Goes A-Bonking ..."

DANIEL MASTIFF

(patient/over her)

"Yes Tonight Josephine, The Appetites Of An Emperor."

GILLIAN

Missed the film on Sky ...

DANIEL MASTIFF

I outline a common truth; that history runs on the twin motors of human behaviour; sex and greed. You play the fame game too honey.

He steps closer - dangerously close. She matches his gaze.

DANIEL MASTIFF (CONT'D)

You're not shy in splashing yourself about.

GILLIAN

But not for money Daniel. There's a name for someone who does that; and it's not an "acamedian."

DANIEL MASTIFF

Oh listen to us. Your mother would never have exchanged such cheap barbs. Too sure of her brilliance.

GILLIAN feels the sting. Steps back.

DANIEL MASTIFF (CONT'D)

How is she? Any change?

GILLIAN marches out, passing GREGORY and BEN.

BEN

What? He's got to you already? Is that a record? So can we go now?

GILLIAN

Yes.

BEN

Good.

GREGORY

But girls and shampoo and cheese things ...

GREGORY snatches a bottle to take with him and BEN a handful of nibbles.

CUT TO:

26

**INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - NIGHT 1**

26

VIV moves through the Dry Room with its racks of gear hanging from pegs into the lab proper.

The room is large and modern and lab-like. A sense that the whole thing is partially sunk underground. Like a trench. Examination table, fume cupboard. VIV feels privileged to be here.

GILLIAN drags a jacket over her cocktail dress, joining BEN at the examination table. A partly assembled skeleton. Each bone has been labelled. GILLIAN places the skull at the top of the vertebrae. BEN turns over the warped hilt of a sword.

BEN

Mastiff was right, look at the pommel; French. French soldiers?!

She drags over the angle-poise magnifier and inspects the jagged break in the bone.

GILLIAN

Broad sword couldn't administer  
that wound.

BEN

Yeah, I printed up a list of  
possibilities.

(hands her a photo)

Middle Eastern scimitar.

GILLIAN

In the English bloody countryside?!

VIV turns over her discovered chunk of wood. Is about to  
interrupt when GREGORY breezes through.

GREGORY

Hold the front page. I have the  
carbon-14 dating on the bone  
collagen. Between 1300 and 1320.

GILLIAN carefully unwraps the rusted chain-mail fragment.  
Inside she finds a strip of decomposing fabric.

GILLIAN

Fantastic! The ionization from the  
chain-mail preserved it. Looks like  
your classic Z-spun Medieval  
cotton.

VIV is drawn forward - thrilled.

BEN

We're going to have to clean this  
at the micro-level. Takes time.

VIV

UV light.

They all look across at her. She blanches.

VIV (CONT'D)

It's what we're taught these days.  
UV.

CUT TO:

27

**INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - LATER - NIGHT 1**

27

The cotton fragment has been sandwiched in perspex. BEN  
positions it in front of a UV lamp. He switches off the main  
lights as the UV glow fills the room. **He grabs VIV in the  
spooky glow** - this sort of cool techy stuff always generates  
a buzz of excitement - the kind that proceeds a firework  
display.

\*  
\*

GREGORY

Little children should be seen and  
not heard.

\*  
\*  
\*

GILLIAN grins too - the team having fun.

\*

And then gradually their grins turn to amazement as the  
realize what the UV has revealed.

\*  
\*

BEN

Shit!

Part of the red Medieval cross in the weave.

GILLIAN

Guess we've found the identity of our guys. Knights Templar.

GILLIAN is grinning from ear to ear. BEN gives her hug. GREGORY gives a low whistle of astonishment. And VIV? She just can't believe her luck, that she is here with these people doing this!

CUT TO:

28

**INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT 1**

28

A whole different feel. Dark and almost gothic with a sense of exciting and gruesome treasures lurking in the gloom.

At the back of this room, a cluster of Chesterfield sofas and dusty Renaissance chairs plus various computers.

GREGORY is fumbling excitedly with his 70's slide Carousel. An image is thrown onto the wall - a bright red Crusader's cross.

VIV

Are we talking about the Knights Templar?

GILLIAN

(still buzzing and full of good humour)

We're talking about the ones from Weston-Super-Mare who own a chain of launderettes. Which ones are you talking about?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BEN

(nudging her quiet)

Yes! The Poor Fellow Soldiers of Christ. The warrior monks charged with guarding pilgrims to Jerusalem.

\*  
\*

GREGORY

They were a monastic order, founded hospitals and schools. They were also the Church's SAS troops. The soldiering elite of the Crusades.

GILLIAN

(sobering)

Not to mention the mass-slaughterers of countless Muslims.

\*

CUT TO:

29

**INT. BEDSIT - NIGHT 1**

29

JAMES drags COLM into the room and throws down a sheet of paper, a printed page from the White Wings Alliance website. \*

JAMES

Picked this up from the website. \*

There's a dig happening in the West Country. Soldiers. Medieval. Colm, the location; the secret road from the coast.

COLM snatches the piece of paper, studies it. \*

JAMES (CONT'D)

We have to get the word out to the others. Be prepared.

COLM

For what?

JAMES

For war.

CUT TO:

30 INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - NIGHT 1

30

Empty. We hear singing. Beautiful, crystal-clear singing. It's "Greensleaves". VIV carries the hunk of wood she found absent-mindedly through the lab. She sings softly to herself. She travels through the door at the far side into gloom ...

\*

CUT TO:

31 INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT 1

31

Dark rows of books and jars containing scrolls and skulls. VIV pauses, song snagged in her throat - a cardboard box catches her eye - CHILD REMAINS, TUDOR, BUS-SHELTER DIG.

Sounds of GREGORY joining in with "Greensleaves"- gravelly and not so sweet. BEN gives GREGORY a patient, level stare and GREGORY stops singing. Blessed relief.

\*

\*

\*

GREGORY has more slides on display. The Crusades - Knights Templar in their red and white fighting with Muslim warriors.

\*

GREGORY

The Templars were well-funded.

GILLIAN

But poor themselves.

Another image - the seal of the Templars - two knights riding the same horse.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Two knights on the same horse.  
Poverty as a badge of honour.

VIV

Our knights have been dated to the early 1300's. That's when the Church turned against them, right?

GREGORY

The young lady with the proceleusmatic bosom is quite right; the Templars were deemed too radical. King Phillip of France outlawed them in 1307. I believe the arrests began on Friday 13th. Hence that date is unlucky.

(to VIV)

(MORE)

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Write it down. Impress your friends  
at parties.

BEN

Remind me not to come to one of  
your parties.

GILLIAN

So our knights escape France and  
come to England. But they're  
ambushed.

BEN

By Saracens? The coin suggests  
that. But that's patently crazy.

VIV

I think they had a wooden cart or  
something with them. I found this.

She shows them the hunk of wood.

GILLIAN

No, they were sworn to poverty.  
Even carts were a luxury. What sort  
of wood is this?

BEN

I'll tell you what it's not; it's  
not oak. Or beech. Or ash. Or  
sycamore.

GILLIAN

Let's do dendrochronology on it.

Phone rings. GILLIAN answers. During the conversation, she  
wanders in front of the Carousel images so that warring  
knights play over her.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Dr Magwilde.

The voice on the other end is relaxed and even.

LAYGASS (PHONE)

Have you found the Templar Knights?

GILLIAN

Who is this please?

LAYGASS (PHONE)

I've been looking for them too. A  
long time.

GILLIAN

Identify yourself creepy caller.

LAYGASS (PHONE)  
And what about their precious  
cargo? Where would that be?

GILLIAN  
I don't know what you're talking  
about.

LAYGASS (PHONE)  
Do you pray Dr Magwilde?

GILLIAN  
Funnily enough I'm praying now.  
That you would bog off.  
(line goes dead)  
Hallelujah, it worked.

CUT TO:

32           **INT. LAYGASS'S OFFICE - NIGHT 1**

32

The plain room is dominated by two things. A symbol for The White Wings Alliance and Antonello's grotesquely beautiful Crucifixion. Beside the painting hangs a modest printed card of illuminated writing in a frame - "In My Father's House There Are Many Mansions". Music begins to fill the room from the CD player - Gregorian plain-song.

Against the lamp-light we see the shadow of a man against the wall. LAYGASS. His head is bowed as he contemplates.

Christ gazes down - hanging from the Cross.

CUT TO:

33           **INT. MAYFIELD HOSPICE - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT 1**

33

HELENA keeps vigil over a dying CANCER PATIENT. The man is sallow and close to passing. She strokes his face.

HELENA  
Hang on until your sister gets here  
Jack. So brave. Jesus, please be  
with Jack at this time of his  
passing from the world. Lay your  
hand on him Lord ...

She winces - the splinter in her finger. PATIENT gasps. HELENA forgets her own petty discomfort and returns to stroking his cheek with her injured finger.

CUT TO:

34 INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - NIGHT 1

34

HELENA (V.O.)  
You who died for our sins have  
mercy on this man. Be along-side  
him. Comfort him in his pain for  
you know pain Lord, you who hung on  
a hill and bled for the sake of the  
world.

Over MONTAGE. BEN drills a bore hole in the chunk of wood.

- Removes an 8mm dowel sample.
- Sample under a modified microscope.
- POV: rings in the wood brought into muddy focus.
- BEN compares his charts. Incredible.

CUT TO:

34A INT. BEDSIT - PRE-DAWN 2

34A

COLM enters. He finds a stronger, fitter JAMES standing in the room. He like COLM wears the long grey trenchcoat.

JAMES tips over his own bed. Underneath is a long leather bag. He drags it out and reaches inside. Removes a sword.

COLM  
James ...

JAMES  
We must test our resolve. Don't  
doubt. Not for a second. The  
Knights awake.

He tosses the sword. COLM catches it instinctively.

CUT TO:

34B INT. MUSLIM CENTRE - DAWN 2

34B

A blood-red light fills the room. Those powerful, crimson winter sunrises.

HISHAM is an earnest modern Muslim student. He and his STUDENT FRIENDS arrive with their arms full of books. JAMES and COLM are waiting for them - white t-shirts under their flowing coats.

HISHAM  
Excuse me, can we help you? This is  
a place for Muslim study ..

JAMES

You're opponents of Edward Laygass.

HISHAM

Laygass? He incites violence. The Sikh Temple. The meeting house of Hare Krishna ... The White Wings Alliance is an evil ...

JAMES

Puts non-denominational Christianity at the head of daily life.

HISHAM

Look mate, the man's books and his speeches .. they encourage hatred.

JAMES

You've invaded a Christian country.

HISHAM

I was born in Dudley!

JAMES

It is the aim of every Muslim to convert or kill the infidel.

HISHAM

What, you think you speak for a nation of church-goers? In this country?

JAMES

Soon we will. A fire is going to be lit. And everyone will flock to it.

HISHAM

So, you work for Laygass.

JAMES

We are the Poor Fellow Soldiers Of Christ. We work for Him.

He opens his coat - a blood red Templar cross on his shirt. Both he and COLM draw swords.

JAMES (CONT'D)

This is a Holy War.

HISHAM

Islam is a peaceful religion. Allah is peace. If you want to talk about this another time then we will.

JAMES moves towards them, sword raised.

HISHAM (CONT'D)  
Please don't!

JAMES raises his blade but can not find it within him to strike.

HISHAM (CONT'D)  
Where's this going to end?

JAMES  
With Britain Christian. So RUN!

The MUSLIMS retreat, run for the door.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
RUN! AND DON'T STOP AT DUDLEY!

He throws his sword away and drops to his knees in prayer.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I wasn't strong enough  
Lord. I'm sorry ... sorry ...

COLM lays a comforting hand on his friend's back but JAMES throws him off.

CUT TO:

35        **SCENE OMITTED**        35

36        **INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - DAY 2**        36

GILLIAN extracts a distinctive lead crucifix from a tray of silt. She cleans it off using a needle-thin water jet. GREGORY hunches over her.

GREGORY  
Ah yes, one of the pert little  
third years pulled this out. It  
definitely belonged to a  
Grandmontine.

GILLIAN  
Well the Grandmontine monks were  
the chroniclers of the Templars.  
It's a good bet one was travelling  
with them when they were attacked.

She turns over the crucifix - etched on the back is a snake and a sword.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Why has he carved this on the back?

GREGORY

Don't know. Look at the way this chain is snapped. As though it was yanked from his neck. By force.

GILLIAN

So Europe turns against the Templars and a small band flee France. Wind up here. Head north looking for a Templar church as refuge. A Grandmontine monk is with them. They're attacked by Saracens ...

GREGORY

Which is patently absurd.

GILLIAN

All right, people pretending to be Saracens. Leaving the dirhams lying about to throw the curious off the scent.

(beat)

What if these knights brought something precious with them from France? "Precious cargo". They're killed for this cargo by thieves in disguise.

GREGORY

The only thing precious to the Knights Templar were spiritual relics from the Holy Land.

GILLIAN

I've got pictures here .. All sorts of Christian baubles ...

VIV brings in teas.

VIV

Tea's up.

GREGORY

Bickies?

VIV

I'm so glad I've got a degree.

(GREGORY waits)

Rich Tea or Bourbons?

GREGORY

No Hob Nobs? Dear God, this is like working in a Madagascan ruby mine. Bring on the whips!

GILLIAN

Never ceases to amaze me .. all these centuries of blood-shed in the name of religion.

VIV

Well it's not always like that.  
(off her look)  
Well it isn't. The nastier stuff always leaves a bigger impact on history. But that's not how God works.

GILLIAN

You were presumably brainwashed by God-bothering parents ...

VIV

No. I didn't know my parents.  
(softening)  
But holy wars .. Crusades .. It's the big stuff. I always thought that God was found in the quiet corners. In the little things.

BEN

The little things. I like that.

He was watching from the sidelines. VIV blushes.

BEN (CONT'D)

Anyway, we all have to have something to believe in, don't we Gillian.

A pointed remark which she chooses to ignore.

BEN (CONT'D)

Right, you ready for this? First off, wood type is cedar.

GILLIAN

Cedar?!

BEN

That takes it out of Europe. The pattern of rings puts it at 32AD. 2000 years ago.

He shows them a microscope picture - furry particles.

BEN (CONT'D)

Pollen. I j-pegged this to an old mate. It's Gundelia.

Silence in the room as BEN waits for a reaction.

BEN (CONT'D)

Found in Syria, Jordan, Israel. The Holy Land anyone?

GREGORY

Two thousand year old wood from the Holy Land ....

BEN

Carried by the Knights Templar who we know were entrusted with Christian relics from Jerusalem.

(beat)

But that's not the best bit. There's organic residue in the wood. Soaked in. Like blood. Mixed with metal traces ..?

GILLIAN is already hunting through paperwork.

GREGORY

Okay. Gently bently. Let's not start getting carried away.

BEN

Who's getting carried away Dolly? I'm just telling you what I found. Evidence that 2000 years ago someone may have been lacerated with a metal nail and bled into this wood.

GILLIAN slaps down a picture from her collection of "Christian baubles" - the True Cross. They stare transfixed at the image of the Cross. Then one by one they turn to look at that mottled hunk of cedar sitting on the table.

CUT TO:

36A **EXT. UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS - DAY 2**

36A

GILLIAN and MASTIFF take a stroll together. STUDENTS buzz around them like bees, darting from one lecture to the next.

DANIEL MASTIFF

I'm under pressure from the construction company. They want us to seal up the find, protect the site with concrete and let them build on top.

GILLIAN

You can't do that. There could be something highly significant still down there.

She passes him a sliver of paper - a report.

DANIEL MASTIFF

Cedar wood ... but you don't know  
if this is part of a cross-beam for  
a Roman-built crucifix ...

GILLIAN

We're walking geo-phys across that  
site looking for the rest.

DANIEL MASTIFF

There's another factor. Another  
potential buyer for the site.  
Someone who won't build on it and  
has a historical interest in  
preserving it.

GILLIAN

Who?

DANIEL MASTIFF

I'm not at liberty to say.

Sighing, she turns to go.

DANIEL MASTIFF (CONT'D)

Do you believe in all seriousness  
that you've uncovered part of the  
Cross of Jesus Christ?

GILLIAN

I'm not at liberty to say.

He nods - now it's his turn to walk away from her.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Daniel, please, let us walk the  
site out, sink another trench ..  
Hold the developers and whoever  
else at bay. For now. Please.

He shoves his hands in his pockets and gives her a level  
stare. Inscrutable.

CUT TO:

37

**INT. UNIVERSITY - MASTIFF'S OFFICE - DAY 2**

37

A shrine to one man's ego. Diplomas jostle for wall-space  
with signed photographs of Mastiff on a "Time Team" dig with  
Tony Robinson or standing in some dig-site staring at the  
horizon enigmatically.





GILLIAN  
You let a layman help you on a dig  
site?

VIV  
I .. I .. I'm sorry ...

CUT TO:

43 **EXT. BEDSIT - DAY 2**

43

War drums. Driving soundtrack.

JAMES and COLM stride purposefully from the tenement. Onto JAMES'S motorbike - COLM pillion. Just as the Templars rode. They set off down the street, watched from a discreet distance by HISHAM.

CUT TO:

44 **INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - DAY 2**

44

BEN follows GILLIAN across the lab.

GILLIAN  
Look, whether it's the cross of  
Christ or not it's still an amazing  
historical find. Maybe the press  
attention'll be good for us.

BEN  
Well you've always liked to be the  
talking point.

GILLIAN notices VIV watching her.

GILLIAN  
Mastiff said you asked for a  
placement here and nowhere else.

VIV  
Well .. this is where it's all  
happening.

GILLIAN  
You had the pick of the crop. Why  
here?

VIV  
Pin in a map.

GILLIAN  
Okay then, don't tell me. But I  
hope you like getting into trouble.

VIV

Uhh yes. No? Which is the best answer?

GILLIAN

You'd better decide coz Gregory's right about religious faith; gunpowder of humanity. If we do find what we .. may have found then every zealot, fanatic and crackpot will be down on our dig site like a ton of bricks.

CUT TO:

45

**EXT. ALLEY WAY - DAY 2**

45

JAMES leans against the dank wall. Runs a sharpening stone along the length of his blade. Presses the cold steel to his forehead.

A noise.

JAMES moves quickly, sword flashing at his side. Along the alleyway. Right turn. Nothing. He waits. Patient.

HISHAM steps out of the shadows.

HISHAM

I've been learning about you. And the other orphans.

JAMES

I have a Father.

HISHAM

An entire monastic school, founded with money from Edward Laygass's family. What did he raise you all to believe?

JAMES

The Truth.

HISHAM

I've seen Muslims, good Muslims driven with that look that you have now. Mad with zeal and longing to make a difference. There is another way. If you follow it you'll be closer to God. Don't make me go to the Police. Come on mate, stand down from this.

JAMES nods to himself, walking forward. HISHAM sees a glimmer of hope.

HISHAM (CONT'D)  
You know I once thought ...

JAMES swings his sword and HISHAM is decapitated in mid sentence. His body collapses.

JAMES is at once aghast and exhilarated by what he has done. Tears pour down his face. He sinks to his knees.

JAMES  
You have guided my hand and given  
me my resolve. I entrust myself to  
Your will.

He leans against the wall and vomits.

But when he looks back up, his eyes burn with determination beneath his sweaty fringe.

War drums.

CUT TO:

46 **EXT. BIRMINGHAM CITY STREETS - DAY 2**

46

War drums - urgent. A clarion call.

A BEGGAR plays the recorder for disinterested shoppers. JAMES approaches him. The BEGGAR throws away his whistle and falls into step with JAMES.

A BEARDED MAN hands out Christian leaflets. JAMES and the BEGGAR approach. The BEARDED MAN discards his pamphlets to the wind.

JAMES, COLM and EIGHT FELLOW SOLDIERS walk with purpose, cutting through the crowds. Each wears a white t-shirt under a flowing trench coat. Swords beneath their coats.

CUT TO:

47 **TV - DAY A**

47

BIG CLOSE-UP of LAYGASS'S TV show. The White Wings Alliance logo sits in the corner of the screen. Head and shoulders on LAYGASS reading out a viewers letter.

LAYGASS  
"Dear Edward, I know why we can't  
beat Bin Laden. He and his lot have  
faith. They may be wrong but at  
least they have that. Whereas we  
have the True Faith in Jesus but we  
don't stand up for it. And that is  
where the Muslims and others have  
us over a barrel."

LAYGASS closes the letter and allows his sad smile to morph into one of hope and anticipation.

LAYGASS (CONT'D)

What if Jesus could be proved? It would light a fire in all our hearts. Even in those who had no faith. "In my Father's house there are many mansions." So said Jesus. Wouldn't those mansions soon be filled with Christian souls? The Believers would drive out those who did not follow the Truth. Just as we did a long time ago. Wow!

CUT TO:

48

**EXT. DIG SITE - DAY 3**

48

GILLIAN and her TEAM push through a scrum of PRESS.

GILLIAN

(grabs a team member)  
Tanya, call the university. Any member of the rugger squad looking to earn cash in hand is to get down here onto this cordon.

JOURNALIST

Dr Magwilde, a few questions?

GILLIAN

Remove your stringy buttocks from my dig.

JOURNALIST

Have your team uncovered part of the True Cross? And is the rest of it still down there?

GILLIAN

Yeah. Last week we tripped over the Holy Grail and next week we're going after Atlantis.

JOURNALIST

But that's the reputation that ruined your mother wasn't it. Going after the exotic ...

BEN

We're very busy. Thanks. Cheers.

JOURNALIST

Broke her career. Broke her spirit.

BEN pushes the JOURNO away. He can see how deeply GILLIAN is cut. He reaches out to her but GILLIAN shrugs him off.

CUT TO:

49

**EXT. MAYFIELD HOSPICE - DAY 3**

49

HELENA steps outside cautiously. VIV is there to meet her.

HELENA

I .. I didn't start this, honestly.  
I didn't even know the wood we  
found was special ...

VIV

You're a believer, aren't you.

HELENA

Jack was minutes away from dying.  
I'm a Christian. I believe God  
sometimes chooses to heal ...

HELENA holds out her hand. VIV sees the splinter in her fingertip. Her mind spins with crazy possibilities.

MOTHER

Excuse me.

She stands clutching the hand of her 8 year old SON.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I saw you on the news. Touch him.

HELENA

Sorry ..?

MOTHER

He has leukemia. Could you touch  
him please? What harm can it do?

HELENA

I'm not special.  
(touches the boy with her  
fingertips)  
Bless you in Jesus's name.

MOTHER

Thank you.

Tears trickle down the MOTHER'S face. She leads her son away.

VIV

You should get that thing removed.

HELENA

They work themselves out.

She heads back inside. VIV turns and is immediately grabbed by GILLIAN who shoves a set of door keys into her hand.

GILLIAN  
These are the keys to my flat.  
Bring me my spare overalls, they're  
drying on the radiator. Touch  
nothing!

VIV  
You've got company.

DANIEL MASTIFF picks his way over in pristine wellies.

GILLIAN  
You'll find a crossbow; bring that  
too.

CUT TO:

50

**INT. GILLIAN'S FLAT - DAY 3**

50

Bay window with a wonderful view of the city. Tapestries on the wall. Spartan urns on the shelf. VIV feels intrigued and privileged.

She picks up a Chinese box. Opens the lid and peers in. Reacts with a start and drops it.

A photo catches her eye - young Gillian with unruly teenage hair standing beside her mother on a field dig. Mother looks striking and confident. An emotional shadow passes over VIV.

A press cutting - "Eminent Archaeologist In Suicide Attempt."  
A photo of Gillian's mother looking dishevelled in dark glasses.

Then VIV notices the stacks of scribbled notes and sketches on the desk. VIV clicks on the desk lamp, intrigued. Gillian has been drawing swords. Variations on the same idea. And star maps. Pinpointed constellations. VIV can not make sense of it. Writing beneath these constellations -

VIV  
"I found him in the shining of the  
stars .." Tennyson. What the hell  
is this?

A power surge blows the desk lamp bulb. The hi-fi system blasts on - all diodes blazing. "Bat Out Of Hell" loud. VIV jumps with a yell. Then the surge is over and everything is quiet again.

A noise outside.

She steps softly towards the front door. Floorboard creaks outside. Shadow under the door. VIV is stock still.





GREGORY

Ah.

(shrugs)

The DNA of a crucified man. It doesn't matter if he's Jesus or Fred Cohen, he will become the most powerful and dangerous dead man on Earth.

GILLIAN

No chance of God hiding "in the quiet places and the little things" then.

BEN

Look it's a bit mad right now, granted. But things'll settle down.

VIV charges through.

VIV

Errmm .. I'm not being funny or anything but some men with Medieval swords broke into your flat.

BEN

You okay?

VIV

Yeah, I found a way out.

GILLIAN

How?

VIV doesn't like the way GILLIAN is staring at her.

VIV

I .. Through a window.

GILLIAN continues to stare - fully convinced?

CUT TO:

58

**INT. GILLIAN'S FLAT - DAY 3**

58

GILLIAN stands in the centre of her ransacked living room.  
BEN joins her.

BEN

I'd say they were looking for the wood sample.

She gently rights the smashed photo of her mother. He holds her. He takes great comfort being this close to her and for a minute she enjoys it too. Then suddenly she steps back, pulling herself together as her mobile rings.

GILLIAN

Yes?

GREGORY (PHONE)

It's Gregory. I know who's taken over the site.

CUT TO:

59

**INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - EVENING 3**

59

GILLIAN has the team assembled. GREGORY lays out a spread of magazine articles on Laygass.

GREGORY

Edward Laygass. Philanthropic right-wing Christian. His father founded an outreach organization using impressionable young boys from the orphanage. Has long held a belief that the country needs to restore the values and principles of the Knights Templar.

BEN

Without the burning and the wholesale murder of Muslims I assume.

GREGORY

Well ... Hmmm.

GILLIAN

White Wings; publishing, television .. Now he has plans to lobby parliament to abolish non-Christian religions in the UK.

GREGORY

He's been disowned by every respectable priest and clergyman in the country. This is a video stream from the White Wings website.

VIDEO - images of street violence and mortar attacks on the streets of Jerusalem. Crying children hunkered beside dead parents. Arabs and Israelis slaughtering one another. And all of this to one solitary choir boy singing "Jerusalem".

*"And did those feet in ancient time, walk upon England's mountains green? And was the Holy Lamb of God in England's pleasant pastures seen ..?"*

The images intensify, the cutting growing rapid. The hymn swells.

*"And was Jerusalem builded here?"*

Picture freeze.

LAYGASS (V.O.)

A question for you; do you want  
their Jerusalem or Christ's  
Jerusalem?

CUT TO:

60           **EXT. DIG SITE - NIGHT 3**

60

GILLIAN and BEN - truly they can not believe what they are seeing. A CROWD OF PEOPLE standing dutifully behind the cordon in the gloaming, facing the site as though at an altar. Some praying. Many looking sick or wheeling in sick relatives. And men in trench coats (not JAMES or COLM) are handing out white doves. The people take the doves and clasp them tightly. GILLIAN realizes suddenly that the moment is being taped. The camera has a White Wings logo.

EDWARD LAYGASS moves through the crowd, a concerned hand on the shoulder here, a cupping of a child's face there.

CUT TO:

61           **INT. DIG SITE - OPS TENT - NIGHT 3**

61

GILLIAN blazes. BEN tries to calm her down but she shrugs him off. LAYGASS remains patient. MASTIFF looks nervous.

LAYGASS

I believe the Knights Templar  
brought the Cross of Christ to  
England. If they were butchered  
then maybe the Cross is still here.

BEN

Geo-phys hasn't uncovered anything  
else. And anyway, wouldn't their  
attackers take it?

LAYGASS

Not necessarily. The Knights had  
become outcasts. Maybe they were  
killed simply for that reason.

GILLIAN

Then why not let us find it? Why  
turn a scientific enquiry into a  
Cecil B de Mille film?

LAYGASS

We are at war Doctor Magwilde. And  
our enemy is winning. God has  
forsaken us because we're a nation  
of hypocrites.

(MORE)

LAYGASS (CONT'D)

We go to church to get married but we don't believe. We baptize our kids and renounce "the Devil and all his ways." But we're just counting the seconds until we can wet the baby's head.

GILLIAN

I don't need a sermon from you ...

LAYGASS

The Templars had faith. My favourite Bible quote - John 14 verse 2, "In my Father's house are many mansions .." The most wonderful thing for me would be to see the rooms of Heaven filled. When we find the Cross itself, the Christian world will rally to it.

BEN

You got that nurse onto TV didn't you. You want to turn this place into your own version of Lourdes.

GILLIAN

Did you break into my home you bastard?

LAYGASS smiles sadly and steps out.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

And what are you getting out of this Daniel?

BEN

Come on Daniel, what's the title?

DANIEL MASTIFF

Of what?

GILLIAN

Your inevitable book?

He looks to each of them. His face says - proud and stoic.

DANIEL MASTIFF

"Onward Christian Soldiers: The Rescue Of The Cross." Random House are in the bag, Channel Four are sniffing. And THAT is money in the bank for our department!

He marches out indignant.

BEN

Laygass is going to twist this into  
some kind of modern day crusade.  
What do you want to do? Gilly?

GILLIAN

Let him have the site. You said  
yourself, geo-phys uncovered  
nothing new. Which means whoever  
killed the knights, took the Cross.  
All we have to do is find out  
where.

BEN

What have you found?

GILLIAN smiles.

CUT TO:

62

**INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT 3**

62

GILLIAN pours through an internet archive, 'UK Auction  
Archive'. She focuses on extracts from some monastic  
writings.

GILLIAN

A Grandmontine monk was with the  
knights when they were ambushed. We  
found his crucifix. The cross he  
carved the symbol into.

\*

BEN

He was killed along with the  
knights.

GILLIAN

His name was Stephen. And this  
morning, I found him.

\*

She points to a references to -

CUT TO:

63

**EXT. RUTTED ROAD - 14TH CENTURY - NIGHT X**

63

The KNIGHTS trudge with their precious relic under a plain  
cloth. Their heads are bent. They are humble and tired.  
Walking with them is a young, earnest monk STEPHEN.

GILLIAN (V.O.)

"Chronicle of Stephen, holy brother  
of the Grandmontine." He followed  
them to England, escaping the  
persecutions.

(MORE)

GILLIAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

His manuscript is vague and I only found it by chance on the auctioneer's site. I don't think Stephen was considered very reliable. The rest of the order went out of their way to discredit him.

CUT TO:

64

**INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT 3**

64

GILLIAN

His full writings have been broken up. Some are in the Ecclesiastical Library. One manuscript appears to be privately owned. Any ideas by whom?

BEN

Edward Laygass.

GILLIAN

Stephen's writings are in past tense. He must have escaped the attack.

CUT TO:

65

**EXT. RUTTED ROAD - 14TH CENTURY - NIGHT X**

65

The lightning rampages across the sky. The SARACENS tear into the TEMPLARS. BROTHER STEPHEN crouches behind a tree, watching wide-eyed and petrified.

A SARACEN appears before him, sword raised. JACQUES DE SAINT-OMAR cuts him down from behind. As the SARACEN sinks to his knees, he reaches out, clawing at BROTHER STEPHEN and yanking the crucifix from around his neck.

CUT TO:

66

**INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT 3**

66

GILLIAN

He was the soul survivor of that attack. He knew what the knights were carrying. He knew what became of the relic.

CUT TO:



LAYGASS embraces JAMES with heartfelt affection.

LAYGASS

We'll see what the site uncovers.  
And watch Dr Magwilde's team. Watch  
them closely.

CUT TO:



COLM moves out from the rows of books and realizes that GREGORY has given him the slip.

CUT TO:

73

**INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT 3**

73

GREGORY debriefs the others using print outs from his digital camera.

GREGORY

Brother Stephen travelled with our knights as recounted in his *Chroniculi minori*. They were led by a great Templar; Jaques de Saint-Omar.

GILLIAN

That sword ...

She is fascinated by a picture of Saint-Omar carrying a distinctive narrow sword.

VIV

Why do you like that sword?

GREGORY

It's not in keeping with the Templar's traditional hand-and-a-half sword ...

GILLIAN

Ben. Look at it.

BEN

Yeah, can we stick to what we're doing mate?

GILLIAN

You can see it. I know you can see it.

VIV

See what? What is it about this sword?

BEN

Nothing.

GREGORY

(coughs for attention)  
If I may resume ... The knights were attacked. Stephen is vague about the location which is why this hasn't come to light before.

VIV

By Saracens?

GREGORY

They dressed as Saracens, left  
Saracen coins but Brother Stephen  
knew differently.

CUT TO:

74           **EXT. RUTTED COUNTRY ROAD - 14TH CENTURY - NIGHT X**           74

From hiding, BROTHER STEPHEN watches the massacre. The  
SARACEN leader removes his satin scarf - clearly Caucasian.

CUT TO:

75           **INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - NIGHT 3**           75

GREGORY

English Mercenaries in disguise.  
Stephen's careful here. He says  
they stole a "most magnificent  
relic." He means of course the  
Cross. These thieves were in the  
pay of the Grandmontines  
themselves.

BEN

The jammy sods! Why?

GILLIAN

The Templars were being wiped out.  
The monks couldn't trust them with  
the Cross. They made it look as  
though Saracens had killed them and  
taken the Cross back to the Holy  
Land. In fact they would have taken  
it to their own monastery in  
Cresswell.

GREGORY

Cresswell's been heavily excavated.  
Nothing doing.

GILLIAN

They hid it somewhere!

BEN

If the answer was in that book then  
Laygass would be lynching heathens  
and parading the Cross up Pall Mall  
by now. He's missing something.

GREGORY

Where else could the monks hide it?

GILLIAN

Well Laygass can only read the top-soil, we know how to dig.

(checks her watch)

Motorway to Birmingham'll be clear. Fancy a drive Gregory?

He waggles a hip flask.

GREGORY

I'll just put the kettle on.

CUT TO:

76 **EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT 3**

76

The car hammers up the M5.

CUT TO:

77 **INT. WHITE WINGS ALLIANCE - RECEPTION - NIGHT 3**

77

The DESK MAN looks up levelly as a forcedly jovial GILLIAN and a very pompous GREGORY flash their university cards.

GILLIAN

Dr Magwilde, Professor Parton, Wessex University Archaeology Department. You know why we're in Birmingham.

The DESK MAN frowns.

GREGORY

We're collecting Mr Laygass's notes on the Brother Stephen writings. I thought you'd been notified.

GREGORY gives what he hopes is his most innocent smile.

GILLIAN

I'll phone Mr Laygass. Wake him up. He'll hit the roof. Nothing is ever simple is it.

CUT TO:

78 **INT. LAYGASS OFFICES - NIGHT 3**

78

GILLIAN and GREGORY step through.

GILLIAN

Apparently it is.

GREGORY is impressed by the Antonello. GILLIAN is appalled by the xenophobic, hate-filled flyers on the walls. "Make This OUR Holy War." "Islam - The Hate-fuelled Religion." Etc.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Here's the book.

It's behind a thick glass case with a security lock.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)  
It's wired.

CUT TO:

79           **INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - NIGHT 3**

79

VIV gets her coat. BEN prepares to lock up.

Sudden noise outside. A cat screams. They share a nervous look.

BEN  
We're being paranoid.  
(another clattering noise)  
Load up the Land Rover. Take  
everything. All the finds. The lot.

They go into action - wrapping up the precious bones. In her haste, VIV knocks Brother Stephen's small lead crucifix to the floor.

CUT TO:

80           **INT. LAYGASS OFFICES - NIGHT 3**

80

GREGORY has finished searching through the desk.

GREGORY  
We don't have much time.

GILLIAN  
There has to be a key.

GREGORY  
Why do people always say that? No  
there doesn't.

She notices the small framed illuminated text on the wall.

GILLIAN  
"In my Father's house there are  
many mansions .." It's Laygass's  
favourite quote from the Bible.

She tilts the picture - a small disabler key dangles behind it.



GREGORY

Pictograms. They reference  
different churches and monasteries.  
Like a short-hand ..

GREGORY gropes VIV'S thigh. She swats him.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

I was changing up!

GILLIAN

Stop!

GREGORY brakes.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Stephen carved this symbol onto the  
back of his crucifix. Why would he  
desecrate his own holy cross like  
that?

BEN

Because it referred to a place that  
was extra special? Extra holy?

GILLIAN

Where's that crucifix?

BEN

We packed everything. Viv, you were  
clearing out the office, did you  
see it?

VIV

I packed it. I'm sure. I think.  
Look, we were in a rush!

GILLIAN

He carved this symbol because it  
was the place they were taking the  
Cross to.

GREGORY

The snake and the sword.

Taking the book, GREGORY scans with an academic eye.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

The Templar church at Garway,  
Herefordshire.

BEN

Yeah but the knights were ambushed.  
So where did it go instead?

GILLIAN

Don't you get it? Stephen didn't survive the ambush, they let him live. He was a Grandmontine. And he knew the plan all along even if he didn't agree with it. Everyone might have thought the Cross was going back to the Holy Land but it was still going to Garway.

GREGORY

That's madness. It's a Templar site ... Oh no, I see! I see! The Templars are all dead. Their churches suddenly abandoned ... Garway then.

BEN

Garway.

GILLIAN

Garway.

CUT TO:

83

**INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - DAY 4**

83

JAMES stands amidst the cleared out lab. He is about to leave when his boot nudges something on the floor - Brother Stephen's crucifix. He turns it over in his hands. Clocks the symbols etched upon the back.

JAMES

Garway.

He bolts from the room.

CUT TO:

84

**EXT. GARWAY - LANE - DAY 4**

84

GILLIAN jumps out of the Land Rover which has reached a stone wall dead-end. Over the wall, an ELDERLY MAN tends his garden. He grins at GILLIAN who leans on the wall casually with a coy smile.

ELDERLY MAN

Lost eh?

GILLIAN

We're looking for the church?

ELDERLY MAN

Church? Closed. For drainage works. Got the flagstones up an' all sorts.

GILLIAN  
They've got the flagstones up?! And  
there's nothing under there?

ELDERLY MAN  
Like what?

GILLIAN  
Ohh. Dunno. Errr ... Secret  
chambers? Anything like that?

The MAN gives her a sideways look. GILLIAN realizes she has  
reached a genuine dead-end. Turns to go.

ELDERLY MAN  
If you wanna sightsee you can have  
a look at the dove-cote.

GILLIAN looks back.

GILLIAN  
Dove-cote?

ELDERLY MAN  
Built with the church. It's in me  
garden. Come on through.

CUT TO:

85

**EXT. GARWAY - GARDEN - DOVE-COTE - DAY 4**

85

They pick their way through freshly dug soil, past watering  
cans and wheel-barrows. And there it is - the circular stone  
dove-cote sitting on his lawn beside some garden gnomes.

GREGORY  
14th century for certain. If not  
older. Best one I've seen.

ELDERLY MAN  
Holy ain't they, doves. Symbol of  
peace.

GILLIAN runs her fingers over the symbols on the stone - a  
snake and a sword.

CUT TO:

86

**INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY 4**

86

They push open the rickety door and step into a totally  
circular structure lined with hundreds of stone coops.  
Pigeons flap about.

A huge stone rests in the centre of the cote.

GILLIAN

Gregory?

GREGORY is counting.

BEN

How many?

GREGORY

Twelve rows high and I count fifty-five coops in one row running all around. Six hundred and sixty-six.

VIV

The number of the Beast?

GREGORY

666 doves to counter the power of Satan. Funny how folk tick isn't it.

GILLIAN

Looks like they blocked up a well-mouth.

CUT TO:

87      **EXT. GARWAY - LANE - DAY 4**

87

BEN throws open the back of the Land Rover. Packed with gear. He pulls out pry bars, head-torches and harnesses. He checks a head-torch. Bulb winks. He gives it a smack.

CUT TO:

88      **INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY 4**

88

BEN, GREGORY and VIV heave at the pray bars. The lid comes off. Ancient air howls up out of the darkness.

GILLIAN is already strapping on her harness.

BEN

You sure?

She just grins - thrilled and buzzing.

CUT TO:

89      **INT. DOVE-COTE - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY 4**

89

GILLIAN is lowered. She struggles with her head-lamp.

GILLIAN

Stop. Hang on ...



92 INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY 4

92

BEN and GREGORY stand stock-still. COLM holds them at bay with his sword whilst JAMES hoists in the harness. LAYGASS ducks into the cote. He grimaces at the startled pigeons.

LAYGASS

Once full of pure white doves. Now  
teeming with sullied grey  
scavengers from abroad.

CUT TO:

93 INT. DOVE-COTE - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY 4

93

GILLIAN

Ben? Gregory?

She shakes her faulty head-light. It winks out. GILLIAN thinks fast, pulls the metal walking stick that is strapped to her back. Wraps her scarf around it and lights it, holding it aloft like a Medieval torch.

The light reveals LAYGASS descending. VIV moves deeper into the chamber, hiding amongst the crosses.

LAYGASS reaches the floor. He stares in rapture.

FX: The chamber. Laygass stares at dozens of crosses.

LAYGASS

How do we know which one?

GILLIAN

Maybe we shouldn't know. It's about  
faith isn't it?

LAYGASS

You're right. We'll take one. That  
will stand as the True Cross. It'll  
be a beacon of hope!

VIV falls against one of the crosses which tumbles over.

LAYGASS glimpses Viv dart behind a cross and pulls out his sword. He unclips himself from the harness.

LAYGASS (CONT'D)

Come here. Please. Come here. Come  
on. Come HERE!!

GILLIAN

What are you doing?

LAYGASS

You're going to help me secure a cross. You will help me or I swear to God this child will die!

GILLIAN tosses her flaming torch. A cross begins to smoke.

LAYGASS (CONT'D)

What are you ...?

More crosses burst into flames.

LAYGASS (CONT'D)

YOU BITCH!

CUT TO:

94

**INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY 4**

94

The others can see smoke rising and flickering firelight. BEN instinctively steps forward. JAMES threatens him with his sword.

BEN

What?! Gonna let them burn? That what Jesus would do?

JAMES

What do you know?!

BEN

We know Laygass brainwashed some innocent children to grow up believing they were holy warriors.

GREGORY

Your knights, do you know why they kept doves? To tax the farmers.

JAMES

Liar! The doves are a symbol of purity.

GREGORY

The doves took the peasants' grain. However much they took, the Templars would take the same.

JAMES

They are holy birds!

GREGORY

Sorry son, you see them as a symbol of purity. In fact they were a symbol of taxation. Things are not always as he hope.

GILLIAN shouting from below in panic.

GILLIAN  
Ben, help us.

COLM  
James! We can't leave them to burn  
down there!

JAMES  
Why not? They'll burn anyway. One  
day.

COLM  
I don't have your .. your strength.

BEN  
Why? Because he's killed? It was  
you wasn't it. You're brave enough  
to kill for the Cross aren't you  
James. Now show us you're brave  
enough to save.

CUT TO:

95

**INT. DOVE-COTE - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY 4**

95

VIV dodges LAYGASS. Makes a dash for GILLIAN. GILLIAN reaches  
out for her. But suddenly she is dragged off the ground.

She is suspended. The second empty harness is whipped past  
her.

VIV is trapped amongst the burning crosses with LAYGASS  
hunting her.

FX: A large part of the chamber is now on fire.

JAMES descends on the second harness. He draws level with  
GILLIAN.

LAYGASS  
Kill her! Do it!

JAMES swings in his harness, sword in hand. GILLIAN is forced  
to do the same. He swings by her and slashes with his sword.  
FX: Now GILLIAN is locked in a deadly game of pendulum with  
James above a chamber of burning crosses.

CUT TO:

96

**INT. DOVE-COTE - DAY 4**

96

BEN can see that COLM is faltering.



GILLIAN swings in on her harness and collides with LAYGASS.  
He topples over backwards, splayed across a burning cross in  
crucifixion pose. FX: He screams as his body ignites.

VIV sits up. GILLIAN is swinging in for a second pass.

VIV lifts up her hand - hope beyond hope.

GILLIAN snatches it.

BEN

Now!

He and GREGORY pull in the harness. FX: GILLIAN rises away  
from the fire, VIV dangling from her grip.

VIV

Don't let go!

GILLIAN

I've got you honey.

On the chamber floor, JAMES opens his eyes. JAQUES de SAINT-  
OMAR, the captain of the Templars, stands over him. JAMES  
lifts out his hand but the Knight does not try to help him. A  
burning cross falls across JAMES and he is gone.

CUT TO:

98

**EXT. GARWAY - GARDEN - DOVE-COTE - DAY 4**

98

The TEAM stagger into fresh air. Black smoke drifts from the  
cote. Siren sounds from far away. The ELDERLY MAN is running  
back from his house.

ELDERLY MAN

I called the Police! Anyone hurt?  
Should I make some tea?

GILLIAN helps the sagging VIV to get her breath back.

GILLIAN

You sang to him?

VIV

I just thought it might buy me some  
time.

GILLIAN

You .. sang to him?

VIV shrugs, embarrassed.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

You know what? I'm impressed.

VIV glows as though given benediction. BEN gives GILLIAN a big hug.

COLM

It's over. The Cross, it's gone.

BEN

Suppose to be in here sunbeam.  
(taps his chest)  
Read that in a book somewhere.

Approaching police car. COLM bows his head and weeps.

GREGORY

Now please, please please, for the  
love of Jehovah, may we go to the  
pub?

CUT TO:

99            **INT. DOVE-COTE - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY 4**            99

The chamber is raging inferno. The crosses are collapsing in ashes.

Save one.

One cross rests in the middle of the conflagration but it does not burn. Then suddenly it ignites in a flame that roars brighter than all the rest.

CUT TO:

100           **SCENE MOVED TO 106**            100

101           **INT. PUB - DAY 4**            101

PULL BACK from another fire. The flames of a cosy pub hearth.

DANIEL MASTIFF finds the TEAM sitting around a table near the fire all with pints of real ale.

GILLIAN

Hello Daniel, pork scratching?

DANIEL MASTIFF

No Cross.

GILLIAN

Apparently not.

BEN

Might be for the best Daniel. It's a pretty inflammatory relic.

DANIEL MASTIFF

Yes, yes .. Would you like another  
pint of Smug?

He turns to leave. GILLIAN goes after him.

GILLIAN

Daniel. You were hoodwinked by a  
fanatic.

DANIEL MASTIFF

When vocation becomes passion  
anyone can become a fanatic. If I  
recall, it runs in your family.

He leaves her feeling troubled. She returns to the pub table.  
They watch her. GILLIAN produces the hunk of 2000 year old  
cedar.

BEN

They can't reclaim the DNA. Blood's  
too polluted.

GREGORY

Our poor bleeding stranger remains  
a mystery. Good. For the best.

GILLIAN

(hefts the wood)  
If you can't build with it, all  
wood is good for is burning. Any  
carpenter knows that.

She tosses the chunk onto the fire. It roars up at once. They  
watch it burn. They've done the right thing.

CUT TO:

102      **SCENE MOVED TO 105**      102

103      **EXT. MAYFIELD HOSPICE - DAY 4**      103

VIV goes to meet HELENA. The dig-site is open once more.

VIV

How's your miracle patient?

HELENA

The remission hasn't lasted. But he  
got to speak to his family one last  
time; that's God's gift to him.

VIV

Don't lose your faith Helena.

HELENA smiles. Then looks at her finger.

HELENA  
It's working loose. I think I can  
get it.

VIV  
Let me.

CUT TO:

104 INT. UNIVERSITY - LAB - ARCHIVE - DAY 4

104

GILLIAN has put the splinter into two glass plates which she then puts on the shelf with her numerous antiquities.

VIV  
God is in the quiet places and the  
little things.

GILLIAN  
Viv? There's something I want to  
ask you.

VIV  
What?

GILLIAN  
Are you going talk like a fortune  
cookie or are you going to get out  
there and start digging?

VIV grins at her.

\*

GILLIAN (CONT'D)  
What's with the Cheshire Cat thing?

\*

\*

VIV  
I'm just .. Thank you. I'm glad to  
be here. It's been a dream and ..  
thank you.

\*

\*

\*

\*

GILLIAN  
You're very welcome Viv.

VIV  
(turns to go)  
Uhh .. you coming, Boss?

\*

GILLIAN  
Not right now. There's something I  
have to do.

CUT TO:

105

**INT. SWAN HOUSE CARE HOME - ROOM - DAY 4**

105

GILLIAN stands before the WOMAN in her late 50's with the mass of unruly black-grey hair. The WOMAN will not look at GILLIAN. She just keeps drawing - patterns and symbols.

GILLIAN

I was really close. Maybe some things are best left hidden. You know that better than anyone.

The WOMAN ignores her, continues to scribble. Dots. Lots of dots that she begins to join as though they are constellations.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)  
I'm not trying to boast. I just  
wanted you to know.

She kisses the WOMAN on the top of her head.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Take care mum. I love you.

She pauses at the door. Her MOTHER doesn't even break from  
her writing. GILLIAN leaves sadly.

Alone, her MOTHER pauses in her "work".

In the doorway, GILLIAN unfolds a crumpled picture - Jaques  
De Saint-Omar holding aloft a sword.

CUT TO:

106

**INT. GILLIAN'S FLAT - SECRET ROOM - DAY 4**

106

GILLIAN smooths out her picture of Jaques De Saint-Omar. She  
circles his sword with a marker pen and adds the picture to  
the wall. We pull back to reveal a myriad of maps, pictures,  
designs that wallpaper the room. Swords. Images of swords.  
Designs of swords. The place is like an altar to the sword  
throughout history.

We hear an electrical hum that skitters around the room like  
a naughty phantom. GILLIAN clocks it. Frowns. The hum dies  
away.

FADE OUT.

**END OF EPISODE ONE.**